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ATX01 0005782

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #262

CAST

NARRATOR

PHYLLIS

MARY

ANNIE

CRAWLEY

WYCOFF

JOHN

HENRY

CLIFF

BOB SLOANE

EVELYN SIEBOLD

GRACE KEDDY

CONNIE LEMBIKE

BILL GRIFFIS

BILL GRIFFIS

FRANCIS DE SALES

LUIS VAN ROOTEN

LES DAMON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1952

ATX01 0005783

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#262

APRIL 2, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

~~(MUM OF ELEVATOR. ELEVATOR STOPS)~~

~~(ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES OPEN)~~ (WE HEAR ECHOING
FOOTSTEPS DOWN A CORRODOR AND STOP.)

(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

CRAWLEY: Madam...(NO ANSWER,.KNOCK AGAIN) Madam, this is the hotel
clerk. Now, I know you've got a gentleman guest in the
room and I'm afraid you must ask him to leave. After all,
there's the reputation of the hotel to consider. (PAUSE)
(STILL NO ANSWER) In that case, you leave me no
alternative (WE HEAR CLANK OF RING OF KEYS...KEY TURNS IN
LOCK...DOOR OPENS...STEPS INTO ROOM...STEPS STOP)

CRAWLEY: (GASP) Good Lord!

(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) New
Bedford, Massachusetts. From the pages of the New Bedford
Standard Times, the story of a reporter who turned
thumbs down on a medical report and finally pointed a
finger at a killer. Tonight to John Flanagan for his
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005784

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: New Bedford, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened...John Flanagan's story as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The fourth of February is the date that you, John Flanagan, can never forget. It is a date that will be branded on your memory as long as you live. It was snowing that night and snowing hard, a real northeaster ~~blizzard~~, The flakes of snow whipping like needles against your office window. You had just finished your early evening chore at the Standard-Times about 8 o'clock, and now you get on the phone and call your wife.

PHYLLIS: (FILTER) Hello?

JOHN: Phyllis, John...I'm just leaving the office.

PHYLL: Well, you'd better hurry up and get here.

JOHN: Yes? Why?

PHYLL: If you don't, you'll never be able to get into the driveway. And, darling, please drive carefully. There's ice underneath the snow.

JOHN: Don't worry, I'll get there alright. How are the kids?

PHYLL: They're all asleep dreaming of the snowmen they're going to make tomorrow.

JOHN: Good.

PHYLL: Oh, by the way, darling, we had a date to drop over at the Allen's tonight. What do you think we ought to do?

JOHN: Only one thing to do...cancel it. Me, I wouldn't get caught dead outside on a night like this. If I ever saw a night for the fireplace and slippers, this is the one.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get out into the car and crawl like a snail through the drifting snow, ~~and the flakes are a solid wall, a thick white shroud ahead of you. Your car skids on the ice beneath and you reflect that~~ even in an old whaling town like New Bedford, where dirty weather is routine, this one's going to make news. But you don't realize at this point that it's going to make a special kind of news, and that before the night was over you, John Flanagan of ~~the New Bedford Standard Times~~, would be in it up to your neck. Just a couple of hours earlier that evening the skein had started to unwind, the thread was being spun at a small hotel down town.

am (stet)
(PHONE RING. RECEIVER ~~OFF~~ HOOK)

CRAWLEY: Avenue Hotel, Mr. Crawley. No, I'm sorry we haven't any more room. That's right we've full up!

am
(RECEIVER ~~OFF~~ HOOK)

MARY: (COMING IN) Evening, Mr. Crawley.

CRAWLEY: Oh, good evening, Miss Tabor. Going out?

MARY: Yes, I just couldn't stand sitting in the room any longer. Thought I might go to a movie, and then get a bit to eat afterward. There's a good picture at the Palace.

CRAWLEY: I wouldn't stay out too long, Miss Tabor. It's started to snow hard. Looks as though we're in for a blizzard.

MARY: Go on. I'm no baby, besides if I had to stay alone in the room another night and stare at the furniture, I'd go batty.

CRAWLEY: Well, I can't say as I blame you. I guess being alone is the worst thing there is. Do you care to leave a call for the morning?

MARY: The usual time, Mr. Crawley. So long.

CRAWLEY: Good night, Miss Tabor.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND INTO SMALL ORCHESTRA OFF IN BG)

HENRY: (EMBARRASSED) Pardon me, Miss

MARY: Yes?

HENRY: My name is Meekins, Henry Meekins.

MARY: I'm sorry, but I don't know.....

HENRY: Of course, you don't, but I was sitting at my table alone and I saw you come into the restaurant. I know it's presumptuous of me even to ask. I realize that we haven't been introduced formally, but I thought perhaps I might join you and we might have a bit of supper together.

MARY: Well, really, now Mr. Meekins.

HENRY: Oh, I understand you're not in the habit of talking to any stranger you meet. It's just that loneliness makes a man desperate. Believe me, the last thing in my mind is to annoy you in any way. It's just that I wanted to talk to some one.

MARY: (DUBIOUSLY) Well --

HENRY: Naturally, if this embarrasses you, and I can understand how it would, I wouldn't for a moment dream of intruding. I'm sorry if I annoyed you and of course I should have (STARTS TO FADE) known better....

MARY: Oh, Mr. Meekins. Wait a moment.

HENRY: (COMING BACK EAGERLY) Yes?

MARY: (SEXY) If you really want to join me, I see no harm in it. You must understand, I'm not accustomed to this sort of thing. But I know what it means to be lonely. My name is Tabor, Mary Tabor.

HENRY: How do you do?

MARY: Won't you sit down?

HENRY: Thank you. (PAUSE) You know, Miss Tabor, I'm a traveling man. In the leather goods business. Life to me is one strange town after another, one lonely hotel lobby after another. Strange faces like ships that pass in the night; who they are, where they go, nobody knows. After a while the mere desire to simply talk to someone becomes a kind of desperation. I'm so grateful to have this chance, so grateful.

MARY: ~~As a matter of fact, I'm alone myself.~~

HENRY: Oh, I see. Then you're not married?

MARY: No.

HENRY: What a pity, a charming and attractive young lady like you. You know I'm a bachelor myself?

MARY: Really?

HENRY: Why yes. Not that I'm against matrimony. The fact is that I'm all for it, if the right woman comes along. Yes, if the right woman comes along. I'm a very fastidious man, ~~very fastidious. (PAUSE) Now, shall we order, Miss Tabor?~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

HENRY: Miss Tabor, I can't remember when I've enjoyed an evening more. I'm very grateful to you, very. You've been charming

MARY: Thank you, Mr. Meekins. I've enjoyed it myself.

HENRY: There's nothing like good talk, I always say. Good talk over good food. There's nothing like it. I've always said that the best antidote for loneliness is the simple companionship of two mature and mutually sympathetic people. I no longer consider us strangers, do you, Miss Tabor?

MARY: No, no I don't, Mr. Meekins.

HENRY: I hope I may call on you the next time I'm in New Bedford.

MARY: Of course, I'll be looking forward to it.

HENRY: May I see you home?

MARY: Well ---

HENRY: I insist. In weather like this I certainly wouldn't allow you to go home alone. (CALLS) Waitress, oh, waitress.

ANNIE: (COMES IN) Yessir?

HENRY: Let me have the check, please.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

~~(HUM OF ELEVATOR. STOPS. DOOR SLIDES OPEN. STEPS OF TWO PEOPLE DOWN CORRIDOR. STEPS STOP. KEY TURNS IN LOCK)~~

HENRY: Well, good night, Miss Tabor

MARY: Mr. Meekins, one moment.

HENRY: Yes?

MARY: Your feet look soaked through and through, and cold. (LAUGHS EMBARRASSED) Perhaps you might like to dry your socks on the radiator before you leave? After that perhaps you can get a cab from the hotel here.

HENRY: (COUGHS A LITTLE) Well, under any other circumstances I wouldn't dream of intruding on you (LAUGHS EMBARRASSED) I know this situation is most peculiar, but still rather than risk any chances of catching cold---well, I --- thank you - I will.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

~~(HUM OF ELEVATOR. ELEVATOR STOPS.) (ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES OPEN) (WE HEAR ECHOING FOOTSTEPS DOWN A CORRIDOR AND STOP) (KNOCKS ON DOOR)~~

CRAWLEY: Miss Tabor...(NO ANSWER..KNOCK AGAIN) Miss Tabor, this is Mr. Crawley. Now, I know you've got a gentleman guest in the room and I'm afraid you must ask him to leave. After all, there's the reputation of the hotel to consider.
(PAUSE) (STILL NO ANSWER) (KNOCKS AGAIN) Miss Tabor, why won't you answer? (NO ANSWER) In that case, you leave me no alternative. (WE HEAR CLANK OF RING OF KEYS... KEY TURNS IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS...STEPS INTO ROOM...STEPS STOP)

CRAWLEY: (GASP) Good Lord!

(MUSIC: HIT AND BEHIND)

NARR: It is midnight and you, John Flanagan of the New Bedford Standard Times, are sitting before your fireplace with your wife, Phyllis. Outside the ground is buried in a foot of snow, and inside, you're buried in a good book, when...

(PHONE RING)

JOHN: Oh, no!

PHYLL: John, don't answer it.

JOHN: But it may be the office, or the police.

PHYLL: That's just the point.

(PHONE RING)

PHYLL: When they call you at this time of night it usually means you have to go out somewhere. And on a night like this...

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

JOHN: Phyllis, I just can't sit here and listen to it. I've got to answer it.

PHYLL: (SIGHS) Well, nobody can say I didn't try.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

JOHN: Hello? *I know you speak*

CLIFF: (FILTER) John, Cliff Woods down at headquarters.

JOHN: Yes, Cliff?

CLIFF: (F) Better get your snowshoes out of the garage.

JOHN: What are you talking about?

CLIFF: (F) Just got a hurry call from the Avenue Hotel.

JOHN: Yes? What about?

CLIFF: (F) The clerk was hysterical, I could hardly understand him, but I did catch one sentence --- they found a corpse

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Over and above your wife's objections, you bundle yourself up, look longingly at the fire, discard the slippers in favor of a pair of heavy brogans, and leave. You get the car out of the driveway, get part of the way down town, pushing your way through the drifts, but about two blocks from the hotel, you stall for good. You walk the rest of the way, and in the lobby see a man at the desk...

JOHN: Where is it? Where's the body?

CRAWLEY: (SHAKEN) You'll find it in Room 8. I don't know what I'm going to do, sir. When I think of what's going to happen (SLIGHT FADE) to the reputation of this hotel.....

JOHN: Room 8, thanks.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

NARR: You take the elevator up to room 8. Detective Sergeant Cliff Woods ^{has just arrived} ~~is there~~. You look around the room, and then.

JOHN: I thought you said there was a corpse here, Cliff.

CLIFF: There is.

JOHN: I don't see any.

CLIFF: Behind that shade over there you'll find a rope hanging out of
the window?

JOHN: Yeah?

CLIFF: Yeah - there's a woman hanging on the end of it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND INTO CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #262

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: _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, John Flanagan, of the New Bedford Standard Times stare out of the ^{litter} window at the limp body swaying back and forth in the dark wind-swept alley. You feel sick inside. ~~In all your experience as a newspaper man you've never seen anything more grisly than this.~~ The woman is fully clothed and hangs from a clothesline tied to a hook on the sill. You note certain things; ^a ~~the~~ broken flower pot on the floor, a white fur jacket still wet with melted snow hanging in the open closet, and above all, in the room, the silence of death. ~~And outside, the body of the woman, who was Mary Tabor has already been covered with a white blanket of snow so that it looks like some pale and horrible goblin of the storm.~~ Two of the patrolmen there pull up the body. You stare at it in the room and then you say to Detective Sergeant Woods.

JOHN: I've heard of all kinds of ways to die, Cliff, but of them all, this is the worst, the wierdest.

CLIFF: Yeah. The ¹clerk saw a man come in with her but didn't see him leave. Later he came up and knocked on her door and there she was.

JOHN: Looks like murder eh!

CLIFF: Looks a lot more like suicide to me.

JOHN: Why?

CLIFF: According to the clerk downstairs, this woman here, Mary Tabor, was getting pretty lonely. The whole thing was getting on her nerves. Living alone like this, you know. People who are alone do funny things. I've seen them commit suicide before in my career and I expect to see them do it again.

JOHN: You're sure it's suicide.

CLIFF: ~~Until somebody proves me wrong I've got to go along with that theory. After all, there are apparently no marks of violence on the body as far as we can see; no one slugged her, beat her, or knocked her cold. It was easy enough for her to hook the clothesline onto the sill, put it around her neck and jump off.~~
Well there are

JOHN: Yeah, but what about the guy who was with her? What happened to him? Where did he go? Why didn't the clerk see him leave?

CLIFF: Crawley said he wasn't at the desk all the time. He'd been in the back office making out bills. It's possible that the man left then, ~~and~~ before she hung herself.

JOHN: There are a couple of things I can't figure, Cliff.

CLIFF: Yeah? What's that?

JOHN: For one thing, the broken flower pot ...

CLIFF: That's simple enough. She might have knocked it over when she was climbing up on the window sill.

JOHN: ... and for another thing, if you'll notice, Cliff, there are faint blood stains on the floor. Peculiar shape, too, like a quarter moon ^{or} ~~&~~ crescent, as though someone had been walking around with a cut foot.

CLIFF: I know. I saw them. They may have been made by Mary Tabor.

JOHN: Cliff, I doubt it. Mary Tabor's got her shoes on. Whoever did this had to be walking around barefoot.

CLIFF: That doesn't change anything, John. Maybe Mary Tabor cut her foot before she went out this evening.

JOHN: Only one ~~thing to do~~^{way to} to prove that, Cliff.

CLIFF: Yeah, I see what you mean -- take her shoes off.

JOHN: That's just what I mean.

CLIFF: (WITH DISTASTE) Okay, if we have to, we have to. But first we'll have to wait till the coroner gets here.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A couple of minutes later, the coroner arrives. He examines the body and then at Cliff Woods' request, the coroner gingerly takes the shoes and stockings off the corpse. You stare at the bottom of Mary Tabor's feet.

JOHN: Take a look, Cliff. There isn't any cut on the bottom of her feet.

CLIFF: You're right. *John*

JOHN: Did the clerk give you a description of the man who came in with her?

CLIFF: Not a very good one. Said he was short, dark, dapper-looking. You might go down and ask him yourself first hand. I'll be busy with the coroner here for a while.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

CRAWLEY: Mr. Flanagan, this is horrible, horrible. Nothing like this has ever happened in our hotel. We run a very respectable establishment here and if the news gets around, it'll ruin our reputation.

JOHN: I'm sorry Mr. Crawley, but news is news, and if it's news, we've got to print it.

CRAWLEY: ~~Then the least you can do is say it was suicide. Murder is~~ one thing, Mr. Flanagan, suicide is another. There's a difference, and I'm thinking of the hotel. If you have to print it, will you call it suicide?

JOHN: I'll print whatever the facts show, Mr. Crawley. Now, ~~about this man who came in with Miss Tabor~~ ^{how} You saw him ~~go~~ ^{come} in but you didn't see him go out. Is that right?

CRAWLEY: Yes sir, that's right. ^{He said his shoes were sandy and he wanted to dry them -}

JOHN: What did this man look like?

CRAWLEY: Well, as I told Detective Woods, he was short, dark, wore glasses I believe. I really didn't get a good look at him. I couldn't tell you any more.

JOHN: Notice anything about his clothes?

CRAWLEY: Well, you might say he was dapper-looking. He could have been from New York.

JOHN: Why New York?

CRAWLEY: I don't know. It's just a wild guess. In my business I get to spot them. They've got a way of dressing. He didn't look like a local man.

JOHN: Now, as I understand it, Miss Tabor left early in the evening, said she was going to a movie and then a restaurant. Is that right?

CRAWLEY: Yes sir.

JOHN: What restaurant?

CRAWLEY: She didn't say.

JOHN: Did she say what movie she was going to?

CRAWLEY: Why, yes, I believe she said the Palace.

JOHN: Tell me, was she wearing a white fur jacket?

CRAWLEY: Why, yes, as a matter of fact, she was.

JOHN: Thank you, Mr. Crawley, thank you very much.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Suicide is one thing, murder is another. You lean to the murder theory. No one has yet explained away those crescent-shaped blood stains on the floor. You head toward the Palace through the blizzard, and the wheel of logic turns over in your mind. If Mary Tabor did go to a restaurant after she came out of the Palace, the chances are she didn't go very far in this deep snow. She'd pick the nearest one. The nearest one happens to be the Rainbow Restaurant. You talk to a waitress there and logic reaps your dividends.

ANNIE: Sure, Mr. Flanagan, I remember a lady in a white fur jacket, and the man with her, too. Fact is, I waited on them myself.

JOHN: Did you hear this man's name?

ANNIE: No, I didn't get the name.

JOHN: Could you describe him?

ANNIE: Well, he was short, and dark. Maybe 40, maybe more. Seemed to be a nice kind of gentleman, and very well dressed.

JOHN: Didn't you hear him say anything about who he was or where he came from?

ANNIE: I remember one thing.

JOHN: Yes?

ANNIE: He said he was a traveling man in the leather business.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A traveling man in the leather business. That's something. And the next day you start. You visit one leather house after another; manufacturing, wholesale and retail. Nobody had a salesman in from out of town in the last couple of days who answers the mystery man's particular description. You spend two days at it ... three ... and then at home you read off the list of places to your wife...

PHYLL: And that's all there are, John?

JOHN: That's all there are. There aren't any more. If this man was a leather salesman he didn't do any business in New Bedford, I can tell you that. ~~You know I'm about ready to give up.~~

PHYLL: ~~You don't really mean that.~~

JOHN: No, of course I don't. (AGITATED) But still if he were here on business, where did he go on business? He must have gone somewhere. He just didn't come up for the ride.

PHYLL: Wait a minute, John, I've got an idea.

JOHN: ~~I could use an idea.~~

PHYLL: ~~Why not~~ ^{did you} try Fall River? It's not very far away and it's got quite a leather industry.

JOHN: Fall River. It could be. Could be, at that.

PHYLL: Maybe he began his business in Fall River. Maybe he came to New Bedford as his next place on the route ...

JOHN: Yeah. And, if he did, one thing's sure. After this happened he didn't hang around selling leather in New Bedford. Phyllis? Sometimes you're very close to being a genius.

PHYLL: Thank you, darling. But tell me one thing.

JOHN: Yeah?

PHYLL: You're still convinced it was murder?

JOHN: Convinced? I'd put up my right arm on it ...

(PHONE RINGS)

JOHN: Oh, I'll get it.

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

JOHN: Hello?

CLIFF: (FILTER) John, Cliff Woods. Tried to get you at the office. Your editor tells me you've got a story prepared on the Mary Tabor case ... a murder story.

JOHN: That's right. Why?

CLIFF: (F) Kill it.

JOHN: ~~What do you mean, kill it? I'm convinced she was murdered.~~

CLIFF: ~~(F) Maybe you're convinced, but~~ the coroner's going to recommend a verdict of suicide based on the pathological evidence the medics submitted.

JOHN: (EXPLODES) But they're crazy.

CLIFF: ~~(F) The medics know their business. They've established that death was due to hanging. She wasn't dead when she was put on the rope, she actually died of strangulation, and remember there were no marks of violence on the body.~~

JOHN: ~~Cliff~~, I respect medical evidence, always have, but this time I'm not buying this verdict of suicide.

CLIFF: (F) Well, you're entitled to your opinion, but if I were you I'd rewrite, or tone down that story.

JOHN: I tell you they're off the beam. ~~This is a murder case if I ever saw one.~~ For the luvva Pete, Cliff, don't let that suicide report come out. ~~When the real evidence comes out it'll make us all look foolish. We'll be the laughing stock of the community.~~

CLIFF: (F) ~~What do you suggest.~~

JOHN: Look, I'm on the trail of something. I may never make it,
~~but there's the chance I will.~~ Give me two days. Try to
get them to impound the ^{verdict} verdict, or at least change the
wording to keep it warm. You know, double talk it a little
for the time being.

CLIFF: (F) All right, John. I think you're crazy, but I'll see
what I can do.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The next day the ^{washed-down} verdict is published. It reads merely,
quote Cause of death - ^{strangulation} hanging; circumstances undetermined
pending further investigation; unquote. You drive over to
Fall River start making the rounds again. About three
o'clock that afternoon, you ^{speak to} hit a shoe manufacturer.

WYCOFF: Why yes, Mr. Flanagan, as a matter of fact, we did have a
salesman in from New York on the day of the blizzard.

JOHN: From New York?

WYCOFF: That's right. Man by the name of Meekins. Henry Meekins.

JOHN: (EAGERLY) Was he short, dark, middle-aged, wore glasses,
dapper?

WYCOFF: Why yes, you've described him very well.

JOHN: Where can I find this Henry Meekins?

WYCOFF: At the ^{Apex} Apex Leather Corporation in New York City.

JOHN: ^{Apex} Apex Leather Corporation. (A BEAT) Mr. Wycoff, may I use
your phone?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING. RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CLIFF: Detective Sergeant Woods, Headquarters.

JOHN: (F) Cliff, there's an 8:00 AM train tomorrow morning leaving for New York. Be on it.

CLIFF: What are you talking about?

JOHN: (F) If I'm lucky, and with your help I'm going to prove that Mary Tabor was murdered. You get the necessary legal machinery to work. And if my luck holds out, I'm going to produce the killer.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

HENRY: Really, Gentlemen, I'm afraid you're out of your minds. I'm dreadfully afraid you've made this long trip for nothing. I've never heard of Mary Tabor. The lady's name is completely strange to me.

JOHN: You're sure of that, Mr. Meekins?

HENRY: I told you, didn't I?

CLIFF: But you were in Fall River the day of the blizzard?

HENRY: Yes, that's true. I was in Fall River.

JOHN: And you came to New Bedford on the same day?

HENRY: On the contrary. The minute I finished my business in Fall River I took an evening train for New York. I don't believe I've been in New Bedford in over a year. Now, look here gentlemen, I'm quite busy, very busy. You come all the way down here from Massachusetts and you tell me some fantastic story about some stupid woman hanging out of a window and you say I hung her. Now, after all this whole thing is ridiculous, don't you think?

JOHN: Maybe. And maybe it isn't. Mr. Meekins, would you do us a favor?

HENRY: Yes? What?

JOHN: Would you mind taking off your shoes and socks?

HENRY: (A BEAT. STARES) What? (SPUTTERS) What kind of nonsense is this? What is this, some sort of silly adolescent joke?

CLIFF: (QUIETLY) You'd better do as he says, Mr. Meekins.

HENRY: Look here, I don't understand ...

CLIFF: You'll understand in a moment. And if we're wrong, we'll be the first to apologize. Now, take off your shoes and socks.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: He does. You and Cliff look at the bottom of his feet. On the sole of the right foot you see a crescent shaped ~~scar,~~ *cut*

CLIFF: Mr. Meekins here's the extradition papers, you'd better come back to New Bedford with us.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He protests violently, still insists that he knows nothing about Mary Tabor. But finally after routine court procedure in New York, ~~he waives extradition and the three~~ of you go back to New Bedford by plane. And then back in your home town.

CLIFF: Is this the man whom you saw with Mary Tabor that night, Mr. Crawley?

CRAWLEY: That's the man, Detective Woods. I'd know him anywhere.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

CLIFF: Was this the man you saw with Miss Tabor at the restaurant that night?

ANNIE: That's the man. I remember him alright. It was the night of the blizzard, and I remember he gave me a \$2.00 tip.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: The double identification takes the wind out of his sails. Finally he collapses, admits what he did. But murder alone and by itself is not rational. Murder must have a motive. And you listen to Henry Meekins as he tells you ...

HENRY: I was a lonesome man, a very lonesome man going from one town to another -- all the faces were strange. No one would ever talk to me. It got so that it was more than I could bear, and then ^{S. met} ~~this~~ Miss Tabor ~~came along~~.

CLIFF: What happened then, Meekins?

HENRY: We had supper and I took her home. My feet were soaking wet and she let me dry my shoes on the radiator. It was so warm, so comfortable. She was such a lovely beautiful woman. For the first time I felt as though I were at home. When my shoes were dry she wanted me to go, but I didn't want to go. I wanted to stay longer to talk, to enjoy her companionship. I didn't mean to harm her, honestly, gentlemen, ~~I didn't mean to touch a hair of her head~~, but she kept insisting and insisting that I go. I put my arm around her shoulder. ~~I didn't mean anything by it. It was just as a friend, understand.~~ She became hysterical, she started to scream. I don't know -- I got frightened -- I must have lost my head then. She started to bite and scratch and she knocked the flower pot off the sill, and smashed it. I stepped on a jagged piece and the pain was excruciating. After that I don't know, I must have gone out of mind and choked her. The next thing I knew she fell down and didn't move. I thought she was dead.

CLIFF: And so you tried to make it look like suicide.

HENRY: Yes. There was this clothesline. I tied it on to the window sill hook and hung her out of the window. But I didn't mean to do it, gentlemen, may the Lord save me, I didn't mean to do it. (SOBS) If she had only let me stay a little longer! If she had only let me stay a little longer!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from John Flanagan of the New Bedford Standard Times, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #262

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 John Flanagan of the New Bedford Standard Times.

FLANAGAN: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS SENTENCED TO BETWEEN 17 AND 20 YEARS IN CHARLESTOWN STATE PRISON, AFTER PLEADING GUILTY TO MANSLAUGHTER. THE MANSLAUGHTER PLEA WAS MADE OVER THE OPPOSITION OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BUT THE JUDGE ACCEPTED IT ON THE OPINION THAT THERE WAS NO LEGAL MALICE AFORETHOUGHT INVOLVED. ^{I sincerely appreciate} MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Flanagan ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL AWARD for notable service in the field of journalism. A check for \$500.00 and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Greensboro, N. Carolina Daily News. By-line. Charles Manning. A Big Story of a reporter who forgot ~~for one moment~~ that the printed word can destroy a human being as effectively as a bullet. ~~can.~~

(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 ^a~~produced by~~ Bernard J. Proctor, ^{production} with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlick from an actual story from the front pages of the New Bedford Standard Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Francis DeSales played the part of John Flanagan. 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. Flanagan.

(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.~~

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 #263

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

MOTHER

AGNES YOUNG

NURSE

JOAN SHEA

ROY

~~BUTCH CAVELL~~ *Danny Harris*

CHARLIE

JOHN GIBSON

SHERIFF

BILL SMITH

GRANDPA

SCOTT TENNYSON

VOICE I

SCOTT TENNYSON

VOICE II

~~ROLAND WINTERS~~ *Maurice Franklin*

JUDGE

~~ROLAND WINTERS~~

DOCTOR

Roland Winters
~~MAURICE FRANKLIN~~

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1952

ATX01 0005811

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#263

APRIL 9, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Charles Manning: Greensboro(N.C.)Daily News)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER WITH LOW BROODING SUSPENSE...)

MOTHER: (AROUND 50, BEATEN, LIFELESS) Roy --

ROY: (15, SLIGHTLY OFF) What, Mom?

MOTHER: Come here by the window...

(FEW STEPS)

MOTHER: ~~Look out there down by the road...~~

ROY: ~~where?~~

MOTHER: Them two ladies gettin' out of their car -- I think they're comin' up here.

ROY: (BEAT, THEN) Tell 'em to go away!

MOTHER: ~~Can't do that, son. They must've drove all the way out from town. At least we gotta find out what they want.~~

ROY: (BUILDING) ~~Tell 'em to go away! I don't want to see anybody!~~

MOTHER: I can't son. They're acomin'. (TAKE) What're you gonna do with that rifle?

(SHOTGUN COCKED)

MOTHER: (FEAR) What're you gonna do with that rifle?

ROY: Open that door.

MOTHER: You're, wild son -- you're wild!

ROY: (SHOUTING) Open that door! I'm gonna teach them we don't want anybody comin' down here tellin' us what to do! Open that door!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH)

ATX01 0005812

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE, COLD AND FLAT) Greensboro, North Carolina. From the pages of the Greensboro Daily News, the story of a reporter who forgot for one moment that the printed word can destroy a human being as effectively as a bullet. Tonight, to Charles Manning of the Greensboro, North Carolina Daily News, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE-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 - by actual measure - PELL MESS'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: Greensboro, North Carolina. The story as it actually happened -- Charles Manning's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UNDER...)

~~(PERSPECTIVE: INTERIOR, MONOTONOUS RAIN OUTDOORS)~~

NARR: You stand in the middle of hundreds of dazzling ties and colorful shirts, Charles Manning, and stare out into the ^{old deserted} street - ~~at the cold, bleak rain slithering down the windows of your haberdashery. The streets are deserted~~the door of your men's shop hasn't opened even once this morning to admit a single customer, and even though you are only a string-man for a newspaper and there's no news to print - it's moments like this -- lonely moments -- that force a man to take stock of himself. What are the facts, Charlie Manning -- the cold, bare facts you have to face now?

~~(HOLD RAIN THEM)~~

(NOTE: IN THIS SEQUENCE, THERE IS A RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN CHARLIE AND THE NARRATOR AS IF THE NARRATOR WERE ONE SIDE OF CHARLIE AND CHARLIE ANOTHER SIDE...)

NARR: (SLIGHT ECHO, INTIMATE) ~~fact one:~~ You run a men's shop in Troy, North Carolina: population, 2500 -- but you always wanted to be a writer.

CHARLIE: (LOW, ALMOST DEFENSIVE) I've got a family, I've got two children! I've got to earn a living.

NARR: ~~fact two:~~ In the past few months, 150 of your potential customers have disappeared from town into the Army

CHARLIE: 155. It makes things harder....

NARR: All right, 155. That makes the problem even tougher. And your bills are mounting, Charlie, mounting higher and higher.

CHARLIE: I'll handle them! I'll handle my bills somehow.

NARR: How, Charlie? How?

CHARLIE: (DESPERATELY) I don't know! I'm trying -- I'm trying, aren't I? I'm a string-man for a newspaper, aren't I? The Daily News up in Greensboro said they would buy a story from me if a big one came along, didn't they?

NARR: This is Troy, Charlie Manning -- a quiet town, a peaceful town. Where will you find an exciting story in a town the size of Troy, Charlie Manning?

CHARLIE: It'll happen! It's got to happen! It's got to happen or else I'll make it happen!

(PHONE...RECEIVER UP)

CHARLIE: Troy Men's Shop, Charlie Manning speaking.

SHERIFF: (ON F) Hello, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Yup. Things kinda slow today?

CHARLIE: ~~Wait ain't helping any.~~

SHERIFF: Come lunch time, Charlie, why don't you drop by at my office? Think maybe I got a story for you.

CHARLIE: (RESTRAINING HIS EXCITEMENT) A story? What kind of a story?

SHERIFF: Me and Ben McNeely just finished an hour and half gun battle.

CHARLIE: Where? With whom?

SHERIFF: With a fifteen year old boy. Come on over--tell you about it.

(MUSIC: ACCENT HIGH, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO:)

CHARLIE: Give it to me in your own way, Sheriff. Right from the beginning, just the way you got ~~into~~ ^{INTO} it.

SHERIFF: You gonna write it all down, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Just forget that I'm writing it down, Sheriff. Just talk it to me.

SHERIFF: Well -- it kind of began a couple of hours ago when them two women come runnin' into the office here --

CHARLIE: What women?

SHERIFF: This here welfare worker and the county nurse. They was kind of covered with mud, their clothes torn -- like a fight.

CHARLIE: What happened? What brought them to you?

SHERIFF: Well, one of them was scared right out of her wits and couldn't say a word. The other one was okay, she could talk. And so I asked her to tell her story --
(CROSS FADE) piece by piece I found out...

NURSE: (~~FADING IN~~) ~~I'm -- I'm trying my best to tell you just what happened, Sheriff. I'm -- as you can see we're both still upset. We got word to go out to visit this boy, Roy Allen. He's fifteen. Last week ^{the boy} ~~or so~~ he didn't show up at school and we drove out to pay him a visit ~~and~~ ^{He} see if ~~the~~ ^{the} boy was ailing or needing of anything. We parked our car maybe 500 yards from their shack because ~~it was muddy~~ and we started walking up. Then we saw this boy -- Roy Allen -- standing in the doorway of his cabin. He had a ~~shotgun~~ ^{rifle} and his mother was wrasslin' with him but he got the ~~shotgun~~ ^{rifle} free and began firing at us. (MORE)~~

NURSE:
(CONT'D) We couldn't make it straight back to the car -- we had to run thru the woods....jumped a couple of barbed wire fences and we tore our clothes. He kept firing -- we could hear him. (PAUSE, THEN:)

SHERIFF: We figure we'd better swear out a warrent for Roy Allen.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

CHARLIE: Go on, Sheriff. After you got her story, what did you do?

SHERIFF: Well, we got out this warrant and me and Ben McNeely, we made our way up there.

CHARLIE: What was it like? What kind of place did they live in?

SHERIFF: Kind of home-made pine slab hut sittin' there in the middle of a rocky clearin'. All around scrub ^{Pine} ~~oak~~ and blackjack. Kind of land that'll break any man's back --

CHARLIE: And when you got there, what did you do -- you and Ben McNeely?

SHERIFF: First thing we saw was Roy Allen's mother. She was standin' out there in the fields, no coat on ~~and this cold rain comin' down~~. (FADING) Me and Ben, we cut across the fields and made it to her side.

~~(FADE IN RAIN)~~ ^{Thunder}

SHERIFF: Whatcha doin' out here, Mrs. Allen?

MOTHER: Who -- are you?

SHERIFF: I'm the Sheriff. This here's my deputy Ben McNeely. Whatcha doin' out here in the ^{cold} ~~rain?~~

MOTHER: Who sent you out here?

SHERIFF: Them two women who was here this mornin'. Why did Roy shoot at them?

MOTHER: I don't know. He jus' said he don't want nobody comin' near him.

SHERIFF: Go on down to our car. Wait for us down in the car so you won't catch cold.

MOTHER: Don't hurt him. Please don't hurt him.

SHERIFF: We'll try not to. Go on now, go on down to the car. Keep yourself warm. We'll try to get Roy out without hurtin' him.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

CHARLIE: What happened next, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Me and Ben circled that cabin 'til I could get a good look inside. There was the boy settin' on the bed with a .22 rifle lyin' 'cross his knees. He must've seen us peerin' in (FADING) because he jumped up, threw his rifle up to his shoulder, and smashed it through the window...

(WINDOW SMASHED)

ROY: (SHOUTING) I'm not comin' out -- get away from here or I'll shoot you!

SHERIFF: We don't want no trouble, boy! We don't want no one gettin' hurt. Now come on out like a good boy.

(BLAST OF RIFLE)

SHERIFF: (SHOUTING) Get behind that tree, Ben!

(MUSIC: STING HIGH, CUT TO:)

CHARLIE: You and Ben weren't hurt, were you?

SHERIFF: No -- we took cover behind some ~~oak trees~~ ^{oak trees}, fired back.

CHARLIE: How long did the battle go on?

SHERIFF: I figure about an hour and a half. Then when his ammunition run out, I took the front and Ben took the back and the boy come out all right -- quietly, like as if nothin' had happened. That's the whole story, Charlie. Think you can make somethin' out of it.

CHARLIE: Can I? Look, Sheriff -- I'd like to use your phone. I want to call the paper up in Greensboro!

SHERIFF: Go right ahead, Charlie. *Once they get some of that*
~~Just get some of that~~
excitement that's ~~on your face right now~~ into your voice ~~and~~ you ought to have no trouble sellin' that story!

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The Sheriff is right. The excitement in your own voice, Charlie Manning, plus the bare facts of the gun battle light a fire at the other end of the telephone wire.

SHERIFF: What're they askin', Charlie?

CHARLIE: Sh, sh! (INTO PHONE) What? Did the boy shoot to kill? Well -- sure he did, he must have.....What's he like? Well, I don't know, I haven't seen him yet. But just figure it yourself. He fired away at two women coming to help him, he drove his own mother out ~~into the rain,~~ *at the house* almost killed the Sheriff and his deputy -- figure it yourself! That boy's a regular desperado. What? Front Page! Am I excited! Are you kidding!

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

NARR: Your excitement knows no bounds, Charlie Manning. The reaction ~~up in Greensboro in the office~~ *at* of the Greensboro Daily News had been beyond anything you'd prayed for ~~in~~ ~~your secret dreams~~. A gun battle between armed men and a fifteen year old desperado! (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

~~It was big news in this part of the country -- or for that matter, in any part of the country -- and now, it's after midnight. It's the longest night of your life. You sleep only a few moments at a time. How can you sleep? Your eyes keep popping open, waiting for the sound you've heard so often -- but a sound which this time might mean a new life for you.~~

(THUD OF ROLLED NEWSPAPER FLUNG UP ON FRONT PORCH)

NARR: There it is -- the morning paper flung up on your porch!

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING - DOOR OPEN)

(EXCITED RATTLING OF NEWSPAPER COMING TO REST AS)

NARR: And there it is -- your by-line on the front page under a three-column head describing the battle between the sheriff and the "desperate, armed, homicidal young boy"! But this is only the beginning, Charlie Manning. ~~Sooner do you put your paper down when the phone starts ringing. Your friends, the townspeople, want to tell you their reactions to your story.~~

VOICE I: Great job, Charlie. That boy's a real menace and you
Charlie: Hello, sure painted him in his right colors.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

VOICE II: Great story, Charlie. That boy'll sure end up where he belongs -- on the State road-gangs.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

VOICE I: It's a hum-dinger, Charlie -- and believe you me, that boy'll sure get his when he comes up in Court!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, CUT TO:)

(DOORBELL)

CHARLIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF, CALLING OUT) Hold your horses! Hold your horses -- I'm coming!

(QUICK STEPS, FRONT DOOR OPENED)

CHARLIE: Sorry I couldn't answer the doorbell right away. You know how it is -- That phone's been ringing a mile a minute kind of a big day for me.

DOCTOR: (ABOUT 60) You Charles Manning?

CHARLES: Yes. I'm afraid I don't know you.

DOCTOR: No, you've never met me, Mr. Manning.

CHARLIE: Won't you come in?

DOCTOR: No, I don't think I'd care to.

CHARLIE: (TAKEN BACK) You don't think you'd --

DOCTOR: I just came by to see what a man like you really looks like.

CHARLIE: I'm afraid, sir, I don't follow you at all.

DOCTOR: Mr. Manning, let me introduce myself. My name is Hannah -- John Hannah. My practice, as a doctor, is up in the hills. The boy Roy Allen is one of my patients.

CHARLIE: I'm -- I'm glad to know you, Dr., but I don't quite get why you're feeling the way you seem to about me.

DOCTOR: Do you consider, Mr. Manning, that what you wrote for the papers this morning is the truth?

CHARLIE: (DEFENSIVELY) Of course it's the truth.

DOCTOR: How do you know?

CHARLIE: Well it was told to me.

DOCTOR: The part that was told to you is the truth, Mr. Manning, but what do you know about the boy himself, or his reasons for what he did?

CHARLIE: I -- I don't -- I didn't go into the reasons. I just phoned in the story as I --

DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) You drew certain conclusions, Mr. Manning. You described the boy as a desperado. As a result of your story that boy might spend the rest of his life on the road-gangs or in jail.

CHARLIE: I -- I -- It's my job to write the facts. If people draw certain conclusions, I --

DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN, HARD) Mr. Manning, for the sake of your own conscience, ~~for the sake of your own soul~~, I'd suggest that you come with me -- ~~now~~

CHARLIE: Where? Where to?

DOCTOR: To meet Roy Allen -- the boy you know nothing about, the boy you've condemned!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG - 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
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 Charles Manning as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Yesterday, Charlie Manning, you were the owner of a haberdashery shop ~~who occasionally sold a line or two of news to the paper up in Greensboro.~~ This morning the dream you'd hungered for came true -- your by-line on a front page story under a screaming headline: "Fifteen year old desperado in deadly gun battle with Sheriff." ~~Then, Dr. Hamman showed up on your doorstep, like the ghost at the wedding feast. "What do you know about this boy you've condemned as a desperado?" he'd asked. "What have you done to this child, Mr. Manning?"~~ And now, the boy's doctor is driving you to meet Roy Allen, the boy you'd condemned, ~~Charlie Manning.~~

(AUTO B.G. ...)

CHARLIE: (DISTURBED) Where -- where is he?

DOCTOR: (FLAT, ALMOST COLD) At the Court House.

CHARLIE: In a cell?

DOCTOR: In a room?

CHARLIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) It maybe -- maybe it's true I exaggerated a little. The excitement of the moment -- the way the story was told to me --

DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) You got children of your own?

CHARLIE: Yes.

DOCTOR: Would you condemn one of you own children before you talked with them, before you even saw them?

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

NARR: The Sheriff opens the door for you. It's not a cell -- it's a room and in the middle of it, Charlie Manning, you see a boy...a little boy -- small for his age, his face pinched and frightened. The little dungarees from which the belt has been removed, sag about his starved little waist. His worn boots gape open because the laces have been removed.....And as he turns to look at you, you find you cannot breath and strange thoughts roar through your head -- thoughts about a man who once sold his friend for 30 pieces of silver....thoughts about a man called The Betrayer.

DOCTOR: (LOW, GENTLY) Roy, this is the man who wrote you up in the papers.

CHARLIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) I -- I had a different picture of you, Roy.

DOCTOR: (AFTER A PAUSE) Son, I want this man to know you as I know you.

ROY: (LOW, HOPELESS) What good's that going to do now?

DOCTOR: I don't know, son....I don't know. But I want him to hear your story.

ROY: Ain't much to tell.

DOCTOR: What am I treating you for, Roy?

ROY: Rheumatic fever -- You know that.

DOCTOR: How did you get it, Roy?

ROY: Just living and working, I guess.

CHARLIE: Have you got a father?

ROY: No -- just me, my Mom, sis, and grandpa.

DOCTOR: Up until a month ago, you went to school, Roy?

ROY: I like school....

DOCTOR: ~~While you were going to school, Roy, who cleared that~~
~~patch of ground around your cabin?~~

ROY: ~~I did -- six acres, using a plug mat.~~

DOCTOR: Who built the cabin you live in?

ROY: I did -- out of pine slab.

DOCTOR: How's your mother feeling?

ROY: She's been ailing -- You know that, Doc.

