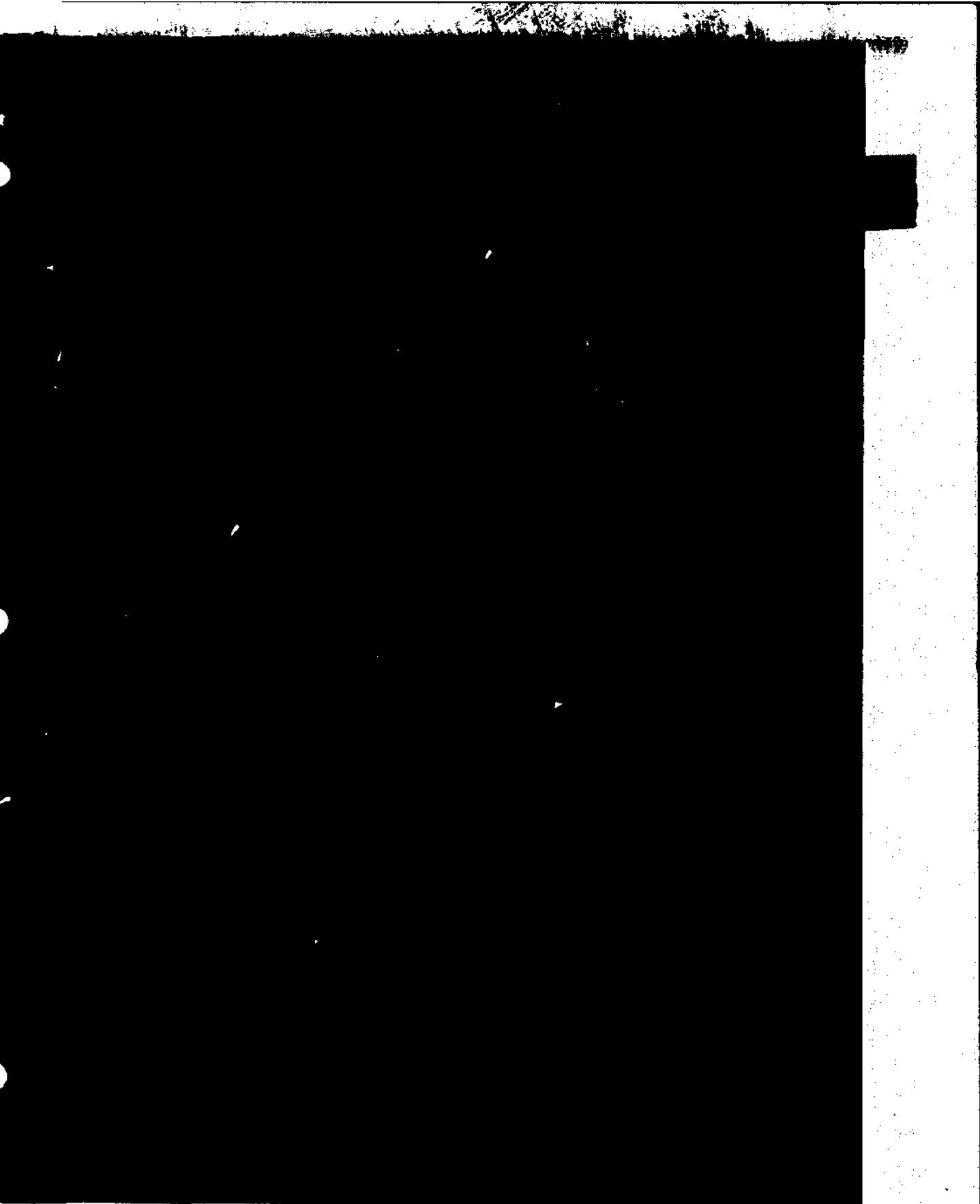


0798284-004

ATX01 0006135



RTX01 0006136

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 275

CAST

NARRATOR

JEAN

ELLIE

MRS. CASEY

ROY

PETE

EDITOR

KITTEN

BOB SLOANE

EILEEN HECKERT

PATSY CAMPBELL,

RUTH YORKE

BERNARD GRANT

TONY RANDALL

TONY RANDALL

FRANK MILAN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1952

ATX01 0006137

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#275

9:30--10:00 PM EDST

JULY 2, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Jean Barrett; Philadelphia Evening Bulletin,
Philadelphia, Pa.)

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

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

ROY: Are you sure it's alright, Ellie?

ELLIE:

Let me do the worrying Roy - if I want to see you.
I couldn't go on not seeing you, Roy. *I'm going to see you.*

ROY:

But, won't he mind?

ELLIE:

I don't care. I don't care if he gets angry. I've got
a right to see my own brother.

ROY:

Maybe it ^{will} be better if I'm around. I mean...the way he
treats you.

ELLIE:

Roy, I'm so ^{afraid} frightened, he's been worse. Sometimes I'm
afraid something awful will happen.

ROY:

It'll be just like old times, Ellie, you can take care of
your kid brother.

ELLIE:

Of course I will Roy.
Roy, I'm ^{still} afraid...I'm afraid something terrible is going
to happen.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in Philadelphia, Pa. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (PLAT) From
the pages of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, the story
of a family that was shattered by death. Tonight, to
Jean Barrett for her Big Story, goes the PELL MELL
\$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006138

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 UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pa -- the story as it actually happened
.....Jean Barrett's story as she lived it ...

(MUSIC: -- -- i i i i i i i i)

NARRATOR: Murder is part of your everyday job, Jean Barrett. You're the only woman covering the Philadelphia crime beat, and you've seen violence and horror and tragedy in every section of town, from the slums of South Philadelphia to the mansions out on the Main Line, but this case is different. It started in a brownstone boarding house in a bare unfriendly room. There were three people...Ellen Wyatt, and her husband, Pete, and her brother, Roy, and a small frail white kitten.

(KITTEN MEWING)

ELLIE: He's hungry.

PETE: So am I, and I'm not crying about it.

ELLIE: There's some cat food in the suitcase.

PETE: You go out of your way to get something for that miserable kitten.

ELLIE: Well, it wasn't my fault that the apartment wasn't ready, Pete.

PETE: Why'd we have to move?

ELLIE: We went over that...there would be a room for Roy.

PETE: A room for Roy! That's all I need.

(KITTEN MEWS AGAIN)

ELLIE: He's hungry. Pete, will you lift up the suitcase for me?

PETE: So that mangy cat can stuff his gut?

ROY: I'll get it, sis.

PETE: Get out of the way, you couldn't even lift it.

(SUITCASE SNAPS OPEN)

ROY: Take it easy, Pete, it isn't so bad. We can move into the apartment tomorrow.

PETE: It's probably just as bad as this hole.

ELLIE: Here, puss, here, puss, puss, puss!

PETE: Look at that...takes better care of that cat...

ROY: Oh, it isn't so bad, Pete. Why not be cheerful about it?

PETE: Cheerful? Go ahead, you be cheerful.

ROY: I ... I brought something, Pete, Here, it's good stuff. Seven dollars a fifth.

PETE: Let me see that bottle.

ROY: Go ahead, go ahead, take all you want.

(CORK OUT)

(PETE DRINKS)

ELLIE: Pete, you've got your feet on the bed.

PETE: What's the difference?

ELLIE: It's a white spread, *that's the difference*

PETE: Look, leave me alone, this is all your fault anyway, you had to have a room for your brother.

(DRINKS AGAIN)

ELLIE: Please, Pete, *no more drinking*

ROY: Look, we're stuck here, we might as well pass the time, huh? How about rolling dice? You like that, Pete.

PETE: You got any money?

ROY: A little.

PETE: Go ahead, roll 'em. Make sure you hit the wall with both dice.

ROY: Sure, sure, Pete. A dollar?

PETE: Faded.

(SUITCASE SNAPS OPEN)

ROY: Take it easy, Pete, it isn't so bad. We can move into the apartment tomorrow.

PETE: It's probably just as bad as this hole.

ELLIE: Here, puss, here, puss, puss, puss!

PETE: Look at that...takes better care of that cat...

ROY: Oh, it isn't so bad, Pete. Why not be cheerful about it?

PETE: Cheerful? Go ahead, you be cheerful.

ROY: I ... I brought something, Pete, Here, it's good stuff. Seven dollars a fifth.

PETE: Let me see that bottle.

ROY: Go ahead, go ahead, take all you want.

(CORK OUT)

(PETE DRINKS)

ELLIE: Pete, you've got your feet on the bed.

PETE: What's the difference?

ELLIE: It's a white spread, *that's the difference*

PETE: Look, leave me alone, this is all your fault anyway, you had to have a room for your brother.

(DRINKS AGAIN)

ELLIE: Please, Pete, *no more drinking*

ROY: Look, we're stuck here, we might as well pass the time, huh? How about rolling dice? You like that, Pete.

PETE: You got any money?

ROY: A little.

PETE: Go ahead, roll 'em. Make sure you hit the wall with both dice.

ROY: Sure, sure, Pete. A dollar?

PETE: Faded.

(DICE ROLL. PETE LAUGHS RAUCOUSLY)

PETE: Box cars. You shoot dice like you do everything else.
Wrong end ~~foremost~~. *first*

(PETE LAUGHS AGAIN. KITTEN MEOWS)

PETE: Keep that cat away from the dice.

ELLIE: Come kitty, come on, you stay with mommy...

PETE: Go on, kid, throw 'em again.

ROY: Sure, Pete.

(DICE ROLL. KITTEN MEOWS)

PETE: I said keep that cat away.

ELLIE: I can't help it, he thinks you're playing, you know
how kittens are.

PETE: I've had enough of that...you, all the time hugging that
kitten, go on, get out of the way, go on.

(KITTEN SPITS)

PETE: *ouch*
~~out~~...why that little...

ELLIE: Pete, no, no, Pete....

PETE: I'll show you.

(KITTEN SQUALLS AND THEN SILENT)

ELLIE: You killed him you killed him. I loved him and you've
killed him.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You were given the assignment, Jean Barrett, eleven a.m.
the next morning. There's no mystery according to the
police, it's an open and shut case. Pete Wyatt lies
dead in the hospital, a knife wound in his chest and you
stand at the back of the court room as Ellen Wyatt is
arraigned for murder. She is tall, her hair is red, the
matron holds her up as she makes her statement.

ELLIE: (SLIGHTLY OFF, SLIGHT ECHO) I don't know what happened, I just went crazy and picked up the only thing in the room, then, I just went after my husband and stabbed him.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The plea is not guilty, a formality, until she obtains counsel. It is open and shut. The police have a signed confession, but somehow you feel there is more story to this and you take that feeling back to the City Room.

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

EDITOR: Look, Ginny, just file a couple of inches and forget it. We've got two strangulations and a sawed off shot gun that I want you to cover.

JEAN: Let them wait, Jack. Before he died, she wanted to give blood. Her brother actually gave him a transfusion before he died.

EDITOR: So what?

JEAN: You didn't see them in court. They look almost alike, both tall, gaunt, red hair, there was something in his eyes, he stood right next to me...

EDITOR: Sure, sure, now that strangling over in Germantown.

JEAN: Jack, give me an hour.

EDITOR: For what?

JEAN: Follow up.

EDITOR: Follow up what, the expression in his eyes?

JEAN: Never mind, just give me an hour.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You go to the boarding house, you walk up the high brownstone stoop and you find Mrs. Casey, the landlady, on her knees scrubbing the parquet in the downstairs hall.

CASEY: You look out for those shoes, I don't want to splash soap on 'em.

JEAN: What were they like, Mrs. Casey, Pete and Ellie Wyatt, and her brother Roy?

CASEY: Well, I didn't see them much, they just moved in you know, and the mister, he raised an awful fuss when the apartment wasn't ready. He spoke real sharp to her, right in front of me.

JENA: And Roy, the brother?

CASEY: Well, now, he looked real sick. I thought he was going to drop right there on the landing. He carried up all the heavy suitcases, the mister didn't even touch them.

JEAN: And you didn't hear anything?

CASEY: Not ... not until...that poor Mrs. Wyatt came running down the stairs screaming for help.

JEAN: Did she say then that she'd stabbed her husband?

CASEY: She was just screaming, and then that brother came running downstairs and she cried on his shoulder. As a matter of fact, I think he was crying, too. You could tell they were very close.

JEAN: And what did you think of Pete Wyatt, Mrs. Casey?

CASEY: ~~The mister?~~ Well, I'll tell you one thing, she waited on him hand and foot and never got so much as a kind word in return.

(OLD FASHIONED DOOR BELL)

CASEY: Would you mind opening that, dear, my knee, you know.

JEAN: Certainly.

(DOOR OPEN)

ROY: (OFF) Where's Mrs. Casey?

JEAN: You're Roy Morton, aren't you?

ROY: I don't know you.

JEAN: I saw you at the court. I'm Jean Barrett from the Bulletin.

ROY: Mrs. Casey, I want to get my bag.

JEAN: I'd like to talk to you, Roy.

ROY: Don't bother me.

CASEY: I put your bag right in the hall closet.

JEAN: I want to ask you about your sister.

ROY: Look, Miss...Misss...leave me alone, leave me alone. I've got enough trouble.

JEAN: Look, I'm not trying to make trouble for you, I'm interested in your sister, I watched her very carefully, I think she's innocent.

ROY: Give me my bag, Mrs. Casey.

CASEY: Right in there.

(DOOR OPEN)

ROY: Thanks.

CASEY: Wait a minute, what am I going to do about the kitten?

ROY: Oh, oh....

CASEY: Last thing that Mrs. Wyatt said before the police took her away was for me to take care of the kitten.

JEAN: I thought the kitten was dead, I thought he killed it.

CASEY:: Oh, goodness, no, it came around with not so much as a bump on its head.

ROY: Oh, thanks for taking care of him, Mrs. Casey, my sister was worried about him.

(KITTEN MEOWS)

CASEY: There he is now.

ROY: Here, kitty, nice kitty. She loved you, too, kitty. She loved you. Take care of him, Mrs. Casey, please, for her.

JEAN: Hey, wait, where are you going?

(DOOR OPEN)

Wait, I want to ask you

(DOOR CLOSE)

Well....

(KITTEN MEOWS)

It's too bad you can't talk, kitty, you saw the who: thing, didn't you?

(KITTEN MEOWS)

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND DOWN)

NARRATOR: You see him again on the morning when the case of t Commonwealth against Ellen Wyatt is called in the c Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery of the Cou of Philadelphia, in the great grey stone citadel o: Hall. The resemblance between brother and sister stronger than ever. The same red hair, the same h eyes. Ellen Wyatt looks at her brother, their gaz in some communication that no one else can underst The prosecution reads the signed confession into record. (FLAT) "I don't know what happened, I j crazy and picked up the only thing in the room th ~~an~~ went after my husband and stabbed him.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The Commonwealth rests on that confession. You : press table ^{you} and watch Ellen Wyatt, thinner than eyes dark beneath the flaming red hair. ^{later} Out in you meet Roy Morton.

(LIGHT CROWD BACKGROUND)

JEAN: Wait a minute, Roy.

ROY: Let me alone. Isn't it bad enough?

JEAN: Don't worry, I'm not going to ask you any questions. I just wanted to tell you I'm going to give her all the break I can in my copy.

ROY: Have you got a cigarette?

JEAN: Here.

ROY: How can she stand it, how can she? You don't know her.

JEAN: She looks strong.

ROY: Yes, yes, she's strong, she always was, she had to be. She always took care of me since she was three years old. Our mother and father died in an accident.

JEAN: Oh?

ROY: Got another match? We lived with our grandmother. Ellie always took care of me. She was all the mother I ever had. But nobody would understand that, nobody.

JEAN: Look out, the match, your finger.

ROY: Nobody understands the unselfish love Ellie and I had for each other. He never understood.

JEAN: Pete?

ROY: You know why he married her, you know why? Because she had twelve hundred dollars and he was in trouble with the Washington bootlegger. I told her...I told her it was like marrying an animal, that's what he was...an animal... and she was so gentle.

JEAN: The court reconvenes in a few minutes.

ROY: They'll call me today. I don't remember, I can't help her, because I don't remember. Miss Barrett, have you got another match?

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

The defense builds the story of the marriage of Pete Ellen Wyatt, the story of brutality and long suffering still the signed confession dominates the courtroom. Ellen Wyatt is called to the stand, then, in her own words, she tells the story of her husband's death.

ELLEN: (SLIGHT ECHO) The kitten was chasing the dice, he d know, he was chasing them and knocked them with his Pete was mad, he was very mad, I was afraid of him w he was drinking. He took the kitten and threw it ag the wall. I ... I ran to pick it up and then Pete c after me, he kicked me and then he pulled my hair, e had a knife, I said, Pete, don't, and I tried to tal away from him and the next thing I knew he was on th I screamed and screamed and there was blood all ove I don't know what happened, I didn't kill him, I di

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The story is changed. The defense and prosecution battle it out in summation. Which story is correct? The signed confession, "I just went crazy and picked up the only thing in the room ~~and~~ then I just went after my husband and stabbed him", or this story of accident and self-defense. Under the Anglo Saxon common law, the jury is the sole judge of fact; they deliberate five hours, five long hours, and then, you watch them file back into the courtroom, Jean Barrett, and you listen to the flat nasal voice of the clerk as he reads the verdict and then you dash for the phone.

JEAN: Hello, hello, Jack? Verdict's in, Ellen Wyatt, guilty. Guilty of voluntary manslaughter. No, no, I'm not through. Jack, I've covered every important murder in Philadelphia and there's something wrong. *Jack* She's innocent. I'm sure she's innocent.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO 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, 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 Jean Barrett, as she lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You stand at the open phone in the courthouse corridor and file your story, and then, suddenly, you notice in the booth ^{opposite} ~~next to~~ you, Roy Morton sits huddled, his hands clenched over the mouthpiece, his forehead against his hands. He isn't calling, he's waiting...for you.

ROY: Miss Barrett.

JEAN: *Roy*, What are you doing here, ~~Roy?~~ Everybody's gone.

ROY: I know.

JEAN: Well, we'd better get out of here. They'll be locking up for the night.

ROY: They locked her up. They locked her up. (HIGH) They locked up my sister, my beautiful beautiful sister.

JEAN: Here, take it easy, come on, I'll buy you a cup of coffee.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DISH RATTLE)

JEAN: Go ahead, drink.

ROY: You know all the answers, what will they do to her? He was an animal, he might have killed her, why can't they see that she wouldn't hurt a fly, she's always so gentle, he always kicked her around. What'll happen to her now?

JEAN: You don't look well, Roy, are you sick?

ROY: Never mind about me.

JEAN: Maybe we ought to get you to a hospital.

ROY: I said forget about me. What will they do with her?

JEAN: She'll probably get an indeterminate sentence in the Industrial Home for Women at Muncie. It's a good place, Roy, there are no walls, just cottages.

ROY: Muncie? Can I get a job near there, do you think?

JEAN: I could see her?

ROY: Once a month, that's all. That's the rule.

JEAN: No, once a month?

ROY: That's the rule.

JEAN: She'll die. She didn't know that. Every time I've seen her since she's been in prison, she says it will be alright as long as I can be with her and she wouldn't mind the waiting, that can't be right, they couldn't be that cruel.

ROY: But Roy, Muncie is a better place, she'll have a much better chance there. That's the important thing, not whether she can have visitors.

JEAN: I'm not a visitor, I'm her life, she told me that.

ROY: What am I going to do, what am I going to do?

JEAN: What are you going to do, Roy?

ROY: I don't know, I don't know. ~~You've been good to us, especially to Ellie.~~ If you want, I'll let you know when I've decided what to do.

JEAN: Thanks.

ROY: Even if I decide to blow my brains out.

JEAN: Wait a minute, where are you going?

ROY: I don't know.

JEAN: I want to talk to you, Roy, about your testimony, about what happened in that room.

ROY: Here, this is for my coffee.

(COIN ON COUNTER)

JEAN: Wait, wait a minute, wait, Roy, don't go, Roy.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You feel somehow you've missed, you feel you had the story in your hand, the truth, and it went walking out the door, into the streets of Philadelphia. The answer is somewhere in that triangle of emotions. The brother and sister, Roy and Ellen, and the husband. You don't see Roy Morton for a week and then one day you look up from your desk in the City Room and there he is staring at you, his red hair is snarled and down over his eyes. He is leaning against the desk, he doesn't look as if he can stand alone, and yet, in his eyes there is peace, and a decision.

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

JEAN: Sit down, Roy.

ROY: Thanks.

JEAN: You look better. You know what you're going to do now, don't you?

ROY: Yes, that's it. I want you to help me, Miss Barrett, can you get in to see my sister?

JEAN: She's being held at Moyamensing Prison till ^{the} sentencing, I think I can get in there.

ROY: I want you to see her, I don't dare go. I want you to tell her that I'm going to tell the truth. I'm going to Washington, there's a lawyer there, Mr. Parker. I'm going to give myself up.

JEAN: You killed Pete Wyatt?

ROY: You make her understand that she has to live for me. I can't go on without her.

JEAN: I'll try.

ROY: After you've seen Ellie you can do what you want with the story. I stabbed Pete because he hit her. He hit her with his fist and that's the truth. I'll be with Mr. Parker within four hours and I'll call you before he calls the police.

(ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES OPEN OFF, RING OF SIGNAL)

ROY: There's the elevator, good bye.

JEAN:

wait! *Roy are you sure this is what you want to do?*

ROY:

Yes

I was weak, Ellie told me she'd commit suicide if I told the truth and gave myself up. She said she'd be alright in prison if I came to see her, but it won't work that way. You tell her it's the same thing in reverse, I'll go to prison where she'll come to see me. You can visit oftener in the Men's prison. (FADE) Good bye.

~~JEAN: Wait, Roy, Roy, wait.~~

(ELEVATOR DOOR SLIDES CLOSE)

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You're in trouble now, Jean Barrett, you can tell your editor, but what have you got, just a verbal confession of murder, no proof. Maybe you should call the police. But you let him get away. You didn't shout out, and more than that, you promised, promised you'd take the message to Ellen Wyatt. You know if you go through the red tape every other paper will be down on your neck, so you go to the office of the Board of County Prisons and fill out a regular visiting form.

JEAN: Name - Jean Barrett. Relative - no. Friend - yes. To visit - Ellen Wyatt. Visiting hours - between 3 and 4:30.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Moyamensing Prison is gray, ^{and} grim and turreted. It looks as if it should have a moat and a drawbridge surrounding it. You go through a dozen doors and each one is locked and clangs when it is shut behind you, and then, finally through a double mesh of wire you see the glint of red hair....Ellen Wyatt waits for you.

ELLEN: I don't know you.

JEAN: I have a message from Roy.

ELLEN: From Roy?

JEAN: He says he's going to tell the truth, he says he's going to confess.

ELLEN: No, no.

JEAN: He's already gone.

ELLEN: I was afraid ^{of that} I told him, I told him over and over again, I'd kill myself if anything happened to him. He did it for me, he used to get sick when I told him Pete hit me. It all happened so fast, he did it for me, I should be punished for it, not Roy.

JEAN: Then he is telling the truth? He did kill your husband?

ELLEN: I was responsible. I didn't take care of him. I tried. I tried so hard. Poor Roy, Poor little Roy.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You get out of the prison fast. The dozen doors clang shut behind you. At the office, your City Editor takes

Editor:
JEAN: ^{a dim view} But, Jack, I ~~told you~~ ^{you told me all that - you told me when you first came in} he confessed to me, he's down in Washington now turning himself in and Ellen Wyatt confirmed his story.

or telling you again

EDITOR: Look, *Jean*, the first thing a City Editor does is memorize the libel laws, you've got nothing, no affidavit, no proof, we can't print that.

JEAN: But it's the biggest story I've ever had, a murder^a break, a confession.

EDITOR: No affidavit.

JEAN: If you'd seen him if you'd seen those eyes.

EDITOR: No affidavit. No confirmation. You can't go to press with a story like that and you know it.

JEAN: Then call up Washington -- call up his lawyer down there -- Parker. While we're standing here talking, he might be in Parker's office, giving himself up. He said he was going to!

EDITOR: What this kid said and what he actually does. . . .

JEAN: Jack, it's only a phone call. I'll pay for it out of my own pocket.

EDITOR: You don't have to. I've *already* called up Ed Parker twenty minutes ~~ago~~ He's an old pal of mine.

JEAN: Well, what did he say?

EDITOR: He said he hadn't seen Roy since the trial. Hadn't seen or heard from him. Now are you satisfied?

JEAN: Then... we kill the story....

EDITOR: Sorry -- but we'll have to. Now pick up that Germantown yarn and see if you can't....

Editor: Hello *Jean* (TELEPHONE BUZZ - PICKED UP) Um hum. She's here. For you.

JEAN: Hello
Jean: Just a minute, please -
ROY: (FILTER) Hello, Miss Barrett.

JEAN: Yes? Who's this.

ROY: Roy ... I'm calling from Washington.

JEAN: What?

ROY: I'm in Mr. Parker's office. I just got here a few minutes ago.

JEAN: (SOTTO) Jack -- pick up the other extension -- quick. It's Roy -- Washington.

(PHONE UP)

ROY: Miss Barrett -- I just gave myself up. Mr. Parker's bringing me back to Philadelphia tomorrow to ~~surrender~~.

JEAN: (SOTTO) Did you hear that, Jack?

EDITOR: (SOTTO) I got it. Tell him to put Ed Parker on the phone for confirmation. And ^{Jean} ~~Ginny~~, get out of here, and write your story.

JEAN: Right.

ROY: (FILTER) Miss Barrett, are you still there?

JEAN: Yes, Roy.

ROY: I feel better now...much better, because I'm doing this for her.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Jean Barrett of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(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 Jean Barrett of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

BARRETT: Brother in tonight's BIG STORY tried and acquitted on the grounds of justifiable homicide, later convicted of perjury because of his testimony in his sister's trial. Sentenced to one to two years. Sister freed on murder charge, judge ruling that her testimony at first trial ^{did not} didn't constitute legal perjury. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Barrett...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 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.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen the producers of BIG STORY are going to take a hard-earned summer's rest to return again 8 weeks from tonight at this same time over this same station. Meanwhile, be sure to watch PELL MELL's thrill packed summer television show titled, "The Doorway to Danger". Consult your local newspaper for time and station. Remember, "Doorway to Danger" brought to you by 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 Ernest Kinoy from an actual story from the front pages of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Eileen Heckert played the part of Jean Barrett. In order to protect ~~the names~~ of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Miss Barrett.

(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.

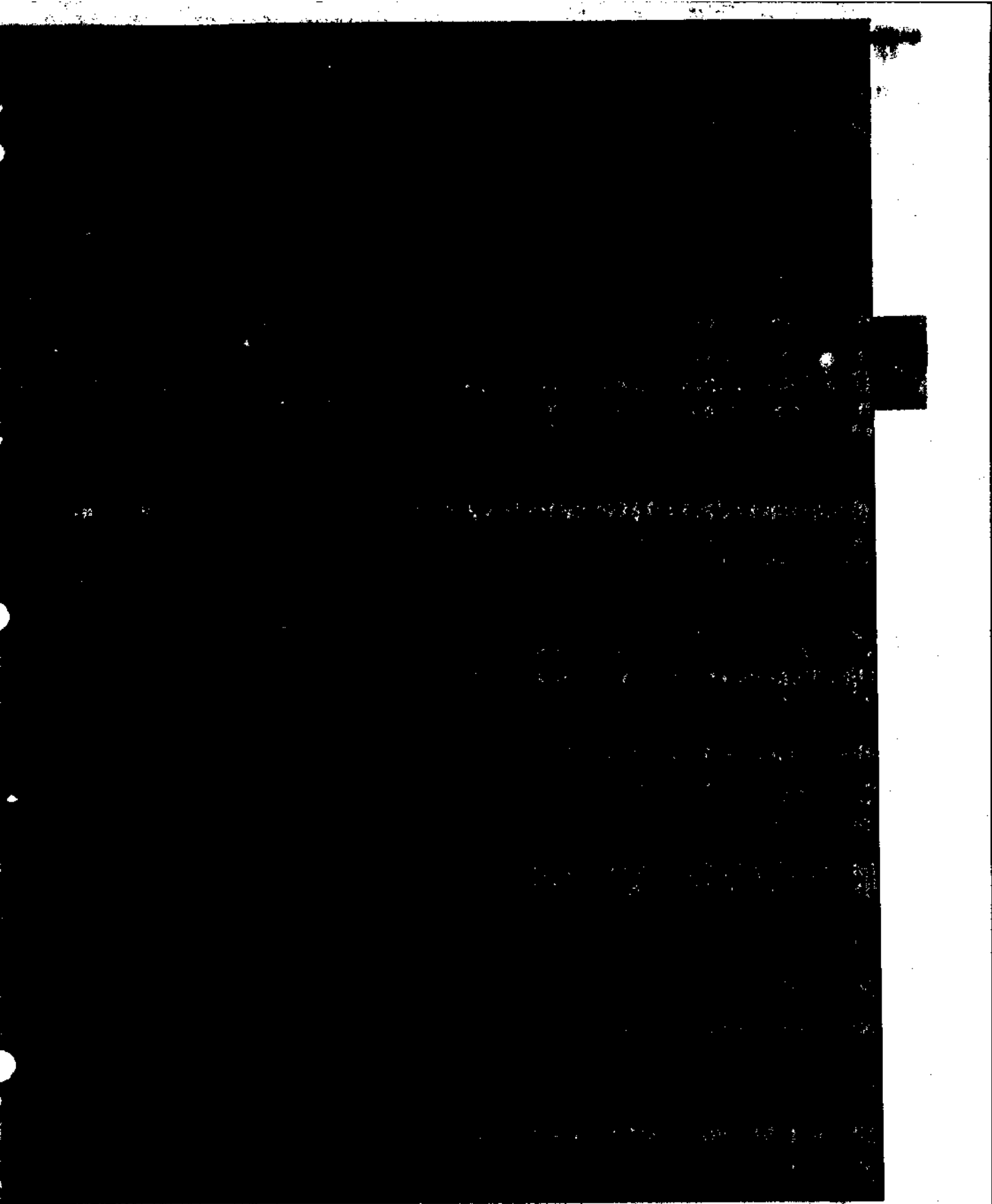
VAK/6/24/52

ATX01 0006161

7
12

HIATUS
JULY 9
THRU
AUGUST 20

ATX01 0006162



RTX01 0006163

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #276

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOM	BARBARA WEEKS
BOBBY	BOBBY SANTON
DAVEY	MICHAEL MANN
POOLER	HERBERT RUDLEY
COMMISSIONER	TONY RANDALL
BAILIFF	TONY RANDALL
DAN	BILL GRIFFIS
DENNISON	BILL GRIFFIS
EDITOR	ROLAND WINTERS
LANDLORD	WM. KEENE

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1952

ATX01 0006164

(MUSIC: --- HIT SHARPLY, THEN CUT FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened! It happened in Detroit, Michigan. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From pages of the Detroit Free Press, the story of a reporter who found a man in the person of a small boy. Tonight to James S. Pooler for his Big Story, goes PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

COMMERCIAL:

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S
Greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the
smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
through fine tobaccos than that of any other leading
cigarette. And what's more after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 -
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: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: --- THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan. The story as it actually happened --
James S. Pooler's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: --- THEME)

NARR: It's cold on late winter afternoons when the wind blows
in from the Detroit River - and you, Jimmy Pooler, you
know it. But sometimes you don't notice the cold. You're
a top feature writer on the Detroit Free Press, you've
won a Pulitzer Prize. You've just been praised for a
series of articles on juvenile delinquency - and a man
feels warm and content, walking back to an office where
he knows he's respected....But then you turn a corner and
see a small boy about ⁷five years old. His clothes are
ragged and thin, and he's drifting aimlessly in the
middle of the street like windblown paper. You grab him
by the arm and ~~you're angry~~.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(LIGHT CITY BG)

POOLER: What's a kid like you doing outside on a day like this?
Is your mother crazy?

DAVEY: Leggo a me.

POOLER: What's your name? Where do you live?

DAVEY: All I'm doing is looking for a garden.

POOLER: A garden?

DAVEY: Yeah.....See?

POOLER: A package of seeds.

DAVEY: They're radishes. You plant 'em in the ground and they
grow up and they're radishes.

POOLER: Son, all you can grow in this weather is a fine crop of double pneumonia. Take my advice and go home.

DAVEY: I don't wanna go home.

POOLER: Oh? Why not?

DAVEY: Because it's not my home. My home had ~~white curtains on the windows~~ and ~~there was a place for~~ a garden out in back.

POOLER: Where do you live now?

DAVEY: (VAGUELY) Oh, around here.

POOLER: Sure, but where? Even a kid like you must know -- (BREAK)
Hey what's this tag on a string around your neck.

DAVEY: Don't take it off. Bobby says I gotta wear it all the time.

POOLER: (READING) Davey Dagoros, 12024 Fourth Street.

DAVEY: Bobby says I gotta wear it all the time.

POOLER: Who's Bobby?

DAVEY: (PROUDLY) My big brother.

POOLER: Oh. Big, huh?

DAVEY: He's my biggest brother. I got two more - Gene and Stevie. But Bobby is my biggest.

BOBBY: (OFF) Davey!

DAVEY: That's him now. (UP) Hey, Bobby!

POOLER: Big? He's ~~all of ten years~~ ^{must be 14} old.

(STEPS RUN IN TO STOP)

BOBBY: (WINDED, AND LIKE WORRIED PARENT) You dumb kid. Didn't I tell you to stick near home, didn't I?

DAVEY: I was looking for a garden.

BOBBY: You and your garden. Will you put those seeds away, besides, I told you not to talk to strangers.

POOLER: Don't blame him, sonny. I started it... Anyway, why waste time? Get him inside, it's cold.

BOBBY: You don't have to tell me what to do.

POOLER: No? Maybe somebody should. ~~A five-year-old kid out in this weather - is your mother crazy?~~

BOBBY: You shut up about crazy. Yeah, you ^{just} shut up mister. You shut up!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: ^{you} They turn and leave and you shrug and go on to your city room. You talk to your editor about your next job - he wants a series on the traffic problem. You sit there. You're warm and snug. And then - then the wind rattles the window and ^{you look at the} ~~there's~~ frost on the pane. And all at once you see them again - two small kids walking away down a cold street, turning the corner out of your life. You see them and you recall the name Dagoros.

(MUSIC: OUT)

POOLER: Dagoros, Dagoros.... Chief, doesn't that name sound familiar?

EDITOR: Dagoros, Jimmy? Nothing to do with traffic problems. ↗

POOLER: I know.

EDITOR: Then forget it, will you? Here I am talking about you going over to City hall and you bring something in out of left field.

POOLER: It just came to me. Wasn't there a story a while back about a guy named Dagoros?

EDITOR: Hey, that's right, Dagoros. Restaurant owner, wasn't he - had a place out on Livernois.

POOLER: That's it. Greek restaurant, it burned down. There was something else though.

EDITOR: Yeah. The guy went crazy. They had to put him in the booby hatch.

POOLER: Oh, great. No wonder that kid --

EDITOR: (PAUSE) Go on. No wonder he what?

POOLER: Never mind. Let's get back to City hall, shall we?

(MUSIC: -- -- IN AND UNDER)

NARR: How can you tell a man that you think you may have insulted a kid by using the word "crazy"? So you push it out of your mind and get back to city hall. You take notes and kick the traffic series idea around with your editor.....And you have no way of knowing that, at this moment, in the place where the Dagoros family now lives, there has come another crisis...In the back room of what was once a small store - a crowded, cold, miserable little back room.

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

AD LIB: (OF THREE KIDS BACK)

BOBBY: You kids be quiet, will you?....Mom, it's Mister Crandel.

LANDLORD: Sure it's Mister Crandel. I had to knock three times before I got noticed -- three times.

MOM: (FADE IN) I am so sorry, Mister Crandel...there is so little place for five people to live - and the children make the noise.

BOBBY: (UP) Gene, Stevie, Davey - will you pipe down?

AD LIB: (STOPS)

MOM: (QUICKLY) Mister Crandel, please - we talk more better outside the door, no?

LANDLORD: Okay.

(STEPS, THEN STOP.)

LANDLORD: The kid too?

BOBBY: I'm not a kid. I'm the oldest.

(STEPS, CLOSE DOOR ON.)

LANDLORD: Mrs. Dagheros, have you got the rent or haven't you got the rent?

MOM: Mister Crandal, I have it next week.

LAND: I want it this week.

MOM: I don't got this week....Food - clothes - I....Bobby, you tell. I don't talk so good.

BOBBY: What Mom means is you gotta wait, Mister Crandal.

LAND: I want it now.

BOBBY: What mom means is food is so high.

LAND: High for me, too.

BOBBY: It's gone up since last week.

LAND: You know all about it, huh?

BOBBY: Sure. Mom works twelve hours a day, I have to buy the food. I have to cook too. Look, we had to buy food - and Gene needed a pair of pants --

MOM: Shoes...Stevie, he wear shoes too small - so small they hurt his toes so he cry.

BOBBY: Anyway, this place stinks.

LAND: What!

BOBBY: The water freezes in the pipes, and they leak...And what kind of place has only a one-burner stove to cook on and for heat?

MOM: What Bobby means is thirty-five dollars is too much.

LAND: That's the rent, Mrs. Dagheros. If you don't like it --

(DOOR SLAMS OPEN)

DAVEY: (TEARFUL) Bobby! Bobby, tell Gene they will too - they will too!

BOBBY: Davey, we're busy.

DAVEY: Gene said my radish seeds won't never grow!

BOBBY: For Pete's sake, stop yelling, will you ~~both~~? Mom, you better talk to Mister Crandal alone, Huh? I'll get supper started.....

