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ATX01 0006833

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #286

CAST

NARRATOR

BILL GARRATT

HARRY CRAWFORD

ELSIE CRAWFORD

CHIEF TANNER

DEPUTY SAM

FATHER

DRIVER

MASON

WILLARD

BOB SLOANE

MANDE, KRAMER

ARMY FREEMON

MADELINE SHERWOOD

*Alan*  
~~JOHN~~ MAC ATEER

LUIS VAN ROOTEN

LUIS VAN ROOTEN

ARMY FREEMON

GEORGE MATTHEWS

BILL ZUCKERT

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1952

ATX01 0006834

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#286

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

NOVEMBER 5, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(William K. Garrett: Williamson (W.Va) Daily News)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...CUT TO)

(TICKING OF A CLOCK. ESTABLISH THEN DOWN AS...)

HARRY: (AWAKENING IN A FRIGHT) Elsie...did you hear something.  
Elsie. (DISCOVERS SHE IS NOT IN BED) Elsie! (LATTER  
CALL IS PROJECTED)

ELSIE: (FROM THE NEXT ROOM) I'm <sup>right here</sup> ~~in the living room~~, Harry.  
Finishing the book.

HARRY: I thought I heard something ~~in here~~. It woke me up.

ELSIE: I'll be right in. Just a few more pages.

HARRY: It's one o'clock. When are you coming to bed?

ELSIE: I said I'd be right <sup>there</sup> ~~in~~.

HARRY: (HALF MUMBLING) Funny. It sounded like someone was  
walking around in here. It...(FRIGHT).....who's there.....  
You....(CALLS FOR HELP) Elsie....(LOWER IN TONE,,INTENSE)  
that gun....don't do it.....don't.....

(TWO SHARP SHOTS ...A SLIGHT BEAT...AND THEN A  
TERRIFYING SCREAM FROM ELSIE)

ELSIE: Harry...(SHE BEGINS TO SOB UNCONTROLLABLY)

(MUSIC: BUILDS TO IMPACT AND THEN BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Williamson, West Virginia.  
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 Williamson Daily News...the story of a  
reporter who found a killer...no one believed really  
existed. (MORE)

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CHAPPELL: Tonight, to William K. Garrett, for his Big Story, goes  
(CONT'D) 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: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Williamson, West Virginia. The story as it actually happened...William K. Garrett's story...as he lived it.

(MUSIC: RISES SLIGHTLY THEN UNDER)

NARR: This...is your city, Williamson. A coal town. Where a man spends half his life in the darkness...and half in the sun. But it's a job...a <sup>important</sup> big job...and the people do it well. Things happen here...same as any other place. Sometimes, strange things...hard to figure out. Like the morning you, Bill Garrett, stand in the home of a murdered man and hear Chief of Police Ed Tanner say....

CHIEF: I don't get it, Bill. I don't get it at all.

BILL: Get what?

CHIEF: Sam Johnson has this beat. He was a block away when he heard the shots and then a second later, Mrs. Crawford scream.

BILL: Well.

CHIEF: Sam was over here in no time flat. But he didn't see anyone running out. According to Mrs. Crawford she came into this bedroom and saw a masked man shoot her husband. Now...with a cop covering the house...where did the guy disappear to?

BILL: What time was all this, Chief?

CHIEF: <sup>one</sup> two in the morning.

BILL: Neighbors hear anything?

CHIEF: Just what Sam did. The shots and then her screaming.  
(AS IF SHRUGGING) Nobody saw any stranger.

BILL: Mrs. Crawford say how he got in.

CHIEF: That window. But I checked it. No prints on the sill or outside on the ground. No. I just don't get it.

BILL: About this man?

CHIEF: More than that. About Mrs. Crawford. How can a woman kill her husband...and then tell such stupid lies?

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You've been to the county jail many times. And it's never been exactly a good feeling to see the people caged in. But now the feeling is worse than ever before as you stop outside the cell of Elsie Crawford and look in at a girl...young...pretty...(GROWING SURPRISE) ...and, the last thing you'd expect..a girl strangely calm.

(MUSIC: ~~WIPES OUT WITH SURPRISE~~)

ELSIE: I've seen you before. A reporter, aren't you?

BILL: That's right. Bill Garrett.

ELSIE: Won't do no good to have a talk with me. Chief Tanner must have told you what I said.

BILL: Yes but..

ELSIE: I won't be here long. Not long at all.

BILL: Mrs. Crawford..I...I don't think you understand.

ELSIE: Understand.

BILL: The spot you're in.

ELSIE: They can't do nothing to a person who's innocent.

BILL: But they're drawing up a charge of murder.

ELSIE: (STILL CALM) I told them just the way it all happened. That man in the room.

BILL: Mrs. Crawford..when you saw him there..why didn't you call out...scream.

ELSIE: I did.

BILL: But not until after the shots. Why not before? You admitted seeing him in the room.

ELSIE: Mr. Garrett, you don't know. The way it all happened. I couldn't make myself believe it. In my house. A man with a mask..looking right at me...and that gun. (SLIGHT BEAT) You ever been scared? So scared you can't move?

BILL: (DISTURBED) There was a policeman there only seconds after. How did this man get out?

ELSIE: The window. It leads to the back. Open fields there. A man could run away easy.

BILL: Who'd want to do this to your husband?

ELSIE: I don't know.

BILL: (FEELS SHE IS TELLING THE TRUTH) Mrs. Crawford..it was <sup>one</sup>~~two~~ o'clock in the morning. Yet you were fully dressed. The Chief says...

ELSIE: I know. He doesn't believe a word. But I told him and I tell you. I was in the living room. I was reading a book. It was a good book. I wanted to finish it. I went into the bedroom. The man was there. (A TIRED EDGE NOW)  
~~How many times do I have to say it, Mr. Garrett? He~~  
killed my husband. If no one believes me...there's nothing a person can do.

BILL: Look, Mrs. Crawford....

ELSIE: Maybe you're disappointed. Maybe you expected me to be crying, beating my head against the wall. What for? What good would it do? I'm just going to have to stay here until the police see they're wrong. I saw the ~~murderer. He has to be somewhere. What he did...~~  
someone's going to find him. ~~You see what I mean..~~  
~~don't you, Mr. Garrett?~~



CHIEF: (ADMITS) It's possible. Except for one thing.

BILL: What.

CHIEF: There wasn't any man in that house. Mrs. Crawford's the one we want. Now when we find that forty four caliber gun...

BILL: Okay, where's the motive? Why would she kill him?

CHIEF: (EASILY) It'll come. All in due time.

BILL: Just like that.

CHIEF: It depends on the gun. We show her we've got it and she'll break down. You'll see.

BILL: Look, Chief, before I saw Mrs. Crawford, I agreed with you about her story. That business about a masked man. It sounded like she read it somewhere. But now...

CHIEF: I don't blame you, boy. It's not a nice thing. A girl like that sitting in a cell. Young..pretty. But if you want to stay a cop, you don't look at people. You look at what they've done.

BILL: Dig into her husband's life. See if there was anyone who'd want to do a thing like this.

CHIEF: We're covering that right now. I want to be fair. But like I said, Bill...when we find that gun, you watch...she'll give us a full confession.

BILL: Suppose you don't find it.

CHIEF: (QUIET, MATTER OF FACT) It'll turn up someplace. Stick around and see. A forty four caliber gun. Something like that doesn't hide easy. Excuse me now, will you, Bill?

(PROJECTING) Sam, you double back this way. I'll cover that reed grass near the road.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Maybe the Chief is right. Don't look at a person. Look at what they've done. You want to take that advice... but you can't. You try to think of something that will help Elsie Crawford but like the search for the gun..you come up with nothing. And then, like you've done so many times..you drive the fifteen miles to Delbarton, West Virginia...to the home of your father. And a chance to be alone..to think things out.

FATHER: Everything all right, son?

BILL: Okay, Dad.

FATHER: Glad you could come down. Don't see you much anymore.

BILL: Busy. You know.

FATHER: Sure. Say, that sweater you left here last month. Guess we got it back just in time. Dry cleaning truck delivered it today.

BILL: What sweater?

FATHER: That day you went down in the mines with me. Got it all dirtied up, remember?

BILL: Yeah. Yeah, I do.

FATHER: (CHUCKLES) If that driver'd had his way..he'd have delivered more than just clothes next time he came around.

BILL: What do you mean?