DOCTOR: Got chores before you go to school?

ROY: Some. I do the cooking, cut the firewood and stovewood,
carry the water --

DOCTOR: How far is the spring from your cabin?

ROY: Half-mile.

DOCTOR: Who does the plowing?

ROY: I do -- after school.

DOCTOR: (AFTER A PAUSE) Are there any questions you'd like to
ask him, Mr. Manning?

CHARLIE: What -- what made you do it, son? What made you shoot
first at the nurse and the welfare worker and then at
the Sheriff.

ROY: Ain't nobody's business but my own.

CHARLIE: You must have had a reason.

ROY: They come to bother me about going back to school.

CHARLIE: Why did you stop going to school?

ROY: Didn't need it no more -- had too much to do at home.

CHARLIE: But they were only trying to help you. You made good
grades in school. They wanted to help you become
somebody.

ROY: (BUILDING, CLOSE TO TEARS) That's a lie -- that's a lie because nobody cares. If they cared they'd have helped me with grandpa. But they didn't want to! ~~I told them if they helped me with him I could take care of the rest of us, but they didn't want to, when that happened, I stopped going to school because I had no reason to go anywhere.~~ And when they came bothering me, I wanted to show them that if they didn't care about me or grandpa -- I didn't care about them. Now leave me alone!

CHARLIE: What's this about your grandfather? What kind of help were you looking for?

ROY: (HARD, THROUGH HIS TEARS) I ain't asking for no pity. Once I asked for help and they turned me down. Now I ain't asking nobody....for nothing! And they can do what they want with me!

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

CHARLIE: What's -- what's this about his grandfather, doctor?

DOCTOR: His grandfather? I'll take you out to Roy's place and you can see him for yerself.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, BRIDGE, OUT UNDER...)

MOTHER: How is he, doctor? How are they treatin' Roy?

DOCTOR: I'm hoping for the best, Mrs. Allen.

CHARLIE: Roy said something about his grandfather, Mrs. Allen. Is he home?

GRANDPA: (~~FROM OFF, A LOUD, INCOHERENT YELL AND CACKLE~~)

CHARLIE: (TAKE) Who -- What was that?

GRANDPA: (REPEAT)

MOTHER: That's Roy's gran'pa.

CHARLIE: I -- I don't see him anywhere.

MOTHER: Out that window....that little shack at the side of the house.

CHARLIE: (BEAT, THEN) Why -- why have you got bars across the door and a padlock on them?

MOTHER: He been out of his head four years now. Won't let nobody wash him or clean him -- just livin' there in filth.

CHARLIE: But -- but if -- He sounds like he's

GRANDPA: (REPEAT)

DOCTOR: That's right, Mr. Manning. He's insane. That's one of Roy's chores also -- to take care of him.

CHARLIE: But that's criminal! Why didn't you people have him committed somewhere? It's criminal to expect a boy to carry all this on his shoulders!

DOCTOR: (FOR THE FIRST TIME LOSING HIS CONTROL) Roy tried! You would have known that if you'd bothered to learn the truth about the boy. A month ago he tried to have him committed. Somebody down in town wouldn't let it go through. They said he was too old - he's 86. That's when the boy stopped going to school -- that's when his headaches began, that's when he didn't want anybody to come near him or bother him. ~~Now do you know! Now do you wonder that Roy Allen began shooting at anybody and everybody who represented law and authority to him?~~

He's a dead shot with a rifle, Mr. Manning, and he could have killed anyone of them, but all he wanted was to be left alone, so he shot over their heads. Now do you understand?!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT HARD, BRIDGE, DOWN UNDER...)

(AUTO B.G. ...)

DOCTOR: Tomorrow afternoon Roy is coming up before Judge Grant.

CHARLIE: (HALF TO HIMSELF) I know, I know.

DOCTOR: You remember the platform Judge Grant got elected on, don't you?

CHARLIE: I told you I know!

DOCTOR: Judge Grant got elected because he promised to be the toughest, most hard-boiled juvenile judge this area has seen. Tomorrow Roy is coming up before him. And you've inflamed the whole town against him.

CHARLIE: (DESPERATELY) Don't you think I know all this? What do you think I am made of?

DOCTOR: (HARD) Then what are you going to do ^{about} ~~to undo what you've done to~~ this boy?

CHARLIE: (BEAT, THEN LOW) I'm going to sit down at my typewriter. I'm going to pray, and then I'm going to write the truth.

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

NARR: You sit at your typewriter and the truth about yourself stares you in the face. You're a man who's sold one front page story. What makes you think they'll buy another? What makes you think they'll buy this particular one which destroys everything you wrote the day before? You pray for strength and you write as if Roy Allen were one of your own children ~~because, in a sense, what you'd done to him has made him as dead to you as one of your own children.~~ You finish, the story and phone it in to Greensberg....and then once more you spend a sleepless night waiting for a sound --

(NEWSPAPER FLUNG ON PORCH)

NARR: There it is -- the paper.
(RUNNING STEPS - DOOR OPENS)
(FRANTIC RUSTLE OF PAPER)

NARR: It's there! On the front page! They printed it!

(MUSIC: --- ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Now you wait a few more hours until the paper has had a chance to circulate through the town -- and then, as you put in your call to Judge Grant, you pray once more you pray that he's read your second story.

CHARLIE: Hello. Is this Judge Grant?

JUDGE: (ON F, BIG MAN, GRUFF) That's right. Who's this?

CHARLIE: This is Charlie Manning, Judge. *Judge, I just got out of bed Manning - in a*
Forgive me -- I know Manning a
fever - what
do you want
you're going into Court in just a little while, but yesterday I did a terrible thing -- I gave the impression that Roy Allen was -- Today, in my story today, I tried to get the truth about him -- Judge, can I see you before you go into Court?

JUDGE: No, you cannot.

CHARLIE: Judge, please -- listen, you've got to --

JUDGE: (CUTTING IN) There's nothing I've got to do, Manning, and if you try to talk to me before the hearing you'll be guilty of tampering with the Court.

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

(SLIGHT ECHO AS GAVEL IS RAPPED IN COURT ROOM)

NARR: The closed hearing in Judge Grant's chamber is over and now, as they file into the Court Room -- the Judge, six foot three inches tall with a hard impassive face....Dr. Hannah.....Roy's mother...and Roy himself -- you, Charlie Manning, beg forgiveness from a little boy.

CHARLIE: (LOW) Roy, no matter what happen, I'll fight for you. I'll fight for you.

(GAVEL RAPPED)

JUDGE: (SLIGHT ECHO) I have discussed this case in my chambers with the boy and his family. What I am about to do may not please all of you here. My action in this case may mean that I won't serve but one term, but I'm going to give this boy his chance, even if it costs me my job. Because, in my opinion, it is the only decent break he's ever had. Yesterday I might have made a different decision....Today, from talks with the boy himself, his teacher, Dr. Hannah, and from reading Charles Manning's most honorable story, I make the following decision. Roy Allen, step closer to me. Roy, you've got a half- sister married and living in Mount Gilead?

ROY: Yes, sir.

JUDGE: She wants you to come live with her.. Would you like that Roy?

ROY: What about grandpa?

JUDGE: We'll make arrangements to have him committed, to the proper institution.

ROY: What about my mom?

JUDGE: She'll get help from the county and you can visit back and forth. (PAUSE) Well, what do you say, Roy?

ROY: I'd like to live in Mount Gilead...I think I'd like that.....

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

NARR: The first Sunday you have free, Charles Manning, you drive up to Mount Gilead with a shirt and a new tie for Roy Allen. And he meets you on the steps of the newly painted brick bungalow where he now lives.

ROY: You know something, Mr. Manning? They got water here coming right into the house, they got lights -- and you don't have to walk a mile and a half to school...But I think I'll get used to all that.

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Charles Manning of the Greensboro N. C. Daily News 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.

(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 Charles Manning of the Greensboro, N. C. Daily News.

MANNING: I still see Roy Allen once in a while -- a boy who is growing up to be a real man. As for me, I'm a regular correspondent now for the Greensboro Daily News. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Manning ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL award for notable service in the field of journalism ... a check for \$500. and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Baltimore Md. News Post -- by-line, Victorine Belanger. A Big Story of a reporter and her search for a man whose real name might be death.

(MUSIC: _ STING) _

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is ^a ~~produced~~ by Bernard J. Prockter ^{Production} 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 Greensboro, N. C. Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and John Gibson played the part of Charles Manning. 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. Manning.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

CHAPPELL: 9 out of every 10 fires are MAN-MADE ... and only you can prevent them! Each year timber and watershed lands, vital to national strength and security, go up in flame because of carelessness. Remember these four simple rules of forest fire prevention! Crush out cigarette, cigar and pipe ashes. Break matches in two ^{alt} ~~before~~ use. Drown all camp fires. And find out the law before using fire! Remember - only you can prevent forest fires! (PAUSE)

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 #264

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOCANE
VICKY	AMZIE STRICKLAND
HENRIETTA	KATHLEEN NIDAY
LANDLADY	KATHLEEN NIDAY
EDNA	NELLIE BURT
ROSEN	LUIS VAN ROOYEN
MURPHY	GEORGE PETRIE
EASTMAN	MICKEY O'DAY
VITO	MICKEY O'DAY
DOCTOR	ROLAND WINTERS

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1952

ATK01 000583B

(Victorine Belanger: Baltimore (Mary.) News-Post)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

(ESTABLISH INTERIOR OF MOVING TRUCK...THEN:)

VITO: (~~IN HIS 20'S, A LIKEABLE, ROUGH TRUCKDRIVER~~) So when I walked into this diner, there she was again -- I mean cute, real cute! So you could've knocked me over with a featherbed -- you know what I mean? So I kind of reached across the counter and give her a pinch on the cheek. So what d'ya think she did, Tommy? (NO ANSWER) Hey, Tommy? -- what d'ya think this cutie-pie did? (NO ANSWER) Aw, fer cryin' out loud -- Tommy - The minute we head out and hit the road in this heap, right away you go to sleep! Who should I talk to -- the moon? Hey, moon, I pinched a cute girl on the cheek! Hey, Tommy -- ~~the moon's like you -- asleep, don't answer...~~

(HOLD TRUCK, THEN:

VITO: (HALF TO HIMSELF, SLIGHT TAKE) Hey, ^{Tommy}hey -- somethin's burnin' up ahead on the road. What's burnin'?

(HOLD TRUCK TO STOP, TRUCK DOOR OPENED AS:

VITO: Hey, sleepin' beauty, keep an eye on the truck. I want to see what's burnin'.

(STEPS DOWN, STEPS ACROSS GROUND AS TRUCK MOTOR FADES SLIGHTLY TO:)

VITO: (HORROR) Holy Cow! It's a person! A human Person!
(SCREAMS) Tommy! Tommy! Wake up! A body is on fire!

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

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: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Baltimore, Maryland. The story as it actually happened --
Victorine Belanger's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At the moment that a truckdriver named Vito Pellone screams
in horror at the sight of a body burning furiously, you,
Victorine Belanger, reporter for the Baltimore News-Post,
are sound asleep. It's 5:30 in the morning. But even if
you were awake, you'd have no way of knowing that everything
happening miles away outside Cranford, New Jersey was soon
to turn life inside out...

~~(MUSIC: DOWN UNDER)~~

VITO: Holy Cow! ~~I think it's a woman!~~ I got to do somethin!
The snow -- that's it! -- the snow --

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER..)

NARR: When he's put out the fire, Vito Pellone races his truck
to town and back again. And now, he stands once more, part
of a ring of policemen, officials and the curious circling
the charred body of a woman. Next to him is the Prosecutor
of Somerset County, David Rosen...beside them, Rosen's
police secretary.

~~(MUSIC: CUT)~~

ROSEN: (TO SECRETARY) Body scorched from the waist up. Got that?
Right.. A female, white, about 5'5" tall. Age between
40 and 50.

VITO: (UPSET) How can you be so natural? She was burnin'!

ROSEN: Take it easy, Pellone. I'm County Prosecutor - my job is
to help find the murderer. ~~I can only do it by being~~
"natural", as you call it.

VITO: ~~But but you didn't see her! -- Not when she was burnin'! It was --~~

ROSEN: (CUTTING IN) Ring finger on right hand slightly crooked. Got that?...Right. Upper jaw, ~~small segment of bridge-work. Gloves and purse missing, no identification.~~

VITO: You make me sick -- I'm getting sick the way you're callin' these things out ~~to your secretary!~~ Like she was a Box of vegetables or something! Do something!

ROSEN: Shut up, Pellone! We're doing all we ~~have to do!~~ ^{can} ~~Wedding~~ finger reveals platinum band with a cluster of orange blossoms. Around her throat, a string of old-fashioned pearls. Parts of her clothing soaked in gasoline. Got that? ...Right. ~~No other identification.~~

VITO: You guys are crazy! You're just standin' around -- I tell you I saw her - I saw her burnin' up!

ROSEN: Ok - ok - take it easy - at least she was already dead.

VITO: Dead! But --

ROSEN: Look here -- this bullet-hole in her head. Probably a .38.. She was killed and then set on fire.

VITO: Who did it? You got to find the guy who did it!

ROSEN: I don't know who did it. What's more, we're going to have one fine job even finding out who she is.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Within 24 hours the "human torch" story becomes the number one crime story in every newspaper office across the country, including yours, Victorine Belanger.

(A.P. MACHINE, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: And as you stand before the A.P. machine reading the latest wire report on the story, Francis Murphy -- the news editor of your paper -- walks up behind you and starts reading over your shoulder.

MURPHY: (ABOUT 30) Bet you'd love to handle that story, Vicky.

VICKY: Mr. Murphy, that's what I like about you --

MURPHY: What did I say? *Southern*

VICKY: A very nice thing, that's all. ~~Other guys in this office would have said -- (MIMIC-BABY TALK) "'Oo wouldn't want to handle such a messy case, would 'oo?"~~ Not you, Murphy. You ~~just~~ assume a reporter is a reporter whether she's a woman or not. That's what I like about you -

MURPHY: Well - at least that's something! It's a messy case, all right, isn't it?

VICKY: (WITH FEELING) It's worse than messy, Murphy. Killing a woman, burning her up like that -- it's a lowdown, perverted -- a filthy thing! And the man who did it --

MURPHY: Take it easy, Vicky. How do you know it was a man?

VICKY: Touche, Murphy. I didn't mean it that way.

MURPHY: Think they'll find out who she is -- or was?

VICKY: Only if she had friends or family somewhere who'll start worrying about her after a while, but if she was lonely had nobody in the world -- ~~Lord help her~~ -- we'll never know who she was.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: That was your first correct assumption in this case which was soon to challenge your very life, Victarine Bélanger. Because two weeks after your little conversation with Francis Murphy, a frightened, middle-aged woman named Edna ~~Wales~~ ^{Wales} walks into the office of County Prosecutor David Rosen.

~~(MUSIC: -- CUT)~~

ROSEN: Where did you say you were from, Mrs. Wales?

EDNA: (ABOUT 50, FRIGHTENED) From -- Greenville. ~~Right across~~
~~the state line --~~ from Mercer. County in Pennsylvania --

ROSEN: You read the description of the dead woman in the papers?

EDNA: Yes. And it scounded like -- like a close friend of mine--

(THE RATTLE OF JEWELRY ITEMS AS ROSEN OPENS AN
ENVELOPE AND POURS ITS CONTENTS OUT ON THE DESK...
THEN:)

ROSEN: This wedding ring with the orange cluster --

EDNA: (~~WORROR, CLOSE TO TEARS~~) Hers! I recognize it! It's
~~hers!~~ *Henrietta's - Henrietta Henderson's*

~~ROSEN: String of pearls --~~

~~EDNA: Hers! Please...please....don't -- I don't want to see
anymore. I knew it! I felt it all the way here -- It's
hers!~~

ROSEN: Who?

EDNA: (BEGINNING TO CRY) Henrietta -- Henrietta -- (SCREAMS OUT)
Henrietta, what happened! Who did it to you?

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

NARR: ~~It takes Prosecutor Rosen a little while to comfort Edna Wales. And slowly Mrs. Wales begins to tell her story.~~

EDNA: We grew up together -- Henrietta and I. About ten years ago her husband died. He left her just enough to live on -- \$12,000 I think. About a year ago -- a little less than a year I think -- August, and now it's April -- It's less than a year --

ROSEN: What happened last August?

EDNA: Henrietta met a man -- I think through a matrimonial agency. I guess she got lonely --

ROSEN: What was his name?

EDNA: He was a very nice-looking man -- I just saw him once. He was about 60 -- he was a doctor. Dr. William Henderson. They went off together to get married but ten days later Henrietta came back to me.

ROSEN: She stayed with you?

EDNA: Yes. I run a boarding house. I asked her, "Henrietta, what's happened? Did you get married?" And -- and --

ROSEN: Did she get married?

EDNA: Yes....but she came back ten days after the marriage. I could see that she was upset -- ~~I didn't ask her too many~~ questions. As time went on, winter rolled around, I think she became very upset. She thought all her friends were making fun of her. Some of them were quite cruel. "Where's your husband, Henrietta"? they asked. "Where's your husband?"

ROSEN: Did she ever tell you about ~~him?~~ *her husband?*

EDNA: She corresponded with him regularly. She took me into her confidence. (FADING) She would read me all her letters to him and all his answers....

(MUSIC: _ _ COVER FOR FLASHBACK AND DOWN UNDER)

HENRIETTA: "My dearest William: I miss you so, my darling. It has been six weeks now since you told me to come back here to Greenville and wait for you to straighten out your affairs. My friends are ridiculing me. William, please, please -- what shall I do? When will you come for me?"

DOCTOR: (SO, SMOOTH, SLIGHT FILTER) "My dearest Henrietta: First let me tell you that I love you and that this temporary separation coming so soon after our marriage makes me as unhappy as it does you. As for your friends, if they pester you too much, believe me, when I come to Greenville to take you back with me to the home I am building for us in New York --believe me, I will give them a piece of my mind which they'll never forget! I'll come for you soon."

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN ...)

HENRIETTA: "My dearest William: It is now 5 months. Why should it take so long, William? Neither one of us has many years left on this earth. Why should we waste so many months apart? Come for me, William....come for me soon because my unhappiness grows deeper each day."

DOCTOR: "My dearest Henrietta: It is taking longer than I expected....soon, very soon."

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

HENRIETTA: "My dearest William: Why, oh why, have you deserted me-- I who need you so. It is now the end of February. It has been so long. You told me you were rich, but I am convinced now that you have nothing. Are you not going to live with me? I must have an explanation. What have you done with my money? If you do not return it to me, I shall commit suicide but first I shall let everyone know what you have done to me."

(MUSIC: -- STING, CUT)

ROSEN: She read you that last letter, Mrs. Wales?

EDNA: (WEEPING) Yes, ^{Mr. Rosen}...it was pitiful to see what was happening to her.

ROSEN: Did he answer her letter?

EDNA: Yes, almost immediately. He sent for her. She went to meet him in New York. That was six weeks ago. And -- and that was the last I saw of her until the papers -- until --

ROSEN: This Dr. William Henderson -- what else do you know about him?

EDNA: I -- I brought some of her things that she'd left in her room. Here -- her marriage license and the copy of the form they filled out....I think they were married by a Justice of the Peace.

(PAPER RUSTLED)

ROSEN: (READING) Elkton, Maryland. (EXCITED TAKE) This'll help Mrs. Wales! This will help very much! He gave an address here as his home address: 5797 Yosemite Street, Baltimore. This will help!

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

(A.P. MACHINE TICKING AWAY FURIOUSLY WITH A BELL
RINGING INDICATING IMPORTANT ITEM...)

NARR: The A.P. wires carry the story into your office, Victorine Belanger, only a half-hour after Mrs. Wales told it to Prosecutor Rosen. And five minutes after it comes in, you hurry past Francis Murphy's desk, headed for the street.

MURPHY: Hey, Vic!

VICKY: Don't stop me now, Murphy -- don't stop me now!

MURPHY: You look excited

VICKY: ~~It's come my way~~ *This is my chance woman* (FAST) The ~~women~~ they found burning outside Cranford -- her friend just identified her. Don't stop me, Murphy. I got to get going before the others do-

MURPHY: Where?

VICKY: The dead woman's husband -- a Dr. William Henderson -- his address is near the edge of Baltimore -- 5797 Yosemite Street. I'm going out to see him. (EXCITED) Oh, Murphy, what if he's the murderer!

MURPHY: ~~(VERY SOBER) what if he is, Vicky? Have you really thought about it? What if he is?~~

VICKY: ~~Don't throw cold water on me, Murph....~~

MURPHY: Listen, ~~Vicky~~ *Listen* -- listen to me. If you're going out maybe to meet a murderer, I -- better tell it to you, ^{now} Vic, I-- Marry me, Vicky.

(LONG PAUSE. THEN:)

VICKY: Gee, gee Murph -- I -- I wish you hadn't said that.

MURPHY: Oh, I'm sorry. Is there someone else?

VICKY: No -- no, that's not it at all, Murph. I've been hoping you'd ask me ~~that~~. The only thing is that all of a sudden, now that I know how you feel, I've suddenly become afraid -- afraid of going out to meet Dr. William Henderson -- but I've got to. I've got to, Murph! Wait for me.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

(MUSIC: -- THE TABLE)

(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.)

(MORE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

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 Victorine Belanger as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: There is no Yosemite Street, Victorine Belanger, but there is a Yosemite Avenue in the ^{west} ~~northeast~~ section of the city. An odd little street, an apartment house on one corner, and the rest neat, white-stopped dwellings and the numbers on the houses all in the five thousands, even though Yosemite Avenue is only one block long. ~~Your chest feels tight and~~ you can feel your heart beating rapidly as you stop in front of 5797 and ring the doorbell.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

(STREET PERSPECTIVE: DOORBELL HEARD OFF, PAUSE, THEN ANOTHER RING, DOOR OPENS)

VICKY: (SLIGHT TAKE) Oh -- are you --

LANDLADY: (ELDERLY, CUTS IN) I'm the landlady, miss. Sorry-- no rooms.

VICKY: I'm -- uh -- not looking for a room, thank you. I'm looking for a Dr. William Henderson

LANDLADY: Sorry -- never heard of him.

VICKY: But -- but -- Are you positive?

LANDLADY: Sorry, miss. You must have the wrong place.

VICKY: It said 5797.

LANDLADY: I don't know where you got the address, miss, but I've lived on this ~~half~~-street twelve years now. It's only a block long and I know everybody on it. There's no Dr. William Henderson.

VICKY: Well -- Well, thanks....thank you very much.

LANDLADY: Sorry, miss. Is there anything I can do for you?

VICKY: ~~No -- no, that's all right.~~

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

~~NARR: You move away slowly, reluctantly from 5797. It's a let-down -- especially after your melodramatic departure from the office. You're even a little ashamed now, of the way you built yourself up to Francis Murphy -- that whole business about an unarmed girl going out to meet a possible murderer. You ring doorbell after doorbell -- the answers are all the same: "No -- no, Dr. Henderson -- Never heard of the guy -- No, not on Yosemite Avenue". And you're just about ready to swallow your defeat and head back to the office when an idea strikes you -- an idea so obvious that you're surprised it took you so long to hit on it.~~

~~(MUSIC: CUT)~~

LANDLADY: Oh, it's you again.

VICKY: When I spoke to you a little while ago you asked me if there was anything else you could do for me, You can, Mrs.-

~~LANDLADY: Mrs. Parks.~~

VICKY: *yo* ~~Mrs. Parks~~, there is something. (FAST) Do you remember reading about a woman who was shot and then burned up in New Jersey?

LANDLADY: The "human-torch"?

VICKY: That's right -- that's what the papers called it. I'm a reporter, ~~Mrs. Parks.~~ We're looking for that women's husband.

LANDLADY: (TAKE) And they gave my house as his address?

VICKY: That's right.

LANDLADY: But -- but I know everybody on this block. I've known everybody on this street for years!

VICKY: But here's the funny part of it: Yosemite Avenue is only a block long. The numbers are all up in the five thousands. He must have had some connection with this block to have known that -- to have given a correct address on this block. He must have had some connection with this street!

LANDLADY: What -- what can I do for you?

VICKY: Is there a real estate agent who's done most of the business on this block?

LANDLADY: Eastman -- George Eastman. He's got an office downtown -- ~~George Eastman.~~

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

EASTMAN: (MIDDLE-AGED) Yes indeedy, Miss Belanger. If there's anything on Yosemite Avenue you're interested in, you've come to the right man. Now, which one of the --

VICKY: Mr. Eastman, that's not why I'm here.

EASTMAN: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh, you're not? Then what is it you want from me?

VICKY: I'm with the Baltimore News-Post, Mr. Eastman. I'm trying to locate a Dr. William Henderson.

EASTMAN: Sorry -- I don't know any Dr. William Henderson.

VICKY: Is there any Henderson -- any man named Henderson -- who's either lived or had dealings on Yosemite Avenue?

EASTMAN: H. Warren Henderson -- but he's not a doctor.

VICKY: (TAKE) H. Warren Henderson!

EASTMAN: Yes, but he's not a doctor, Miss Belanger. He's a civil engineer.

VICKY: (EXCITED) What -- what dealings did he have?

EASTMAN: Some real estate transactions on Yosemite Avenue --

VICKY: Mr. Eastman, listen -- was he -- was he about 62, distinguished-looking, white-haired --

EASTMAN: (CONFUSED) Yes, yes of course. That's H. Warren Henderson -- but you said you were looking for a Dr. William Henderson.

VICKY: Never mind -- never mind that. Where is he? What's his address?

EASTMAN: I -- I don't know. In Jersey somewhere.

VICKY: (DISAPPOINTED) What do you mean you don't know! You said you had business dealings with him.

EASTMAN: The last address I have for him is Salisbury, Maryland.

VICKY: Salisbury? Then what makes you think he's not still there?

EASTMAN: Because he owned a 13-room house there. That was the transaction I handled for him. He exchanged the 13-room house in Salisbury plus some cash, for the apartment house on Yosemite Avenue. But about six weeks ago he had me sell the apartment house. But Salisbury's a small town, Miss Belanger. His house was the show-place there. I'm sure somebody ~~in Salisbury~~ would know where he's moved to.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

(TELEPHONE BEING DIALED HURRIEDLY, OUT TO:)

VICKY: Murphy?

MURPHY: (ON F) Vic! What's happened? Where are you?

wanted to tell you

VICKY: Listen, Murph -- I just ~~want you to know~~ not to worry. I got a lead on ^{W.}Henderson -- he's not a doctor at all. His real name seems to be H. Warren Henderson -- last address Salisbury, Maryland.

MURPHY: Vicky, listen to me: You're not going up there alone! It's almost ten o'clock. It's dark and it's raining out!

VICKY: Sorry, Murph -- this is my story.

MURPHY: Vicky, listen: The paper's going to bed....I'm finished now. Where are you? I'll go with you.

VICKY: Sorry, Murph. I love you, but this is my story.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: The last ferry ~~across~~ Chesapeake Bay is gone for the night when you reach the ferry-dock, Victorine Belanger. It's a long, lonely drive to the Delaware Stateline and then down again along Maryland's eastern shore to the little town of Salisbury. It's after midnight when you drive up before the old brick police station, the only building on the street where the lights are still burning.....And when you walk out of there ~~again~~ 45 minutes later, you get back in your car and race off into the night.

~~(CAR INTO FAST START AND SPEEDING ALONG FURIOUSLY UNDER....)~~

NARR: Not back to Baltimore, but up north this time to Somerset County, New Jersey.

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

NARR: Dawn is just breaking when you finally manage to arouse Prosecutor David Rosen.

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

ROSEN: (SLEEPILY) Have some coffee?

VICKY: No thanks. I'm too hopped up as it is.

ROSEN: You're not hopped up at all, Miss Belanger. You're about the clearest thinking woman I've run across in a long time. Now tell it to me again so I'll get it and it'll sink in.

VICKY: The Salisbury police were a gold mine. Two years ago H. Warren Henderson moved into town from the middlewest somewhere. He bought a site of 25 acres on the banks of the river --

ROSEN: Built a house?

VICKY: A show place -- 13 rooms. He drove an expensive car, had some money in the bank.

ROSEN: His pose?

VICKY: Retired civil engineer and a retired advertising man. Around June of last year he sold his house in Salisbury and took the apartment house on Yosemite Avenue in Baltimore as payment. But six weeks ago, he had the real estate agent sell the apartment house for him.

ROSEN: And according to the Salisbury police where is he now?

VICKY: Living in Westfield.

ROSEN: (SLIGHT TAKE) Westfield? That's only a few miles from where she was found!

VICKY: Mr. Rosen, he has a family

ROSEN: Oh.

VICKY: (AFTER A PAUSE) What do we do now?

ROSEN: We'll go down to my office and get a better line on him.

(MUSIC: -- CUT, QUICK BRIDGE, OUT TO:)

MURPHY: (ON F) Vicky, are you all right? Are you sure?

VICKY: Honest, Murphy, I swear it -- I'm fine. A little tired, but all right.

MURPHY: Where are you now? Where are you calling from?

VICKY: Somerset County -- the Prosecutor's office. He just went out to do some checking.

(DOOR OPENED OFF)

VICKY: (FAST) Sorry, Murph -- here he comes now. You'll hear from me later in the day.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

ROSEN: You were right --

VICKY: Westfield?

ROSEN: Westfield. Moved there about two months ago. Same routine: Retired business man, with some active business in New York. He left ~~his hotel~~ this morning.

VICKY: (TAKE) You mean he's gone!

ROSEN: Relax, Miss Belanger -- this is ^{his} daily routine. He goes into New York and comes back on the evening train. This time when the train pulls in at the Westfield station tonight, we'll be waiting for him.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, BRIDGE, OUT TO:)

(TRAIN PULLING INTO STATION, TRAIN TO STOP, LAUGHTER AND CONVERSATION AS SUBURBANTIES ARRIVE, THEN:)

ROSEN: (QUIETLY) Mr. Henderson?

DOCTOR: Yes?

ROSEN: My name is David Rosen --

DOCTOR: I'm pleased to know you, Mr. Rosen. What can I do for you?

ROSEN: I happen to be the County Prosecutor.

DOCTOR: (SHAKEY) Is it -- is it about taxes, perhaps?

ROSEN: No, I'm afraid not, Mr. Henderson. It's about a woman whom we found not far from here -- ~~on fire,~~ ^{burned to death.}

DOCTOR: (PAUSE THEN) We've just established ourselves here in Westfield, Mr. Rosen I have a wife who is much younger than I am and three children. They know nothing --

VICKY: What is it you're asking for?

DOCTOR: I'd like to be taken somewhere else -- away from this town. (QUICKLY) If they never see me -- my children and my wife -- if they never see me again I think it'll be best for them

ROSEN: There are some details, Mr. Henderson....

DOCTOR: I realize that, Mr. Rosen -- but they must wait until you take me somewhere away from here.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT, BRIDGE, OUT TO:)

VICKY: But you had this expensive home in Salisbury, Mr. Henderson. Why did you need Henrietta's twelve thousand dollars?

DOCTOR: Everything I had went into the house in Salisbury --

ROSEN: In other words, you had a big expensive home and no cash to live on.

DOCTOR: That's been the pattern of my life.

VICKY: After you married Henrietta and she gave you the twelve thousand dollars, you sent her back to Greenville?

DOCTOR: Yes. I married bigamously -- I had no intentions of living with her, but I found I couldn't shake her off. She threatened all sorts of things and it began to worry me so -- So I decided the only thing to do was to --
(BREAKS OFF)

ROSEN: To get rid of her?

DOCTOR: (BEAT, THEN) Yes. I had her meet me in New York. We started driving. I told her I had a home for her in Westfield.

VICKY: You told her about Westfield? But that's where your wife and three children are.

DOCTOR: (TENSELY) We got outside Cranford between three and four in the morning. She was sitting in the front seat, dozing. I stopped the car and held a gun ^{to} over her head and fired one shot. Then I poured -- I poured gasoline over her clothing and set fire to her on the snow bank.

~~DOCTOR:~~ I drove home.

VICKY: After -- after a thing like that you were able to go home?

DOCTOR: I had to go home, don't you understand? I was terribly worried. When I had spoken to my wife earlier, she told me on the phone that one of the children was coming down with a fever. I had to go home -- don't you understand?

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

(TYPEWRITER HUNT-AND-PECK STYLE, ~~DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED-BREEZILY~~, CLICK CLACK OF VICKY'S HEELS AS SHE BURSTS IN)

VICKY: (BOASTFUL AS ALL HECK) Hey, Murphy -- look at me! The biggest day of my life!

MURPHY: (DRY) Yeah? What's so important?

VICKY: (TAKE) What's so important? This happens only once in a lifetime -- This is the biggest day of my life!

MURPHY: (FLAT) Hurray.

VICKY: Well I like that! What's the matter with you? Can't you see the way I feel? How often do you think this happens?

MURPHY: Okay, okay -- so you got yourself a great big story!

VICKY: (SLIGHT TAKE) Story? Murph -- who's talking about a story!

MURPHY: Isn't that what you're crowing about?

VICKY: Why you jealous rat! No, Mr. Murphy -- that's not what I'm crowing about at all. I'm crowing because this is the day we're getting married -- aren't we?

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

~~(MUSIC: UP TO TAG SHOW)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Victorine Belanger of the Baltimore Md. News-Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG ^{Story} STROY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard aganist 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 Victorine Belanger of the Baltimore Md. News Post.

VICTORINE: Murderer in tonight's Big Story at his first trial repudiated his confession. However, despite the efforts of his attorney, and despite appeals thru several courts he was finally convicted and died in the electric chair at state prison Trenton, New Jersey. As for Murphy and me it's been Mr. and Mrs. ever since. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Belanger ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ARE PROUD TO PRESENT YOU THE PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500. and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the Chicago Herald American -- by-line, Willis O'Rourke. A Big Story of a murder, a confession and a small child who was the key to the truth.

(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~~^{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 Baltimore Md. News Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Amzie Strickland played the part of Victorine Belanger. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIC STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of ~~the reporter~~, Miss Belanger. *in copy*

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

MM
3/21/52

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #265

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DOROTHY	PAT HOSLEY
JULIE	JAN MINER
GRANDMA	RUTH YORKE
POLICEMAN	JIM STEVENS
FELTON	JIM STEVENS
HEGINS	BERT COWLAN
O'ROURKE	BILL LIPTON
PETE	BERNARD GRANT

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1952

ATX01 0005865

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#265

9:30-10:00 PM

APRIL 23, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FAN FARE AND UNDER)

JULIE: (SINGING) Lullaby and goodnight, with roses bedight,
with lillies o'er spread, is babie's wee bed.....
alright, now, honey, Mommy has to go out.

PENNY: One more story, Mommy? Please.

JULIE: Now, honey, I've read all your books to you and I sang
Lullaby twice. Now, that's all, Good-night!

PENNY: Good-night, Mommy. I love you.

JULIE: I love you, too, baby, sleep tight.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

PETE: (HALF OFF) She asleep?

JULIE: Almost.

PETE: Let's go.

JULIE: Wait till I check.

(CLICK OF GUN SAFETY)

JULIE: A full clip of bullets. Alright, let's go.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ 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. (PAUSE,
FLAT) Chicago, Illinois. From the pages of the Chicago
Herald American, the story of a murder, a confession and
a small child who was the key to the truth. Tonight, to
Willis O'Rourke, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL
\$500. award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE TURNTABLE)

ATX01 0005866

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: -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois, the story as it actually happened.
Willis O'Rourke's story as he lived it.

NARRATOR: Your story, Willis O'Rourke, started in a warehouse on
the south side of Chicago. A night watchman shuffles
along the aisles piled high with crates.

(SLOW ECHOING FOOTSTEPS)

NARRATOR: Over his shoulder he carries his ^{time} clock and as he reaches
the end of the aisle, he inserts the wall key to record
his passing.

(CLICK OF TIME KEY)

It's a lonely job. The single light bulb high in the
rafters throws spidery shadows across his path..shadows
that make the perfect hiding place, a perfect ambush..

(TWO PISTOL SHOTS)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: A routine warehouse robbery, Willis O'Rourke. It's on
your police beat and you check Detective Sergeant Burton
A. Hegins ^{at headquarters} for the details.

HEGINS: It's out and dried, Will. They jimmed open the door.
Must have had a truck backed up to the loading platform.
The watchman spotted him, and that's all. Two shots,
both in the head.

O'ROURKE: Anything stolen?

HEGINS: I've got a partial list. Mostly snow suits, kids wool-
lined snow suits.

O'ROURKE: Snow Suits? That's a funny one.

HEGINS: They cost money, ask me, I've got four kids.

O'ROURKE: What would you do with a truck load of snow suits?

HEGINS: Peddle them to a fence. We had a warehouse robbery once of a load of onions.

O'ROURKE: I've got to do a follow-up story, Sergeant, any lead on the killers?

HEGINS: No. We know it was a man and a woman. We could spot heel marks in the dust. That's all. If they tried to peddle those snow suits in Chicago, we'll get 'em.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HEGINS: Come in.

(DOOR OPEN)

POLICEMAN: Get inside.

DOROTHY: Now, don't push, please.

HEGINS: Who's she?

POLICEMAN: Dorothy LaCrosse. We picked her up in a bar. She's under age.

HEGINS: Juvenile Bureau is down the hall.

POLICEMAN: I know. Dorothy here has a story to tell you. Go ahead, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: Well, I...I had such a bad conscience...I just had to tell, you understand how it is.

HEGINS: What is this all about?

DOROTHY: You know that watchman who was killed at the warehouse? The story was in the paper this morning....

HEGINS: You have any information about that?

DOROTHY: (GIGGLES) I guess I do. I shot him.

HEGINS: What?

O'ROURKE: How did you spell LaCrosse? With a capital "C"?

HEGINS: Shut up, O'Rourke.

O'ROURKE: I got to spell it right.

HEGINS: You can get that later. Let me get this straight. You held up that warehouse? You are confessing to the murder of that watchman?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes, and Arthur helped me.

POLICEMAN: That's the guy she was with. We got him downstairs.

DOROTHY: I know I shouldn't have done it. It was terribly wrong, wasn't it? But it's alright, I'll be punished now... I just felt I had to tell somebody.

HEGINS: Peterson, get me a steno up here. O'Rourke, I guess you've got the killers for the follow-up story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You find out that LaCrosse is spelled with a capital "L" and a capital "C" and you hit Dorothy's confession hard in your follow-up story. She is seventeen years old, blonde. She looks twenty-one until you see her eyes. They sparkle and dance like a kid at the zoo with a balloon tied around her wrist. She tells the ^{same} story over and over again.

DOROTHY: You see, I just had to have money, that was it... I had to have money...so, when Arthur said we had to hold up that warehouse, I thought it was a great idea. I'm terribly sorry now...I shouldn't have done it, should I? But I'll be punished, so it's alright.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The confession holds water. The time and the place are right and the indictment is brought in charging Dorothy LaCrosse and Arthur Felton with murder in the first degree.

HEGINS: Well, we can close that one up.

O'ROURKE: You think they'll burn?

HEGINS: She's asking for it. Maybe they'll take a plea and get life.

O'ROURKE: That's what gets me about this, she's asking for it, but why should she? You didn't have anything to connect Dorothy LaCrosse with that killing. She would have been out of here in five minutes if she hadn't spilled her guts ^{story} all over your desk.

HEGINS: Well, you know how these screwball kids are.

O'ROURKE: Yeah...yeah. Did you get anything out of Felton?

HEGINS: He's a good actor...says he's innocent. She cooked his goose alright.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You have a talk with Arthur Felton. He has the desperate gray look of a man in a nightmare. You get the impression that he's been running and running and running without moving from one spot.

FELTON: She's crazy. That's all. She's crazy. We weren't anywhere near that warehouse. We were parked out by the lake. That Dorothy is crazy.

O'ROURKE: Why would she confess to a murder if she didn't do it?

FELTON: I don't know. She's crazy, she always was.

O'ROURKE: How do you mean, crazy?

FELTON: I don't know... little things. She used to tell me she bought her shoes a size too small. She said she liked it when her feet hurt.

O'ROURKE: And you still say you didn't do it?

FELTON: ~~No, no,~~ who'd believe me with that crazy kid up there, swearing herself into the electric chair? Listen, Mr. O'Rourke, you gotta believe me, nobody else will. You know what ^{else} that kid did? We were there in the court, arraigned for murder...they asked her how would she plead. they had to ask her twice, she was fixing a run in her stocking with spit. She's crazy, that girl.

O'ROURKE: What were you hanging around with her for?

FELTON: I don't know, she's good looking, she always was fun. How did I know she was going into this? When we came out of the court there was a photographer, ^{you know what she asked me?} and she asked me if her seams were straight. We're going to get the electric chair for murder, and she's worried about her stockings. Mr. O'Rourke, believe me, I didn't shoot that watchman and neither did she.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You begin to wonder, Willis O'Rourke, about a seventeen year old girl ...wild...a girl who buys her shoes too tight because she wants to be hurt, because she wants to be punished, ~~a girl charged with a murder who primps and prunes herself for the photographers.~~ And while you wonder, across the city another girl ~~of twenty-three~~ carefully cleans the tools of her trade.

JULIE: ~~Barrel...~~(CLICKS), ~~trigger housing...~~(CLICKS), ~~Safety...~~
(CLICK). All set.

PETE: (COMING ON) It wasn't there.

JULIE: What wasn't?

PETE: That box.....from the snowsuit.

JULIE: What are you talking about?

PETE: You threw it out the back door, the snow suit box, the one you used for the kid. I told you you were crazy.

JULIE: Why shouldn't Penny have a new snow suit? It's wool lined. You wouldn't want her to get cold.

PETE: They're hot, Julie, those snow suits are hot. We break our necks getting rid of the truckload and you've got to leave a box out on the back walk. It's gone....it's gone. Somebody took it!

JULIE: Some kid, probably. Did you see Penny in it? She ^{looked} ~~looks~~ real cute. ^{when I took her to mother} I picked the blue one special.

PETE: Listen, you're crazy, if they trace those snow suits to us..

(DOOR BELL)

(PAUSE)

PETE: Don't answer it.

(RATTLE OF SHADE.)

PETE: There's a squad car out front.

(LOUD CLICK OF REVOLVER)

PETE: Put that gun away, don't be crazy. Get out the back, Julie.