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: To you, Jimmy Pooler - all this is not yet known. It's the next morning and there you are in the Municipal building - on your way to see that prominent city official about your traffic story. The buildings familiar to you - But not so to the ⁴ten-year-old ^{boy} you meet wandering in the hall.

BOBBY: Hey, Mister -- oh, hello.

POOLER: Well!....Now don't tell me - Bobby - Bobby Dagoros, isn't it? How's your little brother?

BOBBY: He's fine.

POOLER: Don't tell me you're lost like he was?

BOBBY: He wasn't lost....all I'm doing is looking for room D.

POOLER: Courtroom D? Right at the end of that corridor....see you around, son - I have an appointment.

(MUSIC: LITTLE GOOSE AND UNDER)

NARR: You go on to your appointment with a top city official, you're talking traffic for ten minutes - and then it hits you. Courtroom D. The evictions court. What's a ~~ten~~^f year old kid doing in evictions court? You make a hasty apology and an even hastier exit. You take the corridor fast. You're in Courtroom D and you find out - you find out quick.

(MUSIC: --- OUT) ---

(SLIGHT ECHO THROUGH SOUND)

(RAP OF GAVEL.)

COMM: I'm sorry, son. But the eviction notice seems to be in order, and this court must obey the law. It's too bad your mother didn't see fit to come here herself.

BOBBY: (DESPERATE) I told you already. Mom is working.

COMM: Yes, I understand.

BOBBY: We paid the rent. We paid it every month but this last one --

LAND: It's the last one counts. ^{Your Honor} Commissioner, I already gave 'em better than thirty days to pay. I know my rights --

RAP OF GAVEL.

COMM: Mister Crandal, there's no need to explain the law to me.

BOBBY: You can't put us out.

COMM: I'm sorry, son.

BOBBY: But you can't. We got no place else to go....and that place isn't so hot anyway. Its awful cold, there's no heat except from that one little stove - and the water pipes leak. There never is any hot water and the bathroom --

NARR: Yes, there it is, Jimmy Pooler. And now you feel ashamed of yourself. You have four children of your own -- and you think of them being in the spot the Dagoroses are in. You think of one of your children standing bravely up in a courtroom -- and suddenly you're on your feet, striding toward the ^{Judge's} commissioner's bench.

(STEPS ON)

POOLER: Your honor!

(LIGHT RAP OF GAVEL)

COMM: Order, please....Oh. I've seen you before. You're a lawyer?

POOLER: No, sir. Jimmy Pooler, Detroit Free Press.

LAND: (SOUR) A reporter. If you're looking for a story --

POOLER: (CRISP) I'll decide what I'm looking for without any help from you, Crandal. ^{Your Honor} Commissioner, how about a postponement on this case?

COMM: What's that, Pooler?

POOLER: Could you hold over your decision until tomorrow?

COMM: Well, I don't see any real reason --

POOLER: Your honor, maybe there isn't any real reason. But it's just possible there's a code violation --

LAND: There's no violation!

POOLER: Or something might be done between now and tomorrow --

LAND: I don't want publicity! I want what I'm entitled to, my rent!....^{Your Honor} Commissioner, I demand --

(RAP OF GAVEL)

COMM: (COOL) Demand, Mister Crandal? This court does not like demands. It's within my discretion to order a postponement and I so order.

POOLER: Thanks, ^{Your Honor} Commissioner.

COMM: But only until tomorrow, Mister Pooler.

POOLER: I understand...Okay, Bobby - let's you and me -- (BREAK)
Hey, where is he?

LAND: He's gone.

POOLER: Gone?

LAND: Yeah. Ran out when you butted in.

-11A-

POOLER: But where'd he go?

LAND: How do I know?

POOLER: I've got to find him. ~~I've got to. He feels bad enough.~~

~~There's not telling what he'll do.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR CURTAIN --)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE --)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006175

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 in the distinguished red package - the finest
quality money can buy.

(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)

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

NARR: It seems like hours to you, Jimmy Pooler, since you were in Courtroom D and turned around and saw no sign of Bobby Dagoros. You search the corridor, but there's no sign of a ~~smart~~, bewildered boy. Outside, the cold hits you like a fist. You search one street, another. A third and a fourth. You tell yourself to give up, most likely he's gone home. But you know he hasn't And you're right.....You find him. He's sitting cross-legged in a small park, under a bare-branched tree. You walk up slowly; and when he lifts his head you see the marks of tears.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(LIGHT CITY TRAFFIC BG.)

BOBBY: Go away, Mister. Leave me alone.

POOLER: Not Mister, Bobby. Call me Jimmy... Cold?

BOBBY: No.

POOLER: Hungry?

BOBBY: No.

POOLER: There's a soda fountain across the square. How about some hot chocolate - maybe a doughnut.

BOBBY: No. Will you leave me alone?

(SCRAMBLE OF FEET UNDER ABOVE)

POOLER: Bobby, hold on!

BOBBY: Leggo a me!....(THEN, INTO TEARS) I messed it all up! I tried to do what Mom wanted, but I messed it all up! Now we gotta get out!

POOLER: Is that why you ran away?

BOBBY: What am I gonna tell Mom? We got no place to go...And it's all my fault, it's my fault!

POOLER: Bobby, you haven't been kicked out.

BOBBY: Huh?

POOLER: Is that what you thought - why you disappeared?

BOBBY: You mean he, he changed his mind?

POOLER: He gave you postponement. Don't you know what postponement means?

BOBBY: No.

POOLER: It means a delay. It means you're not out yet.

BOBBY: We're not? Until when?

POOLER: Tomorrow.

BOBBY: Tomorrow? One day - what the difference, one day --

POOLER: Now easy. It might make all the difference in the world.

I don't like that landlord any more than you do. Maybe there's a code violation -- maybe he's charging above ceiling for that place of yours, maybe you're not getting what you're entitled to.

BOBBY: You mean - if we find something like that we can stay?

POOLER: Could be. I've got a friend in the office of rent control,

~~Bobby. Suppose I give him a ring and have him meet us at -- what's the address -- 12024 Fourth Street,~~

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER) --

NARR: ~~They watch as your friend moves around the one crowded room. You see their eyes -- bewildered, not quite certain what's happening, but hopeful. Your friend checks everything. But when he's through, and pulls you outside with a gesture, you know. You know without being told. But you ask anyway.~~

POOLER: Could be. I've got a friend in the office of rent control.
He'll be in his office right now, let's go talk to him.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(BG OF BUSY OFFICE)

AD LIB: (LIGHT BG)

DAN: Sure, sure, I'm glad to see you, Jimmy. But this is a
busy office, I'm up to my ears. Look, whatever you've got
on your mind---

POOLER: What I've got on my mind won't wait. Dan, meet Bobby
Dagoros.

DAN: Hi, son--

BOBBY: Hello--

DAN: What's he - a new newsboy for your paper or are you
breaking him in as a junior reporter? Jimmy, save it,
will you? This office is a madhouse. Look at these rent
control files.

(FLIP FILES)

DAN: Fifty of 'em. I gotta get 'em checked over by closing
time, every one of 'em. Can't it wait?

BOBBY: Mister Pooler, it's okay..Matter of fact, I'm kinda busy
too--I gotta get home and look after Davey.

DAN: Atta boy. Now, Jimmy, there's a great kid..(SLIGHT FADE)
See you later.

POOLER: Turn around, Dan...Yeah, he's a great kid. Besides, Davey,
who's about this high, there's Gene who's about this high.
And Stevie, who's about this high. They're all gonna be
out on the street tomorrow.

DAN: Huh?

POOLER: Four kids and their mother. She had to work, so Bobby here appeared in court to answer an eviction summons.

DAN: Him in court? You're kidding.

POOLER: Show him the summons, Bobby.

BOBBY: The paper? Here.

(PASS PAPER)

DAN: (READING) Crandell versus Dagonos, notice to appear...

POOLER: They got a postponement. Twenty four hours.

DAN: Humm. Well, where do I fit in?

POOLER: You're in rent control. You can come over there with us and see if there are any code violations, then they won't get tossed out.

DAN: Jimmy, I'm busy!

POOLER: Twenty four hours!

DAN: I'll be working half the night on this stuff, I -- (SIGH)
Okay, hand me that coat, will you, Son? What's the address?

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You watch as your friend moves around the one crowded room. You watch the four kids - their eyes, bewildered, not quite certain what's happening but hopeful. Your friend checks everything, but when he's through and pulls you outside with a gesture, you know. You know without being told. But you ask anyway.

smk
8/27/52pm

POOLER: Nothing, Dan? No violations?

DAN: Sorry, Jim.

POOLER: But it's a dump - thirty-five dollars a month!

DAN: That's ceiling. I pulled the card for this place before I came over.

POOLER: What about the waterpipes - what about the paint peeling off the walls?

DAN: Sure, bad. But----

POOLER: I get it. Not bad enough, well, I better tell Bobby.

(STEPS AND OPEN DOOR BEHIND)

NARR: But you can't tell him, You open the door and he looks up at you, and all you can say is:

POOLER: (HEARTY) Now don't worry about a thing, Bobby. You be in court tomorrow, understand? Be in court and we'll get it all straightened out.

NARR: You close the door softly and leave. You thank your friend and go back to the newspaper. The editor raises the roof with you the early edition goes to bed in an hour and you haven't even started that traffic story yet.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT) _

(CITY ROOM EG.)

POOLER: I'm sorry, chief. I got tied up - how'd you like a human interest story instead?

EDITOR: Never mind human interest. Get on that traffic article! You spoke to your man, didn't you?

POOLER: Well, yes - sort of.

EDITOR: ~~Sort of?~~ What do you mean, sort of?

POOLER: I had to duck away after ten minutes.

EDITOR: ~~Ten minutes?~~ Jimmy, what's gotten into you?

POOLER: I don't know.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN AND UNDER) _

NARR:

You know all right. You sit down at your typewriter to do the story your editor wants - you're an experienced hand you can write about traffic problems off the cuff. But you can't hit the keys. *Then* The story you want to write comes flooding over you - the story of four kids and a mother. Four kids like your own who are in the kind of a jam you pray to heaven never hits your own. Your fingers reach out, and this time you can hit the keys and no trouble, no trouble writing at all.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(CITY ROOM BG. TYPING ON)

EDITOR: Almost done, Jimmy? I want that in a box on page one.

POOLER: Just about, chief.

(RAPID TYPING, THEN RIP OUT PAPER.)

POOLER: Here you are.

EDITOR: Good. I'll take it myself and check it over. We'll run it daily for a week and then a big roundup article on Sunday, that way -- (BREAK) Hey, what's this?

POOLER: The story.

EDITOR: (READING) Four small boys with big, hungry, hopeful eyes. A mother worn with fatigue -- This isn't your story.

POOLER: It's the one I wrote.

EDITOR: Your assignment was --

POOLER: Do me a favor and read it, will you?

EDITOR: But -- okay, okay.....

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS, BG OF CITY ROOM)

EDITORS: (CUE) Hmmm *that's some story* - not bad. Mean to say that ~~ten~~-year-old kid went to court himself?

POOLER: I was there.

EDITOR: Postponed until tomorrow, huh?

POOLER: Well? Do you run it?

EDITOR: Sure, why not? It sorta tugs at your heart, doesn't it?..
(COUGHS TO COVER) Ah, I mean...

POOLER: It goes on page one?

EDITOR: Page one? Now, Jimmy --- okay, page one... But what
good's it gonna do. You say yourself there are no
violations, in the morning they get evicted.

POOLER: Yeah, that's what worries me. Tomorrow morning, ^{and} I'm
gonna be there - right in the courthouse.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE) _ _

BOBBY: Will we have to wait long, Mister Pooler?

POOLER: Not long, Bobby. The bailiff will come out in the hall
and let us know soon as your case comes up.

BOBBY: I gave the kids a good breakfast. I told Stevie to stay
home from school and take care of Davey. Most times I
don't do that - Davey's ⁷ five. He does all right until
we come home for lunch, only I thought today -- (BREAK)
Mister Pooler, I read your story in the paper.

POOLER: You did?

BOBBY: Yeah...It was kinda funny, reading about me and the rest.
It gave me sorta duckbumps.

POOLER: Did it?

BOBBY: Yeah. But -- Nothing's gonna happen, is it? We're gonna
get evicted anyway, ain't we?

POOLER: Now, Bobby --

BOBBY: Oh, it's okay. If that's the way it is, that's the way it is. We can find someplace else, I guess....Only you can't help wishing....

POOLER: Everybody does that.

BOBBY: Sure.. You know I dreamed last night.

POOLER: Did you?

BOBBY: Yep. I dreamed about where we lived when Pop was - when he was okay. You know we had three bedrooms? Honest - one for Mom and Pop, one for me and Stevie, and one for Gene and Davey. That's what we had, three bedrooms....
(A LITTLE SOB)

POOLER: Hey now!

BOBBY: I can't help it. I don't wanna cry. I can't help it.

POOLER: Here - take my handkerchief.

BOBBY: Thanks....(LITTLE SNIFFING) I'm okay now.

POOLER: Better blow your nose.

BOBBY: Yeah.

(BLOW NOSE)

BOBBY: (SELF DEPRECATING) Crying. That's a real sissy stunt, huh? What's the difference where we live? It's all the same and --

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES, HALF OFF. STEPS APPROACH)

BOBBY: (LOW) It's him, huh? The bailiff.

(STEPS COME ALL THE WAY ON)

BAILIFF: Mister Pooler?

POOLER: Yes. Time for the Dagoros case?

BAILIFF: Not yet. There's a phone call for you - from your editor. You can take it in the *Judge's Chamber* Commissioner's office.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

EDITOR: (FILTER) Yeah, Jimmy, that's what I said - phone calls coming in about that story.

POOLER: They're offering help?

EDITOR: (FILTER) Yeah. Money - food. At least enough to hold the Dagoroses for a while.

POOLER: Every little bit helps.

EDITOR: Oh, and by the way. Has a Mister Dennison showed up there?

POOLER: A Mister Dennison?

EDITOR: He wanted to know where to get in touch with you. I said you'd be at the courtroom and he said he'd meet you there.

POOLER: He isn't here yet --

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, HALF OFF)

POOLER: Wait a minute. ~~There's a guy starring at me here outside the phone booth.~~ ^{There's a body} Mister Dennison?

DENNISON: Yes. Mister Pooler?

POOLER: (INTO PHONE) He just got here, chief. I'll hang up now.

(HOOK ON.)

DENNISON: I'm glad I caught you, Mister Pooler. And this young fellow?

POOLER: He's Bobby Dagoros.

DENNISON: I thought he would be - he fits the description in your story. How are you, Bobby.

BOBBY: Well - pretty good, I guess.

DENNISON: (EASY LAUGH) Wondering who I am and why I'm here, eh?

POOLER: That goes for both of us.

DENNISON: It's very simple, Mister Pooler. The Dagoros family should have a home.

BOBBY: Wha -- a home?

DENNISON: The kind you used to have, the kind Mister Pooler wrote about so well in his story. Would you like that, Bobby?

BOBBY: With - with three bedrooms?

DENNISON: Three bedrooms.

BOBBY: With a kitchen and a, a living room?

DENNISON: A kitchen and a living room.

BOBBY: And white curtains....

DENNISON: Yes. White curtains.

POOLER: Bobby, hold on,...Mister Dennison, now --

DENNISON: It's all right, Mister Pooler. I know what you're thinking.

POOLER: I don't want his hopes built up and then shattered.

DENNISON: They won't be.

POOLER: Mister Dennison, just whom do you represent?

DENNISON: One of your readers, Mister Pooler. The Free Press is read by a lot of people in Detroit - many people. It was read this morning by a man who knew what it was to be a small boy - to want things badly and to be disappointed. A man who likes people who work and make the best of things - like Bobby here. And now that he's in a position to help those who deserve it -- well, I'll ask you not to publicize this, Mister Pooler. But there's nothing Henry Ford would like better than to give the Dagoros family a new home.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jimmy Pooler of the Detroit Free 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 James S. Pooler of the Detroit Free Press.

POOLER: Went out to Dearborn to visit the Dagoros family. All of them healthy and happy. White curtains on windows look fine. Just before I left Davey whispered to Bobby, then ~~two of them~~^{they} took me out in back yard and Davey gave me one of his radishes from the garden. One of the biggest radishes I ever saw. I ate it, dirt and all. It tasted wonderful. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pooler.....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 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.

~~MUSIC: -- STING)~~

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A Big story from the front pages of the Houston, Texas Chronicle by line, Eddie Krell. A Big Story ~~about~~^{about} a girl who made up a story about a murder that turned out to be true.

(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)

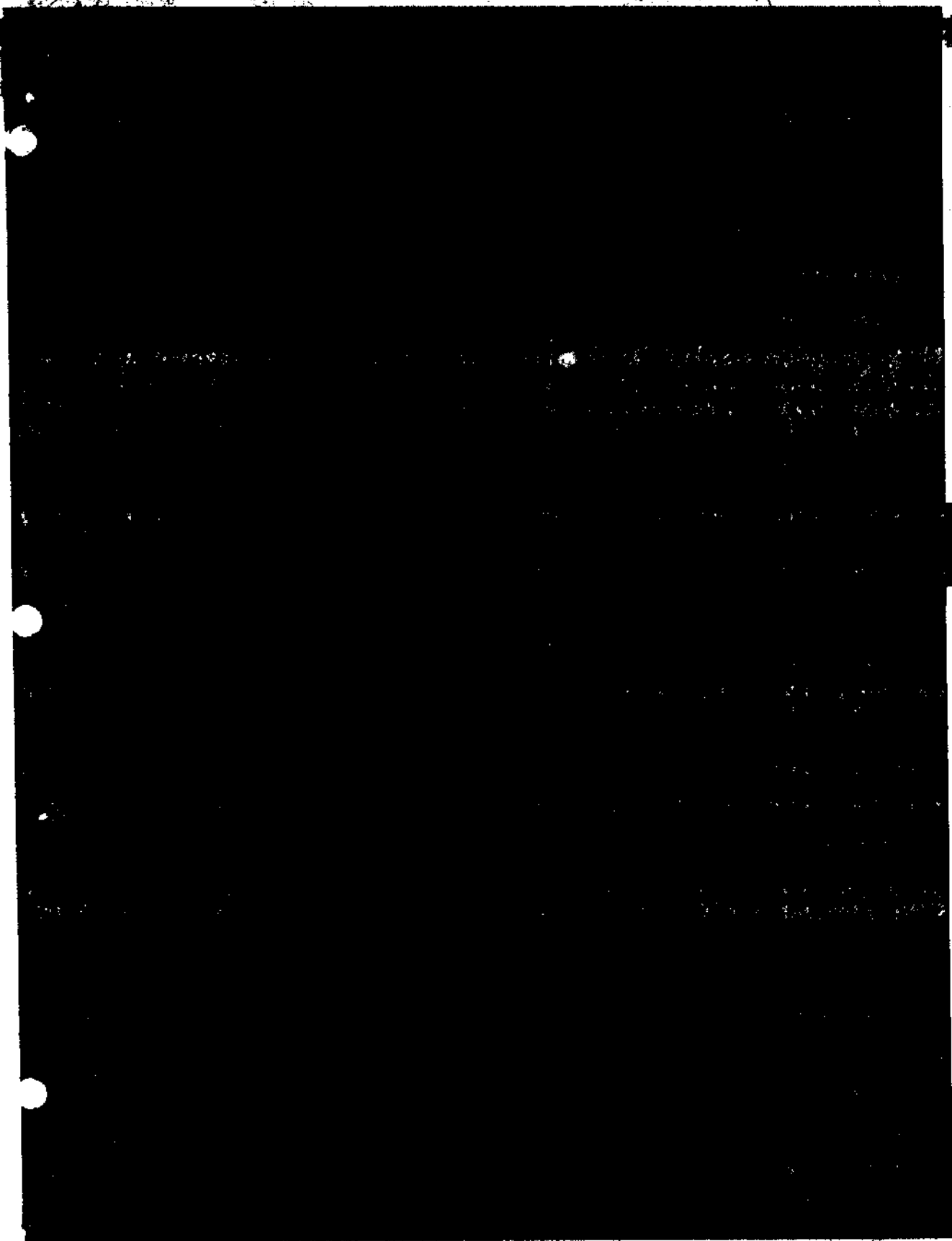
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Sheldon Stark from an actual story from the front pages of the Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Herbert Rudley played the part of James Pooler. 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. Pooler.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy. THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ce/al
8/13/52

ATX01 0006189



ATX01 0006190

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #277

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

KEN

BOB DRYDEN

MAN

BOB DRYDEN

CLARA

HELEN SHIELDS

SHERIFF

BILL SMITH

EDDIE

BILL LIPLON

TOM

MASON ADAMS

CARL

MASON ADAMS

BESSIE

GLADYS THORNTON

DANIEL

CHUCK WEBSTER

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1952

ATX01 0006191

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#277

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

SEPT. 3, 1952

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest quality money can
buy present....THE BIG STORY!

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

~~(SLAP OF CARDS ON THE TABLE)~~

~~KEN: (AN OLD TIMER, HUMS TO SELF, CUTS FOR) No. Didn't
work. Well, try it again, eh King boy? If at first you
don't succeed.~~

~~(SLAP OF CARDS BEING RIFFLED AND THEN LAID OUT)~~

~~Too bad dogs can't play cards. Nothing like it on a
rainy night, King boy. (HUMS, THEN) There we go. Black
ten on a red jack....(HUMS CONTENTEDLY TO SELF)~~

~~(SUDDENLY THERE IS A FIERCE POUNDING ON THE DOOR)~~

~~(THE DOG GROWLS....RECORD)~~

~~KEN: Now, what in the~~

CLARA: (OFF. FRANTIC) Please...hurry...let me in!

KEN: Who's that?

CLARA: You don't know me. Please...let me in. (HIGH) Please!

KEN: (GRUMBLING) Just when I get going....

~~(STEPS ACROSS CABIN FLOOR)~~

~~KEN: Black seven on a red eight....just remember that. Black
seven.....~~

~~CLARA: Please~~

(DOOR OPENS)

KEN: All right, now, all right.....

CLARA: (COMING IN, BREATHLESS) Close it. Lock it. (WILD)
Lock it!

KEN: Now look here, what in thunder....?

ATX01 0006192

CLARA: It's a man. He chased me all the way across that field.
~~Please ... lock the door.~~

~~(DOOR CLOSED AND LOCKED)~~

~~KEN: Already have. Now suppose~~

CLARA: (CUTS IN. BREATHLESS) ~~He tried to kill me.~~ He chased me
and tried to kill me!

KEN: Who is he? Why's he want to kill you?

CLARA: That's just it. I don't know. I never saw him before in
my life.

(MUSIC: STING, 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, Texas Chronicle, the story of a shotgun a
grasshopper and a reporter who couldn't be fooled.
Tonight to Eddie Krell for his Big Story, goes the PELL
MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further through fine tobaccos than that of any other leading cigarette. And what's more after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - 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: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Houston, Texas. The story as it actually happened -- Eddie Krell's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Eddie Krell, are a working reporter. No hat tipped over the eyes...no pencil behind the ear...no clarion call to "stop the presses!" Reporting's a job and you know it. And, like so many jobs, it depends on people. People who'll give you a break when you need it...people who'll give you a tip at the right time. Maybe that's why this rainy evening finds you playing poker with one of these people, county Sheriff Jim White. Or maybe it's just because you like the sheriff -- and a good game of poker...

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT _)

EDDIE: Hit me with two.

(SOUND OF CARDS BEING DEALT)

SHERIFF: Five of the blue.

(CLICK OF CHIPS)

MAN: (DOUBLE) Too steep for me.

EDDIE: I'll call.

SHERIFF: Three bullets full. got you, Eddie.

EDDIE: Lemme see.

SHERIFF: Take a gander....

EDDIE: Yeah. You got me.

SHERIFF: This is news? Boy, I just told you.

EDDIE: I like to see for myself.

MAN: (LAUGHS) Doubting Eddie!

EDDIE: (PROTESTS) No...just checking.

SHERIFF: (GOODNATURED) Oh, sure. Checking he calls it. Here's a guy...you come up to him on the street and say "Nice day, huh Eddie?" and he says "Prove it. Where's the weather report? What's the latest barometer reading?" (SNORTS) Just checking.

BIZ: SHERIFF AND MAN BOTH LAUGH

EDDIE: (GOODNATURED) Okay, okay ..have your fun.

MAN: Who said it was fun, Eddie? Prove it.

BIZ: THEY LAUGH AGAIN

EDDIE: ~~I don't know. Maybe I've been around too long...listened to too many phonies. But in my business, you hear a lot of screwy stories.~~ -And the way I see it, you can't take anything of anyone else's say-so. You've got to get proof for yourself. And, it pays off.

SHERIFF: Not tonight it doesn't, boy. That's five bucks you owe me -- and I got the proof right here.

EDDIE: Can't fight with that. I---

(PHONE RINGS)

SHERIFF: I'll get it.

(PHONE UP)

SHERIFF: Sheriff White.....Yeah?.....Whereabouts?.....You got her there now?....Hold it. I'll be right over.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

EDDIE: Something up, Jim?

SHERIFF: Looks that way. Woman just brought into headquarters. Guy she was out riding with got killed by a hitch-hiker.

EDDIE: Let's go!

(MUSIC: - ACCENT AND UNDER) - -

NARR: You go. Over at the Criminal Courts Building you listen to a woman tell her story. A young woman...maybe even a pretty one. But that you can't tell now. Not with her face puffed and swollen with hysterical tears....

SHERIFF: All right, Mrs. Beaumont. Try to tell us exactly what happened...

CLARA: (LOW...MONOTONE) I've already told it. To the men outside. to the police on the phone...I've told it three or four times.

SHERIFF: Suppose you tell it again.

CLARA: (BEAT. THEN, STILL FLAT) I was coming home from work... driving home.

EDDIE: Alone?

CLARA: No. With my brother-in-law, Ralph Beaumont, My ex brother-in-law, that is. My husband and I are divorced. Ralph and I work in the same place ..a stationery store .. and we were driving home when this --- this man stopped us and asked for a ride. Ralph said, "Sure, hop in," so he did. He was carrying a large package. He asked us to take him down some back roads he knew. And then, all of a sudden .. (SHE STOPS, THE HYSTERIA BEGINNING TO CRACK THROUGH) .. I've told all this. I've told all this three or four times....

SHERIFF: (SOOTHING) Try to tell it again.

CLARA: (SWALLOWS. THEN) All of a sudden he opened the package he had. It was a shot gun. He poked it at us and said it was a holdup. We told him we didn't have any money but he said he knew different. He said, "Ol Grasshopper knows."

EDDIE: (SHARP) Ol Grasshopper?

CLARA: That's what he called himself. Ol Grasshopper. He kept saying he knew we had the receipts from the store.
(HYSTERIA STARTS BUILDING) But we didn't. All we had was three dollars.

SHERIFF: Did you give it to him?

CLARA: Yes. And it made him mad. It made him just -- just crazy mad. (HIGH NOW) And he took the shotgun and he fired right into Ralph's face. His face just seemed to -- disappear. (WHIMPERS) It just -- disappeared. I -- (CUTS, HIGH) I've told this. I've told it three or four times.

SHERIFF: Then what happened?

CLARA: (GETTING OUT OF CONTROL NOW) He turned around to me. I knew he was going to shoot me next so I knocked the gun out of his hands and ran for the car. I tried to get it started but it just wouldn't start. (WILD) It just wouldn't start! And then he started to get in after me so I got out and he chased me round and round the car..

SHERIFF: (SKEPTICAL) With the gun?

CLARA: No. He had a knife by now. And then I got back into the car and I got it started but then he broke the window. He cut his hand on it but that didn't stop him and he came at me with the knife. Then the car went out of control and went into the ditch and I couldn't get it out so I opened the door and ran. (EVERY LAST VESTIGE OF CONTROL IS GONE NOW) I just ran...(SCREAMS) and ran, and ran and ran!

(MUSIC: STAB AND OUT)

SHERIFF: (WEARILY) That's all I can get out of her for now. I'll try again later, Eddie.

EDDIE: Quite a tale, eh Jim?

SHERIFF: What makes people think they can get away with something like that?

EDDIE: You mean you don't believe her?

SHERIFF: ~~Believe her?~~ A guy kills a man and chases a woman down a country road with a knife because he only got three dollars in a stickup? He chases her in the car -- out of the car -- around the car -- she flips in and out of the buggy like a flapjack, runs two miles, calls the police... Eddie, ~~it reads like True Terror Tales.~~

EDDIE: (THOUGHTFULLY) Ol Grasshopper.

SHERIFF: ~~Yup. Now there's a nice touch for you.~~ Where do you suppose she got that?

EDDIE: Maybe the guy did call himself that?

SHERIFF: The guy? What guy?

EDDIE: The one who pulled the holdup.

SHERIFF: Eddie, for the love of Pete...you don't really think there was a holdup? You don't think there was a guy? At least not that guy?

EDDIE: They found the body. Ralph Beaumont didn't die of old age.

SHERIFF: He didn't die from a holdup either. That woman's covering up ~~above~~ something.

EDDIE: (SLOWLY) ~~I don't think so.~~

SHERIFF: ~~She's got something that --- (TAKE) You what?~~

EDDIE: I don't think so.

SHERIFF: (AMAZED) You mean you swallow it -- ~~grasshoppers and all?~~
~~After what you said about not believing the weird stories~~
~~you hear?~~ You -- Doubting Eddie?

EDDIE: (DOGGED) Why would she make up such a phony story if she
was making one up? Why all the details -- the guy
cutting his hand on the window -- calling himself Ol
Grasshopper. (THOUGHTFUL) Ol Grasshopper. That rings
a bell somewhere. Did you send out an alarm for him.

SHERIFF: I've got four carloads of deputies out grasshopper hunting.
But they won't find anything.

EDDIE: She said he knew the back roads. That should mean he's
from around here.

SHERIFF: (A LITTLE MAD NOW) *LOOK* ~~There is no "he!"~~ I'm going into
question Clara Beaumont again now. And in less than two
hours, we'll have another story out of her. The real
one.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND HOLD UNDER FOR MONTAGE)

CLARA: (TRYING TO STAY CALM) No, we weren't parked. The car
was going. And he stopped us and asked for a ride, ~~and~~
~~Ralph said, "Sure. Hop in." So he did.~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CLARA: (STARTING TO BREAK) I don't know why he got mad. He
just did. He got crazy mad. (HIGH, NEAR TEARS) And he
took the shotgun and he fired...right into Ralph's face!

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CLARA: (VERY HIGH) I told you! I tried to start the car then.
That's when he broke the window and cut himself and the
car went into a ditch.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CLARA: (HYSTERICIS NOW) How could I stay there? The window was broken and he was coming at me with the knife. I just opened the door and got out and ran. (A SCREAM) I just ran and ran and ran and ran.

(MUSIC: STAB AND WAY UNDER)

NARR: Hour after hour...the same wild story .. the same wild words the same wild hysterics. Sheriff White tries every approach, every trick...but Clara Beaumont never varies a syllable....

(MUSIC: OUT)

SHERIFF: (DISGUSTED) I think she's got it memorized.

Sheriff: Maybe - I still believe her

EDDIE: It's hard to shake the truth, Jim.

That's your privilege, Eddie, but the police can't swallow

SHERIFF: Truth, my eye! Eddie, you...

a story like that without doing some checking

EDDIE: (CUTTING IN) What do you think the truth is?

EDDIE: Have you been checking? → Yes and it shapes up

SHERIFF: I've been doing some checking. Looks like a triangle.

EDDIE: Clara Beaumont, her ex-brother-in-law -- and who else?

SHERIFF: Her ex-husband. Tom Beaumont, his name is. They've only been divorced two weeks. *Maybe* The way I see it, the guy's

jealous, He doesn't like the idea of his ex-wife taking up with his own brother. He sees them out riding together -- maybe parking together....so he takes a shotgun -- and that's it.

EDDIE: What does the ex-husband say to this theory?

but we'll find out
SHERIFF: Nothing yet. I'm sending a deputy over to his hotel to bring him in.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all you, Eddie Krell, need to hear, and you're on your way. You want to see Tom Beaumont's face when *he finds they out* tell him he's suspected of killing his own brother.

(MUSIC: THROB AND UNDER)

NARR: The Tracy Hotel where Tom Beaumont lives is a squat, dingy building. A sleepy night clerk gives you Beaumont's room number and when you get there, you find you're in luck. You've beaten the deputy there. Tom Beaumont is still asleep.....oblivious

(MUSIC: OUT)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR. OFF)

EDDIE: (OFF) Mr. Beaumont....Mr. Beaumont.....

TOM: (SLEEPY, ON MIKE) (GRUNTS) What the -- what time is it?

EDDIE: Mr. Beaumont.....

TOM: (GRUMBLING SLEEPILY, VOICE THICK WITH SLEEP) Four o'clock in the morning, and some jerk has to....

(HE HAS REACHED THE DOOR BY NOW AND FLINGS IT OPEN)

TOM: What is it?

EDDIE: (ON) Mr. Beaumont....I'm Eddie Krell, Houston, Chronicle..

TOM: (HIS MANNER OF SPEECH IS SLURRED. IT ISN'T DRUNKENNESS BUT IT HAS THAT CADANCE) Four o'clock in the morning's a great time for introductions. I--

EDDIE: I'm sorry to barge in this way, but the police will be here any minute anyhow.....

TOM: Police? What kind of a gag...?

EDDIE: It's not a gag, I'm afraid. Your ex-wife is down at headquarters., She --

TOM: Clara? ---then she went down there.

EDDIE: Went down...what do you mean?

TOM: I told her....she wanted to write stories....she ought to go down to the police station. Get the real dope. But why'd she go at four in the morning.

EDDIE: (IGNORES) Clara ^{wax} went to -- write stories.

TOM: All the time that's what she does. Makes up things... Clara's smart.. Maybe we just didn't hit it off so good, but Clara's smart. She's got -- you know -- imagination.

EDDIE: What kind of stories does she -- make up?

TOM: Oh you know. She hears a dog barking outside and she thinks maybe it could be a lion escaped from the zoo. A picture falls off the wall she thinks she could make something up about an earthquake. Me. I don't figure that way. But Clara's smart. She's got an imagination, that one. She tell the police a story?

EDDIE: Yes. She did.

TOM: I'll bet it was a lulu. Clara's good at stories. All kinds of weird stories.

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard agains 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 travel
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: Gurad 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 change
to PELL MELL in the distinguished red package - the finest
quality money can buy.

(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 Eddie Krell as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: A weird story. That's what Sheriff Jim White calls Clara Beaumont's account of the killing. That's what Clara's ex-husband calls it -- before he even hears it. Nobody but you, Eddie Krell, thinks Clara Beaumont is telling the truth. Nobody but Doubting Eddie Krell, the guy who always wants proof...proof... only this time you have no proof. And now you stand face to face with Tom Beaumont, and you have to tell him this story --because it's about the murder of his brother.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CUT)

TOM: (FLAT) You could have told me that before. About Ralph being killed. You could have told me before.

EDDIE: I'm sorry.

TOM: He was around this afternoon. About the ballgame tomorrow. We wanted to go to the ballgame.

EDDIE: I didn't--

TOM: (IT SUDDENLY SEEMS TERRIBLY IMPORTANT TO SAY THESE THINGS) Not a league game, I don't mean. Semi pro. Ralph was great stuff on the semi pro. He was around just this afternoon. (BEAT. SUDDENLY) Why are the police coming here?

EDDIE: You told me not to believe Clara Beaumont's story. The police don't either.

TOM: Well. That was before I heard it. I mean--

EDDIE: You mean, now it doesn't sound so crazy?
TOM: (FUMBLING) Well, I mean --Ralph's dead and this guy Clara said got in the car...what's crazy about that?
EDDIE: I hope you can make the police believe that, Mr. Beaumont.
TOM: Why wouldn't they?
EDDIE: Have you been here all night? Sleeping?
TOM: Sure.
EDDIE: Can the night clerk prove that?
TOM: He wouldn't know. Half the time he's not here.
EDDIE: I see. Were you and your brother --pretty friendly?
TOM: Friendly?
EDDIE: I mean -- you got on all right?
TOM: (AS IF THIS IS THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING) We were brothers.
EDDIE: (GENTLY) So were Cain and Abel.
TOM: (PUZZLED) Cain and --- (REALIZING, SLOWLY) You think I killed him? (THEN ANGER) You think I killed Ralph?
EDDIE: No. I don't. But you asked me why the police were coming here.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

EDDIE: That's probably them now. ^{They'll take you down to headquarters for questioning} I'll duck out ^{the back way}
TOM: (OFF A BIT) Where are you going now?
EDDIE: To look for a grasshopper.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's a great job you've cut out for yourself, Eddie Krell... chasing after a nickname that may be just a figment of a hysterical woman's imagination. But you've got to try. You tour, next morning, around the back roads, asking questions. No luck. Until you remember the old guy who let Clara Beaumont into his cabin the night of the murder. An old guy who's lived in these parts forever and a day. An old guy who claims he knows everybody who ever lived in the territory.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

KEN: Well now, I'll tell you, Mister...?

EDDIE: Krell. Eddie Krell.

KEN: O'course. Krell. Never forget a name or a face. Been living here well on to fifty years. I --(CUTS) Wait a sec. Red five on a black six...mamm....

EDDIE: (PROMPTING HIM) The only name I know is Grasshopper. Ol Grasshopper, he called himself.

KEN: Well now, there was a feller name of...hold it...black jack on a red queen and move these over...

EDDIE: Fellow by the name of what?

KEN: Hoyt. Jack Hoyt. When he was a little one, his ma used to call him cricket. Reckon little cricket grew up to be Ol Grasshopper? (HE LAUGHS HEARTILY AT HIS OWN JOKE. THEN THE LAUGHTER DRIBBLES AWAY. HE CLEARS HIS THROAT) Mmm...there we go. Red two on a black three.