FATHER: Offered me a bargain on something.

BILL: Well, knowing you, the guy closed a deal.

FATHER: Not what he was selling, Bill.

BILL: Serves him right trying to sell coal to a man who works for a coal company.

FATHER: Listen..he wanted to sell me a gun.

BILL: Gun?

FATHER: Yeah. I told him right off. Not for me. I want a gun...  
I go to a store. Get a license.

BILL: What kind was it? The driver say?

FATHER: It's no toy. Forty four caliber.

BILL: (STARTS) Forty four...

FATHER: (GOING ON) Don't think I wasn't tempted, son. Gun like  
that brand new'd cost close to fifty dollars.

BILL: (REACTING SWIFTLY) Where'd this fellow get the gun?

FATHER: Well, the way I understand it..he don't own it. It's  
someone else who wants to get rid of it. Said the guy  
was real anxious. He'd sell it cheap.

BILL: What's his name.

FATHER: Didn't mention it. Why?

BILL: (PRESSING) Did he say where he lived?

FATHER: Look, I wasn't interested. What call would I have asking  
all those questions.

BILL: Did he tell you anything at all about this man...anything?

FATHER: Hey, hold up, will you? Why get so excited?

BILL: Dad. A forty four caliber gun. I've been trying to find  
one.

FATHER: You.

BILL: Yeah. Maybe it's nothing..maybe it's a whole lot. But  
I'd like to see this gun, and the man who's got it.  
~~I'd like to see both of them..bad.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It couldn't happen. Finding the murder gun like it fell  
in your lap. No..not even in a book could it happen.

(MORE)

NARR: But the girl sitting in the county jail charged with  
(CONT'D) murder..yesterday you would have said that couldn't  
happen either.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CAR DRIVING UP..STOPS..DOOR OPENS..CLOSES..BILL  
WALKS ON SIDEWALK)

BILL: Excuse me. That your truck over there.

DRIVER: Yeah. Why?

BILL: Is Mr. Garrett's house on your route?

DRIVER: Garrett. Yeah. Over in Delbarton. Why..what's a matter?

BILL: I'm Mr. Garrett's son. He said something about a friend  
of yours having a revolver to sell.

DRIVER: Not a friend of mine. Just a guy I met in a bar.

BILL: Where can I find him?

DRIVER: You want to buy it?

BILL: Least take a look at it.

DRIVER: I don't know the address but it's somewhere in Sharondale.

BILL: Over the Kentucky line.

DRIVER: The guy's name is Roy Mason. Small town like that you  
oughtn't have too much trouble finding him.

BILL: Okay, feller. Thanks.

DRIVER: Mr. Garrett...

BILL: Yes.

DRIVER: You come from mining country, don't you?

BILL: That's right. Why?

DRIVER: Well, they're a funny bunch in that town. You come in  
asking for someone you don't know..they're liable  
to take a little offense. Better go it a little slow.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

~~NARR: You drive through Williamson on the way to the Kentucky state line..right past the Chief's office. Maybe you ought to stop...tell him what you're doing...but how? How do you explain that you're chasing a wild, crazy idea. No, Bill Garrett. You started this. Now finish it.~~

~~(MUSIC: HITS HARD AND GOES OUT FOR A...)~~

(SHARP KNOCKING. BEAT. REPEAT THE KNOCKING)

MASON: (OFF..MUFFLED) Comon in...

(DOOR OPENS)

BILL: Mr. Mason?

MASON: (FADING ON) That's right.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MASON: Well, what do you want?

BILL: I'm an insurance investigator down at the mine.

MASON: Insurance.

BILL: Yes.

MASON: How'd you get my address? I moved, never told the pit boss.

BILL: I just asked around. Kid on the next block pointed out this house.

MASON: What do you need me for?

BILL: The company's put in for a new policy. We're just making a general check of the men. That's all.

MASON: Oh.

BILL: Nice town here. Played football against your high school.

MASON: (INTERESTED) Yeah. Maybe I saw you. When was it?

BILL: Well, it wasn't exactly yesterday.

BILL: It's just that I won't be by here again and if you...  
(CONT'D)

MASON: (DECISION) Hold it. (A SLIGHT BEAT) I'll show it  
to you.

(STEPS GO ACROSS THE ROOM..A BUREAU DRAWER OPENS,  
CLOSES AND STEPS COME BACK TO US)

MASON: (SLIGHT BEAT) Well?

BILL: Forty four caliber.

MASON: I guess you know your guns.

BILL: Freshly cleaned and oiled.

MASON: Watch out ~~for that safety~~. It's loaded too.

BILL: Yeah. A nice gun.

MASON: How much you give me for it?

BILL: (FIRMLY) Mr. Mason..I've got news for you. I don't work  
for any insurance company.

MASON: Don't work for...hey, what are you trying to pull?

BILL: My name's Garrett. I'm with a newspaper and I've  
been looking for this gun.

MASON: Listen...

BILL: Either this gun or one justlike it killed a man over in  
Williamson. Now you'd better..

MASON: (STRAIN AND ANGER) Give me that gun!

BILL: Let go...

MASON: I said..give it to me. (HAS CONTROL) Okay, Mr. Reporter...  
you came in here lying. You shouldn't a done that.

BILL: Look, Mason.....

MASON: I'm sorry for you. I'm real sorry.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BUILDS A MENACE AND GOES FOR THE 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: UP AND BEHIND)

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

NARR: It's there, right in front of you. The gun you feel could be involved in the murder of Harry Crawford. But now, you face the biggest problem of all. How are you going to get it?

MASON: Come sneaking in here. Trick me into showing you the gun. Then you say I killed a man with it. Oh, no, Mister. You're not getting away with that.

BILL: The police know I'm here, Mason. No sense trying anything.

MASON: (FURIOUS) Look, you don't say I did any murder. I never even fired this gun.

BILL: (SURPRISE) Never fired it.

MASON: No. I bought it myself. Fellow was broke. I did him a favor.

BILL: Then why've you been trying to get rid of it?

MASON: I told you. This fellow needed money. He gave me the gun to sell. Get my cash back.

BILL: Who is he?

MASON: I'm warning you. You're not mixing me up in no killing.

BILL: Afraid you got it a little wrong, Mason. I'm not accusing you of anything. If this isn't your gun.....

MASON: I just told you it wasn't. I bought it yesterday morning.

BILL: (HOPEFUL) Yesterday.

MASON: Used to know this fellow in the mines. He came through... Said he had to leave town.



BILL: What's his name?

MASON: I .. I don't know.

BILL: Look, if this gun checks with the bullets that killed Harry Crawford....

MASON: (ALMOST A PLEA) What do you got to make trouble for? I told you I didn't do anything. Let it go, Mr. Garrett. Forget it.

BILL: You know I can't. Now, comon, Mason....if you want to clear yourself...give me this man's name.

MASON: (HEDGING) How do you know it was him? Why make it rough for the fellow?

BILL: Have it your way. The police can talk to you.

MASON: Wait a minute....

BILL: Yes.

MASON: Can you keep my name out of it? I don't want trouble from no one.

BILL: I'll have to tell the police but as for my story...not a mention. (SLIGHT BEAT) Well.

MASON: (BLURTING OUT ANGRILY) I shouldn't have let you in here. I should have locked the door in your face.

BILL: His name, Mason.

MASON: I don't want to do this. It's not right.

BILL: If he's innocent.....there's no harm done. If he is the killer.....you've no choice but to tell. (SLIGHT BEAT) How about it?

MASON: (A SLIGHT BEAT) Willard.....Tom Willard. Now get out of here. Get out fast!

CHIEF: Mr. Garrett here's the man who broke the whole thing.  
He found the gun that killed your husband.

ELSIE: I thank you, Mr. Garrett. But I know someone would find  
the truth. You remember I told you that?

BILL: Chief.

ELSIE: (ALWAYS CALM...UNEMOTIONAL) Who<sup>st</sup> was it, Chief?

CHIEF: We're looking for a man named....

BILL: (FAST) Chief, you said you'd put it on the wire. Every  
second counts....you know.

CHIEF: Yeah but....

BILL: Mrs. Crawford's had a pretty bad experience. Why don't we  
have someone take her home?

CHIEF: Yeah...yeah sure. Sam.

DEPUTY: (JUST OFF) Your car's out front, Chief.

CHIEF: Fine. Drive Mrs. Crawford home.

DEPUTY: Yes sir.