JULIE: But.....but....the ^{looked cute} ~~baby, Penny~~

PETE: Go on, get out. I'll get the suitcase from the other room.

(DOOR OPEN)

PETE: Go on.

(DOOR CLOSE)

(DOOR BELL RINGS, HURRIED FOOTSTEPS.)

POLICEMAN: (OFF, MUFFLED) Open up in there, Kirby.

(DOOR PANEL SPLIT)

POLICEMAN: (COMING ON) ~~Get away from that back door.~~ Where's your wife?

PETE: What wife?

POLICEMAN: (SHOUTS) Connelly, ~~cover the back.~~ The girl ^{man} ~~got~~ ~~away, alright.~~ Come on, Kirby, let's go down town.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The prisoner is Pete Kirby. He has a robbery record as long as your arm. He's wanted on three counts in Illinois alone. They've got him cold, ^{he wants to make a deal} so he talks, ~~and somewhere along the end he casually mentions that he and his wife held up the warehouse.~~

PETE: Julie shot him. She always carries that .45. I told her that wasn't no woman's gun.

HEGINS: She fired the shots?

PETE: Yeah.

HEGINS: And you and your wife held up the warehouse? You were the only ones?

PETE: How many do you need? Go ahead, type it up, Sergeant, I'll sign your confession.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: They bring out Dorothy LaCrosse to face Pete Kirby.
The Sergeant has their two confessions on his desk,
side by side.

PETE: I never saw ^{this girl} ~~her~~ before. I'm telling you, Julie and me
held up that warehouse.

DOROTHY: Oh, no, I did it. Arthur and I. We killed that
watchman and we've got to be punished. We killed
him, not that man.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG ACT)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #265

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.)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #265

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

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!

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Willis O'Rourke as he lived it and wrote it.

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

NARR: You add it up, Willis O'Rourke, one murder, two confessions. The sovereign state of Illinois is slightly embarrassed by an over-supply of confessed killers. There is a glut on the market. You remember Arthur Felton pleading with you for belief, telling you that Dorothy LaCrosse lied. You believe him, you're not sure why, but you decide to find out. Why should a seventeen-year old girl confess to a murder that she didn't commit? You work a deal with Sergeant Hegin and interview her in her cell.

DOROTHY: Will you run my picture, Mr. O'Rourke? I'm going to have a new outfit brought in with a sweater and a crinolin, although I don't suppose you'd use a full-length picture.

O'ROURKE: Dorothy, are you sure you killed that watchman?

DOROTHY: I confessed, didn't I? I've got to be punished.

O'ROURKE: You've been a pretty bad girl, haven't you?...Even when you were small.

DOROTHY: How did you know that?

O'ROURKE: Did you ever really do anything bad before?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes, yes...I ...I ...dreamed about it at night.

O'ROURKE: What?

DOROTHY: Oh, just things. I've always been afraid at night. It's alright now. You know, it's funny, here in jail I don't dream at all.

O'ROURKE: Have your mother and father come to see you?

DOROTHY: They're dead. They died when I was very small...in an automobile accident. They never even said good-bye to me. I've always thought about that, I was very bad the day before. Mr. O'Rourke, do you think I should have my hair done differently? Do you think it would look better in the picture if it was pulled back straight?

O'ROURKE: I think it looks fine now. Dorothy, you didn't kill that watchman.

DOROTHY: Yes, I did.

O'ROURKE: You're lying. You're not going to be convicted of that murder.

DOROTHY: (UPSET) But I've got to be, I've got to be punished. I killed them.

O'ROURKE: Them?

DOROTHY: I mean him...the watchman. I'm guilty.

O'ROURKE: I'll bet you are...guilty enough to confess to a murder you never committed.

DOROTHY: (CRYING) But I did, I did, you've got to believe me, you've got to. I killed him. I've got to be punished.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've got a picture now. A frightened, confused girl, her mind twisted and clouded with the memories of childhood. If only she can be punished, everything will be alright. You are convinced Dorothy LaCrosse is lying. You're convinced her confession is hysterical and there is only one way to prove it...find Julie Kirby.

HEGINS: We're working on that, Will. Anyone can see there's something screwball about LaCrosse's story, but we can't throw it out.

O'ROURKE: If you could find Julie, ^{Set.} if you could compare her story with her husband's, if...

HEGINS: If grandma had wheels she'd be a wagon!

O'ROURKE: How about her child? What was the kid's name? Penny.
That's how you traced Kirby, through that snow suit box.

HEGINS: We're working on that. We've got the house staked out.
We figure she'll come back to see the kid.

O'ROURKE: But where is Penny now? Doesn't Kirby know?

HEGINS: No. Doesn't seem to care. Julie did all the loving in that family.

O'ROURKE: She didn't take the kid with her, we know that. Sergeant, she's going to come back to find Penny. According to Kirby she hated everything in the world but that kid.
She'll come back.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You ^{get permission &} go through Julie Kirby's room. The baby's first shoes are cast in bronze. In the bureau drawer you find a well-thumbed copy of Dr. Spock's book on child care lying next to a cleaning brush for a .45 automatic.

You're sure that Julie Kirby will come back to see her ^{child} Penny and you want to be there when she does. ^(But Penny) ~~The child~~ is gone. ~~You draw a blank with the neighbors.~~ Out back in the garbage you find an envelope with a birthday card signed "Grandma", addressed to Penny Kirby and one hour later you're at the return address.

GRANDMA: I don't want to see you. I don't want to see anyone from the newspapers. You get out.

O'ROURKE: Now, please, Mrs. Tyler...

GRANDMA: You get out.

O'ROURKE: I want to ask you about your daughter.

GRANDMA: I don't have any daughter, not any more. Not after what she's done. I told her not to marry that..you get out of here. Can't you leave an old woman alone with her shame?

O'ROURKE: I'd like to ask about your granddaughter, Mrs. Tyler, about Penny.

GRANDMA: ~~You never mind about her.~~ ^{Penny?} What do you want with Penny?

O'ROURKE: Is she here?

GRANDMA: No, she isn't...she isn't where anybody can point a finger at her and say her mother's.. you get out of here. I'm going to call the police.

O'ROURKE: Mrs. Tyler, I sympathize with you, I understand, but we've got to find Julie. You can't protect her.

GRANDMA: Protect her? I don't care what happens to her. She's no flesh of mine, not anymore. I wish I was with her father, lying in peace where I wouldn't read ~~my baby's~~ ^{her} name in the papers and have people point at me when I go down the street and whisper what she's done.

O'ROURKE: I'm sorry for your trouble, Mrs. Tyler, but we've got to find Julie. There's an innocent girl and a man on trial for your daughter's crime. You want to help them, don't you?

GRANDMA: I don't know where Julie is.

O'ROURKE: But your grandchild, how about Penny? Where is she?

GRANDMA: I don't know.

O'ROURKE: ~~Mrs. Morrell~~ ^{The landlady} downstairs saw you bring her in here and then take her away again. Where did you leave her?

GRANDMA: With people who will be good to her. They know how to take care of children there.

O'ROURKE: Is it an institution?...a nursery?

GRANDMA: Never mind.

O'ROURKE: If you'll only tell me where Penny is.

GRANDMA: And have her mother's shame brought to her?

O'ROURKE: An orphanage?

GRANDMA: Good-bye.

O'ROURKE: But Mrs. Tyler...

GRANDMA: Good-bye.

~~(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)~~

~~NARR: You can see the ache in the old woman's eyes, Willis O'Rourke, the shame and the horror at having brought into the world a child who grew up to be a murderer. You see the fierce determination to protect the grandchild. You know you couldn't pry any further information from Mrs. Tyler, so you set out on your own. You make a list.~~

~~O'ROURKE: Chicago Free Day Care Center...Eaton Avenue Nursery.. St. Boniface's Orphan Asylum..~~

~~NARR: You've got it figured. Pete and Julie Kirby were flat broke. The snow suits ^{Pete & Julie Kirby} they stole were wool lined and warm, but they were hot. The police were on the lookout for them, they couldn't raise a nickel on their feet. They were broke, flat broke. Grandma Tyler went down every night to the Loop and swept out three floors of a tall building, no money there for an expensive nursery, for even a moderate priced orphanage. (MORE)~~

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You make out a
Your list covers all the low-priced charitable
that
children's homes and you start to cover it on foot.

~~(SNEAK IN SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAYING)~~

You talk to the superintendents. There are lots of little girls
~~You haunt the playgrounds outside these institutions~~
~~named Penny but none who was admitted within~~
~~watching the children, looking for a little girl named~~
~~the last 2 weeks. And then one day when you~~
Penny. You strain your ears to hear the kids shouting
~~just about given up, you stop outside the play-~~
~~to one another. You press against the wire fences all~~
~~ground of an orphanage watching the kids inside~~
~~over Chicago, listening, waiting, and then one day you~~
Penny: (yells - Penny!)
hear it. A ball rolls towards the wire fence and you
pick it up.

PENNY: (COMING ON) Mister..mister...throw me back my ball?

O'ROURKE: Hello!

PENNY: That's my ball, mister, please..

O'ROURKE: Did I hear somebody call your name?

PENNY: Please, we're in the middle of a game.

O'ROURKE: Do they call you Penny? Is your name Penny?

PENNY: Sure, my name's Penny. Please, mister, can I have
my ball.

O'ROURKE: Sure, sure, I'll bring it around. Wait for me, Penny.
Don't go away.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You check with the office of the nursery. The social
worker looks up the record. The child was entered as
Penny Smith. You make arrangements with the nursery.
You give two maiden aunts, your city editor, and the
commissioner of police as references and you're on
your way down town in a cab with Penny Kirby.

(CAR RUNNING)

PENNY: Where are we going, Mr. O'Rourke?
O'ROURKE: Down to my office. How old are you, Penny?
PENNY: Six, going on seven.
O'ROURKE: Going on seven. You haven't seen your Mommy for a week or two, have you?
PENNY: No, she went away. Grandma took me to the nursery.
O'ROURKE: Do you like your Mommy?
PENNY: Sure, she sings me songs and tells stories. She's the best Mommy there is.
O'ROURKE: Yeah. I'm sure she's a good Mommy to you, Penny.
PENNY: She said she'd come back if I needed her.
O'ROURKE: Do you miss her?
PENNY: Yes, I think so. She'll come back, won't she, Mr. O'Rourke? Just like she said?
O'ROURKE: I think she will. But she has to do it soon, Penny, she has to do it soon.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Dorothy La Crosse and Arthur Felton are innocent, you know it. (~~Dorothy's hysterical confession is a phoney and yet you need Julie Kirby to prove this. You sit in your office at your typewriter and watch Penny Kirby playing with the scissors, cutting ads out of yesterday's paper.~~) Somehow you've got to get Julie Kirby back to get the truth. Two innocent lives are at stake, and you've got to use every weapon you have. The most powerful one is Penny.

O'ROURKE: Alright, Penny, just sit here and look straight ahead while the man takes your picture.

PENNY: Like this?

O'ROURKE: Now don't be afraid, there will be a flash of light. Okay.

(POP OF FLASH BULB)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You pull out all stops and write a letter to Julie Kirby, a pleading letter,....'Come home. Tell the truth.' And the kicker is a three-column picture of Penny, with the caption 'Mommy, come home.' Maybe it seems like leaning on sentiment, but it's the only way you can save two innocent lives.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

HEGINS: That's a real pretty picture, Will, nice-looking kid.

O'ROURKE: She's a nice kid. It's a ^{rotten trick} ~~dirty shame~~. No sign of Julie?

REGINS: Nothing yet. How long you going to run this picture?

O'ROURKE: Until Julie shows up. The Herald American gets around, somewhere in Indianapolis or Detroit or wherever she is hiding, she's going to see it. ~~She'll~~

Regins: I hope so

O'ROURKE: I'll get Julie Kirby in, Sergeant. I know I will. She'll come because Penny wants her.

(BUZZER. PHONE PICKED UP)

HEGINS: Sergeant Hegin. Hmm...mm. Alright, we'll be down.

(PHONE HANGS UP)

HEGINS: Did you know about this? Were you stringing me?

O'ROURKE: About what?

HEGINS: Julie Kirby just walked in downstairs, and gave herself up. She wants to see her child.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

JULIE: Where is she? Where is she?

HEGINS: Are you going to make a statement on that warehouse killing?

JULIE: I came back to see my baby, where is she?

HEGINS: Let's get your story first. Peterson, have the book ready.

JULIE: Where is she? If you hurt her, I'll kill you, I'll get out somehow and I'll kill you all.

HEGINS: Listen, Julie, you talk first.

O'ROURKE: Sergeant, (LOW) I brought Penny down, she's in the other room. *Confession*

HEGINS: (LOW) I want a ~~story~~ out of Julie.

O'ROURKE: You'll get it. She came back to see Penny. Do it my way.

HEGINS: Alright. Bring her in.

(DOOR OPEN)

O'ROURKE: Alright, *Penny* you can come in now.

PENNY: (COMING ON) Mommy.....Mommy.....Mommy.....

JULIE: (TOGETHER WITH ABOVE) Penny, Penny, darling, baby....

(SHE IS CRYING)

PENNY: I knew you'd come back to me Mommy, I knew you would.

JULIE: I couldn't stay away, not after I saw that picture,
I couldn't. Oh, Penny, Penny....Penny.....

PENNY: You didn't sing me a song, Mommy, when you left you
said you'd sing a song, and you didn't sing a song,
and you never came back to Grandma's.

JULIE: I'll sing you a song, Penny. I'll sing for you.

HEGINS: Listen.....

O'ROURKE: Wait.....

PENNY: Sing Lullaby, Mommy. I had to go to bed without it.

JULIE: Alright, baby.... (SINGS) Lullaby and good-night,
with roses.....(BREAKS AND CRIES)

PENNY: That's alright, Mommy, don't cry. It's better now,
you're here.

O'ROURKE: She's right, Julie, it's better. You couldn't do
anything for Penny by running away. Do you love her?
Do you really love Penny? Then tell the truth.

JULIE: (CRYING) I don't know.

O'ROURKE: You know what you've done. You know how you've lived,
let Penny grow up and know that you were sorry,
that you faced it, that you paid for it. She'll
be taken care of, whatever happens, she'll know her
mother loved her enough to tell the truth.

JULIE: Alright. I'll tell, but not now. Not..Not in front
of.....I....I did what you said. I'll tell you the
truth.

PENNY: Mommy, you didn't finish the song.

JULIE: Alright, baby, I'll finish it. (SINGS)...~~With~~
~~lillies o'er spread,~~ is baby's wee bed.....

HEGINS: (Low, over song) Peterson, get your book ready,
she'll talk now.

JULIE: (CONTINUES SINGLE) Lay thee down now and rest,
may thy slumber be blest. Alright, now I'm ready.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Willis
O'Rourke of the Chicago Herald American with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #265

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 Willis O'Rourke of the Chicago Herald American.

O'ROURKE: Pair implicated by the hysterical false confession in tonight's Big Story were released and the real killers brought to trial. They received life terms in the State Penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. O'Rourke...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500. and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A Big Story from the front pages of the Columbus Ohio Dispatch -- by-line, James B. Heyrock. A Big Story of a girl who took a lonely walk and a reporter who followed her one-way journey.

(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~~ ^a Bernard J. Proctor *production* with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Ernest Kenoy from an actual story from the front pages of the Chicago Herald American. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Bill Lipton played the part of Willis O'Rourke. 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. O'Rourke.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (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 - drop 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.

H.C. 3/27/1952.-

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #266

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUTHIE	CHARITA BAUER
PATSY	PAT HOSLEY
FREDDIE	MICHAEL O'DAY
BARNIS	MICHAEL O'DAY
JIM	BILL LIPTON
BRUNO	ARTHUR KOHL
MILLER	BILL SMITH
HARRY	ROSS MARTIN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1952

ATX01 0005892

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#266

9:30 - 10:00 PM

APRIL 30, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

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

~~(BG BUS LOAD OF GIRLS GETTING OFF BUS WITH
SCREAMS, LAUGHTER...)~~

RUTHIE: (ABOUT 17) Oh, Patsy, wasn't that a game! Wasn't that fun!

PATSY: (SAME AGE) (WORRIED) Ruthie, it's so late! I didn't count on getting back here to Prospect so late.

RUTHIE: So what? So the bus had a flat and it took us an hour and a half longer to get back than we figured! Boy, wasn't that a football game! How about a soda?

PATSY: I -- I can't, Ruthie. I was supposed to be home by 5:30 and it's after 7:00 now.

RUTHIE: Oh for cryin' out loud -- what're you so worried about? You're not a kid!

PATSY: It's -- I got to go.

RUTHIE: (WORRIED) Wait, honey. Somebody ^{we should} come along and we'll get you a ride. You got to walk a half-mile in the dark.

PATSY: I -- I got to go. ~~home~~

RUTHIE: But -- it's a half-mile outside of town all by yourself. Wait for a ride. Somebody'll come along.

PATSY: If -- if I wait things'll just get worse at home. ^{Ruthie} ~~I got~~ ~~to go, Ruthie.~~ Nothing'll happen to me. So long.

(FADING) Don't worry -- nothing'll happen to me.

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

ATX01 0005893

CHAPPEL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE, COLD AND FLAT) Columbus, Ohio. The story
of a girl who took a lonely walk and a reporter who
followed her one-way journey. Tonight, to James O.
Heyrock of the Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch, for his Big
Story, goes the PELL MELL¹⁵⁰⁰ Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #266

OPENING 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 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: THEME UP AND UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Columbus, Ohio. The story as it actually happened --
James Heyrock's story as he lived it.

NARR: It's Saturday, September 20th. The football madness that
always grips the State of Ohio in the Fall is already
in the air. You're only 26, Jim Heyrock, police
reporter for the Columbus Dispatch. It wasn't so long
ago that you played football yourself for your high
school. But it's different now. It's different because
every Saturday this time of the year when you report for
work, you know just what your stories are going to be
for the day: ~~A couple of college kids who got a little
too high after the game, a little too gay and begged to
have their names kept out of the papers, a couple of
collisions, between jalopies full of excited football
fans -- all very dull and very routine.~~

(PHONE RINGING)

NARR: And when the phone rings on your desk and it's the City
Editor on the other end, you expect the usual football
~~Saturday lead.~~ But not this time.

(MUSIC: CUT)

JIM: ^{Heyrock} ~~Yeah~~ Where did you say? Prospect -- that's about 25 miles
north of here, isn't it?...Yeah, I got it. (REPEATS)
Patsy Miller, 17, went to high-school football game by
bus yesterday, started to walk home from Prospect last
night, hasn't been seen since..... Right. ... Yeah, I'll
leave for Prospect immediately.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: You reach the little town of Prospect shortly after two o'clock. Another fifteen minutes and you find yourself ^{at} outside Patsy Miller's home ^{you meet a man there} -- a big, rambling ~~one~~ ^{and a deputy sheriff named Bruno the other} white house on a ~~lonely~~ road about a half-mile from town.

~~(MUSIC: --- CUT)~~

~~BRUNO: No -- I'm not the Sheriff. The sheriff is away at the State Convention. I'm a deputy. The name is Bruno.~~

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

NARR: Patsy Miller's father ^{who} manages the grocery store in Prospect. You study his terrified face and the solemn faces of his other three children.

JIM: What time was she supposed to be home last night, Mr. Miller?

MILLER: (40's) 5:30

BRUNO: Bus had a flat -- didn't get back to Prospect 'til 7:00.

JIM: Maybe -- maybe she spent the night with a girlfriend. ^{Bruno}

BRUNO: I don't know a bout that. ^{Her brother} Her brother here found her hair ribbon and one of her shoes at the edge of the driveway this morning.

JIM: (SLIGHT TAKE) Her hair ribbon and one of her shoes?

BRUNO: Yeah.

MILLER: Mr. Bruno, I -- I know you're only trying to help me, but time is going by. Mr. Miller, Patsy is still a young girl.

JIM: I wouldn't worry, Mr. Miller. She could have run off -- maybe left the shoe and the ribbon in the driveway to throw you off her trail. Kids do that sometimes.

MILLER: Patsy wouldn't run off'. Patsy's a fine girl! I brought her up decent and right! She wasn't permitted to have dates and she wasn't allowed to ride in cars with boys! Patsy is a fine girl and nobody can tell me otherwise! (PAUSE)

~~MILLER:~~ I'm--I'm sorry, Mr. Heyrock. Sorry for blowing up at you. I--I know what you're thinking but it's not easy trying to bring up four children. Even when I kept her from having dates, even when I shouted at Patsy about boys, I felt it wasn't the right thing to do but it was the only thing I knew to do. How else can I take care of four children--without being strict. I tell you something's happened to her!

BRUNO: Naw--you know how kids are. They go^g-wild for a spell then they come to their senses. She'll be home, Mr Miller--don't you worry.

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You don't know what to think, ~~Jim Heyrock, when you leave the big white house on the lonesome road. You don't know what to think~~ ^{Jim Heyrock} about Patsy Miller, or about her shoe and hair ribbon found in the driveway of her house.

(ROLL OF THUNDER)

NARR:

~~As the rain is about to come down, you wonder~~
~~The rain about to come down only adds to your feeling of~~
confusion and helplessness -- where ^{do you} to begin? How do you
pick up the friends of a 17 year old girl who's vanished
into thin air? You recall that she ^{started to} walked home the half-
mile from Prospect.....

~~(RAIN COMING DOWN, CAR DRIVING IN RAIN.....)~~

NARR:

There are, perhaps, four houses in all between the Miller's
residence and the town of Prospect. You stop at each of
them, ask a few questions. Nobody saw her last night, nobody
---except that Howard Barnes, who has a bakery route, has
a little something to add to the mystery.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT TO:)

~~(PERSPECTIVE INTERIOR, RAIN OUTSIDE...)~~

BARNES: (ABOUT 50) I figure it was around a quarter to eight, Mr.
Heyrock.

JIM: You were just coming home in your truck?

BARNES: That's right. That's why I noticed it and I couldn't
help remembering on account of it was so peculiar. This
here Model A Ford---

JIM: You said it was racing up and down the road. Exactly what
do you mean?

BARNES: Just what I said. Whoever was driving it would kind of race
it away a couple of hundred yards and then make a crazy
spin and go racing back like that -- up and back.

JIM: About what time was that?

BARNES: Well--- if Patsy left Prospect to walk home, she should've been passing this spot around a quarter to eight. I saw that Model A racing up and down around twenty to eight.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Back ~~to~~ ^{at} the Miller house, you find Deputy Bruno. Apparently he and Mr. Miller had ~~been~~ been deep in conversation when you arrived, Jim Heyrock -- because the moment you mention the story about the Model A Ford, the Deputy reacts.

(MUSIC: CUT)

~~(RAIN OUTSIDE)~~

BRUNO: There you are, Mr. ~~Miller~~ ^{Heyrock} it fits!

JIM: (PUZZLED) I don't get you, ^{Bruno} what fits?

BRUNO: Your story about the Model A Ford. Who else would drive a jalopy but some high-school kid?

JIM: Now wait a second -- Barnes the baker didn't say anything about a kid at the wheel.

BRUNO: Well did he tell you who was at the wheel?

JIM: No, but -- but why should it be a kid?

MILLER: Because the Deputy here asked me to go thru Patsy's belongings. We found these.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JIM: (A BEAT, THEN) Love letters to a boy named Freddie.

BRUNO: That could be Freddie Argus. He's in her class---

JIM: But -- but these letter weren't even mailed!

MILLER: (HARD) I want that boy checked and if he owns a Model A Ford, so help me I'll --(BREAKS OFF) I want that boy checked.

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

FREDDIE: (ABOUT 17, FRIGHTENED) That's right...that's right, Mr. Bruno. I got a Model A.

MILLER: Patsy wrote you love letters! What did you do to hers!

FREDDIE: Mr. Miller please -- Love Letters? I--I never received any! I didn't----

BRUNO: Nobody's accusing you of anything, Freddie--Only it doesn't look too good for you.

FREDDIE: I---I didn't do anything--I swear it! I didn't even see her last night!

BRUNO: That's not what Ruthie here told us before we brought you in.

FREDDIE: (TAKE) Ruthie, how could you! I---I---

RUTHIE: (ALMOST CRYING) Freddie, I had to tell them! I told them the truth.

FREDDIE: What truth? All I did was give you a lift.

RUTHIE: Don't Lie, Freddie! You saw me coming out of the soda parlor and you gave me a lift home. But then I told you I was worried about Patsy going home alone--

FREDDIE: You asked me to drive after her and make sure she was all right, but---

RUTHIE: (CUTS IN) And you agreed! You went after her, Freddie, didn't you?

MILLER: What did you do with my daughter?

FREDDIE: Quit---quit shaking me, Please!

MILLER: She wrote you love letters. There must've been something between you!

FREDDIE: (FAST) Okay, okay. She had a crush on me but - but I didn't care for her. She -- she was too scared--that's all.

JIM: What do you mean too scared, Freddie?

FREDDIE: I mean scared she was no fun -- she was never allowed to go out with me like the other kids she would never take a walk with you or drink a soda or go to a movie. That's the truth ---I swear it!

BRUNO: But you want after her last night when Ruthie asked you to?

FREDDIE: That's not true.

RUTHIE: (CRIES OUT) But you said you would!

FREDDIE: Okay, okay---so I said I would. I just didn't want to seem like a heel. but I didn't go after her.

BRUNO: Prove it.

FREDDIE: I can prove it, ~~I can prove it!~~ When I left Ruthie, I went to see my real girl--Ann ^{Jolson} ~~Jolson~~. I got to her house by a quarter to eight and that's at the other end of town--away from the road Patsy took, Call her! Why don't you call Ann's house?

JIM: (AFTER A PAUSE) You'd better call that girls house, Mr. Bruno...because if he was there at a quarter to eight, it couldn't have been his Model A Ford the baker saw.

(SLIGHT PAUSE, THEN:)

Bruno: Have you got her number?

Freddie: Yeah - here - (FEW STEPS, PHONE DIALED SLIGHTLY OFF, THEN:)

BRUNO: (SLIGHTLY OFF) This is Deputy Sheriff Bruno. Is Ann ^{Jolson} ~~Jolson~~

there?....Is that you, Ann?....Ann, this is very important.

Try to remember exactly: What time did Freddie Argus come by your house last night? (PAUSE THEN:) You're positive...

Thanks.

(RECEIVER DOWN, FEW STEPS IN)

FREDDIE: Well---well?

BRUNO: Okay, Freddie---go on home.

FREDDIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) I'm---Mr. Miller, I'm sorry.

MILLER: Go on home, Freddie. We'll -- we'll find Patsy somehow.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

(END E.T.)-13-

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 James O. Heyrock as he lived it and
wrote it.~~

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.

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER...)

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

NARR: The next day is Sunday, James Heyrock -- your day off. The clouds have gone, the sun is out-you'd like to spend Sunday as you usually do: with your wife and your own two little girls. As a matter of fact, you had already made plans with your family. But then around noon, you can't resist the telephone call to Patsy Miller's father--No, there's nothing new. But something in his voice stirs your conscience. You look at your own two girls, ~~Jim Heyrock~~, and decide that at this moment another father and another girl need you more. And so you stop once more at the Baker's house to cultivate the one real lead you have. *get from Barnes.*

~~(CAR MOTOR CUT)~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND OUT~~)

BARNES: Nope--a real shame, Mr. Heyrock. I mean it's two days now--

JIM: About that Model A you saw---

BARNES: I told you everything I remember.

JIM: You've been very helpful, Mr. Barnes, but maybe if I shoot some more questions at you--

BARNES: What for?

JIM: What color was the car?

BARNES: Color? I don't know. Out in the dark it seemed like--I don't know---black blue--something like that.

JIM: Did you notice the license?

BARNES: No, I had no reason to.

JIM: No, I guess not.

BARNES: It did make an awful racket though. Muffler must've been shot.

JIM: Yeah---Well, I guess a car that old---
BARNES: Oh yeah, another thing I noticed. The back window---
JIM: (SLIGHT INTEREST) What about it?
BARNES: Broken. Part of it missing--the back window I mean.
JIM: That's a help listen, mind if I make a call to town to the
Deputy Sheriff?

BARNES: No use.

JIM: Why not?

BARNES: *J* Was ~~in town for~~ ^{at} Church services about an hour ago and ran
into Bruno. He was just leaving town.

JIM: Where to?

BARNES: Got a tip Patsy was spotted working as a waitress down in
Columbus. That's where he went.

(MUSIC: ACCENT DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: Maybe you were building something out of nothing, Jim
Heynock. Maybe the tip Deputy Sheriff Bruno was following
would turn out to be the right one. Even your City
Editor had kidded you about your conviction that Patsy
Miller had met foul play. But you were already out here and
Mr. Barnes
the takers description of a Model A with a broken back
window might make your search a little easier. So---

(MOTOR UP)

NARR: ---you start your car and begin moving slowly up and
down, in and around the back roads near Prospect.

(CAR BUMPING OVER DIRT ROAD)

(MUSIC: UP, DOWN, UNDER...)

NARR: It's around four in the afternoon when you spot it.

(MUSIC: CUT)

NARR: (LOW) Parked outside a run-down shack on one of the back roads is a Model A Ford with a broken back window.

(STEPS ACROSS BRUSH, CRACKLING OF TWIGS, CUT..THEN
~~CREAKY CAR DOOR...~~...THEN:)

HARRY: (ABOUT 30 SLIGHTLY OFF, NOT REALLY A VILLAIN, JUST A TORTURED GUY) Looking for something?

JIM: (SLIGHT TAKE) Oh! I didn't see you.

HARRY: Looking for something mister?

JIM: (FUMBLING) I--uh--I--I didn't hear you come up.

HARRY: You said that already.

JIM: This --uh--Model A--

HARRY: What about it?

JIM: It's --uh--got a broken back window---

HARRY: Well, what about it?

JIM: (LAMELY) Uh--friend of mind -- uh-- had a -- had a dog
It disappeared about two days ago--kids miss it terribly

HARRY: What's it got to do with me?

JIM: Kids thought they saw the dog get into a car like this
one---

HARRY: I don't like dogs. Now get a move on, mister.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT DOWN UNDER)

NARR: If it weren't so serious you'd have laughed at yourself
Jim Heyrock, at the picture of a fumbling, stammering
police reporter--but what else could you have done? Could
you have come out openly and asked him about Friday
night? About Patsy Miller...Deputy Sheriff Bruno is back
at his office when you reach Prospect.

(MUSIC: -- CUT)

BRUNO: Hold your horses, Heyrock -- I'm just finishing my lunch.

JIM: *But* The waitress in Columbus---

BRUNO: Looks something like her, but it wasn't her.

JIM: Then come on out with me and question this guy.

BRUNO: What for?

JIM: I told you--he's got a Model A Ford. It fits the description
Also, I didn't like his looks or the way he acted.

BRUNO: Okay, so you question^{ed} him. What'd you get?

JIM: (SORE) Listen, either we go back there and you question
him with the power of your office or else I'll head to the
nearest State Police barracks and get them to go there with
me.

BRUNO: (A BEAT THEN:) Just because I'm only the Deputy Sheriff
everybody thinks they can tell me what to do. Okay, big
shot. I finished my lunch. Come on--we'll question him.

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

HARRY: (TENSE) Friday night? *Stuff?*

BRUNO: Yah....Friday night.

HARRY: Well---what's this about anyway?

BRUNO: Patsy Miller---about a quarter of a mile from here-- she's
been missing since Friday night.

HARRY: She---she has?

JIM: Where did you say you went Friday night, Mr York?

HARRY: Wh---Where? To Marion--got some tools at the garage there.

BRUNO: What time did you leave here?

HARRY: What time? About 6:00.

JIM: What time did you get back?

HARRY: Get back? About 9:00

JIM: Any reason why you should have been racing your car up and down that stretch of road outside Prospect around a quarter to eight?

HARRY: (OUTBURST) Who said I was doing that?

BRUNO: You weren't?

HARRY: I told you---went to the garage in Marion. Got some tools-- got back here at nine. You can check that!

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Deputy Sheriff Bruno drives with you, Jim Heyrock, to the garage in Marion. The garage owner verifies Harry York's story--He'd bought some tools friday night. Bruno seems satisfied. You're about to argue with him,--you're about to shout your suspicions at him when the garage phone rings.

(PHONE RINGS, IS PICKED UP)

NARR: It's the Deputy Sheriff's office calling him.

BRUNO: Yeah, it's me....Where? Outside Columbus..Okay, thanks.

(RECEIVER DOWN)

BRUNO: What did I tell you, Heyrock? She's alive!

JIM: They found her?

BRUNO: It's just like I figured. Yesterday afternoon this car with four kids in it drove up to get some gas right outside Columbus---two boys and two girls on their way to Kentucky to get married. The garage attendant swears one of the girls was Patsy Miller.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: That tip turns out to be as false as the others, Jim Heyrock, ~~and~~ but by Tuesday they were coming in fast--~~so many~~ of these tips that your City Editor becomes convinced, as does Deputy Sheriff Bruno, that Patsy Miller is alive somewhere--that she'd run away from home. You're taken off the Patsy Miller story and assigned to something new.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER...)

NARR: Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday Saturday--the tips on ~~Patsy Miller come and go and~~ ^{but} as each one dies out, you, Jim Heyrock, begin to feel that you've been boxed in somehow --cut off from a lead you're convinced is the right one. You have to wait until Sunday again--your day off. And then on Sunday you and a reluctant Deputy Sheriff Bruno head once more for Prospect and the home of Mr. Miller.

(MUSIC: OUT TO:)

MILLER: I---I want to believe those tips, Mr. Heyrock.

JIM: I understand.

MILLER: How can you understand. The minute you stop believing those tips then there's nothing else for me to believe, except--except that Patsy is dead! Would you rather I--

BRUNO: Nobody can tell you what you should or shouldn't feel at a moment like this, Mr. Miller.

JIM: It's been over a week---

MILLER: Over a week....

JIM: But sooner or later the truth will have to come out.

MILLER: (PAUSE THEN:)What-what is it you want me to do?

JIM: It's only a quarter of a mile from here, Mr. Miller. Harry York's place--I'd like to take another crack at him.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, UNDER...)

(CAR TO A HALT, MOTOR OFF)

JIM: (LOW) That's his place right there. *Mr. Miller*

MILLER: I---think I better wait out here. If---I got to feel that he had anything to do with my Patsy I think I'd lose control of myself.

BRUNO: All right, ~~Mr. Miller~~. If we need you we'll call for you. come on Heyrock.

(CAR DOOR OPENED)

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(BOTTLE CLINKS AGAINST GLASS AND POURING, AS WITH SHAKEY HANDS)

HARRY: Won't -- won't you guys have a drink?

JIM: No--but you go on and have one.

HARRY: (GULPS DRINK) I---uh---I usually lay off the stuff---it's just that I feel a little jumpy.

JIM: I guess living out here all alone this way---

HARRY: (HARD) Don't give me that sympathy talk! I don't need it--- from you or from anybody!

JIM: It wasn't sympathy talk---

HARRY: Well then what did you come for? What do you call it? How do you know what it feels like living in a rat-hole like this all alone without a buck to your name? How do you know? You got yourself a nice easy job.

JIM: (GENTLY) I got no arguments with you, Harry.

BRUNO: A guy with a steady job can forget pretty easily what it feels like to be looking for one.

(PAUSE THEN:)

(REPEAT BOTTLE AND CLINKS AND POURING)

HARRY: (GULPS AND THEN ALMOST PLEADING) It's not as if I didn't have a trade--I got a trade---Pick anyone you want-- Carpenter, mechanic, well-digger---(SUDDEN) Why won't they hire me? Look at me---Why--why won't they hire me?

JIM: Don't get me wrong. Harry. I'm not trying to moralize you,

ERUNO: Maybe you drink too much.

HARRY: That's a laugh. That's a real laugh! Did you ever see a monkey chasing it's tail? That's me. I want a job. I can't get one so I drink. If I drink I can't get a job. Don't you see? I'm like a monkey chasing it's tail.

(BOTTLE AND GLASS)

HARRY: (GULPS, A LITTLE TIGHT NOW) A monkey chasing its tail and even if he catches his tail, so what? He's inside a cage. That's a laugh--that's a real laugh!

JIM: (QUIETLY) The tools you went to buy Friday night--did you need them for a job?

HARRY: (TO HIMSELF ALMOST) That's another laugh. I got three days work next week. So Friday night I go to get the tools. I don't have the money really--You know what tools cost? Just what I'm going to make on the three days work. Isn't that a laugh?

JIM: You stop for a drink in Marion?

HARRY: A drink?

(BOTTLE AND GLASS)

HARRY: (GULPS) Yeah, sure I stopped for a drink. When I figured out I wasn't going to make anything on this job I had to have a drink.

JIM: (QUIETLY) Did Patsy try to thumb a ride from you?

HARRY: Half and half. I kind of stopeed for her to---(SUDDEN TAKE)
(HARD) What're you driving at? I don't know any Patsy!

BRUNO: (FIRM NOW) Listen Harry, the girl's father is right outside
in the car.

HARRY: (DESPERATELY) Her---her father? What---what've I got to do
with her father?

JIM: I want you to face him and tell him you don't know anything
about his daughter.

HARRY: Get away from that door.
(DOOR OPENED FAST AS:)

BRUNO: (CALLS OUT) Mister Miller!

HARRY: Not her father---don't do that to me! I don't want to see
her father! She was just a kid---I didn't--I didn't
mean anything---

MILLER: (FADING IN) What is it?

HARRY: (ALMOST WEEPING) Go away! Go away, please, please! Not you--
Believe me, I didn't mean anything.

MILLER: (HARD) What's he saying! What's he saying!

JIM: (LOW) Try to hold on to yourself, Mr. Miller.

HARRY: (WEEPING) I knew it! I knew it would end this way! Please--
your her father---Believe me, I didn't harm her--I didn't
mean anything.

JIM: We'll believe you, Harry. Mr. Miller will believe you

BRUNO: Tell the truth, Harry.

HARRY: I was drunk. I stopped the car, asked her if she wanted
a lift--

MILLER: (LOSING CONTROL) You fiend! You fiend--I'll kill you!

HARRY: (SCREAMING OUT) No! I know how you feel--maybe I deserve
it, but hear me out, hear me out!

JIM: Mr. Miller, listen to him. You can't bring Patsy back.
Listen to him.

HARRY: (FAST) She was a kid--just a nice kid. But she must have noticed I was drunk. I guess though she was scared of the dark. She said she'd take a ride--not inside the car-- she said she'd ride on the fender. I guess I started to go too fast--I started going by the driveway of her house-- too fast--she shouted for me to stop. I slammed the brakes on too hard I guess. She fell off--hit her head right near the driveway.

BRUNO: She lose her shoe and her ribbon?

HARRY: I don't know -- I guess so. I got scared--I thought she was dead. When you drink your head goes crazy, so I was scared. I put her in the car and started to drive. she must have woke up and got even more scared and then---And then -- Give me a drink, give me a drink!

(BOTTLE GLASS SMASH TO FLOOR AS:)

HARRY: (WEEPING) Look! I broke the bottle---I need a drink!

JIM: What happened when she started to scream?

HARRY: I lost my head. I hit her. I hit her with my hammer. She-- you'll find her a half-mile from here. (SUDDENLY) Your her father---Please, please--forgive me. Forgive me!
(PAUSE: THEN:) Say something! Anything! Don't stand there locking at me like that! Please -- forgive me! PLEASE!
(WEEPS)

(PAUSE THEN:)

JIM: What---what would you like to do, Mr. Miller?

MILLER: I'd like him to take us to where my Patsy is--is sleeping.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from James O.
Heyrock of the Columbus Ohio Dispatch with the final
outcome to 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
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CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today, notice how many people have changed
to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in the disting-
uished red package. Smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from James D. Heyrock of the Columbus, Ohio Dispatch.

HEYROCK: Murderer in tonight's Big Story was tried and convicted of second degree murder. He is now serving a life term in Ohio State Penitentiary. *Including all the stories I have covered since then* Many thanks for tonight's *this is my Big Story* PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Heyrock...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500 and a special mounted bronze plaque--engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Los Angeles Daily News - by-line, Lucien C. Haas. A Big Story of a reporter who plays a big hand in one of the strangest cases in California History.

(MUSIC: -- ST 3)

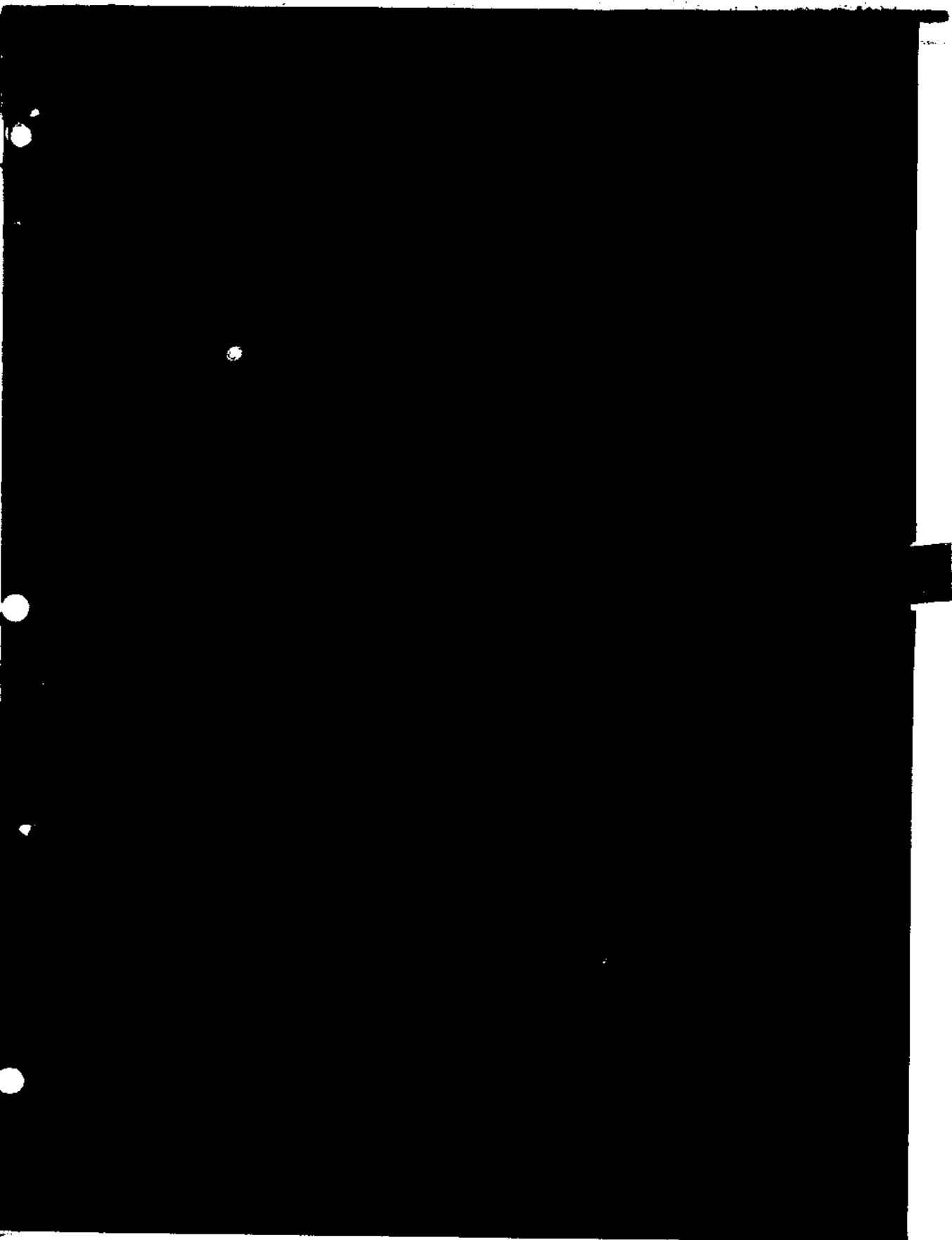
CHAPPELL: And remember--- every week you can see another different Big Story on Television--brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production 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 Columbus Ohio Dispatch. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Bill Lipton played the part of James Heyrock. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all charaters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Heyrock.