EDDIE: (PATIENTLY) This man is supposed to be about forty. Short and thin...

KEN: Never forget a face or a name, Mr...?

EDDIE: Krell. Eddie Krell.

KEN: That's right. Krell. Ol Grasshopper, eh?

EDDIE: I figure he ought to come from this part of the country since he knew the back roads. He -- (CUTS) Red three on a black ⁴~~two~~ over there.

KEN: You're right. And move these over. I--(THEN) Say, I'll be switched! That does it. First time it's come out honest in three weeks. (CHEERFULLY) Well now, you know..used to be a feller lived up at Bessie Judd's place ..one of Bessie's boys. Seems to me he had a nickname...

EDDIE: Like what?

KEN: Well now, mind you, this was ten, twelve years ago. Ain't seen him since. But, like I say..never forget a name or a face. And seems to me Bessie had a boy...they used to call him Grasshopper.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: This, Eddie Krell, is it. The first break for you..the first sign that the man who calls himself Ol Grasshopper is something besides a figment of your and Clara Beaumont's imagination. You go to see old Bessie Judd....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BESSIE: My son? You want to see my son, do you? Now that's one.
(SHE LAUGHS)

EDDIE: Why is that funny, Mrs. Judd?

BESSIE: Got seven sons, mister. Which one you want to see?

EDDIE: (BEAT, THEN) The one they call --Ol Grasshopper.

BESSIE: Daniel? Ain't seen Daniel in a year.

EDDIE: (FAST) Then you do have a son called Ol Grasshopper?

BESSIE: (SUSPICIOUS) Thought you said you knew him..

EDDIE: Well, in a way. I--

BESSIE: Look, I don't go for no tricks. I don't like tricks.

EDDIE: I just wanted to--

BESSIE: You just wanted to snoop, that's what. Well, now you done it, you can get.

EDDIE: Where's Daniel now?

BESSIE: Not here. Ain't been here in a year. I said get.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

*Sheriff, But Eddie
7 Eddie Look*

EDDIE: I think she was telling the truth, Sheriff. From what I could see of her house, there was only one bed.. no sign of a man's clothing. But I got the name.. Daniel Judd. And..hold on to your hat...I looked him up.

SHERIFF: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Any record?

EDDIE: Three offenses. Not in this county. That's why the name didn't ring any bell with you. But I covered one of the cases six, seven years ago. I knew that nickname, Ol Grasshopper, stuck in my mind.

SHERIFF: Okay. We'll get out the general alarm again.

EDDIE: Swell. And one of Judd's brothers lives around here. I'll go out there and see what I can find.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

CARL: Yeah, that's right. I'm Dan Judd's brother. What about it.

EDDIE: Seen him around lately?

CARL: He's been doing time in California the last year.

EDDIE: That's not what I asked. I asked if you'd seen him around lately. From the records, he was paroled just a week ago.

CARL: He came around here, sure.

EDDIE: When?

CARL: Two, three days ago.

EDDIE: Seen him since?

CARL: Nope. He didn't come to stay. Just to borrow something.

EDDIE: What?

CARL: Just my shotgun. Said he was going hunting.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STAB AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Hunting. Brother Daniel went hunting all right -- with a sawed-off shotgun..and now the hunt begins for him. A state-wide hunt..cars full of deputies roaring down the highways ...
Trained dogs combing the woods..
Telegraph and teletype sending out the latest word ..
sorting the latest tips ...
Net result: nothing. Nothing but false leads and phony tips until ..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

SHERIFF: I think this one's on the level, Eddie. Man answering Dan Judd's general description was seen cruising around the back roads in a green sedan. We checked the registration. It's not Judd's car. The real owner lives in that new development - Honeydell. We'll close in tonight.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO BRIDGE AND OUT INTO)

SHERIFF: Honeydell's just up around this bend.

EDDIE: ~~You're in luck, Jim. Not another car on the road.~~

SHERIFF: ~~That's not luck, boy. I've got a dozen cars keeping this area bottled up. We're the only vehicle this side of the cordon.~~

EDDIE: ~~Think Judd'll be there?~~

SHERIFF: ~~If we're lucky.~~

(CAR TO STOP UNDER)

SHERIFF: Better stop here. We'll make it the rest of the way on foot.

(CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

EDDIE: Full moon.

SHERIFF: That'll help. No street lights in Honeydell.

EDDIE: (LOW) I hope you don't need that gun.

SHERIFF: (LOW) Turn left here. Keep your eye peeled for a green sedan.

(JUST FOOTSTEPS. HOLD. THEN CUT)

EDDIE: (LOW. TENSE) There it is!

SHERIFF: Eddie, there's a man in the front seat!

EDDIE: (SOFT) Ol Grasshopper ..

SHERIFF: Maybe. Come on.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS. HOLD IT AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.
THEN..)

SHERIFF: Daniel Judd?

JUDD: What the ---

EDDIE: (SHARP, FAST) Watch it, Sheriff..there's a .32 on the seat beside him.

SHERIFF: Don't use it, Judd. Just move over. We're taking you to headquarters.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

JUDD: Sure my name's Judd. Daniel Judd. Is that a crime?

EDDIE: Anybody ever call you Ol Grasshopper?

JUDD: Sure. But that still ain't a crime.

SHERIFF: Never mind the talking now, Judd. Just get in that lineup.

JUDD: What for? I ain't --

SHERIFF: Just get in. All right, bring Clara Beaumont in here, Eddie.

(STEPS TO DOOR. OPEN)

EDDIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Come in please, Mrs. Beaumont.

CLARA: (COMING ON) They said you found him. They said--(CUTS)

SHERIFF: What's the matter, Mrs. Beaumont?

CLARA: (LOW) That's him. The man on the end there. That's Ol Grasshopper.

SHERIFF: Okay Judd. Step down. The rest of you can go.

(AD LIB MUMBLES. FOOTSTEPS GO. DOOR CLOSSES)

JUDD: Look, I don't know what kind of a frame this is...

SHERIFF: Ever see this woman before, Judd?

JUDD: No.

SHERIFF: Didn't you take a good look at her before you chased her around her car with a knife? Didn't you take a good look at her before you shot her brother-in-law?

JUDD: I didn't have nothing to do with that. I wasn't near her nor Beaumont either.

SHERIFF: Beaumont eh? Then you know the name!

JUDD: Sure I know it. I read the papers like everybody else.

CLARA: Sheriff, that's the man. I swear it is.

JUDD: She's making it up. Ask anybody. ~~Making up stories, that's what she's been doing. I read what she said in the paper. Nothing but a crazy story.~~

EDDIE: ~~(SOFTLY) It was a pretty crazy story wasn't it, Judd? All about a grasshopper who cut his hand on the window when he chased her with a knife.~~
Sure she's making it up. All that stuff

(SHARP, HARD) Why have you been keeping your hand in your pocket all this time, Judd?

JUDD: (STARTED) What? I---

SHERIFF: Nice thinking, Eddie. All right, Judd. Let's see that hand.

JUDD: (STRUGGLING) Let go of me. I---

SHERIFF: (EFFORT) Let's just have a look at that mitt.

JUDD: No. I---

SHERIFF: (HARD) I said let's have a look. (EFFORT. CUT STRUGGLE. PAUSE) Okay. Jagged cut right across the palm. Are you going to talk now, Judd, or shall we sweat it out?

JUDD: (BEAT, THEN FURIOUS) They only had three lousy bucks! I waited for that car half the evening and then all they had was three lousy bucks!

(MUSIC: -- SMASH IN AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: That's it. The words spill out of him. Clara Beaumont's crazy story turns out to be true, down to the last wild syllable ... and you, Eddie Krell, feel pretty good.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SHERIFF: All right, Judd. Here's a copy of the typed confession. Read it over and sign it.

JUDD: I can't read.

EDDIE: Suppose I read it to him, Sheriff? Then he can sign his mark and I'll witness it.

JUDD: No ... it's okay, what's in it. Lemme make an X and get it over with.

SHERIFF: If that's the way you want it....

EDDIE: No, wait....

SHERIFF: Huh?

EDDIE: Do it right. So he can't pull any fast ones. Let me read the confession to him and witness his mark. Then we've got proof.

SHERIFF: (STARTS TO LAUGH)

EDDIE: What's so funny?

SHERIFF: Doubting Eddie. Welcome home.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Eddie Krell of the Houston Chronicle with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #277

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.

HARRIS: 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 Eddie Krell of the Houston, Texas, Chronicle.

KRELL: Killer in tonight's Big Story tried to repudiate confession at trial. Claimed he could write and X was not his mark. As witness to signing of confession, I was able to testify this untrue. Doubling paid off after all and killer was given death sentence. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Krell...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 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.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A big story from the front pages of the Chicago Sun Times by line, Frank Doherty. A Big Story about a man who gambled for his life and lost.

(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 Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Houston Texas Chronicle. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Lipton played the part of Eddie Krell. 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. Krell.

(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, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AL/PM/mtf/gz
8/20/52 pm

ATX01 0006217

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #278

CAST

NARRATOR

FRANK DOHERTY

CAPT RAWLINS

ED

GORDON

BEN

SWIFTY

MRS BRAND

BOBO

BOB SLOANE

BILL QUINN

MATT CROWLEY

SCOTT TENNYSON

SCOTT TENNYSON

ED BEGLEY

SID RAYMOND

DORIS RICH

EARL GEORGE

WEDNESDAY, SEPT, 10, 1952

ATX01 000621B

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#278

9:30 - 10:00 PM EDT

SEPT 10, 1952

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY
CAN BUY presents...THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: , _ _ ACCENT)

(STEPS DOWN HALL, THEY STOP)

(KNOCK ON DOOR, NO ANSWER, ANOTHER KNOCK.)

MRS BRAND: Mr. Carroll. Mr. Carroll, it's Mrs Brand, your
landlady. What was all that noise in there? The
other tennants have been complaining....

(ANOTHER KNOCK)

MRS BRAND: Mr. Carroll. I demand that you let me in!

MRS BRAND (DETERMINED) Very well, then.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. BRAND: Good Lord, what's happened here? I ... (CUTS, AND
THEN IN HORROR) No! NO!

(UP IN HIGH SCREAM AND INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Chicago, Illinois. It is
authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women
of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the
pages of the Chicago Sun-Times, the story of a
reporter who stayed home on the Fourth of July...
and celebrated it with big black headlines. Tonight,
to Frank Doherty, for his Big Story, goes the Pall
Mall \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

ATX01 0006219

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #278

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: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois...the story as it actually happened..
Frank Doherty's story, as he lived it....

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They call Chicago the Windy City. But ^{not} on this particular
~~day, there isn't a breath. This is a sizzling hot day,~~
~~with the thermometer hitting over ninety.~~ This is the
third of July, heralding a long Fourth of July weekend.
And for you, Frank Doherty, of the Chicago Sun-Times,
this weekend does not mean ~~a ride in the country, a~~
~~holiday at some cool lake,~~ an escape from the
sweltering metropolis. For your beat still has to be
covered, holiday or no holiday. And the same goes
for your good friend, Captain Art Rawlins, of the
Sheffield Avenue ^{Precinct} ~~District Police~~. And over a cup of
coffee, he tells you.....

ART: Frank, don't quote me on this. I'm just as patriotic
as the next man. But sometimes I wish these Fourth
of July weekends never came around.

FRANK: I know what you mean, Art. A guy who works in an
office, a fellow who works in a shop, almost
everybody you can name can get out of the city. But a
reporter, no ~~but~~ And a cop, no.

ART: Well, we asked for it.

FRANK: Yeah. And we got it. You know, Art, ^{I can see the same old} ~~here I am~~
~~headlines~~ ^{The National Safety Council will report. So many}
~~on the job and I can tell you with my eyes shut and one~~
~~dead by drowning; so many by accident, so many~~
~~arm tied behind my back just what the headlines in the~~
~~by Sun Stroke.~~
Sun-Times are going to say on Monday morning.

ART: ~~Yes? What'll they say?~~

FRANK: The big story is always the number of people who got killed over the weekend. The National Safety Council issues a report, and the headline becomes a statistic. The usual number of people will die in the usual way.

ART: So many by drowning, so many by wrapping their cars around telephone poles...

FRANK: Yeah. And so many by sunstroke, heart-attacks, and just falling off ladders while painting the house.

ART: You forget one thing, Frank.

FRANK:

*Yes?
Don't forget*

ART: So many by homicide.

FRANK: Homicide? You mean, that takes a jump every Fourth of July weekend?

ART: As a rule, yes.

FRANK: But how come? Thousands of people leave the city.

ART: Sure. ~~But don't forget,~~ thousands come in, too. ~~And they're not regular citizens, they're transients, in for a gearing good time, here to see the sights. Put~~ *with* ~~them~~ together ~~the~~ *and* heat, the amount of drinking ~~that's going to be done,~~ the Roman Holiday atmosphere, and you not only have the Fourth of July...you have a formula for violence.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You ponder what Art Rawlins has just told you, you find ~~it interesting.~~ *very same* And almost at that ~~moment,~~ ~~as you sit with Art Rawlins over coffee,~~ an illustration of his theory is already in the making. Almost at that moment, ~~as~~ a train ~~is~~ just starting to roll into the suburbs of Chicago....

(TRAIN UNDER. OCCASIONAL WHISTLE OFF)

BOBO: Hey, Ed.

ED: Yeah?

BOBO: (IN AWE) Look at them buildings! Jest look at 'em, willya, huh?

ED: (INDIFFERENT) Yeah.

BOBO: Boyohboyohboyohboy. They're like to take a feller's breath away. Lemme sit by the window, willya, Ed?

ED: What for?

BOBO: I wanna get a real good look at those there skyscrapers. Please, Ed, Lemme sit next to the window, huh?

ED: Okay, Bobo. Go ahead. You want a lollipop, too?

BOBO: Aw, Ed don't go making fun of me now.

ED: Just like a kid. All the way up from Tennessee, you been actin' just like a kid.

BOBO: Aw, Ed, now don't go ridin' me again. Please, don't be sore at me.

ED: Sore, I'm not sore at you, Bobo. Just disgusted.

BOBO: (LIKE A CHILD) Why? What did I do wrong, Ed?

ED: You seen the people in this here car? They're all laughin' at you. You look an' act like one of them hillbillies in the comic books. Look at that suit of clothes, you got on. An' look at you...ridin' the train with your shoes off.

BOBO: But they hurt my feet.

ED: Put 'em on Stupid. You're not back in the hill country now, this here's Chicago. People walk around a town like this in shoes, not barefoot. Put 'em on.

BOBO: ~~Sure, Ed, sure. I didn't mean nothin' by it. I don't~~
want you sore at me. I just thought....

ED: Let me do the thinking...

BOBO: I didn't mean to rile you, Ed. Honest, I didn't I guess
I ain't very smart.

ED: (LAUGHS) Are you kidding? Another brain, Bobo, and
you'd qualify for a moron.

BOBO: It's just that I ain't never been to a place like
Chicago. I been to Memphis once, but it ain't nothin'
~~like this.~~ Is Ben Carroll gonna meet us at the depot,
~~Ed?~~ Is he, huh?

ED: No. We're going right up to his place, and then check
in at a hotel, later.

BOBO: Ben wrote us he's gonna show us a high time when we git
to Chicago. He said we're gonna whoop it up real good.
He's a rich man, ain't he, Ed?

ED: Ben? Ben's done all right.

BOBO: I remember me an' Ben used to work diggin' ditches,
^{Tennessee.}
back in ~~Martin~~. He worked with his hands just like
me. Now look at him...a big gambler in Chicago.
~~Divin' off the fat of the land.~~ You know what I seen
once, Ed, you know what I seen?

ED: What?

BOBO: I seen his pitcher in the paper once. Old Ben Carroll,
sittin' there big as life in this here now big car,
and everything. An' I kept thinkin'...what if it was me,
instead. What if it was Bobo Hodges sittin' there
instead?

ED: Stop thinkin', Bobo. You're not used to it.

BOBO: Sure would be something. Havin' the folks back in ^{Tennessee} Martin talkin' about you, being famous and all. Ed I was just thinkin'...if old Ben Carroll could do it... why couldn't I do it.

ED: You could, Bobo. All you need is one thing.

BOBO: Yeah? What's that?

ED: A brain. And that let's you out, you got nothin' between your ears but hard rock. Now stop dreamin' an' grab those jugs of corn likker, I'll take the valise! *Suitcase*

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BEN: (HEARTY) Well, boys, it's nice seein' you, Sure is right nice seein' you both in Chicago.

ED: ~~Why, thank you, Ben. Me an' Bobo we figured we might as well get out of the hills this Fourth an' take us a trip. It's kind of you to look after us, an' me an' Bobo, we sure appreciate it. Don't we, Bobo.~~

BOBO: ~~We sure do, kind of like old times, ain't it, Ed.~~
Ed brought you
Me an' you an' ~~old Ben~~ here, an' a couple of jugs of corn.

BEN: That was thoughtful of you, boys, mighty thoughtful. Haven't had a lick of corn, ever since I left the hills.

ED: ~~To tell you the truth, Ben, me an' Bobo was kind of afraid that seein' as how you've done so well, maybe you wouldn't want to bother with us...~~

BEN: Not at all, Ed. Not at all. Wrote you to come right along, didn't I? Always glad to see a couple of boys ~~from my old home town, always glad.....~~

~~(CLINK OF GLASSES)~~

Come on, Let's⁻⁹⁻

BEN: ~~Now then, let's start to get us~~ oiled up. We got a big night ahead of us, I'm goin' to show you Chicago.
(PAUSE) You boys bring any money?

BOBO: We got lots of money, ain't we, Ed.

ED: Yeah.

BEN: How much?

ED: Well, I got about five hundred on me...and Bobo here....

BOBO: I got three hundred and fifty, Ben. Been savin' it up ~~for six months~~ for this here trip.

BEN: Is that so? Hmmm. Boys, how would you like to double your money? Maybe triple it.

ED: How?

BEN: This here's a hot town, Ed. Plenty of action. A man has a little luck and a little nerve, he can turn a dollar.

BOBO: Ed and me, we got plenty of nerve. Ain't we, Ed?

ED: Sure. Sure. We're willin' to try anything.

BEN: Then all you have to be is lucky.

BOBO: How we gonna make all this money, Ben?

BEN: Like this....

(ROLL OF DICE)

ED: Dice, huh?

BEN: Why not? You two boys interested?

ED: Sure. Always interested in a good crap game.

BOBO: Me too, Ben.

BEN: All right. I'll arrange a game later. But right now, let's check you into your hotel. After that, we'll start out on the town.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0006227

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

Precinct.

ART: Captain Rawlins, Sheffield ~~District Police.~~
FRANK: (FILTER) Art. Frank Doherty, ~~down at the Sun Times.~~
ART: Yes?
FRANK: It's almost midnight.
ART: I know. And we still haven't had a homicide report.
FRANK: Maybe this Fourth of July is going to be different
from all the others, Art. Maybe this is going to
be the quietest, most peaceful Fourth the great city of
Chicago has ever seen.
ART: Maybe. (~~GRIMBY~~) But don't bet on it, Frank.
And don't lock up your desk and go home yet.
The night's still young!

(MUSIC) UP AND UNDER

NARR: *Yes* The night's still young, ~~Art Rawlins, tells you.~~
And at a place called ^{*Southern*} ~~Riverview Park,~~ an amusement ^{*park in*} ~~and carnival park,~~ ^{*Chicago*} the night is also still young.
~~Here the links to your Big Story were also being~~
~~forged.....~~

(MUSIC: CARNIVAL MUSIC B.G. MERRY GO-ROUND OR PIPE ORGAN
TYPE.

(BUZZ OF CROWD, DISTANT BARKERS OFF)

SWIFTY: (BARKING) Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Try
your luck on the Wheel of Fortune. Twenty-five cents,
the fourth part of a dollar. Put your money down, and
walk away with the Grand Prize. Here we go now, here
we go! Let's spin the wheel of Fortune....

(WHEEL STARTS TO ROTATE, FAST)

SWIFTY: And around and around she goes!

(WHEEL ROLLS AWHILE AND SLOWS TO A STOP. CRIES OF DISAPPOINTMENT.)

SWIFTY: And it's Number 16. Number 16 Black. Too bad, folks. too bad. Try it again. Two bits brings you the grand prize, just two bits! How about you, Mister? Try your luck again?

BOBO: How about it, Ed? You gonna try it again?

ED: Not me, Bobo. I already lost ten bucks.

SWIFTY: How about you, Mister. You look like a real sport. But you ain't tried it once.

BEN: (LAUGHS) Me? I'm not interested in pennies and dimes, Mister. These two boys are friends of mine from my home town, and they enjoy it. You got a nice pitch here, but it's strictly small time.

SWIFTY: You talk pretty big, Mister.

BEN: When I gamble, I like to gamble big. You want to match dollars with me, I'll show you a real game.

SWIFTY: Like what?

BEN: Like a good crap game.

SWIFTY: Now you're talking my language. You show me a good crap game, and I'm your boy!

BEN: You mean you'd be interested, Mr....

SWIFTY: Hawkins is the name. Swifty Hawkins. I'm always interested in makin' a fast buck, wherever I can. You know where there's a game?

BEN: Why, yeah. I'm planning a friendly little game at my place later. You want to come in, you're welcome.

SWIFTY: Okay, Mister. You got yourself a customer. But I gotta keep this ^{deal} swindle running till midnight. What time do you figure on startin'?

BEN: Oh. About two ayem.

SWIFTY: Okay. Gimme your name and the address of your joint... and I'll be there! (UP WITH BARKING)

All right, ladies and gentlemen, all right!

Try your luck, spin the Wheel of Fortune!

~~Two bits, the fourth part of a dollah, buys you a number, brings you the Grand Prize!~~

~~Step right up for shake hands with Lady Luck!~~

~~Here we go with the Wheel of Fortune! Here we go!~~

(WHEEL UP IN TURNING AND UP INTO)

(MUSIC: -- WIPE)

(DICE BEING ROLLED)

BEN: Hah! Five and bug-eyes. An' six straight passes. This sure is my lucky night....

SWIFTY: (COLD) Hold it, Carroll.

BEN: Huh?

SWIFTY: Lemme see those dice.

BEN: Now wait a minute, Hawkins. What...

SWIFTY: Come on, Gimme 'em. I'd like to try 'em a little myself...just for size.

(ROLL OF DICE)

SWIFTY: Seven

(ROLL OF DICE)

SWIFTY: And seven.

(ROLL OF DICE AGAIN)

SWIFTY: And seven. So this is the kind of game you're running, eh, Carroll?

BEN: (BLUSTERS) Wait a minute, Hawkins. What are you talkin' about!

SWIFTY: You know what I'm talkin' about, you dirty low down crook!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Three ayem. And just as you, Frank Doherty are about to leave the office....

(PHONE RING)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

FRANK: Doherty. Sun-Times.

ART: (FILTER) Frank, Art. Here we go! The fireworks have started, and I don't mean the patriotic kind!

FRANK: Homicide?

ART: Yeah.

FRANK: Where?

ART: A rooming house over on the North Side. A man found dead ~~in a rooming house~~, with his head bashed in!

(MUSIC: -- -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #278

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 in the distinguished red
package - the finest quality money can buy.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos. Smoke a
PELL MELL. (END E.T.)

ATX01 0006232

-15-

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006233

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Frank Doherty of the Chicago Sun-Times, ~~get into your car and~~ race to the address Art Rawlins has given you. It's a high class rooming house on Chicago's North Side, and ^{the room} ~~the living room~~ is a shambles of broken furniture. And on the floor, you see the body of a man, staring up at the ceiling with ~~fixed and lifeless eyes~~, a jagged ~~blood-caked~~ cut across his temple. And lying next to him, a smashed jug..

FRANK: Ben Carroll?

ART: Yeah. A tin horn gambler. Someone brained him with this Jug.

FRANK: Say, Art.

ART: YEAH?

FRANK Take a whiff on what was in the Jug.

ART: (A PAUSE) Whew! Corn Liquor.

FRANK: Yeah. And prime corn. Mountain dew straight out of the hills. (A PAUSE) Got any information on this Art? Was anybody with him at the time?

ART: Don't know a thing yet.

The landlay's still hysterical. When she straightens out, maybe we can get somewhere!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER _ _)

NARR: Art Rawlins goes downstairs to see how Mrs. Brand is coming along, but you linger a moment, ~~staring at the body.~~ You ~~shiver a little and start for the door and then you stop.~~ ^{Suddenly} Your eye catches a pair of small and shiny objects under the bureau. You pick them up ... ~~and see they're a pair of dice.~~

(~~ROLL OF DICE~~)

NARR: Just for the fun of it, you roll them across the table ...

(ROLL OF DICE)

NARR: And again ...

(ROLL OF DICE)

NARR: Again ...

(ROLL OF DICE)

~~NARR: And then ...~~

FRANK: (QUIETLY) Well, what do you know? What do you know?

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Loaded dice. ~~Full of beautiful sevens.~~ Now, you've got a motive for murder. You go downstairs, tell Art Rawlins, ~~what you've found.~~ And finally, you both talk to the landlady.

MRS. BRAND: I know Mr. Carroll was with three men. Saw 'em come into the house, about one thirty.

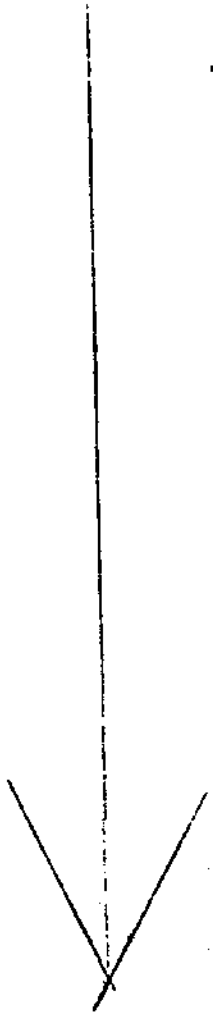
ART: Did you know any of the men Mrs. Brand?

MRS. BRAND: Well, two of 'em were friends of Mr. Carroll, in from out of town. They'd been here earlier with him, and were staying over the Fourth. I know he was tryin' to get a hotel room for them someplace.

Speak:

PAUL: Could you describe them?

MRS. BRAND: Didn't take much notice of 'em. They were both dressed like ^{*out-of-towners*} ~~farmers, if you know what I mean.~~ One was small and dark, the other tall an' blond.



ART: What about the third man?

MRS. BRAND: Never saw him before in my life.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Art Rawlins drops you at the Sun Times, so that you can write the lead story. But instead of writing, you start to think. An idea ^{begins} ~~starts~~ to jump around in your mind, a crazy deduction, little more than a desperate hunch. You play your hunch.

(PHONE RING OTHER END - PICK UP)

MRS. BRAND: (FILTER) Hello?

FRANK: Mrs. Brand, this is Mr. Doherty of the Sun Times again.

MRS. BRAND: Yes?

FRANK: Do you know where Mr. Carroll came from originally?
Do you know his home town.

MRS. BRAND: Why yes. Yes, I do. It's Martin, Tennessee.

FRANK: Martin, Tennessee. Thank you, Mrs. Brand!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Martin, Tennessee.~~ Now, you ride your hunch. You reason if Carroll got his two Tennessee friends a hotel room, it would probably be near his rooming house. You ^{call} ~~check~~ ⁱⁿ ~~against~~ the area ^{give the description}.
^{all} Get ~~on the phone.~~ And on the seventh call, bingo! And after that....

ART: (FILTER) Captain Rawlins, Sheffield Avenue ^{Precinct} ~~District Police!~~

FRANK: Art, Frank. Meet me at the Triangle Hotel right away!

ART: The Triangle Hotel? Why?

FRANK: I'd like you to meet a couple of hillbillies...if they're still there!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They're still there....a man named Reese and another
named ~~Hoger~~^{Hodger}. You and Art wake them from a ~~sound~~^{drunken} sleep,
~~introduce yourselves, and tell them why you're there. The~~
~~man named Reese looks at you with drink-bleared eyes,~~
and says....

ED: Captain, I swear me and Bobo, we don't know a thing about
this. Do we, Bobo?

BOBO: Not a thing.

ART: But you admit you were there.

ED: We were there, all right. But Bobo and me got cleaned
out early. Never did see a man throw so many passes as
Ben. Anyway, me and Bobo left early, like I said. The
last I saw of Ben, he was still shooting crap with that
Carnival guy.

FRANK: What carnival guy?

ED: Man named Swifty Hawkins, wasn't it, Bobo?

BOBO: Yeh. Swifty Hawkins.

ED: Runs the wheel of Fortune over at ~~Riverview Park~~^{Sandwich Park}. He
must have killed poor Ben. Couldn't have been anyone
else.

ART: Maybe not. But that's your story. It'll stand some
checking.

ED: Look, Captain. If we killed Ben, we wouldn't be hanging
around here, would we? We'd be on our way back to the
hills. That right, Bobo?

BOBO: Uh-huh. That's right, Ed.

ED: Besides, Ben was an old friend of ours.

FRANK: (DRYLY) Some friend.

ED: What do you mean?

FRANK: Recognize this pair of dice?
ED: Why, sure. Red with white eyes. They're Ben's.
FRANK: Take a look....

(DICE THROWN ONCE. TWICE. THREE TIMES)

FRANK: Anyway, you roll 'em, they still come up seven.

ED: (A BEAT AND STARES) Well, what do you know?

BOBO: (STARES) Yeah. What do you know?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)⁷

NARR: Art Hawkins sends the two men from Tennessee to headquarters for further questioning. Then, you do a fast check, find Swifty Hawkins address, a place over on North Clark Street. And on the way....

(AUTO UNDER)

FRANK: Art.

ART: Yeah?

FRANK: You think ^{those} ~~these~~ two hillbillies are on the level?

ART: They sound on the level.

FRANK: Yeah. I know. Only one thing doesn't add up to me. They said they left Mrs. Brand's place before this Carnival operator, Hawkins.

ART: So?

FRANK: Well, I don't know. Carnival men are hard to fool when it comes to gambling games. We know Carroll was using loaded dice. Wouldn't this carnie Hawkins have caught on right away? Why would he hang around to the bitter end and get fleeced? Wouldn't he be too smart for that?

ART: Sounds logical. But let's wait and see what Hawkins has to say.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

SWIFTY: Listen, Captain, I've been around. I cut my eye teeth on every shell game there is. I know every gimmick in the book.

ART: Then you knew those dice were loaded, Hawkins?

SWIFTY: Are you kidding? After this mothball threw a few passes in a row, I had him tabbed for a faker, I knew those cubes were crooked. I called him on it, and walked out.

FRANK: Leaving both Reese and ^{Hodges} ~~Hogan~~ with Carroll. That right?

SWIFTY: Yeah. That's right. Those two hillbillies were loaded with corn. They got real hot in the head about gettin' the double cross from a hometown fireman. Another thing...

ART: Yes?

SWIFTY: If this murder rap was on me, I'd be an awful sucker to hang around, waiting for you to come pick me up, wouldn't I?

FRANK: That's the same logic they gave us, Hawkins.

ART: All of which makes it very simple.

SWIFTY: Yeah? Meaning what, Captain?

ART: Meaning that either you're lying. Or they are. (GRIMLY)
And one way or another, I'm going to find out before this Fourth is over!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Frank Doherty of the ~~Chicago Sun-Times~~, lean to the two hillbillies as the killers. Whoever was with Carroll last, killed him, and Swifty Hawkins' story registers a little truer, hits your hunch a little harder. At six o'clock on the Fourth of July morning, Art Rawlins starts to grill the two hillbillies. Hour after hour...it's the same story. First, Reese....

ED: I tell you, me and Bobo left early. This carnie guy was still shooting crap with Ben. He smashed that there jug over his head. Ask Bobo!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

BOBO: Me and Ben, we was kids together. We growed up together, we worked together. I wouldn't have killed old Ben. We got busted out of our cash, and left that carnival feller with Ben. If you don't believe it, ask Ed!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

ART: (WEARY SIGH) Frank, I'm about convinced.

FRANK: Of what?

ART: Of the fact that ^{these} those two hillbillies are innocent. They've both stuck to their stories like glue.

FRANK: Keep at it, Art. Another hour or two....

ART: (WEARY SIGH) Okay. But if they don't come up with something by two o'clock, I'm taking Swifty Hawkins over the grill!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ten minutes of two. And finally, a break. It comes suddenly, without warning. From Ed Reese....

ED: (AGITATED) Okay, Captain. I can't stand it any longer, I can't stand it, see? All these questions, pounding and pounding, hour after hour. You think I'm made of iron?

ART: (REMORSELESS) Who did it, Reese? Who killed Ben Carroll.

ED: It was Bobo.

FRANK: ~~Bobo Hodges?~~

ED: ~~That's right.~~ This carnie guy, this Swifty Hawkins, told us the dice were loaded and walked out. Bobo got real mad. Real mad. He'd guzzled a lot of corn, an' he started to shove Ben around.

ART: What happened after that?

ED: Well, we argued and piled into Ben for awhile. I was just as riled as Bobo was, but I didn't figure on no murder. Finally, we run out of cigarettes, and I went out to get some.

FRANK: How long were you gone, Reese?

ED: I dunno. Five minutes. Mebbe ten. Anyway, when I come back, there was Bobo standing over Ben, with this busted jug in his hand, an' blood all over Ben's head. (SOBS) I knew I shouldn't have left that big moron. I knew it. If I'd a been there, it never would have happened!

ART: (QUIET) All right, Reese. That's all.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BOBO: (QUIET) All right, Captain. I guess there ain't no use lyin' any more...~~what about Ed tellin' you the truth and all.~~

ART: Then you killed Carroll, Hodges.

BOBO: Yeah. I done it. I got redheaded about those there loaded dice. And when Ed went out, I done it.

ART: (QUIET) You'll sign a confession to that effect, Hodges?

BOBO: (WEARY, DEFEATED) ^{Yes}~~I'll sign anything you say, Captain.~~

ART: All right, Hodges, wait outside...

(A COUPLE OF STEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)

ART: Well, Frank. I guess that locks it up.

FRANK: Yeah. I guess it does, Art. Still....

ART: Still what?

FRANK: I don't know. I just don't know.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't know. Somewhere, deep inside of you, Frank Doherty, ~~a nerve starts to tingle. Something is wrong~~ here, something doesn't add up. True, Art Rawlins has a confession. But still something torments you. And then, *Suddenly* you know why. And just to check, you take a ride to the quiet suburban neighborhood of Mrs. Brand's rooming house. And about a block away, you find a candy store, talk to the owner.....

FRANK: Mr. Gordon, tell me something.

GORDON: ~~Yes?~~

FRANK: Are you open at three o'clock in the morning?

GORDON: No. I work long hours, but not that long.

FRANK: If anyone around here wanted to buy a pack of cigarettes, where could he buy them at three ayem.

GORDON: Only place I know is an allnight drug store about a mile down ~~the avenue,~~ *North Clark St.*

FRANK: A mile away, eh? Then he couldn't have made it and back in five minutes, or ten. Then he was lying.

GORDON: ~~Who was lying, Mr. Doherty? Who are you talking about?~~

FRANK: Oh. Nobody you'd know, Mr. Gordon. And thanks. Thanks ~~very much. You've been a big help!~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

FRANK: Art, I tell you Reese was lying.

ART: All right, Frank. So he was lying. What difference does it make. We've got ~~Hogan's~~ *Hodges* confession, haven't we?

FRANK: Sure. Sure you have. But for some crazy reason, I don't think ~~Hogan~~ *Hodges* did it. I think he's covering up for someone.

ART: Who for instance.

FRANK: His sidekick. Ed Reese!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Art Rawlins thinks you're crazy. Crazy with the heat and humidity of the Fourth of July. But he lets you talk to Bobo Hogan, and stands by while you do....~~

FRANK: Bobo, are you sure you killed Ben Carroll?

BOBO: I told you I did, didn't I?

FRANK: I know. You told us. But you know what this means. It means that you may go to the Chair.

BOBO: The Chair?

FRANK: That's right. For first degree murder.

BOBO: You're lyin', Mr. Doherty. That ain't true. (SUDDEN PANIC) That ain't true, see?

FRANK: It's true all right, Bobo. When you signed that confession, it's possible you signed your death warrant.

BOBO: Then he lied to me. ~~He lied to me!~~

ART: Who lied to you, Bobo?

BOBO: I ain't goin' to no Chair. He said it'd only be five year, and then I'd be out. I ain't goin' to burn in no Chair, not me, not for Ed Reese or no one else.

FRANK: Ed Reese?

BOBO: He slugged Ben Carroll with that jug, not me.

ART: Then why did you confess to it?

BOBO: He talked me into it, that's why.

FRANK: (AGHAST) Talked you into it?

BOBO: Yeah. I didn't want to, at first. But then he said it would only be five years. And after that, I'd be famous. ~~They'd write stories about me, put my pitcher in the papers.~~ And when I got back to my hometown, back in Tennessee, ~~I'd be a big man, they'd all talk about me, me, Bobo Hodges.~~ I'd be famous, Ed said, with a killin' to my credit, they'd take their hats off to me, back in ^{Tennessee} Martin. But go to the Chair? No, sir. ~~I don't want to do that not for anybody.~~ I guess I ain't very smart, Captain, lettin' Ed Reese sweet-talk me into it. But if you want Ben Carroll's killer...he's the one who done it, I swear it!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN --)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Frank Doherty of the Chicago Sun Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E. T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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

(END E. T.)

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S
greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Remember this, the further a puff of smoke is filtered
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, 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 Frank Doherty of the Chicago Sun Times.