ELSIE: Thank you very much, Chief.

(STEPS TO DOOR)

ELSIE: Goodbye, Mr. Garrett. I appreciate everything you've done.

(DOOR CLOSES)

CHIEF: Bill, what's the idea. Why'd you make me clam up...not  
tell her Willard's name.

BILL: (DISTURBED) I'm not sure, Chief but anyway, the fewer  
people who know we're looking for Willard, the better.

CHIEF: Comon, you've got an angle.

BILL: It's .....it's Mrs. Crawford. ~~Something I noticed the  
first time I spoke to her.~~

CHIEF: ~~Dike she's sure of herself. That is?~~

BILL: Yeah. Yesterday I expected her to be frightened...even crying. Today I thought she'd be smiling all over the place. But both times...just the same. Calm, unexcited.

CHIEF: Now look, the way you found that gun clears her. It's ~~Willard~~ we want.

BILL: I haven't changed my mind. I know she's innocent. But just the same, I think maybe we ought to watch her house.

CHIEF: What for?

BILL: She's a pretty girl. Very pretty. Whether she knows it or not she might be connected with this killing. There's nothing to lose, Chief. Watch the house!

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: A day goes by...and nothing happens. No news of the fugitive, Tom Willard. A second day passes and still no break. The Chief wants to withdraw the surveillance on the house but you talk him into giving it more time. You need the answer to one big question. Does Tom Willard know Mrs. Crawford? And on the third day.... the answer starts to form.

(VERY LIGHT STREET NOISES)

BILL: (ALERT) *Enter Bill*

CHIEF: *Bill*: Yeah, *Bill*. *Chief*

BILL: *Chief*: Western Union boy coming down the block.

CHIEF: *Bill*: I see him.

BILL: *Chief*: Turning into Mrs. Crawford's house.

CHIEF: Comon. We're going down to the telegraph office.

(MUSIC: UP AND SHORT BRIDGE)

CHIEF: Here it is, Bill. An exact copy.

BILL: Read it.

CHIEF: (READING) Am waiting for you to come here. It's signed..  
S. Carter.

BILL: (MUSING) Am waiting for you to come here.

CHIEF: Who's S. Carter?

BILL: Chief, let's see the wire. Hmm....it was sent from  
Wheelright, Kentucky. (DISCOVERY) Hey....

CHIEF: What.

BILL: That's where Tom Willard was heading when he ran away.  
Into Kentucky. This signature of S. Carter must be a  
phoney.

CHIEF: One way to find out, Bill. We'll go ask Mrs. Crawford.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE) --

ELSIE: Yes, I got that telegram, Chief.

CHIEF: Who's S. Carter?

ELSIE: I don't know.

BILL: Mrs. Crawford, you receive a wire saying....am waiting for  
you to come here....and you don't know who sent it?

ELSIE: I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Garrett.

CHIEF: Maybe you'd know the name of Tom Willard.

ELSIE: Yes, I know Tom.

CHIEF: Then he sent this telegram.

ELSIE: Why should he?

BILL: That's what we'd like to know.

ELSIE: Tom was a friend of my husband. They played cards once  
a week here. He'd have no reason to send me such a  
telegram .

CHIEF: Bill, you feel like taking a little trip.  
BILL: Where to?  
CHIEF: Wheelright, Kentucky. If the man who sent this wire is really Tom Willard.....I'm sending Sam, one of my deputies to pick him up. Once and for all, we'll settle this case for good.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(ESTABLISH THE GROUND AROUND THE MINE SHAFT, THE WHISTLE OF THE SHAFT CAR BEFORE IT COMES UP....CLANKING OF MACHINERY).

BILL: You got that copy of Willard's picture, Sam?  
SAM: Right here, Mr. Garrett.  
BILL: Timekeeper said a guy named S. Carter was working in number five shaft.  
SAM: That's it, over <sup>that</sup> ~~this~~ way.

(THEY WALK ON GRAVEL WITH BELOW)

BILL: Watch that scoop loader, Sam.  
SAM: Right.  
(A LITTLE MORE WALKING THEN...)

BILL: Here she is.  
SAM: What time's the shift over?  
BILL: Four o'clock.  
SAM: We're right on the nose.  
BILL: ~~Now do you want to work this, Sam?~~  
SAM: ~~I figure on this place being okay. The men have to come by here to check out.~~

BILL: Right.  
(TOOT OF A LITTLE WHISTLE)

SAM: She's coming up.  
(SOUND OF THE LIFT WHEELS TURNING AND CREAKING)

BILL: (BEAT...IMPATIENT) They must be a hundred miles down.  
SAM: Easy. They'll get here.

(A FEW BEATS OF THE WINCH TURNING)

SAM: There it is.

(LIFT COMES TO A HALT. THEN WE HEAR MEN WALKING ON GRAVEL)

BILL: Sam....I see him.

SAM: Wait'll he walks by.

BILL: (A BEAT) Willard! Hey, Willard.....

(QUICK-STEPS ON GRAVEL)

BILL: Just a second, Mister.

WILLARD: Who, me?

SAM: You heard the man.

WILLARD: You called somebody named Willard?

BILL: You turned around when you heard it.

WILLARD: Feller, my name's Carter. Sid Carter.

SAM: Ever see this picture before?

WILLARD: (SLIGHT BEAT) Yeah, I've seen it.

BILL: How about it?

WILLARD: (TIRED) I'm Tom Willard. I was expecting you fellers someday. Guess it might as well be now.

BILL: Chief Tanner wants to ask you some questions about the Crawford killing.

WILLARD: Nothing much to tell, Mister. I didn't do it. Mrs. Crawford. She killed him.

(MUSIC: -- HITS FOR THE SURPRISE AND THEN BEHIND) --

NARR: You're back where you started. It's Elsie Crawford.... or so Tom Willard says. In Chief Tanner's office you watch as question follows question.

CHIEF: Were you in the house when the shots were fired?

WILLARD: No.

CHIEF: Who shot Harry Crawford?

WILLARD: His wife.

CHIEF: Why'd she kill him?

WILLARD: She wanted to be free of him. She wanted too marry me.

CHIEF: How'd you get hold of the gun.

WILLARD: She gave it to me. Said, Tom, get rid of it.

BILL: Chief.....

CHIEF: (ASIDE) Yes, Bill.

BILL: See you a minute.

(SOME STEPS)

BILL: Chief, this guy is lying like a pro.

CHIEF: I can't shake him.

BILL: Let me try something.

CHIEF: What.

BILL: Mrs. Crawford is outside. Let me bring her in. Put both of them, face to face.

CHIEF: Well....

BILL: This whole thing is ready to explode. What we have to do is set it off.

CHIEF: (DECISION) Okay. Get her.

(STEPS GOING HALF OFF TO DOOR. IT OPENS)

BILL: (HALF OFF) Come in, please.

(DOOR CLOSSES....SLOW STEPS COMING ON)

ELSIE: Tom Willard.

TOM: (A TRACE OF NERVOUSNESS) Hello, Elsie.

ELSIE: What have you been telling them?

WILLARD: I...I just told them the truth, Elsie.

ELSIE: (SPACING IT) You liar. You rotten, dirty liar.

WILLARD: No.

ELSIE: (FOR THE FIRST TIME, REAL EMOTION. LOATHING) Saying I was in love with you.

WILLARD: They know how it happened, Elsie. Everything.

ELSIE: I never even knew you were alive. Not once. Cheap no good bum.

WILLARD: (REACTING SLIGHTLY) All those times I came to your house. When I played cards with Harry. I could see you coming into the room every few minutes. Staring at me.

ELSIE: Sure. I stared at you. Wondering why a man like my Harry wasted even a minute talking to you. A no account, drunken sot.

WILLARD: ~~You're not fooling anybody, Elsie.~~

ELSIE: ~~Didn't give him a chance. Yellow down your back a mile wide.~~

WILLARD: (STUNG) Say what you want....it still don't change the fact you wanted me.

ELSIE: (LAUGHS BITTERLY) Sure. <sup>*You're really crazy*</sup> Wanted you ~~like I wanted to die.~~

WILLARD: ~~Why didn't you say something then.~~ Why didn't you tell the police.

ELSIE: ~~Tell them what.~~

WILLARD: ~~You know.~~

ELSIE: ~~All I know is you ought to be killed. Killed like a wild, crazy animal.~~

WILLARD: (GOADED TO THE LIMIT) You could have told them it was me in that room. You saw me. You recognized me.