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

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



ATX01 0005919

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #267

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

JESSIE

AGNES YOUNG

FLOYD

BILL SMITH

CLERK

BILL SMITH

MILES

HOWARD SMITH

BILL

BILL LIPTON

LU

FRANCIS DE SALES

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1952

ATK01 0005920

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#267

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

MAY 7, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Lucien C. Haas: The Los Angeles Daily News)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ DESERT MOTIF.....FADE ON MINOR CHORD.....)

MILES: (40) Oh, yeah - sure. Mrs. Gibson. Terrible the way she and her father died. You two related to them, you say?

BILL: (30) That's right, Sheriff. I'm her son ^{Ted} ~~Bill~~ Homer by a former marriage.

JESSIE: (50) And I'm her sister. Mrs. ^{Jessie} ~~Jessie~~ Allen.

MILES: So you drove all the way across-state from Los Angeles. You been to see Floyd Gibson yet?

BILL: We've been to see my stepfather, Sheriff.

MILES: Guess he told you all about it - ^{how they died in} ~~how it happened~~ - the accident.

JESSIE: That's why we came to see you, Sheriff.

MILES: How d' you mean?

JESSIE: The way Floyd Gibson explained it, Sheriff - my nephew and I don't think it was an accident.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING.....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) Los Angeles, California. From the pages of The Los Angeles Daily News: ^{the story of who} a reporter [^] plays a big hand in one of the strangest cases in California history.

(MORE)

ATX01 0005921

- 2 -

CHAPPELL: Tonight, to Lucien C. Haas for his Big Story, goes the
(CONF'D) PELL MELL \$ 500 Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0005922

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
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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 UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Los Angeles, California.....the story as it actually happened.....Lucien C. Haas's story as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: WORKADAY MOTIF UNDER)

NARR: You've been clicking out the words at your Daily News typewriter since November '45, Lu Haas - your days of knocking around are past - you're 32, married, got a couple of kids, your own home - and as far as you're concerned, strange happenings are matters of once upon a time and long ago. They certainly don't come walking into the city room of the Daily News asking for attention.

NARR: But ^{right now a} ~~the~~ husky man and ^a ~~the~~ tall gray-haired woman ^{who have been} ~~with~~ referred to you by a ^{busy city editor} ~~the kind face~~ tell you about it, you begin ^{thinking you're} ~~thinking~~ dealing with a couple of suspicious imaginations.....

LU: Let me understand this, Mrs. Allen. You say your sister married this Floyd Gibson about six months ago.

JESSIE: That's right. My sister Edith - her second marriage - they met through a matrimonial bureau. She was 57 at the time, Floyd's 64.

BILL: That part don't matter, Aunt ^{Janet} ~~Jessie~~. Main thing, Mr. Haas, my mother and stepfather went to live at his cabin out at Blythe. That's right on the Colorado River. Then couple of weeks ago, Aunt ^{Janet} ~~Jessie~~ here gets a letter from him saying Ma got drowned in the river.

JESSIE: And Dad. Edith's and my father. He was living with 'em, too.

LU: Yes. That's tragic. That's a sad thing.

BILL: Well, but their bodies haven't been found yet. My stepfather says my mother shot a duck, and then she and Grandpa went out on the river after it, and that's how they got drowned. Aunt ^{Janet} ~~Jessie~~ and I don't believe that.

LU: Well - why not?

JESSIE: Mr. Haas, my poor sister was no more of a hunter than I am. She wasn't able to hit the side of a barn two feet away, much less a duck on the wing. And Dad was 81.

BILL: And, Mr. Haas: you ever been out hunting? In a flat-bottom boat?

LU: Yes. Sure.

BILL: It sound reasonable to you for a couple of people to get drowned out of that - and the boat be found a quarter mile down river right side up?

LU: (PAUSE) You say the sheriff out there didn't turn up anything?

BILL: He investigated for a couple of weeks, then he told us there was insufficient evidence.

LU: Uh-huh. Alright, I'll drive out there with you early tomorrow morning.

(MUSIC: DESERT MOTIF UNDER)

NARR: From Los Angeles across to Blythe on the east California border is about two hundred miles by road, almost all of it through desert.

(MORE)

NARR: ^{as} But this is late January desert, you drive across with
(CONT'D) ~~Bill~~ ^{Fred} Homer and his Aunt ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet}, and the morning's gray and
cold and windy. Formalities get lost on a trip like that,
and as you dig into more details of the story.....

(CAR UNDER. GUSTS OF WIND.)

LU: Go ahead, Aunt ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet}. That letter you got from your
sister two days before her disappearance:

JESSIE: Well, she wrote that Floyd was demanding her property,
~~wanting her to turn it over to him.~~

BILL: ~~That'd be a little ranch and house back in Yuccaipa and
some insurance, he.~~

JESSIE: ~~That's right.~~ Well, she wrote she was dissatisfied with
the marriage, and she was making arrangements to leave
him.

BILL: Ma wrote me that too.

JESSIE: I'm a religious woman, Lu, and I believe when my poor
sister wrote me that letter, it was a warning unbeknownst
to her. Oh, I wish I'd felt it.

LU: I'd better shut this window. Sand's blowing in.

(MUTE THE GUSTS OF WIND)

Now let's get some more details.

(MUSIC: -- WIPE)

JESSIE: ~~(SURPRISED) You mean that could be important, Lu?~~

LU: ~~Maybe, Aunt Jessie, we'll see. You're sure about it.~~

JESSIE: Oh, yes. Dad was a Spanish-American war veteran, and
he got that pension check from the government every month.

BILL: What do you figure to make of it, Lu?

LU: Well, ^{Teed} ~~Bill~~, when we get to Blythe- first thing, let's go to the postoffice and ask the clerk whether this month's.....

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

CLERK: Yup. I remember that pension check. Arrived in this here postoffice first o' the month and Floyd Gibson picked it up same day.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Nothing wrong about that, you think. So your next move is to walk over to the bank. It isn't easy to persuade the bank manager to let you see the photostatic copy of the pension check; bank routine: confidence between depositor and bank. But finally you convince him this is exceptional.

LU: How about that! ~~Forget~~! Especially when you consider that the same man reported the "accidental" deaths two days before he cashed this check.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

NARR: The next step is to take the evidence to Sheriff Miles, ~~who checks it on the phone with the bank manager:~~

MILES: Yup....uh-huh.....uh-huh.....Alright. Thanks.

(HANG UP PHONE)

JESSIE: Sheriff Miles, in your conscience and soul now, you know something much more terrible happened to my sister and dad than Floyd Gibson reported.

Well
MILES: ~~Mrs. Allen~~, we can't be in too big a hurry to go accusing a man. We're doing things in our own way. We've got every town down river lookin' for those bodies, description and everything.

LU: Did you talk to Floyd Gibson about that, Sheriff?

MILES: Sure I did, Haas. Found out from him about those two rings Mrs. Gibson was wearing, so we could include 'em in the description.

BILL: I remember those rings. Wedding ring on Ma's left hand, her lodge ring on her right.

LU: Sheriff, how about a serious visit to Floyd Gibson now?

MILES: Well, but I don't want you folks along. This is police investigation.

BILL: ~~Sheriff, it's my mother's and grandfather's death you're investigating.~~

LU: ~~Easy, Bill. Let's handle this right.~~ Any objection if I go along to represent the press, Sheriff?

JESSIE: You take him along, Sheriff. He started uncovering this thing.

MILES: Well - alright, Haas. You can come along.

(MUSIC: - UNDER)

NARR: You're somewhat prepared for Floyd Gibson's appearance from the descriptions of Aunt ^{*Janet*} ~~Jessie~~ and ~~Bill~~: a dumpy little nondescript man of about 64, who's been working as general cleanup man in a coffee shop in town. But what strikes you as odd, as you and Sheriff Miles talk to him in his cabin, is the controlled way in which he discusses the suspicions directed at him.....

FLOYD: That must've been old Tom's signature on that check, Sheriff. I don't know anything about that handwriting business.

MILES: How about the check being cashed after the date him and your wife got lost on the river out there? You reported that date yourself.

FLOYD: Well, doesn't that prove you're up the wrong tree? Can you figure me ^{messin'} lousing myself up like that? ~~(PROJECTING)~~
~~Say Mr. Haas - what're you lookin' at?~~

LU: ~~(OFF) This calendar on the wall, Mr. Gibson. I notice a circle around the 4th of January.~~

FLOYD: ~~Why, I just felt I had to mark the terrible day. Like in memoriam.~~

LU: (COMING IN) It's two weeks already. I can't understand why they haven't been found yet down river.

FLOYD: The Colorado's pretty rough downstream. Could've been sucked under in one of them eddies and caught between some rocks down there.

MILES: Both of 'em, Floyd?

FLOYD: Well, I'm just guessing, like everybody else, Sheriff.

LU: Think I'll go down to the boat landing, take a look around.

FLOYD: Guess I'll go with you, Mr. Haas. Comin', Sheriff?

(MUSIC: BRIEF BRIDGE)

(RIVER FLOWING BELOW)

LU: Look at this ladder, Sheriff. Straight down the bluff to the boat landing - a good fifteen feet.

MILES: Yeah. Old Tom was 81, Floyd. He climb down this to the boat?

(CREAK OF LADDER)

And this ladder don't feel none too steady in the bargain.

FLOYD: Sheriff, you're wrong. You just climb down with me and I'll show you. Why, that old fellow was as spry as.....

FLOYD:MILES:(AD LIB MURMUR GRADUALLY AWAY AND OUT UNDER:)

~~(MUSIC: SNEAK IN VERY LOW UNDER)~~

NARR: Unobtrusively, as they descend the ladder to the boat landing, Lu Haas, you ease away from the river bank. You're in the open, and the view's wide and boundless, but the air's electric with the feeling of violence and crime. You wander back toward the cabin, your eyes roving everywhere: the ground, the spiky desert mesquite, the sagebrush - and then you make an incredible find - one that takes you back to the river bank as the sheriff and Floyd Gibson come up the ladder again....

~~(MUSIC: OUT SHARPLY)~~

FLOYD: What d' you mean, did my wife belong to any women's organizations, Mr. Haas?

LU: Just for the news value, Mr. Gibson.

FLOYD: Well, sure, she belonged to one of those women's lodges, wore a lodge ring, in fact. I told the sheriff here, she was wearing it along with her wedding ring when she and Tom got lost on the river.

LU: Uh-huh. Look what I found in the dirt behind your cabin.

FLOYD: (AFTER A FRACTION OF A PAUSE) Well, what d' you know. Guess she must o' dropped 'em before she went out on that river.

MILES: Are those the rings you were just talkin' about, Floyd?

FLOYD: Sure are, Sheriff. And y' know, I'd've sworn she was -

MILES: You come on along, Floyd. You do the rest of your explaining in the lockup in town.

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE AND UNDER)

JESSIE: (WEEPING) Oh, I knew it, I knew something awful happened. Oh, may God receive their souls everlasting.

BILL: Get it out of him, Sheriff. Get it. No doubt about it, now. That man murdered my mother and grandfather.

(MUSIC: - UP AND DOWN)

FLOYD: Now, Sheriff, those rings don't prove anything.

MILES: What about this picture of your wife in your wallet? On the back you wrote in ink: "In loving memory." Before you killed her, I bet. Because underneath you wrote "January 4th" - in pencil. What kind of a man are you?

FLOYD: Sheriff, I just ran out of ink when I wrote all that - on the day after. ~~Just like on that calendar!~~ in memoriam, the way they say.

(MUSIC: - UP AND OUT)

MILES: That fellow stops me, Lu. He's as calm as rock.

LU: I'll tell you what I think, Sheriff. I've been on the police beat in L.A. I've seen that kind of hardness under questioning. It comes from experience.

MILES: Say. You're right, Lu. He might have a record.

LU: He comes from L.A. Why not take his fingerprints and send 'em to the L.A. Identification Bureau?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

FLOYD: (STRUGGLING) You got no reason to take my fingerprints. Let go o' me.

MILES: You're not so cool about this, huh, Floyd? Hang onto him, fellas. Keep the old coot still.

FLOYD: (STRUGGLING) Don't do it, Sheriff. Don't do it.

MILES: Oh, I'm doin' it, Floyd - and when we get the report back from L.A., maybe we'll know a lot more about you!

(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 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: THEME AND UNDER)

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

NARR: There's work to be done, Lu Haas, while you wait for the ~~F.A.~~ police report on the fingerprints of Floyd Gibson. The area in the vicinity of Blythe has to be searched for the bodies of Edith Gibson and her father, because it's certain now they didn't meet with accidental drowning in the Colorado River. Searching parties go out from Sheriff Miles' office, fanning out from the Gibson cabin on the Colorado. Aunt ~~Jessie~~ ^{Just} sits and waits in the Sheriff's office. But you and ~~Bill~~ ^{Ted} Homer, her nephew and the son of the vanished woman, make your way through the desert brush in your own two-man searching party for the second day....

(TWO MEN SLOWLY THROUGH BRUSH)

LU: We'll find 'em, ~~Bill~~ ^{Ted}. Somebody's bound to.

BILL: The way I feel Lu, that's almost as bad.

LUG: (NOT UNDERSTANDING) What?

BILL: I keep imagining it - as we're walking along-then all of a sudden - over there maybe - I see 'em laying on the ground: the bodies of Ma and Granpa.

LU: Oh. Yeah.

BILL: ~~But I'm finding 'em. I've given up my job and I'll give up a lot more - but I'm finding 'em.~~

LU: (FADE) Sure, Bill. We'll stick with it. We'll.....

BILL: (FADE IN).....Where did he hide 'em? That little murdering devil--what did he do with 'em?

LU: Easy, Bill.

Floyd Gibson

BILL: If I could get ~~him~~ ^{him} in my two hands, I'd make him talk
alright, ~~before I was~~ Lu. Look. Over there.

LU: Two little mounds of earth.

(RUN.....)

BILL: (GETTING SICK) Oh, Lu- about the length of human bodies.

LU: Hang onto yourself, Bill. Let's go find Sheriff Miles and
get a digging party.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DIGGING DOWN BELOW IN THE EARTH.....)

MILES: (HESITANT) Bill - I hate to say this - but you and the
fellas're down seven feet already.

(ALL THE IMPLEMENTS BUT ONE STOP - AND THEN IT TOO)

BILL: (BELOW) Yeah. Guess you're right, Sheriff,

MILES: Give 'em a hand up men.

LU: Well, Sheriff--if Floyd Gibson dug these holes - it
seems he figured out another way afterward and filled 'em
up.

MILES: Guess so Lu. He's sure got us up a tree.

BILL: (COMING IN) Well, far as I'm concerned, Sheriff, we keep
on searching.

~~MILES: Sure we do, Bill. But tell you what: while the rest of
the boys keep on, let's you and me and Lu go on back to
my office, see if anything came in from L.A. on those
fingerprints of Floyd's.~~

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE)

FLOYD: So I've got a record. So what? That don't make me a
murderer, Sheriff.

MILES: A big record for counterfeting don't point the other way
either, Floyd - nor three stretches in San Juentin, Folsom,
and McNeill's Island

FLOYD: That's past. I changed my way of life.

BILL: You're a rotten liar! What did you do with Ma and Grandpa!

FLOYD: Now, ~~Bill~~^{Ted}, I didn't do either of 'em any harm.

BILL: (GRABBING) Now come on, what did you do with 'em!

FLOYD: Leggo. Sheriff.

BILL: Come on, tell me the truth!

MILES: Let go, ~~Bill~~^{Ted}. Come on, ~~Bill~~^{Ted}. Let go of him.

FLOYD: I demand to be returned to my cell, Sheriff. You have to protect me against violence.

MILES: You sure are a veteran of the inside of a jail. Alright, boys, put him away safe. ~~Now, Bill, easy. Now, Bill.~~

FLOYD: (GOING AWAY) You're all against me. I can see that. I'm all alone in this chicken coop place,
(AS DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES OFF)

BILL: You'll be more alone when we catch up with you, you murderer!

JESSIE: ~~Bill~~^{Ted}, don't. ~~It hurt~~ enough. Don't let yourself be moved to violence. The Lord will do justice.

BILL: I can't help myself, Aunt ~~Jessie~~^{Janet}. Lu- what's the situation now?

LU: Well - the fact is we don't have too much evidence - and if we don't find the bodies - How about that, Sheriff?

MILES: That's right. The law specifies the corpus delicti.

BILL: Does that mean that if you don't find 'em, he gets away free and clear? ~~Lu~~ Lu?

~~MILES:~~
See:

Well - far as the legal situation - corpus delicti means the body of the crime - other words, the facts to show there was a crime in the first place. Now, case of murder, you have to show somebody was killed. See what I mean? Well - if you can't produce the bodies - well, then it ain't often you can prove there was even a crime - much less who done it.

JESSIE: ~~Sheriff~~--whatever the law says - more important to us is to find Edith and Dad. It's terrible to think of them just lying some place unmarked.

LU: One way to find 'em is to pile up the evidence on him and make him talk. Sheriff, how about giving that cabin a good going-over?

MILES: Figurin' to do that, Lu. Come along, ~~Bill?~~ *Ted*

BILL: Yes. You wait here for us, Aunt ~~Jessie.~~ *Janet*

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

NARR: But Aunt Jessie can't just sit and wait, Lu Haas. While you're on your way out to the cabin, she moves restlessly about the sheriff's office, deeply troubled - then, finally, feeling she must do something too, she opens the door to the small cell block, secures the permission of the guard, and goes down the short hallway to Floyd Gibson's cell....

FLOYD: (STARTLED) ~~Jessie.~~ *Janet* What're you doin' here alone?

JESSIE: ~~They went away. I couldn't just sit. Floyd, what did you do with 'em?~~

FLOYD: ~~Didn't do nothing with 'em, Jessie.~~

JESSIE: They haven't been found on land or in the water. That whole river's been dragged for miles downstream. Tell me what you did with 'em, Floyd.

FLOYD: ~~Jessie~~^{Paul}, you're all wrong on this thing. I'm morally sure the bodies are in the river, the way I said.

JESSIE: That's no way to carry a burden on your soul, Floyd. Confess yourselves to one another, the Bible says.

FLOYD: Now, ~~Jessie~~^{Paul}, if they sent you in here to weaken me or anything--

JESSIE: Nobody sent me in, Floyd, only my poor dead sister and dad.

FLOYD: ~~Jessie~~^{Paul}, you tell those people out there to stop bulldozing me, it'll do 'em no good.

JESSIE: Floyd, don't harden yourself, Doesn't it make you unhappy? Didn't you say a few minutes ago how you felt they were all against you, how you're all alone here?

FLOYD: (VIOLENTLY) People don't know the kind of a life I suffered!

JESSIE: You led a criminal life.

FLOYD: Before that. Don't you suppose I had a life before that?

(FADE) I'm 64 now- there was a time long ago - back in Tennessee...

(MUSIC: __ UNDER)

~~NARR: And while Aunt Jessie tries fruitlessly with Floyd Gibson, Lu Haas, you and Bill and the sheriff out at the cabin on the river....~~

LU: I'm sure of it, Sheriff: these are bloodstains.

MILES: Yup. Looks like it.

LU: On the couch and on the floor. Looks like he tried his best to clean 'em up and couldn't.

MILES: We'll have a lab test made on 'em, Lu. Meanwhile - let's see if we can use 'em to crack Floyd. Just you and me in his cell with him this time.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

FLOYD: Don't mean a thing, Sheriff.

MILES: They're what was left over after you cleaned up, Floyd.

FLOYD: I know what you mean, Sheriff, but you're wrong. Those stains could be from a duck or something like that I killed or maybe I cut myself. That happens with a hunting knife.

LU: How can you sit here and talk stony-faced like that? Talk like a human being. Aunt Jessie says you talked to her like one.

FLOYD: Never mind about me bein' a human being or not Mr Haas

LU: Well act like one. We know you did it. Get it over with.

FLOYD: Nothin' to get over with.'

MILES: Now look, Floyd--

FLOYD: Might as well save your breath too, Sheriff. I ain't talkin to anybody about me doin' anything to anybody.

(MUSIC: UNDER)

NARR:

So when you & the Sheriff come back from a fruitless search at the cabin, Lu Haas & Aunt Janet tell somebody not about crime but just the same - he's at the table with Floyd Gibson, you get an idea. So a little later, in the Sheriff's office you explain an idea....

LU: Floyd Gibson's got the ex-con's hatred of the law. I don't think there's any use trying to get him to talk to anybody associated with it in any way - at least not now.

MILES: (DUBIOUS) Well, yeah, Lu - but ~~pass it~~ --

LU: Well, with some coaching from us - and in her own way - she might get it out of him.

MILES: Well - I don't know--

JESSIE: I'm willing to try, sheriff. Considering that close mouth of his, he talked a lot to me: about his life in jail-- his married life years ago - his divorced wife back in Tennessee-the wife who died in Los Angeles--

BILL: Let my Aunt ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet} try it, Sheriff. I've got faith in her.

MILES: Well- but if he talks - and then he says something important and we've got no record of it--

LU: Hey - that's an idea, Sheriff.

MILES: Didn't know I expressed one, Lu.

LU: Sure. We get a recording machine - tape recorder - get him out of his cell and plant a sensitive mike in there out of sight - Aunt ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet} keeps him close to it - and then when she's in there talking to him....

JESSIE: ~~(FADE IN) You didn't know that, Floyd. That Edith was going to divorce you?~~

FLOYD: Didn't know anything about that, Jessie. It ain't true.

JESSIE: She wrote it to me in a letter just two days before I heard from you about them drowning in the river. You wanted her property. I know that's why you did it, Floyd.

FLOYD: Jessie, that ain't so. (A SHADE OF PLEADING) I don't want you believing a thing like that about me, Jessie.

JESSIE: Where are they, Floyd? Where are Edith and Dad?

FLOYD: ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet}, don't ask me that. I don't know, I tell you.

JESSIE: You're a lonesome man, Floyd. Don't you want to come back part way to decent men?

FLOYD: Oh, ~~Jessie~~^{Jessie}, it's so alone in here, locked up in this little place in the middle of the desert, an old man like me. I can't help thinking back how I got started on this way of life. A way back, I remember, when I met this expert counterfeiter, and I was way down on my luck...

~~(CONTINUE AD LIB MORMUR UNDER:)~~

NARR: Nothing comes out that day, Lu Haas, as you and Sheriff Miles listen to it played back on the recorder. And the next day, late in the afternoon, you listen to more of it, hoping that somewhere there'll be a slip on Floyd Gibson's part, an indication....

(PLAYBACK)

FLOYD: You know who you look like, ~~Jessie~~^{Jessie}? You know who you remind me of?

JESSIE: Who, Floyd?

FLOYD: Edith. In a kind of a way you look like her..

JESSIE: That's your conscience talking to you, Floyd.

FLOYD: Now don't say that, ~~Jessie~~^{Jessie}.

JESSIE: She was the wife of your bosom, as The Book says, Tell me where she is Floyd.

FLOYD: I can't tell you something I don't know.

JESSIE: I want to pray for you again. Pray with me for guidance, pray with me this time.

FLOYD: No - now ~~Jessie~~^{Jessie} - don't -- (INTERJECT SAME THROUGH:)

JESSIE: (PRAYING) Oh, Father in Heaven, Who seeth all and looketh into the hearts of all men, the good and the lost - please move the heart of this man who has transgressed so that he may.....

(MUSIC: -- WIPE)

(PLAYBACK)

JESSIE: Where are they, Floyd? Where are Edith and Dad?

FLOYD: ~~Jessie~~ ^{Janet} - If I answered your questions about them---

JESSIE: Yes, Floyd?

FLOYD: (AS IF IT'S BEING TORN FROM HIM) If I did that - it'd mean a double murder charge, ~~Jessie!~~ ^{Janet}

(STRAIGHT) (TURN SWITCH)

LU: That's it, Sheriff, the first break. Want to hear it a third time?

MILES: Nope, Lu. It's clear enough.

BILL: Can you prove it with that, Sheriff?

MILES: Nope, ~~Bill~~ ^{Ted}. But he's on the way. He ought to be good for more of the same.

LU: Sheriff, let's hit him from the other side with the new stuff we just got. That could push him along further.

MILES: Alright, Lu, let's you and me go in there and do that.

(OPEN AND CLOSE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS.....)

Floyd. Got some news for you.

FLOYD: (SURELY) Yeah?

MILES: ~~These blood stains. They tested out human.~~

FLOYD: ~~So they're mine.~~

MILES: ~~Not in the rest of the picture. We found something else:~~ ^{went back to your cabin &}
two .38 revolvers ~~in your cabin.~~ ^{there} It's adding up, Floyd.

FLOYD: To what? Firearms're nothing new out here.

MILES: O.K. Hold out if you want to. We'll get it on you yet.

(MUSIC: QUICK BRIDGE) ~~Janet~~

FLOYD: (SHAKY) Oh, ~~Jessie~~, let me along, you're doing terrible things to me.

JESSIE: No, it's your own guilt, Floyd. The blood of the slain cries out.

FLOYD: What'd you want, ~~Jessie!~~ *Janet*

JESSIE: Edith and Dad. Where are they?

FLOYD: Don't ask me that!

JESSIE: It's your conscience asking you now, Floyd. Floyd, where are they?

FLOYD: (HESITATES - STAMMERS) I wouldn't tell the cops nothing - but you, ~~Jessie~~ *Janet* - they didn't drown in the river like I said!

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

FLOYD: What's that you're settin' up out there, Sheriff?

MILES: Wire recording machine, Floyd.

LU: We'd bring it right into your cell and play it, but that'd be risky. Just listen now: this is the last part:

(PLAYBACK) (STRAIGHT)

FLOYD: Don't ask me that!

JESSIE: It's your conscience asking you now, Floyd. Floyd, where are they?

FLOYD: What-Stop that thing!

FLOYD: (HESITATES - STAMMERS) I wouldn't tell the cops nothing but you, ~~Jessie~~ *Janet* - they didn't drown in river like I said!

JESSIE: Oh, Floyd, tell me the rest, get rid of your terrible sin.

FLOYD: What're you doin! Stop that thing!

(PLAYBACK)

(STRAIGHT)

FLOYD: (GROANING) Oh, ~~Jessie~~ ^{Jessie}--
both of 'em were shot--
but I baptized Edith
before she died in my
arms, I swear that!

JESSIE: Did you shoot them,
Floyd? Is that what
you did to Edith and
Dad?

FLOYD: I didn't say that!
~~turn it off!~~

FLOYD: I didn't say that, ~~Jessie~~ ^{Jessie}.

JESSIE: Well, then, where are
they?

FLOYD: I can't say anything about
that either. That's all
I'm saying, even to you,
~~Jessie!~~ ^{Jessie!}

(ALL STRAIGHT)

(TURN SWITCH)

LU: That's it, Floyd.

FLOYD: You heard what it said! I didn't say I shot 'em or
anything!

MILES: (SHOUTING) Cut it out, Floyd! Now tell us where you buried
'em! Come on, now!

FLOYD: (SHAKY) Now wait a minute - lemme think-----Sheriff - now
if I told you - not sayin' it's so now - but if - you
agree to fix it for a charge less than murder I could
plead to?

MILES: I can't make that kind of a deal with you!

FLOYD: Alright, then. I didn't admit anything.

LU: (WARM) You admitted a lot! Now where are they buried?

FLOYD: What're you doin' Mr. Reporter: interviewin' me? I don't even know what you're talkin' about.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

LU: Well, Sheriff - looks as if you have to turn him over for trial as is.

MILES: Looks like, Lu. But with no corpus Delicti - well, not enough of it anyway - I don't know. He might get away with it.

LU: *He can't get away with it or the jury can't let him*
~~He might. Depends on the way the jury sees the circumstantial~~
~~got away with it - They've got to bring in the~~
~~evidence and these wire recordings.~~
right verdict.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Lu Haas of the Los Angeles Daily News, 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 Lu Haas of the Los Angeles Daily News.

HAAS: Murder trial of Floyd Gibson took five months. Jury of eight women and four men deliberated seven hours - returned verdict of guilty, making second time in California legal history conviction for murder obtained without bodies of victims to prove crime. Floyd Gibson, claiming innocence to end, executed in gas chamber at San Quentin. My sincere appreciation 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 Award for notable service in the field of journalism. a check for \$500. and a special mounted bronze ~~plaque~~ *plaque* engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 St. Paul Minn. ~~Bureau~~ *Bureau* Associated Press -- by line, Jack Mackay. A Big Story of a reporter who remembered a forgotten man, and after a 19 year fight finally brought him justice.

(MUSIC: STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production. Original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Jack Bentcover from an actual story from the front pages of the Los Angeles Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Francis de Sales played the part of Lu 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 Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #268

CAST

NARRATOR

JACK MACKAY

CRANE

BRADY

LESTER

GOV. #2

ROY

TONY

GOV. #1

BOB SLOANE

NELSON OLMSTEAD

BILL GREY

BILL GREY

COURT BENSON

COURT BENSON

BILL GRIFFIS

LUIS VAN ROOTEN

BURT COWLAN

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1952

ATX01 0005949

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#268

9:30 - 10:00 PM

MAY 14, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FAN FARE)

NARR: The place was a court room in Minneapolis. A bank had been robbed and the bandits had murdered two policemen. One of the accused men sat at a table, white-faced, as the first witness said:

CRANE: My name is Jonas Crane. I'm ~~the Chief Payteller~~ ^a ~~of~~ ^{at} the Third National Bank. This man was one of the bandits. I'd know him anywhere.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

NARR: Another man took the stand -- looked steadily at the accused.

LESTER: My name is George Lester. I was passing in my car through Como Park and I saw a man transferring bags of money from one car to another. The bags had the name of the bank written on them, and this was the man. I couldn't be wrong!

ROY: (SUDDENLY SHOUTING) It's a lie! They're both lying. I was nowhere near the bank.. I'm an innocent man. You hear me? -- An innocent man!

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. ~~Here is America, it's sounds and its fury, happened, it happened in St. Paul, Minn. It is its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men authentic + is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American Newspapers.~~ *The story you are about to hear actually*

(MORE)

ATX01 0005950

CHAPPELL: (FLAT) ~~St. Paul, Minnesota.~~ ^{lines} From the ~~pages~~ of the
Associated Press, the story of a reporter who remembered
a forgotten man. Tonight, to Jack Mackay, 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.)

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greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on
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HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the
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- by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of
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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: -- INTRO AND UNDER --)

CHAPPELL: St. Paul, Minnesota. The story as it actually happened..
Jack Mackay's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- UNDER --)

NARR: You are ~~Jack Mackay~~ ^{the} now Saint Paul Correspondent of the
Associated Press. ^{Jack Mackay} Your beats are crime and politics, ^{but also} and
^{particular} ^{begin} your story ¹⁶ begins way back on a March day some 16 years ago.
You remember it vividly. It happened to be a dull day --
you covered St. Paul and Minneapolis and there was nothing
to file for the wire. You needed a hair cut and you
dropped in at a barbershop on Washington Avenue in
Minneapolis. You saw the barber watching your face in the
wall mirror, and then he ^{said} says....

(WHIRR OF SHAVER OR CLIPPING OF SCISSORS)

TONY: ~~Mister, I think I know you.~~

JACK: You sure? I've never been in here before.

TONY: Sure, sure, I know, but I got a long memory and I never
forget a man's face or his name.

JACK: (CHUCKLES) O.K., What's my name?

TONY: Mackay, - Jack Mackay. You're a newspaper guy with the
Northwest News Bureau.

JACK: Yeah, that's right. I used to be with Northwest, but I'm
~~with the AP now. How'd you know?~~

TONY: ^{you're Jack Mackay aren't you?} ~~My name's Tony Russo. That mean anything to you?~~ ^{Jack: That's right}

JACK: No.

TONY: Check back Mr. Mackay, ³ 7 years ago in Court. There was
this guy they sent to jail for life for bank robbery and
murder. This guy, Roy Taylor. Remember that?

JACK: Sure I remember, I covered it. I ... (CUT) Wait a minute. I remember now, you went on the stand as a witness. You were the only one to swear that Taylor was innocent.

TONY: Yeah, all those other witnesses, that bank clerk, the man who ~~saw~~ ^{saw} Taylor switching money from the get-away car, they were all wrong. This guy Taylor, was right here in this chair and I was cutting his hair when they stuck up the bank.

JACK: You're still sure of that?

TONY: ~~I told you~~ Mr. Mackay, I got a memory for a name and a face. I couldn't forget this guy Taylor. I remember he wanted a hot oil shampoo. That's something special here. I don't give two of them a year.

JACK: Tell me Tony, I'm a little hazy about the whole thing. After all it was ~~a long time ago~~ ^{quite a while ago}. Why didn't the D.A. take your testimony seriously?

TONY: I don't know Mr. Mackay. He said there were too many witnesses against me. How do you like that? With this poor guy Taylor there fighting for his life. And, that's what he finally got - Life.

JACK: Those other witnesses were pretty positive.

TONY: Look Mr. Mackay, I'm only a little guy, just a barber. I don't know any big shots like you do. I wouldn't know what to do, but if I did, I'd do it. This poor guy Taylor's up there in Stillwater Prison rotting away for the rest of his life. I keep seeing his face. Every guy who sits in my chair now, I keep seeing his face in the mirror, and I tell myself it's wrong, it's wrong-- that poor devil's taking a rap for something he never did.

JACK: And you never tried to do anything about this afterwards?

TONY: What was the use? Like I said, I'm only a little guy.

(A BEAT) Something for the hair, Mr. Mackay? Your scalp's pretty dry.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's just the word of an obscure barber. Probably colored by the passage of time. ~~You remember him vaguely now, and you remember his testimony, and at the time you didn't put too much stock in it. The evidence was overwhelming on the other side, but now what he says starts to interest you. It jabs you like a needle. It keeps at you and somehow you can't sluff it off. There is something about Tony Russo, his fierce sincerity, his helpless attitude towards justice that keeps bothering you, and,~~ *But somehow it starts to interest you* the next day, just to reassure yourself, just to bury this ghost for good, you go up to Stillwater and talk to Roy Taylor.

ROY: (DEPRESSED) Why'd you come here to see me, Mackay? What was your point? You want a story? There's no story. They ended my story ³ years ago. What can you write about? A dead man? They call this living. I call it being dead.

JACK: It is just that this barber Russo, still insists that you are innocent.

ROY: (BITTERLY) Yeah, one little guy thinks I am innocent, the rest of the world thinks I murdered those cops. Why? ~~Why?~~

JACK: There were those other witnesses.

ROY: I never saw them before. They never saw me. I say this now and I'll say it to my dying day, they picked the wrong man. They were wrong, wrong.
(MORE)

ROY:
(CONT'D)

Oh, sure! I'll admit I wasn't much good when I was out, drank a lot, played a lot of cards, didn't like to work. But, bank robbery? Murder? No, that never was for me.

JACK: I see.

ROY: Do you believe that, Mr. Mackay? Do you believe it?

JACK: Well, I

ROY: (BITTERLY, QUIETLY) I know, you don't believe it. You're a reporter, you're tough, you're hardboiled, and in a way I don't blame you. Every night, in every cell, straight up this tier, everyone swears he's innocent, swears he was framed. All right, then why waste your time even talking to me? Why don't you go home, Mackay?

JACK: Look, Taylor, I've got an open mind. That's my job as a reporter. That's why I'm here to ask questions. I don't have the answer. I don't know whether you're lying or not, but if you're not, then justice....

ROY: Justice, yeah! I know what justice is. They wanted a fall guy and they picked me, that was justice. They shoved iron gates behind me and buried me in this rotten hole, and left me here to die. That was justice!

JACK: Taylor, wait a minute....

ROY: You sit here day and night for ³ years, and you yell as loud as you can, you're innocent. But who hears you? Nobody. Nobody but the walls. And the louder you yell, the quieter it is. (CALM) Mackay look, I'm an innocent man. I never robbed any bank and I never took a human life. I'll keep saying this as long as I live. I'm innocent, innocent (HOPELESS SHRUG) But, what's the use, who's going to believe me?

JACK: (A BEAT - THEN QUIETLY) I'll tell you something funny, Taylor.

ROY: Yes.

JACK: I may be wrong. I may be out of my mind. I'm an old pro, and I've heard all the stories. I shouldn't be sold this way. The rule books against it, so are the odds, but I believe you!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't know why, something about the man's face, his eyes, the way he told you his story. ~~One man whom a little barber has remembered and the rest of the world has forgotten. One man sitting alone, buried in a vault of stone and steel.~~ And, from this point on, you, Jack Mackay of the ^{Asac Press} ~~AP~~ got going. First you studied the testimony of the trial to refresh your mind, and then you ~~so~~ ^{went} back to Stillwater ~~again~~ and talk ^{to} a prisoner named Pete Brady, in for 20 years.

JACK: Brady, you drove the getaway car on that Third National Bank job ³ years ago. Right?

BRADY: What if I did?

JACK: You remember a man named ^{Ray} Taylor?

BRADY: (A BEAT) Yeah, I remember him. I see him out in the prison yard once in a while. Why?

JACK: Was he part of your gang?

BRADY: That's what the witnesses said.

JACK: What do you say?

BRADY: What difference does it make what I say? Who cares?

JACK: I care, and if the people in the whole country knew the truth, they'd care.

BRADY: Look Mackay it's all over. It's done with. Why knock yourself out? Why give yourself a hard time?

JACK: Brady I talked to Taylor. He told me he was innocent. I'm just crazy enough to believe him. He's sitting here in Stillwater, dying inside, Brady. If he didn't have anything to do with it, it's murder, slow murder, worse than any bullet or knife. If you know he didn't have anything to do with it say so. ~~For the love of Heaven Brady, do something decent once in your life.~~ Give the man a break! Give him a chance! Is he innocent or not?

BRADY: (QUIETLY) All right, Mackay, I'll tell you the truth, Maybe I've been a heel for not saying ^{it} before. Taylor didn't have a thing to do with it.

JACK: ~~What kind of a man are you, Brady? Why didn't you speak up before and say so?~~

BRADY: Because I knew it'd be no use and I had to protect myself.

JACK: ~~What do you mean?~~

BRADY: You remember, one of us got away, the cops never did find him?

JACK: Yes I remember.

BRADY: Well, his name was Eddie Russell. He ran our mob. The funny part of it was that Taylor looked a lot like Russell. That's why those witnesses made a mistake.

JACK: And you never said a word about this?

BRADY: Look Mackay, ~~I told you~~ I had myself to protect. ~~That's~~ why I said nothing. ~~That's~~ the way I figured it at the time, as long as I kept my mouth shut, Eddie Russell was in the clear.

JACK: And Ray Taylor was the fall guy.

BRADY: ~~Yeah. Taylor was the fall guy.~~ I figured that once I talked the cops would be looking for Russell, but maybe Russell would be looking for me, and Russell is a killer. I figured that maybe with good behavior I'd get out of this rat trap in 10 years. I didn't want Russell looking for me.

JACK: I see. And for this you let an innocent man rot.

BRADY: ~~Listen, Mackay, I'll tell you something. I haven't slept~~ a good night in 7 years. Every time I meet Taylor in the yard and look at his eyes, I want to find a hole and bury myself in it. A guy in here has a lot of time to think and I guess you're right. It's time I spoke up and took my chances with Eddie Russell. If you hadn't come, I would have given the word to someone else. I guess I was just getting to the point where I couldn't live with it any more. And tonight, Mackay, I hope for one thing...

JACK: Yes, what's that?

BRADY: A good night's sleep. The first good night's sleep ~~in 7 years!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You hit the typewriter again and again - story after story. You see the police. Talk to the D.A.'s office.~~ *ask the authorities you can -*

Try to re-open the case for Roy Taylor. Nothing. You go to the Pardon Board. Nothing. ~~Both of them are convinced~~

~~of his guilt.~~ You go to the top, to the Governor. *He's convinced of Taylor's guilt -*

JACK: ~~Your Honor, I'm only one man, but I'm convinced Roy Taylor is innocent.~~

GOV #1: I know Mackay, and you've stirred up quite a brew with those stories of yours in the newspapers.

JACK: Only because I'm convinced an innocent man is serving life for something he did not do.

GOV. 1: Every lifer at Stillwater will tell you the same thing.

JACK: (PLEADING) I know, I know. But, there's the barber's testimony, Tony Russo. He's sworn to a new affidavit saying that Taylor was in his shop when the whole thing happened.