DOHERTY: *in tonight's Big Story*
~~IN THIS UNIQUE CASE, THE REAL KILLER~~ ^{his hill-billy} ~~FINALLY CONFESSED, WAS FOUND GUILTY, AND SENTENCED TO FOURTEEN YEARS IN JOLIET FOR MURDER. A FRIEND WHO DELIVERED FAKE CONFESSION TESTIFIED AGAINST HIM AS A STATE'S WITNESS, AND WAS GIVEN HIS COMPLETE FREEDOM, HIS CASE BEING NOLLE PROSSED ON THE DATE OF KILLER'S CONVICTION. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.~~

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Doherty...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present to 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.

(MUSIC: _ STING)

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 Wichita Kansas Beacon by line, Bill Gagnon. A Big Story *about a reporter who found a corpse in a birthday present.*

(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 Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Chicago Sun Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Quinn played the part of Frank Doherty. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Doherty.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy. THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

/gz
9/1/52 pm

ATX01 0006248

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #279

CAST

NARRATOR
BILL GAGNON
JOHNNY
AGNES
PETE
MRS. JARVIS
SAM (FATHER)
SOMERS
WANDA
WOMAN I
WOMAN II

BOB SLOANE
JOE HELGESEN
HAL STUDER
CATHLEEN CORDELL
SANDY STROUSE
CHARME ALLEN
TOM HEAPHY
ROLAND WINTERS
ANNA KAREN
CATHLEEN CORDELL
ANNA KAREN

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17, 1952

ATX01 0006249

CHAPPELL: FELL-MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, finest quality money can buy,
presents, ...THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE. DOWN UNDER...)

(RADIO PLAYING B.G.)

AGNES: It's late. ~~It~~^I ought to go.

JOHNNY: In a minute.

AGNES: You said that before.

JOHNNY: (IRRITATED) In a minute. (THEN) Agnes...

AGNES: Mmmmm?

JOHNNY: Gimme a kiss...

AGNES: I told you before...

JOHNNY: Just a little kiss...

AGNES: Get your hands off me. I --

JOHNNY: All I want's a little kiss ...

AGNES: (FLARES) I said let go!

(A HARD SLAP) *On Mike*

JOHNNY: (BEAT, LOW) You didn't have to do that.

AGNES: Just -- keep away from me ...

JOHNNY: (BUILDING) You didn't have to do that. All I wanted was
a little kiss.

AGNES: (SCARED NOW) I just -- (CUTS. TERROR) Where'd you get
that knife?

JOHNNY: (EFFORT) Just a little kiss!

AGNES: Let go, I --

JOHNNY: (WILD) Just a little kiss. (EFFORT)

AGNES: (SCREAMS) No, NO. I -- (THE SCREAM GURGLES IN
HER THROAT. DIES.)

(SILENCE. THEN)

JOHNNY: (WHISPERS) All I wanted was a little kiss.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Whichita, Kansas. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE. COLD AND FLAT) From the pages of the Whichita Beacon, the story of a pair of porch steps --- and a reporter who made them lead a killer to justice. Tonight, to Bill Gagnon for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500.00 Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Yes, smoke a PELL MELL and discover how PELL MELL'S
greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further your cigarette filters the
smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke
becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
through fine tobaccos than that of any other leading
cigarette. And what's more after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 -
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: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Wichita, Kansas. The story as it actually happened --
Bill Gagnon's story as he lived it.

NARRATOR: You, Bill Gagnon, aren't in at the beginning of your Big
Story. You're tending strictly to business in the city
room, while your story begins at a party .. a birthday
party...

MRS JARVIS: } (SING) Happy birthday to you ..happy birthday to you...
JOHNNY: } Happy birthday dear (SHE SINGS "SAM", HE SINGS "DAD")...
happy birthday to you!

(THEY APPLAUD)

SAM: Well, that's quite a cake!

JOHNNY: (YOUNG, EAGER) Stand back, Dad. You don't want to get a
sunburn from all those candles.

MRS JARVIS: Johnny! Where'd you put the present?

JOHNNY: Out on the porch..

SAM: Say, I noticed something real interesting looking out there.
Can I go out and look?

MRS JARVIS: (LAUGHS) Go ahead.

SAM: (FADES) Oh, boy.

JOHNNY: Do you think he'll be surprised?

Mrs. J: I certainly hope so.
SAM: (OFF) Well, it's heavy enough. (COMES ON) What'd you put
in this bag? Lead? ✓

*Sounds of bag
being out door*

JOHNNY: (LAUGHS) Mom and I figured you -- (HE STOPS)

MRS JARVIS: Sam!

SAM: ~~What's the matter?~~

MRS. JARVIS: Where'd you get that bag?

SAM: From under the porch steps. Been noticing it all week.
Isn't it my present?

JOHNNY: No. I didn't say under the steps. Your present's right on the porch.

SAM: Then what's this?

MRS JARVIS: I don't know. I never saw it before.

SAM: Well, one way to find out. Open her up.

~~(ZIPPER BEING OPENED)~~

MRS JARVIS: (SURPRISE) It's a coat. A woman's coat.

SAM: Something else under it. Hold the coat a moment while I--

MRS JARVIS: (A SCREAM) Sam!

JOHNNY: What is it, Dad?

SAM: (SHARP) Don't look. Get back, Johnny. You too, Myra.

JOHNNY: But what is it?

SAM: (SICK) The head and body of a corpse. (More)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Bill Gagnon, don't get all these details, of course. But you get enough from your city editor to send you hot-footing over to the Jarvis home but fast. There you start asking questions, but you don't get very far --because you run into someone who can ask questions even faster than you can...

JOHNNY: (EXCITED) Does it take long to get to be a reporter, Mr. Gagnon? I mean, how do you start? Do you have to go to school or--

BILL: (CUTS IN) Look, Johnny, how about my asking the questions? Were you with your father and mother when they discovered the body?

JOHNNY: Oh, sure. Look, can they tell about the body? I mean, do they fingerprint it or what?

BILL: They'll try. (FRESH ATTACK) Have you any idea how long the bag was under the steps?

JOHNNY: Gee, no, I never even noticed it. How can they fingerprint? I mean, does almost everybody have prints on file or is it only criminals...

BILL: (CUTS IN) Johnny... (THEN) Did you notice any ~~stragglers~~ ^{strangers} around the neighborhood? Anyone who could have left the bag under the steps without your noticing?

JOHNNY: Gee, no. I mean you never pay any attention to those things until after, Unless you're trained, I mean. Say, does it take long to train to be a reporter? I --

BILL: Kid, look, give me a break, will you? The police are in with your mother and father. I can't talk to them. The neighbors I've questioned all seem to want to clam up. I've got to get the facts from someone. Now --

JOHNNY: You mean the neighbors don't want to talk about the murder?

BILL: Looks that way. I --

JOHNNY: That's crazy. Gee, I don't want to talk about anything else. I suppose it's old stuff to you, though...

BILL: Not exactly. I --

JOHNNY: Gosh, being a police reporter must be terrific. I mean, working at the newspaper and being in on everything and --

BILL: (DESPERATION) Johnny, listen ... would you like to go over to the newspaper office -- see how they put the paper together?

JOHNNY: Would I? Say...

BILL: Okyy. You answer my questions for me and when we're through, I'll take you down to the office and show you around. City room, presses...the morgue...the whole show. What do you say? Is it a deal?

JOHNNY: Is it? Oh boy!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It works. You dig the story out of him, bit by bit, and then you take him over to the paper and give him the fifty cent tour. Finally you get rid of him and have a chance to see Lt. Somers.

SOMERS: Not much to go on Bill. Doc says the corpse is a woman. Or was. Stabbed in the throat. But the job was done so long ago that identification's not going to be easy.

BILL: Fingerprints eradicated?

SOMERS: Sure. Only thing we found was a wedding ring.

BILL: Did you check the missing persons' reports for any woman who might answer the general description?

SOMERS: First thing. No dice. Which fits in.

BILL: Fits in with what?

SOMERS: The way I look at it. Bill, take it from an old timer. When a married woman gets murdered some three months ago and her husband never even bothers to report her missing -- it's because he doesn't want anybody to know she isn't still in the land of the living.

BILL: Meaning you think the husband is the killer?

SOMERS: Meaning just that. As soon as we get the identification on the woman -- if we ever do -- we'll send out a call for her husband. And when we get him -- that wraps it up.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It sounds simple. So simple that you can't understand the funny, nagging doubt at the back of your mind. You stop in at your usual dog wagon for a cup of coffee and sit there...nursing it...and the funny, nagging doubt.

WANDA: (40. BLOWSY) More coffee, reporter? *(Bored)*

BILL: (ABSENT) Huh? Oh, thanks Wanda.

(SOUND OF POURING)

You're the best coffee maker in town.

WANDA: Sure. Just like you're the biggest mouth of blarney in town. But it's still ten cents a cup and paid in advance.

BILL: (LAUGHS) Trusting soul, aren't you?

(COIN ON COUNTER. CASH REGISTER)

WANDA: What's on your mind tonight, anyhow?

BILL: (SIGHS) I dunno. Why do I always have to get ideas that don't tie in with the police's?

WANDA: On this woman under the porch steps?

BILL: That's it.

WANDA: The police think the husband did it, don't they?

BILL: Yeah.

WANDA: What's the matter with that idea?

BILL: The porch steps.

WANDA: Huh?

BILL: They're not nailed down.

WANDA: So?

ATX01 0006257

BILL: So how would the husband know that? If a stranger [^] planted that body under the steps, wouldn't the neighbors have reported seeing someone prowling around with a heavy bag? *think out loud*

WANDA: You mean you think someone who lived in the Jarvis neighborhood is the killer?

BILL: It would make sense, wouldn't it? Someone who knew the steps weren't nailed down... someone who wouldn't be noticed nosing around the steps...and besides...

WANDA: Yeah?

BILL: Wanda...when I tried to question the neighbors, they clammed up. Wouldn't talk. As if there was something they didn't want to talk about in front of everybody. Why?

WANDA: Search me. All I do is make coffee.

BILL: Well, I'm going to find out. I'm going back there and ask some more questions. Maybe --

JOHNNY: (COMING IN) Mr. Gagnon...

BILL: Huh? (THEN) Oh, Johnny...

JOHNNY: Gee, I've been looking all over for you. I figured you'd be through at headquarters by now. Did you find out anything?

BILL: Not much. Just leaving now to do a little leg work.

JOHNNY: Say, I don't have to be at work at the hat factory for another hour.
Could I come with you?

BILL: Sorry, kid, not this time.

JOHNNY: Why not?

BILL: I've got some things to find out, and I think I may find them out faster if I'm alone.

JOHNNY: Maybe I could help though. ~~I mean...~~

BILL: Some other time.

JOHNNY: Gee, I thought maybe I could find out how a reporter works...

WANDA: Kid, you're not missing a thing.

JOHNNY: But ...

WANDA: Have a cup of coffee instead. On the house.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You leave. He's a nice eager kid, this Johnny Jarvis, but you, Bill Gagnon, are a reporter and you have things on your mind.

Questions you have to ask -- answers you want to know.

And so, you head for the Jarvis neighborhood and start ringing doorbells. And this time, the neighbors start talking...slowly at first, and then in more and more detail. And what they tell you, Bill Gagnon, seems so incredible that you can't believe your ears. But...

WOMAN 1: Oh, it's true all right, Mr. Gagnon. I didn't want to mention it before, in front of everyone, seeing as I'm not one to cast stones. But it's true, all right.

(MUSIC: STING)

WOMAN 2: Chel Well, you don't have to take my word for it, Mr. Gagnon. You asked me, and I'm telling you. May seem hard to believe, but you can look it up. It's all down in black and white.

(MUSIC: STING)

NARRATOR: But still you can't believe it. Not possibly.
Until, holding this bombshell of information, you
investigate the police records. And you find out that
this incredible, astounding thing is true!

(MUSIC: STAB OUT)

(DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

BILL: (BURSTING IN) Lieutenant Somers, have I ~~ever~~ got
news for you!

SOMERS: Okay, Bill, okay...leave the door on the hinges...

BILL: Listen...I've been checking the police files...and
you know that kid, the one who's been tagging after
me?

SOMERS: The one the boys call Gagnon's little lamb?

BILL: Okay, so they're comics, Only listen to this.
Gagnon's little lamb has turned out to be a
black sheep.

SOMERS: What are you talking about?

BILL: Johnny Jarvis. Innocent little "I-want-to-be-a-
reporter" Johnny Jarvis. He's got a police record
as long as your arm.

(MUSIC: TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

HAPPELL: 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 in the distinguished red
package - the finest quality money can buy.

(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...)

AHRRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Bill Gagnon as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: Unbelievable. You're a reporter, Bill Gagnon -- words are your stock in trade -- but the only word that churns through your mind is -- unbelievable. Johnny Jarvis... the kid with the eager grin, turns out to be a juvenile delinquent with a hefty police record. Unbelievable. But the neighbors give you facts, times, dates,...and the police files confirm them...

BILL: *Look*
Lieut July 12th, charged with deliberately setting fires... September 3rd, picked up for petty robbery....*same* charge October 23rd...and so on. A whole slew of minor offenses -- and some of them not so minor.

SOMERS: (AMAZED) That baby-faced kid. *mole*

BILL: (NODS) That baby-faced kid.

SOMERS: Well, you never know.

BILL: You sure don't. So what do we do now, Lieutenant?

SOMERS: What do you mean?

BILL: Hold him on suspicion, or what?

SOMERS: Hold who?

BILL: For the love of Pete, who are we talking about?
Johnny Jarvis.

SOMERS: What do we want to hold him for?

BILL: You mean you don't tie him in with the murder of the woman?

SOMERS: No.

THE BIG STORY, 9/17/52

KEYLER

SOMERS: Sure, sure Bill. I know who we're talking about but what do we want to hold him for?

BILL: You mean you don't tie him in with the murder of the woman?

SOMERS: It's a possibility.

BILL: Well then.

SOMERS: First things first Bill. Don't forget the possibility of the husband.

BILL: But the body was under the kid's steps....and his record.

SOMERS: So the kid's got a record. A lot of kids have records. Petty robberies -- hot-rodding around...sometimes they get in real trouble. But that doesn't make them murderers.

BILL: But the porch steps....

SOMERS: Look, the kid's no fool. He may be on the wrong track but he's not soft in the head. If he wanted to get rid of a body he wouldn't park it under his own porch steps.

BILL: (ANGRY) He would if he thought the police would figure the way they're figuring right now.

SOMERS: Maybe. But, it's a whole new line of investigation. I'm still after the dead woman's husband.

BILL: Why are you so sure it's the husband?

BILL: But -- these offenses...the police record...the body under his own porch steps...

SOMERS: Bill, make sense. So the kid's got a record. a lot of kids have records. Petty robberies -- hot-rodding around...sometimes they get in real trouble. But that doesn't make them murderers.

BILL: But the porch steps...

SOMERS: Look, the kid's no fool. He may be on the wrong track but he's not soft in the head. If he wanted to get rid of a body he wouldn't park it under his own porch steps.

BILL: (ANGRY) He would if he thought the police would figure the way they're figuring right now.

SOMERS: I don't buy it.

BILL: You still think it's the dead woman's husband?

SOMERS: If he didn't kill her, why didn't he report her missing?

BILL: Maybe he doesn't care if she's missing. Ever hear of a husband who was glad to get loose from his wife?

SOMERS: Sure, sure, but ---

BILL: But what? ~~Lieutenant~~ ^{Look Lieut,} ~~Somers~~, my theory holds together. Johnny would naturally know that his own porch steps weren't nailed down. Johnny would be able to park the body there without the neighbors wondering who was nosing around the porch...and besides...it explains why he latched on to me.

SOMERS: What do you mean?

BILL: That way, he thinks he's in on everything; He thinks maybe I'll tell him what I know about the case, and what the police know. Actually I haven't said anything except what he could read in the papers, but he doesn't know that. He probably thinks he's got an inside track.

~~SOMERS: Bill, you're making up stories.~~

~~BILL:~~

SOMERS: (CUTS IN) Look, the kid's around. If we find out the husband's not our man, we can pick up the kid. But --

(PHONE RINGS)

Hold it.

(PHONE UP)

Lieutenant Somers talking...what's that?...Are they sure?
...Let me have the name again...okay...Got it. Nice going.

(PHONE DOWN)

Now we are getting somewhere.

BILL: What's up?

SOMERS: Positive identification on the dead woman. Name's Agnes Framm. Two friends just came in and identified her.

BILL: Did she have a husband?

SOMERS: Sure did. Name of Pete Framm. He used to live at the Hotel Talmadge but they don't know where he is now. But it doesn't matter. We'll find him. And when we do --

BILL: When you do, you'll find out he's not your man.

SOMERS: You're wrong, Bill.

BILL: No, I'm not. And just to prove I'm not -- I'm going to try to find him myself. Just to prove to you that he's innocent, and Johnny Jarvis is your boy. ~~That's the way~~
~~and I'll stick to it.~~

SOMERS: Correction, reporter. That's your story -- ~~and you're~~
stuck with it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You're mad now, Bill Gagnon. You wonder how much proof
you need before someone will pay attention to you. And
underneath the being mad -- you feel a little undercurrent
of fear, because you don't like what you're dealing with.
You don't like the idea that this fresh-faced, eager kid,
this Johnny Jarvis is a cold-blooded killer. It's a good
act the kid puts on. Too good. It scares you. You try to
shake the fear away as you sit at your desk, but suddenly...

~~(MUSIC: SPRING GOLF)~~

JOHNNY: Can I come in, Mr. Gagnon?

BILL: (STARTLED) What the -- (THEN) Oh, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (HIS EAGERNESS DOES NOT SEEM AS NATURAL NOW. HE SEEMS A
LITTLE WARY... A DOUBLE MEANING BEHIND EACH QUESTION)
What's the matter? You looked kinda jumpy. Did I
scare you?

BILL: Scare me? (HE TRIES A LAUGH) Why would you scare me?

JOHNNY: Sure. Why would I? (THEN) I just saw in the paper how
the police had identified the dead woman.

BILL: That's right. Agnes Framm.

JOHNNY: Agnes...Framm.

BILL: Know Her?

JOHNNY: Me? Gee, no. Why should I know her?

BILL: ~~(CRYING TO RAISE HIM)~~ That's right. Why should you?
(PAUSE)

JOHNNY: Well, anyway...are the police still looking for her
husband?

BILL: That's right.

JOHNNY: Are you?

BILL: Everybody's trying ...

JOHNNY: Can I stick around? Just to see what comes up? I mean...

BILL: Look, kid ...I just have a few phone calls to make.
Suppose you wait outside.

JOHNNY: Okay. And then, after you're through.

BILL: We'll talk then.

JOHNNY: Swell. That'd be great. Thanks Mr. Gagnon. I'll be
right outside.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)_

NARR: After he goes, you close the door. He's sticking like a burr, this Johnny Jarvis, and you think you know why. But there's work to do, and you do it, trying to forget that on the other side of your door, a bright-eyed kid sits waiting. A kid who may be a killer.

(MUSIC: THROB AND UNDER)

NARR: You call all the Framms in the phone book, trying to locate the husband, Pete Framm. And at first you don't have much luck. But then

WANDA: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello ... *phone clicks ←*

BILL: Hello, is this the Framm residence?

WANDA: Yes.

BILL: I wonder if you can help me. I'm trying to locate a Mr. Pete Framm, and I thought --

WANDA: (CUTS IN) Who's this calling?

BILL: Well, my name's Gagnon, of the Wichita --

WANDA: (EXCITEDLY) Bill Gagnon?

BILL: That's right.

WANDA: Well, for the love of --Bill! This is Wanda.

BILL: Wanda?

WANDA: Wanda Framm.

BILL: (LOST) I'm afraid I --

WANDA: Coffee. Pay in advance. The best co--

BILL: (GETS IT) Wanda! For the love of heaven! You mean your last name is Framm?

WANDA: Has been for forty -- for a lot of years. Pete's my brother. What're you after him for?

BILL: Wanda..that woman, remember..that was killed? The case we were talking about the other night?

WANDA: You and the kid? Yeah?

BILL: Her name was Agnes Framm.

WANDA: (A LONG PAUSE. THEN) Let me tell Pete. I don't want no cops telling that to Pete.

BILL: Where is he, Wanda? We have to know.

WANDA: Sure, sure. Just let me-- (CUTS) Just hold it a minute, will you.

BILL: Take your time. *too long*

WANDA: Thanks. (PAUSE. THEN, PULLING HERSELF TOGETHER) Pete's got a room over on Arbor Street. 4901. You can find him there.

(SHE HANGS UP)

BILL: Thanks, Wanda. I ---Wanda?

(JIGGLES HOOK)

Wanda?

(HE HANGS UP SLOWLY)

~~(A PAUSE. THEN THE DOOR OPENS)~~

JOHNNY: Mr. Gagnon...

BILL: I thought you were going to wait outside, Johnny.

JOHNNY: I -- I just wanted to tell you I had to go. Back to work at the hat factory.

BILL: Oh. Well, so long, kid.

JOHNNY: Did you have --any luck?

BILL: How do you mean?

JOHNNY: Finding out anything on the case.

BILL: Nothing worth mentioning. (THEN? AN IDEA) Except one thing.

JOHNNY: (EAGER) What?

BILL: Remember the woman who gave you coffee the other night. Wanda?

JOHNNY: Oh, sure. She was awful nice to me.

BILL: Yeah. Well, the dead woman was her sister-in-law.

JOHNNY: (BEAT) Sister-in-law.

BILL: That's right. (TRYING TO NEEDLE HIM) That make you feel funny, kid?

JOHNNY: Funny? (THEN) Oh ...you mean because it makes you realize it's a -- small world, huh. (HE LAUGHS UNEASILY)

BILL: Sure. That's what I mean. A real small world.

JOHNNY: Well, like I say ...I have to run along..

BILL: Okay ...

JOHNNY: 'But look, if they pick up this husband like the papers say...I sure would like to know what they get out of him, I mean --being so interested in this case...

BILL: Sure.

JOHNNY: So maybe --you could let me know what happens. Just because I'd like to be in on the finish --you know.

BILL: Don't worry, kid. You'll be in on the finish. That's a promise.

JOHNNY: (GUILILESS) Gee, Mr. Gagnon, thanks. Thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He doesn't blink an eye. Your little game of needling falls flat. So maybe you're crazy, Bill Gagnon. Maybe you, are making the biggest mistake of your life. But you're sure of one thing. You're going to know, one way or the other, and fast. You're going to know just as soon as the police bring in Pete Framm and start questioning him.

SOMERS: All right, Framm, you mean to tell me that your wife was missing for three months and you didn't even know about it?

PETE: I told you. We had a fight. She walked out.

SOMERS: And then you went after her and killed her.

PETE: No! I didn't see her again. I never saw her again. I told you --I never saw her again.

BILL: What was the fight about?

PETE: It was three months ago. Who remembers what started a fight three months ago.

SOMERS: It couldn't have been about another man, could it?

PETE: Maybe that started it. I dunno.

BILL: Was there another man.

PETE: Naw, not really. There was a kid she saw once in a while..

BILL: (SHARP) Kid? What was his name?

PETE: How would I know? He was just a kid. Worked in a factory around town..

BILL: (EXCITED) A hat factory?

PETE: Hat ...shoe....I dunno. I tell you, I don't remember. It was three months ago. He was just a punk kid. Johnny something or other. Just a punk kid.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Johnny. The name sends sparks ~~jumping~~ through you. Sure there are a lot of kids named Johnny, but now even Lt. Somers is excited. You race Pete Framm down to the hat *excited* factory where Johnny Jarvis works, and hand him a batch of pictures...

SOMERS: All right now, Framm. These are photographs of all the young kids working here at the hat factory named Johnny. Let us know if you spot the boy who was seeing your wife.

(LEAFING THROUGH OF PICTURES. THEN)

PETE: I dunno. I never paid much attention. Like I said, it was three months ago and ---(STOPS)

BILL: What is it?

PETE: (SURPRISE) This is him, *more*

SOMERS: (FAST) You're sure?

PETE: Yeah. I thought I forgot. But now that I see his face ---
yeah .. that's him.

BILL: { The name's are printed on the back of the picture, Lt. Somers,
Who is it? *more*

SOMERS: (BEAT. THEN) Jarvis. John S. Jarvis.

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

SOMERS: All right, Johnny. The wide-eyed act isn't going to work any
more. Suppose you just give us the facts.

JOHNNY: But I don't know the facts, ~~the~~ *lieut.* Somers. I mean --gosh --I
didn't even know this woman.

SOMERS: I said, come off the act.

JOHNNY: But it isn't as act. Honestly. I mean I -- (HE STOPS)

SOMERS: (SOFTLY) What's the matter kid? Sight of blood bother you?

JOHNNY: Is that what that is? Blood?

SOMERS: We found this bloodsoaked cloth in your room along with this
knife. Do you still want to play it cosy?

JOHNNY: I ----(HE STOPS)

(LONG PAUSE)

SOMERS: Well?

JOHNNY: (SOFT) That's --her blouse.

BILL: Who's blouse?

JOHNNY: Agnes' ~~of~~ I almost forgot she was wearing a blue
blouse. She looked pretty in blue.

SOMERS: Go on.

JOHNNY: (PLAINTIVE) But that's all. Just that she looked -- real
pretty. I wanted a kiss. That's all I wanted...just a kiss.
(HIGH, CRACKLING) I don't see why she wouldn't give me just a
kiss!

SOMERS: (LOW) Get the stenographer in here, Bill. This wraps it up.

JOHNNY: The stenographer? That means -- it's all over now, doesn't it?

BILL: That's right, kid. It's all over now. And you're in on the end of it -- just like you wanted.

(MUSIC: UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Bill Gagnon of the Wichita Beacon with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.D.)

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 it
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 Bill Gagnon of the Wichita, Kansas Beacon.

GAGNON: Killer in tonight's Big Story was tried, found legally sane and was sentenced to serve flat sentence of twenty-three years in prison. Flat sentence unusual in that it means he cannot be granted parole. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gagnon...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 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.

(MUSIC: STING)

HARRING: Ladies and gentlemen, here's an important announcement. Next week at this same time over these same stations PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present a most unusual Big Story from the front pages of the New York World Telegram & Sun. It is the story of a man who at this very moment is serving a life sentence for murder in Clinton Prison at Dannemora, New York. Be sure to listen next week when Reporter Edward J. Mowery of the N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun will be here in person to tell you his Big Story.

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: THESE WIFE AND FARE TO BE OF GUE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Whichita Kansas Beacon. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Joe Helgesen played the part of Bill Gagnon. 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. Gagnon.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

lc/pm
9/9

ATX01 0006276

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #280

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MOWERY	JOHN LARKIN
HOPFNER	MASON ADAMS
DAKONIS	DANNY OCKO
WILHELM	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
JIM TREPANIC	SOMER ALBERG
COP	MATT CROWLEY
NURSE	AMZIE STRICKLAND
SALLY	AMZIE STRICKLAND
DONOGHUE	ALAN HEWITT
JUDGE	BURT COWLAN
MAN	PETER HOBBS
BEN	PETER HOBBS
ARLUCK	COURT BENSON

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1952

ATX01 0006277

CHAPPELL: (FLAT) Now from the pages of the New York World-
Telegram and Sun, the story of a reporter who *is*
trying to turn a living death into a chance for life or
death-

Tonight to Edward J. Mowery for his Big Story, goes
the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#280

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

SEPTEMBER 24th, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Ed Mowrey - New York World-Telegram Sun.)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY
CAN BUY, PRESENTS- THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, This is Ernest Chappell.
Tonight - a most unusual Big Story - the story of a
man named Louis Hoffner, who at this very moment is in
Clinton Prison at Dannemora, New York, serving a life
sentence for murder. Because of the strange facts
surrounding this murder, Big Story has a special guest
tonight. He is here in person - Reporter Edward J.
Mowery of the New York World-Telegram & Sun.

MOWERY: Thank you, Mister Chappell... For almost twelve years
Louis Hoffner, behind prison walls at Dannemora, has
been crying out his innocence. His cries have been
heard and his innocence may be established.....
At the close of tonight's Big Story, you will hear the
latest development in this fascinating real-life
story. I ask you to listen carefully - a man's life
hangs in the balance.

(MUSIC: HIT SHARPLY, THEN CUT FOR)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear
actually happened. It happened in New York City,
And it is happening now - it is not yet finished.

(MORE)

ATX01 0006279

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #280

OPENING COMMERCIAL #1

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New York City, New York. The story as it happened -
and as it is happening now. Edward J. Mowery's story
as he lives it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME)

NARR: You know Louis Hoffner, Ed Mowery - you know him well.
At this very moment he's behind steel bars in Dannemora
~~Prison~~ serving a life sentence for murder. You're a
reporter for the New York World-Telegram and Sun -
you've been there, you've talked to him. But twelve
years ago you never heard of him...It began on the
night of August seventh in a bar and grill in Queens,
~~just outside New York City. It was late - a hot~~
~~humid night and~~ the place was empty except for the
owner, the bartender and a waiter named Paul Dakonis.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

(OFF COUNTING OF MONEY. RUSTLE OF PAPER ON.)

DAKONIS: Hey, Mister Wilhelm, says here in the paper about
the war in Europe --

WILHELM: (OFF A SHADE) Dakonis, don't bother me about the war
in Europe, so long as we're not in it I'm happy...And
you're foolish reading in this light.

DAKONIS: It's okay.

WILHELM: Okay for customers. Not for reading, too dim, you'll
hurt your eyes.

JIM: (HALF OFF) Mister Wilhelm.

WILHELM: Yeah, Jim - Got the money all counted?

(STEPS ON)

JIM: (FADING ON) All counted. Pretty good night.

WILHELM: Not bad. You got the figures, I'll check 'em.

JIM: Here you are....

(PASS PAPER. RUSTLING BILLS, BEHIND FOLLOWING.)

WILHELM: That Dakonis. He'll ruin his eyes.

JIM: Yeah...Say, Dakonis, that paper got the Dodger box scores?

DAKONIS: (HALF OFF) You mean the full box scores? You wanna know who got hits, Jim? I'll look.

(CHECKING OVER MONEY. OFF DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES BEHIND, STEPS APPROACH BEHIND)

WILHELM: The figures check, Jim. Sixty-six dollars and --

MAN: (FLAT) Okay, this is a stickup.

WILHELM: Mister, are you kidding? What's this a gag --

MAN: I said stickup.

JIM: (GASP) He's got a ^{gun} -- (HE STOPS)

(SLOW STEPS ON.)

MAN: (FADING) You. ^{at} Where you goin'?

WILHELM: (TRYING TO APPEAR NATURAL) Around the end of the bar, ^{the Mosey} that's all. You say stickup, I gotta get ~~around the~~ ^{around the} end of the ---

JIM: (HALF OFF) I got him - (EFFORT)

(STRUGGLE)

WILHELM: Jim! No --

(THREE SHOTS)

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

NURSE: We'll prepare you to give Mr. ~~Trepanice~~ his transfusion in a minute, Mister Wilhelm.

WILHELM: Yeh. Now is he, nurse?

NURSE: I can't say. You might ask the doctor when you go in.
(STEPS FADE ON MARBLE)

WILHELM: What do you think, officer?

COP: I don't know, Mister. Not my department, I'm here for my report...Let's see. I got his name. Jim ~~Trepanice~~.

WILHELM: We just call him Jim.

COP: Your first name?

WILHELM: Henry. Henry Wilhelm, 3842 America Street, Woodhaven.

COP: We already have the statement of your waiter, Dakonis. He says he ran out into the street.

WILHELM: That's right. I don't know how he got there so fast. He had to run past the gunman and me to get there. But he did it. He was yelling for help.

COP: And you?

WILHELM: Well, I saw Jim on the floor. The gunman was heading for the door. So I grabbed him as he ran and we fell down...I don't know how long we wrestled. He tried to get his gun pointed at me, then he shot.

COP: You're okay.

WILHELM: He missed me. Not by much though, look at my trouser pocket.

COP: According to Dakonis, the gunman wore glasses.

WILHELM: Yes.

COP: Anything else?

WILHELM: Well, no...It was pretty dark...Except he wore glasses.
And he wasn't as tall as I am. Kind of stocky.

COP: We'll want you and Dakonis to come down and look
over the rogues' gallery for possible suspects.

WILHELM: Sure...There's the nurse. Excuse me.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: That's how it began, Ed Mowery. Trepanik died a few
hours later and it was murder. But you remember -
it was a small story, ~~worth only a few sticks of~~
~~type in your newspaper. Nothing unusual about it -~~
~~unfortunately, holdup murders happen all too~~
~~frequently.~~ And then four days later, ~~what~~
~~happened then.~~ You remember that too, Ed Mowery,
~~you remember it by heart:~~ a house in Brooklyn. It's
late, the rest of the family asleep -- and a young,
26 year old fellow named Louis Hoffner is being picked
up.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

COP: Just for questioning, Hoffner. You own a gun?

HOFFNER: No. I never owned a gun. You can ask my brother
Ben.

COP: We will.

HOFFNER: What's it about? What do you want to question me for?

COP: You'll find out...You serve a term for larceny seven
years back?

HOFFNER: Yeah, when I was nineteen. But I - I was a kid, I didn't know,...

COP: Yeah, sure. That's how we got your picture in the rogue's gallery.

HOFFNER: What's this all about? Look - my mother's real sick. She's got leukemia --

COP: What's that mark on your face?

HOFFNER: Here? On my right cheek?

COP: You get it from that struggle, the fight?

HOFFNER: I got it at Coney Island - sunburn rash. What fight?

COP: Mind telling ^{me} us where you were four nights ago - night of August Seventh?

HOFFNER: August Seventh?

COP: Yeah. Late.

HOFFNER: Let's see, I'm trying to -- Yeah! I was at a restaurant.

COP: Where? In Queens?

HOFFNER: No, Brooklyn.

COP: How late? One? One-thirty?

HOFFNER: It was a hot night, we couldn't sleep....There was Davey Kosolor, and Bill Jonas -- about five of us. We hung around and talked about the baseball game.

COP: How late?

HOFFNER: I dunno. Three o'clock, I guess....Then I went home. What's it about?

COP: That rash on your cheek. Still looks like something you might have gotten in a fight.

HOFFNER: What fight?

COP: In Queens.....We're going to take you in, Hoffner,..
But you don't have to worry. This is just a forty-
eight hour hold. Don't worry.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: From then on it moves fast, Ed Mowery -- too fast for
twenty-six year old Louis Hoffner. ~~There are items~~
~~in the newspaper. Quick, short items like the pulse~~
~~of a man's heart.~~ ^{First,} There's the line-up:

COP: That's right, stand right here, Hoffner. (UP) Joe,
that witness. Bring him in.

AD LIB: (AGREEMENT BG)

(DOOR OPENS OFF AND CLOSES. STEPS IN)

COP: Well, Dakonis?

DAKONIS: Yeah...Yeah, that's him.

(MUSIC: STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: There was Hoffner waiting for his trial, his brother
Ben talking to him:

BEN: I just came from Ma at the hospital, Lou.

HOFFNER: Yeah? How is she, any better?

BEN: You don't get better so easy from leukemia. Think
you can give her another bone marrow transplant?
The doctor says she needs it bad.

HOFFNER: I did before, Ben, but now I don't know. They got me
locked up waiting trial. But maybe it can be arranged.
I'll try.

(MUSIC: STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: And then - Ed Mowery - then came the trial itself
~~and the result...You picture the scene, you know
the courthouse, you've been there often enough~~
before. It's a crisp January morning. Sun shines
in through the windows, it's 11 A.M.... The jury has
found Louis Hoffner guilty of murder, with a
recommendation of mercy.

(MUSIC: MUTED ACCENT OUT)

(SLIGHT ECHO)

JUDGE: Will the prisoner please stand before the bar?

(LITTLE SCRAPE OF CHAIR. COUPLE OF STEPS)

JUDGE: Have you anything to say why judgment should not be
passed upon you?

HOFFNER: Recommendation of mercy...I guess that means I'll
get life imprisonment...Your honor, if I'm guilty
as charged I should be sent to Sing Sing and die in
the electric chair. But if I'm sentenced to life
I may be all my life up there!....I'm innocent of
this crime, your honor.

JUDGE: You may always appeal.

HOFFNER: I have no money for appeal, no funds. At least if
I'm sentenced to the chair I'll have a free appeal.

JUDGE: Have you thought what a terrible position you would
be in if your request was granted? Suppose the appeal
upheld the verdict, you would then go to the chair.

HOFFNER: To my way of thinking I'd be better off dead than
in prison for life.

JUDGE: I am sorry - this court cannot play with your very existence. The sentence is life imprisonment.

(MUSIC: --- UNDER)

NARR: The prison gates close on Louis Hoffner with a dreadful finality and ~~the years begin - the long years of life imprisonment...~~ Three years go by - four - five... and then it's summer again... And you, Ed Mowery? Well, you're feeling pretty good - the paper's proud of you. You've just run a series of articles on a man named Campbell - vindicated him after being falsely imprisoned.... You get a lot of mail.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(CITY ROOM BACKGROUND)

MOWERY: Oh, Sally - not more.

SALLY: Umhum - all of this. Where should I dump it?

MOWERY: In the wastebasket -- no, no, on the desk. Most of it is crank stuff, but I might as well read it.

(LETTERS ON DESK.)

SALLY: And phone calls, there've been dozens of phone calls.

MOWERY: I wish I'd never heard of Campbell.

SALLY: Oh, now that's no way to talk. You helped an innocent man get out of prison... And I know you, you'd do it all over again this minute.

(GOING THROUGH LETTERS)

MOWERY: Well, maybe I would. But I'd think twice... Hum -- here's a letter from Dannemora.

SALLY: That's Clinton Prison, isn't it?

MOWERY: Everybody calls it Dannemora...

(OPEN ENVELOPE BEHIND ABOVE.)

SALLY: It's from a prisoner?