ELSIE: How could I? You wore a mask. I couldn't see your face.



WILLARD: (DESPERATE) But I...I thought you knew it was me. That's *why* you wouldn't tell them.

BILL: *That is* which is why you sent that telegram, *Get it now, Willard?* This whole *idea was something you imagined* ~~thing was your idea.~~ from beginning to end. You made up a whole fantasy of her being in love with you *and* You killed her husband because of it.

WILLARD: I didn't. I didn't.

BILL: A moment ago you told the Chief you weren't in the house that night. Just now you admitted being there.

ELSIE: (A SOB FROM HER AND BEGINS TO CRY) It was him....him.

WILLARD: No. I swear. She killed him. Don't believe her. She's lying....lying.

BILL: It'll be up to a jury, Willard. They can only believe one of you. If I were a betting man.....I wouldn't take odds of a million to one on you. (SLIGHT BEAT) Go ahead and cry Mrs. Crawford, It's been a long time coming.

(WE HEAR HER CRY SOFTLY)

(MUSIC: BUILDS IN AND GOES FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from William K. Garrett of the Williamson Daily News, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL  
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

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 William K. Garrett of the Williamson Daily News.

GARRETT: After complete exoneration of <sup>wife it tonight's Big Story</sup> ~~Mrs. Crawford~~, Tom Willard <sup>killer</sup> was tried for first degree murder. First trial ended in hung jury, eleven to one for conviction. Second trial resulted in sentence of life imprisonment at West Virginia State Penitentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Garrett...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

Baltimore News Post by-line, Jack Cosgrove. <sup>A Big Story of a reporter who made the evidence of silent witnesses speak louder and faster than any words</sup>

(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. Frockter 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 Williamson W. Va. Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Mandel Kramer played the part of Bill Garrett. 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. Garrett.

(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. (PAUSE)

Friends, the epidemic of forest fires throughout the country points up this sobering fact. Because most areas of the country haven't had a soaking rain for many weeks ... the fire hazard is still tremendous. Remember - our woodlands are more than scenic playgrounds -- they're valuable natural resources -- indispensable to our national defense. So ... be extra careful out of doors -- with fire in any form. Drown or crush out every spark -- for only you can prevent forest fires!

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production,  
original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky.  
Tonight's program was adapted by <sup>Paul Nelson</sup> ~~Alvin Dorset~~ from an  
actual story from the front pages of the Baltimore News  
Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Quinn  
played the part of Jack Cosgrove. In order to protect the  
names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic  
BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatiza-  
tion were changed with the exception of the reporter,  
Mr. Cosgrove.

(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. (PAUSE)

Friends, every minute -- day and night -- a destructive  
fire starts. And in nine out of ten cases, most fires  
start because someone was careless! Don't let that someone  
be you. Be sure your electrical wiring is properly  
installed. Put cigarettes and matches out before you  
discard them. Be on guard constantly against fire.  
Remember, only you can prevent fires!

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#287

9:30-10:00 PM EST

NOVEMBER 12, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(Jack Cosgrove - Baltimore News Post)

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell, famous cigarettes, the finest quality money  
can buy, present ..... THE BIG STORY.

(BRISK STEPS ON PAVEMENT)

SAMMY: (WHISTLE GAILY)

(STEPS ONTO PORCH)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPEN)

SAMMY: (UP) Mrs. Walski?

(DOOR CLOSE)

(FEW STEPS & STOP)

SAMMY: (UP) Hey, Mrs. Walski! It's Sammy from the lumberyard!  
Your husband sent me for his lunch! (PAUSE) You in the  
bedroom?

(FEW STEPS & STOP)

SAMMY: Oh, there you are, Mrs. Wals--- (STOP)(PAUSE) You  
asleep, Mrs. Walski? (PAUSE) Ohhhhhh!

(FAST STEPS)

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE HARD)

(FAST STEPS ON PORCH, TO PAVEMENT)

MRS: (HALF OFF) (ACCENT) Sammy, what's the matter?

SAMMY: (RUNNING) Mrs. Walski's lyin' on her bed and she don't  
wake up!

(FAST STEPS INTO:)

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

ATX01 0006862

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Baltimore, Maryland. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE) From the pages of the Baltimore News-Post, the story of a reporter who made the evidence of silent witnesses <sup>Speak</sup> ~~talk~~ louder and faster than any words. Tonight, to Jack Cosgrove, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500.00 award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #287

OPENING COMMERCIAL  
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

CROUP: 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  
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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 & UNDER)

CHAPPELI: Baltimore, Maryland. The story as it actually happened.  
Jack Cosgrove's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Jack Cosgrove of the Baltimore News-Post, were fairly new to the quiet city with its block upon block of white-stooped houses, ~~and its population of families long rooted in America.~~ But you were learning Baltimore better all the time -- through your assignment to cover police headquarters. <sup>at 9 o'clock</sup> ~~Early~~ on this July morning, it's already one hundred degrees outside - and what are you and Captain Fargo doing?

(OFF: ELECTRIC FANS)

(ON: POOL BALLS)

JACK: Captain, we're crazy!

CAPT: Cooler in this recreation room than in my office, Jack.

(BALLS)

JACK: But pool is violent exercise, Captain.

CAPT: (CHUCKLE) Keeps your mind off the heat. Your shot.

JACK: Great spot you left me in. Behind the eight ball.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN & UNDER)

NARR: You and the Captain continue shooting pool, hoping no call of duty will take you away from those cooling fans. But on the other side of the city, on the outskirts, men working in a lumberyard have no time to think about the heat. Nor does a boy, running - running toward the yard.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT AS:)

(OFF: LUMBERYARD ATMOSPHERE)

CAST: (OFF: LUMBERYARD AD LIBS)

(FADE IN STEPS RUNNING ON DIRT)

SAMMY: (PANT) (UP) Frank! Frank!

FRANK: (COME ON) (NO ACCENT, SUGGEST FOREIGN INFLUENCE) Hey, what's the matter, Sammy?

(STEPS OUT)

SAMMY: Your wife - Phew! - Catch my breath!

FRANK: Maria? She didn't give you my lunch to bring back?

SAMMY: No - I went into the house -

FRANK: (CHUCKLE) I was afraid she would not give it to you. She was kind of mad at me this morning when I left the house.

SAMMY: Sure, Frank, only listen ---

FRANK: ~~Maria fights with me -- no reason -- and gets mad and you~~ know what she said to me once?

SAMMY: Listen - I hollered at her a couple of times --

FRANK: She said "You be nice to me or I kill myself." ~~What do you think of a beautiful girl like --~~

SAMMY: Frank, I'm tryin' to tell you somethin'! I hollered and hollered ans she was sleepin' and she didn't wake up!

FRANK: Sleeping? ~~Maria~~ sleeping so late? (SUDDEN EFFORT) Sammy, ~~she~~ <sup>Maria</sup> told you to come back and tell me this lie!

SAMMY: You're hurtin' me, Frank! (FRBES SELF) Gee, I'm tryin' to tell you somethin' and all of a sudden you get mad, I'm tellin' you she wouldn't wake up and Frank, she looked awful funny.

FRANK: Funny? How do you mean, Funny?

SAMMY: Sick. Real sick. Maybe worse.

FRANK: Worse? You come all the way back here without getting help first? Come on!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(OFF: ELECTRIC FANS)

(POOL BALLS ONCE. PAUSE. AGAIN)

JACK: Nice <sup>backshot</sup> ~~earom~~, captain. Keep going. The longer your run, the more I keep cool.

CAPT: Got to admit hot weather sharpens up my eye.

(OFF: DOOR OPEN)

COLMAN: (OFF) Cap'n?

CAPT: Yeah, Colman?

(FADE IN STEPS AS:)

COLMAN: (COME ON) Call come in from out on <sup>Columbia Ave.</sup> ~~Cambridge Street~~. Neighbor woman thinks another woman is sick or dyin' or something.

CAPT: Well, which, Colman?

COLMAN: Dead, I guess. Woman was all excited and foreign.

JACK: Another one knocked over by the heat, I suppose.

CAPT: We'll finish our game later, Jack - Let's go.