GOV. 1: (STIFFLY) Russo's testimony was given in Court. It was not taken seriously at the time. I have no intention of accepting it as valid now against the judgment of the Court. I want to see justice done Mackay, believe me, but this man Taylor had a fair trial according to Minnesota law.

JACK: Your Honor, one of the actual members of the gang swears that Taylor wasn't part of it. I sent you his confession sworn to and attested.

GOV. 1: (WEARILY) Mackay you're a newspaper man. You must know that the testimony of a criminal like Pete Brady carried no weight. Why shouldn't he testify to this? What has he got to lose? If he could release one of his fellow murderers by merely saying he was innocent, why not?

JACK: But Governor....

GOV. 1: I'm sorry, Mackay. I appreciate your interest and your sense of Justice, but that's my point of view. Now, if you'll excuse me.

JACK: Your Honor, if you'd only let me...

GOV. 1: (FIRMLY) I'm sorry, Mackay. Good day.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Two years go by. Three. And you, Jack Mackay of the AP keep plugging. You write story after story. Five years pass. You meet nothing but indifference, lethargy, skepticism.

ROY: Anything new on my case, Mackay?

JACK: No, Taylor, nothing.

ROY: Nothing, nothing, the same old word, week after week, month after month, year after year. Nothing.

JACK: I'm sorry, Taylor. This is going to take time, a lot of time. It will take a lot of time and a lot of stories and a lot of people to see. But I'll never quit until I prove it.

ROY: You know, Mackay, I can't figure you. I just can't figure you.

JACK: What do you mean.

ROY: Why should a guy like you beat your brains out for a sucker like me? What do you care? What's it to you? Is the story worth it?

JACK: Get this straight Taylor, it's not the story, it's the man. It's you. It's what we call justice. It's what I feel inside. It's one of the few ways I can justify myself for having been put on this earth in the first place.

ROY: (A PAUSE) I'm sorry, Mackay. I'm sorry, I said what I did. I feel a lot better, a whole lot better with you on my side. I still yell at the walls that I'm innocent. But this time it isn't quiet anymore. This time I hear a little echo.

JACK: (GENTLY) Sure, sure, Taylor, I understand. From here in, keep your chin up. Your fingers crossed.

~~(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: ~~You write over 75 stories.)~~ Finally you get some
~~influential people interested.~~ You get the case of Roy
Taylor up before the highest court in the State. And
then over the news ticker....

(NEWS TICKER....UP AND UNDER)

JACK: (READING) The Minnesota Supreme Court today denied an
appeal to re-new the case of Roy Taylor, one of the bandits
who shot and killed two policemen in a Minneaplis Bank
holdup some years ago. Decision to deny was unanimous.
There was no dissenting opinion.

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

NARR: This is a body blow. It hits you hard, but you come back.
You get a picture of the missing bandit, Eddie Russell,
from the police files. You visit the first witness, the
~~chief pay-teller~~, Jonas Crane.

JACK: Mr. Crane, you recognize this photograph?

CRANE: Why, yes, Mr. Mackay. Yes, I think I do. Isn't that
Roy Taylor?

JACK: (QUIETLY) Is it?

CRANE: I think so, yes.

JACK: Look again Mr. Crane.

CRANE: What do you mean?

JACK: This is a picture of a man named Eddie Russell. He looks
something like the man you helped send to jail. Why did
you say it was Taylor?

CRANE: (CONFUSED) Why I thought so.

JACK: (COLD) I see. You thought. Will you admit this is the
man you saw?

CRANE: No - I'm not sure *now*

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

JACK: Mr. Lester, you testified at the trial that you passed the getaway car, standing at a lonely road in Como Park.

LESTER: That's right, Mr. Mackay.

JACK: You saw a man transferring bags of the Bank's money from the getaway car into another one.

LESTER: Yes.

JACK: Is the man in this picture the one you saw?

LESTER: Why I think so, yes.

JACK: (A BEAT) Look again Mr. Lester!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

JACK: Mackay, AP.

GOV. 1: (FILTER) Mackay, this is the Governor speaking.

JACK: (EAGERLY) Oh, yes, your Honor.

GOV. 1: I studied the correspondence you sent me regarding the testimony of those two witnesses.

JACK: Yes.

GOV 1: I want to congratulate you Mackay, I think this throws a reasonable doubt on the guilt of Roy Taylor and I'm prepared to go to bat for you.

JACK: Your Honor, I want to thank you...

GOV. 1: Not at all. I want to thank you for your sense of public duty in this case. Now I have to go to Duluth for a week. And when I get back I'm going before the Pardon Board with a strong recommendation that Roy Taylor be given his full release!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)_(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
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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!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Jack Mackay, as he lived it, as he wrote it.

NARR: Now, many years after the trial, the big break has come. The weary weeks and months of begging and pleading are virtually over and Roy Taylor, an innocent man, is at last on the verge of walking out of Stillwater Prison. You, Jack Mackay, of the St. Paul ^{Assoc. Press} ~~Bureau AP~~ are delirious with joy. You tell Taylor that when the Governor returns from Duluth he will be free. He weeps like a baby. And, then you drop into Tony Russo's Barber Shop. You see immediately that something is wrong.

(OFF WE HEAR BARBER SHOP BACKGROUND)

JACK: What's the matter, Tony? You hear what the Governor is going to do for Roy Taylor?

RONY: Yeah Mr. Mackay. I heard. But get yourself set for some bad news.

JACK: Yes? What bad news,

TONY: Just heard a flash on the radio. The Governor died 10 minutes ago.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's almost more than you can stand. After all those years of hard work and now this. But, then you think of Roy Taylor rotting up there in Stillwater and you think how is he going to feel. And you go up to see him ...

ROY: What can I say, Mackay? What could any man say? I wish I were dead.

JACK: I know it's tough, Taylor. I'll have to see the new Governor, start all over again. Present the evidence, the affidavits, get him interested all over again.

ROY: How long will that take? How long?

JACK: I'm not going to give you any false hopes. The Governor's a busy man. He has other interests. I can't say. It'll take time.

ROY: Time? How much time? Years?

JACK: It might.

ROY: Years. The best years of my life, sweating it out in this cage. Hating the people who put me here. Hating myself, Even hating you. And waiting, waiting always waiting. For what, Mackay? I ask you, for what? To be disappointed again, to raise my hopes and then have them smashed down over my head again. How much do you think I can stand?

JACK: (~~GENTLY, HOPELESSLY~~) I'll do my best, Taylor, but you've got to help. We're in this together, but if you give up I'll want to give up. Why should I go on? But if you stick, I'll stick all the way. (A BEAT) Now...how about it?

ROY: (QUIET) Alright, Mackay. I'll stick. And thanks. Thanks for being the kind of guy you are!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Another year passes. Two. The Governor has affairs of state. A thousand things to do. Finally you get him interested. *but before he can do anything he is appointed* Finally the next big break looms. And then...

~~(NEWS TICKER...ESTABLISH AND UNDER AS JACK READS)~~

JACK: ~~The Governor of Minnesota has just been appointed to a Federal Judgeship in Washington, and is leaving immediately for the nation's capital. He is delegating all affairs of state to a Deputy until the incoming Governor begins his new administration.~~ *you wait - a new Governor comes into office - you see him*

~~(MUSIC: - - - - -)~~

~~JACK: I'm sorry Taylor, nobody expected this. Nobody could have expected this.~~

~~ROY: (HOPELESSLY) Look Mackay, I've been thinking about this. Stillwater is a great place for hard thinking, and I've come to a conclusion. You remember I used to be a gambler?~~

~~JACK: Yes.~~

~~ROY: When you gamble long enough you get a point of view. When you are sitting in the losers seat, you just can't win. A smart gambler knows when he's got the losers seat. He knows when to give up, when to walk out of the game. I know when I am licked, Mackay.~~

~~JACK: Well maybe you feel that way about it Taylor. But I don't know when I am licked. I'm going ahead with this, even if you won't?~~

~~ROY: What do you mean?~~

~~JACK: The new Governor is coming into office. And the first day he walks into the Capital building, I'll be waiting at his door.~~

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

GOV. #2: Mr. Mackay. I'm starting a new administration. You know what that means - I just can't consider...what is it, this Taylor case, right now.

JACK: But your Honor, this has cost an innocent man years of his life in jail. The longer you delay ---

GOV #2: You say the man is innocent. The state of Minnesota gave Taylor a fair trial. You can't ask me to reverse ^{the} decision simply on your say-so.

JACK: Your Honor, I understand your position. Believe me I understand it. But I have here all the documents, affidavits and testimonials pertaining to this case. I ask only that you save this man unnecessary agony. I ask only that you give his case every possible consideration just as soon as you can.

GOV. #2: Mr. Mackay, there's something I'm curious about.

JACK: Yes, your Honor?

GOV. #2: Why have you spent so many years on behalf of this man Taylor? Is he a relative of yours, a friend?

JACK: No, your Honor, he's just a man I know, a man who everybody else forgot.

GOV. #2: (QUIETLY) I (A SIGH) see. All right, Mackay. Give me the documents. I'll try to get to them as soon as I can.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get back to the typewriter. You bang out story after story. They start to talk about ^{Roy}~~Ray~~ Taylor again, all over the State. Influential people start to support you. A wave of public opinion rises in favor of Roy Taylor, and he tells you....

ROY: You know Mackay, I used to feel all alone. Now, I don't feel all alone any more. Whatever happens, I know that I've got friends on the outside. And it makes a man feel mighty good to have friends.

JACK: That's what I've been trying to tell you, Taylor. And I've got another piece of news you're going to like.

ROY: Yes? What's that?

JACK: The Governor's seeing me tomorrow.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE) --

~~GOV. #2: Mr. Mackay, I've gone over these documents of yours....~~

JACK: (HOPEFULLY) Yes, your Honor?

GOV. #2: I've studied the barber's testimony, the testimony of the witnesses who claim they saw him and the testimony of Pete Brady.

JACK: Yes sir?

GOV. #2: I believe as you do Mackay, I think there has been a miscarriage of justice in the State of Minnesota. I think Roy Taylor is innocent.

JACK: Your Honor, I don't know what to say, how to thank you.

GOV. #2: Don't thank me yet Mackay, there's still a long hard road to go. First of all the opinion of the Pardon Board must be unanimous, every member must agree before we can release Taylor.

JACK: Yes sir, I understand that.

GOV. #2: Secondly there is still an element of chance that the witnesses actually did see Taylor and not this Eddie Russell. After all, both men do resemble each other. The Board may take the stand that the first identification might very well have been the correct one.

JACK: But you will go to the Pardon Board your Honor? You will try to convince them?

GOV. #2: You can count on me, Mackay. I'll present this appeal to them at the next meeting.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(BARBER'S CLIPPERS IN BACK)

TONY: How you coming with the Roy Taylor case, Mr. Mackay?

JACK: Pretty good Tony, pretty good. Looks like we're close to the end.

TONY: That's what you said before.

JACK: This time we're gonna do it, Tony. I know it. I feel it in my bones.

TONY: You got a hunch, eh?

JACK: More than a hunch. The Governor's already spoken to the Pardon Board. And he wants to see me in his office tomorrow morning.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

GOV. #2: Mr. Mackay the Pardon Board looked with sympathy on the evidence you presented. In fact, they agreed unanimously with me that the case merited a particular and complete investigation.

JACK: (EAGERLY) Then that's it, your Honor! The rest is just routine, isn't it?

GOV. #2: Ordinarily Mackay it would be. Ordinarily this would have meant Roy Taylor's full pardon and release in a month. But unfortunately I got a phone call from the Chairman of the Pardon Board this morning....

JACK: (STUNNED) A phone call....

GOV. #2: ~~Yes.~~ I'm sorry to have to tell you this, Mackay, after your long fight on behalf of Taylor. Believe me I'm sorry. But the appeal has been denied.

JACK: Buy why? Why, your Honor?

GOV. #2: We just got a "hold-order" from Paducah, Kentucky, It seems that before Taylor went to jail, many years ago, he had passed a worthless check for \$13.00. ~~That influenced the Board's decision, since the Kentucky authorities may demand Taylor for prosecution on his release.~~ For the time being ^{and} ~~the~~ Board has no faith in Taylor's integrity and has denied the appeal.

JAC: (DESPERATELY) But Governor, ~~they~~ can't let a man rot in jail for a \$13. check.

GOV. #2: I'm sorry, Mackay. I know how you feel. But this is the Board's decision and for the time being we'll have to abide by it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~A bad check for \$13. and because of that Roy Taylor stays in jail.~~ ^{Roy Taylor} He suffers a nervous breakdown and is remanded to a State Mental Hospital. The State of Kentucky withdraws its request since it will accept no one from a State Hospital. ~~As for you, Jack Mackay, you've had it. You're all done. You can't go on any more.~~ But then a few years later, Roy Taylor recovers from his breakdown and is sent back to Stillwater. And, once again you pick up the fight, and go to bat.

(BARBER SHOP BACKGROUND)

TONY: Wet or dry Mr. Mackay.

JACK: DRY.

TONY: A little tonic maybe.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

JACK: You say this man loading money into the other car might have been Russell? Is that right Mr. Lester?

LESTER: (AGITATED) I don't know, it might have been. I went by that car pretty fast. I didn't see the face too well. When they picked Taylor up I was sure he was the man. But, maybe I made a mistake, Mackay, maybe I made a terrible mistake. I want to make up for it if I can. If going before the Pardon Board will do it, then that is the least I can do!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Now, you've got it, Jack Mackay. Now, you've got what~~
you really needed all these years. You know the Board will grant a pardon now with the key witnesses reversing ^{some things at least} their testimony, ~~and the pardon board does.~~ And on one sunny day in November, ~~nearly~~ 19 years after Roy Taylor walked through the iron gate of Stillwater Prison, you watch the same man, now grey and bent, walk out. You thought you were hard-boiled, a tough reporter, an old pro, ^{said} ~~pro~~, but the tears came to your eyes when he ~~says~~ --

ROY: Mackay, what can a man say at a time like this? I can't thank you, the words aren't big enough. I can't tell you how much I owe you. There isn't that much in the world. If it hadn't been for you, I'd still be ~~behind~~ in there, behind those walls, watching my life go by. All all I can say to you now is...God bless you Mackay. God bless you!

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In Just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Jack Mackay of the St. Paul ~~Bureau~~ Associated Press, 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 Jack Mackay of the St. Paul ~~Bureau of the~~ Associated Press.

MACKAY: AN EXTRAORDINARY PARDON BOARD HEARING TO CONSIDER TAYLOR'S FINAL APPEAL WAS THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE HISTORY OF MINNESOTA. AFTER HIS RELEASE, OTHER WITNESSES SIGNED AFFIDAVITS TO EXONERATE TAYLOR. HE RETURNED TO HIS HOME TOWN, DAWSON SPRINGS, KENTUCKY, WHERE A THOUSAND TOWN FOLK GREETED HIM AND WELCOMED HIM BACK TO A NEW LIFE.

Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mackay....the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism....a check for \$500. and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Post -- by line, Tom Omstead. A Big Story of a reporter who took a shot in the dark - which almost proved fatal ~~to him.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, ^{with} original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the ^{lines} front pages of the St. Paul Bureau Associated Press. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Nelson Olmstead played the part of Jack Mackay. In order to protect the names of people acutally involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Mackay.

(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 #269

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
TOM	BILL LIPTON
ALEX	BILL LIPTON
LANDLADY	BARBARA WEEKS
MOTHER	AGNES YOUNG
GRACE	RUTH YORKE
WILLARD	JASON JOHNSON
BILLY	JASON JOHNSON
LT.	EDDIE BINNS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1952

ATX01 0005977

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#269

MAY, 21, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(TOM OMSTEAD: HOUSTON (TEXAS) POST)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, CUT TO:)

(SOUND: SMALL TRUCK IN MOTION AS:)

WILLARD & (BOTH DRUNK, SINGING "HOW DRY I AM")
ALEX:

ALEX: (BREAKS OFF)

WILLARD: (CONTINUES SINGING AS:)

ALEX: (LATE 20's) Say, pal --

WILLARD: (ABOUT 50, MIGHT BE LIKEABLE EXCEPT FOR AN UNCONTROLLABLE
BRUTALITY IN HIM) Talking to me?

ALEX: Say, where are we, pal?

WILLARD: Huh? North Mc Gregor way, I think --(BEGINS TO SING
AGAIN)

ALEX: Say, pal -- stop the truck a minute, will you? I'm
getting off here.

WILLARD: Not now.

ALEX: Stop the truck! This is where I ---

WILLARD: (SUDDEN) Hey, let go of the wheel!

ALEX: Stop the truck! I told you!

WILLARD: I told you to let go of the wheel!

ALEX: Not 'til you stop the truck!

WILLARD: For the last time -- let go of the wheel! !

ALEX: If you won't, I'll stop the truck my --

(SOUND: THUD, AS OF HEAVY HAMMER AGAINST SKULL)

ALEX: (GROANS)

WILLARD: I warned you, pal -- can't say I didn't.

ATX01 0005978

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Houston, Texas. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American Newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Houston Post, the story of a reporter who took a shot in the dark -- which almost proved fatal. Tonight, to Tom Omstead, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(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: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Houston, Texas. The story as it actually happened --
Tom Omstead's story as he lived it.

NARR: Only a few hundred feet from where you're standing, Tom
Omstead, the busy traffic of a Wednesday afternoon
streams up and down North McGregor way. Life is moving
quickly, loudly in and out of the City of Houston. But
all around you and the little group of men standing
near you and the battered body at your feet, there is the
heavy impenetrable curtain of death.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

(SOUND FAR OFF THE OCCASIONAL SOUND OF A HORN)

TOM: (SLIGHTLY HUSHED) What did it, Lieutenant?

LT: (SAME) A couple of heavy blows on the head.

TOM: How long ago?

LT: The bent weeds under him -- pretty well dried out. I'd
figure a couple of days probably...maybe Sunday night.

TOM: Identification?

LT: He's been cleaned out of everything except for some
laundry marks.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You're at police headquarters, Tom Omstead, a few hours
later when ^{it, reads the} the pathologist's report ~~comes in~~.

LT: (READING) "Depressed skull fracture. Death almost
instantaneous."

(SOUND RUSTLE OF PAPER AS:)

LT: Just as I figured, Tom. The pathologist puts him time
of death 72 hours ago -- Sunday night.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: And you're still there around midnight when the crime laboratory breaks the case wide open.

(SOUND DOOR OPENED, STEPS IN)

LT: (FADING IN) Alex Williams, the 1500 block on ~~Crawford~~ ^{Vernon}
A rooming house.

TOM: The laundry marks? *SA*

LT: The laundry marks.

TOM: Married?

LT: Single.

TOM: Landlady?

LT: Mrs. Marva Henderson.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, OUT TO)

LT: No women friends, Mrs. Henderson? He never had a sweetheart or anyone who came to see him regularly?

LANDLADY: (ABOUT 50, UPSET) No I -- I can't understand it, Lieutenant. He -- was such a nice man.

LT: Even nice men have women friends.

LANDLADY: That's not what I mean at all. Alex Williams was a good boarder. All week long he came straight home from his job, he had his dinner, stayed in his room. Even on weekends, when he got drunk --

TOM: How often was that?

LANDLADY: Every Friday night Mr. Omstead he'd go out to the bar around the corner every Friday night and he'd stay drunk 'til Sunday night.

LT: Every weekend?

LANDLADY: He was lonely. The poor man was lonely. It's not right for a man his age to think only of his mother and nobody else.

TOM: Does his mother live here too?

LANDLADY: No. Three blocks away. Only last week he bought her a new electric refrigerator --

LT: Was he afraid of anybody? Did he have a grudge against anybody that you know of?

LANDLADY: Why should he have been afraid of anybody? Why should a quiet, lonely man like Mr. Williams have a grudge against anybody?

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: The bar around the corner where Alex Williams spent his weekends in a lonely alcoholic stupor has a bitter name: Friendship Ranch. Years as a police reporter have taught you to read barkeeper's faces. Billy Carter's face at Friendship Ranch tells you immediately that he is an honest man, but also the kind of barkeeper who knows it's not good for his business to talk to cops. So when your friend Lt. Davis gets ready to leave, you Tom Omstead decide to stick around for a while.

(MUSIC: UP, OUT TO)

(SOUND BAR BG...JUKEBOX)

BILLY: (BARTENDER) Another beer?

TOM: Thanks.

(SOUND BEER DRAWN FROM TAP, PLACED ON BAR)

TOM: (TAKES A DRINK, THEN:) Beer's good. Most bars don't know how to keep thier coils clean.

BILLY: Oh, they know all right. They don't bother often enough is all.

TOM: (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK) Um...real good. Nice and cold too.

BILLY: (AFTER A PAUSE, LOW) I couldn't talk to the Lieutenant. You understand, don't you?

TOM: (SAME) Sure thing. I know how it is.

BILLY: Every weekend --same thing.

TOM: Williams?

BILLY: Yeah, him. Every weekend the same thing. Like clockwork. Started getting crocked around nine Friday nights and stayed that way 'til he poured himself into bed every Sunday.

TOM: What about this last Sunday?

BILLY: Same thing. Except around six he and this guy got chummy.

TOM: What guy?

BILLY: Don't know. Never seen him before. Around 50 maybe --

TOM: Bar pals?

BILLY: The genuine variety: a half-hour after they met they were singing songs.

TOM: Then what?

BILLY: This fellow said he knew a better place. So off they went, around 6:30.

TOM: Thanks a lot.

BILLY: What for?

TOM: Oh yeah -- all these weekends, Williams ever try to pick up a woman?

BILLY: No that Williams was strictly a loner. Never seen him with a woman or even make a pass at one. Come to think of it, only woman he ever talked about was his mother.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: A strange man...a lonely man...and now a dead man. Why should anybody want to kill a man like that? Would his mother have the answers? It's too late now to go to see her, so you pass the information you got from the bartender on to your friend Lt. Davis. And then you go home and spend a fitful night wondering about a quiet man named Alex Williams. And at nine the next morning, you find yourself in his mother's presence.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT TO~~)

MOTHER: (BROKEN UP, QUITE OLD, HELPLESS, WEEPING) They say he's dead, Mr Omstead. They say my boy is dead. Not Alex -- they're lying! He was all I had!

TOM: I'm -- I'm sorry, Mrs. Williams --but it is true.

MOTHER: Why? Why, Mr. Omstead! He never harmed anyone -- only only himself --

TOM: You mean his drinking?

MOTHER: Even when he was a boy he was always alone. He never had any friends. Maybe that's what made him drink. (OUTBURST) But that's no reason for anyone to kill him! Why should anyone kill my boy?

TOM: He never mentioned any friends to you?

MOTHER: (TO HERSELF) Alex --why didn't they kill me instead, Alex!

TOM: Mrs. Williams --are you listening to me?

MOTHER: I can hear you -- but what's the use? He's dead --

TOM: He had no friends at all?

MOTHER: I guess he did -- at least two of them. Otherwise why would they have called me?

TOM: (SLIGHT TAKE) Called you? Who?

MOTHER: This man --first the man -- and then the woman --

TOM: What man? What woman? When did they call?
MOTHER: Was it Monday? Yes, it was Monday. Around noon a man called--
TOM: Why did he call you?
MOTHER: There's no phone where Alex is -- was -- staying.
TOM: What did he want?
MOTHER: He asked if Alex was feeling all right. I told him I didn't know and he hung up.
TOM: Did you get his name?
MOTHER: No --and then the woman --she called about two hours later. The same question --
TOM: She wanted to know how your son was feeling?
MOTHER: Yes.
TOM: Had he been ill?
MOTHER: Never! He was always a healthy boy --always. (BREAKS DOWN) And now he's dead! Mr. Omstead, why --why would anyone want to kill my boy?

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: First a man and then a woman on Monday -- the day after Alex Williams was killed. They'd wanted to know how he was. What did it mean? *Did they know he'd met Paul play the night before, they might have been in on it?*
Were they calling to find out how badly Alex Williams had been hurt? Is that what these calls meant?

(MUSIC: STING, CUT TO)

TOM: How can you have forgotten about an incident like that, Mrs. Henderson?
LANDLADY: You and the Lieutenant kept asking me whether he had a sweetheart.

(MORE)

LANDLADY: This was a woman I had never seen ~~her~~ before -- I just
(CONT'D) didn't think of her that way. Not until now.

TOM: (EXCITED) Go on, go on, Mrs Henderson.

LANDLADY: It -- it was after midnight -- Monday night. She kept
banging on the front door.

TOM: Did you get a good look at her?

LANDLADY: No. The hall was dark -- I was still half asleep.

TOM: And she asked for Alex Williams?

LANDLADY: She seemed upset and almost hysterical. I was angry with
her because I had been awakened out of my sleep.

TOM: What did you do then -- the whole story, Mrs. Henderson!

LANDLADY: I pointed to his room down the hall and then I went
back to bed.

TOM: What was the next thing you heard?

LANDLADY: I was just dozing off again when I heard her rush down
the hall and slam the front door behind her. I guess
she didn't find him home.

TOM: She couldn't have, Mrs Henderson. Don't you understand?
It was Monday night -- he was already dead.

LANDLADY: (HORRIFIED) OH MY LORD! She seemed to know something
had happened to him! Mr. Omstead, I never saw her
before. Who was she? What was she doing here?

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Back at your paper, Tom Omstead, the story takes shape
rapidly under your pounding fingers...a story to the
effect that the Houston police were searching for an
unidentified woman who seemed to know that Alex Williams
had met foul play Sunday night. It was a shot in the
dark, ~~Tom Omstead~~ -- the kind you'd let fly before --
but you had no way of knowing that this time it would
hit its mark squarely and bounce back straight at
yourself.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG. 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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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 Tom Omstead as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It's almost an hour now since your paper hit the streets, Tom Omstead. Your story of the frantic woman who is known to have visited Alex Williams' boarding house 24 hours after his murder is on the front page under your by-line. Who is she? What was her connection with the murdered man? Would your story with its veiled hint ^{that} what the police were on the verge of catching up with her frighten her out of hiding?

~~(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, OUT TO)~~

TOM: What's your guess, Lieutenant?,

LT: This is one of those crazy ones, Tom. Nobody makes sense.

TOM: Alex Williams makes sense. A lonely guy, mothered too long--

LT: That's the point -- Why kill him?

TOM: No lead on the guy he got chummy with at the Friendship Ranch?

LT: Like a stone in the water: a few ripples, and nothing.

TOM: I wonder what she's doing right now...

LT: Who?

TOM: That dame who showed up at Williams' house Monday midnight. I keep wondering if she's read my story about her.

LT: And what if she has? What makes you think she'll come out of hiding?

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: Since you know nothing about the woman in your story, the Lieutenant makes sense. Why should she come out of hiding? But if you'd known her or known anything about her you'd have known that your story about her had landed on fertile ground...ground which was being prepared for your story, Tom Omstead, as far back as Monday morning.

~~(MUSIC: _ _ _ CUT)~~

(SOUND WINDOW SLID OPEN, HOSE GOING SLIGHTLY OFF)

GRACE: (HALF-YAWN) WILLARD --

WILLARD: (SLIGHTLY OFF, SHOUTING OVER HOSE) You talking to me, honey? Wait -- I'll turn the hose off.

(SOUND HOSE OFF)

WILLARD: (FADING IN, HE'S LIKE A BIG OVERGROWN BOY WITH HIS WIFE)
Good morning, honey. Did you sleep well?

GRACE: Pretty good. You got in awful late, didn't you, last night?

WILLARD: Don't you worry about me, --had a job to do.

GRACE: You washing the truck down?

WILLARD: Yeah.

GRACE: How come?

WILLARD: Carried a load of chickens for a man yesterday.

GRACE: So?

WILLARD: Chicken lice all over -- thought I'd wash the truck down.

GRACE: Wait -- I'll come out and help you.

WILLARD: Don't bother, do it myself.

GRACE: No bother, Willard. I'll come out and help you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT, QUICK BRIDGE, OUT TO)

WILLARD: Just a little more water and --

GRACE: (CUTS IN, QUIETLY) Willard --

WILLARD: Huh?

GRACE: When you got out of jail last time, I took you back on one condition -- Do you remember?

WILLARD: Shucks, I been good. What's got into you all of a sudden?

GRACE: Don't look away, Willard. I took you back ^{on} one condition Remember?

WILLARD: Sure, sure, honey. That I don't get in anymore trouble. Well, I haven't.

GRACE: There was a second part to the condition I took you back on -- Remember?

WILLARD: (A BEAT, THEN) That -- that if I do get into trouble I got to tell you the truth.

GRACE: There are blood stains on the side of the truck you haven't washed off yet. Where did they come from?

WILLARD: (LYING) Shucks, honey --I told you. I carried a load of chickens, honey --I told you! Them crates have wires. One of the chickens cut itself.

GRACE: (A BEAT, THEN) How did you get blood over the front seat, too?

WILLARD: (IRKED) I --I told you to stay in the house! I could clean the truck myself! I didn't ask you to help me!

GRACE: (PERSISTENT IN THE SAME EVEN TONE) If a chicken cut itself in the back of the truck why should blood have gotten over the front seat?

WILLARD: I -- chicken was suffering -- so I took it out of the crate and -- bashed its head in.

GRACE: (BEAT, THEN) A --a--chicken, Willard?

WILLARD: A chicken, honey.

(MUSIC: ACCENT, DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND DRAWERS BEING SLIPPED IN AND OUT, THEN
STOP AT ONE DRAWER. WE HEAR CLICK AS OF GOLD
WATCH AND CHAIN, THEN SUDDENLY!

WILLARD: What're you doing in my things, honey?

GRACE: (TAKE AND EDGE OF FEAR NOW) Oh -- I -- I --

WILLARD: Those things you got in your hand -- I won them gambling
last night.

GRACE: The money? This watch and chain? This wallet?

WILLARD: Shucks, honey -- it's like I told you--

GRACE: Look me in the face, Willard. (PAUSE, THEN:) Look me in
the face! What happened?

WILLARD: (SHAME-FACEDLY) It wasn't my fault, honey. We were high
he grabbed the wheel of the truck -- I told him not to--

GRACE: What -- what did you do?

WILLARD: I had to hit him.

GRACE: With -- what?

WILLARD: I -- I just hit him a couple of times.

GRACE: Was he hurt?

WILLARD: A little -- maybe -- (TAKE) Where are you going?

GRACE: Downstairs to the phone.

WILLARD: What for?

GRACE: To call up this man who owns the wallet and the watch --
the man you hit -- Alex Williams -- and find out how he
he is!

WILLARD: NO!

GRACE: You fool! You big clumsy ox! You're in trouble --

WILLARD: (ALMOST PLEADING) Honey, don't you go back on me --
not now. He doesn't have a ~~number~~ ^{number}

GRACE: How do you know?

WILLARD: I tried. He doesn't have a number. He told me about his
mother -- I called his mother --

GRACE: What did she say?

WILLARD: She hadn't seen him --

GRACE: I'm going to try her.

WILLARD: You'll get them suspicious!

GRACE: (HARD) What did you hit him with?

WILLARD: I -- with -- I--

GRACE: You're in trouble, do you understand that? Can you
get it thru your thick head? When you get drunk you're
as strong as a bull and as crazy as a bull! You're in
trouble and I've got to find out how deep.

(MUSIC: STING, QUICK BRIDGE, OUT TO)

(SOUND DOOR OPENED AND SHUT OFF)

WILLARD: Grace honey, is that you?

GRACE: (FADING IN, DISTRAUGHT) I went to his house -- the
landlady let me in.

WILLARD: Was he there? Was he home?

GRACE: There was no answer -- there was no one in his room.

WILLARD: Honey, I'm scared. I didn't mean to -- I didn't mean to
hit him with the hammer.

GRACE: (HORROR) ~~Oh no!~~ ^{Hammer!}

WILLARD: Now I said it -- Now I told you the truth -- I hit him --
I was drunk then I got scared and I hit him again and the
blood came out all over and I left him there --

GRACE: (TO HERSELF) Oh no -- Oh no-- I should have known!
You --you bull! You stupid, stupid bull!

WILLARD: HONEY, don't say that. You got to stick by me. (HARD)
You got to stick by me!

GRACE: You -- you promised -- when I took you back you promised
me--

WILLARD: (BESIDE HIMSELF WITH FEAR) I don't care what I promised!
I need you -- I always have -- when I'm in trouble I
don't know what to do. I warn you, ~~I warn you~~. If you
turn against me now, I'll -- I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

NARR: On wednesday she reads your story, Tom Omstead of the
finding of Alex Williams' body and this morning she picks
up your paper. And there again is your story -- and it's
about her. You'd taken a shot in the dark and it had
struck the bull's eye squarely. Mrs. Grace Booth put
down the story about herself with trembling fingers.
And at six o'clock that evening, ~~Tom Omstead~~, as you
were about to enter the building in which your paper is
housed --

~~(MUSIC: CUT)~~

(STREET BG...)

GRACE: (LOW) Mister --

TOM: (SLIGHT TAKE) Hm? You speaking to me?

GRACE: (TERRIFIED) Mister -- you're -- You're Tom Omstead?

TOM: Yes, but --

GRACE: I told the m^{an} at the cigar counter in the lobby I was looking for you. He gave me your description.

TOM: What -- what can I do for you?

GRACE: This morning -- you wrote about me this morning --

TOM: You're -- you're the woman who --

GRACE: Mister, please -- not out here. Take me somewhere. He said he'd kill me.

TOM: (FAST) I got my car parked down the street. I'll take you to police headquarters.

GRACE: No.

TOM: Why not?

GRACE: I -- I have nothing to do with it! You got to get the police to promise to help me, to promise nothing happens to me!

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER ...)

LT: (ON PHONE) Where have you got her? ... At your office?
... Yeah, yeah, ~~I've got his name and address. They're~~
~~already out on their way to pick him up.~~ Tom, tell her
this -- tell her the most we can promise her is that
nothing will happen to her as long as she had nothing

to do with it. ^{now} And get her down here fast! *and give me the address so I can pick up the husband*

(MUSIC: BRIDGE, OUT TO:)

WILLIARD: (SNORING)

~~(OUT OF MUSIC)~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)(OFF)

(SNORE AGAIN)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LT: (OFF) Willard Booth?

WILLARD: Hmmmmmm?

LT: (OFF) Open up. Booth. Police Officers.

WILLARD: Oh...uh...wait a second...

(FOOTSTEPS UNDER)

~~Still kind of webby on my feet..~~

(DOOR OPENS)

Sorta sleepin' one off.

LT: Uh huh

WILLARD: What's...the trouble? Somethin' wrong?

LT: Yeah...You better throw some water on your face and get your coat on. We're going down to Headquarters.

WILLARD: What's the idea? You want to ask me about something?

LT: Uh huh.....

WILLARD: What? What's wrong?...Can't you ask me about it here?

LT: Not this, I'm afraid....

WILLARD: Well...what's it all about? Somebody get hurt or somethin'?
My wife? Anything happen to her?

LT: No -- not your wife.....

WILLARD: Well, who is it then? Why don't you tell me? You wake a guy up out of a sleep and...You can't come in here and....
Look --- I gotta go to work pretty soon....

LT: Get your coat on, Booth.

WILLARD: Why should I?

"THE BIG STORY", 5/21/52

-18B-

REVISED

LT: Because I got some questions to ask you.

WILLARD: That's too bad. You don't tell me nothin' about it -- why should I tell you.

LT: About what?

WILLARD: About..well....about whatever you were gonna ask me.

LT: I thought maybe you knew. You read the papers. Booth?

WILLARD: Sure, sure -- I read the papers. What's that got to do anything?

LT: Now, look, ~~Booth~~ -- you're not going to get anywhere stalling around. We've got you cold on this thing. Your wife's down at Headquarters!

WILLARD: Wife?

LT: You heard me. She's spilled the whole story.

WILLARD: What are you talkin' about? She's off her nut. I didn't have anything to do with that killin'.

LT: What killing? Who said anything about a killing?

WILLARD: Well, you did...You come in here and...I mean...You're gettin' me all mixed up. I was tryin' to sleep one off.

LT: You can't sleep this one off, Booth. Now come on.

WILLARD: Wait a minute. You got it wrong. She has too. She don't know nothin' but what I told her...and I don't even remember what happened. I was all boozed up.

LT: And what are you now? What are you trying to do -- make believe you had nothing to do with it -- after you told her you killed that guy?

WILLARD: I didn't kill him! I told her that blood was from the chickens! He wasn't even in the truck!

ATX01 0005997

"THE BIG STORY", 5/21/52

-18C-

REVISED

LT: Then where was he? You were seen leaving the bar with him! You want the bartender to identify you?!

WILLARD: No, he can't -- it wasn't me!

LT: Come on, Booth -- it fits you like a glove!

WILLARD: Lemme go!

LT: Watch those hands, Mister.

WILLARD: Lemme go! You lousy.....

(BODY SLAM AGAINST DOOR)

Oh.....

LT: I told you to watch yourself. Now come on -- quiet...

WILLARD: Yeah...yeah, I'm comin'....

(BUSINESS: GETTING UP)

She told you, huh? The whole thing?

LT: No, not the whole thing -- but enough. The rest you can fill in yourself.

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

e1
5/21/52 pm

ATK01 0005998

WILLARD: I -- I guess it's all over, isn't it?
LT: All but the details, Mr. Booth.
WILLARD: (BEAT, THEN SUDDENLY) Honey!
TOM: *you talk to me --*
(AFTER A PAUSE) When you left the Friendship Ranch --
WILLARD: (CUTS IN) Was -- was that the name of the joint?
TOM: That was the name of the joint.
WILLARD: When we left we were great pals. Then he grabbed the
wheel
~~wheel~~ -- I got sore -- I asked him to let go. He
wouldn't let go! I kept one hand on the wheel -- with
the other I reached for the chipping hammer behind me --
TOM: A chipping hammer? That weighs close to four pounds.
WILLARD: I wasn't thinking of that. It's like honey says -- when
I get drunk I don't know my own strength.
LT: Did the first blow kill him?
WILLARD: No. It took -- two more. Then I must have gotten
scared -- real scared -- and I -- I cleaned everything
out of his pockets. I left him there and drove home.
TOM: All this just because he wouldn't let go of the wheel.
WILLARD: No. That wasn't what did it. It was the whiskey in me
that did it, He - seemed like such a nice guy...
LT: All right, Willard. Let's go.
(SHUFFLE OF FEET SUDDENLY OUT TO:)
WILLARD: Wait --
(FEW STEPS)
WILLARD: Honey --
GRACE: Yes?
WILLARD: Can I -- can I get a so long kiss, Honey? (PAUSE, THEN
BROKEN) All right, honey.... I ~~can't say that~~ *I can't blame you* I blame
you one bit. *don't*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a momen we'll read you a telegram from Tom
Omstead of the Houston Texas Post, with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #269

CLOSING COMMERCIAL (START E.T.)

GHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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

(END E.T.)

GHAPPELL: 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.

GHAPPELL: 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.

GHAPPELL: 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 Tom Omstead of the Houston Texas Post.

OMSTEAD: Murderer in tonight's Big Story entered a plea of guilty in the Criminal District Court. Upon agreement of both the State and Defense, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary where he is at this moment. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Omstead...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500, and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A Big Story from the front pages of the Boston Herald Traveler -- by line, Richard S. Jacobson. A Big Story of a reporter who discovers the truth about a very strange death. . .

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL:

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, 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 Houston Texas Post. Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Bill Lipton played the part of Tom Omstead. 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. Omstead.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)
The bright red paper poppy handed to you ~~by a member~~
~~of the American Legion Auxiliary~~ on Poppy Day is
"the red badge of courage" fashioned by a disabled
veteran to honor a comrade who died in war.
Wear it proudly - in memory of those who were dear
to YOU!
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Jc/rhg
4/21/52

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 270

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. MATHEWS	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
INEZ	KATHLEEN NIDDAY
MURRAY	HUMPHREY DAVIS
STILLWELL	HUMPHREY DAVIS
NED	BILL GRIFFIS
EARL	BOB DRYDEN
DEMPSEY	ROLAND WINTERS
DICK	BERNARD GRANT

AS BROADCAST

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1952

ATX01 0006004

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#270

9:30 - 10:00 PM EDT

MAY 28, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Richard S. Jacobson: The Boston Herald Traveler)

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

(MUSIC: REPETITIVE BEAT OF PHONE BELL AND CROSS FADE WITH)

(PHONE BELL ... LIFT. CAFE' BG:)

NED: (43) Sweepstakes Cafe', Ned Mitchell speaking.

EARL: (55) (FILTER) Ned. This is Earl.

NED: Yes, Earl. What's on your mind?

EAR: Ned, you better hurry home. Right away.

NED: Why? What's the matter?

EAR: Well, I was just over to your house -- just dropped in, visiting with Inez and -- well, Ned, your wife sure is in the dumps again.

NED: Why? What did she say, Earl?

EARL: She's talking about committing suicide again, Ned.
Hurry up!

(MUSIC: STING ... THEN TO THEM? UNDER ...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY, *The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Boston Massachusetts. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the men*

and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) ~~Boston,~~

~~Massachusetts.~~ From the pages of The Boston Herald-

Traveler: ^{The story of} A reporter ^{who} uncovers the truth about a strange

death. Tonight, Richard S. Jacobson, for his Big

Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006005

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #270

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
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offers you.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: __ UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachusetts...the story as it actually happened..

Richard S. Jacobson's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: __ SEGUE TO CITY THEME, UNDER ...)

NARR: You've been on the police headquarters beat for five years, Dick Jacobson, and this day is just like most of them -- a lot colder because it's toward the end of January -- but with nothing particular happening. You're sitting around in the office of Captain Phil Dempsey of Homicide shooting the breeze with him and looking up at the clock on the wall.

DEMPSEY: Why don't you just go home, Dick? I won't tell your editor on you.

DICK: (LAUGHS) I never did like the Sunday afternoon beat, Captain.

DEMPSEY: Okay. Lean back and push your hat down over your face. I'll catch up on my reports.

(TYPEWRITER HUNT-AND-PECK)

DICK: (PAUSE) Lousy technique you got, Captain.

DEMPSEY: Go to sleep.

(PHONE)

dick; Shut that thing off, Captain. You said I should sleep.

(LIFT PHONE)

DEMPSEY: Keep snoring. (ON PHONE) Captain Dempsey, Homicide.

... Uh huh ... Yeah ... ^{Lakeland} Upland Road ... Yeah, yeah...