MOWERY: Yeah - fellow named Louis Hoffner... Says he read my stories about Campbell in the ^{paper} World-Telegram and that he's innocent too.

SALLY: Oh, they all say that, don't they?

MOWERY: Sure they do. And they all sound convincing.

SALLY: What's he up for?

MOWERY: For life - life sentence for murder.

SALLY: Murder? Not much chance of getting out of that!

MOWERY: He says he's got two people on the outside who've been going to bat for him.

SALLY: (SNIFF) His family, I suppose. Family's always stick together ---

MOWERY: No, Sally, this isn't family. There are two men named Arluck and Anderson. One of 'em - Arluck- is a policeman with a law degree - and the other Anderson is a former assistant district attorney...

SALLY: You mean people like that believe him?

MOWERY: They've been gathering evidence for five years.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER.)

MOWERY: Sally, what was it you said a couple of seconds ago?

SALLY: You mean about helping to get an innocent man out of prison? You said you'd think twice before you did it again.

MOWERY: Yeah, Sally. I'm thinking.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

ARLUCK: Hoffner is innocent, Mister Mowery. Both Mister Anderson and I are convinced he's innocent.

MOWERY: *Mister* Arluck, why are you so interested in Hoffner? You're a cop, not his regular attorney.

ARLUCK: His brother Ben was a good friend of mine. I promised Ben I'd help all I could. Here, look at this.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

MOWERY: What is it, Arluck?

ARLUCK: It's the sworn affidavit of a friend of Lou Hoffner's. His name is Bill Jonas. He swears that Hoffner was with him the night of the murder.

MOWERY: Bill Jonas? That name isn't familiar.

ARLUCK: I know it isn't. He didn't testify.

MOWERY: That's what I mean. First thing I did after I got Hoffner's letter - before I talked to you on the phone - I got out the old newspaper stories on the trial. I went over 'em carefully. Practically nobody testified for Hoffner.

ARLUCK: Jonas went over to the courthouse and hung around. He was never called.

MOWERY: Why not?

ARLUCK: Hard to say. *Mr. Mowery* For one thing, the case against Hoffner looked so flimsy the defense maybe figured they didn't need witnesses....And there was another thing - remember what was going on around then?

MOWERY: ~~1941?~~

ARLUCK: Yeah, late in forty and forty-one.

MOWERY: I don't get you.

ARLUCK: Something that might scare a jury.

MOWERY: You mean some kind of -- (BREAK) ^{Remember} Wait. The Esposito brothers!

ARLUCK: Yeah. "Mad Dog" Esposito.

MOWERY: The papers were full of their crimes...indiscriminate killers - murdering right in the open...But - wasn't the Hoffner jury locked up?

ARLUCK: No. They saw all the newspapers...The whole city was aroused then, Mister Mowery - aroused and a little scared. In that kind of atmosphere it wouldn't take much for a jury to convict, would it?

MOWERY: That's what happened with Hoffner, huh?....Yep, I can see how it might.

ARLUCK: We've got a lot more evidence, Mister Mowery - a lot more. Mister Anderson and I have gone to the Queens County District Attorney. We've prepared a motion to give Hoffner a new trial.

(MUSIC: - - - IN AND UNDER)

NARR:

~~The evidence is there~~ good evidence. You go over ^{the}
~~it~~ ^{evidence} with Anderson and Arluck; witnesses whose
testimony was not heard at the original trial. You
help unearth more facts not introduced, a mountain
of new evidence...~~the District Attorney is waiting~~
~~for his assistant to come back to town.~~ ~~It was his~~
~~assistant who'd handled the Hoffner trial.~~ ^{And then} You wait,
Ed Mowery. Hoffner will be given his new trial,
~~he's bound to get it...~~ You're at your desk chatting
with Sally. ~~When the news comes in it'll make a good~~
story. The phone rings:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)_

(PHONE, HOOK OFF.)

MOWERY: Mowery speaking. Oh, Hello, Mister Anderson. You
heard, huh? Well, what does the D.A. have to --
(BREAK) What?... But how can -- (PAUSE) I see.

(HOOK ON.)

SALLY: What's wrong, Mister Mowery?

MOWERY: Request for a new trial was turned down. Hoffner
stays in prison!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP FOR CURTAIN.)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNABLE)_

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 280

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL #2

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs,
or 10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
Wherever you go today, notice how many people have
changed to PELL MELL - the longer, finer cigarette in
the distinguished red package.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006293

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION)

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

NARR: It's June second, 1947 - more than six years since Louis Hoffner was convicted. You're boiling inside, Ed Mowery. By now you're certain that Hoffner deserves a new trial.. You want to see him, talk to him. You put in a request to the state commissioner of correction. Finally you call the commissioner's office.

MOWERY: What's that? What!.. Now look here - I've interviewed plenty of prisoners. I ^{covered} interviewed sixteen men in the death row at ^{Ohio Penitentiary} ~~Sing Sing~~, I've attended executions! Why can't I see him, who --(BREAK OFF) Yeah. Goodbye.

(HOOK ON.)

ARLUCK: No dice, Mr. Mowery?

MOWERY: No. Arluck for some reason they don't want me to talk to Hoffner.

ARLUCK: I'm allowed to visit him.

MOWERY: Sure, you're a friend. And Anderson's his attorney.. But a reporter, no.

ARLUCK: If you could talk to him you'd be convinced.

MOWERY: I'm convinced already.

ARLUCK: What do we do now, Mister Mowery?

MOWERY: Keep trying.

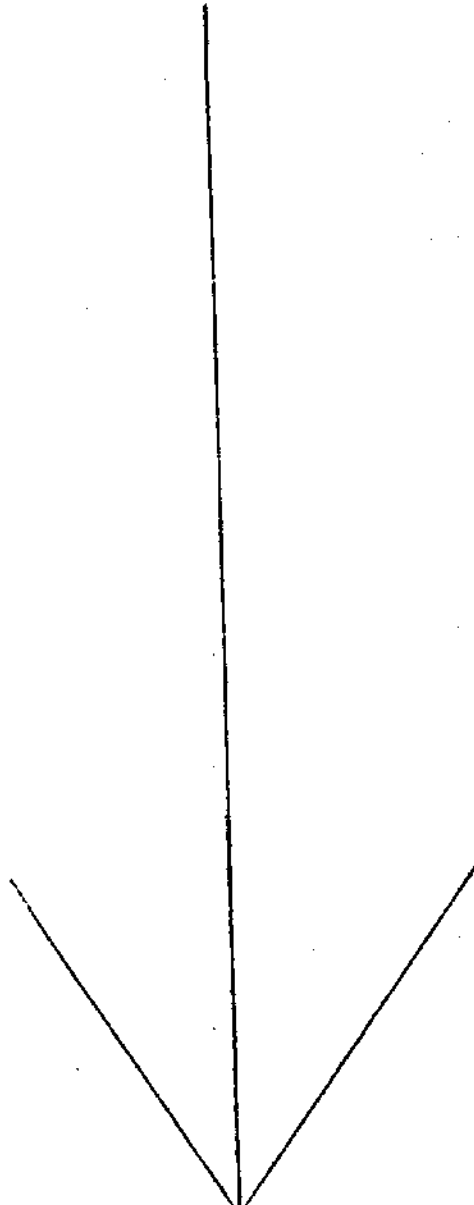
ARLUCK: Six years work down the drain.

MOWERY: I said you keep trying.. And what's more, I'll help you.

ARLUCK: You can talk to some of those witnesses with me.

MOWERY: More than that, Arluck. I'll write articles every time we dig up new evidence. Get the public interested. I'm sure ^{McAney} ~~Bo~~ ~~Ho~~my managing editor, will go along.

ARLUCK: A crusade, huh?



MOWERY: What?... Yeah, that's it, a crusade. A crusade for justice.

(MUSIC: IN FULL, DROP UNDER)

MOWERY: Let me have that again, Mister Wilhelm. You were called to the police line-up to see if you could identify Hoffner as the killer.

WILHELM: I couldn't identify him, Mister Mowery. ~~He stood out like a sore thumb in that line-up. He was short -- they put three tall detectives with him.~~

MOWERY: ~~Yes, I know about that.~~ The police showed you a picture of Hoffner first?

WILHELM: Yes. A rogues' gallery picture taken when he was 19. It was a right profile.

MOWERY: Then you were taken into the lineup room?

WILHELM: I walked all around Hoffner. I felt his eyeglasses --

MOWERY: Eyeglasses?

WILHELM: For thickness. I didn't realize it until later, but when I wrestled with that gunman in my tavern my hand touched his glasses.

MOWERY: Okey.. And?

WILHELM: Hoffner wasn't the man. I said the same thing at the trial, that I couldn't identify him. Actually, Paul Dakonis was the only one to identify Hoffner.

MOWERY: Where is Dakonis now?

WILHELM: I don't know.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

~~ARLUCK: What's this about the Hoffner jury, Mister Mowery?~~

MOWERY: ~~Plenty, Arluck. They've been reading the stories in the World-Telegram. Six of them said they'd sign petitions to give Hoffner another chance -- six of them!~~

ARLUCK: ~~That's great. Building up, huh?~~

MOWERY: We're lighting a fire... Arluck, any luck with Dakonis?
He was the key witness.

ARLUCK: He's moved out of New York. I hear he's in Texas, I'm
trying to track him down.

(MUSIC: ~~ACCENT AND UNDER~~)

(CITY ROOM BG)

SALLY: Gosh, Mister Mowery. There are so many people coming to
Hoffner's support since you started those articles. The
phone's ringing all the time.

MOWERY: A committee's been formed, Sally. Important people -
religious leaders from all faiths. And petitions are
going around.

SALLY: You don't need to tell me about petitions. I signed
one last night - in the movie theatre of all places.
Thousands of people are signing it.

(PHONE RING)

SALLY: Oh, let it ring, Mister Mowery --

MOWERY: No, no. Might be important.

(HOOK OFF.)

MOWERY: Hello? *Mowery speaking*

ARLUCK: (FILTER) This is Barney Arluck, Mister Mowery. I *there*
his down in Texas found out where Paul Dakonis ~~lives~~ I'm going down to
~~Texas~~ to talk to him.

(MUSIC: ~~STAB AND HOLD UNDER~~)

NARR: ~~You get the information from Paul Dakonis. It's as if~~
~~you're there, Ed Mowery - down in Texas. It's hot.~~

~~Dakonis recalls the line-up:~~

Look Mr. Arluck
DAKONIS: All I'd seen at the tavern that night was the killer's
left profile. (MORE)

DAKONIS: (CONT'D) I kept telling them at the lineup I wanted to see Hoffner's left profile.

ARLUCK: You didn't see it when you were there?

DAKONIS: Not the first time I was there.

ARLUCK: The first time? You left the line-up room and came back again?

DAKONIS: Yeah. Then I looked again and I was sure.

ARLUCK: What did you leave the room for? To check up on that rogues' gallery picture?

DAKONIS: Yes - I wasn't sure - but when I came back again - I was ~~certain~~. *Sure*

(MUSIC: SWELL FULL AND UNDER)

NARR: *So* *Dakonis picks up his story.* You watched the years go by, Ed Mowrey. The evidence was in - The years went by - 48, 49, 50, 51...

(MUSIC: SWELL FOR PASSAGE OF TIME AND OUT)

(STEPS IN HARD. BG OF CITY ROOM.)

ARLUCK: (EAGER) Mister Mowrey, ~~I tried to get you on the phone.~~
~~I kept trying --~~

MOWERY: ~~Phone's been busy. What is it, Arluck?~~

ARLUCK: You know there's been a change out in Queens. There's a new District Attorney.

MOWERY: Yes, I know *Mr. Arthur Vincent* Quinn. I've conferred with him.

His assistant, Peter Donoghue, is up on vacation. Old Chatham, New York. Quinn gave him the whole file on the Hoffner case to look over.

ARLUCK: Donoghue went over it?

MOWERY: Top to bottom. Now he plans to go up to Dannemore ~~-- to~~
~~Clinton Prison~~ and interview Hoffner in person! And I'm going with him.

ARLUCK: *Back* You can't get in, Mowery. The state has refused to let you see Hoffner.

MOWERY: *and* They still refuse. But this time I'm getting in!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You make it, Ed Mowery. You walk in behind Donoghue and you're there. You're *slithered into* in a small room with bars inside the windows. ~~The window is opened; they have to use a strangely-curved window pole to get around the bars and open it.~~ The air comes in - outside air, smelling of summer and pine trees. And freedom.

(MUSIC: ~~LITTLE SWELL AND OUT~~)

HOFFNER: (EAGER) You're Mowery - Ed Mowery from the World-Telegram?

MOWERY: That's right, Hoffner.

HOFFNER: These articles, Mister Mowery - terrific.

DONOGHUE: (SLIGHT FADE IN) Hoffner, will you sit down. You know who I am.

HOFFNER: Yes, sir. You're Mister Donoghue, the assistant district attorney.

DONOGHUE: That's correct. Mister Quinn, the Queens County District Attorney, has arranged for me to make this examination of your case.

HOFFNER: Yes, sir.

DONOGHUE: I want you to answer every question to the best of your ability. Your future depends on it.

HOFFNER: Yes, sir. I'll try.

(MUSIC: MUTED STING, UNDER)

NARR: *Donoghue's* ~~The~~ questions are sharp and direct. *on purpose* You see Hoffner's face grow tense under the strain. You see beads of sweat on his forehead as he tries to remember back twelve long years:

DONOGHUE: Did you ever own a gun, Hoffner?

HOFFNER: No, sir.. ~~When the detectives came to pick me up they searched the whole house, they didn't find --~~

DONOGHUE: I didn't ask what they found or didn't find. Did you own one?

HOFFNER: ~~No, sir.~~

DONOGHUE: Where were you on the night of August seventh and early morning of August 8th, 1940?

HOFFNER: I was in that restaurant.

DONOGHUE: Which restaurant? ~~In Queens?~~

HOFFNER: ~~No!~~ ^{Luau's} In Brooklyn -

DONOGHUE: How late were you there?

HOFFNER: Until I guess three o'clock in the morning. It was hot, too hot to sleep..I was feeling kinda bad anyway --

DONOGHUE: Bad? Why?

HOFFNER: About my mother. She'd been sick for about a year, ~~in the hospital with leukemia. I had just given her a~~ bone-marrow transplant.

DONOGHUE: On August seventh?

HOFFNER: Yes, August seventh - I had the patch on my chest when I was picked up.. I couldn't sleep, I was worried about her. ~~would anybody do a holdup with his mother sick like that?~~

(MUSIC: MUTED ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You see tears in his eyes, Ed Mowery. His mother^{now} is dead - his brother Ben also. The questions continue: What did you wear that night? Who were you with until three A.M.? And again - Did you ever own a gun?... On and on. And then:

~~(MUSIC: OUT WITH MUTED STRING)~~

DONOGHUE: Hoffner, the one firm witness against you, Paul Dakonis, was located in Texas. He still insists you're the man.

Mr. Donoghue

HOFFNER: He couldn't identify me in the line-up the first time. He had to come back ten minutes later.

DONOGHUE: He said he had to see your left profile.

HOFFNER: He saw it the first time. He made me turn around - he saw me from every side!

DONOGHUE: Yes, so we discovered when we checked over the report of the line-up. And we also discovered that the rogues' gallery picture from which Dakonis made his initial identification is a right profile. Yet at the scene of the murder he'd only seen the killer's left profile. For about 30 seconds... Hoffner, will you agree to take a lie detector test?

HOFFNER: Yes, sir.

DONOGHUE: One more question. Are you willing to gamble with the electric chair?

HOFFNER: Gamble?

DONOGHUE: I'll explain. I'm an officer of the court. If your conviction is set aside -- and I don't say it will be -- if the jury convicts you at a new trial, you may go to the electric chair. Do you understand?

HOFFNER: Yes, sir. I'm innocent, Mister Donoghue. I'll gamble.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: The examination is over, EG Mowery. You walk outside with the assistant District Attorney. The gates of ~~Clinton Prison~~ *Van Ness* close behind you. You look at Donoghue. You know he'll make his report to his superior, District Attorney Quinn of Queens County. (MORE)

NARR:

(CONT'D) You hope his report will be favorable.. You smell the fresh, sweet air, Ed Mowery - and you pray that a man named Louis Hoffner will, after twelve years, get another chance to breathe that same sweet, precious air of freedom.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG.)

CHAPPELL:

In just a moment you will again meet Edward J. Mowery of the New York World-Telegram & Sun to give you the latest development ^{in this} ~~of tonight's~~ BIG STORY. *today*

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 280

CLOSING COMMERCIAL # 3

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs,
or 10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006303

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: To you, Mister Mowery, the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present the PELL MELL award for notable service in the field of journalism; a check for five hundred dollars and a special mounted bronze plaque engraved with your name and the name of your paper. Accept it as a lasting memento to your truly significant achievement.

MOWERY: Thank you, Mister Chappell.... I did what I could to help Louis Hoffner get a new trial; the newspaper helped, so did Harry Anderson, noted appeals lawyer and thousands of people. But the final decision rests, as it must, with Queens County district attorney Quinn, whose assistant Mr. Donahue had all the facts. On the basis of Mister Donoghue's examination of Hoffner at prison -- which you have just heard dramatized -- plus a close study of the record -- ~~that~~ there is very grave doubt indeed that Hoffner is guilty. Just four hours ago as I left Queens County Court, Judge Peter T. Farrell granted both defense motions seeking immediate return of Hoffner to New York City from Dannemora, and a hearing to set aside the judgement and conviction. On October 15th, Hoffner will tell his story for the first time in 12 years. His supporters feel sure that justice will prevail. *Thank you.*

gz
9/24/52 pm

(MUSIC: STING)

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 Albany N.Y. Knickerbocker News, by-line, Jerome L. Smith. A Big Story of a reporter who tracked down a silent killer and made him talk.

(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 Sheldon Stark from an actual story from the front pages of the N.Y. World Telegram & Sun. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and in the dramatic part of the program John Larkin played the part of Ed. Mowery. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in ^{this} tonight's authentic BIG STORY, ~~the names of some characters in the dramatization~~ ^{Several of the names in tonight's} were changed.

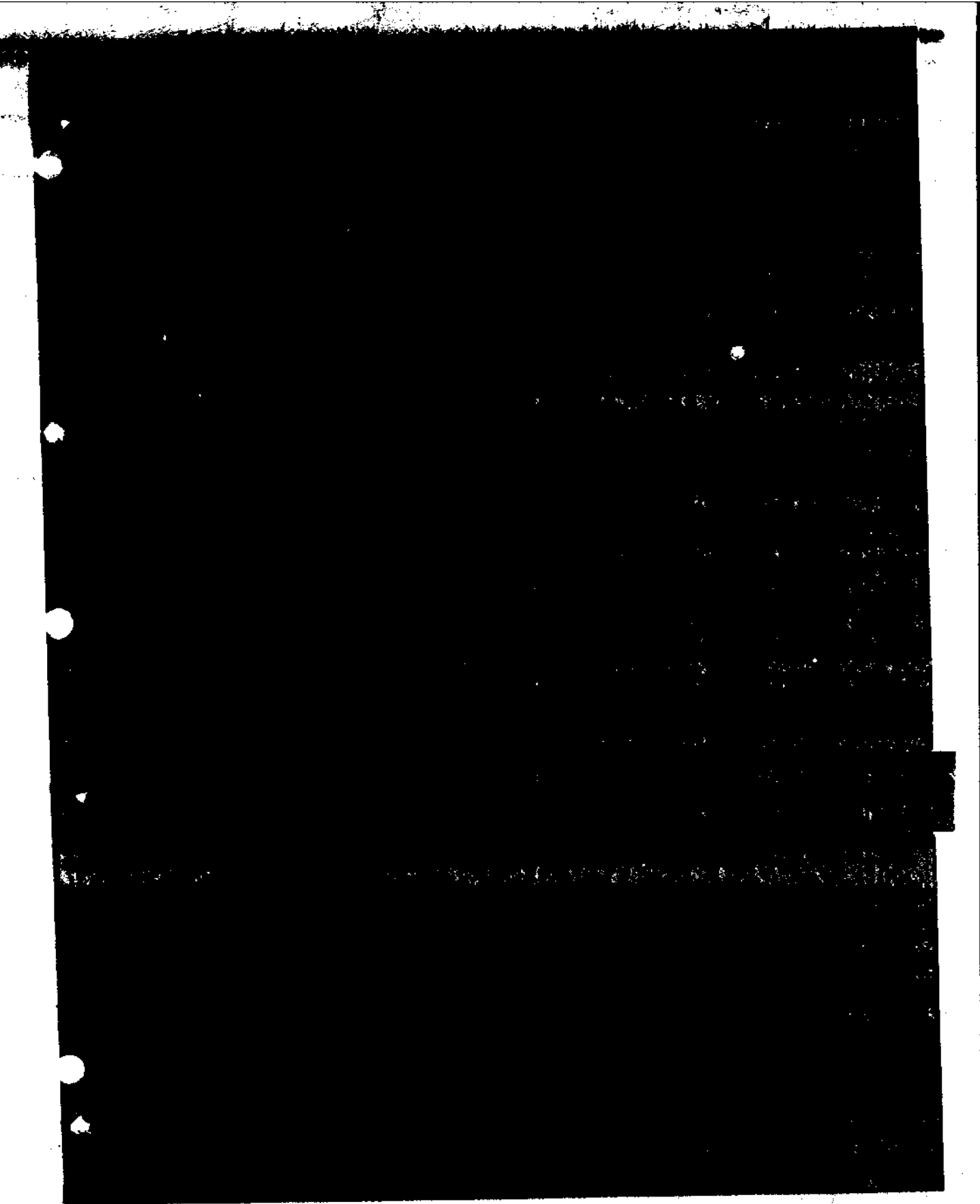
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money
can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

HC & TB

RTX01 0006306



ATX01 0006307

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #281

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ZEKE SMITH	DARREN MCGAVIN
BRAD ANDREWS	WALTER GREAZA
HAROLD METCALF	RAY JOHNSON
MRS. VENNEN	ETHEL EVERETT
MARY	ETHEL EVERETT
BALDWIN	HUMPHREY DAVIS
BARTENDER	HUMPHREY DAVIS
HAYDEN	TOM COLLINS
MAN	GENE LEONARD

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1952

ATX01 0006308

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#281

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

OCT. 1, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Zeke L. Smith - Albany Knickerbocker News)

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell, famous cigarettes, the finest quality money
can buy, presents The Big Story.

(TRAFFIC SOUND BACKGROUND)

HAROLD: Excuse me, Sir.

HAYDEN: Yes?

HAROLD: Could you let me have a match?

HAYDEN: Why, yes. Got one right here.

(FLARE OF MATCH FLAME AND A PAUSE)

HAROLD: Thank you, Sir. Thank you very much. You've been
very kind.

HAYDEN: Not at all. I ..(WITH A SUDDEN PAINFUL GASP) I

HAROLD: (IN SUDDEN CONCERN) My dear Sir, what seems to be the
matter?

HAYDEN: (GASPING) I don't know. I can't breathe. Sudden pain
in my chest. I ... I ...

HAROLD: Why that's strange. Very strange.

HAYDEN: I ... Please! A doctor. Quick. I ...

(WE HEAR FALL OF BODY TO THE PAVEMENT.

A LOW INSANE LAUGH - AND UP INTO)

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0006309

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Albany, New York. 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 Albany Knickerbocker News, the story of a ~~silent killer~~ *and a reporter who made him talk* who tracked down a killer through a terrorized city, ~~and finally made him talk~~ *Jerome* Tonight, to ~~Bob~~ *L.* Smith, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500.00 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #281

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006311

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Albany, New York. The story as it actually happened...

Jerome
Zeke L. Smith's story as he lived it.

NARR:

You, *Jerome* Zeke Smith of the Albany Knickerbocker *News* Press, *better known as Zeke Smith*, ~~now the Evening News,~~ are an old hand at police reporting.

You covered the ~~whole~~ 'Legs' Diamond case from the time of his hiding out in the Catskills until his shooting in Albany. You covered the killing of 'Fats' McCarthy of Sand Plains outside of Albany by New York City police; ~~the arrest of Viudof, the Schoolkopf pro-robber, and several kidnappings.~~ But this is the one you still see in your dreams, this is the one they still talk about in Albany, and to this day, your blood runs cold and the gooseflesh breaks out every time you think of it. It begins one night with a phone call from a friend of many years standing, Detective Lieutenant Brad Andrews of the Albany Police.

BRAD: (FILTER) Zeke, you interested in something weird?

ZEKE: If it's news.

BRAD: It's news alright. You can print it, but I don't know if anyone will believe it.

ZEKE: What do you mean. What's this all about, Brad?

BRAD: You know how busy it is at the corner of Myrtle and Delaware Avenues at 5 o'clock, don't you?

ZEKE: Yes?

BRAD: Well, ~~they saw~~ *see* a man drop to the sidewalk with a bullet in his chest. Maybe twenty or thirty people saw him. Only nobody saw anybody with a gun, and nobody heard a shot.

ZEKE: Nobody heard a shot?

BRAD: So help me. The man's in critical condition, hasn't got a chance.

ZEKE: Where is he?

BRAD: Room 402, Albany Hospital.

ZEKE: I'll be right down.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A man is shot on the corner of a busy street and nobody hears the sound of gun fire. Brad Andrews is right, it is a little weird. You rush down to Albany Hospital and a few minutes later you ^{and Brad Andrews are} at the bedside with Brad ^{Andrews} and a critically wounded man, a John Hayden.

BRAD: This man came up and asked you for a match, Hayden?

HAYDEN: (IN GREAT PAIN) Yes. Yes....

BRAD: Ever see this man before?

HAYDEN: No. He was a stranger. The minute I lit his cigarette I felt this pain in my chest... This terrible pain...

~~I heard the man laugh... It was a crazy laugh... And then...~~

ZEKE: What did this man look like?

HAYDEN: He ... He... (HAYDEN STARTS TO COUGH AND GASP)

BRAD: Hayden! ~~Quick!~~ Try to give us a description!

HAYDEN: (GASPING. CHOKING) I .. can't... breathe. I ...

(SIGHS AND DIES)

BRAD: Hayden! Hayden!

ZEKE: (QUIETLY) It's no use, Brad. He's done for.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Brad Andrews sent for the doctor, and the man is pronounced dead. Late that night the medical examiner submits his report. And, Brad tells you ...

BRAD: (FILTER) Not much in the M.E.'s report, but here it is for what it's worth.

ZEKE: Shoot.

BRAD: Powder burns indicate Hayden was shot from a distance of two or three feet. Twenty-two caliber bullet, entering in horizontal line through chest.

ZEKE: Then it must have been the stranger who asked for the match.

BRAD: No doubt about it.

ZEKE: ^{Yeah} (DUMBLERED) ~~But who was it, Brad? But why did he do it? What was his motive? How did he pull off a gun-killing on a crowded street without a sound?~~

BRAD: If I knew that, I'd be a genius, not just a cop. ~~Over two hundred twenty thousand people in the City of Albany, and I have to find a crazy killer who shoots bullets that make no noise.~~ I don't even know whether he's young or old, tall or short, lean or fat. As I said, Zeke, the whole thing's weird, weird.

ZEKE: One thing sure, Brad,

BRAD: ~~Yeah, what's that?~~

ZEKE: If he's really crazy, and he got away with it once, he ^{will} ~~may~~ try it again!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Zeke Smith, of the Knickerbocker News, write your story. You nickname the killer 'The Silent Gunman', and the next day the name is buzzing all along the street corners, in the barber shops, restaurants and bars of Albany. (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

But it's only the beginning of what later turned out to be a ~~macabre~~ nightmare, a fantastic tale of terror. On that very evening, in a rooming house on Clinton Street.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HAROLD: Who is it?

VENNER: It's the Landlady, Mr. Metcalf. Mrs. Venner...

HAROLD: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

(SURLY) What do you want?

VENNER: I thought if you were going out, I'd clean up your room.

HAROLD: ~~I see.~~ ^{Why} You want to get rid of me, don't you? ~~You want me out of the house.~~ You can't stand the sight of me. ~~You're like all the others.~~

VENNER: Why, Mr. Metcalf, I

HAROLD: You don't like me, do you?

VENNER: Why, I never said...

HAROLD: ~~Oh,~~ you don't have to say it. ~~You don't have to say it~~ in words, your eyes say it. Oh, you don't fool me, Mrs. Venner! I've seen you stick out your tongue at me when you thought I wasn't looking, ~~Mrs. Venner.~~

VENNER: (STARES) What! Why I never did any such thing!

HAROLD: Don't lie to me. You don't like me. Nobody likes me. People hate me. Everywhere I go I see their eyes staring at me, ~~and nothing but hate in them... Hate! Well, that's all right with me, I hate them too, all of them! them and their greedy pig eyes!~~

VENNER: ~~(SHOCKED) Mr. Metcalf!~~

HAROLD: ~~Even~~ The eyes in the restaurants, the eyes in the buses,
~~in the shops,~~ on the streets, thousands of them all
staring at me and hating me. ~~All jeering at me.~~ All
calling me failure, failure. They think I'm nobody. Me,
Harold Metcalf, ~~one of the elevenest men who ever lived~~
~~on this earth.~~ ~~But they don't know how wrong they are.~~
~~I'll show them, Mrs. Venner, and I'll show you too. If~~
~~they hate me now, they'll fear me later, and if the name,~~
~~Harold Metcalf, is obscure now, the day will come when my~~
~~name will be a household word.~~

VENNER: Mr. Metcalf, I don't understand. You're talking so
strangely.

HAROLD: No. Of course, you don't, Mrs. Venner, of course you
don't understand me. Nobody understands genius. Nobody
appreciates it. Nobody cares. But I'll show the stupid
idiots. I'll show them all.

VENNER: ~~Mr. Metcalf, I...~~ I don't know what to say.
~~You frighten me.~~

HAROLD: (LAUGHS) ~~Oh, I, Mrs. Venner?~~ I'm sorry, I'm terribly
~~sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm afraid I let~~
~~my enthusiasm get away from me. But now, I must go out.~~
~~I've got a very busy evening ahead of me.~~ (CRAZY
~~GIGGLE) Yes, a very busy evening!~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

~~(BAR BACKGROUND, WE HEAR CLINK OF GLASSES, AND~~
~~JUKE BOX PLAYING A HOT TUNE IN BACKGROUND)~~

BARTENDER: Another drink, Mister?

HAROLD: Why, yes, bartender. Thank you, I will. Won't you
join me?

BARTENDER: Thanks, buddy. Don't mind if I do.

(LIQUOR POURING IN GLASSES--CLINK OF GLASSES
TOGETHER)

BARTENDER: Here's to your health.

HAROLD: ~~(GIGGLES)~~ Not at all, bartender, here's to your health.

BARTENDER: Thanks, I ...

(SUDDENLY GASPS AND CHOKES)

HAROLD: Why, what's the matter, bartender?

BARTENDER: I don't know. (IN PAIN) I ... I ... (GASPS)

HAROLD: You're looking a little pale, my friend, is something
wrong?

BARTENDER: (GASPS) I don't know .. all .. of a... sudden.. I ...

(WE HEAR BODY CRASH AGAINST BAR. WE HEAR RATTLE
AND SMASH OF BOTTLES CRASHING TO FLOOR AS
BARTENDER DROPS)

HAROLD: ~~(LAUGHING QUIETLY AND CRAZILY)~~ *You shouldn't laugh*
~~bottoms up, bartender,~~
~~bottoms up.~~ *at me*

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(LIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS BEHIND)

(FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, COMING UP)

MARY: (OLD WOMAN, PLEADING) Buy a carnation, sir? A nice
fresh carnation?

(STEPS STOP)

HAROLD: No, thank you.

MARY: Buy a carnation, Mister. Only fifty cents. It'll look
pretty in your buttonhole. Buy a ...

HAROLD: Get away from me, you hag!

MARY: (STARTS TO SHRIEK) Why, you crummy cheapskate, who do you think you're calling...? (SUDDENLY, CUTS AND GASPS)

HAROLD: (GIGGLES) Is something wrong, Madam?

MARY: I ... I ... (CHOKES)

(BODY FALL TO PAVEMENT)
HAROLD: ~~(LAUGHS)~~ *It's your own fault* You old fool! You shouldn't have stuck out your tongue at me!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ZEKE: Smith, Knickerbocker News.

BRAD: (FILTER) Zeke, Brad Andrews. You standing up?

ZEKE: ~~at the moment...yes. Why?~~

BRAD: ~~Then you'd better sit down.~~

ZEKE: ~~What...?~~

BRAD: The Silent Gunman went crazy tonight. Ran amuck. Hit twice. And both times for keeps!

ZEKE: What?

BRAD: ~~Yeah. First, a bartender in a joint over on Chestnut Street. Half an hour later, shot and killed a flower woman named Carnation Mary, at the corner of Madison and Robin. People all over the place, but nobody saw a gun... and nobody heard a shot!~~ *stet*

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: On the way down to Headquarters, one word rings in your head. Maniac. A maniac running amuck in a large city. A maniac at large, and who knows who'll be next? And at headquarters, Brad Andrews echoes your question....

BRAD: Who knows who'll be next? Who's going to get it next, Zeke. Who's going to be walking along the street, minding his own business, and then suddenly drop dead?

ZEKE: It could be you. Or me. Or anybody.

BRAD: Yeah. And we've got to get this madman, we've got to, Zeke.

ZEKE: One thing's sure.

~~BRAD: What's that?~~

ZEKE: He's using some kind of silencer.

BRAD: No doubt about that. And he wouldn't be pulling a gun out in plain sight, not in these crowded areas. I figure he's shooting from the pocket.

ZEKE: ~~You're wrong there, Brad.~~ *I don't agree*

BRAD: ~~Am I?~~ Why?

ZEKE: According to the medical examiner's reports on all three of these killings, every shot was high, through the chest, and traveled on a horizontal path. Right?

BRAD: Right.

ZEKE: Okay. If he shot them from his pocket, the path of the bullets would have been upward in direction.

BRAD: Yeah. You're right. ~~But if he points the gun straight at them, who's the gun?~~ *But then why hasn't anyone seen the gun?*

ZEKE: I don't know. ~~But~~ he's got some kind of hidden gun gimmick, I'm sure of it.

BRAD: If the victims of this screwball only had some relationship to each other, ~~maybe we could...~~

ZEKE: But they don't. They were all strangers to each other -- didn't even have a remote connection with each other. The killer didn't pick them out particularly, Brad. He's a psychopath, with a grudge against the world in general.

BRAD: Well, whatever he is, I don't even have a general description of him. And what can I do? Double my patrols? Triple them? So what? Who are they suppose to look for? Who.....?

(PHONE RING)

BRAD: Oh. Excuse me.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BRAD: Hello. Yes, Hansen. ~~What? WHERE.~~ I see. I see. Okay, I'll be right over!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK AGAIN.)

BRAD: (GRIM) Here we go again, Zeke.

ZEKE: ~~You mean what?~~ *Again?*

BRAD: Yeah. A man just dropped dead on High Street from heart failure. A particular kind of heart failure. They found a .22 bullet in it!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER) *You sit down at your typewriter*

NARR: ~~You, Zeke Smith, hustle back to the office. Your brain seeling with horror. You get at the typewriter. Start your lead~~
and write your story

(TYPEWRITER IN)

ZEKE: (READING AS HE TYPES) Somewhere in Albany now, a crazed maniac is running amuck with the power to kill without a sound. To choose any particular victim, any pedestrian, any bystander, anyone will do. Already he has shot and killed four persons in cold blood, without any warning. And the question is, who will be next? Who will be the next victim of the silent gun man?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The next morning. Terror rules Albany. ~~Over two hundred thousand people, each in terror of the other. Never knowing whether the other is really the maniac, the silent gun man.~~ And over the radio to the City ^{airs} ~~of Albany~~, the voice of Detective Brad Andrews

BRAD: (OVER RADIO) This is a warning. Stay off the streets after dusk. Talk to no strangers. The man next to you may be the silent gun man. Don't leave your house if you can avoid doing so after dark. ~~All police leaves have been suspended and every man on the force is on almost continuous duty.~~ I ask that anyone of you who notices strangers acting suspiciously on the streets report to us immediately. This is a warning. ~~I repeat, this is a warning. Any pedestrian you meet, any stranger you meet, and even somebody you know, may be the silent gun man.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A city caught in ^{grip} ~~a vice~~ of fear. Panicked by a shadowy terror. Sleepless. And at the mercy of a maniac. And the following evening at the rooming house on Clinton Street...

VENNER: (HESITANT) Oh! Good evening, Mr. Metcalf.

HAROLD: ~~(CHEERFULLY)~~ Why, good evening, Mrs. Venner.

VENNER: Are you going out, Sir?

HAROLD: Why yes, Mrs. Venner, ~~as a matter of fact, I am.~~ I anticipate a very busy evening.. Very ^{busy} Business, you know. I expect that I shall have a number of appointments before I'm through. (HE LAUGHS SLYLY UP INTO)

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #281

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!
GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.
CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.
GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!
GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.
CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.
GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
CHAPPELL: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006322

MUSIC: ----- INTRO AND UNDER -----

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Jerome Smith, as he lived and wrote it.

NARRATOR: The next night. And the silent gun man takes another toll. Two more Albany residents, a man and a woman, drop dead on the streets of Albany of the same lead poisoning. And down at headquarters you Zeke Smith of the Albany Knickerbocker News, are sitting in Lieutenant Brad Andrews' office discussing the problem when all of a sudden ...

(DOOR FLIES OPEN - MAN ENTERS)

MAN: Lieutenant, my name is Henry Jamison. ~~I am president of the Jackson Park Development Association.~~ You've got to give me a permit to carry a gun.

BRAD: Hold on a minute, Mister Jamison, why do you need a gun?