(MUSIC: IN & UNDER)

(~~CAR DOOR SLAM~~)

(~~CAR UP & FADE OUT UNDER~~)

NARR: You hop into the police car with Captain Fargo and detective Colman, on the trail of nothing more exciting than another routine tragedy. For a tradedy like this - someone felled by the heat - rarely makes a big story. As the car turns into the twenty-three-hundred block of <sup>Columbia</sup> ~~Cambridge~~ street, you notice a oluster of people before one of the houses: one or two older men, some middle-aged housewives, three or four children bug-eyed with solemn wonder. The time: barely half past nine.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT AS:)

(CAR IN TO STOP)

JACK: This is it.

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

CAPT: Scuse us, please, folks. Business inside.

CAST: (MURMURS)

CAPT: Come on, fellas.

(CAR DOOR CLOSE)

(MULTIPLE STEPS FADE UNDER)

NARR: The three of you, Captain Fargo in the lead, cross the burning pavement, move onto the small porch of the neat white house, find the front door unlocked --

(DOOR OPEN)

COLMAN: The call said in the bedroom, Captain.

(STEPS CONTINUE)

CAPT: Hold it.

(STEPS OUT)

JACK: (PAUSE) There she is.

NARR: In the bedroom, on a double brass bed, lies a lovely young woman in a house dress. One hand dangles over the edge, a hand too white, too still. And on it, the gold band of a wedding ring.

(COUPLE OF SLOW STEPS)

CAPT: (PAUSE) Dead all right.

COLMAN: From the heat?

(ONE PAIR STEPS FADE OFF)

JACK: (OFF) Look here, captain. Other side of the bed.

CAPT: Yeah?

(FEW STEPS & STOP)

JACK: Small can lying here. Might've fallen from her hand.

CAPT: Can of insecticide, isn't it? (PAUSE) Empty.

JACK: Poison.

CAPT: Suicide then.

JACK: (SNIFF) This stuff's got some odor.

CAPT: Just a second Jack, if she drank this stuff, the odor <sup>would</sup> ~~might~~ be around her mouth. (PAUSE) Yeah, strong too.

COLMAN: Kid like this kill herself, captain?

CAPT: Looks like. And Colman -

COLMAN: Yeah?

CAPT: You rustle outside and round up everybody that knows her. ~~wedding ring; ask about her husband or family.~~ Get hold of who called us; that woman. And what's this girl's name again?

COLMAN: Walski, Captain. Mrs. Maria Walski.

CAPT: Get goin', Colman.

(STEPS FADE AS:)

COLMAN: (GO OFF) Will you call the coroner or will I, Capt --

(BUMP) Oh, - sorry, mister.

FRANK: (OFF) Maria!

(FADE IN STEPS)

FRANK: She is my wife! What happened?

CAPT: I'm afraid she's dead, Walski.

FRANK: Dead? No! Maria, what have you done? Why did you take yourself away from me? <sup>Why did you do it Maria?</sup> ~~Why did you leave me?~~ (BREAKS)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

FRANK: --- and -- and -- yes, captain, It is only five months we are married. This bed - everything I bought for her. I work in the lumberyard. Maria keeps the house. She was eighteen.

CAPT: Walksi, how'd you find out what happened?

FRANK: This morning - five o'clock we get up and seven o'clock  
I go to work - Maria <sup>gets mad</sup> ~~enlike~~ a little bit sometimes, you  
know? Every day always she makes my lunch here because  
she don't like me to eat store food - and makes my  
lunch and brings it to the lumberyard. But this ~~morning~~  
morning I think - maybe she's <sup>real</sup> mad and she won't come.  
I sent Sammy - a boy at the lumberyard - I sent him  
to get the lunch. He came back and told me.

CAPT: Where's this boy now?

FRANK: I don't know. So often she says, "I will kill myself,"  
but I always think it's a joke. (PAUSE) Maria, why did  
you <sup>do it?</sup> leave-me?

CAPT: Er - come on in the parlor, Walski. We'll wait for the  
coroner.

FRANK: Coroner?

CAPT: She has to be pronounced dead officially. And how she  
died.

FRANK: Please - may I wait here- with Maria?

(MUSIC: IN & UNDER)

NARR: You, Jack Cosgrove, are as impressed as the captain is with  
the stormy grief of the husky blond young man. You leave  
him in the bedroom, kneeling beside his dead wife, and you  
move into the parlor. Through the open doorway you can  
see the cluster of solemn friends and neighbors standing -  
and waiting.

(MUSIC: OUT)

COLMAN: (COME ON) I called the coroner, Captain.

CAPT: On his way?

COLMAN: Out somewheres on a case; comin' soon's he can.  
CAPT: Sit down, Jack. <sup>we'll just have to wait</sup> ~~Nothing we can do~~ til he gets here. Never  
much you can do on a suicide.  
JACK: In the bedroom, you fellows notice the hatrack behind  
the door? It had fallen over.  
CAPT: Hatracks do that. Phew - hot!  
JACK: By themselves? You knock it over when you went in?  
CAPT: Me? Nah.  
JACK: You, Colman?  
COLMAN: Never even seen it.  
JACK: That kid Sammy out there?  
COLMAN: Yeah.  
JACK: Maybe he knocked it over.  
COLMAN: What if he did?  
JACK: I don't know. Let's ask him.  
CAPT: What for, Jack?  
JACK: Why not ask him?  
CAPT: That's a point. Get him in, Colman.

(FADE STEPS)

COLMAN: (OFF) Sammy! Hey, kid, come in here a minute!  
SAMMY: (PAUSE) (OFF) Yeah?  
COLMAN: (OFF) Man wants to ask you somethin'.  
SAMMY: (OFF) Yeah?  
JACK: Sammy, when you came ~~to~~ to the house to see Mrs. Walski,  
did you stay outside?

(FADE IN STEPS AS:)

SAMMY: (COME ON) Nah. I hollered and I come in. ~~Didn't see her~~  
~~here in the parlor and I started back for the kitchen~~  
~~and there she was on the bed.~~

JACK: ~~What'd you do?~~

SAMMY: Hollered again to wake her up. Golly!

JACK: Just hollered? Didn't you shake her or something?

SAMMY: I never! I got gooseflesh! I stood outside the door and ~~hollered in and then I run.~~

JACK: The hatrack in there - did you knock it over?

SAMMY: I didn't touch nothin', mister!

JACK: (PAUSE) Okay, Sammy. Thanks.

COLMAN: (OFF) You wait outside, sonny.

(FADE STEPS AS:)

SAMMY: (GO OFF) Yes, sir. Okay, sir. I will all right.

CAPT: (PAUSE) What about the hatrack, Jack?

JACK: Just wondering. Neat house. Housewife like this puts things in their proper places without even thinking. The hatrack was knocked over and she wasn't anywhere near it.

CAPT: You reporters tryin' to build up stories. This is a suicide - period.

POP: (OFF) (ACCENT) Please - I come in, please?

CAPT: Yeah?

(SLOW STEPS FADE IN AS:)

POP: (COME ON) Please, policeman - my girl Maria - they tell me she is ---

CAPT: You the father of Maria Walski?

POP: I am Jan Petchak and Maria is my child and now - five, ten minutes - somebody come, say my Maria is dead. It is joke, no? A joke, please?



CAPT: Come with me, Mr. Petchak.

(STEPS)

{DOOR OPEN}

FRANK: (OFF: LOW MURMUR OF PRAYER IN BG)

CAPT: (PAUSE) ~~I'm sorry it's true, Mr. Petchak.~~

POP: (PAUSE) Maria! She is there like her mother was when -  
(STOP)

FRANK: (PRAYING OUT)

(THREE SLOW STEPS)

POP: (PAUSE) My child dead?

JACK: Suicide, Mr. Petchak.

POP: Please?

CAPT: She did it herself.

POP: Kill herself? Maria my child kill herself?

FRANK: (PAUSE) She told me she would.

POP: My child - eighteen years - do this to herself?

(PAUSE) No, it is a lie! A dirty lie! You - Frank  
Walski - her husband - you tell to her many times you  
would kill her - you! And now you have done it, you  
killed my child!