Okay, Mr. Mitchell. Don't touch anything. I'll get the Medical Examiner and we'll come right out.

(PHONE UP)

(MUSIC: UNDER...)

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Richard S. Jacobson's story as he lived it...

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... Uh huh ... Yeah ... ^{LAKELAND} Upland Road ... Yeah, yeah...
Okay, Mr. Mitchell. Don't touch anything. I'll get the Medical Examiner and we'll come right out.

(PHONE UP)

DICK: I heard you say Medical Examiner.

DEMPSEY: That was a man named Ned Mitchell out in Dorchester. Says he just got home and found his wife dead.

DICK: Murder?

DEMPSEY: Let's go see.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE, UNDER...)

NARR: The routine of "seeing" is familiar. The Medical Examiner-- Tom Murray -- examines the deceased. On the bed lies Inez Mitchell. No sign of violence. In a corner sits her husband Ned, with his head down in his hands. You turn to Captain Dempsey.

DICK: What's it look like to you, Captain?

DEMPSEY: Well -- if the doc says there's something wrong, it won't fit.

DICK: He's taking his time.

DEMPSEY: You know Tom Murray -- careful guy.

MURRAY: (COMING IN) I heard that, Captain. Here it is: dead at least three hours. Faint odor of almonds about her mouth.

DEMPSEY: Potassium cyanide, doc?

MURRAY: Either that or prussic acid. I'll know after the autopsy. Another thing: she was drinking heavily before she died.

DIC: We found the whiskey all right, doc. Bottle on the kitchen table, and three glasses. But poison -- you didn't find any, did you, Captain?

DEMPSEY: Not a trace, Dick -- and that was the first thing I looked for.

DICK: Well, if you're thinking of suicide, Captain, what about the glass? There isn't any near the body.

DEMPSEY: Check.

NED: (COMING IN) She didn't commit suicide. I don't believe my wife committed suicide. She had everything to live for.

DEMPSEY: Well, ^{have you thought?} ~~did you think~~ of anybody yet who could want to do a thing like that to her?

NED: I still ^{haven't} ~~can't~~, Captain. (BREAKING) She had no enemies. Not one.

DEMPSEY: You came home from your place of business -- The Sweepstakes Cafe' -- and you found her like this.

NED: That's the way it happened, Captain. (BREAKING DOWN) Why should anybody kill her? Why should anybody kill Inez?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: You look at the distraught husband, Dick Jacobson, and it occurs to you there's one possible source of answer to a question like that. You ease quietly out the door and in a fairly short time, you're listening to Mrs. Oscar Mathews a neighbor a couple of doors down the hall.

MATHEWS: Oh yes. I saw that man leaving the Mitchell's apartment about 1:30 this afternoon.

DICK: What did you say his name was? Earl Kerry?

MATHEWS: That's right. And that wasn't the first time I saw him there. He used to visit there quite often -- when her husband wasn't around.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

DEMPSEY: You know this man Earl Kerry, Mr. Mitchell?

NED: Yes, he's an old friend of the family, Captain. As a matter of fact, he was visiting with Inez earlier, then he called me from outside about her and I rushed right home.

DEMPSEY: What do you mean he called you about her? Why didn't you say anything about him before?

NED: Well, Captain, Earl told me she was talking about committing suicide again -- and I just didn't like to come out with a thing like that.

DEMPSEY: Uh huh. Did she ever try committing suicide before?

NED: Well -- three times Captain.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER...)

NARR: So it looks as if you're back where you started. The body is removed to Northern Mortuary for autopsy.

Captain Dempsey sends a detective out to pick up Earl Kerry at the Hotel Royal where he lives. You know the Hotel Royal as a "so-so" joint catering to the borderline trade: Question: How does a man living there come to be friends with people as well off as the Mitchells?

EARL: Well sure, Captain -- Ned's place -- you know -- The Sweepstakes Cafe' over on ^{Kedue} Tremont Street, right in the theatre district -- you know, lots of racing people hang out there, so that's how I come to know Ned and Inez. Gee, that's a terrible thing she did to herself.

DEMPSEY: You what you call racing people?

EARL: Sure. Used to be a jockey. Can't you tell by my size and the way I handle myself? Course, that was a long time ago. I'm past fifty now.

DICK: Judging by that hotel you live in, I guess you make your living now booking the houses.

EARL: I never did like smart ~~reporters~~, but if you have to know, I very often go places and do things for Ned. That's how I came to know him and Inez so well.

DEMPSEY: ~~Sounds like a glorified errand-boy. All right, never mind getting insulted.~~ What time did you leave the Mitchell's apartment?

EARL: Well, at around 1:30 this afternoon, Captain. Right after that, I called Ned and told him about her.

~~Dick:~~
DEMPSEY: And right before that she could have been dead when you left.

Listen, MR. REPORTER
EARL: Captain, ~~I won't answer that suspicion.~~ You just ask Ned Mitchell if his wife didn't try committing suicide more than once before.

DEMPSEY: All right -- he told us that already.

EARL: Okay then, Captain. My room number's 203 at the Hotel Royal. Anytime you want to ask me any serious questions, that's where you can find me.

DICK: You're in a big hurry to leave.

EARL: ~~Do I have to say all over I don't like smart reporters? How about me leaving now, Captain? I answered all your questions and I don't know any more.~~

DEMPSEY: You wait outside a while. I want your company.

EARL: (GOING AWAY) Thanks for the politeness, Captain.

(OPEN DOOR OFF)

DEMPSEY: ~~(PROJECTING) Joe, keep that little guy out there.~~

EARL: ~~(OFF) I'm not running away, Captain. Don't act as if I'm running away.~~

~~(CLOSE DOOR OFF)~~

DICK: Funny little guy. Murder or suicide, Captain?

DEMPSEY: ~~I smell murder, but as far as the evidence goes, I'll toss a coin.~~

~~(PHONE.... LIFT)~~

~~Captain Dempsey, Homicide ... Yeah? Yeah~~

~~All right. One question, doc, just to be sure: How fast does that stuff act? Thanks.~~

~~(PHONE UP)~~

DICK: He found poison in her.

DEMPSEY: Two point seven five grains of cyanide.

DICK: I heard your question. What was his answer?

DEMPSEY: He says paralyzed almost instantly and dead plenty fast after that.

DICK: But there was no glass in the apartment with any sign of cyanide in it. She couldn't have had the time to clean it out or get rid of it, even if she wanted to for some reason. That spells murder.

DEMPSEY: Yeah. Well, the next step has to be to send a raft of the boys out checking the drugstores to see who bought the stuff: she or somebody else.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: You can't just wait around in the meanwhile, Dick Jacobson. This is one time for a reporter to go off on his own, you feel. But you don't tell Captain Dempsey about it, as you use the set of master keys you always carry to let yourself into Kerry's room, at the Hotel Royal. You know that Captain Dempsey would pin your ears back for this. But you have to get a story.

~~(MUSIC: FADE FOR SOUND CUE: DO NOT BACK SAME)~~

(UNLOCK DOOR, OPEN AND CLOSE)

DICK: Ha. Crummy room -- even for this joint. (STEPS) ^{Hey her picture} Hey.

(DREAMS ON CUE...)

DICK: Letters. (PAUSE, THEN SOFT WHISTLE) Letters from her.

NARR: (COLD - IN CLOSE) And as you read them, a bizarre fact becomes increasingly clear: That in these letters, so carefully kept by Earl Kerry, is the history of an odd love affair. You find yourself reading her words aloud...

DICK: "...and why this has happened to me I don't know. Whatever possesses me to continue with an affair that began only through frustration and I don't know what lost feeling in myself. ..(CONTINUE AD LIB UNDER...)

NARR: (NO MUSIC) It's as if in these letters the woman were reliving more than one scene that took place between her and Earl Kerry. (FADE) It's as if you yourself were given the power to look back into scenes that once took place....

INEZ: (FADE IN) I'll go home now, Earl. I'd rather go home now.

EARL: Oh, you got one of those moods all of a sudden. (FIERCELY)
Well I got you out of nowhere and I'm keeping you. No,
now you stay here 'til I say go.

INEZ: Give me another drink.

(POUR)

I'd never even have looked at you if Ned wasn't so
~~almighty~~ busy all the time running that cafe' of his.
Or maybe I just care for much older men. Ned wasn't
enough -- fifteen years older. Look at you -- twenty-
seven years older. (LAUGHS A BIT TIPSILY) I'll try for
Methuselath next.

EARL: Meth-who? What kind of a thing is that?

INEZ: Oh, don't be grotesque, little man. This whole thing
is grotesque enough.

EARL: (YELLING) Don't throw words like that at me! And don't
call me little man like that! In my profession, a size
like mine is a big thing! (COMPLETE CHANGE OF MOOD) Inez,
don't talk to me like that. I'm crazy about you, I
go out of my mind sometimes about you.

INEZ: (THICKLY) When you say things like that to me, I feel
as if you're a different man than the one I'm looking at.

EARL: (ENRAGED AGAIN) What do you mean different! If you'd've
been there the day I rode the biggest race of my life--
up on Chuck-a-luck -- (RELIVING IT) We were getting to
the end of the six furlongs -- a neck behind Jock
Fletcher's Tiger Lily -- coming up fast on the outside --
Frank Owen's Blazing Star a length ahead of Tiger Lily--
and me closing fast fast fast --

INEZ: (WITH UTTER WEARINESS) Oh, ^{sure, sure} if I'd only succeeded last
New Year's Eve.

EARL: (ENRAGED) What're you interrupting! What was last
New Year's Eve?

INEZ: The last time I tried to commit suicide. (FADE) Oh
I wish I'd succeeded. How-I-wish...

(MUSIC: ~~UNDER~~)

NARR: (CROSS FADE) There it is again; Dick Jacobson, in her
own words, in her own letters to Early Kerry. You
stop reading and again you're confused. The evidence at
the scene of Inez Mitchell's death -- the post-mortem
report of the Medical Examiner -- the answers to all the
questions that have been asked -- and now these letters.
Which is it after all: murder or suicide?

(MUSIC: TAG...CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #270

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 FANCY'S 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 Dick Jacobson, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The further you dig into the death of Inez Mitchell, Dick Jacobson, the more uncertain you become as to what happened. In ~~the room of~~ ^{room} Earl Kerry, you found evidence enough in ~~her~~ ^{Inez'} letters of the love affair between them. ~~And again, the note of suicide in her own words. The~~ question inevitably comes to you: ^{but her} Did Inez' husband Ned know ~~of the affair between his wife and the little~~ ^{anything about it?} ex-jockey? So you go to see Ned Mitchell ^{at his home} on the chance that you can find out in some way....

NED: I don't understand what you mean by the question, Mr. Jacobson.

DICK: Well, I was just wondering -- if your wife had a good deal of time to herself --

NED: (CUTTING IN) What are you getting at? Are you hinting that I neglected her?

DICK: No -- I'm sorry, Mr. Mitchell -- I wasn't implying that at all.

NED: Because if -- because if--(PAUSE, LOW VOICE) But it's true -- it's true just the same. It's been haunting me night and day since her death.

DICK: Well -- have you any idea -- How did she occupy herself, do you have any idea?

NED: Wh--what do you mean?

KIC: Well -- just wondering -- whether she got acquainted with anybody--Maybe somebody who became an enemy of hers or something --

NED: I don't know what you mean. I have no idea what you mean, Mr. Jacobson. Good-bye.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER ...)

NARR: You sense the fear underlying Ned Mitchell's words. As if he did know what you meant. What next? The cyanide that killed Inez Mitchell. You know that Captain Dempsey's men haven't ^{had time to} canvassed all the drugstores in the downtown area, so you start making the rounds of them yourself -- with pictures of Earl Kerry and Inez Mitchell. You'd like to have a picture of Ned Mitchell, too, but you go ahead anyway, -- and in one drugstore on ^{Spring} ~~Summer~~ Street --

STILWELL: Sure, that one.

DICK: (ASTOUNDED) This one?

STILWELL: Sure, It was a couple of weeks ago, about. He came in here and he said something about a horse that he had to put out of misery.

DICK: Go ahead.

STILWELL: So I said, "How about the ^A S. P. C. A. for a thing like that?" So he explained how he was a jockey once and he had this horse for old time's sake and he couldn't stand somebody who didn't care about the horse the way he did maybe botching up the job.

DICK: Did you sell it to him?

STILWELL: (TELLING IT HIS OWN WAY) And he went on about how he always used to mix drugs and medicines for his horses himself and he knew all about it, and he wanted something that would put his poor old horse fast out of his misery.

DICK: So did you sell it to him?

STILWELL: So I sold him some cyanide.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER..)

DEMPSEY: You did what!

DICK: Wait -- keep your shirt on, Captain.

DEMPSEY: Listen, Dick, I've played ball plenty with you, but that doesn't give you any license to handle my police work -- especially ~~search and seizure without a warrant.~~

DICK: Captain, it paid off -- I found --

DEMPSEY: I don't care what you --

DICK: I found the place that sold the cyanide and the one they sold it to.

DEMPSEY: You what?

DICK: That's right -- a drugstore on ^{Spring} ~~Summer~~ Street. Two weeks ago about, the guy sold some cyanide to Earl Kerry.

DEMPSEY: You sure it's Kerry? How do you know?

DICK: Because I had this picture from his room along with me. Now you can put it to him straight and pin him down.

DEMPSEY: I don't know whether to lift your hair for walking in and out of strange doors, or kick myself around the block.

DICK: What do you mean?

DEMPSEY: I let Kerry go.

DICK: Oh no.

DEMPSEY: I had nothing on him and I couldn't get anything out of him. Come on -- let's get over to his hotel fast!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE, UNDER...)

NARR: On the way to the Hotel Royal you brief Captain Dempsey on everything you found in Earl Kerry's room. But when you -- get to the hotel, you don't find Kerry: checked out a couple of hours ago, the clerk tells you.

DICK: I guess that pins it down, Captain.

DEMPSEY: Yeah...he must have figured that suicide set-up went haywire on him. Have to do some fast thinking. Where would that guy most likely head for?

DICK: On a fast guess -- he'd head out of town -- by train.

DEMPSEY: Let's play that angle. Come on, we'll get over to ^{the} South Station.

(MUSIC: -- FAST BRIDGE, AND UNDER...)

DICK: As long as we're making fast guesses, Captain, let's guess the biggest town that's handy for him.

DEMPSEY: Okay. That makes it New York. ~~Eight million people for him to get lost in. Let's play it he figures that way. We'll ask for train schedules to New York when we get to the station.~~

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

DEMPSEY: Next train at 11 P.M.? Thanks.

DICK: ~~That'll have to be the one, Captain. He couldn't have made the earlier one.~~

DEMPSEY: ~~Unless he took a train for Providence already and made a change there.~~

DICK: Well, all we can do now is pull over here to the side -- and just pound the beat up and back 'til 11 o'clock.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(STATION BACKGROUND...FEET PACING)

DEMPSEY: Remember when you were over in my office the other day, Dick, and I was pulling your leg about watching the clock?

DICK: Yes. Now it's you and me both.

DEMPSEY: The closer it gets to eleven, the less sure I am whether it's going too fast or too slow.

DICK: Let's just look for him and walk up and back and pray.

DEMPSEY: Let's do that

(FEET PACING)

DICK: (SUDDENLY) ^{Heq-1-2!} Million-dollar payoff, Captain! There he is ---bags and all---in an almighty hurry to the train-gates!

DEMPSEY: Well let's you and me hurry faster!

(FEET RUNNING)

Where you going, Mr. Kerry?

EARL: (STAMMERING) Wh -- wh -- what? What's the matter?

DEMPSEY: You come on along, and carry your bags this way.

(FEET WALKING UNDER)

EARL: Why? Where to?

DEMPSEY: Where were you running out to?

EARL: I wasn't running out. Just taking a little trip to New York....relax my nerves... still a big shock the way poor Inez killed herself.

DEMPSEY: I got more direct questions for you on that than I had before. We get to headquarter\$ let's see if you can answer them.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

EARL: What do you mean I bought cyanide, Captain? I didn't buy any cyanide! What would I want that stuff for?

DEMPSEY: Just to save time -- Dick, would you bring that guy in here?

DICK: (GOING AWAY) With pleasure.

(OPEN DOOR OFF)

Mr. Stilwell, would you come in here?

STILWELL: (APPROACHING OFF) Sure, Mr. Jacobson.

DEMPSEY: Mr. Stilwell, you ever seen this fellow before?

STILWELL: I'd recognize him in a million. That's the fellow who bought cyanide in my drugstore about two weeks ago. Told me all about it was for a horse and --

DEMPSEY: Thanks. How about that, Kerry?

EARL: (STAMMERING) Well -- well --

DEMPSEY: That's fine. All right, Mr. Stilwell, Thanks.

(OPEN DOOR ON:)

STILWELL: Don't mention it, Captain.

(CLOSE DOOR ON:)

DEMPSEY: All right now, Kerry. ~~Why did you do it?~~

EARL: (LOSING HIS NERVE) Captain, it was this way -- I didn't want to admit buying the cyanide -- but the actual reason -- she asked me to get it for her -- it was for a sick horse, all right -- but on her farm up in ^{Northboro} Northboro.

DICK: Is that the truth, Kerry?

EARL: I'm not talking to you, reporter.

DEMPSEY: All right, talk to me, Kerry. I want it straight now. What happened? ~~Come on now, what happened---~~

EARL: (SWEATING) All right --- here it is -- it was like this-- when I was at the house -- she was talking about being sick of life -- then she went in the kitchen -- then the next thing I heard her say, "Well, I did it". Then I heard her fall --- so I ran in the kitchen and dragged her across the apartment and put her on her bed.

DEMPSEY: Come on -- you gave her that cyanide.

EARL: No -- Captain, it's a fact the way I told you -- she was breathing heavy and I was scared -- so I ran out and called her husband, Ned, and told him she was talking suicide.

DICK: ~~What about the relationship between you and Mrs. Mitchell?~~

EARL: What're you talking about, Reporter? She was a smart, educated woman. Where do I come to a woman like her, even if I ever dreamed of two-timing a swell friend like Ned Mitchell? ~~I'm just a slob when it comes to women in her class.~~

DICK: All right, Kerry, ~~Now that you're through running yourself down,~~ we know better and we know you bought that cyanide.

EARL: ~~You're not getting any fancy story out of me, Mr. Reporter.~~

DEMPSEY: ~~I want just a straight story.~~ Now come on, Kerry!

EARL: (SHAKY) Captain -- Captain, give me a chance -- you got me all mixed up now --

DEMPSEY: ~~Well, unmix yourself.~~ All you have to do is tell it straight.

EARL: (PAUSE) All right. I might as well get it off my mind. ~~I'll tell it straight.~~

DEMPSEY: All right, come on.

EARL: ~~Now, don't crowd me, Captain. I want to tell the truth now --~~ The fact is -- a little after twelve that Sunday afternoon - she called me up and wanted me to come over-- matter of fact, she asked me to bring a pint along too. See - she drank a lot.

DEMPSEY: Go ahead -- tell it, Kerry.

EARL: So I went over to the apartment, Captain -- and while I was there and we were having a couple of drinks -- Well, I was jealous, see -- Well, there was a phone call while I was there -- (FADE) -- The phone started ringing while I was there --

(MUSIC: ~~WIPE AND FADE-OUT~~)

(FADE IN RINGING OF PHONE...PICK UP)

INEZ: (A BIT TIPSY) Hello...Oh, hello. How are you?

EARL: (CLOSE) Who is that, Inez? That another man?

INEZ: Oh for heaven's sake, Earl, be quiet. That's all I've heard out of you lately.

EARL: That's another man. Hang up that phone, Inez!

INEZ: Let go of it -- I'm talking to somebody!

EARL: No you aren't.

(HANG UP PHONE)

INEZ: Do you know you're getting to be a nuisance, Earl?

(LAUGHS) Jealous - that's good -- that's really good. That climaxes everthing.

EARL: (THICK VOICE, WITH RAGE) Maybe you think it's funny. It doesn't hit me that way. You don't know it, but I bought some poison a couple of weeks ago -- to kill myself with -- that's the way it hits me.

INEZ: (A BIT HYSTERICAL WITH LAUGHTER) Oh that's too funny! Are you trying to scare me, Earl? (WITH SUDDEN ANGER) I'm getting very tired of you.

EARL: That's what I figured, Inez. That's what I've been figuring.

INEZ: So why don't you go? Why don't you go away?

EARL: All right -- that's what I'll do. One last drink with you, Inez -- and that's what I'll do.

INEZ: ^{THROW} Heaven ^{FOR THAT} be-praised! The whiskey's in the kitchen. Mix the drinks and let's get it over with. (FADE) Let's get it over with at last....

(MUSIC: WIPE AND FADE OUT)

EARL: (FADE IN) In the kitchen ^{Capit} where she couldn't see -- I put the cyanide in her drink and then I called her in-- (BREAKING) And the last thing I said to her when she drank it was, "Inez, that's your last drink!" And it was! (MOANING) Oh, Inez, I killed you, I killed you!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Dick Jacobson of the Boston Herald-Traveler, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #270

(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
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HARRICE: Thus PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a
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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 Dick Jacobson of the Boston Herald-Traveler.

JACOBSON: Killer in tonight's Big Story was indicted and tried for first degree murder in Suffolk Superior Court. Trial lasted sixteen days and jury brought in verdict of guilty of murder in second degree. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. My deep appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Jacobson...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500, and a special mounted bronze plaque - engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Washington D. C. Post -- by line, Richard Morris. A Big Story of a reporter who went to the library; looked on a book shelf and found...a killer.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

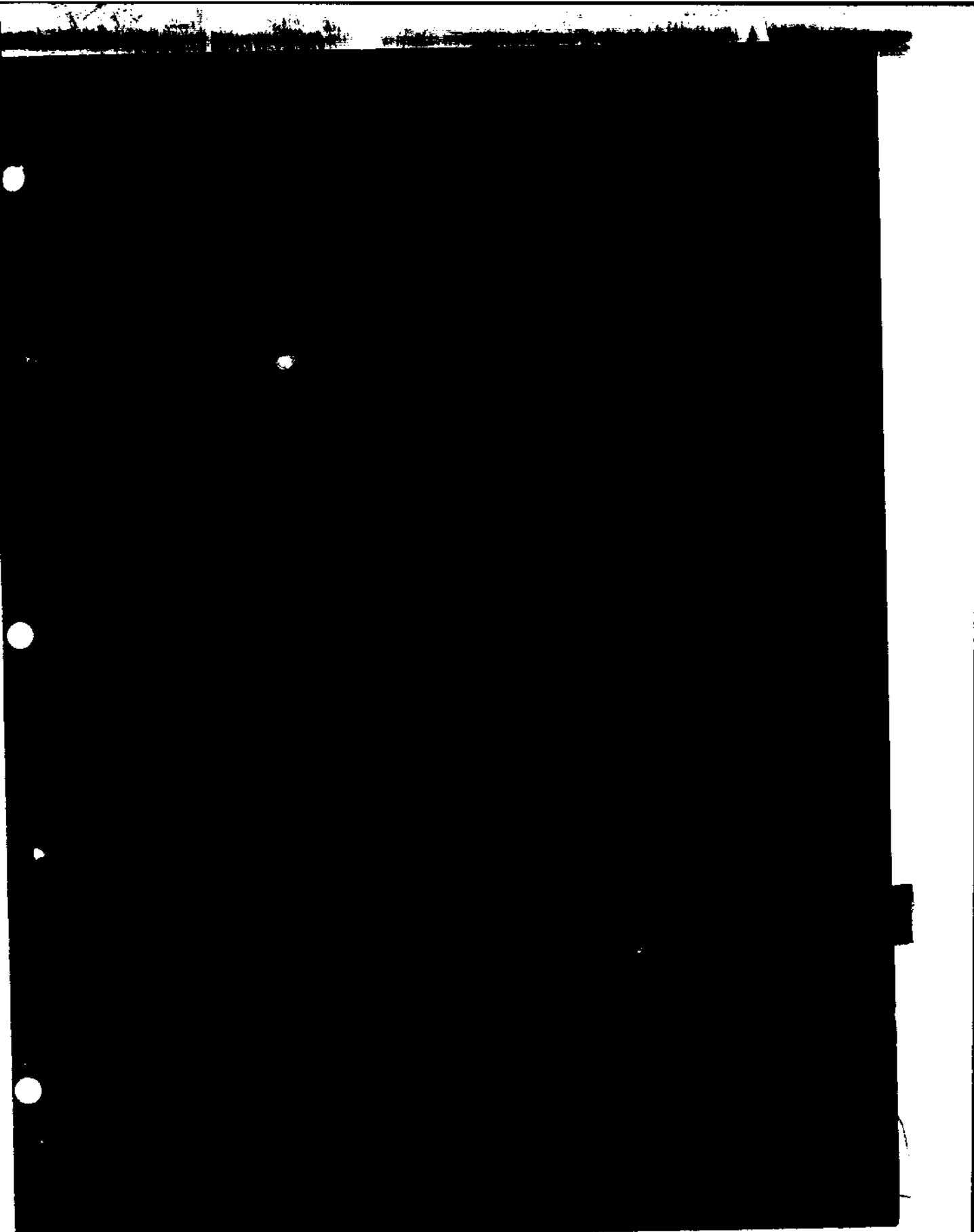
CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television -- brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Jack Bent'over from an actual story from the front pages of the Boston Herald Traveler. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bernard Grant played the part of Dick Jacobson. 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. Jacobson.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)
Friends, this Memorial Day weekend - honor the dead, don't join them! Observe highway safety! Start early, drive carefully and if you're tired - stop and relax. And, make sure your car is in safe mechanical condition. Remember - the life you save may be your own!
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



ATX01 0006030

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #271

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUTHIE	MELBA ROE
DICK	JIM STEVENS
ART	JOE HELGESEN
BILL	TONY RANDALL
PETERSON	TONY RANDALL
WYLER	BOB DRYDEN
DONOVAN	BOB DRYDEN
GEORGE	BILL SMITH

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1952

ATX01 0006031

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#271

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JUNE 4, 1952

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: Pall Mall, famous cigarettes present The Big Story.

(CAR UNDER)

RUTHY: Bill, you say this is a short cut from Annapolis to Baltimore?

BILL: That's right, Ruthy.

RUTHY: It's awfully dark and lonely here.

BILL: Yeah, I know. But I've been over it before. It'll save us time. We ought to be in Baltimore by ...

RUTHY: (SUDDENLY) Bill, look out! There's someone in the headlights of your car! (~~SCREAMS~~) Look out, Bill.

BILL: (EXCLAIMS) The crazy fool! ...

(SQUEAL OF BRAKES - SCREAM OF TIRES AND INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Washington D.C. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American Newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Washington Post, the story of a reporter who went to the library; locked on a book shelf, and found a killer. Tonight to Richard Morris, for his Big Story, goes the Pall Mall \$500.00 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006032

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
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further -- filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tabaccos 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: Washington, D.C. The story as it actually happened ...
Richard Morris's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Dick Morris, are a Georgia boy, born and bred. You graduated from the University of Georgia and stepped right into the southwest Pacific into the middle of a very large war. Your rank was Lieutenant, First Cavalry Division. And you heard a lot of guns go off. Then, after the army, a reporting job. ~~Bright and shiny like a new dime, with the Washington Post. Now, the picture of your life takes on a new frame. A little dull, a little monotonous.~~ *Right now things are a little dull in Washington but in a car in the outskirts of Baltimore ...*
~~Excitement gives way to an impatient boredom.~~

(PHONE RINGS)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

DICK: ~~Dick Morris, Post. Oh! Community Civic Club eh? You've got a list of officers? (WEARILY, BORED) O.K. Let me have them. Yes, I'll be down for the installation later ... around 10. No, I'm sorry sir, I can't get there earlier. I've got to cover a couple of other club meetings first. Now, read me off those names ... (FADE)~~

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Club meetings. Obituaries. Weary, dreary and dull. But, on this early evening, Dick Morris, the Gods had already set certain events in motion for you. A car was just moving thru the outskirts of Baltimore into the open country. The dashboard radio was playing and there was a boy and a girl.~~

Car
(MUSIC FROM ~~RADIO, LOW, ROMANTIC~~ A BALLAD)

RUTHY: ~~Bill.~~

BILL: Yeah?

RUTHY: ~~Love me?~~

BILL: ~~Sure I love you.~~

RUTHY: ~~Prove it.~~

BILL: ~~With my hands on the steering wheel? You want me to get
into an accident?~~

RUTHY: ~~(LAUGHS) You can always stop the car.~~

BILL: ~~With everyone in Baltimore looking at us? Wait until we get
out into the country a ways.~~

RUTHY: ~~My goodness, I hope you're not so bashful when we're
married, darling.~~

BILL: ~~Don't worry, I won't be.~~

RUTHY: (SIGHS) It's such a lovely, lovely night. Where'll we
drive to, Bill?

BILL: I was thinking, I'd like to drive around Annapolis.

RUTHY: Why?

BILL: (GRINS) All my life I wanted to be a sailor. You know,
travel all over the world. Go from port to port. See the
sights.

RUTHY: Darling.

BILL: Yeah?

RUTHY: You're dreaming again.

BILL: Am I?

RUTHY: You are. Because after we're married, the only place you're
going to roam is to the office and back again. And the only
ports you'll visit are the kitchen, bedroom, living room
and dinette in that cute little apartment we just rented.

BILL: (LAUGHS) You still don't mind if we go to Annapolis, just so I can take a last look, do you?

RUTHY: Of course not! (LAUGHS) Not as long as you just look.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

RUTHY: Bill, you say this is a short cut from Annapolis to Baltimore?

BILL: That's right, Ruthy.

RUTHY: It's awfully dark here. And lonely ...

BILL: Yeah. I know. But I've been over it before. It'll save us time. We ought to be in Baltimore by ...

RUTHY: (SUDDENLY) Bill look out! There's someone in the headlights of your car. Look out? You'll hit him.

(SCREAMS) Bill.

BILL: (EXCLAIMS) The crazy fool ...

(SQUEAL OF BRAKES, SCREAM OF TIRES. CAR ROLLS A LITTLE AND COMES TO A STOP)

(MOTOR OFF)

BILL: (SWEATING) Oh! Brother. That was close.

RUTHY: (SCARED) It was a man! I just saw him for a minute in your headlights. I'm not sure whether you hit him or not.

~~BILL: Yeah, I'd better back up and see.~~

~~(CAR IN REVERSE. CONTINUE FOR A MINUTE OR TWO -- THEN STOPS. MOTOR IDLES)~~

RUTHY: Bill there he is.. He seems to be all right. He's coming up to the car.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

BILL: You all right, Mister?

GEORGE: (ANGRILY) You crazy fool! What're you trying to do? Run me down! You trying to kill me?

BILL: (TRYING TO MOLLIFY HIM) Sorry. I didn't see you.

GEORGE: Why, I ought to knock your block off! I ought to break your neck!

BILL: (EDGY) Look Mister, I said I was sorry. I just didn't see you. That's all.

GEORGE: You young squirt, I'm gonna teach you to watch out where you're goin'. Get out of the car!

BILL: Now, look ...

GEORGE: I said get out of the car!

BILL: (STARTING TO BURN) Ohkay. I told you I was sorry. But, if that's the way you want it ...

RUTHY: Bill, stay here.

BILL: But he just said ...

RUTHY: I don't care what he said! Please, Bill, let's leave!

BILL: Oh! All right honey. I hate to do it, but if that's the way you feel about ...

GEORGE: (LOW AND DANGEROUS) You're not getting away with this, see?

BILL: Let go of that door handle! Come on, let go I said.

(CAR DOOR SLAM)

(MOTOR STARTS UP)

RUTHY: (SCREAMS SUDDENLY) Bill, he's got a gun!

GEORGE: (A LITTLE MUFFLED) I told you you weren't going anywhere!

RUTH: (SCREAMS) Bill!

(SHOT. GROAN)

RUTH: (SCREAMS) Bill! Bill! (A PAUSE. SOBS) ~~He's dead. Bill!~~

BILL: ~~He's dead!~~ You killed him! You ...

(ANOTHER SHOT)

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

It ^{'s} ~~was~~ about midnight ~~when you, Dick Morris,~~ ^{back at his office} ~~of the~~ Washington Post ~~got back to the office.~~ ^{you are sitting} And, ~~just as you~~ ~~sat down at the typewriter and tapped~~ out the words "Club notices and news" ...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

DICK: Dick Morris, Post. Yeah. (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Where? Hold it Joe. Let me take this down. Old Annapolis Road, Route 648, 2 miles from Glen Burnie, Maryland. Blood stained car 2 bullet holes ~~in windows~~. No bodies. Yeah! Yeah! Got it! (PAUSE) I sound excited? Okay, so I am. This is my first big one, Joe. Today I am a man!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Sure you're excited. The call was from the paper's Baltimore correspondent, you're the only one in the office at the time, and this is your first chance to draw blood. Glen Burnie, is ~~in Anne Arundel County, outside of D.C.,~~ ~~and~~ fairly close to Baltimore. You find the car, then introduce yourself to Lieutenant Art Rogers, Maryland State Police.

DICK: Two bullet holes in the car ~~window~~. Blood on the front seat.

ART: That's right, Morris.

DICK: What caliber?

ART: Hard to tell by just the holes ~~in the window~~. On a rough guess, I'd say a 38.

DICK: Yeah. I'd say that was a good guess.

ART: (A SMILE) You seem pretty positive. (TOUCH OF IRONY) You an expert on firearms, Morris?

DICK: No. No, I wouldn't say that. But I had some experience with them in ~~this last fracas~~ ^{the army}. You can call firearms a hobby of mine.

ART: I see. (TOUCH OF SARCASM) Well, well, good for the Washington Post.

DICK: (IGNORING GOOD NATURED BARB) About the car, Lieutenant, know who owns it?

ART: YEAH. YEAH. Bureau of Vehicles, says it's a young fellow from Baltimore, William King by name. A ²⁵22 year old post office clerk. According to his mother, he was out driving with his sweetheart and neighbor, Ruth Mason.

DICK: Could've been one bullet for each of them.

ART: Could've been. But unless we find the bodies, everything's pure guess work.

DICK: Any theory?

ART: Job like this? Nobody knows. This is a lonely road. The people were sweethearts. Could've been one of those lover's lane things. Tramps, bums, vagabonds, maniacs, you never can tell who might be prowling around this kind of area. Anyway, we don't even know it's murder, until we find the bodies. We're setting up a search area now.

DICK: Bill King and Ruth Mason, I wonder where ~~they're~~ ^{they are} now.

(MUSIC: - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The search goes on into the early hours of daylight. Aided by voluntary citizens and boy scouts. No bodies. Every inch of the area, for 5 miles around is beaten down, foot by foot. No bodies. You go back to the abandoned car with Lieutenant Rogers. Take another look at it. And, just across the road your foot kicks a metal object. You pick it up.

DICK: Take a look at this, Lieutenant.

ART: An empty cartridge case. Little greenish from corrosion.

DICK: Probably dropped by the killer. If there was a killer.

ART: Yeah. No marks as to caliber. Looks like a 38 and yet ...
I'm not too sure.

DICK: I'd say it was a trifle smaller than a 38. And it's a little peculiar in construction. I've seen this type of cartridge once before Lieutenant. But, I can't remember just where.

ART: Well, we'll have ballistics give it the once over.

DICK: Lieutenant, about the car. Mind if I have a look inside?

ART: No. Go ahead.

(STEPS ACROSS CONCRETE ROAD AND STOP)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DICK: One thing's peculiar about the floor board here, Lieutenant.

ART: Yes? What?

DICK: There's wet clay marks all over the floor and a few pine needles stuck to the clay. The tires are covered with clay, too. This is a hardtop road. Where'd the clay come from and the pine needles?

ART: Maybe they stepped out somewhere, took a walk.

DICK: Maybe. But somehow, Lieutenant, I doubt it. Look. You've searched the area for 5 miles around and no bodies. Right?

ART: Yeah, that's right.

DICK: Ohkay, maybe the killer, and I'll bet a week's pay there's a killer in this picture, drove the bodies somewhere else and dumped them. Maybe these clay footmarks were his. As a matter of fact, the clay prints are only on the floor under the driver's seat.

ART: (INTERESTED) You're making sense, Morris. As for the pine needles, the killer might have dumped the bodies somewhere in a pine grove off a clay road. Maybe he got the stuff on his feet then. There certainly aren't any pines around here --

DICK: It's possible. It's a direction anyway. It's worth a try.

ART: Ohkay. We'll check with State Forester Peterson. Maybe he can give us a line.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP)

PETERSON: Well Lieutenant, *let me look at the map.* ~~let me see~~. Within say a 20 mile area of Glen Burnie, we're got 3 pine areas growing this kind of needle (HE PAUSE S) Here at this point ... here ... and here.

DICK: Mr. Peterson, tell me something

PETERSON: Yes, Morris.

DICK: Any of these 3 areas near a clay road?

PETERSON: Why yes. As a matter of fact, this area here. There's a clay road there. ^{Union} ~~Chesterfield~~ Road, it's called.

ART: Let me see. That would be about 12 miles from the abandoned car and 6 miles from Annapolis.

PETERSON: That's about right.

ART: ^{Union} ~~Chesterfield~~ Road, eh?

DICK: The way it ads now, Lieutenant, the killer could have dumped the bodies somewhere around ^{Union} ~~Chesterfield~~ Road, then driven 12 miles and abandoned the car. That's why the search parties couldn't find anything in the immediate area of Glen Burnie.

ART: Morris, you could be right. Anyway let's take a look.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Lieutenant Rogers and you head back to ^{Union} ~~Chesterfield~~ Road. He sets up search parties to beat the woods around the area, and then about 3 o'clock that afternoon, about 200 yards from the road itself, ~~and~~ in a pine grove, you find them.

DICK: (LOW) William King and Ruth Mason.

ART: Yeah. And each of them with a bullet hole clean thru the temple! ^{Lead}

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG ... 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 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, fine 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: _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Dick Morris, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Dick Morris of the Washington Post, stare down at the bodies of a boy and a girl. ~~A couple of kids.~~ A couple of sweethearts. Who would want to kill them. Why? You go back to the office of the State Police with Lieutenant Rogers. Both of you examine the one clue. The cartridge.

ART: Just got a report from ballistics, Morris. We're both right. This isn't a 38. It's just a shade smaller.

DICK: They tell you exactly what caliber it is?

ART: No. They didn't have anything on record on it. They seem to think it might be some foreign make.

DICK: I'd say it was between a 38 caliber and a 32. Nearer to a 38. And, I keep seeing this kind of cartridge before, back in my memory.

ART: Maybe you saw it while you were in service.

DICK: No. I was in the Pacific with the First Cavalry Division. I don't recall seeing it anywhere there. I don't know. I might've come across it when we were studying Ordnance at Fort Riley or Fort Leavenworth. Maybe some G.I. back from Europe showed it to me. I don't know. All I know is ...

(CUTS) ~~Wait a minute, Lieutenant.~~ Czechoslovakia!

ART: Czechoslovakia?

DICK: Lieutenant, I think I've got it. I think I've got it. But don't bet on it until I reasearch it. I remember now. There was an officer I knew, a Captain back from Czechoslovakia. Had this gun, an automatic pistol it was. I remember the caliber too ... the Czechs listed it as 380.

ART: 380?

DICK: That's right. Just a shade smaller than our 38.

ART: What was the name of the gun?

DICK: That's just it. I don't remember. It was a funny sounding foreign name. But I'll tell you what, Lieutenant. Give me an hour and I think I can get you the answer.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You start for the library. Start digging for a certain reference you know. Finally you find it. It's an authoritative volume called "Pistols and Revolvers" written by W.H.B. Smith, and published by the National Rifle Association. You turn to the section labeled European Automatics. ~~And then~~ ...

DICK: ^{Czechoslovakia} Czech. Automatic 380 caliber. Uses rimless cartridge case. Only 2 models made. A 1927 automatic and a 1938 double automatic. Name of weapon, "Ceska Zbrojovka". Identifying marking on the grip or the barrel "C.Z."

(BOOK SLAMS SHUT)

DICK: "C.Z." That was it! "C.Z!"

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

ART: C.Z. Huh?

DICK: That's right, Lieutenant.

ART: Could mean that some ex G.I. was the killer. The fact that the ammunition we found was corroded would mean that it was a few years old. Could be a war souvenir.

DICK: Yeah. Anyway, it narrows down your problem. If the killer used a 38, he'd be a lot harder to find. 38's are pretty common. But this one isn't.

ART: In a way it's a break for us. But I wouldn't bank on it, Morris. A gun's a pretty small object, no matter what caliber. If the killer really hides it, we could go 100 years without ever finding it. And the big proof against him has to be the gun. Without it, even if we got the killer, it would be pretty hard to convict him in Court.

DICK: You going to broadcast a description of this gun Lieutenant?

ART: That's the last thing I'm going to do. I'd be liable to force the killer's hand, scare him into throwing the gun away. If I send out an item that what we're looking for is an ordinary 38, maybe it'll lull him into a sense of security. Maybe he'll hang on to it until we get to him.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You plant the item about looking for a 38 in your own paper, the Post. But the word goes out quietly to State Police to actually look for a C.Z. 380. The police of the various cities and towns move in to cooperate. They go thru their own files. But no ex-convict has ever been classified as using a gun of this type. You get together with Lieutenant Rogers again ...

DICK: Lieutenant, one thing's been bothering me. We found the cartridge near Glen Burnie? Right?

ART: Right.

DICK: That means the killer did the job at that spot. The cartridge popped out of the gun and fell to the ground when he fired.

ART: ALL right. What's on your mind?

DICK: Then why does the killer drive 12 miles away, dump the bodies in that pine clearing, then drive all the way back to the same spot, back near Glen Burnie. Why?

ART: You never can tell, any murderer is by definition a little weird in his mind. I've seen them do even crazier things than this.

DICK: I've got an idea that he drove back to the same spot for a pretty logical reason.

ART: What reason?

DICK: Maybe he figured a 12 mile walk back home was a long walk. Maybe he said to himself "I've got a car right here, why should I walk home?"

ART: That's what I call pure psychology with a big question mark. But right now I'm ready to reach for anything. Let's go take a look around Glen Burnie!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Glen Burnie is a small place. You try the General Store figuring that this would be the best source of information. You talk to the owner. A man named Wyler.