MAN: (EXCITED) To protect myself. If you think that mad killer is going to get me, you're mistaken.

BRAD: Mr. Jamison, the police of this city are doing everything possible to protect its citizens. I can't give every person who wants one a permit to carry a gun. They'd be killing each other in the street. ~~You're not the first one who's asked.~~ Now please be patient and go home.

MAN: Well, you better do something fast or the citizens of this city will take the law into their own hands. (HE EXITS - DOOR CLOSES)

ZEKE: The ^{whole} town's going crazy, Brad. ~~Plain ordinary citizens~~
~~are asking for gun permits.~~ Next thing you know
they'll be shooting at each other at the blink of an
eyelash. They're crazy with fear.

BRAD: (HOPELESSLY) I know, Zeke, but how do you trap a
shadow? A crazy maniac who kills, mixes in the crowd
and melts away.

ZEKE: Any tips at all, Brad, any leads?

BRAD: (DISGUSTED) The switchboard's jammed with them.
Must have had a hundred people ^{called in} ~~in~~ each starting
~~to see everything from pirates to the ghosts of their~~
~~great-grandmothers.~~

ZEKE: And every tip a phony, eh?

BRAD: Yeah. Every one a phony. And the silent gunman
still running hog wild and all I know is this, we've
got to get him, Zeke, somehow, we've got to get him.

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

NARR: You go back to your office. The police haven't been the only ones getting phony tips. You've got 'em too. You've tracked down four or five of them. The result: A waste of time. But you keep running them down. You can't afford not to. And, just as you sit down at your desk....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ZEKE: Zeke Smith Knickerbocker News.

VENNER: (FILTER) Mr. Smith, my name's Emily Venner. I run a rooming house over on Clinton Street.

ZEKE: Yes.

VENNER: I think I've some information on the silent gunman.

ZEKE: Why don't you go to the police.

VENNER: I'm afraid to go to the police. I'm afraid of him. If he finds out I went to the police, he's liable to come back and then ...

ZEKE: I see. What's your information, Mrs. Venner?

VENNER: I can't tell you over the phone. I don't dare. You'll have to come over.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

VENNER: ~~This man, this Harold Metcalf, was a strange man, Mr. Smith. Very strange. Kept talking about hating people, all people. Kept saying he was a genius and some day everybody would hear of him.~~

ZEKE: (WEARILY, THIS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE MUCH TO HIM) I see. You said was, Mrs. Venner. You mean this man Metcalf has left?

VENNER: ~~Yes, he left my rooming house this morning. Packed up~~
and took his leave without a word. Owed me two weeks
rent, too. He was a hateful man, Mr. Smith. And crazy.
If ever a man was crazy, that man was!

ZEKE: (PATIENTLY) Now, look, Mrs. Venner. Let's be reasonable.

VENNER: Yes?

ZEKE: Just because you don't like a man, and just because he
doesn't pay his rent....

VENNER: I see. You won't take me seriously. Is that it,
Mr. Smith?

ZEKE: (WEARILY) Well, not exactly. But I've been going from
morning to night running down these tips, Mr. Venner.
You'd be surprised how many people in Albany think their
next door neighbor is crazy...

VENNER: Suppose I told you Mr. Metcalf never went out by day.
Slept all day, stayed out all night.

ZEKE: (A BEAT) You're sure of that?

VENNER: I ought to know.

ZEKE: All right, Mrs. Venner. Just for the fun of it, let's
~~take a look at his room.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

~~You remember the silent gunman seems to operate only at~~
~~night. Anyway, you figure why not take a look, what can~~
~~you lose? The room's empty. But~~ ^{on} ~~on top of the shelf, you~~
find a strip of leather. It seems to have been cut off
from a man's belt, and it's stained with perspiration.
And then, your eye catches the wastebasket....

(RUSTLE OF NEWSPAPERS.)

ZEKE: Take a look at what I found here, Mrs. Venner.

VENNER: Why, it's only a few copies of the Knickerbocker ~~Press~~,
Mr. Smith. *News*

ZEKE: Yeah. But they happen to be yesterday's issue. Three
copies of the same issues...and with the Silent Gunman
stories clipped out of each copy.

VENNER: Why, yes. Yes, you're right. Now why should ~~a man do~~
that, ~~Mr. Smith?~~ *Mr. Metcalf*

ZEKE: (SLOWLY) For only one reason, Mrs. Venner. For only
one reason I can see. (A PAUSE) ~~Tell me something,~~
Mrs. Venner.

~~VENNER: Yes?~~

ZEKE: What did this man, this man Metcalf look like?

VENNER: Why, he was about thirty, I would say. Red hair and pale
blue eyes. Crazy eyes. The man looked at you and you
felt he was trying to kill you with his eyes. ~~And his~~
~~laugh, that was crazy too!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now, you rush down to headquarters. Show Brad Andrews
what you found....

ZEKE: You take these clippings, Brad. To my mind, they're
the tipoff. A man cuts four clips of the same story,
the Silent Gunman story. He cuts the photos of the
victims, everything.

BRAD: So?

ZEKE: So he's personally involved. These clippings satisfy
his ~~own~~ ego. ~~He may be keeping a scrapbook, I don't know~~
~~But what I will be on is this!~~ *It sure looks like it.*
The man known as Harold
Metcalf is the Silent Gunman.

BRAD: ~~But if he is~~, what about his motive?

ZEKE: A maniac doesn't have to have a ~~rational~~ motive. ~~Here's~~
~~a man who hated the world and everybody in it. That's~~
~~enough for me.~~ And another thing, Brad ...

BRAD: ~~Yes?~~

ZEKE: Take a look at this piece of leather strap.

BRAD: ~~What about it?~~

ZEKE: Found it in Metcalf's closet. It's been cut to length
by a knife...about the same length as the circumference
of a man's upper arm. Not only that, it's stained with
perspiration, which means he wore it next to his skin.

BRAD: What are you driving at, Brad? *Zeke*

ZEKE: We know this crazy madman's been shooting his victims
arm high. All right. Maybe he's got that silencer
hidden up his sleeve. Maybe this leather strap held the
rip in place.

BRAD: (SLOWLY) In other words....

ZEKE: In other words, all he has to do is point his arm at
his victim...and bingo!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You run a description of Harold Metcalf on the front page
of the Knickerbocker News. Day after day, you print the
outline of a man's head in a specially bordered box with
a question mark in the middle of it, instead of a face,
and print the caption. Quote - Have you seen this man?
Unquote. For a week, nothing is heard of the silent
gunman, and then suddenly....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ZEKE: Smith, Knickerbocker News.

BALDWIN: (FILTER) Mr. Smith, my name is Henry Baldwin. I run a small hotel ⁱⁿ in Schnectady, the Circle Hotel.

ZEKE: Yes.

BALDWIN: There's a man registered in my hotel that ~~doesn't make~~ ^{I'm suspicious} ~~sense to me.~~ ^{of}

ZEKE: What do you mean?

BALDWIN: I may be wrong, but he could be the silent gunman!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Schnectady, is about eight miles from Albany. You drive there, but with no special enthusiasm. Outside of the call from Mrs. Venner, it's been the same old story over again. Twenty or thirty calls and all phony, all ending up in zero. There are a lot of men with red hair and pale blue eyes in the greater Albany area, and this man, Baldwin, starts off the same way.

BALDWIN: This man is a dead ringer for your description in the News, Mr. Smith. Red hair, pale blue eyes and a kind of crazy manner.

ZEKE: How tall, Mr. Baldwin.

BALDWIN: About your size I would say.

ZEKE: And his name?

BALDWIN: Why he registered as Carlson, Robert Carlson.

ZEKE: Carlson, eh? What makes you think he's the silent gunman?

BALDWIN: I don't know as though he is, all I said was, he could be. I told you he talked crazy as a coot. Kept talking about ~~people hating him,~~ ^{people} sticking out their tongues at him. I've never met a man with such a grudge against the world.
~~And his laugh.~~

ZEKE: (ALERT) ~~Yes? What about it?~~

BALDWIN: ~~Crazy like. Craziest laugh you ever heard.~~

ZEKE: ~~I see and~~ where is he now?

BALDWIN: Left for the evening. Said he'd be back in a couple of hours.

ZEKE: Let's have a look at his room, Mr. Baldwin.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You go up. Search his room. And then.~~

ZEKE: (SUDDENLY) Mr. Baldwin.

BALDWIN: Yes.

ZEKE: Take a look in this bureau drawer. Found this under the shirts.

BALDWIN: Seems to be a scrap book.

ZEKE: ~~Yeah, a scrap book.~~ It's filled with stories of the silent gunman.

BALDWIN: But what's in that box?

ZEKE: ~~Here, read the cover. Take a look. It's a box of~~ ammunition. Bullets. Twenty-two calibre. (A PAUSE)
Mind if I use your phone, Mr. Baldwin?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You call Brad Andrews. He hurries to Schnectady. You wait in ~~the closet~~ of Carlson's room, alias Metcalf. And then, about ten o'clock...

(DOOR OPENS)

(WE HEAR A MAN WALK INTO THE ROOM)

BRAD: (LOW AND GRIM) Alright, Mister.

HAROLD: What the devil?

ZEKE: Look out Brad. He's raising his arm. He's going to shoot.

(A BLOW, A GROAN)

(A SHOT)

(A BODY THUD AND CRASH OF LAMP ON FLOOR)

BRAD: You all right, Zeke?

ZEKE: I'm O.K. How about you?

BRAD: His shot went wild. If you hadn't knocked him off balance, he might have gotten me. (PAUSE) So, this is the silent gunman, eh?

ZEKE: Yeah. Harold Metcalf, alias Robert Carlson.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: When he comes to, you and Brad Andrews rip off his coat. Underneath you find a weird contraption strapped to his arm. A twenty-two calibre ^{revolver} ~~target pistol~~ with the stock detached, and a length of wire attached to the trigger with a loop on the end, through which he inserted his trigger finger. And that's your Big Story. Zeke Smith of the Knickerbocker News. A story that is true, every word of it. And even now, when you recall it, from the mist of your memory, it sends shivers running up and down your spine, especially when he said in his confession...

HAROLD: Everywhere I went it was the same. ~~Everybody would stare at me with their greedy pig's eyes. In theatre lobbies. In buses. On the streets. In restaurants. They hated me. They despised me.~~ They called me a failure. And when I turned around, they stuck out their tongues at me. ~~I know they did. I know.~~

BRAD: And that's the way you took your revenge, eh?

HAROLD: ~~(LAUGHS ENRAGED)~~ Yes. I used to be an inventor. I invented many things, many wonderful things, ~~but nobody would buy them,~~ everybody laughed at ^{me} ~~them,~~ and at me....
~~me, Harold Metcalf... a genius.~~

ZEKE: Then you made this silencer rig in your own room.

HAROLD: Yes. The greatest invention of my career. ~~My silent gun, my wonderful gun, better than the Maxim, better than the others.~~ I had power then, ~~what power,~~ divine power. ~~The power to merely point my finger at a living person, and sentence him to death. What a thrill it was, what a thrill!~~ (SOBS) And then you came along, you. Why did you stop me? Why didn't you let me go on? ~~I was having such a wonderful time, and there were so many others who hated me!~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from ^{Jerome} ~~Zeke~~ Smith of the Albany Knickerbocker News, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #281

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006333

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from ^{Jerome} ~~Zake~~ Smith of the Albany, N. Y. Knickerbocker News.

SMITH: Killer in tonight's Big Story was sentenced to Mattawan, New York State's institution for the criminally insane. He spent much of his time at the state hospital shooting wads of paper from his cell at imaginary persecutors. Sometime later he died a victim of coronary occlusion. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Smith...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 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.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A big story from the front pages of the Miami, Florida Herald, by line, William H. Adams. A Big Story about a reporter who went into a swamp to catch a murderer.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

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

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #282

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ADAMS	JIM STEPHENS
SHERIFF	CAMERON PRUDHOMME
DAVE BAYLER	BILL ZUCKERT
ALICE	JEAN GILLESPIE
WOMAN	RUTH YORKE
DEALER	SAM RASKYN
PETE	SAM RASKYN
BELLBOY	MICHAEL O'DAY
DAN	MICHAEL O'DAY
GAFFNEY	CAMERON ANDREWS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1952

ATX01 0006335

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#282

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

OCTOBER 8, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(William Adams - Miami, Florida, Herald)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN
BUY, PRESENT - THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(SWAMP BACKGROUND. STEPS IN BRUSH)

DAN: Careful how we go under this bridge, Pete. ~~On~~ the Tamiami
maybe a beautiful highway but
Trail, you never know what you might run into. Might be
alligators around.

PETE: Usually are in the Everglades, Dan. Gators and snakes and
everything else. The Tamiami's one state highway I wish
somebody else had the job of inspecting.

DAN: We'll ask for a transfer.

PETE: Yeah, you and me both ... Well, we got it to do, let's do
it. Watch the slope. (EFFORT)

(SLIPPING AND SLIDING)

DAN: (EFFORT) Nothing but swamp for miles. Frogs, snakes,
skeeters - (STOPS) Pete.

(THEY STOP)

PETE: Yeah?

DAN: (FLAT) Something under the bridge.

PETE: Huh? ... Hey, looks like a 'gator. I'll --

DAN: Put up your gun.

(COUPLE OF STEPS)

DAN: It's not a gator, it's a man. Shot through the head.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0006336

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Florida. 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 Miami Herald, the story of a reporter who used a hot lead to find a cold-blooded killer. Tonight to William Adams for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 282

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Miami, Florida. The story as it actually happened - William Adams' story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a late afternoon in March and you, Bill Adams - reporter for the Miami Herald - you're in the city room at your desk taking it easy for the moment. You feel fine. It's a beautiful day. Your feet are up on the desk and the window's open. You can see the ocean and you can smell ~~the~~ -- the clean, cool smell of salt air, and then --

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(PHONE RING, HOOK OFF)

ADAMS: City room, Adams talking.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Adams, this is Sheriff Thornton. My office just got a report of a possible murder.

ADAMS: Murder? Who, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Dunno yet. A man's body was found under a state highway bridge by a couple of highway inspectors. They reported it in from a nearby gas station. I'm on my way out there now.

ADAMS: Thanks for the tip, Sheriff. What's the street number.

SHERIFF: They don't have numbers on the Tamiami Trail.

ADAMS: The Tamiami Trail -- (BREAK) The Everglades?

SHERIFF: That's right. Right out in the middle of the Everglades? A great place for a murder.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: *Some of it is beautiful beyond*
The Everglades. ~~Hundreds of square miles of swamp, of~~
belief ~~desolation,~~ *but where you're going it's grim - desolate.*
~~When~~ you get there ~~its~~ after dark. You stand
under the glare of a floodlight with the State Highway
Inspector as the sheriff bends over the body of a well-
dressed man.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

(BG OF NIGHT SWAMP)

SHERIFF: Well, that's that. No doubt about it being murder - three bullets right smack through his head.

ADAMS: Sheriff, looks like he was killed someplace else and brought here.

SHERIFF: Yeah, Adams. Body laid out nice and peaceful - and that grey overcoat folded under his head like a pillow.

ADAMS: ~~Any identification on him?~~

SHERIFF: Nope. Wallet gone, pockets empty. And the labels have been torn off his clothes.

ADAMS: He can't be a native. Nobody in Florida bothers with an overcoat. Probably a tourist.

SHERIFF: If he is, we'll have a tough time checking up on him -- ~~they come down to Florida from every state in the Union.~~

DAN: Sheriff, how do you figure he got here?

SHERIFF: Well, you're a state highway inspector, McLeod. Suppose you tell me.

DAN: Tell you one thing. They don't travel much on foot on the Tamiami Trail. He must have been in a car, but where is it?

SHERIFF: That's the answer, McLeod. Find the car and we find the murderer. Maybe.

ADAMS: Say, what about that gas station McLeod's partner phoned in from, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: What about it?

ADAMS: You can ask the owner if he recognizes the body. Might have stopped for gas.

SHERIFF: *I was just on my way to do that now.*
~~Good idea~~ ... Suppose you two give me a hand.

DAN: You're gonna move him?

SHERIFF: Would you like to stand by til we get a coroner's wagon out here, McLeod?

DAN: In the Everglades after dark? Not me.

SHERIFF: Okay then.

(STEPS)

SHERIFF: All right, if you guys will take his arms --

AD LIB: (LITTLE EFFORT AS THEY MOVE BODY)

ADAMS: Sheriff. Underneath him.

SHERIFF: Put him down again.

(SET BODY DOWN. RUSTLE OF PAPER)

SHERIFF: A newspaper and a pair of dice. *if I'm not mistaken*

ADAMS: Not a pair, sheriff. Only one. And it's loaded.

SHERIFF: Let me see that ... Yep - it's loaded. Gamblers' dice. And look at this paper, Adams - your paper, the Miami Herald.

(OPEN PAPER)

SHERIFF: What's today?

ADAMS: The fifteenth.

SHERIFF: This paper is dated the twelfth. Proves he's been here several days.

ADAMS: It might prove something else, Sheriff. He might have come from Miami.

SHERIFF: It's possible ... Okay, let's take him. And we'll ask that gas station owner some questions on the way in.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

GAFFNEY: (A TOOTHLESS, QUERULOUS MAN) No, sir. No, sirree. Don't look familiar to me at all.

SHERIFF: What about last night, Mister Gaffney? He might have stopped here for gas last night.

GAFFNEY: Sheriff, I don't stay open at night. Not enough business.

ADAMS: You're open now.

GAFFNEY: Young feller, ^{I'm staying open} ~~I'm doing it~~ only on accounta all this excitement. Feller comes chargin' in to use the phone and report a murder, I got to stay open. But no business - not a lick of business.

SHERIFF: ^{Did you see} ~~What about~~ yesterday?

GAFFNEY: Nope.

SHERIFF: Or the day before yesterday?

GAFFNEY: Nope, can't say, sheriff.

ADAMS: He might not have been alone, Mister Gaffney. Might have had some one with him, a hitch hiker maybe.

GAFFNEY: Young feller, I said I can't recall.

ADAMS: ~~There's not much traffic on the Tamiami this time of year.~~

GAFFNEY: I still can't recall. Might not even have stopped ...
Though I did have some business, some.

SHERIFF: Take another look, Gaffney.

GAFFNEY: Sheriff, one look's enough. I aim to sleep tonight ...
Besides, there ain't nothin' special about this poor feller, ~~nothin' special fer me to recollect at all.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to Miami, Bill Adams ... You try to sleep. But in your nostrils is the smell of the Everglades, on your closed eyelids is etched that scene under the bridge. Your thoughts turn with the turning hours; who is that man? Who killed him -- who is he?

(MUSIC: SWELL FOR TIME LAPSE AND OUT)

(PHONE BUZZ ON FILTER, HOOK OFF)

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Hello?

ADAMS: Sheriff, did I get you up?

SHERIFF: Who's that? Adams?

ADAMS: I know it's early, but I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep. Sheriff, I've got an idea. If that dead man's from out state he might have stopped at a Miami Hotel. How

about checking the hotels?
SHERIFF: ^{My boys have already started checking but I'll take ~~take~~ ~~some~~ lots of bellhops ~~clerk's~~ ~~question~~} We've got over three hundred of them, Adams. It's a chore.

ADAMS: You've got his description. I can pick up a picture and

^{Sheriff:} lend a hand. I'll be glad to help.
^{Glad to have you Adams.}

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: After two days, Bill Adams, you're not so glad. You're footsore, weary -- three hundred hotels in Greater Miami and everywhere the answer is no ... "Not here" - "Din't stop at this hotel" -- "Don't recognize the picture" ... You're turning away from the desk at the Saltaire Hotel. The desk clerk is new, he wasn't around ^{at the time of the murder} them. You're about to draw a line through that one and try the next. A bellhop stands beside you.

(MUSIC: OUT)

BELLHOP: ^{Dea} Ask your pardon, sir. Couldn't help overhearin', but this gentleman you're inquirin' about -- is he the same one had his picture in the paper yesterday?

ADAMS: Yes, that's right.

BELL: Found dead out in the Everglades? Murder victim?

ADAMS: Same one.

BELL: That picture in the papers was kind of smudgy. You got another one?

ADAMS: (INTERESTED) Why -- yes. Here.

BELL: That's Mister Naibaum.

ADAMS: You know him?

BELL: No mistake, sir. Mister Bertram Naibaum.

ADAMS: He was a guest here?

BELL: Yes, sir. Resided in room three twelve in this very hotel. Came from Baltimore, Maryland, as I recall.

ADAMS: He was a gambler, wasn't he?

BELL: Mister Naibaum? No, sir -- a quiet gentleman, real refined. I carried his bags when he checked out. He cashed a check for eleven hundred dollars and when I put his bags in his car he gave me a ten dollar bill!

ADAMS: He had a car?

BELL: Yes, sir. Nice car -- maroon-colored Mercury.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: It checks, Adams. We just got word from the Baltimore police. Bertram Naibaum, age twenty-seven, bachelor, business man, quiet, good reputation.

ADAMS: Any family, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Parents still living. His mother took the news hard.

ADAMS: Sheriff, it couldn't have been a hitch hiker.

SHERIFF: Why not?

ADAMS: Naibaum doesn't sound like the kind that'd pick up a hitch hiker. Certainly not on a lonely road like the Tamiami Trail.

SHERIFF: Adams, in police work guessing is bad business.

ADAMS: It must have been some one he met here in Miami, some one he got friendly with.

SHERIFF: We checked on his movements here. All business.

ADAMS: Sheriff, Naibaum had eleven hundred dollars on him. It was taken -- and so was his car ... A maroon Mercury. Would a murderer who takes money hang on to a hot car or would he sell it?

SHERIFF: That's the way we figure too. We'll start in the morning.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: So you're off again, Bill Adams. Driving past those same hotels, checking the used car lots. Plenty of 'em. Plenty of cars. And finally -- a maroon Mercury.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(LIGHT STREET BG. OPEN CAR DOOR, LITTLE SEARCHING)

DEALER: (FADE IN) Howdy, Mister. Aim to buy this car I can give you a good price. Fine car.

ADAMS: No, I'm not buying. I'm a newspaper reporter.

DEALER: (LAUGH) Reporters use cars too, don't they?

ADAMS: I notice there's a stain on the front floorboards. Looks like blood.

DEALER: (DEPRECATING) Sho-now. *That'll clear up*

ADAMS: And I found this under the front seat.

DEALER: (CHUCKLE) Find the other one and you got yourself a pair of dice, hey?

ADAMS: The other one was found. Three days ago, under a dead man.

DEALER: What?

ADAMS: Who sold you this car?

DEALER: Oh, a man named -- let's see now. It was early morning on the fifteenth -- man named Naibaum.

ADAMS: Naibaum was dead on the fifteenth.

DEALER: You're crazy. Feller from Maryland, had his registration and everythin' -- Naibaum.

ADAMS: Don't you read the newspapers?

DEALER: Sure I do! Sports page and the used car ads.

ADAMS: Try the front page sometime. Here's a picture of Naibaum, and a description.

DEALER: Let's have a look ~~see~~,

(PASS PHOTO)

DEALER: Are you kiddin'? That's not Naibaum ... Feller who sold me this here Mercury had brown hair, kinda thin -- had full lips ... And it says here quiet dresser. ~~This one~~ ^{the} didn't dress quiet. He wore a cowboy shirt, Mister -- loudest shirt I ever saw!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The ^{new} description goes out -- and nothing happens. You wait, Bill Adams, and there's no word. You go over to the Sheriff's office. You sit there, killing time, waiting.

(PHONE RINGS)

SHERIFF: Get that, will you, Adams? I'm busy.

NARR: It's a policeman up in Jacksonville. A friend of yours, you know him. He's got a lead on a possible suspect. You take down the information and pass it on to the sheriff.

(MUSIC: OUT)

ADAMS: He said a woman up there read the story in the newspapers and called his office.

SHERIFF: You've got the woman's name and address?

ADAMS: Yep -- and her phone number. She's wondering about a young guy who's been calling on her daughter. Suppose I give her a ring, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Good idea -- go ahead, Adams. I'll listen in on the extension.

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You call the Jacksonville number and get the woman. And as she talks the scene comes to your mind again -- the scene of the Everglades, of death.~~

(MUSIC: -- OUT) *yes, that's right, Mr. Adams.*

WOMAN: (FILTER) It's about Dave Bayler. He wears that kind of shirt, the loud kind. He's been seeing my daughter Alice, and I don't approve one bit. And where'd he come by all that money?

ADAMS: Go on, M'am.

WOMAN: He didn't have money two weeks ago. Now he spends it like it was water.

ADAMS: You told this to the police up in Jacksonville?

WOMAN: They said they'd look into it. I hope somebody does. The less Dave Bayler sees of my daughter Alice the better I'd like it ... I hope I didn't do wrong going to the police, though.

ADAMS: Don't worry about it, M'am -- it never hurts to be careful ... Thanks very much and goodbye.

WOMAN: Thank you, young man. Goodbye.

(HOOK ON)

ADAMS: Well, sheriff, you heard. What do you think?

SHERIFF: It might be a wild goose chase, Adams. But on the other hand -- well, let's go up to Jacksonville and see.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE, SEGUE TO OFF DANCE BAND ENDING TUNE)

(NIGHT OUTDOOR BG)

SHERIFF: Is that him now, Adams? Coming out of the dancehall?

ADAMS: Yeah -- out for a smoke. The girl's not with him, Sheriff. Now's our chance.

(STEPS ON GRAVEL, THEN ONTO PORCH, TO STOP)

SHERIFF: Excuse us. You're Dave Bayler?

BAYLER: Yeah, Mister -- that's right.

SHERIFF: My name's Thornton -- and this is Bill Adams, reporter for the Miami Herald.

BAYLER: Oh? ... Well, I still don't --

ADAMS: Mister Thornton is a Sheriff, Bayler.

BAYLER: A Sheriff? ... Now look, my date will be back in a second, she just went to powder her nose. If it's that mother of hers --

SHERIFF: What's her mother got to do with it?

BAYLER: She don't want me to see Alice. She's just angry enough to call the police.

SHERIFF: It's more than that, Bayler. Mind answering a few questions?

DAVE: Like what?

SHERIFF: Like where'd you get all your money?

BAYLER: Well, I do a little betting. I made a killing at the dog track.

ADAMS: How about a killing on the Tamiami Trail?

BAYLER: Tamiami Trail?

ADAMS: A man was found dead there a week ago.

BAYLER: I don't know what you're talking about. I never went near there. Closest I got was last week when I was down in Miami. I won a car from a man playin' poker and I sold it there.

SHERIFF: You won a car?

BAYLER: What's wrong with that? ~~The way you two are starin' at me.~~

ADAMS: Who'd you win it from, Bayler?

DAVE: His name was Naibaum. He was a big, tall feller, he --

ADAMS: Big and tall?

DAVE: Yeah. Over six feet. About fifty years old.

ADAMS: Naibaum was about five ten. He was twenty-seven years old --

DAVE: No, sir!

ADAMS: He was found dead on the Tamiami Trail, in the Everglades.

DAVE: No, sir -- what are you tryin' to pull! *I won it from a* ~~It was a~~

different man, I tell you it was a different man. I never killed nobody!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP FOR CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #282

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mild-
ness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
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.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006350

(MUSIC: -- INTRO)

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

NARR: You've found the man with the loud cowboy shirt, Bill Adams - the man who sold the dead man's car. He admits he sold it. But he swears he never killed anybody. And his description of the man from whom he says he won the car doesn't tally. Naibaum was small, ^{quiet} quite. He won it from a big man, a different man entirely. So he says.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

of Bayler's Story

SHERIFF: What do you think, Adams?

ADAMS: I dunno, sheriff.

SHERIFF: I let him go. But I told ~~him to stay right here in~~ ^{his god friend's mother to get it told} ~~with him if he acted up at all~~ Jacksonville. Another thing - Bayler ^{said} ~~says~~ he's from Maryland. That's where Naibaum hails from.

ADAMS: Yeah.

SHERIFF: He could have struck up an acquaintance with Naibaum in Miami - gone with him in that car and killed him.

ADAMS: What stops me is that description. Suppose somebody else did do the shooting. Came back to Miami, got into a poker game with Bayler and lost the car.

SHERIFF: It's possible. Might even have lost the car on purpose, to divert suspicion to Bayler.

ADAMS: ~~You know, sheriff, Bayler doesn't look much like a killer,~~
does he?

SHERIFF: Adams, if every killer could be spotted by the way he looks, I'd have plenty of time to go fishing.

ADAMS: That's a good idea.

SHERIFF: ~~What? Fishing?~~

ADAMS: Yeah - for information. I talked to Alice's mother on the phone. Now I'll go see her. I'll talk to both of them.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(TEA CUPS)

WOMAN: You'll have some more tea, Mister Adams?

ALICE: Mother, he's a reporter. He didn't come for tea.

ADAMS: Your daughter's right, Ma'am - I didn't....

ALICE: You're here about Dave Bayler.

WOMAN: Now, Alice -

ALICE: It's all right, mother...I'm not a child. I know you've been against my seeing Dave. And after what's happened, you don't have to worry. I'm not going to see him anymore.

ADAMS: After what's happened? He told you the sheriff spoke to him?

ALICE: He didn't have to tell me. I was there last night, Mister Adams. I was coming back from the powder room and I overheard you talking to him.

ADAMS: Oh, I see. Well, how did Bayler act after we left? Did he mention it?

ALICE: No - and I didn't ask him. I let him take me home and that was all.

ADAMS: One thing. Did he act nervous?

ALICE: You mean as if he'd done a murder?

ADAMS: Yes.

ALICE: I don't know, Mister Adams. I just couldn't say.

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~That's the trouble - you can't say either, Bill Adams.~~
Could there be a third man involved? Did someone other than Bayler sit beside Bertram Maibaum while the drove through the Everglades -- on a lonely road, past a lonely gas station? A drive that ended for Naibaum at ~~a lonely bridge?... You stay on in Jacksonville.~~ The next day you get a hurry-up call from Alice's mother. ~~When you arrive at her home she's alone.~~

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

WOMAN: ~~He was here, Mister Adams - Dave Bayler. He demanded to see Alice.~~

ADAMS: She said she was through with him.

WOMAN: She is! She wouldn't see him, wouldn't even talk to him. She went upstairs when we saw him coming up the front walk.

ADAMS: You talked to him alone?

WOMAN: Yes...He - he got mad, Mister Adams. He came close to threatening me... And -- I have to tell you this.

~~He said something about having a gun in his room.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(RAP ON DOOR)

ADAMS: No answer, sheriff. Guess he's not in.

SHERIFF: The landlady gave me the key.

(KEY IN LOCK. OPEN DOOR AND STEPS IN)

SHERIFF: There's a dresser. Reckon we better try that first.

(STEPS AND OPEN DRAWER)

SHERIFF: Empty.

(CLOSE AND OPEN ANOTHER)

SHERIFF: No gun here either.

ADAMS: Wait a second, sheriff... (HE SNIFFS) Smell.

SHERIFF: (SNIFFS)

ADAMS: Doesn't that smell like gun oil?

SHERIFF: (SNIFFS) By thunder, it does. There was a gun in this drawer. Either he moved it someplace else or --

(OFF STEPS, ON STAIR)

ADAMS: Somebody on the staircase.

SHERIFF: ~~Take a look~~

(A FEW QUICK STEPS)

ADAMS: (PROJECT LOW) Sheriff.

(LIGHT STEPS FADE ON)

SHERIFF: (LOW) Bayler?

ADAMS: ~~(LOW) Yes. Now he's on the ball landing.~~

(STEPS APPROACH. STOP ON CUE)

DAVE: (CUE) Oh.

SHERIFF: Howdy, Bayler.

DAVE: The landlady told me Mister Adams and you was here, Sheriff.

ADAMS: We heard you had a gun.

DAVE: Alice's mother told you, didn't she? You needn't upset the room, sheriff. Here it is, right under my pillow.

SHERIFF: I'll take that.

DAVE: I want you to. I shouldn't have got mad at Alice's mother.

ADAMS: Is it the murdergun, sheriff?

SHERIFF: Could be, Adams. Same calibre.

DAVE: I never used that gun. It was in the car, I found it in the car. ~~when that feller I told you about lost it to me~~
I won it
in that poker game.

ADAMS: Why did you keep it?

DAVE: Well, I had no notion it was used in a murder. It was worth money, I thought I'd keep it.

SHERIFF: You sure you didn't use it?

DAVE: I tell you no! Why don't you find that other feller and stop houndin' me? Ain't it bad enough I can't see Alice any more? Find him!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: The gun is taken back to Miami ^{ballistics} and checked; the bullets match those which killed Maibaum.

SHERIFF: I had Bayler brought down ~~too~~, Adams. That used car dealer identified him.

ADAMS: Bayler admits he sold the car.

SHERIFF: Yeah.

ADAMS: Bayler still sticks to his story about a third man?

SHERIFF: ^{Yeah} He's ^{even} given us a description. We sent it out on a flyer, with no result.

ADAMS: Bayler's the only suspect.

SHERIFF: He still denies it.

ADAMS: You need a witness.

SHERIFF: You don't say. What'll I do? Go out to that bridge and ask the alligators?

(MUSIC: SWELL AND UNDER)

NARR: You leave the sheriff and go back to your city room. You think of Dave Bayler - is his story true? ~~Your window is open the way it was that first day and the breeze comes in off the ocean, salty and fresh.~~ You remember that night, that scene under the bridge, the hot sultry smell of the vast Everglades. You remember, and you reach for the phone

ADAMS: Sheriff, have you got the murder car, that maroon Mercury?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) I've had it impounded.

ADAMS: How about putting gas in it and taking Bayler for a ride tomorrow?

SHERIFF: Where?

ADAMS: To the Everglades, sheriff.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You're not there, the next day, Bill Adams, at the bridge seventy-two miles west on the Tamiami Trail. You're someplace else. The sheriff goes there with Dave Bayler. Bayler is nervous.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(SWAMP BACKGROUND)

SHERIFF: This is where the body was found, Bayler - right under this bridge.

DAVE: I never came here, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: The state highway inspectors thought at first that it was a gator.

DAVE: Yeah, I read about it in the papers. Poor Naibaum.

SHERIFF: Then you knew the dead man was named Naibaum!

DAVE: No, no, I read about that afterwards - ~~after you came to~~ Jacksonville.

SHERIFF: The body was stretched out as straight as a string. Did you fold his overcoat under his head?

DAVE: I never came here.

SHERIFF: ~~Then you took~~ ^{When did you take} his money, and his car --

DAVE: No! I won't confess to somethin' I didn't do - no! You got no right to keep me here. Take me back.

SHERIFF: Okay, Bayler - there's the car, let's go. There's a gas station up the road a ways, we'll stop for gas.

(MUSIC: -- IN, UNDER)

NARR: That's where you are, Bill Adams - at the gas station. You were there when the sheriff and Bayler went by heading West. And now you're waiting for them to come back, you and the gas station owner - waiting.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(LIGHT SWAMP B.G. SLAP.)

GAFFNEY: Blasted mosquitos. That car you mention don't show up soon we'll be eaten alive.

ADAMS: It'll be here.

GAFFNEY: Still don't comprehend what good it's gonna do. ~~Tell you~~ I don't recollect no maroon Mercury. Told you that when we watched it headin' toward the bridge.

ADAMS: You'll get a closer look this time.

GAFFNEY: Don't recollect no loud cowboy shirt neither.

ADAMS: You'll get a closer look at that too.

GAFFNEY: Course he mighta stopped. This is about midway on the ~~Tamiami, they're apt to stop.~~

ADAMS: Just do me one favor, Mister Gaffney.

GAFFNEY: Sech as what?

ADAMS: Just take your time.

GAFFNEY: Take my time?

ADAMS: About whether you can identify the man with the cowboy shirt. Just look at him, closely.

GAFFNEY: Hmph, if you say so... (LONG PAUSE) Car comin' down the road... (LONG PAUSE) It's a maroon Mercury.

(CAR TAKES LONG APPROACH. SLOWS, ONTO GRAVEL
CLOSE BY. KILL MOTOR)

SHERIFF: Hello, Adams.

ADAMS: Hello, sheriff. Hello, Bayler.

BAYLER: Hey, what are you doing here?

ADAMS: Mister Gaffney and I saw you go by. Didn't we, Mister Gaffney?

GAFFNEY: Yep... Yep, we did.

BAYLER: (A BEAT, EDGE OF PANIC) Sheriff, I thought we stopped for gas.

SHERIFF: Don't need gas, Bayler.

BAYLER: But you said -- (HE STOPS)

GAFFNEY: That's a real fancy shirt the man's wearin', real fancy.

ADAMS: Have you seen it before, Mister Gaffney?

GAFFNEY: Seen it before?

ADAMS: Say, around the fourteenth of March? Or the thirteenth?

GAFFNEY: Hmmmmmm....

ADAMS: This car belongs to the man that was murdered. The car came back this way. You can't miss a shirt like that, can you?

GAFFNEY: Nope... It's real fancy.

BAYLER: (A BEAT) Stop lookin' at me. Stop -- (SUDDEN EFFORT)
(YANK OPEN CAR DOOR)

SHERIFF: (EFFORT) Sit down, Bayler! Where you going!

BAYLER: (EFFORT) Let go of me! ... (HE'S DESPERATE) It was self-defense. Self-defense, I tell you. He - he owed me money. He gambled with me, shot dice - and he wouldn't pay.

SHERIFF: Naibaum wasn't a gambler.

BAYLER: He wouldn't pay, I tell you. He reached for a gun, I grabbed it from him - it was self-defense, I tell you --
(EFFORT)

SHERIFF: (EFFORT) Sit down!... Put out your hands.

BAYLER: Wha-what for?

SHERIFF: These.

(SOUND OF CUFFS BEING SNAPPED ON)

BAYLER: (WHISPER) It was self-defense.