(MUSIC:      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,  
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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 & UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Jack Cosgrove of the Baltimore News-Post: you'd long remember the bitter rage of the old man as he accused his son-in-law of murder. You'd long remember the <sup>angry</sup> ~~shocked~~, ~~stiff-lipped~~ denials of the bereaved ~~young~~ husband, the wild lunge of the old man to get at the younger across the corpse of the dead girl - and the equally sudden collapse of Jan Petchak into exhausted grief. ~~He lets himself be led away to a neighbor's house as dutifully as a child.~~ But now in your mind <sup>hall</sup> ~~two things~~ come together: the overturned hatrack in that overneat house, and the unhesitating accusation, And ~~one more thing:~~ that can of insecticide. Leaving Captain Fargo, and detective Colman in the house awaiting the coroner, you <sup>go</sup> ~~went~~ to a nearby drugstore. The time <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ ten minutes to ten.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ OUT AS:)

CLERK: (DIXIE) Better tell you right to the start, mister. If you want drinks fresh off the ice, we're all out.

JACK: I just wanted a can of insecticide.

CLERK: Skeeters sure can drive a man crazy on a hot day, 'cept you mightn't believe, my wife's never been bit by a skeeter in twenty-eight years of married life and it just seems that--

JACK: The - particular brand I want; here's the trade name written out.

(PIECE OF PAPER)

CLERK: (PAUSE) Sure, we got that. Quarter a can, mister, but  
I'll tell you: if my wife ever told the world her  
secret of why skeeters don't bite her, these fellas'd have  
to go right outa business.

JACK: A quarter? Here you are. Thanks ✓

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

EDITOR: (FILTER) Hello. City desk.

JACK: Charley? Jack Cosgrove.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Got something, Jack?

JACK: A suicide that might be murder. I need your permission to--

EDITOR: (FILTER) Murder? Got the story?

JACK: Take it easy, Charley. A can of insecticide figures in  
the thing and I want to have it chemically analyzed.

EDITOR: (FILTER) Police onto this angle?

JACK: *The cop is waiting*  
~~Fargo's having to wait~~ for the coroner. The case just  
broke barely forty-five minutes ago. Let me spend some  
of the paper's money?

EDITOR: (FILTER) Go to Halsman and Finney.

JACK: Halsman and Finney. Thanks.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN AND UNDER)

NARR: Was the insecticide strong poison or not? The answer  
would come from Halsman and Finney, ~~industrial~~ chemists.  
And while you, Jack Cosgrove, were doing a good reporter's  
job on a simple human tragedy, the police were doing their  
job at the scene.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND FADE)

CAPT: Now Sammy, how did Frank Walski treat his wife?  
SAMMY: Oh - well - you know.  
CAPT: I'm asking you, Sammy.  
SAMMY: All right, I guess.  
CAPT: Did you ever hear her say she'd kill herself?  
SAMMY: No. Gee, no!  
CAPT: Did you ever hear him threaten her?  
SAMMY: You mean beat her up or somethin'? Lotsa guys slug their wife around once in a while.  
CAPT: Never mind other guys, Sammy. We're talking about Frank Walski.  
SAMMY: (PAUSE) I - don't remember ever seein' Frank slug his wife around, captain.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

CAPT: Mrs. Gruber, I understand you're an aunt of Maria Walski.  
MRS: I am her aunt, mister captain. Before she go to church to marry Frank Walski, she live with me. With me and her father.  
CAPT: ~~Jan Petchak~~, Did she ever talk to you about her married life?  
MRS: Sure. She come home one day, two day a week, tell us.  
CAPT: Tell you what, for instance?  
MRS: Oh, how it goes the married life.  
CAPT: Was she happy with Frank Walski?  
MRS: Happy? What's happy? She eat, sleep, have house, got a little money every week.  
CAPT: Did she ever tell you she might kill herself?  
MRS: Maria kill herself? You crazy?

CAPT: Did she?

MRS: No!

CAPT: Did she ever tell you that Walski threatened her?

MRS: I - don't know nothing about that, mister captain.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(OFF: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: (COME ON) Hiya, captain.

CAPT: Oh - where you been, Jack?

JACK: Coroner get here?

COLMAN: Be here any minute now.

JACK: At that it's barely an hour since we got here ourselves.  
You dig up anything?

CAPT: Nobody knows anything.

COLMAN: You ask me, captain: the people around here are scared  
of that Walski.

CAPT: Maybe, <sup>Colman</sup> but we can't jail a man on guesswork.

JACK: So it still stands at suicide?

CAPT: Until we get the medical report, Jack.

JACK: Take a look at this.

(PAPER)

CAPT: (READS) Halsman and Finney, chemical laboratory. Report  
on analysis of commercial insecticide submitted. Contents  
hydro-- Brother, long chemical words.

JACK: Skip to the last paragraph.

CAPT: Er - This poison is fatal to insects and vermin ~~even~~  
in small quantities. Even a large dose, however, could  
not harm a human being; would cause nothing worse than  
an upset stomach.

COLMAN: What?? That can of poison was a coverup?

JACK: Looks like, doesn't it, captain?

CAPT: Come on with me, fellas!

(STEPS)

(DOOR OPEN)

FRANK: (HALF OFF) (PRAYING)

CAPT: Walski,

FRANK: (PAUSE, HALF OFF) Yes - captain?

CAPT: Come on.

FRANK: (COME ON) <sup>I</sup> must leave her now?

CAPT: You sure must. <sup>I</sup> I'm placing you under arrest on suspicion  
of murder. We're going to headquarters

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

CAPT: Sit down there, Walski.

FRANK: I did not kill Maria.

CAPT: Sit down,

(CHAIR)

COLMAN: You killed her some way, Walski, and then forced the  
poison into her mouth, didn't you?

FRANK: No, I did not.

CAPT: Tell us again what happened early this morning.

FRANK: We get up at five because I must be at the lumberyard  
at seven. Maria feels <sup>a little mad</sup> ~~sulky-like~~ sometimes and for no  
~~reason she is mad at me.~~ I leave for work at seven and  
I think like always she'll bring my lunch to me later.  
But if she is <sup>real</sup> mad at me she won't, so I sent Sammy.

CAPT: What time is lunch hour at the lumberyard?

FRANK: Twelve o'clock.

COLMAN: Why'd you send Sammy at nine - three hours early?

FRANK: I was worried she would be mad.

CAPT: Didn't you send Sammy early because you wanted ~~to be~~  
~~sure~~ your wife was found long before you came home  
yourself?

FRANK: I sent him because maybe she was mad, captain.

COLMAN: You threatened lotsa times before to kill her, didn't you?

FRANK: I never kill my wife.

CAPT: Then why would her father say you did?

FRANK: He's an old man. Stupid. He's crazy.

COLMAN: Nobody but you ever heard her say she might kill herself.  
How do you explain that?

FRANK: Maria did not talk much to people.

CAPT: Everybody else says she was a very friendly girl who  
talked a lot to everybody.

FRANK: She was my wife. I knew her better.

CAPT: (PAUSE) We're goin' to be here a long time, Colman.  
Send out for some sandwiches and coffee, will you?

(MUSIC: -- IN & UNDER)

NARR: <sup>and</sup> While the coroner took over at the scene of the death  
and the police were questioning Walski at headquarters,  
you, Jack Cosgrove, continued your good reporter's job -  
this time talking to possible witnesses. Before, Captain  
 Fargo had told you, they'd been sullen, <sup>unresponsive</sup> ~~uncommunicative~~.  
But now--

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SAMMY: Sure I was scared of Frank Walski, Mr. Cosgrove! He  
could break your bones with them big fists!

JACK: Bad temper?



SAMMY: He beat up a guy at the lumberyard, just for stackin' some two-by-fours a little bit wrong. He'd get mad over nothin'! He got everybody scared.

JACK: Did he ever threaten his wife?

SAMMY: Every time I seen 'em together he'd act rough and she was always scared. Once he hit her across the face. Hard. I was scared. <sup>ask</sup> of him.

JACK: Thanks, Sammy.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MRS: --that's what I tell you, mister newspaper! She come back home to see me, to see her father, always scared. Walski always talkin' about kill her.

JACK: Why, Mrs. Gruber? Did she say?

MRS: Some men like to beat women. No like women argue. Get mad. And he hit her many times, many times. Three week ago, mister newspaper. He hit her bad on shoulder; she show me again yesterday.

JACK: The bruise was still there?

MRS: Sure, on right shoulder, here. Big black and blue for three week.

JACK: You've been very helpful, Mrs. Gruber!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

CAPT: But Walski - you can't keep saying she killed herself with that poison. We know it's not strong enough.

FRANK: I keep saying because it's true.

COLMAN: Her father says you said you'd kill her. You think he made that up?

FRANK: He don't like me, that's all. I loved her. Why would I kill her?