WYLER: Well, now, Lieutenant, there's a man around these parts own: one of them there foreign pistols.

ART: What's his name?

WYLER: Fellow named George Nixon. ~~Used to be a stevedore. Works in the Sugar Refinery now.~~

ART: ~~Do you recall what kind of gun this man Nixon owns, Mr. Wyler?~~

WYLER: ~~Can't say that I do.~~

DICK: ~~Do you remember whether it was a German type, a P-38, or a Luger?~~

WYLER: ~~Nope. Twaan't German.~~

ART: ~~Could it be Czechoslovakian?~~

WYLER: ~~Yeah! Yeah! Might have been.~~ One day ^{he} George Nixon come into the store. Showed it around to the boys. One of those double-barrel guns. A real good gun. Had a couple initials on the grip, I recall.

DICK: (SLOWLY) Could they have been C.Z.?

WYLER: C.Z. By Peter, Mister Morris, you're right. It was ^aC.Z. ~~I remember George told the boys what the full name was, but nobody could pronounce it. It was a real jaw breaker.~~

ART: ~~Was this Nixon a war veteran, Mr. Wyler?~~

WYLER: ~~Not that I know of.~~

DICK: ~~Where did he get the gun, then?~~

WYLER: ~~Said he bought it from a G.I. from Camp Hitler up in New Jersey way. Sort of a souvenir it was.~~

ART: Where does Nixon live?

WYLER: Over in Freetown Village. It's not far from here.

(MUSIC: -- UP)

GEORGE: I told you, Lieutenant. You had no right to bring me here to headquarters. I never had that gun or any other gun.

ART: (REMORSELESS) The owner of the general store says you did.

GEORGE: He's a liar. He's been a big liar every since he's been born.

ART: We checked with some of the other men around town. They seem to remember just such a gun, Nixon.

GEORGE: They're crazy, see? I tell you I never had any Czech gun. What would I be doing with a thing like that? I don't care who says I had it, my word is as good as theirs. You haven't found the gun, have you, Lieutenant?

ART: (QUIETLY) No we haven't found it.

GEORGE: Well if you look 100 years you won't find it.

DICK: Because you buried it somewhere?

GEORGE: No, because there ain't any such gun, at least none that I ever heard of.

ART: Alright Nixon, if you won't talk now, we'll have to let you cool off a little.

GEORGE: Look Lieutenant. I'm a citizen of Maryland. I know my rights. You can't hold me without any evidence, without any proof. You've either got to find that gun or let me go. That's the law ...

ART: (COLDLY) I'll worry about the law, Nixon. I think you're lying and I'll back my hunch on it 100%.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DONOVAN: Hey, Nixon. (LOW)

GEORGE: Yeah, Donovan!

DONOVAN: I hear you got one more day in this clink as my cellmate. After that, providing you keep your mouth shut, they're gonna spring you.

GEORGE: (LOW) Who told you that?

DONOVAN: It's all over the grapevine here, ~~George~~, every stirbug in this trap knows it. And, I'll tell you this.

GEORGE: Yeah?

DONOVAN: They're all rootin' for you. A guy who can keep his mouth shut like you do is Aces up around here. Still haven't popped off about that gun, huh?

GEORGE: (A BEAT, THEN CAUTIOUSLY) What gun?

DONOVAN: (LAUGHS) Come off it, friend. Who do you think you're talking to? Some flatfoot? I ain't on the other side of the bars, I'm on this side. Tell you a little secret Nixon

GEORGE: Yeah? ...

DONOVAN: You and me are 2 peas in a pod. I got 2 years in this stinking cage just because I was dumb about a gun. Know what I tried to do?

GEORGE: What?

DONOVAN: I had this rod, see? It was hot, plenty hot, I used it to stick up a warehouse and the bulls got wise to me. I tried to get rid of the gun, and what do I do? Like a fool I dropped it in a river, 10 feet deep. A nice muddy river. And, I figured that by this time they'd ever find that gun there, I'd be dead of old age. And then what happens?

GEORGE: I got an idea.

DONOVAN: Yeah. First place they went to see, that river right in back of the warehouse. They keep dragging it and dragging it with one of those there special nets with hooks on them. The next thing I know my door opens and there's old John Law coming to take me back with him.

GEORGE: Donovan, you should have had your head examined. Any fools knows the river's the first place they'd look.

DONOVAN: (BITTERLY) Yeah. You're telling me now. But the same thing may happen to you buddy, and don't forget it.

GEORGE: Don't kid yourself. I put the gun in a place where they'll never even think of looking for it.

DONOVAN: Yeah? Where?

GEORGE: I buried it 6 feet deep under the chicken coop in my back yard. (LAUGHS) I figured who'd ever think of looking under a lot of hens and roosters?

DONOVAN: Nixon, I'll tell you something.

GEORGE: Yeah?

DONOVAN: You're smart, and I'm dumb. That's why you're getting out of here tomorrow, and I'm staying in!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

DONOVAN: Yeah? Where?

GEORGE: I buried it 6 feet deep under the chicken coop in my back yard. (LAUGHS) I figured ^{who'd ever} ~~they'd never~~ think of looking under a lot of hens and roosters.

DONOVAN: Nixon, I'll tell you something.

GEORGE: Yeah?

DONOVAN: You're smart, and I'm dumb. That's why you're getting out of here tomorrow, and I'm staying in.

GEORGE: (YELLS) Turn that thing off! Turn it off!

(WIRE RECORDER OUT)

ART: (QUIETLY) Well, Nixon? All we have to do is dig for the gun and we're pretty sure it's going to be a C.Z., ~~Czech~~ model caliber 380.

GEORGE: (BREAKING) All right. All right. I did it. I killed 'em. Both of 'em. They almost ran me over in their car. I blew my top, see? I'd an argument with the guy, and he wouldn't get out of the car. He wouldn't give me any satisfaction! So I shot him. I shot them both.

ART: *Dick*: Just because you had an argument?

GEORGE: I'd been drinking a lot that night. I don't know. Anyway, I lost my nerve, then. I got in the car and drove them away.

DICK: To ^{Union} ~~Chesterfield~~ Road, eh?

GEORGE: I guess so. I guess so. I guess that was the place. I was driving blind. I wasn't sure ~~where~~ I was going. All I knew was that they were sitting up in the seat next to me, dead. Both of 'em dead, but they kept looking at me. I couldn't stand it any longer, they were driving me crazy. I dumped them in this pine grove and then started to walk home.

~~ART:~~ *Dick*: Why didn't you keep on walking?

GEORGE: I didn't want to get caught on the road where maybe they'd pick me up after they found the car. So I figured, why not drive it near home, then ditch it?

ART: (QUIETLY) And that's all, Nixon?

GEORGE: That's all. You gotta believe me, Lieutenant! The whole thing would never have happened if that guy and his girl didn't almost run me over!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Dick Morris of the Washington, D.C. Post with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(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
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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 Dick Morris of the Washington D.C. Post.

MORRIS: Killer in tonight's Big Story convicted of first degree murder before three judges in Baltimore court, after ~~some~~ legal question involving ~~method of confession~~. ~~Conviction held and killer~~ ^{he was} sentenced to hang, spending many months in ~~the~~ death house. Court of Appeals ~~reverses first conviction~~ ^{granted new} ~~and new trial begun~~ ^{at which conviction was upheld}. ~~This time conviction upheld but~~ ^{However} Governor commuted sentence to life imprisonment. Many thanks for to-night's Pell Mell award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Morris....the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you to PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500, and a special mounted bronze plaque engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Parsons, Kansas Sun - by line, Eugene Parker. The story of a reporter who could only wait; knowing that violence...even murder... was inevitable.

(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 a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Valdimir Slenisky.
Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual
story from the front pages of the Washington D.C. Post.
Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Jim Stevens played the
part of Dick Morris. 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. Morris.

(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/RHG
5/15/52

ATX01 0006056

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #272

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOTHER	RUTH YOCKE
OPERATOR	CONNIE LEMBECKE
GRANDPA	TED OSBORN
SHERIFF	COURT BENSON
JUDGE	COURT BENSON
GENE	FRANCIS DE SALES
ALBERT	MICKEY O'DAY
DR.	MICKEY O'DAY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1952

ATX01 0006057

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#272

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JUNE 11, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Eugene Parker, Parsons (Kansas) Sun)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL famous cigarettes present...THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FAN FARE AND UNDER)

ALBERT: Grandpa, you don't understand...I gotta go.

(WATER FAUCET, DISHES CLINKING)

Grandpa, please, listen to me.

GRANDPA: No, I'm busy, Albert, doing the dishes, you can just wait till I'm through.

ALBERT: But I've gotta go see my girl...I promised her....

GRANDPA: 14 years is too young to be courtin'.

ALBERT: (QUIET, UNEMOTIONAL) Grandpa, if you don't let me go see her, somethin' terrible is going to happen.

GRANDPA: Albert, I don't like to hear you talkin' that way, after all that trouble last year...I don't like to hear you talkin' that way *at all*.

ALBERT: (FLAT) I like living ^{here} with you, Grandpa. . .

GRANDPA: Now, sure you do, Albert, I know what's right and fittin' for a fourteen year old boy and I say you're not goin' out till you finish your homework. Now, as soon as I'm done with the dishes we'll. . .

(RIFLE SHOT IN SMALL ROOM)

GRANDPA: (MOAN) Albert!

(~~BODY FALL WITH THE CLATTER OF BREAKING DISHES~~)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0006058

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Parsons, Kansas. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to ^{the} men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE, FLAT, COLD). From the pages of the Parsons Sun, the story of a reporter who had to wait, knowing that violence, even murder was inevitable. Tonight to Eugene Parker, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #272

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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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: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Parsons, Kansas. The story as it actually happened.
Eugene Parker's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The story ^{comes} came to a climax, Eugene Parker, on a morning
in May. Just before noon you heard a report that Mr.
Henry Etheridge has been found dead on his farm near
Parsons, ^{a heart attack,} ~~You call the coroner who tells you he's on~~
~~his way and the report is heart attack,~~ but at 1:15 you
get a different story.

(TELEPHONE PICKED UP)

GENE: Parsons Sun...Gene Parker...

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Gene, Pete Martin. You got a photographer
you can spare?

GENE: When is the Sheriff's office going to loosen up and
buy a camera?

SHERIFF: Could you send him out to old man Etheridge's place?
We need some pictures.

GENE: We got a 2:30 dead-line, Pete, our man has a wedding
to take.

SHERIFF: We need a photographer real bad,

GENE: What do you mean? ^{I heard it was a} ~~The coroner said~~ heart attack.

SHERIFF: Well, now, I wouldn't want to be too definite, Gene,
but it kind of looks like murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It looks a lot like murder when you get there. A trail
of blood on the kitchen floor...old Henry Etheridge
stretched out on the bed with six bullet holes in him.
The body's been dead at least several days, you can
tell that. Sheriff Martin stands blinking while the
flash bulbs go off.

SHERIFF: ~~You figure that's enough pictures, Gene?~~

GENE: ~~You ought to know, you're the Sheriff.~~

SHERIFF: ~~Now, don't make it hard for me. I only took over two weeks ago when that Hastings got killed by that drunk outside of town.~~

GENE: ~~Sorry, Pete, you'll need a shot in the bedroom where the body was found, of the blankets and newspapers it was wrapped in..you'll need two of the kitchen, maybe at different angles.~~

SHERIFF: ~~We got that.~~

GENE: ~~Maybe you better take some pictures of the house from the outside.~~

SHERIFF: ~~Thanks, thanks.~~ Will you have your fella send ~~them~~ ^{the picture} over to my office as soon as they're ready? ~~Gene?~~ ^{Sheriff?}

GENE: Okay. How'd it happen?

SHERIFF: Don't know. Albert Etheridge came to his mother's this morning and told her the old man had a heart attack. She came out here.

GENE: Some heart attack! Must have six ^{bullet} holes in him.

SHERIFF: Figure it was a .22 rifle, ~~I've seen the same kind of hole in a jack-rabbit.~~

GENE: Where is Albert?

SHERIFF: I don't know.

GENE: Didn't you try to find out?

SHERIFF: I just got here. I'm trying to make sure I've covered everything.

GENE: I gotta get back to town.

SHERIFF: You going to write this up in your paper?

GENE: You kidding?

SHERIFF: Well, I wouldn't want you to say anything that would chase Albert out of the county. Maybe you could just throw your pad away and forget it for awhile

GENE: Look, Pete, you've got murder here.

SHERIFF: Yeah, yeah, I guess so.

GENE: Hey, what time is it? I gotta get back to make a deadline. That clock right?

SHERIFF: No, no, it isn't. It's an hour fast. Exactly one hour fast. Funny, ain't it?

GENE: An hour fast? Yeah...very funny.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: A clock running exactly one hour fast. . . you remember that. ~~it was one year ago. You remember the hands~~ *you remember that just one year ago you saw* on a cheap dollar watch...exactly one hour fast. You ~~remember~~ *saw* the quiet eyes of the boy who held it...no flicker, no fear, and yet the boy sat in a cell at the county jail, a tall boy, ~~big for his thirteen years.~~ *remember that he was* You ~~Handsome in an empty sort of way...and yet the most~~ startling thing about him were the eyes...dead eyes... quiet eyes, ~~staring at you.~~ *that stared at you one year ago -*

ALBERT: You like my watch, Mr. Parker? I always keep it an hour ahead.

GENE: Why, Albert?

ALBERT: Everything is too slow. The whole county is slow... this way I'm an hour ahead of everybody. Somethings always doing. Never have to wait and think what's coming next.

GENE: Don't you ever think what's coming next?

ALBERT: Why should I?

GENE: You're in pretty bad trouble now, Albert. They caught you with those guns stolen out of Groves Hardware Store. You sorry you did that?

ALBERT: I wanted them.

GENE: But they didn't belong to you.

ALBERT: What's the difference, I wanted them.

GENE: You can't always have everything you want, Albert.

ALBERT: I can.

GENE: I've been asking around about you, Albert. You don't have any friends, do you?

ALBERT: I don't need them.

GENE: I talked to Dr. Hardy at the school.

ALBERT: He doesn't like me. He's mad because I beat ^{up} a kid ~~up~~.

GENE: He told me. It was a little girl...8 years old.

ALBERT: (FLAT) Yeah.

GENE: Don't you know it's wrong to do things like that, Albert?

ALBERT: Why? (FLAT) She screamed when I twisted her arm. . . real loud.

GENE: Aren't you afraid of what's going to happen to you?

ALBERT: Why should I be? Why are they keeping me here, Mr. Parker? What did I do?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You remember that boy ~~one year ago~~ ^{now}. Now as you stand in old Henry Etheridge's kitchen. . . decorated in tones of drying blood, ~~and~~ ^{if} you remember ~~that~~ ^{that} you went to see his mother.

~~Then too you remember her well, a dried-up woman, frail,~~
^a
~~tired,~~ ^{dried up woman who taught and who had} An elementary school teacher, ~~with~~ ^a look of fear in ~~the corner~~ ^{the} of her eyes ^{when you spoke to her about a year ago.}

MOTHER: I don't know what to do with Albert. I've always been afraid to leave him with his little sister.

GENE: Why.

MOTHER: He used to torment her so. I tried to keep him in the house when he was smaller. The neighbor ladies asked me to. Albert would just hit out...he didn't care what happened.

GENE: How was he in school?

MOTHER: All right. He's not a dull boy. He's really bright in a way...but he's...he's different.

GENE: ~~Did he go to church. Sunday school?~~

MOTHER: ~~Why yes...he did. But the minister complained to me. Albert used to go up into the balcony. . . the children weren't supposed to. . . and just sit there in the shadows by himself. He knows all the hymns by heart, all verses.~~

GENE: *See.* What are you going to do now, Mrs. Etheridge?

MOTHER: I don't know. I've got to go to court tomorrow. They want me to let them send Albert to the State Receiving Home at Atchison.

GENE: For psychiatric observation.

MOTHER: I don't know what to do...do you think it would be wise to do what they say.

GENE: I think it would...very wise.

MOTHER: You know...it's horrible to say, but I'm almost glad he got into this trouble. Maybe somebody will take it out of my hands, because no matter how hard I try I don't know what to do for that boy...I just don't know.

GENE: We'll get help now, Mrs. Etheridge.

MOTHER: I hope so.

(MUSIC: UP; UNDER)

NARR: You were there a year ago at the hearing before the juvenile ^{court} Judge. You couldn't print anything, the proceedings were secret because of the boys age...but you listened.

JUDGE: All right Bailiff, you can take the boy out!
Mrs. Etheridge...

MOTHER: (OFF) Yes your honor...

JUDGE: I'm exercising the discretionary authority allowed the juvenile court. I'm sending Albert to the State Receiving Home at Atchison for Psychiatric observation. Is this plan agreeable to you as the child's guardian.

MOTHER: Yes...yes. I don't know what to do with him, he needs help so bad.

JUDGE: All right. Clerk, write up the papers for signature by Mrs Etheridge and myself...

(MUSIC: UP: UNDER)

NARR: Psychiatric observation is not treatment. To tell a mother a child has ^{pneumonia} ~~measles~~ does not cure him. The Doctors at Atchison study the boy...~~tests...measurements, interviews...observation, all the batteries of a well equipped psychiatric clinic.~~ They have an answer, a report, typewritten...signed, filed in triplicate, but a report doesn't help Albert Etheridge, ^{a few weeks later} ~~and~~ the case bounces back before the Juvenile ^{Court} Judge, a ~~kindly~~ ^{kindly} ~~Gentleman who studies the situation closely, and sees no solution.~~

JUDGE: Let me understand this, Doctor...you find the boy dangerous?

> DOCTOR: Yes your honor...if I may read from the report...

DOCTOR: (CON'T) "The Szondi test indicates Albert has antisocial and even criminal tendencies, he is sullen, sly, and cruel. It is suggested that Albert not return to his own home, or to the home of relatives."

JUDGE: ~~What other alternative is there, Doctor. I can't commit the boy to a reformatory.~~

DOCTOR: *Incl* There is no psychiatric center in the state for children, the only alternative is the State Mental Hospital.

JUDGE: Which is not equipped to handle children...Doctor, this is a serious problem, I see no solution that I can recommend.

GRANDPA: (OFF) Your honor...

JUDGE: You're the boys Grandfather?

GRANDPA: (COMING ON) Yes sir...Henry Etheridge. I been listening, I'm a plain farmer, I don't understand all this, but Albert's my Grandson. He's just a child, you've got to give him a chance.

JUDGE: What are you suggesting, Mr. Etheridge.

GRANDPA: Out on my farm there's good clean work and fresh air, and he'd have a room to himself, and a new school. He's my grandson, I can take care of him...

JUDGE: You understand that the Doctors say...

GRANDPA: They say he's crazy. My Granson isn't crazy. You can't send a boy to the Asylum just like that...

JUDGE: I tend to agree with you, Mr. Etheridge.

GRANDPA: You can't lock a boy up with crazy people. It isn't a Christian thing to do. You let me have him, you let him stay in my home. It's a good, honest, God-fearing home. Judge, you've got a Grandson of your own, *(yeah)* you can't take mine away from me. You've got to give him another chance.

JUDGE: Mr. Etheridge, I don't entirely approve of this, it represents a risk, and yet it seems the only possible solution. I'm paroling Albert in your ^{perhaps thank you sir} custody. Clerk... prepare the papers.

(MUSIC: -- HIT: UNDER)

NARR: You sat in the ^thearing room, Gene Parker, ^{one year ago} and you tried to figure it out. There was no other way out, old Henry Etheridge ^{was} ~~is~~ honest, respected..and yet the other words of the Psychiatrists report ~~ring~~ in your ears...

DOCTOR: Psychiatric care is the only possibility for preventing the boy's becoming a first class criminal, either as a sex offender or as a perpetrator of crimes of violence. Since Albert is pre psychotic, if not psychotic at present, society must be protected from him.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: ^{he even look back on it now.} It wasn't an easy decision for the judge. There was no place to send Albert except the State Mental Hospital... no special rehabilitation center for children...and old Henry Etheridge was an honest man, respected in the community...and so his request was granted. Albert was paroled in his custody. ^{and} Now one year later you stand in a farmhouse and watch the trail of blood that leads from the kitchen sink to the bedroom where the body of Henry Etheridge was found with six bullet holes in him and the kitchen clock was running exactly one hour fast.

SHERIFF: Think it was the boy?

GENE: He always had his watch an hour ahead. ^{Should} They warned us, those doctors from Atcheson warned us...crimes of violence.

SHERIFF: The old man's car is missing and his wallet. No telling where that kid headed off to. We'd better round up that kid - Thanks for the help, Gene. I guess this is a simple case.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: A simple case. You pound the roads back to town to meet your dead-line. You knew it would happen...the doctors from Atcheson told you...and, yet, nothing was done. There was no place to send Albert, no place to help him. His grandfather meant well, pleaded for custody, but an old man, even an honest, kindly, God-fearing old man, is not a psychiatric institution, and so he died. But, the murderer is still at large, a criminal, a 14-year old boy, and you've got to find him.

(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 tobaccos
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CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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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: -- -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and
The Big Story of Gene Parker, as he lived it and write it.

NARRATOR: You write your story Gene Parker and follow up...first
step, Mrs. Louise Etheridge, Albert's mother.

MOTHER: Come in, Mr. Parker.

GENE: I want to express my sympathies, Mrs. Etheridge.

MOTHER: Poor grandpa. He tried, he tried so hard.

GENE: I'd like to talk to you, ask you some questions.

MOTHER: I..I'd rather not, Mr. Parker, you were very fair in
the newspaper, there's nothing I can add.

GENE: I'm not so sure. Albert is only 14 years old. The police
are looking for him all over the county.

MOTHER: I know. It's a terrible thing, terrible.

GENE: Nobody blames you.

MOTHER: That isn't so. It could have been something I did. I
kept trying to think back, trying to think what I could
have done wrong. Maybe when Albert was a baby. Albert's
father and me being divorced...maybe that was it...
somehow it was my fault.

GENE: Not this. We had a warning...we knew...yet there wasn't
any place to help him. That wasn't your fault, but now
maybe you can help.

MOTHER: How?

GENE: We've got to find Albert.

MOTHER: He isn't here

GENE: I know, but he's only 14, he'll go to some relative,
he's bound to. He hasn't got any other place to go.

MOTHER: He wasn't at his father's. I called him on the phone today.

GENE: Who else lives near Parsons, any relative?

MOTHER: Well, there's my sister, over in Columbus, and Albert's great-aunt in Chetopa.

GENE: I'll check those. I'm convinced he's going to come to one of his relatives. He's in bad trouble, but he probably doesn't even worry about it.

MOTHER: He was like that. He'd do these terrible things and he wouldn't even worry...he didn't even know he had done wrong. Why didn't...(TELEPHONE RINGS)...(GASP)...
(RINGS AGAIN.)

GENE: Answer the phone, Mrs. Etheridge.
(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)
(PHONE PICKED UP)

MOTHER: Hello, hello, ~~this is Mrs. Etheridge.~~

GENE: (WHISPER) Is it him? Is it Albert?

MOTHER: Hello, Albert, hello, son.

GENE: (WHISPER) Keep him talking, Mrs. Etheridge, keep him talking.

MOTHER: What's that son? Yes, I can hear you. (WHISPER) I can't!

GENE: (WHISPER) You've got to.

MOTHER: How are you, Albert? We missed you since yesterday.

GENE: Keep him talking.

(MUSIC: ^{in with} ~~HIT AND UNDER~~)

NARRATOR: You pile out of the Etheridge house and vault the porch-rail and charge into the neighbor's front room, explaining over your shoulder, and grab for the phone.
(PHONE CLICK)

GENE: Hello, hello, operator...operator.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Number please.

GENE: Listen, listen, this is an emergency, there's a call coming in next door, Mrs. Louise Etheridge.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Mrs. Etheridge' line is busy.

GENE: I know it's busy, will you listen. I want you to trace that call that's coming in on her line.

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, sir, we don't supply that information.

GENE: You don't understand, it's her son, we've got to find him.

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, sir, I cannot give you that information without permission from the supervisor.

GENE: She can't keep him talking too long, will you hurry up?

OPERATOR: I'll call the supervisor ^{hang up and} and ~~hand up~~. I'll call you back at this number.

GENE: No, No, No. Listen, you don't have to tell me. Trace that call and call the sheriff's office.

OPERATOR: What is your name, please.

GENE: Never mind, my name. Trace that call and give the information to the sheriff or I'll...hurry.

(RECEIVER SLAMMED DOWN)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Three minutes elapsed. You dashed back into the Etheridge house.

MOTHER: We're having roast beef for supper, Albert, I'll save you a piece if you like. What? Oh...well I could make gravy... no...wait...Albert...don't hang up...I want to tell you something...Remember you said you wanted a present for your birthday? Well...now, why don't we decide what you'd like right now. Oh, no, no, let's talk it over right now.

(MUSIC: ^{in with} HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Desperately Louise Etheridge talks to her son. They plan his birthday present...he wants a rifle...a .22 rifle.

MOTHER: Would you like to have a party, Albert? Maybe we could have some of your friends from school? Maybe you'd rather go for a trip with me. We could drive to Independence. Wait, Albert...tell me...are you getting enough to eat? Now, you tell me what you had for breakfast, right now.

(MUSIC: ~~HIT-AND-UNDER~~ ^{in with})

NARRATOR: The minutes click off on your watch. Louise Etheridge is white, the hand that holds the telephone receiver trembles. You bring her a chair and she falls into it. She ~~grasps~~ ^{grasps} the edge of the table, the tendons in the back of her hand tense, and still she keeps on talking to her son.

MOTHER: It's real nice talking to you, Albert. What? Oh, grandpa...yes...too bad about grandpa...you were right there when he had the attack? (WHISPER) I can't...I can't

GENE: Keep him talking.

MOTHER: Oh...yes...I know you like grandpa very much...yes...it is too bad...it's too bad...Albert? Albert? Albert? Somebody's there.

GENE: Let me have the phone. Hello. Who? Sergeant Rollins, Coffeyville police? You've got the boy? Good....no... you'll get an explanation. Thanks.

(PHONE HANGS UP)

GENE: You're a brave woman, Mrs. Etheridge. You kept him talking thirty-two minutes. It's alright now.

MOTHER: They've got him. (CRIES) Albert...oh...Albert...he was such a pretty baby...~~Albert~~ (SOBS)

(MUSIC: UP AND OVER)

NARRATOR: You go down to Coffeyville with Sheriff Martin to pick up Albert Etheridge. You ride back to Parsons sitting in the back seat with the boy. He was big for his age, good-looking, and he isn't worried...he isn't worried at all.

(CAR RUNNING. ESTABLISH AND THEN CHEAT UNDER SLIGHTLY)

GENE: Why did you do it, Albert? What was between you and your grandfather?

ALBERT: Nothing. There'd been a girl...I wanted to see her... she's pretty, only 13 years old but she's real pretty, all of a sudden I wanted to see her. I went and asked grandpa, he said I should finish my homework, so I went in and got the rifle and shot him.

GENE: What did you do then?

ALBERT: I covered grandpa with the bed clothes. I put him on the bed and put papers down in the kitchen where it was dirty. I was driving around I run into somebody's mailbox. I mashed the fender. My grandpa is going to get a new car, then he'll let me drive this one.

GENE: Your grandfather's dead.

ALBERT: Yeah...yeah...I guess he is. I went to see my girl... She asked me how come I was driving the car. I slept in the car all night.

GENE: And you shot your grandfather? You admit that?

ALBERT: Yes, it was a real shame, because I liked him, and we got along real well, just the two of us. He should of let me go see my girl. I wanted to see her...it wasn't my fault.

GENE: No...it wasn't your fault.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Nobody in the sheriff's office knows how to run a typewriter, so you take the confession down, ^{yourself} Albert Etheridge talks and you run eight pages through the machine, legal size, single space, before he's done talking. Calmly, matter-of-factly he tells what happened. He describes three days of riding in his grandfather's car...he remembers every route on which he paid for gas, every road sign. He tells his story well. And when he's through, he signs it. You're there when ^{the Sheriff brings} his mother ~~comes~~ to see him.

SHERIFF: Right this way, Mrs. Etheridge. We can take **these** handcuffs off the boy. We really had them so he ^{wouldn't} ~~shouldn't~~ hurt himself.

ALBERT: Hello, Mom.

MOTHER: Albert...Albert...

ALBERT: Are you really going to get me that rifle for my birthday like you said?

MOTHER: Albert...Albert...don't you know what's happened? Don't you know what you've done?

ALBERT: Sure, I know what I've done. You promised you'd get me that rifle.

MOTHER: Why did they let you? Why didn't they take care of you? I couldn't do it myself. Grandpa Etheridge couldn't.

ALBERT: I don't need anybody to take care of me. I know what I'm doing.

MOTHER: Albert...Albert...

SHERIFF: I'll have to take him away, now, come on, Albert.

ALBERT: Sure, sheriff, can I look at your gun later, I'm (FADE) real interested in guns.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

MOTHER: What will they do to him?

GENE: I don't know.

MOTHER: There wasn't anything I could do.

GENE: Nothing. I've been doing some reading, Mrs. Etheridge.

Every year thousand of children and grownups like

Albert are turned loose without being helped. There's

th^{ere} ~~crime~~ ^{tragedy}. There was no place to send Albert so they

sent him to Grandpa Etheridge. Albert isn't a criminal,

he's ~~the victim~~ ^{mentally ill}. ~~Whatever happens to him, it's the~~ ^{it's up to the rest of us to make sure}

~~rest of us who are guilty.~~

there's a place to help Albert - and the thousands, like him.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Eugene

Parker of the Parsons Sun with the final outcome of

tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ FAN FARE)

(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, a 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 traditional 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
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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 Gene Parker of the Parsons Kansas Sun.

PARKER: Fourteen-year old confessed murderer in tonight's BIG STORY found guilty of only legal charge, juvenile delinquency, sentenced to ^{indefinite} indeterminate term in Kansas State Industrial School, Topeka. He can be held there until age 21. Further confinement, or treatment, depends on future action to meet the needs of the mentally ill in Kansas and the United States. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Parker...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you to PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism ... a check for \$500, and a special mounted bronze plaque engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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 Aurora, Illinois Beacon News - by line, ^{John Conkney} Eugene Parker. A Big story of a reporter who solved a triple murder by persuading a dying man to confess.

(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 a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Valdimir Slenisky.
Tonight's program was adapted by Ernest Kinoy from an actual
story from the front pages of the Parsons Kansas Sun.
Your narrator ~~was~~ Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Francis De Sales played the
part of Gene Parker. 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. Parker

(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.

PH May 29, 1952

ATX01 0006080

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #273

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MA	KATHLEEN NIDAY
MRS ALLEN	KATHLEEN NIDAY
VERA	JAN MINER
CHIEF	ED BEGLEY
CORK	JOE HELGESSEN
CONDUCTOR	BILL GRIFFIS
WILLARD	BILL GRIFFIS
SUMMERS	TED ASBORN
HARRY	DONNY HARRIS
ROY	DAVID ANDERSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1952

ATX01 0006081

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#273

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JUNE 18, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(John A. Corkery: Aurora (Illinois) Beacon News)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, CUT TO...)

(ESTABLISH A CAR IDLING GENTLY)

ROY: (VERY YOUNG. A NOTE OF COMPLAINT) Ma, what'd we come back to the house for anyway.

MA: Daddy forgot his glasses. Now you stop worrying. We've plenty of time to buy our presents in town.

ROY: Wish he'd come out. The stores'll be closed.

MA: Not with Christmas next week. They're open late every night. Now, hush up, Roy.

ROY: (SLY) Ma... What are you buying me?

MA: (LAUGHS) Wouldn't you like to know. But if you're a...

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHOT)

ROY: (SCARED) Ma!

(DOOR OPENS IN CAR, ANOTHER SHOT)

MA: (PROJECTING, FRIGHTENED) ^{Paul} ~~Dad~~...what is it... ^{Kiel} ~~Dan~~!

(SHE RUNS ON GRAVEL)

ROY: (YELLS) Ma...That man... *look out*

(SHOT)

ROY: (CRYING) Ma...Ma... He shot you.... (HE SOBS FEARFULLY)

(ANOTHER SHOT CUTS THRU HIS SOBBING AND IT DIES SLOWLY)

(MUSIC: _ _ BUILDS TO IMPACT AND THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Aurora, Illinois - It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Aurora Beacon-News ... the story of a reporter who solved a triple murder by persuading a dying man to confess! Tonight, to John A. Corkery, 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 finer 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: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Aurora, Illinois. The story as it actually happened...
John A. Corkery's story...as he lived it!

(MUSIC: RISES SLIGHTLY AND UNDER)

NARR: Saturday night in a small town and you, John Corkery, don't
have to look out the window to know what's going on. Main
Street crowded with farm families coming in from miles
around. A full house at the local movie. Everywhere the
noise of people putting an end to a busy week. And here,
in the office of the Beacon-News, the final, last minute
rush before sending the Sunday edition to press. Just
another Saturday night...until...

(PHONE RINGS. A FEW TYPEWRITERS GOING OFF. PHONE
RINGS AGAIN. IT'S LIFTED)

CORK: Corkery speaking.

CHIEF: (FILTER) Hello, John. This is Chief Miller.

CORK: Yes, Chief.

CHIEF: You know the Novak farm. About six miles out of town just
off the highway.

CORK: I know it, Why,

CHIEF: ~~You better get out there.~~ A friend of theirs Vera Stanton
just called me from there. Novak and his wife...and their
little boy too. They're all dead.

(MUSIC: ACCENTS, RIDES AND GOES OUT)

VERA: (FLAT VOICE NOW DULLED WITH SHOCK AND TIRED GRIEF)
They've been my friends for years. We were going to meet
in town. When they didn't come...I called them. Operator
said the line was busted.

CORK: Look at it, Chief. Ripped off the wall like a toy.

VERA: Said goodbye to you at six o'clock at my restaurant, didn't
I...Mr. Corkery. Gave you change for your dinner..then you
left.

CORK: Take ^{it} ~~it~~ easy, Vera.

VERA: Didn't think I'd see you again tonight. Not this way.

CHIEF: What time was it you got here?

VERA: My clock in the car. It never worked. Might have been around nine though. ~~I'm not sure.~~ (A VERY SLIGHT BEAT)
Chief.

CHIEF: Yes, Vera.

VERA: You see the boy. The bullet went in his throat.

CHIEF: (A SLIGHT BEAT) Vera, you just try to answer my questions.

VERA: Nothing to tell you. I drove in the yard and saw them. Jenny and Roy. Paul was here...just inside the door. I went to the next farm...called you.

CORK: This clock, Chief. Stopped at five ^{John} after eight.

CHIEF: Novak must have put up a good fight. ^{John} The way the place looks.

CORK: I don't think that checks.

CHIEF: How do you mean.

CORK: The woman and boy in the yard. They wouldn't have been waiting around if there was a fight on. No. Don't figure it was that at all.

CHIEF: The place is wrecked, isn't it?

CORK: Could have been a burglar. He was looking for things. Didn't pay much attention to the way he put them back.

CHIEF: A burglar wouldn't kill three people, John.

VERA: Chief...

CHIEF: No use in your staying here, Vera. One of my deputies'll take you home.

VERA: It was no burglar like Mr. Corkery said.

CORK: Look, Vera...

VERA: No. Only someone who hated him. Wanted him dead. Wanted to get even.

CORK: Wasn't a finer man than Paul Novak. No one around here would do something like this.

VERA: Wait'll people hear. They'll all know who it was. Someone's laughing tonight. But he won't be, long. Chief, your car'll get you over to his place in five minutes.

CORK: Vera...you know what you're sayin'. Something as terrible as this, you've got to have proof.

VERA: That's for the police. Chief...you going?

CORK: Who is it?

CHIEF: The minute I heard, John...I figured on one man. Tom Redman.

CORK: Redman! Chief, not in a hundred years. He's a gambler but he wouldn't take a chance like this.

CHIEF: Who can say. Novak complained to me about ^{Redman's} ~~his~~ roadhouse down the highway. Redman swore he'd get even.

CORK: But not murder. Look, everything about this job shows it was a burglary. The Novaks came back too soon...the thief got frightened and shot his way out.

VERA: Sure. A little boy got in his way. Chief, what are you waiting for?

CHIEF: Sorry, John. I respect what you say but there's no time to fool around with just ideas. This town wants something done and I'm taking in the man I think did it.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The news goes out. ~~like a cold wind sweeping through every house in town.~~ And it stirs up a storm. ~~A father, a mother, a child.~~ The people file into the chapel and they look at them. The cry spreads. Get Tom Redman! Missing from his home, missing from town. But you, John Corkery, go deep into the files of your paper and come up with evidence of your own. In the neighboring towns of Northern Illinois, thirty burglaries in the past few months. And each, bearing the trade mark of a phantom burglar. The telephone ripped off the wall, the house made a shambles. The same trade mark as the Novak job.

CORK: Here, Chief. News clips. Go on. Read them.

CHIEF: We're looking for Redman.

CORK: It's not him, I tell you. This phantom burglar the whole county's after. He's probably your man.

CHIEF: Seems everybody else says different, John.

CORK: They have to...

CHIEF: What do you mean...have to.

CORK: Because they don't want to think there's a crazy, unknown killer loose. They'd never sleep another night 'til he was found.

CHIEF: You said one thing right. Crazy. What he did to the family

CORK: *Sure* No sane person would kill three people, and especially a child, just to rob a house. Every second he's loose, it can happen again. That's why you've got to find him. And fast.

CHIEF: Only one way to settle this, John. When we find Novak's car we'll dust it for prints. That'll tell the story.

CORK: If you find the car. Look, Chief, do me a favor. Call the police in Joliet. Tell them I'm coming over.

CHIEF: I thought your story was here.

CORK: It's wherever this phantom is. Most of his jobs were pulled in Joliet. I want to know everything about him... everything I can.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Joliet is a prison town...used to stories of violence and crime. But as you tell Big Matt Evans, Chief of Detectives, about the Novak family...you can hear the silence in the room.~~ ^{*In Joliet*} Together you go back to the homes that were robbed. And from the victims' children...another pattern begins to build. On the day of each crime a man came into their yard. A nice man...with a kind face...and a soft voice. He gave them candy...and he asked many questions. He was tall, with light hair, and he always smiled. You, John Corkery, feel this is the killer. And suddenly, the chance comes to find out. From the railroad station in West Chicago...the news is flashed. The abandoned Novak car has been found. ~~You check the turntables. The crime was committed at approximately 8:30. The next train out of West Chicago was the 9:18.~~

(MUSIC: SEGUES TO)

(AN OUTSIDE R.R. TERMINAL. ESTABLISH AND UNDER)

CONDUCTOR: Dispatcher said you wanted to see me, Mr. Corkery.

CORK: Yes, Mr. Harris. I understand you're the conductor on the nine eighteen out of here every night.

CONDUCTOR: Six years.

CORK: Last Tuesday night, Mr. Harris. Do you remember the passengers you took ^{on?} off?

CONDUCTOR: Tuesday night.

CORK: It's very important.

CONDUCTOR: Only had four people on the whole train.

CORK: Who were they. I mean...what did they look like.

CONDUCTOR: Well, good as I can remember...there were three women... and a man.

CORK: Did he get on here?

CONDUCTOR: Already turned my fare tickets in for that night but if I was to have to say yes or no...I guess he did board from here.

CORK: Can you describe him?

CONDUCTOR: He stayed in the smoking car, I know that.

CORK: Try to remember, please. What did he look like.

CONDUCTOR: (THINKING) Sort of tall...more than the average person I mean. Stood up to get some change from his pocket when I came for the fare.

CORK: What color hair did he have? Light...dark...

CONDUCTOR: Kind of light I'd say.

CORK: (TINGE OF ELATION) Mr. Harris...you're doing fine. Now, was there anything else you noticed about him. Anything special.

CONDUCTOR: I remember thinking he must've heard a pretty funny story before getting on.

CORK: Why do you say that.

CONDUCTOR: Every time I looked at him...he was smiling. All the way into Chicago. Smiling.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

(PHONE RINGING FILTER ON OTHER END)

CHIEF: (FILTER) Chief Miller.

CORK: This is Corkery.

CHIEF: John. I've been trying to find you. Listen, fellow, I've got to take off my hat to you.

CORK: (SURPRISED) You mean you've heard.

CHIEF: Just a little while ago. Tom Redman called me long distance from Florida. He's been there for two weeks. A perfect alibi. Naturally, I checked it.

CORK: Listen, I don't care about Redman.

CHIEF: I know. You were right all the time. It was that burglar.

CORK: Yeah and I've got the proof.

CHIEF: I've got something better, John. I've got the killer himself.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

WILLARD: I didn't kill nobody. Never had a gun in my whole life.

CHIEF: You keep saying that, Willard. But I don't believe you.

WILLARD: I never was in this town til today. Chief, I swear it.

CHIEF: You broke into the Novak house. And when they came home and surprised you...

WILLARD: No...no, I didn't.

CHIEF: You've got a record, Willard. I checked the Chicago police.

WILLARD: I never had a gun. Never. What are you trying to do to me. I didn't kill him. I didn't...

CHIEF: Guess it's time we settled this.

(HE WALKS OFF A LITTLE AND OPENS DOOR OFF)

CHIEF: (OFF) Vera...you and Mr. Corkery come in now.

(THEY WALK IN...DOOR CLOSES AND THEY WALK ON)

CORK: This the man.

CHIEF: Name's Ralph Willard. Picked him up trying to hop a freight. Willard...we found this matchbook in your pocket. This lady's restaurant is advertised on the cover.

WILLARD: (NERVOUS) I..I ate in there today. So what.

CHIEF: What do you say, Vera.

VERA: I didn't see him.

CORK: Chief, what are you trying to prove.

WILLARD: Lady, I was in your place today.

VERA: Not if you got that matchbook. I ran out of them a couple a days ago.

CHIEF: Willard, you said you didn't hit town 'til today. You lied, didn't you?

WILLARD: (HESITATES) Look, if...if I tell you the truth...will you give me a break.

CORK: Look, Chief...

WILLARD: Better listen to this, John. Vera...when was he in your place?

VERA: Tuesday. I waited on him myself. He knows it.

CHIEF: The night..the Novaks were murdered.