SHERIFF: See you back in town, Adams?

ADAMS: ^{D.K.}
Yes, sheriff. ~~I've got my own car~~

SHERIFF: So long.

(CLOSE CAR DOOR, START MOTOR, CAR FADE)

GAFFNEY: (CUE) Well now, if that ain't the beat? Confessed right before my eyes, didn't he - confessed?

ADAMS: Just about.

GAFFNEY: You know somethin', Mister Adams? That shirt. On the one hand, I couldn't swear ~~I haven't~~^I seen it before. And on the other hand, I couldn't swear I ain't. I couldn't swear either way at all.

(MUSIC: -- SWELL UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bill Adams of the Miami Herald with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #282

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006360

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William Adams of the Miami Herald.

ADAMS: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY went to trial pleading self-defense. He was convicted of first degree murder and after several stays of execution, and delay of three and a half years, finally went to chair. Executed at Florida state prison morning of July first, 1952. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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 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.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

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 Pittsburgh, Pa. Press, by line, Sam Hood. A Big Story about a reporter who turns the pages of a classic book and finds a confession of murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

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

MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. 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 Sheldon Stark from an actual story from the front pages of the Miami, Florida, Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jimmy Stephens played the part of William 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, Mr. Adams.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

JMW/VAK

ATX01 0006362

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #283

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SAM HOOD	PETER HOBBS
DETECTIVE EVANS	WENDELL HOLMES
ALBERT SANDERS	GAVIN GORDON
MRS. SANDERS	CHARME ALLEN
HOWARD KELLER	DONALD BUKA
SERGEANT	SID PAUL
MRS. WILSON	MARGARET BURLIN
WAITRESS	TRIVA FRAZEE
FELLOW	SID PAUL
CLERK	GAVIN GORDON

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15, 1952

ATX01 0006363

THE BIG STORY

#283

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

OCTOBER 15, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Sam Hood, The Pittsburgh Press)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest quality money can
buy present....THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE CUT TO)

(ESTABLISH A PARK AT NIGHT)

SANDERS: (FIFTYISH. AS IF PEERING INTO THE DARK) Keller, that you?

KELLER: (CLOSE) (YOUNG) I've been waiting, Sanders. A long time.

SANDERS: What kind of place is this to meet? The park at night.
All the way over here I've been trying to...(SEES THE GUN).
Keller...what...what are you doing with that gun.

KELLER: (VERY CALM, AS IF HIS WORDS HAVE BEEN MEMORIZED) Why be
surprised? This had to happen. We both know it.

SANDERS: (FRIGHTENED) Listen.....

KELLER: I have to kill you. Don't you understand?

SANDERS: Those books.of yours. Those terrible books. They've made
you crazy.

KELLER: They're true. Every word. Now you'll see who was wrong.

SANDERS: My family. I've got a family.

KELLER: It's my duty to kill you, Sanders. I can't escape it.

SANDERS: (ALMOST A MOAN) Keller, on my knees. I beg you. (HALF
MUTE) Please.

KELLER: My duty, Sanders. My duty.

(A SHOT)

SANDERS: (A HALF CRY AND A MOAN) No....

(TWO MORE EVENLY SPACED SHOTS)

(MUSIC: -- BUILDS TO IMPACT THEN UNDER)

ATX01 0006364

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FIAT) From the pages of the Pittsburgh Press...the story of a reporter who turns the pages of a classic book and finds a confession of murder. Tonight, to Sam Hood of the Pittsburgh Press, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #283

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0008366

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened.
Sam Hood's story....as he lived it!

(MUSIC: RISES SLIGHTLY AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Sam Hood, write about a city. Every day of your life
you write about its people and what happens to them. Like
now, here in Schenley Park, a story right in front of your
eyes. The kind that sells a lot of papers. You walk up to
Homicide Detective Harry Evans....ask the ^{age} first old
question....and your story begins.

SAM: Who was he, Harry?

HARRY: Name's Albert Sanders. Age, fifty. Three slugs right in the
chest. Couple of kids found him...and I don't know who did
it.

SAM: Robbery?

HARRY: Wallet wasn't touched. Maybe guy got scared away.

SAM: Funny place for a killing.

HARRY: Why's that?

SAM: The Carnegie Music Hall right over there. Culture and
art...then murder. You know. They don't exactly match.

HARRY: Yeah. Well, you look for the angles, Sam. I'll look for
who did it.

SGT: (COMING IN). Sanders' wife getting out of that car, Harry.

HARRY: Okay. Bring her over.

SGT: Right.

HARRY: Sergeant.

SGT: (JUST OFF) Yeah?

HARRY: (ALMOST GENTLE) Take it easy.

SAM: She know what happen yet.

HARRY: Phoned her.

SGT: (AS HE COMES ON) This way, Mrs. Sanders. Careful of that step there.

(SLOWLY WE HEAR HER WALK ON. WE KNOW SHE IS LOOKING AT THE BODY)

MRS. SAND: (SLIGHT BEAT) (QUIET, NO TEARS, A DISBELIEF, IT'S ALL UNREAL)
It's Albert.

HARRY: Sorry, M'am.

MRS. SAND: How he looks.

HARRY: We'll take your home now. Identification is all we needed.

MRS. SAND: (DOESN'T HEAR) He closed the store at six o'clock. Like every night. Six o'clock.

SAM: Mrs. Sanders, you ought to go now.

MRS. SAND: He forgot his keys when he went out. I left the front door open. He'd be home after midnight.

HARRY: Look, M'am. No use your staying. Why don't

MRS. SAND: We had an argument. I broke some of his records. Caruso. ~~But~~ ^{But} it was an accident. He was very angry. He always thought I didn't like him going out but I knew it was all right. He liked concerts. And all the things I didn't understand. But I didn't mind, Albert. Honest. I wanted you to enjoy everything. Didn't I always tell you? Didn't I, Albert?

SAM: (LOW TO HARRY) Harry, you better get her away from here.

MRS. SAND: I was going to wait up. I didn't care how late. All night if I had to. All night. (SLIGHT BEAT) Mister?

HARRY: Yes M'am?

MRS. SAND: Who did this to him? Who killed him?

(MUSIC: COMES IN GENTLY, PLAINLY THEN GOES FOR A BRIDGE TO)

(KNOCKING ON A DOOR)

MRS. WILSON: (OFF, MUFFLED, OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR) Mr. Keller....

(KNOCKING REPEATS)

MRS. WILSON: (SHE IS ANNOYED) Mr. Keller...open this door. Mr. Keller
I want you to....

(DOOR SUDDENLY OPENS)

MRS. WILSON: (SURPRISED IN MIDDLE OF HER SENTENCE) ..Well..it's about
time.

KELLER: What do you want, Mrs. Wilson?

MRS. WILSON: If it's not too much trouble, my rent.

KELLER: I'm studying. I'm very busy.

MRS. WILSON: You're two weeks behind already.

KELLER: I've told you a hundred times. I don't want you to
bother me.

MRS. KELLER: You've got your nerve talking to me like that.

KELLER: My books. I have to get back to them.

MRS. WILSON: ~~What~~ you've done to this room. *Just* Look! *exit*

KELLER: For the last time, let me alone. My work is waiting.

MRS. WILSON: Books all over the floor...and dirt. Why it's ..it's
like a pig sty.

KELLER: Get out.

MRS. WILSON: I will not. I want my money. Two weeks. Every cent.

KELLER: Stupid old woman. Treating me like I was just anyone.
Don't you have eyes to see?

MRS. WILSON: You watch your mouth, Mr. Keller.

KELLER: Don't you recognize my kind of person? Don't you
understand?

MRS. WILSON: I don't know what you're talking about.

KELLER: The time is coming, Mrs. Wilson. You and the others
like you. You're going to be shown a lesson. You'll
learn to respect.

MRS. WILSON: (FRIGHTENED OF HIM NOW) I never should have taken you into my house.

KELLER: Ignorance must be destroyed. There is no mercy for weakness.

MRS. WILSON: You stay where you are. Don't you come near me.

MRS. WILSON: *Keller* All the pathetic little people in the world...crowding each other for survival.

MRS. WILSON: Mr. Keller, I don't want you here anymore. You move. I don't want you.

KELLER: It may be too late, Mrs. Wilson, You see, I know about you now. I've written it all down. There's no way you can escape your fate. You're caught by what you are. Stupid.....inferior.

MRS. WILSON: You be out of here tomorrow. You be gone for good. You're ~~a crazy boy~~, Crazy.

(SHE SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE EXITS)

KELLER: (A SLIGHT BEAT THEN WALKS ALOUD) Mr. Sanders said that to me. But he found the truth. And you, Mrs. Wilson you and all the others. You too...must die.

(MUSIC: _____ UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The city is big, big for a killer to hide in. And so far, he's safe. All the police have are the three bullets recovered in the autopsy. But there in the corner's report, you see something. Traces of alcohol found in the body. From the dead man's wife, you get his photograph. And you start going around. Every bar in the Schenley Park neighborhood. Was this fellow ever in here? Do you recognize his face? And in the first ten places, the answer is.....
Sorry. Never saw him.

(MORE)

NARR: But you're persistent. Plenty of other places. And in
(CON'T) the twenty second,....

FELLOW: Yeah. He was in here a couple a times. Always with a
lot of college boys. Picked up their check.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ESTABLISHES A POINT AND THEN UNDER AGAIN) _

NARR: You get the same answer in other places. And the picture
builds. A man with little education trying to make
up lost time. Working away his days in a store....and
spending his nights with young college people who lived
like he had always wanted. You tell Detective Harry
Evans what you've found out and you think he's reading
your mind when he says.....

HARRY: Yeah. All very interesting. But what's it got to do
with the murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND BRIDGE TO) _

(GLASSES AND DISHES BEING PUT ON A TRAY)

WAITRESS: I'll get this table cleared off in a second, Mister.

SAM: Look, Miss, did you ever see the man in this photograph?

WAITRESS: Hold it up for me, will you? My hands are a little wet.

SAM: Sure.

WAITRESS: Him, huh? Yeah....yeah, he comes in here a lot.

SAM: By himself?

WAITRESS: No. The character's always with him. (CURIOUS) Why
you want to know?

SAM: I'm Sam Hood. The Press. This man was killed last
night.

WAITRESS: Killed.

SAM: Yeah.

ATX01 0006371

WAITRESS: He was just in a few nights ago. Right over there. Where they always sat. Gee. Killed.

SAM: They?

WAITRESS: This fellow I said. The character. Used to think maybe he was his son. A kid. Twenty maybe... no more.

SAM: What'd he look like?

WAITRESS: Kind of funny. To me anyway. Reak thick glasses and a crew hair cut.

SAM: Must have been something else for you to notice him like you did.

WAITRESS: Mister, maybe you ought to order something. The boss keeps looking over.

SAM: All right. Some beer.

Now about this fellow.

WAITRESS: Just a second, huh. (PROJECTING) Draw one. (TO SAM) The jacket he wears. A brown one. Never saw one like it. Right on the elbows. Leather patches. Funny, huh?

SAM: Were they in here last night.

WAITRESS: I've got to get your beer. (FADING OFF SLIGHTLY) No. Last time I saw them was a few nights ago. (FADING ON) Here you are.

SAM: They ever fight, have an argument.

WAITRESS: No. It was the kid always did all the talking. Used to carry a lot of books with him. I spilled a glass over one once. He hit the roof. Said the library would charge him for it.

Mister, you think...you think he did it?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(A GENTLE, SLOW KNOCKING ON A DOOR. IT WAITS... THEN REPEATS)

MRS. WILSON: (AS IF BEING AROUSED FROM SLEEP) Just a minute...I'll be there.. (HALF MUMBLING) Where are those slippers.

(THE KNOCKING REPEATS)

MRS. WILSON: I said I was coming.

(WE HEAR HER GET OUT OF BED AND SHUFFLE ACROSS THE FLOOR)

MRS. WILSON: Who is it?

KELLER: (OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, MUFFLED, OFF) Me, Mrs. Wilson. Keller.

MRS. WILSON: It's after midnight. What do you want?

KELLER: I must see you.

MRS. WILSON: (A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) No.

KELLER: Please. It's very important. Open the door, Mrs. Wilson.

(THE DOOR KNOB IS RATTLED)

MRS. WILSON: Go away. Go away.

KELLER: I've got your money. All of it.

MRS. WILSON: In the morning.

KELLER: No. You must take it now.

MRS. WILSON: If you don't go away, I'll call the police.

KELLER: All right, Mrs. Wilson. I don't want to cause any trouble.

I can wait.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You want to keep looking for him. This boy who spent so much time with the murdered man. But it's night now...and all you can do is wait for morning....for nine o'clock ... and the opening of the library doors at the University.

CLERK: You looking for a certain book, sir?

SAM: No, I'm looking for someone who maybe comes here.

CLERK: (PUZZLED) Excuse me?

SAM: Fellow with thick glasses, crew cut. Brown jacket, leather patches on the sleeves.

CLERK: Keller.

SAM: Who.

CLERK: Keller. Howard Keller. Only one who looks that way.

SAM: Do you have his address?

CLERK: Sure. He used to work here, matter of fact. Mending torn books. Spent most of his time reading though. Here ... his card. Say, what's it all about?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MRS. WILSON: This is his room, Mr. Hood.

SAM: Thanks.

(KNOCKING)

MRS. WILSON: Oh. He's not in there.

SAM: You sure.

MRS. WILSON: Haven't seen him all morning.

SAM: Could I look in his room, please.

MRS. WILSON: Well....

SAM: I'd appreciate it, Mrs. Wilson.

MRS. WILSON: You're sure going to get a surprise.

(KEY IN LOCKKNOB TURNS)

MRS. WILSON: Like a pig sty.

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. WILSON: See.

SAM: (LOOKING AROUND) Yeah.

MRS. WILSON: What does the newspaper want him for, Mr. Hood.

SAM: It's a long story. Say...what's this writing on the wall?

MRS. WILSON: Where??.....

SAM: By the window.

MRS. WILSON: (ANGRY) He did it on purpose. Ruined the whole wallpaper.

SAM: (READING SLOWLY) It is not from the strongest that harm comes to the strong, but from the weakest. Their death is justice.

MRS. WILSON: What's he mean?

SAM: There's some more over here. (READING) I teach you the Superman. Man is something to be surpassed. Nietzsche.

MRS. WILSON: Who's he.

SAM: A german philosopher. Look, over here.....
written on the floor.

MRS. WILSON: (READING) Ignorance must be destroyed. There is no mercy for weakness. (RECOGNITION) Mr. Hood...that's ..that's what he said to me.

SAM: (A LITTLE GRIM) Mrs. Wilson...where is he?

MRS. WILSON: I don't know.

SAM: ~~Look, I think he killed a man. This stuff on the wall.~~
~~It all points to him.~~

MRS. WILSON: (WEAKLY) Mr. Keller.....

SAM: ~~Where does he go during the day? Where can he be found?~~

MRS. WILSON: ~~He...he tried to get into my room last night. I was frightened.~~

SAM: ~~Mrs. Wilson...please.....~~

MRS. WILSON: I told him to leave my house.. I didn't want him here anymore.

SAM: You what.....

(QUICK STEPS...BUREAU DRAWERS BEING PULLED OPEN)

MRS. WILSON: What are you doing.

SAM: These drawers. They're empty.

MRS. WILSON: (BELIEF, STILL WEAK) Thank Heaven. He's gone..And I'll

Sam: If he is really gone, Mrs. Wilson it's nothing to thank Heaven for
(MUSIC: ~~TAG TO CURTAIN~~)

(MUSIC: ~~TURNTABLE~~)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #283

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure.

Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler, sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

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

NARR: You were so close to him...so close to getting the man you feel is the murderer of Albert Sanders. But you're a reporter, Sam Hood, not a cop....and it's the job of Detective Harry Evans to find him. Find him....and to prove his guilt.

HARRY: Look, Sam, I'm a police officer. Not a psychiatrist.

SAM: Listen, it all fits. Everything.

HARRY: Just because this guy Keller's a nut.

SAM: I didn't pick him out of a hat. He and Sanders spent time together, lots of it.

HARRY: So.

SAM: So it was night when they always met. The time the murder happened.

HARRY: I've got news for you, Sam. I know everything you know. Including the fact Keller knew Sanders. So the kid's a screwball. I admit it. But you keep hollering about a motive. Okay...give me one for Keller. Go on.

SAM: I'm not sure but ^{Harry's} ~~it's~~ mixed up with that crazy stuff he reads. Take a look at the junk he wrote on the wall and you'll see.

(PHONE RING)

HARRY: I've got to see it pinned down. This way it's flying around....not making any sense.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN) (IT IS LIFTED)

HARRY: Hello.

SGT: (FILTER) Sergeant Newman.

HARRY: Yeah. What's up Sgt?

SGT: Just got a call from a friend of mine. Owns a sporting goods shop.

HARRY: I know. He's having a special sale.

SGT: No, more than that. Said he read Sam Hood's story in the Press ~~this morning~~. All about the Sanders killing.

HARRY: Well?

SGT: About an hour ago fellow came in ... tried to sell him a gun. Almost brand new.

HARRY: Okay, check on it. Why call me?

SGT: My friend figured we ought to know. Said the fellow acted a little nervous. He took his name and address.

HARRY: What'd the guy look like? He say?

SGT: Yeah. College boy type. Thick glasses.....crew cut.... and a brown jacket. It had leather patches near the elbows.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

HARRY: Sergeant, get back downstairs. Tell the landlord to keep people out of the hall.

SGT: Right.

SAM: There's the room, Harry. Number nine.

HARRY: Let's go.

(WALK UP A FEW STAIRS...THEN FLAT.....STOP)

SAM: Got the key.

HARRY: Yeah. Better stand back, Sam. I'm going to open it quick.. not give him a chance.

(KEY SLIPS IN LOCK)

HARRY: Well, here goes!

(HE FLINGS THE DOOR OPEN)

HARRY: (RELAXING) Great. A nice empty room.
SAM: Keller doesn't know we've found him. He'll be back.
HARRY: If he hasn't moved out of here too.
SAM: Why should he? He tried to sell that gun just this morning. He's not wise.
HARRY: It sure piled up all at once, didn't it? You finding out he knew Sanders. Then the sporting goods guy....hey, what are you doing?
SAM: Look at these books. Nietzsche, Schopenhauer..... These are Keller's boys. German philosophers who were hipped on death, pessimism....and other pleasant ideas.
HARRY: Nice fellers.
SAM: Hitler was a great follower of this guy, Nietzsche. They both believed in a race of supermen.
HARRY: All right, Professor. Let's have the lecture some other time.

(DOOR OPENS)

SGT: Harry, he's coming down the street. I just spotted him.
HARRY: In here quick. Close the door Sam. Get out of sight.
SAM: Okay.
HARRY: Sergeant, you get behind here. I'll grab him when he comes in. Set?
SGT: Right.
HARRY: Quiet, everyone.

(THERE IS A BEAT OF SILENCE THEN WE HEAR STEPS APPROACHING OUTSIDE. THEY COME UP TO THE DOOR. A KEY IS INSERTED AND THE DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: (STRAIN) Easy, feller.
KELLER: (STRAIN) What is this? Let go of me.

HARRY: Fan him, Sergeant.

KELLER: Who are you...what do you want?

SGT: He's clean.

HARRY: (STRAIN OFF) Okay.

KELLER: What's the idea?

HARRY: Police officers, Keller.

KELLER: Police.

HARRY: We received a report you tried to sell a gun this morning.
Thirty eight caliber. That right?

KELLER: Me?

HARRY: You gave the store the name of Howard Keller. You left
this address.

KELLER: There...there must be some mistake.

HARRY: Let's go down to the store then. Find out.

KELLER: Wait....

HARRY: Yeah.....

KELLER: I..I had the gun but I threw it away.

HARRY: Where?

KELLER: I don't remember.

SAM: Look, Harry, what are you waiting for? Tell him why we're
really here.

HARRY: Hold it, Sam.

SAM: Tell him we know he killed Albert Sanders.

KELLER: Who?

SAM: Here. Keller, take a look at this paper. I wrote all
about it.

KELLER: Oh, no, Mister. I didn't kill that man. No, you're making
a mistake. Not me. Honest. Not me.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND BEHIND)_

NARR: And now it starts. In a little room at police headquarters. The sharp white light pinning Howard Keller to his chair. The police throwing question after question.

HARRY: Where's the gun?

KELLER: I don't remember.

HARRY: Did you know Albert Sanders?

KELLER: I don't recognize the name.

HARRY: There's a waitress who saw you together.

KELLER: Maybe she's right. I don't remember people's names.

HARRY: Why did you try to sell the gun?

KELLER: I needed money.

HARRY: But you said you threw it away. Why?

KELLER: I just did, that's all.

HARRY: How'd you expect to get money that way?

KELLER: Listen, I didn't kill anybody.

HARRY: Where's the gun? (SLIGHT BEAT) Where's the gun?

KELLER: I..I needed it. People always making fun of me. I had to have a gun. Protect myself.

HARRY: Where is it?

KELLER: The things I believe, they didn't understand. They were going to get back at me. I had to have a gun. Had to.

HARRY: Where is it?

KELLER: In...in a locker. The bus station. But I didn't kill that man.

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND AGAIN)

NARR: The first break. The gun is fired in the police lab. Ballistics ^{lines} matches up the bullet with the ones found in the murdered man's body. The result?

HARRY: They match, Keller. They match perfectly.

KELLER: I didn't kill him.

HARRY: But you fired this gun.

KELLER: For practice. In the park.

HARRY: When?

KELLER: The other night.

HARRY: Then you admit firing at Sanders.

KELLER: No. I didn't see anyone. That's why I went there. It was late. I could shoot the gun...practice...nobody would be there.

HARRY: Look, Keller, you're a smart boy. Good marks in school. A lot of education. This isn't hard to understand.

KELLER: I never saw Mr. Sanders.

HARRY: But you knew him, knew him well. What was he doing in the same place as you. Now you know better than to say its a coincidence.

KELLER: But it is. I didn't know he was there. I didn't see him.

HARRY: But three bullets went into his body.

KELLER: An accident. A terrible accident.

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND AGAIN)

NARR: ~~Like a record, it goes on. Over and over. An accident. He didn't know anyone was there. Why would he kill a nice man like Mr. Sanders. An accident. That's all. Yes.... Howard Keller admits everything.....everything except the fact that this....was murder.~~

(MUSIC: -- ACCENTS AND OUT)

HARRY: ~~You think this boy is dumb?~~ *That boy Rao* Sam, he's got us up a tree and one by one, he's cutting off all the limbs.

SAM: But you know he planned this killing. Harry, it was deliberate....cold blooded.

HARRY: Sure but how am I going to prove it.

SAM: The D.A. can draw up the indictment.

HARRY: Act your age. What kind of case has he got? There were no witnesses to this murder. No single piece of evidence. A jury can take Keller's word. An accident. He's wacky enough for them to believe.

SAM: It's all tied up with those books of his. All that twisted philosophy's coming out of his ears.

HARRY: So you said. But what kind of motive is that. He killed *Sanders* him because of a book. You got the nerve to write that? Look, pal. The only way we get a murder charge out of this is for Keller to give us a confession.

SAM: Confession.

HARRY: That's what they call it.

SAM: (THINKING) Yeah, I seem to have heard of the word before.

HARRY: Hey, where you going?

SAM: Maybe I can arrange it, Harry. Just maybe.

HARRY: How?

SAM: I told you. It's somewhere in those books. All of them.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

(A CLOCK TICKING EFFECT FOR TIME PASSAGE)

NARR: You start at the library and you get the books Howard Keller was known to have studied. Big books...with lots of words. You open the first one, and start to read. Soon, they're closing up the place and you're not even past page fifty. Yes, the clerk says, you can take them home. But even there it goes slow. It's late now. People everywhere sound asleep but you have to go on. It's almost like being in college again. Cramming for an exam the next day. Only this is one test you can't afford to fail. 'Cause if you do....a man gets away with murder.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENTS AND OUT)

SAM: Hello, Keller.

KELLER: I don't have to talk to you. You're a reporter.

SAM: Thought you might be lonesome in this cell. You could use a little visiting.

KELLER: I'm not afraid of being alone.

SAM: That puts you in good company.

KELLER: Why?

SAM: I read somewhere that to be alone is the fate of all great minds.

KELLER: Schopenhauer.

SAM: Say, I think you're right.

KELLER: (WRYLY) Thank you.

SAM: He said a lot of other things too, didn't he? I'll bet you know them all. Like the line...how does it go.... hatred comes from the heart...contempt from the mind.....

KELLER: (INTERESTED) Where did you learn about his work?

SAM: You'd be surprised.

KELLER: Where?

SAM: I found it in a fellow's notebook. All about Nietzsche too. Quite a bit of his philosophy. This guy almost blistered the pages writing down what he thought about them.

KELLER: Someone kept a notebook about Nietzsche and Schopenhauer?

SAM: Sure. (SLIGHT BEAT) Albert Sanders.

KELLER: Sanders.

SAM: Yeah. He wrote down the arguments you two ^{used to} would have. Everything.

KELLER: I don't believe it.

SAM: It makes for a lot of reading, Keller. He knocks the theory of the superman right into a cocked hat.

KELLER: Sanders knew nothing. He was ignorant.

SAM: But he knew about ^{human beings} people. That they all have the same rights, the same privileges.

KELLER: No. They're nothing. Nothing at all. Like they were made by a machine. A crowd, waiting to be told what to do.

SAM: Sanders wrote it all down, Keller. How Hitler followed everything Nietzsche said. That the people needed a super race to lead them. Look at your history, what happened?

KELLER: ~~But it's true. It's all in the books. Just the way it has to happen. And it will. Someday it will be that way. I told Sanders but he only laughed.~~

SAM: ~~Who can blame him?~~

KELLER: (GETTING ANGRIER) Look, I know these things are true. The people are stupid. I saw it myself. Every day.

SAM: How?

KELLER: In the library. I worked there mending torn books. I saw what they read. Trash...filth. While the great books, the philosophers, they stayed on the shelves and no one ever touched them but me.

SAM: You forgot one big thing, Keller. There are all kinds of people. We have our great men too. And that's why we're a big country. We give people a chance to be different.

KELLER: (RISING IN INTENSITY) You're like Sanders. A fool. You stand in the way of the future.

SAM: Is that why you killed him?

KELLER: I know what's right. No one can talk against it.

SAM: But Sanders did....and you killed him...didn't you?

KELLER: Yes, yes. He stood in the way of everything I believed in. Just like you.....

(CELL DOOR OPEN FAST)

HARRY: Hold it, Keller. Right where you are. (EASING UP) That's a good boy. Okay, Sam.

SAM: (TIRED) He's all yours, Harry.

KELLER: (WE SUDDENLY HEAR A SOB FROM HIM)

HARRY: Don't look like much, now, does he?

SAM: A kid, isn't he? (ALMOST DEFENSIVELY FOR KELLER'S SAKE)

HARRY: Let's get out of here.

KELLER: (THRU THE SOBS) Wait...(A SLIGHT BEAT)....(PLAINTIVELY)... what else could I have done. The things I believed. He said they were wrong. I had to kill him. You understand. I had to.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Sam Hood of the Pittsburgh Press, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #283

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0006388

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Sam Hood of the Pittsburgh Press.

HCOOD: Murderer in tonight's BIG STORY proved to have had previous history of mental illness. After proper hearing court sentenced him to life imprisonment in hospital for criminal insane. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hood....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 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 Utica, N.Y. Observer Dispatch, by-line, Arthur C. Pfanz. A big story about a lost ^{boy} man, a desperate woman and a reporter who wouldn't give up.

(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 Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the front pages of the Pittsburgh Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Peter Hobbs played the part of Sam Hood. 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. Hood.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #284

CAST

NARRATOR

MRS LUTHE

MAN

ART PFLANZ

WOMAN

WOMAN II

WOMAN I

EDITOR

OPERATOR

JEAN

JERRY

BOB SLOANE

AGNES YOUNG

BILL CANFIELD

VINTON HAYWORTH

VERA ALLEN

VERA ALLEN

HELEN BENNETT

CHARLES CARSHON

PEGGY LOBBIN

PEGGY LOBBIN

BILL LIPTON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1952

ATX01 0006391

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest quality money, can
buy present ... THE BIG STORY!

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

~~(FOOTSTEPS DOWN CORRIDOR. DOOR OPENS)~~

LUTHE: (OFF A BEAT, ANXIOUS) ~~Is it settled? Did you -- ?~~

WOMAN: (CRISP) Everything's being taken care of. I have the
~~papers all drawn up.~~

LUTHE: (ON MIKE NOW) Where do I sign ~~them?~~

WOMAN: Right here. Where the mark is.

LUTHE: (AGITATED) All right. Give me the pen.

WOMAN: Wait. Don't you want to think a minute?

LUTHE: (DESPERATELY) No. I don't want to think. Please. ~~Just --~~
~~let me sign.~~

WOMAN: But are you really decided? Are you sure you want to do
this?

LUTHE: (QUIETLY) I'm really decided. I have to be. There's no
other way. But as for wanting to do it -- of course I
don't want to. What mother would ever want to give her
child away -- for good?

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in Utica, New York. 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
Utica, New York Observer-Dispatch, the story of a lost ^{boy} ~~man~~,
a desperate woman and a reporter who wouldn't give up.
Tonight to Arthur E. Pflanz 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.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER ...)

CHAPPELL: Utica, New York. The story as it actually happened --
Arthur Pflanz's story as he lived it.

NARR: Whenever anyone mentions a news story to you, Art Pflanz of
the Observer-Dispatch ... you know it doesn't have to mean
something that's hot off the presses. It doesn't have to
be a big murder case that broke yesterday, or a political
scandal brewing today. It can be a story made up of half-
forgotten memories ... half forgotten people ... half
forgotten names. That's what your big story was, Art
Pflanz -- a story that began twenty-four years before you
ever heard about it.

(MUSIC: HOLD)

LUTHE: Mr. Pflanz ... could I speak with you a moment ... ?

(MUSIC: UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: And that's how -- almost a quarter of a century later -- it
began for you. Just a plain ordinary looking woman, asking
a plain ordinary question ... that led to the biggest story
you ever covered.

(MUSIC: OUT)

ART: Why, sure. Come in. What's on your mind?

LUTHE: (NERVOUS. ILL AT EASE) I wanted to talk to you about -- a
friend. This friend of mine. She's looking for her
nephew.

ART: Is her nephew missing?

LUTHE: Yes. That's it.

ART: Well, how long since she's seen him?

LUTHE: Twenty four years.

ART: Twenty four years?

LUTHE: ~~Since he was a baby. Oh, I know I'm telling this all wrong.~~
But you see ... she lost touch with him when he was a baby.
He was adopted by some people named Dodge. The Kenneth
Dodges. They adopted him and moved away from Utica after a
while and that's all she knows but she'd like to find him
and -- well -- that's all.

ART: I see. Well, look, Mrs ... ?

LUTHE: Luthe. Edna Luthe. That's my name -- not my friend's ...

ART: Look, Mrs. Luthe ... just what does your friend want me
to do?

LUTHE: (SIMPLY) Why -- find her nephew, of course.

ART: (BEAT) Find him?

LUTHE: Can't you do that sort of thing?

ART: ~~Mrs. Luthe, I --~~ (STARTS AGAIN) Lady, look. The boy's
been missing almost a quarter of a century. She doesn't
even know ^{what his name might be now} ~~his name~~ ... he's moved away from town -- there
probably aren't any decent adoption or school records from
that far back ... it's a gigantic job.

LUTHE: (QUIETLY) I see. Well, thank you anyway. I -- (SHE CUTS
DIZZILY)

ART: What's the matter?

LUTHE: Nothing. I --

ART: It's not nothing. Are you ill?

LUTHE: No. If I just sit down. I -- It's all right really.

ART: ~~No, it's not all right. You need a doctor.~~

LUTHE: (OBVIOUSLY IN PAIN) ~~No, please. I'm -- perfectly all~~
~~right.~~

ART: At least let me get you some water.

LUTHE: No, really. I -- I better be going.

ART: You stay right where you are until you stop looking as though you'd been dipped in gray paint.

LUTHE: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) It's -- foolish of me.

ART: (KEENLY) Very.

LUTHE: What?

ART: It's very foolish of you to be running around to newspaper offices when you're obviously not well. Why do you do it?

LUTHE: Why -- I wanted to find out. That is -- my friend ...

ART: What friend?

LUTHE: Why the one who's nephew ... (SHE DRIBBLES OUT)

ART: ~~Go on.~~

LUTHE: ~~You've guessed, haven't you?~~

ART: ~~I think so.~~ There's no friend ... is there?

LUTHE: I guess not.

ART: It's your nephew you're looking for?

LUTHE: No. Not my nephew. I'm looking for my son.

ART: (A BEAT, THEN) Your son?

LUTHE: Oh, I know it sounds crazy. You don't know how a mother could lose her son. (TERRIBLY UPSET) I don't even know his name now. He's my son and I don't even know his name!

ART: When did you see him last?

LUTHE: He was just six months old. My husband left me. He liked to spend money -- and we didn't have it to spend. ~~I thought maybe after the baby was born, things would be different, but they weren't.~~ And then he left me.

ART: Could you support yourself?

LUTHE: No. That was it. I couldn't work and take care of the baby too. ~~I couldn't give him the things he needed.~~ So I decided to -- to give him to people who could -- do for him.

ART: Adoption?

LUTHE: (SUDDENLY, DESPERATELY) ~~Was that so awful? I just wanted to do the right thing.~~ I didn't want to give him up, but I wanted to do the right thing!

ART: Of course.

LUTHE: Only now, it's different, you see. I have a little money now. Not much -- but a little. And I'm sick ... like you said. I have to have an operation soon ... and I'm afraid.

ART: I see.

LUTHE: (HALTINGLY) When you're afraid -- you start thinking. About how maybe it's -- getting near the end. ~~Night, I think about it. How it might be near the end and --~~ (CUTS. THEN) I have a little money. I want him to have it ... if I can find him.

ART: (GENTLY) Do you really want to find him?

LUTHE: Of course.

ART: You don't know anything about the boy. ~~About the people who adopted him. This happened twenty four years ago.~~ Maybe he's alive -- maybe not. And that's the least of it -- in a way. If he's alive -- well, there are all kinds of people ... criminals ... no-goods ...

LUTHE: But --

ART: I know I sound -- hard. It's just that -- when you start stirring up a mess of stuff that happened twenty four years ago -- there's no telling what -- or who -- you may find. I wouldn't like to see you get hurt.

LUTHE: That doesn't matter. I --

ART: Wait. Be sure. Think about it.

LUTHE: (BEAT. THEN A HARSH LAUGH) That's funny.

ART: What?

LUTHE: ~~One thing~~ I remember. Twenty four years ago. The woman when I signed the adoption papers. That's what she said. "Be sure. Think about it." (TENSE) I've thought about it, Mr. Pflanz. I want to find him. And quick. While there's still time, I want to find him.

ART: (GENTLY) No matter what he may be?

LUTHE: (WITH GREAT SIMPLICITY) No matter what he may be -- he's my son.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And that, Art Pflanz, is your green light. You're excited. This is a ~~big story and you know it. Warmth, human interest, pathos...~~ ~~it's got all the sure-fire elements a reporter looks for~~ ... a great beginning for a great story. But Edna Luthe is more than a story -- and because of her, you want it to end right too. You cross your fingers hard and go to work. ~~Fast.~~ Old records, old papers, old memories ... you dig through them all. And ~~after~~ ~~after you've rooted around for about a week,~~ you realize this is a cold, cold trail. The closest you can get is the address where the Dodges and their adopted boy lived fifteen years ago. In desperation, you hot-foot it over there ... and start asking questions ...

WOMAN I: The Dodges' adopted boy. Sure ... I remember him. *they called*

ART: ~~Do you remember his name?~~ *him Sonny* *but the Dodges*

WOMAN I: ~~Well, now, seems to me they just called him Sonny.~~ *They* moved away some time back, you know. Can't say where.

ART: Is there anything about the boy you do remember?

WOMAN: Why sure. Nice looking little feller. Real slender, with curly yellow hair.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

MAN: You bet. I remember the Dodge boy.

ART: ~~His name?~~

MAN: ~~Well, now, I'm not too sure of that.~~ But he was a fine looking kid. Big and sturdy with a mop of shiny black hair. Played the violin just fine.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

WOMAN II: Why no. I can't remember the Dodge boy playing the violin. ~~Don't seem to me he played any musical instrument.~~

ART: Do you remember anything about him -- his name -- ~~where the family moved to~~ -- what he looked like?

WOMAN II: (FIRMLY) Looked just like his foster mother ~~and that's a fact.~~ Wavy red hair -- just like her.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: And so it goes ... week after week. Bits and pieces of misinformation all leading to the same place ... nowhere. You're scared now, Art Pflanz. You knew this wasn't going to be easy, but now it begins to look as if it won't be possible -- at all. But, like a stubborn puppy dog that keeps on digging ~~because the bone just has to be there~~ ... you keep trying. You even leaf through old telephone directories, trying to find more people who lived in the Dodge's old neighborhood -- people who might remember. And suddenly -- blessedly -- you strike paydirt!

(MUSIC: OUT)

ART: (EXCITED) I was just about ready to give up, Mrs. Luthe. If this hadn't come up, we were sunk.

LUTHE: (FILTER) What did you find?

ART: A man I know ... a retired cop ... I just found out he lived in the same rooming house that the Dodge's did ... and that your son did.

LUTHE: (FILTER) Do you think he'll remember anything?

ART: (HAPPILY) He'll remember everything. First of all, Jim Jeffers was a cop -- trained to remember details ... and secondly ... he has a memory like an elephant! This is our break ... and I'm going over to cash in on it right now!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR BELL. PAUSE. DOOR OPEN)

JEAN: Yes?