CAPT: We're asking you, Walski!

(OFF: KNOCK ON DOOR)

COLMAN: (UP) Yeah?

(OFF: DOOR OPEN)

JACK: (OFF) Can I come in, Captain?

CAPT: Come in, Jack,

(OFF: DOOR CLOSES)

(FADE IN STEPS AS:)

JACK: (COME ON) The coroner's report arrived at the desk just as I did, captain. The sergeant asked me to give it to you.

(ENVELOPE)

CAPT: Good.

(TEAR OPEN)

CAPT: (TO SELF) Findings of medical examiner re deceased Mrs. Frank Maria Walski of twenty-three-hundred--

JACK: (OVER CAPT) Getting anywhere, Colman?

COLMAN: Yeah. Back to where we started.

FRANK: I did not kill Maria. I loved her.

JACK: Sammy and Maria's aunt did some talking, now that Walski wasn't around to scare them. They insist he threatened his wife lots of times. Wild, <sup>insane</sup> inexplicable rages.

CAPT: Hey, listen to this. (READS) Faint almost invisible marks of fingers at base of throat of deceased indicate she died of strangulation. Preliminary analysis of autopsy shows suffocation of lungs consequent on strangulation, causing death. Also strong traces on lips, interior of mouth and throat, and in stomach of insect poison from can found at scene. This poison not harmful to adults even in large quantities.

JACK: Anything there about a bad bruise on her right shoulder?

CAPT: Let's see--

(PAPERS)

COLMAN: ~~We didn't see no bruise, Jack.~~

JACK: ~~She was wearing a house dress; must've been covered up.~~

CAPT: Here, Right front shoulder, large black and blue mark  
size of fist,

JACK: Where he hit her three weeks ago.

CAPT: Well, Walski?

FRANK: It is a lie!

CAPT: The marks of strangling?

COLMAN: The poison that couldn't kill a human?

CAPT: The bruise showing you hit her before?

COLMAN: You were often heard to threaten to kill her, Walski.

CAPT: Nobody but you ever heard her say she'd kill herself.

COLMAN: You sent Sammy three hours early to make sure she'd  
be found long before you got home.

CAPT: That poison's not strong enough to hurt anybody. <sup>and</sup> You  
made a mistake trying to cover up with it.

(~~KNOCK CHAIR OVER~~)

FRANK: Yes, I killed her! I told her don't argue, but she always  
argued with me! She was a fool and I hate fools!  
I got angry and took a towel from the hatrack and put it  
under my hands and choked her. It was quick. I have  
strong hands. I can lift heavy lumber, the heaviest,  
I'm a strong man! I poured the poison into her throat  
and on her clothes. She was a fool, a fool!

COLMAN: (PAUSE) That's it, captain.

JACK: And that explains that hatrack.

CAPT: Hm. Hardly quitting time, Jack. I wish every murder case was this fast.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Jack Cosgrove of the Baltimore News Post, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 Jack Cosgrove of the Baltimore News-Post.

COSGROVE: Killer in tonight's Big Story stood trial in Baltimore for the second-degree murder of his eighteen-year-old wife and, ~~still protesting his innocence~~, was sentenced to fifteen years in Maryland <sup>penitentiary</sup> state prison. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cosgrove...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

Philadelphia Enquirer by-line, Ralph Cropper, *A Big Story of a reporter who suddenly finds himself in a race... against death*

(MUSIC: \_ \_ STING)

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

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #287

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SAMMY	MICKEY O'DAY
JACK COSGROVE	BILL QUINN
CAPT. FARGO	MAURICE WELLS
FRANK (NO ACCENT)	JOE SILVER
DETECTIVE COLMAN	TOM COLLINS
POP (ACCENT)	LOUIS VIN ROOTEN
CLERCK	MICKEY O'DLY
EDITOR (STRAIGHT)	MICHEAL SAGE
MRS. GRUBER (FOREIGN)	LOTTE STAVISKY

NOVEMBER 12, 1952

ATX01 0006887

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #289

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SICANE
MRS. CRAIG	RUTH YORKE
JENNY HANSON	RUTH YORKE
DANNY CRAIG	ED FULLER
BENSON	GEORGE MATTHEWS
CARNEY	FRANK READICK
ROSE DAVIS	JOAN LORRING
BLAC'IE	SANDY STRAUSE
CAPTAIN STILES	JIM GREGORY
RALPH CROPPER	LARRY HAINES

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1952

ATX01 0006888



BC

THE BIG STORY

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

NOVEMBER 19, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(RALPH GROPPER, PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER)

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

(MUSIC: - - - MANFARE CUT TO)

(CAR PULLS UP, MAN GETS OUT, WALKS ON GRAVEL,  
WHISTLES, SUDDENLY STOPS AS ....)

CARNEY: (JUST OFF) Hello, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG: Huh...who's that?

CARNEY: We'll step out in the light, both of us.

CRAIG: (RECOGNITION) Carney.....

CARNEY: Yeah. And I brought Benson along too. Remember him?

CRAIG: You...you guys were in stir.

~~CARNEY:~~ *Benson:* (HUMOR) You know how it is, Mr. Craig. We didn't like  
the rooms. Especially when guys like you live in such  
nice houses. (APPRECIATES IT) This is a real fine  
place.

CRAIG: What do you want, Carney?

CARNEY: For you to take a ride. There's our car.

CRAIG: Beat it.

CARNEY: Don't give us no trouble, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG: Listen, I'll give you two bums one minute to....

(SUDDENLY STOPS).....

CARNEY: Yeah. We got guns too. Now you be a nice feller,  
Mr. Craig. You come along.

(MUSIC: - - - BUILDS TO AN ACCENT THEN UNDER)

ATK01 0006889

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY: The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 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 Philadelphia Inquirer....the story of a reporter who suddenly finds himself in a race... against death. Tonight, to Ralph Crepper of the Philadelphia Inquirer <sup>for his Big Story</sup> goes THE PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL #1:

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(END E.T. . .)

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MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Ralph Cropper's Story...as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ RISES SLIGHTLY AND UNDER)

NARR: The stories you write, Ralph Cropper, you don't exactly recommend for the children's bookshelf. For your job is to cover the people whose stock in trade is violence and sudden death. The thieves...the professional gunmen...the big shots of organized crime. And now, on a cold morning in early October, they begin another story. Here, in the home of a man named Danny Craig, ~~we~~ together with Police Captain Ray Stiles, you listen to a worried woman. A very worried woman.

MRS.CRAIG: There's my husband's car outside. You can see it from here. But where is he. Why didn't he come home.

CAPT: Maybe one of his men drove it here, Mrs. Craig. Then just left it.

MRS.CRAIG: No, Captain. The car's his pet. He doesn't let anyone touch it.

RALPH: Did he say anything about going away?

MRS.CRAIG: He wasn't. I know.

RALPH: In Danny's business, things come up suddenly. Could be he brought the car home then a friend picked him up in another car.

MRS.CRAIG: (AN EDGE OF PANIC) Mr. Cropper, you don't understand. He wouldn't go away without telling me. He just wouldn't.

CAPT: It's early, Mrs. Craig. He'll show up.

MRS.CRAIG: I would have heard. He would have called. He always does.

CAPT: Well, if you like, I'll turn in a report. We'll start checking.

MRS.CRAIG: (A DESPAIR...LOW) People always said a lot of things about Danny. But I never listened. I never believed them. Captain. You don't listen either. He's my husband. Please. (A SLIGHT BEAT) Find him.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP\_AND\_SEGUE\_TO)\_

(CAR DRIVING, ESTABLISH THEN B.G.)

RALPH: What do you think, Captain.

CAPT: Danny Craig's a big boy, Ralph. He doesn't need a leash.

RALPH: Maybe his wife thinks he does. She's been scared for a long time.

CAPT: The stuff he's mixed up in, I don't blame her.

RALPH: A lot of what she says makes sense. His car parked outside. Then him disappearing.

CAPT: Two to one I got back to headquarters and there's a call from her. Never mind, Captain Stiles. Danny just walked in.

RALPH: And if there isn't.

CAPT: I told you. He's a big boy. Handles himself real good.

RALPH: Sure, he's tough. But you can always find someone a little tougher.

CAPT: Yeah. Who?

RALPH: You been reading me lately, Captain? That story about the Tri State gang leaving prison without permission.

CAPT: Where do they fit in?