WILLARD: (WHINING FRIGHT) What'd you want me to do...say I was here. I knew you'd try to pin those murders on me. I had to lie...didn't I?

CHIEF: You lied more than once. You lied about killing them.

WILLARD: You got to believe me. Please..(HALF CRYING)...whatever I did...it wasn't that.

CHIEF: (OVER THE HALF SOBING) Some story for you, John. Like Providence itself planned for Vera to avenge her friends.

CORK: Yeah. It's some story. Except for one thing. (SLIGHT BEAT) I^{still} think you've got the wrong man!

(MUSIC: -- TAG TO 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 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 T.T.)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

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

NARR: The local police are holding a suspect in the triple murder of the Novak family. But everything you've discovered, John Corkery, seems to point to a phantom killer and not the man just arrested. You add up your facts and you try to convince Chief Miller.

CORK: ~~It can't be this man, Chief. The kids said the burglar was tall...had light hair. The guy you're holding couldn't be more different.~~

CHIEF: ~~That crowd outside, John. You try convincing them I've got the wrong man.~~

CORK: ~~Look, why would he drive the Novak car to West Chicago, dump it...and then double back here.~~

CHIEF: ~~You said it yourself. He's crazy.~~

CORK: ~~What about the train conductor. He can describe the man who boarded his train that night. The same exact description as the kids gave.~~

CHIEF: ~~I've sent for him. He'll be here any minute.~~

CORK: *But* ~~This guy inside. I know it's not him. Our phantom is the type who can smile at kids, give them candy one minute...~~

CHIEF: ~~and kill them the next. That crowd outside John - You try convincing them. I've got the~~
~~Out it, John. I don't like thinking there's a human being very man who could do that.~~

~~CORK: But there is and he won't stop. Book this guy inside for vagrancy...but not murder.~~

(KNOCKING ON DOOR JUST OFF)

CHIEF: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

CORK: ~~Mr. Harris. Chief...this is the conductor.~~
~~Mr. Harris.~~

Thank God you got here

CHIEF: Sorry to drag you all the way down here, Mr. Harris. But I guess you know it's important.

CONDUCTOR: Say, these people around here sure are excited about this fellow. That's some crowd out there.

CORK: This man you're going to see. You tell us if he's the one who got on the train Tuesday night.

CONDUCTOR: He's in a cell, ain't he?

CHIEF: Right out this way.

(A DOOR OPENS AND THEY WALK DOWN A CORRIDOR. THERE IS A SLIGHT ECHO TO THEIR STEPS. FINALLY, THEY STOP)

CHIEF: Well, Mr. Harris.

CONDUCTOR: (DISAPPOINTED) Why, that ain't the man at all.

CHIEF: (SLIGHT BEAT) John.

CORK: Yes, Chief?

CHIEF: (QUIETLY) What am I going to tell those people outside.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Stories like this had happened before. ~~But always in a place that was just a name in a news report.~~ Now, it was happening to the people of your town. First, the murder. Then the public outcry for revenge. And now... the fear! And in your paper, John Corkery, you try to turn that fear into a useful weapon. In story after story you publish a description of the killer. You warn the children to watch for the smiling stranger. *But days pass and nothing happens. It's as if the killer had never existed* ~~and the people listen...and they try to help.~~

(PHONE RINGS; LIFTED)

CHIEF: ~~Chief Miller speaking. Yes, Mrs. Kendall...what...where'd you see him? now don't you do anything...I'll be right over!~~

(MUSIC: UP, BRIDGES IN EXCITEMENT AND OUT)

(DOOR OPEN...SLAM)

CORK: ~~(CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT)~~ Chief, Mrs. Kendall called my office. Did you find him?

CHIEF: ~~Sure...I found him.~~

CORK: ~~(KNOWS IT'S A WASHOUT)~~ No good, eh.

CHIEF: ~~A traveling salesman. I almost scared him half to death.~~

CORK: ~~Great.~~

CHIEF: It's been too long, John. I think we've missed out.

CORK: Sooner or later, he'll ^{got to show up.} ~~show up.~~

CHIEF: A crazy man isn't always a fool. He reads the papers too. Think he'll come back and stick his head in a noose? Not in a hundred years.

CORK: Sure, the heat's on. He knows that but give him a little more time. He'll come out in the open.

CHIEF: And if he doesn't...

CORK: The kind of man he is says he will. Everything about his behavior points to a psychopath like he was wearing a sign. He'll try to show he can do it again. He'll throw it in our faces.

CHIEF: It all adds up to one thing, John. If he never tries it again...he's safe. But if he does...well...we've got a chance.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(... (B.G. SOUNDS OF A SMALL TOWN STREET...AN OCCASIONAL HORN...AN OCCASIONAL CAR PASSING WAY OFF BUT MOST PROMINENT IS A KID THROWING A BALL AGAINST A WALL. LISTEN TO IT FOR A MOMENT...THEN)

HARRY: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Hey, Mister. ^{will you} get the ball, ^{please?} will you? there it is...next to the car... ^{see it?}

(A MAN'S STEPS COME ON)

SUMMERS: Here you are, son.

HARRY: Thanks, Mister.

(BALL THROWS AGAINST WALL WITH BELOW)

SUMMERS: (GENTLE) You catch pretty good.

HARRY: I'm ^{going to} ~~waiting for~~ my friend. We're going to play handball.

SUMMERS: I'll bet you win.

HARRY: Aaah...he always does. (ADDING HASTILY) But he's bigger.

SUMMERS: Say, would you like some of this candy.

HARRY: (INTERESTED) (~~THE BALL THROWING STOPS~~) (BUT HE HESITATES WITH THE CANDY) Thanks...but I...I don't think I can.

SUMMERS: Go on. It's very good.

HARRY: Well...

SUMMERS: Just one piece. It won't hurt your supper.

HARRY: Okay...thanks.

SUMMERS: This is a nice street. Which is your house?

HARRY: (MOUTH FULL) The one over there. The green and white.

SUMMERS: That's a fine house. You're a lucky boy. Here..have another piece...Go on...it's all right.

HARRY: Sure.

SUMMERS: What's your name?

HARRY: Harry.

SUMMERS: Bet your father's real proud of you, Harry.

HARRY: Guess I better get my friend. I have to be home soon.

SUMMERS: So early.

HARRY: My mother told me. We're going to the movies tonight.

SUMMERS: All of you?

HARRY: It's a good picture.

SUMMERS: Well, I don't blame you. I guess you like to stay up late.

HARRY: Tomorrow's Saturday. No school.

SUMMERS: That's right. I forgot.

HARRY: I have to go now, Mister.

SUMMERS: All right, Harry. I hope I see you again.

HARRY: Sure. Goodbye, Mister.

(HARRY STARTS OFF)

SUMMERS: Oh, Harry.

(STEPS STOP)

SUMMERS: Before you go ^{here}...have another piece of candy..

(MUSIC: UP AND GOES UNDER...NERVOUSLY)

(DIALING)

HARRY: (AFTER GETTING CONNECTION) Whitey...this is Harry.

Look, my mother got sick. We ain't going to the movies...

Well, it ain't my fault. Look, I gotta hang up. My

father wants to call the doctor. Okay...goodbye!

(HANGING UP)

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(DOORBELL RINGING) (SLIGHT BEAT...DOOR OPENS)

MRS ALLEN: Goodness, Harry...what are you doing up so late?

HARRY: I'm supposed to borrow your ice bag, Mrs Allen. My
mother's sick.

MRS ALLEN: Oh, I'm sorry. Come on in.

(DOOR CLOSING. STEPS WITH BELOW)

MRS ALLEN: It's back here in the kitchen. What's the matter with
your mother, Harry?

HARRY: I don't know.

MRS ALLEN: Maybe I ought to go over.

HARRY: Mr Allen home?

MRS ALLEN: No, he's on duty tonight.

(STEPS STOP)

HARRY: Gee, you're lucky.

MRS ALLEN: Am I?

HARRY: Sure. He's a cop.

MRS ALLEN: (AMUSED) Harry, you wait. I'm going back with you.
Now, where is that bag.

(RUMMAGING AROUND) (IT STOPS ABRUPTLY)

MRS ALLEN: (CURIOSLY) Harry.

HARRY: Yeah?

MRS ALLEN: Look out this window. Who's that man at the side of
your house?

HARRY: I...I can't see him too good.

MRS ALLEN: Look, he's sneaking around to the back.

HARRY: What do you suppose he wants?

MRS ALLEN: He's peering in the window. Harry, maybe it's silly but
I'm going to call the police.

(MUSIC: UP EXCITEDLY AND BEHIND)

MRS ALLEN: (~~FILTER~~) I watched him, Chief. When he heard you drive
up he ran out to those woods.

CHIEF: Thanks Mrs Allen. (~~HANGS UP~~) He can't be far off.
All right, men. Let's go.

(MUSIC: UP IN A CHASE MOTIF AND OUT TO)

(NIGHT COUNTRY SOUNDS. A MAN RUNNING HEAVILY
THRU THE BRUSH. WE HEAR HIM BREATHING HEAVILY)

SUMMERS: (HALF ALOUD) Can't...can't go on much more.

(HE STUMBLES TO A STOP. POLICE WHISTLES SOUND OFF.
HE STARTS UP AGAIN)

SUMMERS: They...they have to lemme alone.

CHIEF: (WAY OFF) There he is...

(HE STUMBLES ALONG)

CHIEF: (A BIT NEARER) Stop...or I shoot.

SUMMERS: Have to get away. Have to get away...get away.

(A SHOT FROM OFF...THEN ANOTHER AND SUMMERS MOANS.
~~ANOTHER SHOT AND HE IS HIT AGAIN.~~ HE STAGGERS TO
A HALT AND FALLS INTO THE BRUSH)

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

CHIEF: You sure had him pegged, John. Found some papers on him.
Used to be in a hospital for the criminally insane.

CORK: Can I see him, Chief?

CHIEF: Doc says he won't live out the night.

CORK: Did he talk?

CHIEF: Says he didn't do it.

CORK: I'd like to go in.

CHIEF: Sure...

(DOOR OPENS AND THEY WALK A FEW STEPS IN THE ROOM)

CORK: It's him all right. Fits the description perfect.

CHIEF: Summers.....Summers, do you hear me?

SUMMERS: (WEAKLY) Yes.

CHIEF: Why don't you tell us all about it?

SUMMERS: Nothing...nothing to tell.

CHIEF: You killed the Novaks, didn't you?

SUMMERS: Don't know them.

CORK: The evidence is all against you, Mr. Summers. We know it
was you.

SUMMERS: (SLIGHT BEAT) Prove it!

CORK: You robbed those houses in Joliet, didn't you?

SUMMERS: Yes.

CORK: Just like you were trying to rob that house you broke into
tonight.

SUMMERS: They...they were supposed to go...to...to the movies. The
boy was lying.

CORK: (IRRITATED) You were in the Novak house. You stole their
car and took the train from West Chicago.

SUMMERS: How do you know. Weren't no fingerprints on the car.

CORK: Because you wiped it clean.

SUMMERS: I...I don't want to talk nomore.

CORK: Look, Summers...

CHIEF: Won't do no good, John.

CORK: But Chief...he has to talk.

CHIEF: I've been at him since they brought him in. You see what he's like. (GENTLY) Come on.

(THEY WALK THE FEW STEPS OUT AND THE DOOR CLOSES)

CORK: That twisted brain of his knows one thing. We can't close this case without a confession'

CHIEF: Let him hold out. We know there won't be any more killings.

CORK: Sure...but what about the people in this town. If he dies without admitting his guilt...they'll never know.

CHIEF: We'll tell them...both of us.

CORK: No, Chief. It's not good enough. They have to hear it from the murderer himself. If he dies without telling them...they'll stay scared ~~the rest of their lives.~~

CHIEF: (SLIGHT BEAT) Don't know what we can do about it, John. I already told you. He's dying.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The days of work...the searching...the tracking down. All of it coming up against a dead end sign. Any minute now will be too late. You have to make him talk...but how. How do you talk to a madman?

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

CHIEF: No use going back in there, John. It'd be like questioning a dead man.

CORK: I've got an idea and I have to try it.

CHIEF: (SIGHS) If you want. Go ahead.

CORK: You come in too.

(THEY OPEN THE DOOR AND WALK IN A FEW STEPS)

CORK: Mr. Summers...Mr Summers...

CHIEF: He's opening his eyes.

CORK: Mr. Summers. Do you hear me now.

SUMMERS: (SLIGHT BEAT) (JUST AUDIBLE) Yes.

CORK: You're dying, Mr Summers. You know that, don't you?
You're dying.

SUMMERS: I know.

CORK: Thousands of people are watching this room, Mr. Summers.
Every man and child in this town. They're all looking up
here. (SLIGHT BEAT) You see...they're depending on you.

SUMMERS: On...on me.

CORK: Yes, sir. They're afraid, Mr Summers...more afraid than
any people I've ever seen. Every night they lock their
doors and pray for the morning. (SLIGHT BEAT) It's you
they're afraid of. You.

SUMMERS: Afraid.

CORK: What happened to the Novaks, they think might happen to
them. And only when the murderer is found...will they be
free. Mr. Summers....you're that man.

SUMMERS: I...I can't talk.

CORK: You've got to. All those people, Mr. Summers...thousands
of them. They belong to you. Of all the great things
you've done in your life...this is the greatest. The
chance to control thousand of lives.

CHIEF: John...he doesn't hear you.

CORK: Mr. Summers..Mr. Summers...you've got to listen. ~~Set~~
those people
~~these people~~ free. Stop ~~them~~ from being afraid. Make
them remember you. Mr. Summers...say it...say it.

SUMMERS: (VERY FAINT...AFTER A BEAT) I...I didn't mean...them...
any harm. I...I didn't mean...to..kill them.

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from John
A. Corkery of the Aurora Beacon-News, 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
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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: 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 John A. Corkery of the Aurora (Illinois) Beacon-News.

CORK: Murderer in tonight's Big Story died a few ^{hours} minutes after having made confession. Property stolen in robberies was found hidden in his room. ^{Some} ~~Most~~ of it was a worthless collection of five and ten cent store imitation jewelry. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Corkery...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present to you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism...a check for \$500, and a specially mounted bronze plaque engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

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, Tenn Press-Scimitar - by line, Null Adams. A Big Story of a reporter who helps to untangle the knot on an odd and violent case.

(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 a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Valdimir Slenisky.
Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an
actual story from the front pages of the Aurora, Illinois
Beacon-News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Joe
Helgesen played the part of John Corkery. 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 Corkery.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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 #274

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
WANDA	PAT HOSLEY
MARGARET	BARBARA WEEKS
MRS. HARRIS	AGNES YOUNG
GLEN	BILL LIPTON
ANDREW	BILL LIPTON
MILROY	ROLAND WINTER
NULL	MICKEY O'DAY
TOM	BILL KEMP

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1952

ATX01 0006107

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#274

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JUNE 25, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Null Adams: Memphis Press-Scimitar)

CHAPBELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES presents...THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: DISCORDANT EFFECT...FADE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR HARD...REPEAT)

WANDA: (23) (NERVOUS) (OVER SECOND KNOCKING) Glen - it's Sunday
- don't knock so hard.

GLEN: (26) (LOADED) 's alright, Wanda - 's afternoon already -
ever'body's up long time ago -

(START TO KNOCK LOUD AGAIN, THEN OPEN DOOR)

TOM: (35) (VOICE OF BIG HEAVY MAN) (ON OPENING DOOR) Say,
who's - (FRIENDLY) Oh, hello, Glen. Come on in.

GLEN: Same to you, Tom - I mean - sure - O.K.

(CLOSE DOOR)

Wan' you to meet my new frien' - little Wanda Shevlin.

WANDA: (NERVOUS) He's drunk.

TOM: (DRILY) Guess he is - again.

GLEN: Now don' start off insultin' me, Tom - came over apologize
to you - so don' start off insultin' me.

TOM: Apologize to me? For what, Glen?

GLEN: Firin' at your car las' night, Tom pal - shootin' at your
car las' night when -

TOM: - when I was driving away from the Roadside Tavern.
So you were the one. (ANGRY) If I didn't know how
liquor drove you crazy, Glen -

GLEN: (SHOUTING) Insultin' me! ^{again} Alri', I'll show you!

WANDA: (SCREAMING) Glen, put that gun away! Glen!

ATX01 0006108

TOM: Gimme that gun, Glen!

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: STING...TO THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened! It happened in Memphis, Tennessee. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the ^{Memphis} Press-Scimitar: the story of a reporter ^{villain} helps to untangle the knot on an odd and violent case. Tonight, to Null Adams for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #274

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

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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: -- THEME UNDER)

CHIPPPELL: Memphis, Tennessee.....the story as it actually happened....Null Adams' story as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: -- DISCORDANT MOTIF UNDER)

NARR: You're only 19; Null Adams, but you've worked around newspapers since your summer vacations in high school and for the last two years you've been on the police beat. A veteran, as experience goes. But the weird story that began with the visit of drunken Glen Holly to his friend Tom Dundee was a hard one to figure right from the start. Tom Dundee was a big 250 pounds, but he had his work cut out for him taking the gun away from his friend Glen, while the latter's terrified girl friend Wanda watched.....

WANDI: Get the gun away from him, get the gun away from him!

TOM: (EFFORT) Come on, Glen - give it to me -

GLEN: (WILD) Insulted me - y' insulted me!

TOM: (FINAL WRENCH) Alright - alright.

GLEN: Gimme back my gun, Tom! (STARTING TO CRY) Give it back to me.....

TOM: I'll keep it, Glen. Now just cool off. I don't want any more bullets goin' past my ear.

GLEN: (REPENTANT) Oh, what'd I do - tried t'kill my bes' frien' - arrest me, Tom - go ahead arres' me - you're a detective sergoan' - arres'me.

TOM: If I had any sense, I would. (WINCING) Look at that bite you took out o' my hand.

GLEN: (~~SOBBING~~) Oh, I'm a dog, I'm a dog, Tom!

WANDA: Want me to get something from the medicine cabinet and fix your ^{it} hand, Tom?

TOM: Let it go. Pour out some black coffee from that pot. I wanna sober this guy up.

GLEN: No - no - lemme suffer. Tom - do me favor.

TOM: Yeah? What?

GLEN: Drive me'n Wanda over t' my sister Margaret, huh?
(WEEPING AGAIN) Wan' my sis'er Margaret ~~comfort me'n~~ sober me up.

TOM: (DISGUSTED) O.K., Glen. Guess you're too much of a wild man for me.

GLEN: (SHOUTING) Insultin' me again!

TOM: Aw, shut up, Glen. (GETTING ANGRY) Come on, I'll take you to your sister's house before I lose my temper.

(MUSIC: - - - UNDER)

NARR: There was time enough for Sergeant Tom Dundee's temper to be tried even more on the way. Glen Holly's married sister, Mrs George Walker, lived a short distance south of Memphis, in an area of share-cropping farms, and by the time her brother rode up in front of the house with his girl friend and Sergeant Dundee...

(CAR COMING TO STOP UNDER)

GLEN: (ENRAGED) I says gimme back my gun, Tom!

TOM: (ANGRY) Listen, Glen, I'm only a human being. You gimme any more trouble, I'll slap your face in.

WANDA: (TRYING TO BE SOOTHING) Be quiet, Glen - everything'll be alright now -

GLEN: (CUTTING IN BEFORE SHE'S FINISHED) Don' you drive me crazy too, Wanda! Ever'body's agains' me!

TOM: Take him in the house, Wanda. I had enough o' him.

GLEN: Talkin' 'at way to me? I'll sock you!

(WALLOP)

TOM: (DANGEROUSLY ANGRY) Why, you - ! Whata you mean, hangin' one on me? Take him out o' this car, Wanda; before I smear him all over the ground.

(OPEN CAR DOOR VIOLENTLY ON ABOVE)

Get out o' this car, Glen, before I get red-eyed.

WANDA: (HASTILY) Alright, alright, I'll get him out. (GOING AWAY SLOWLY) Come on, Glen - come on...

GLEN: (WITH WANDA) I'll sock'm again - lemme go, I'll sock'm again!

(SLAM CAR DOOR ON)

TOM: I'm gettin' out o' here before I blow my top!

(START CAR FAST)

(MUSIC: IN HIGH.....SWIRL DOWN AGITATO UNDER)

NARR: As it turned out later, Null Adams, this was only the prelude. At about the same time you were meandering around police headquarters in Memphis - you had pulled the Sunday beat this week - and you were dutifully fishing around for what little news there was. As part of the routine, you finally dropped into the office of Detective Inspector Milroy just as he was in the midst of a phone conversation - a conversation that didn't sound routine... *the Walker home?*

MILROY: (45) Yeah....Huh?....But where does Tom Dundee fit in?Yeah....Yeah....(SOFT WHISTLE OF DISMAY) O.K., Sheriff I'm coming right out. Keep everything as is, will you.... O.K.. I'm cominz.

(HANG UP PHONE)

NULL: Something cooking, Inspector?

MILROY: Plenty. Some guy ran amuck with a knife down Oakhaven way, and it sounds bad.

NULL: But that's outside the city limits. Where do you come in? (TEEM QUICKLY) Tom Dundee - was that Sergeant Tom Dundee you were talking about?

MILROY: Yeah - my Sergeant Tom Dundee - that's why I'm being called in. The story's all mixed up, but he seems to fit in there some place. Wanna come along, young fellow?

NULL: Well, let's go, Inspector!

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

NARR: In the Walker home you find a bloody sight: George Walker cut up several times by a knife and unconscious with a doctor working over him. The inspector turns his attention to the two hysterical women: Wanda Shevlin, the girl who was with Glen Holly and Sergeant Dundee when they came to the house - and Glen's married sister Mrs. Margaret Walker...the wife of the man who was stabbed.

MARGARET: (SOBBING) Seem'd like my brother Glen was just crazy drunk again - started a fight with my husband - and then all of a sudden he pulled a knife and - and - oh my poor husband!

MILROY: Doctor says he'll be alright, Mam - don't worry. Now which way's that shack where your brother ran to?

MARGARET: Out the back way - that share-croppers shack across the cotton field - my poor brother's layin' in there dead - stabbed himself to death --

MILROY: How'd he get there, Mrs. Walker?

MARGARET: He ran back there himself with the knife still in his hand - and then later on somebody came in and told me he was layin' there dead --

MILROY: Who told you? The sharecroppers who live there?

MARGARET: No - that's the Harrises - Mrs. Harris and her boy Andrew. Another neighbor told me - seems like the Harrises weren't home - and Glen ran in there and killed himself -

MILROY: Uh-huh. Well - guess I better go back there and take a look.

NULL: Mind if I go along, Inspector?

MILROY: Alright, young fellow - guess you're entitled to your story. Come on - we'll take a look at that suicide.

(MUSIC: -- -- QUICK BRIDGE)

(FROGS OUTSIDE THE SHACK)

NULL: Whew - not a pleasant sight, Inspector.

MILROY: No.

NULL: Say. Inspector.

MILROY: Yeah?

NULL: Look where his knife is. Clean across the room from ^{Glen's} his body.

MILROY: Uh-huh.

NULL: But his hand's clenched tight. If he stabbed himself that way - where'd he get the strength to throw his knife clear across the room?

MILROY: ~~Yeah. (THOUGHTFUL) Yeah.~~

NULL: And look - this kerosene lamp on the table - burning. Who lit it? It just started to get dark a little while ago. (PUZZLED) *Glenn* I don't understand that, Inspector.

MILROY: Well - the way ~~he~~ was crazy drunk, as his sister says - it could've been one more cockeyed thing he did before he killed himself.

NULL: Inspector - nobody actually saw him kill himself, when you come to think of it.

MILROY: Now, what're you, turning detective, young fellow? Stick to reporting.

NULL: (ABASHED) Excuse me. Couldn't help thinking. (SNIFFS)

MILROY: What're you sniffing at?

NULL: Something cooking in here. Yeah - look - here on the stove. One of those country wood-burning stoves.

MILROY: (A BIT SARCASTIC) So whata you make out of all that?

NULL: (ABASHED AGAIN) Guess the people who live here put supper on, so it'd be ready when they got back.

MILROY: You don't have to know working sharecroppers' habits to guess that. That knife. That's what bothers me.

NULL: Yeah. How could it be all the way across the room from his body if he stabbed himself with it?

MILROY: (IRRITATED) Alright, alright.

NULL: (SUDDEN REALIZATION) Say. I know what's bothering you, Inspector.

MILROY: Oh, ~~do~~ *you do* you?

NULL: (STARTLED) It's not just that this might be murder instead of suicide -- it's that you know about somebody who had a big fight with him earlier today.

MILROY: (ANGRY) Pretty smart, aren't you, for your age?

NULL: (TOO JOLTED TO BE ABASHED THIS TIME) The one that girl
Wanda Shevlin told us about -- Sergeant Tom Dundee.

(MUSIC: -- -- WALLOP IT...AND TAKE UNDER)

WANDA: But what're you taking me to headquarters for, Inspector?
What'd I do?

MILROY: (SHARP) Nothing. I just want to go ~~backwards and for-~~
~~wards~~ over your story, that's all.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP...FADE)

MILROY: You're sure about that now. You're absolutely sure about
that.

WANDA: (ALMOST TEARFUL) Yes - yes, Inspector: the last thing
Sergeant Dundee said when he slammed the door of his car
was: "I'm getting out of here before I blow my top."
Just like that. And mad. Mad. What're you blaming me
for?

MILROY: I'm not blaming you, young lady. Some facts are just
unpleasant, that's all. Now ~~after he~~ ^{when Dundee} drove away after
that - did you see him around again?

WANDA: No. I didn't.

MILROY: Or his car. Did you happen to see his car parked anywhere
near there after that?

WANDA: No. I didn't see his car. Why? Why're you asking me
such questions?

MILROY: Never mind.

WANDA: Well, alright, then, can I go home now?

MILROY: Well - alright - I guess that's all I have to ask you.
Go on home.

WANDA: I still don't know why you're mad. (GOING AWAY) (TEARFUL)
Bad enough all that happened with poor Glen. (SHUDDERING)
Although he might've killed me.

(OPEN DOOR OFF)

WANDA: ~~Oh, it's been just a terrible day!~~

(CLOSE DOOR OFF)

NULL: ~~Guess it is a terrible day, Inspector.~~

MILROY: ~~You still here, Adams? Null: Yes --~~
Another county heard from again. What's the amateur detective got on his mind now? Go ahead: I can see another big thought struggling around in your head.

NULL: Well - I was just thinking there are plenty of trees around the main road and the side road out there.

MILROY: Where a car could be parked out of sight. I'm gonna recommend you for the force yet.

NULL: It doesn't make me any happier than it does you, Inspector. I know Tom Dundee too.

MILROY: So what do you figure? He did it, in spite of that?

NULL: Well - the only thing I figure right now, Inspector - I know what you figure you have to do at this point, no matter how you feel about it.

MILROY: (ALMOST SNARLING) I wonder what makes the younger generation of reporters so smart!

(YANK PHONE OFF CRADLE)

Hello! Find Sergeant Dundee - Tom Dundee - and tell him to come in to see me right away!

(SLAM PHONE BACK INTO CRADLE)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

TOM: Inspector, this is the first thing I knew about anything that happened out there.

MILROY: You know who Wanda Shevlin is, Tom?

TOM: Sure, Inspector. Glen's new girl friend. I met her for the first time today. She works at the shoe store where he's - where he was the manager.

MILROY: She told me a story, Tom. ~~I grilled her to a crisp on it~~ - but it came out the same way in the end: that you and Glen Holly had a big fight earlier today.

TOM: What? Oh. I see what you mean, Inspector.

MILROY: Sure. That's why you're a sergeant of detectives, Tom. Well? How about it?

TOM: The fight between me and Glen? It's a fact alright.

MILROY: Nice. Nice, Tom. I'm glad to hear that fact verified by you.

TOM: Just the same I didn't do it, ~~Inspector~~.

MILROY: But you know what it looks like.

TOM: Yes. I know what it looks like. But I couldn't've done that to him or anybody, no matter how sore I felt.

MILROY: Sure. But the routine puts the next question to you:

TOM: (TAKING THE WORDS OUT OF HIS MOUTH) Where did I go after I drove away from his sister's house.

MILROY: Now answer it.

TOM: I went home.

MILROY: Well?

TOM: No, nobody saw me there. I was home alone the rest of the afternoon.

MILROY: No witnesses. No alibi.

TOM: Nothing I could prove, ~~Inspector~~.

MILROY: Swell. Swell. Listen, Tom: did you do it? ~~Now come on: did you?~~

TOM: No, Inspector. I didn't.

MILROY: But a lot that helps. ~~I believe you from here to the moon and back again, Tom - but that doesn't help any either.~~

TOM: Yeah. I know that, Inspector. Guess I'm suspended pending investigation, huh?

MILROY: That's what the routine says.

TOM: And it says because this is a murder case -- I get locked up in the clink too.

MILROY: That's what it says, Tom.

TOM: Uh-huh. Well -- I thought I could take anything, Inspector - but I guess I feel the way you look: a little sick.

(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
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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 Null Adams, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: There's a two-line headline over your front-page story Null Adams. "Jail Detective Sergeant on Charge of Murder"...it says. But how you hated to write it. You know Sergeant Tom Dundee - have gone out with him and his bandit squad on many a raid and emergency call. And when you go to visit him in the County Jail - ~~and you~~ find him with a copy of your story.

NULL: (AWKWARD) It's one of those things, Tom - a story like that breaks - and you know - well, no matter how you feel about it yourself--

TOM: (NOT FEELING TOO GOOD HIMSELF) Sure, Null. You didn't do me so bad. You wrote it straight, without any twists.

NULL: Had an argument with my City Editor about that.

TOM: Well, he sure put a whopping headline on it.

NULL: I told him I was following up with an interview, *Tom*.
(AWKWARD) *So* Say what you want to, ~~Tom~~ I'll write it.

TOM: Well - I didn't kill Glen Holly. I felt sorry for him, even after I got so sore at him. He just couldn't keep from hitting that liquor the way he did.

NULL: As far as I'm concerned, that's the way it was. Anything else, [?] Tom?

TOM: That's all there is to it, kid. I wasn't anywhere near that sharcropper's house where he got killed - ~~by~~

~~whoever~~

NULL: Uh-huh. By the way - I covered the whole neighborhood around your house to find if there was anybody who saw you home at the time.

TOM: And you didn't find anybody.

NULL: No. I was hoping, but - Inspector Milroy had combed over the neighborhood himself before me.

TOM: ~~Uh-huh~~. In a way, that clamps it tighter on me.

NULL: Yeah. Double-check no alibi for you.

TOM: That's right. Except the guy who actually did it, whoever he is.

NULL: Yeah. (JOLT) Hey.

TOM: Yeah?

NULL: I was just wondering - (LAMELY) ~~There I go making like an amateur detective again, as Inspector Milroy would say.~~
Go on -

TOM: ~~Go ahead anyway. What's on your mind?~~
I was just thinking

NULL: ~~I was just thinking~~ - that sharecropper family that was away when Glen Holly got killed in their house - a Mrs. Harris and her son Andrew -

TOM: Yeah?

NULL: Well, if I went out and talked to them - (FUMBLING) I mean - maybe after they got back home - maybe they saw something around the shack or noticed something - maybe it'd be good for some kind of a clue -- or am I talking through my hat?

TOM: Kid - one thing I learned in ten years digging into the jams other people get into: you never know in advance what's gonna turn out important and what isn't.

NULL: Then you think I oughta give it a try.

TOM: Go ahead - with my thanks in advance. Who knows? Nobody else turned up anything so far. Maybe you will.

MUSIC: _____ UNDER).

NARR: You don't need any more encouragement than that, Null Adams, and it isn't long before you drive out past the Walker home, park your car, and head across the cotton field in back of their home toward the sharecropper's shack of the Harrises.

~~(MUSIC: _____ FIDE FIDE)~~

(WALKING BETWEEN ROWS OF COTTON. PLUS DISTANT FROGS COMING CLOSER AS HE WALKS.)

NARR: You're about halfway there - picking your way through the darkness with a flashlight, when suddenly you stop - and for a moment you don't know why.

(CUT WALKING. HOLD FROGS AS IS)

NARR: (AFTER PAUSE) Then you realize what it is: the smell of supper cooking in another sharecropper's home down the road.

NULL: Same smell as there was in the Harrises' shack couple of evenings back: turnip greens and pot likker and corn pone.

NARR: The supper that was still cooking on the stove while the dead man lay on the floor of the shack.

(CONTINUE WALKING. FROGS GRADUALLY CLOSER AS:)

NARR: As you continue across the cotton field, you wonder then how the Harrises must have felt, coming back to find that a murder had been committed in their home. And then you realize:

NULL: (DISAPPOINTED) No light in the house. Nobody home.
(CUT MIXING. SUSSELIH FROGS)

NARR: You verify it with your flashlight. You shine it through the kitchen window, and the beam comes to rest on the stove. And again you get a jolt - and again for a moment you don't know why.

NULL: (PUZZLED) That's funny. Pot of turnip greens - and pot likker - and pan of corn pone just like when --
(ABRUPT STOP) Hey - hey, for the love of Mike!

NARR: And you turn and run back across the field toward the home of the Walkers.

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

MARGARET: Please - be quiet, Mr. Adams - my poor husband's still weak ~~from these terrible wounds he got.~~

NULL: (FIGHTING HIS EXCITEMENT) Yes - I'm sorry, Mrs. Walker but there's some important information I've got to get from you --

MARGARET: Well, I don't know what more information I could

NULL: Wait - listen, Mrs. Walker - it's about those sharecroppers back there - the Harrises - I was just over there and - could you possibly tell me whether they've been home at all the last two days - since ^{what} ~~the thing that~~ happened with your brother?

MARGARET: Whether Mrs. Harris and her boy've been home? Well, I don't know, my mind's still in such a -- Come to think of it. Where could they've gone?

NULL: Then they haven't been home? Is that what you mean? They haven't been home?

MARGARET: That's right. Now that I think of it - they havent been. Now where -

NULL: Thanks - thanks, Mrs. Walker. Please - can I use your phone?

MARGARET: Yes, but you'll have to be -

NULL: I'll be quiet - don't worry - I'll talk quiet if it kills me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WIPE)

MILROY: (FILTER) I don't get it, kid: so you saw a pot of turnip greens and pot likker and a pan of corn pones on their stove.

NULL: (QUIET AGAINST HIGH PRESSURE) Alright, now hold it, Inspector, stay with me. Now suppose that was the same supper we saw on that stove a couple of days ago - and suppose it stayed there while the wood in that stove burned itself out - what would that supper look like by now?

MILROY: What would it look like? The water'd all be boiled off and the corn pones'd be burned to a crisp. (IMPATIENT) Now what're you -

NULL: Well, you just described the exact condition of that supper, Inspector. Add the fact that the Harrises haven't come back home yet.

MILROY: What?

NULL: That's right. Now why would Mrs. Harris put that supper on to cook two days ago - and then she and her boy go away - and not come back yet. What'd make 'em do a thing like that, Inspector?

MILROY: (REPEATING THE QUESTION) *I see what you mean* ~~What would make 'em do a --~~
(IT HITS HIM BETWEEN THE EYES) Hey!!!

NULL: ~~That's exactly what I figured, Inspector. Now if --~~

MARGARET: (COMING IN) Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams.

NULL: I'll be through in just a couple of minutes, Mrs. -

MARGARET: Well, alright, but I just saw a light go on back there.

NULL: Sure sure? *Mrs. Walker* Inspector, now supposing - Wait, ~~hold-on-~~
a minute. What did you say, Mrs. Walker? A light?
Where?

MARGARET: Back in the Harrises' shack. Just this minute.

NULL: Inspector, it looks like the Harrises just -

MILROY: I heard, son ~~don't move out of your tracks till I get~~ *there!*
over -
about do anything - will be right

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(WALKING BIZ AS BEFORE. FROGS FAIRLY CLOSE AND COMING CLOSER).

MILROY: (LOW) I'm glad for the racket those frogs're making. Cover up any noise we make.

NULL: (LOW) Mrs. Walker says the boy Andrew's only ¹⁸~~19~~ - ~~but~~
~~they can come pretty husky out on the farm at that age.~~

MILROY: He'd have to be ^{pretty} husky to kill Glen Holly in the wild condition that drunk was in.

NULL: You figure that's the only answer to the puzzle.

MILROY: Sure. Why else would young Harris and his mother cut and run? I figure him and Glen Holly were on the outs some way.

NULL: That's the only way it makes sense.

MILROY: Better keep quiet now. I'll signal the men in with my flashlight.

(WALKING.....CUT)

MILROY: (WHISPER) Alright. Here goes.

(CRASH DOOR IN)

MRS. HARRIS: (40) (SCREAMS)

ANDREW: (19) (SCARED STIFF) Whata you want! Who are you!

MRS. HARRIS: Andy, all those men outside - what do they want!

MILROY: (LETTING DOWN CONSIDERABLY) Whoa - hold it, men. Easy.

NULL: (WHISPER) ~~He's certainly no husk, Inspector~~ ^{Inspector} and he certainly looks anything but dangerous.

ANDREW: (VOICE SHAKY) Who are - who are you?

MILROY: Memphis police, son.

ANDREW: Police? What -

MRS. HARRIS: (SHE HAS A SOFT, WARM VOICE, AND WE GET ITS QUALITY NOW, THOUGH SHE'S STILL SHAKY) Oh - maybe they can tell us what's wrong, Andy. Officer, we got home just a litt'e while ago - and we found all these dark stains on the floor - and we were just trying to wash them up when you broke in.

MILROY: (JUST A BIT UNSURE) Now wait a minute, Mam. You know what those stains are, and you know how they got there.

MRS. HARRIS: What? What do you mean?

MILROY: I'll ask your son: What did you have against Glen Holly, young fellow?

ANDREW: (VOICE SHAKY) Who? Against who, officer?

MILROY: (STILL NOT SO SURE NOW) Now look here, I know you ~~cut~~
~~him up and~~ killed him.

ANDREW: What? I did what? Ma, did you hear what he said?

NULL: (WHISPER) And a mama's boy too, Inspector. I don't get
it. Something's wrong in the way we figured it.

MRS. HARRIS: What're you whispering there? What're you saying about
my boy? I don't understand all this terrible talk about
my boy killing and things.

MILROY: We'll see whether you do or not, Mrs. Harris. Come on -
you and your boy're coming along to headquarters.

MRS. HARRIS: But this is terrible! Why?

MILROY: Take 'em along, men.

~~NULL:~~ (LOW) ~~Well -- looks like Sergeant Dundee isn't out of the~~
~~woods yet, Inspector. --~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MRS. HARRIS: (CALM) It's very easy to explain, Inspector. If I'd've
realized what was bothering you, I'd've told you. When
I put that supper on the stove to cook, I expected we'd
come back in time to eat it. But then out in the woods
there, where we were gathering wood, why, my boy twisted
his ankle.

ANDREW: That's right, Inspector.

MRS. HARRIS: So I figured we'd just stay out at our other shack there,
and while Andy was resting up his ankle, I'd gather in
some more wood.

ANDREW: That's right, Inspector.

MILROY: Uh-hun. (MORE SURE OF HIMSELF NOW) Wonder how you'd
answer questions without your ma around, son.

ANDREW: What? What d' you mean, Inspector?

MILROY: Would you just step into the next room, Mam? Take her in the next room, Steve. *Steve: OK Chief*

MRS. HARRIS: (A LITTLE LESS CALM) No. Why? Why can't I stay with my boy?

ANDREW: (SCARED) We're answering the questions alright, Inspector.

MILROY: Take her in the next room, Steve.

MRS. HARRIS: (GOING AWAY, STRUGGLING) No - let me ^{go - I'm staying} ~~stay here~~ ~~here~~ --

MILROY: (SWIFTLY) Now, Andy, I'll put it to you the way I see it now. Any boy worth his salt has to defend his mother, and when that wild drunk broke into your shack with that bloody knife in his hand -

MRS. HARRIS: (OFF, STRUGGLING) Andy, don't say anything! Let go of me! Andy, don't answer anything! Let me go!

ANDREW: (IN SUDDEN RAGE) Let go of my mother!

MILROY: (GRABBING) Hold it, son.

ANDREW: (STRUGGLING) Let me go! Tell that big bully of yours to let go of my mother, Inspector! Let go of her!

MILROY: (SWIFTLY) Isn't this the way it happened, son? (HAVING TROUBLE) Didn't that wild man go for your mother ~~with his knife~~ and then didn't you ~~go right up like you are now, like a kite, and grab~~ a knife from the table and -

ANDREW: Yes yes, I -

MRS. HARRIS: (ALMOST SHRIEKING) Andy, keep quiet!

ANDREW: (WILD) I did it, I cut him down just in time, just before he got to her! Now let her go, let go of her!

MILROY: Alright, Steve. Let her go. Alright, son.

MRS. HARRIS: (WEEPING) Oh, Andy - Andy boy - what did you do --

ANDREW: I couldn't help it, Ma - oh, Ma, I couldn't help myself --

MRS. HARRIS: Oh, what'll happen to you now, Andy -- I had it all
worked out to protect you and - Oh, Andy, Andy, boy!
What'll happen to you now!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Null
Adams of The Memphis, Tennessee Press-Scimitar, 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: How we read you that telegram from Null Adams of the Memphis, Tennessee Press-Scimitar.

NULL: Police exonerated young boy in killing of Glen Holly on basis that he was acting in defense of mother against murderous assault. The Sergeant was completely cleared and immediately reinstated in grade and duty as head of bandit squad. Consider this a happy ending all around, including tonight's PELL MELL Award to me, which I deeply appreciate.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Adams....the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present to you the PELL MELL Award for notable service in the field of journalism... a check for \$500, and a specially mounted bronze plaque engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento of your truly significant achievement.

MARRICE: Listen again next week, same time same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A Big Story from the front pages of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin by-line Jean Barrett. A Big Story of a family that was shattered by death.

(MUSIC: _ _ STRING)

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 WIFE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Valdimir
Slensky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan ^{Jack}
~~Boulicone~~ ^{Bentley} from an actual story from the front pages of
the Memphis, Tenn. Press Scimitar. Your narrator
was Bob Sloane and Mickey O'Day played the part of
Null Adams. 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, Adams.

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

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

pb
6/9/52 pm

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