ART: Hello. You're Jim Jeffers daughter, aren't you?

JEAN: Oh. Mr. Pflanz ...

ART: That's right. Sorry to barge in on you this late but I'm on to something hot. I'd like to talk to Jim if you don't mind.

JEAN: (BLANK) *Jim? Dad*

ART: ~~Your Dad: Jim Jeffers.~~ *yes*

JEAN: I -- I guess you didn't know, Mr. Pflanz. Dad died -- just a week ago.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Too late. Twenty four years and one week too late. And now, Art Pflanz, you're sunk. Every angle, every questioning has led to a blind alley. Your editor calls you in...~~

(MUSIC: HOLD UNDER)

EDITOR: Sorry, Art. This is one story that's not going to pan out. We can't give any more time to it. I want to assign you to something else.

ART: Okay. [^] Sure.

EDITOR: Okay, sure. So where are you going?

ART: Just -- over to see the mother ... Mrs. Luthe. Just to tell her it's -- no go.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT FOR)

LUTHE: You've come to give me good news, isn't that it, Mr. Pflanz? You've come to tell me the policeman remembered about my son.

ART: Well, not exactly, Mrs. Luthe ...

LUTHE: ~~It doesn't matter. Ever since I talked to you before...~~
I've just had a feeling...it's going to come out all right. And so long as I hang on to that feeling ... I'm not afraid ~~so much.~~

ART: (MISERABLY) ~~Mrs. Luthe~~ ...

LUTHE: Oh, ~~I know~~. *I suppose* I mustn't expect things to happen too fast. It's just that -- I don't have too much time. The doctor wants to make the operation in two weeks. Do you think you might know in two weeks?

ART: (PLUNGING IN) Mrs. Luthe ... I've just been talking to my editor, and -- well -- we've checked every source ...

LUTHE: (CUTS IN) I keep thinking of that too. Nights when I lie awake, I keep thinking about how you're checking and working ... And then I know it's all going to come out right.

ART: Do you?

LUTHE: (SIMPLY) Of course. (THEN) But, you came to tell me something. Something about you and your editor?

ART: Look, Mrs. Luthe ... (HE STOPS)

LUTHE: (SUDDEN FEAR) You do think you'll be able to find him,
don't you?

ART: I --

LUTHE: You didn't come to say you were giving up looking? (THEN,
VERY QUIET) Or -- did you?

ART: (LONG PAUSE...THEN, WITH SAVAGE DECISION) No! I didn't.
I just came to say -- I'm trying. And I'll keep on trying.
-- until we find him. (GENTLY THEN) And ^{believe me} that's a promise.

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mild-
ness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
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.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: 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 Art Pflanz as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: A promise. That's what you, Art Pflanz, have made. Only you don't see how you can keep it. ~~You don't see how you can backtrack through a maze of musty papers and dusty memories and locate a boy~~ *to find a boy* missing twenty-four years .. a boy without a name .. without a face. And yet, you have to .. and have to fast -- ~~if you expect to do it before time runs out for his mother..~~

(MUSIC: -- HOLD)

MRS L: Just two weeks, Mr. Pflanz. The doctor wants to operate in two weeks. If you could just find him by then...

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER AGAIN)

NARR: But how can you? Patiently you check and re-check the same meagre papers. Adoption records, changes of address forms, school transfers. In desperation, you even try old court records.. why you don't know .. but you have to try something..

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

ART: (EXCITED) And I think maybe I've got something!

EDITOR: Look, Art, I told you. I've got to assign you to something else.

ART: All right. I'm doing this on my own time. But I still think I've got something.

EDITOR: What?

ART: Kenneth Dodge .. that's the foster father's name, right? -- Kenneth Dodge was sued twenty years ago by his wife for what she claimed was the kidnapping of their foster son.

EDITOR: Where'd you dig that up?

ART: Old court records. She charged that the husband took the boy away from her and hid him at his brother's. The record even lists the brother's address. If he hasn't moved -- we may be in luck.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He hasn't moved. This much you check. And then you call Edna Luthe... *better*

ART: You're ^d ~~the only one who can~~ follow this through, Mrs. Luthe. If a reporter gets in touch with this brother, he may run like a jackrabbit.

MRS L: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I'm so afraid I may say the wrong thing.

ART: Mrs. Luthe ... this man may be the only person in the world who can tell you where your son is -- the only person who may know whether he's alive.

MRS L: That's why I'm afraid.

ART: It's up to you, now

MRS L: (PAUSE. THEN) I'll telephone you as soon as I know -- anything.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The afternoon drags by for you, Art Pflanz. You sit by your phone and wait -- and wonder. A nonsense jingle chases itself through your mind, over and over. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief ..doctor, lawyer, Indian chief..Which one? Which one will this mother's son turn out to be - if he turns out to be a live at all? Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief ...again and again, round and round in your brain..until finally, the shrill sound of the phone bell cuts through....

(PHONE BELL. PICKED UP)

ART: Yes? Art Pflanz speaking...

MRS L: (CHOCKED) Mr Pflanz....

ART: (TENSE) Yes, Mrs. Luthe...

MRS L: (SHE IS LAUGHING NOW...A HALF RELIEVED, HALF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER) His name is Jerry..

ART: You talked to the uncle?

MRS L: (ALMOST BABBLING) They called him Jerry. Isn't it funny? Until right now, I didn't even know my son's name. It's Jerry....

ART: What else did you find out?

MRS L: I can't help laughing, but it's so good to even know his name. (SHE IS ALMOST CRYING NOW) It's Jerry.

ART: (REPEATS) Did you find out anything else, Mrs. Luthe?

MRS L: Yes. (PROUDLY, DELIGHTEDLY) Do you want me to tell you about my son, Mr. Pflanz? His name is Jerry. Jerry Dodge. He's an ensign in the United States Navy. My son Jerry is an ensign...

ART: Where is he stationed? Do you know?

MRS L: (SOBERING NOW) No. I don't.

ART: Did you ask?

MRS:L: I was afraid to. He -- the brother -- he didn't want to tell me much. He kept asking me questions about who I was and -- I was afraid to ask. I thought maybe you -- well, calling the Navy or something....could you?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You could. A fast phone call to Washington and in minutes you have what you need. An address...care of the Postmaster...San Francisco...

MRS L: But what do I write? I don't know what to say, Mr. Pflanz. ~~You don't sit down after twenty four years and tell a stranger he's your son. He--he may not even know he's adopted.~~

ART: It doesn't matter so much what you say now -- just so long as it makes him get in touch with you -- so you can make plans to see him. Write anything you want and I'll send it off for you.

MRS L: And then what?

ART: (GENTLY) Then, I'm afraid -- we just wait.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And you do. Wait, and wait. The agonizing, long, suspenseful wait. The days stretch into weeks without bringing any answer. You, Art Pflanz, stop in from day to day to visit Edna Luthe -- to see if there's any news...but a single look at her thin face -- ~~at her frighteningly translucent pallor~~ and you know there's no news. And you know, too, from what her doctor tells you, and from what your own eyes tell you that if news doesn't come soon, it won't come in time. But then, finally, word comes from Edna Luthe. "Please come to the house." And you come.....fast.

(DOOR CLOSE)

ART: (EXCITED) Did you hear, Mrs Luthe?

MRS L: (WEAK, FLAT) Yes. I got a letter. I suppose you'd like to read it. Over there -- on the table.

(FAST STEPS, PICK UP LETTER)

ART: Let's see. I -- (CUTS) What the -- (BEWILDERED) This is your letter back. The one you wrote to your son.

MRS L: (DULL) They sent it back.

ART: They? Who's they?

MRS L: It says inside. The Better Business Bureau.

ART: The Better Business Bureau? What's this all about?

MRS L: (EXPLAINING WITH DIFFICULTY) I wrote to -- my son. And he sent my letter to the Better Business Bureau. He wants them to investigate. ^{My box} He wants to know -- what kind of a -- a gag it is.

ART: For the love of --

MRS L: All this time..this waiting ...this wondering..and then-- he wants to know what kind of a gag it is!

ART: What did you write him?

MRS L: I just said "Please get in touch with me it may be to your advantage."

ART: I wish you had told him more. So many people do try to rope service men into rackets..

MRS L: I suppose so. I -- (SHE BREAKS AND CRIES)

ART: (GENTLY) Mrs Luthe....

MRS L: (THROUGH TEARS) I'm sorry. I've tried not to cry. All this whole time I've tried not to cry. And I haven't before. Have I?

ART: No. You haven't.

MRS L: But now -- when it's all over ...I can't help it.

ART: But it's not all over. We'll write again...

MRS L: There's no time. I--I'm going to the hospital in three days. I can't put it off any more. The time just -- ran out.

ART: But it can't run out. We're too close to give up now. We -- (CUTS) Mrs. Luthe!

MRS L: What?

ART: Did you see this letter your son wrote to the Better Business Bureau?

MRS L: He said it was a gag....

ART: (EXCITED) He also gives his address. Not his postmaster's number -- but his address. Where he's stationed. On Oahu, in Hawaii.

MRS L: I don't....

ART: You can telephone Oahu, Mrs. Luthe. And you're going to. You're going to talk to your son--in just one minute!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: It takes a little more than a minute. It takes haranguing, and persuasion and a lot of red tape to be cut, but somehow, you Art Pflanz, manage to cut it. And then ...finally...

(MUSIC: -- CUT)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Pearl Harbor. We have Ensign Jerry Dodge on the line. Go ahead please.

ART: Go ahead, Mrs. Luthe. They have your son on the line.

MRS L: I -- I can't.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Do you have your party there, please?
ART: Go ahead, Mrs. Luthé. Just tell him you're a relative..
and you must see him ...
MRS L: I -- I just can't, Please
JERRY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello? Hello? Ensign Dodge on this
end. Hello?
ART: Go on ..
MRS L: (A TREMENDOUS EFFORT) Jerry...?
JERRY: Who is this please?
MRS L: This is ---this is a relative of yours..I--
JERRY: A relative? Who? (THEN) Mom?
MRS L: Mom..?
JERRY: Is this Mrs. Kenneth Dodge?
MRS L: No. My name is ... Luthé... Edna Luthé.
JERRY: Aw, now, wait a minute, Is this the same gag again?
You wrote me, didn't you?
MRS L: Yes, but I--
JERRY: Well, I don't know any Mrs. Luthé and I don't know what
you want so why don't you just...
MRS L: Wait...please!
JERRY: What?
MRS L: I can't tell you what it's about --not on the phone or
in a letter. But you must trust me ..
JERRY: Look, why should I trust you? I don't know you from
Adam and you write and you telephone but you don't
say what you want...
MRS L: I want you to come home.

JERRY: Come home? (A BEAT, THEN HE LAUGHS) Lady -- I'd like that myself, but Uncle Sam has different ideas.

ART: (LOW, FAST) Tell him to apply for emergency leave. I'll straighten it out with the Red Cross...

MRS L: You could get an emergency leave. It's a -- family matter...

JERRY: (BEAT) Look...is this on the level?

MRS L: I swear to you. I -- (THEN, IN A RUSH) Please come home, Jerry. (SOBS) Please ... come home.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You take over then, Art Pflanz. You talk with the young and very bewildered ensign, and you make arrangements for leave and a fast flight to the States. And miraculously... two days later..

(MUSIC: -- STING OUT)

ART: Mrs. Luthe..may I present Ensign Jerry Dodge.

JERRY: Hello...

MRS L: (A BARELY AUDIBLE WHISPER) So -- tall.

JERRY: What?

MRS L: (SWALLOWS) I -- I didn't realize you'd be so -- tall.

JERRY: Look, I still don't know what this is all about.

ART: Didn't the Navy tell you?

JERRY: The Navy didn't tell me anything - just that it was a special leave on a family matter.

MRS L: (A DEEP BREATH) Jerry ...Ensign Dodge, I mean.. (SHE STOPS HELPLESSLY) Do you say Ensign..?

JERRY: Mister..when it's an ensign....

MRS L: Oh. (STARTS AGAIN) Mr Dodge, I -- (STOPS, TURNS TO
ART WITH A PLEA) How do you say it? ^{Mr. Pflanz} How do you tell it?

JERRY: Tell what?

ART: (SIMPLY) Tell about twenty four years ago, Jerry. Tell
about a woman who didn't have enough money to support
her child so she gave him out for adoption. Tell about
how she felt then...and how she feels twenty four years
later.

JERRY: (TENSE) What are you trying to say?

MRS L: Did -- did the Dodges ever say anything to you ever about--
being adopted?

(THERE IS A LONG, DEAD SILENCE)

JERRY: (HOARSELY) Who are you?

MRS L: (SOFTLY) Don't you know?

JERRY: You're not fooling me. (TIGHT, HIGH) You wouldn't fool me.

MRS L: I told you I wouldn't, Mr. Dodge.

JERRY: (A MOMENT. THEN SUDDENLY HE LAUGHS..A TEARFUL, HAPPY
LAUGHTER) Mr. Dodge! My own mother, and she calls me
Mr. Dodge...

MRS L: (SHE IS LAUGHING AN CRYING TOO) I'm not used to it.,
Jerry...(LOW) Son....

JERRY: That's better. (HE HAS HIS ARMS AROUND HER.) Much better
(SIMPLY) Hi Mom.

MRS L: Hello son. Welcome home.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's when you leave, Art Pflanz. And as you walk away,
you know that there's a war ahead for the son, and an
operation ahead for the mother, and you know, too, that
it doesn't matter for now.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

For now -- there's only the present. And if a little
of the happiness rubs off them, on to you, Art Pflanz.
well....you earned it -- you and your Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Art
Pflanz of the Utica Observer-Dispatch 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.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs, or
10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Arthur Pflanz of the Utica, New York, Observer-Dispatch.

PFLANZ: Mother in tonight's Big Story has just had operation and is doing well. Son, still in Navy, is soon to become Lieutenant, J.G. After Naval assignment is finished, mother and son plan to join forces in family business. For them and me ... a happy ending to a most satisfying Big Story. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Pflanz ... 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 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 *Bloomington Indiana Daily Herald Telephone* by-line, *Trudy Bennett*. A big story of a reporter who gambled his job, his reputation and his entire career on a long shot named 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 Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front page of the Utica, N. Y. Observer-Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Vinton Hayworth played the part of Arthur Pflanz ^{and the mother was Agnes Young}. 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. Pflanz.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy. THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #285

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

GRADY BENNETT

MASON ADAMS

DRAGO

BILL SMITH

RAUSH

DANNY OCKO

SIKORA

DANNY OCKO

MRS. RAUSH

PEGGY ALLENBY

TRUESDALE

TED CSBORN

CLARA

JANET LELAND

BURNSIE

EDGAR STEHLI

LLOYD

ROLAND WINTERS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1952

ATX01 0006417

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#285

9:30-10:00 PM EST

OCTOBER 29, 1952

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES .. the finest quality
money can buy .. present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

RAUSH: Hello. (LOW AND TENSE) Oh, it's you. Listen,
those letters I wrote. Get rid of them. Burn them,
bury them, I don't care how you do it, but get rid
of them! Now don't give me an argument ---- (VOICE
RISES) Look, I'm trying to ^{those letters are} tell you it's dangerous ---

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. RAUSH: Gordon.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

RAUSH: Oh hello, Irene.

MRS. RAUSH: What is it dear? Anything wrong?

RAUSH: (LAUGHS) Why no, nothing's wrong. It was just a
call for choir practice at the church tonight.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Bloomington, Indiana.
It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men
and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) From the front pages of the Daily Herald -
Telephone, the story of a reporter who gambled his
job, his reputation and his entire career on a long
shot named "justice" --

(MORE)

ATX01 0006418

-2-

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Tonight, to Grady Bennett of the Bloomington Daily
Herald-Telephone, for his Big Story, goes the PELL
MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: - - - - FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006419

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally
fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5, puffs,
or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and
makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL
MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _____ THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Bloomington, Indiana. The story as it actually happened ... Grady Bennett's story as he lived it.

NARR: You're a reporter, not a philosopher, Grady Bennett. But you know that at least once in the life of every human being there comes an hour of decision. An hour when the blue chips are down and when a man either takes the big chance or turns his face away from it. In a sense, this is the story of your big chance and your hour of decision, Grady Bennett, ~~of the Bloomington Daily Herald-Telephone~~. It begins on this raw March morning, you have just come into your office anticipating nothing but routine, when Lloyd Keyes, your managing editor, practically breaks your door down ...

(DOOR SLAM SHUT OFF)

LLOYD: (FADE) Grady, it's going to be quite a day!

GRADY: What are you talking about, Lloyd?

LLOYD: You know where that abandoned limestone quarry is? The one they call Hunter's stonemill?

GRADY: What about it?

LLOYD: They found a couple of bodies in a stone pit. One a woman, the other a man. Both murdered. And both married ... to somebody else! The man was a Choir Master and taught Sunday school. The woman was a choir singer in the same church. Bloomington's a quiet, respectable community. When this story breaks --

GRADY: You don't have to tell me any more, Lloyd. (FADE)
I'll see you later.

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: On your way out, you reflect what the clacking
tongues will say, the whispered 'I told you so's,'
Not the kind of story you, Grady Bennett like to
write, but news is news, and you have to write it.
And now, as you stand over this shallow, water-filled
stone pit, with Chief Harry Drago .. he says ...

DRAGO: The man is Gordon Raush. The woman Ethel Truesdale.
(SIGHS) I've seen some pretty rough things in my day,
Grady, but this --?

GRADY: The killer strangled the woman, Chief. But look what
he did to the man. Head bashed in, face cut. As
though he had a grudge against him. (A PAUSE) Who
found them?

DRAGO: A couple of kids. Nearest thing we can figure, the
killer dragged them both to the pit here, dumped them
in, and tried to cover them with old boards.

GRADY: Only the boards drifted apart in the water.

DRAGO: Right.

GRADY: You're sure this was a rendezvous?

DRAGO: No doubt about it. They came here together. Raush's
car is up there, on the road.

GRADY: Any clues, Chief?

DRAGO: (CAREFULLY) Let's just say "no comment."

GRADY: You mean you've found something, but you're not telling anybody.

DRAGO: Put it that way.

GRADY: Okay. I know it's not going to do any good to press you for it.

DRAGO: That's right, Grady. It won't.

GRADY: What about the dead woman's husband ~~Eugene~~ Truesdale? You talk to him yet?

DRAGO: (GRIMLY) Not yet. But he's the first on my list! Wanna come along?

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

TRUESDALE: Chief, I know what people are going to say about Ethel. And about Gordon Raush. But I don't believe it. I tell you, I don't believe it!

DRAGO: (QUIETLY) The fact remains, Truesdale, they were found together.

TRUESDALE: (IN A KIND OF AGONY) I know, I know. But it was after choir practice. Maybe they just took a ride and talked about the choir. Maybe there was some other reason, any other reason than the one they're going to talk about.

GRADY: How long were you married, Truesdale?

TRUESDALE: For many years, ^{Mr. Bennett} I loved Ethel, as much as any man could love a woman. We built this house together. And now .. now this happens -- I just can't believe it.

DRAGO: You sound sincere enough, Truesdale. But --

TRUESDALE: (A BEAT) But what?

DRAGO: We have to consider a motive here. And we have to face the fact that you had as strong a motive as any man could ever have. Jealousy. Revenge ..

TRUESDALE: Chief, I'm trying to tell you ---

DRAGO: (INTERRUPTS) You're trying to tell me you didn't know a thing about this. But suppose you did know. You could have followed them to that quarry. You could have surprised and killed them where they stood.

TRUESDALE: (A BEAT) Just a moment. Let me get this straight. What are you implying, Chief? Is this some kind of formal charge?

DRAGO: At the moment .. no. We're not holding you for anything. We have to assume you're telling the truth. But we have certain evidence in the process of development right now. And if you're lying, Truesdale, we'll find out about it ... sooner or later!

(MUSIC: _____ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Again, Harry Drago makes that oblique reference to the clue he has .. the clue he's keeping close to his chest. But you're a newspaperman, Grady Bennett, and while you respect the police point of view, there's no law against conducting your own investigation. And so you drop in on Irene Raush, the wife of the murdered man...

MRS. RAUSH: Mr. Bennett, you come here and you ask me about Gordon. I'm his wife, what can I say? After what's happened, what could any woman say?

GRADY: (GENTLY) Mrs. Raush, I know how you must feel. Not only about the loss of your husband. But about the talk --

MRS. RAUSH: (WITH A GENTLE AND DULL BITTERNESS) Oh, yes. The talk. The scandal. The things they'll be whispering ...

GRADY: Believe me, I'm sorry.

MRS. RAUSH: Everybody's going to be sorry for me. Do you think I can ever walk down the street again and hold my head up? Oh, I know they'll all be very kind. They'll pity me. But pity with malice.

GRADY: Mrs. Raush, did you have any idea that your husband and Mrs. Truesdale might have been seeing each other?

MRS. RAUSH: No. The idea never entered my head for a moment. But if ~~what they say~~ ^{it} is true, then perhaps in a sense its my own fault.

GRADY: How?

MRS. RAUSH: Well a man and woman get married and in time they begin to take each other for granted. ~~Their lives run~~ together simply, but a man needs attention. Perhaps I didn't try hard enough to keep Gordon interested. Perhaps I let the years dull our romance. ~~But I'll say this---~~

GRADY: ~~Yes?~~

MRS. RAUSH: ~~Gordon was a good man. A steady man. He loved his church work, his community and now that he's dead I can't condemn him.~~

GRADY: Mrs. Raush, did anything happen before the tragedy?
I mean anything that seemed unusual, that might have
aroused your suspicions?

MRS. RAUSH: (A BEAT) No, nothing that I can think of (A BEAT)
Except --

GRADY: Except what Mrs. Raush?

MRS. RAUSH: Well, there was this phone call in the morning.
I don't know whether it could mean anything but
my husband got a 'phone call in the other room.

GRADY: What kind of 'phone call? From whom?

MRS. RAUSH: I'm not sure. But when I came in, Gordon seemed
pale, terribly upset. I'd heard him say something
about letters.

GRADY: Letters?

MRS. RAUSH: Yes, ~~I don't know what kind of letters, whether
he was talking about some business correspondence
or not. But I didn't press the point, he seemed so
upset.~~

GRADY: Did he tell you who called him?

MRS. RAUSH: No. All he said was that it was something about
choir practice.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Choir practice. ^{So it possible} And letters. Obviously they
^{So it possible} don't go together. Obviously, Gordon Raush lied
to his wife. Was hiding something. Choir practice
and letters. It isn't too hard to form a deduction. It's
not too heavy a strain on the imagination to imagine
a connecting link. You call Harry Drago and he arms
himself with a search warrant. (MORE)

NARR: Then you go to Eugene Truesdale's house, he's out but
(CONT'D) *Drago's* Search Warrant allow's you ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{back} make a search
and in Ethel Truesdale's bureau you find ...

GRADY: Love letters, Chief. A whole pack of them, and
neatly tied in a pink ribbon.

DRAGO: Let's see them Grady. (A PAUSE) Hmmm. From Raush
to Mrs. Truesdale. (A BEAT) With love.

GRADY: What now? *We'll pick up Truesdale and talk to him again*

DRAGO: (GRIMLY) ~~Now, let's talk to Truesdale again.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

TRUESDALE: Chief, I didn't know a thing about those letters.
I didn't know they even existed.

DRAGO: You're lying Truesdale. We found these in your
wife's bureau.

TRUESDALE: All right, you found them in Ethel's bureau. ~~What~~
that doesn't mean I saw them -
~~makes you think I'd be prying around there? What~~
~~makes you think I saw them?~~

GRADY: (QUIETLY) We found them right in the open Truesdale.
On top of a pile of clothes.

DRAGO: Yeah, no woman would be fool enough to put
away letters like that in a place where anybody
could find them. She probably had them well
hidden originally. What happened was that you found
them and read them and then left them in the drawer.

TRUESDALE: I tell you. I had no idea there were any letters at all.

DRAGO: You had no idea? Here read this one -- out loud:

TRUESDALE: (PROTEST) Chief, listen --
(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

DRAGO: Go ahead.

TRUESDALE: "Ethel, my darling. I love you, I love you. Last Sunday, there in church, I saw you sitting in the choir with the light streaming through the stained glass window and illuminating your face. And I said, 'this is the face of an angel, this is my beloved.' I heard you sing in that beautiful clear soprano and to me there was no other voice, but yours. And I said to myself, 'how could I do it? How could I covet this woman, another man's wife, " (BREAKS DOWN) " but the flesh is stronger than the spirit my darling, and I shall love you forever -- "

GRADY: You knew didn't you Mr. Truesdale?

TRUESDALE: (BROKENLY) Yes. Yes, I knew. What's the use of trying to hide it any longer? ~~I knew there was some something going on but I wasn't sure -- but those letters -- I only found them just before you got here. I swear.~~

DRAGO: Why didn't you tell us the truth? Why did you say you knew nothing about your wife and Gordon Raush?

TRUESDALE: ~~Because I wasn't sure, and even so do you think I wanted people to know I suspected? You think I wanted all Bloomington to find out what was going on? Of course I lied!~~

DRAGO: (QUIETLY) Look Truesdale, this is murder, and I have to find the man who did it.

TRUESDALE: (LOW AND BITTER) And you've ~~got~~ your mind made up, haven't you Chief?

DRAGO: Nothing you've told me Truesdale has changed it. I think that you killed your wife, Ethel. ~~You killed Gordon Raush. Whatever the unwritten law is in the State of Indiana, we have a written law. It's on the statute books. It says that murder is a crime.~~
(A PAUSE) Truesdale, look --

TRUESDALE: ~~Yes~~

DRAGO: My advice to you is this. Admit that you did it. You've got something on your side. Moral justification. ~~The unwritten law, remember?~~ Now, are you willing to sign a confession?

TRUESDALE: (QUIETLY) No.

DRAGO: Why not?

TRUESDALE: Because I didn't kill them. That's the simple, truth. I didn't kill them!

DRAGO: (A BEAT -- THEN QUIET) All right Truesdale. You can go now. We'll talk to you later.

(A FEW STEPS AND THEN DOOR CLOSSES)

GRADY: Chief --

DRAGO: Yes Grady?

GRADY: You seem pretty sure.

DRAGO: I am pretty sure.

GRADY: But all you have is a possible motive. The evidence, if you can call it that, is circumstantial. How can you say this man is guilty? How can you be sure?

DRAGO: Grady, look. I'm a cop. I'll admit I'm not infallible. I could be wrong. But I've got to go by the evidence and there is a piece of evidence. A good solid clue. We're developing it now.

GRADY: And you still won't tell me what that clue is Chief?

DRAGO: No. But in a couple of hours we'll know whether
Eugene Truesdale is an innocent man or a murderer.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, light up a PELL MELL for mildness you can measure. Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler, sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: 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 Grady Bennett, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: There's something about Eugene Truesdale that gets you, Grady Bennett ~~of the Bloomington Daily Herald-Telephone~~. Maybe it's the man's character, his sincerity, and yet, according to his own lights, Chief Harry Drago is right. Truesdale is the Number One Suspect. And there is some kind of clue that you don't know about. The question is, what? That clue is part of your story. If Harry Drago can't tell you what it is, nobody says you can't try to find out for yourself. You discuss it with Lloyd Keyes, your editor.

GRADY: Lloyd, Drago's got something, but he's holding it close to his chest.

LLOYD: He's probably got his reasons Grady.

GRADY: I suppose he has but all I know is that whatever it is, it's in the process of development, and once Drago has got it into shape, he'll ^{really} go after Truesdale.

LLOYD: And you're going after that clue, that it?

GRADY: That's it.

LLOYD: How?

GRADY: There's a trustee working around police headquarters. Fellow by the name of Burnsie. Ever hear of him?

LLOYD: Burnsie? No.

GRADY: Well, Burnsie's a friend of mine. Did him one or two favors some years ago and he never forgot it.

LLOYD: So?

GRADY: Burnsie's the kind of man who keeps his eyes and ears open. One of these naturally inquisitive types. Knows more about whats going on around police headquarters than even the police themselves.

LLOYD: You figure he'd know about this evidence?

GRADY: If he doesn't, it'll be the first time he's ever disappointed me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP)

BURNSIE: You sure come to the right place Grady. You sure did.

GRADY: O.K. Burnsie. Shoot!

BURNSIE: Well while I'm sweepin' up the corridor here, see. All of a sudden in comes Harry Drago and he's got some pitchas, and he's plenty excited, see? And he goes into his office.

GRADY: What kind of pictures?

BURNSIE: I'm comin' to that son, don't be impatient. ~~I'm comin' to that. You know me, Grady. Gets kinda dull around here. A fella like me likes to know~~ what's goin' on.

GRADY: ~~So?~~

BURNSIE: So I stick my ear to the door and I listen, and I hear them talkin' about some boot prints they found around the stone mill.

GRADY: Boot prints?

BURNSIE: Sure as I'm standin' here. Seems like the killer was wearin' these here boots and he left the tracks in the mud and they were fixin' to make a plaster cast of them.

GRADY: What about these prints Burnsie? What did they look like?

BURNSIE: I'm comin' to that. The minute Drago and the others leave the room I slip in. To empty the waste baskets, get me? I snatch a look at these here pitchas, and I see ^a ~~the~~ design on the boots.

GRADY: Yes? What was it like?

BURNSIE: Well, they had these here now, big X's on the soles and on the heels. Probably made that way so they wouldn't slip on ice.

GRADY: Big X's. Thanks Burnsie.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~New back to the office. And you tell Lloyd Keyes what you found.~~

GRADY: Lloyd, they've got a plaster cast of this boot design by this time. They must be grilling Truesdale on it right now.

LLOYD: And you want to break that clue in the Herald-Telephone, is that it?

GRADY: That's it.

LLOYD: Why?

GRADY: Because reporters from the metropolitan dailies all over the country, as well as the wire service boys are covering this case right now.

(MORE)

GRADY: What if they broke it? What if they found out about this clue and printed it? How would I look? How would the Herald-Telephone look?

LLOYD: Let's think this over a minute Grady. Let's weigh the consequences.

GRADY: Don't worry I have.

LLOYD: Suppose Truesdale isn't the killer? Suppose it's somebody else. If you print this clue, you're leaving yourself naked, wide open. The first thing the killer might do is destroy those boots and thus destroy the evidence. And that might gum up the police investigation for good.

GRADY: I realize that Lloyd.

LLOYD: Think it over a little more. The police would blow the roof off. They'd never work with us again. You'd never set foot into headquarters again. Your future here, your career, would be ended.

GRADY: Lloyd, look. Believe me, I've thought about all this. I've thought of the pros and cons, and I know that if this goes sour, I'm through. But I'm convinced Truesdale is innocent and maybe someone will know a man who owns a pair of boots like this. Maybe we'll get the killer that way. If we do, it'll prove Truesdale is innocent once and for all.

LLOYD: Then you're going to go ahead and print it?

GRADY: I'm going to go ahead and print it.

LLOYD: All right Grady. I take off my hat to you. You're a brave man, and I wish you luck. ^{But} ~~However~~ I must tell you this. We'll let you print it but it's your responsibility. This is your baby and if it turns bad, you're stuck with it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You print it. The issue hits the streets. And an hour later you're in your office with Lloyd Keyes, when.....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GRADY: Grady Bennett, Herald-Telephone.

DRAGO: (FILTER) Bennett? Chief Drago. What the devil do you mean by printing that boot design? Where'd you get the information?

GRADY: I can't tell you that Chief.

DRAGO: Well I'll tell you this. You're going to be sorry you ever pulled this little trick!

GRADY: Chief, I'm sure Truesdale isn't the owner of those boots. If he had been, you'd know it by now. The only reason I printed it was that somebody might report the real owner.

DRAGO: Yeah? Well, maybe you scared the real killer away. Maybe he's getting rid of those boots right now. If he does, we can whistle before we ever find him. You'd better sit down and pray that he hasn't read that story, do you understand? Because if he has, Bennett, you're through in Bloomington, and I mean through!

(CLICK ON FILTER)

(PHONE ON HOOK)

LLOYD: I could hear him from here Grady.

GRADY: (DEPRESSED) Yeah. He was pretty redheaded, Lloyd.
And I suppose I can't blame him. To tell the truth,
I'm beginning to feel a little sick inside, right now.

LLOYD: Maybe I should have stopped you, Grady.

GRADY: No, Lloyd. I still think it was worth the chance.
Maybe it sounds a little corny, but I figured that a
kind of justice would come out of this. An innocent
man goes free, a guilty man gets caught. I don't know.
The way I see it, a man has to take a chance on what he
believes in. ~~If he doesn't, he's dead. All I can hope
for now is one thing.~~

LLOYD: ~~I know. The long shot. Maybe somebody saw this killer.
Maybe somebody.....~~

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GRADY: (WEARILY) Grady Bennett, Herald-Telephone.

CLARA: (FILTER) Mr. Bennett, my name is Clara Tilford. I
live over near Gosport, on Route 2.

GRADY: Yes?

CLARA: I've got to talk to you right away!

GRADY: Why?

CLARA: I saw your article in the paper. I recognize those
boots, and I've met the man who owns them!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

CLARA: Now about the man with the boots, Mr. Bennett. I don't know his name, but I saw him. I'm sure he was the man.

GRADY: How are you sure? Where'd you see him, Mrs. Tilford?

CLARA: Well, night before last, I was driving from Bloomington. About a half-mile above Hunter's stone mill, I saw a car wrecked in a ditch.

GRADY: Go on.

CLARA: The owner of the car came out in the middle of the road and waved to me. I stopped. He asked me to stop at the nearest gas station and arrange for a tow car. ~~He was very nice, very pleasant, and of course,~~ I was glad to do him the favor. But when he walked away..... I noticed he was wearing knee length rubber boots. The road was wet and the boots left marks in the mud. They were just the X's you described.

GRADY: You're sure about this?

CLARA: I couldn't be wrong Mr. Bennett. ~~Then when I read your paper, it struck me that after all I'd seen him only a half a mile from that stone mill. And after that, I said to myself, that's the man. That must be the man who did it.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: This may be it -- Maybe your long-shot gamble is going to payoff. You don't have the man's name Grady Bennett, but you do have a lead.

(MORE)

NARRATOR: The man's car was wrecked. Maybe ^{it was} ~~he~~ reported ~~it~~ as an
(CONT'D) accident. You check accident reports at police
headquarters and you come up with it.

GRADY: Name, Alex Sikora. Address, Sixth Street, Bloomington.
^{occupation}
~~vocation~~, laborer, Metropolitan Scrap Iron Company.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

NARRATOR: Now you call Chief Harry Drago. You tell him what
you found and together you go to the junk yard.
You see a man working in the mud of the yard, and
he wears knee-length rubber boots ---

~~(WE HEAR CLANK OF METAL TOSSED IN A TRUCK)~~

DRAGO: Your name Sikora?

SIKORA: That's right. ~~Why?~~

DRAGO: I'm Chief Drago, Bloomington police.

SIKORA: Police?

DRAGO: Yeah. You usually wear these boots to work?

SIKORA: ~~Why~~ yeah.

DRAGO: Lift up your foot, Sikora. We want to see the bottom
of those boots.

SIKORA: What kind of crazy business is this?

DRAGO: (QUIETLY) Lift up your foot I said!
(A BEAT)

GRADY: Take a good look, Chief.

DRAGO: (A BEAT) Yeah.

SIKORA: Hey. What's this all about, anyway?

DRAGO: (QUIETLY) I guess you haven't read today's paper,
Sikora.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Drago checks Sikora's boots against the plaster cast of the footprints. They match perfectly. The police ~~go to work on~~ ^{question} Sikora, and an hour later, they have a confession.

SIKORA: (DULLY) After I finished work I stopped at a tavern and had a few drinks. I drove by the stone mill and I saw this couple get out of the car and go into the place. ^{So} ~~I figured it's nice and quiet out there. This is my chance to hold them up for a few bucks.~~

DRAGO: And you followed them in?

SIKORA: That's right. I followed them in. I didn't have any gun but I took a piece of iron pipe I had in my car. When I told the man to hand over his wallet, the crazy fool wouldn't do it. Instead, he reached for a rock on the ground.

GRADY: And then you hit him with the iron pipe. Is that it Sikora?

SIKORA: That's it. He had the rock, I had the pipe. It was him or me. And then the woman started to scream. She screamed so hard you could hear it a mile away. I had to stop her.

GRADY: And that's it Sikora. ~~All for a few bucks.~~

SIKORA: ~~I must've been crazy. When the man reached for that rock, I guess I lost my head. And when~~ ^{There} I dropped them in the pit, I took one look at them and I went cold sober. ~~Sick and sober.~~ ^{sick} I was so ~~scared~~ I couldn't even drive.

(MORE)

SIKORA: That's how come I got wrecked up in that ditch. And
(CONT'D) you know how much money I got out of the whole thing,
Chief?

DRAGO: How much?

SIKORA: Fifty Bucks. Fifty measly, lousy bucks.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: And that was your story, Grady Bennett. Your story,
an exclusive, a big headline, ~~in the Bloomington Daily~~
~~Herald Telephone~~. But there was a subhead ~~to the~~
~~headline, a subhead~~ you never printed. The day
afterward, you had a visitor, Eugene Truesdale.....

TRUESDALE: Mr. Bennett, ~~what can I say?~~ They told me what you
did. They told me what you risked on my behalf.
It's going to be hard to forget everything that
happened....my wife.....everything. But there's one
thing I'll never forget or ever want to forget.
And that's what you did. And all I can say is.....
thanks. Thanks very much.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

GHAPPELLY In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Grady
Bennett of the Bloomington Ind. Daily Herald Telephone
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

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally
fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But, more important, after 5 puffs,
or 10, or 17 by actual measure PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it
mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch. Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!