RALPH: A murderers' row if I ever saw one. Kile, Benson, Walters, Carney.

CAPT: (IMPATIENT) I said...where do they fit in.

RALPH: Well, Philly's their hometown. My guess is some of them have come back here.

CAPT: Let them. It'll be a pleasure to nail them.

RALPH: How would they operate, Captain? Figure it. First, get some money. Then they can move, rent a place to hideout.

CAPT: You tying Danny Craig up to them?

RALPH: He's got a bankroll. Could be they're borrowing some of it.

CAPT: Ralph. You want some advice.

RALPH: Sure.

CAPT: You've been mixing with the rackets a long time. You know almost as much about them as we do. But the Tri State mob. You stay away, Ralph. You be smart.

RALPH: (A TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) Then they are here.

CAPT: I didn't say that.

RALPH: You've got a lead. You must have.

CAPT: Lock, let things happen. You'll hear about them.

RALPH: Yeah, the same time as every other sheet in town. Sorry, Captain, I want it first. *Come on, let me out.*

CAPT: ~~You said it, Ralph. A murderer's now.~~ *Look Ralph* Stay away.

RALPH: Will you let me out.

(CAR DRAWS UP)

CAPT: What are you going to do?

RALPH: Follow an angle. Wherever the Tri State boys are, there's Danny Craig.

CAPT: Every cop in the East is locking for them. I promise you, Ralph. The minute I hear anything....

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

RALPH: Thanks for the ride, Captain.

(HE WALKS AWAY HURRIEDLY ON PAVEMENT..FADING OFF)

CAPT: (WITH ABOVE, CALLING AFTER HIM)Ralph, I'm warning you. Be careful.(SLIGHT BEAT, HALF ALOUD) Stubborn fool.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't argue with your friend, Ray Stiles, 'cause you're on the trail of a story and all your training ... your years of work ... won't let you stop. You've got an idea, Ralph Cropper, an idea as to how you can find the notorious Tri State gang. Last year, one of their members was killed by the police. But still alive, still knowing all the secrets of the gang, is a girl named Rose Davis. You decide to search for her. But unknown to you ... some other men have the same idea.

CARNEY: (ON PHONE) Yeah, boss, sure. I got it all. I'll take care of everything. Right. I'll phone you back in New York soon as it's over.

(RECEIVER BEING HUNG UP)

BENSON: What'd the boss say, Carney. We get out of this crummy farmhouse?

CARNEY: Soon as we take care of a little work, Benson.

BENSON: Craig?

CARNEY: Yeah but the boss has something else on his mind. Rose Davis.

BENSON: (A LITTLE SURPRISED) Rose.

CARNEY: *That's right* Now that we're going to start operating again she's the only one who can ever spill to the cops.

BENSON: But how we going to find her.

CARNEY: We already have. She lives in a rooming house over on ~~Sanson~~ *Spring* Street. 422.

BENSON: Rose'd never say anything.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

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BENSON: Rose'd never say anything.



CARNEY: Tell you what, Benson, Call the boss back. Tell him you don't think he knows what he's doing.

BENSON: Look, I was only saying ....

CARNEY: Don't! Rose gets it and we don't talk about it no more.

BENSON: (NOT SCARED) Sure, Carney. (A VERY SLIGHT BEAT)  
Sure.

CARNEY: First, we finish things with our friend in the next room. Comon.

(THE MEN WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR AND OPEN A DOOR)

CRAIG: (JUST OFF) Carney?

CARNEY: Yeah, Mr. Craig, it's us.

CRAIG: Take this blindfold off, will you. It's driving me nuts.

CARNEY: Go ahead, Benson.

CRAIG: When you guys letting me out of here. I gave you the dough you wanted. (BLINDFOLD IS OFF) That light ... can't get used to it.

CARNEY: Sorry, Mr. Craig. We couldn't take chances. You might come back with your boys ... try to find this place.

CRAIG: Don't worry. I don't want to know you guys again.  
(RELIEF) ~~Good to see again. Good.~~

CARNEY: Got news for you. The boss called from New York. He says you're to go now.

CRAIG: (ELATED) Right away.

CARNEY: Sure. Hope there are no hard feelings, Mr. Craig. We needed that money.

CRAIG: Listen, all I want is to get out of here. Hey, can I use the phone ... call my wife?

CARNEY: Not from here.

CRAIG: Okay, let's get started then. Boy ... it's going to be swell to be back with the family.

BENSON: I'll get the car.

CARNEY: Wait a second, Benson ...

CRAIG: (IMPATIENT) We going, Carney? Comon.

CARNEY: You made a bad bargain, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG: (HALF SCREAMS IN FRIGHT) Carney ....

(A GUN BLASTS TWICE. CRAIG MOANS AND HIS BODY FALLS SLOWLY TO THE FLOOR)  
*He really thought he was going*  
BENSON: ~~You said you were letting him go.~~

CARNEY: The guy can't take a joke. Poor Mr. Craig. Now he's never going to spend all his money. (SHARPLY) Give me a hand, Benson. We get him out of here then we go after Rose.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE TO)

(CELL DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

RALPH: Hello, Blackie.

BLACKIE: You bring me something, Mr. Cropper.

RALPH: Not a pardon, if that's what you mean.

BLACKIE: Listen, you know the warden. Tell him to transfer me to the next cell block. I'm tired of this one.

RALPH: Sorry, Blackie. I don't carry that much influence.

BLACKIE: Well, least you can do is give me some news. How's the boys in town?

RALPH: One of them sent me out to see you.

BLACKIE: Yeah. Who?

RALPH: Big Dutch.

BLACKIE: What's a matter? You been making the rounds?

RALPH: All day, Blackie. I've seen a lot of people. You're the first good lead I've got.

BLACKIE: Mr. Cropper, be a good feller. Let me alone.

RALPH: I'm looking for someone, Blackie. Have to find her fast.

BLACKIE: Who.

RALPH: Rose Davis.

BLACKIE: (~~LOW WHISTLE~~) Listen, what are you tryin' to do.

RALPH: Big Dutch says you know where she is.

BLACKIE: Trouble, Mr. Cropper. You mix with her, you mix with big trouble.

RALPH: All you have to do is tell me.

BLACKIE: Crazy guy.

RALPH: This rap you're on. It could have been three times as long only I proved you didn't carry a gun.

BLACKIE: All right, all right. You did me favors. I said thanks.

RALPH: Where's Rose Davis.

BLACKIE: Mr. Cropper, don't ask me.

RALPH: Blackie, I have to.

BLACKIE: No. (SLIGHT BEAT) No.

RALPH: (TIRED) Okay. (SLIGHT BEAT, PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Guard, open up, please.

(SLIGHT BEAT AND DOOR OPENS)

BLACKIE: Mr. Cropper.

RALPH: Yes.

BLACKIE: 422 <sup>Spring</sup> Sansom Street. And I tell you again. You're craz

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND SEGUE TO)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

ROSE: (OFF) Just a minute ....

(REPEAT KNOCKING)

ROSE: (COMING ON) I said I was coming.

(DOOR OPENS)

ROSE: What's the rush. Can't you ... (SLIGHT SURPRISE)  
Benson.

BENSON: Rose, I got to come in. Quick.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ROSE: I told you not to come around anymore.

BENSON: Baby, you don't get it. *I'm taking a big chance coming here I told Carney I didn't even know where you*  
~~biggest one you ever got in your life.~~ *here*

ROSE: (TIRED OF THIS) Benson, why don't you try to understand. I've got nothing against you. You're a nice guy. But I don't want anybody else.

BENSON: Rose, listen ....

ROSE: Once and for all, I want you to know. When Red died it was all over for me. With anybody.

BENSON: Maybe you'll change your mind, Rose ... because, I'm saving your life.

ROSE: What are you talking about.

BENSON: The boss wants you dead, Rose. He told us.

ROSE: Me ... but why ... why *me*?

BENSON: You know too much about us. (CLOSE, INTENSE) See, Rose, the chance I'm taking for you. If they ever found out I warned you, they'd kill me.

ROSE: I never said a word ... not a single word.

BENSON: (HOLDING HER) Rose, I'm crazy for you. Let me help you. Go away. I'll send you money.

ROSE: Let go of me.

BENSON: You can't love someone who's dead. Baby, you need me ... need me.

(DOOR OPENS)

CARNEY: Benson!

BENSON: (RECOVERING) I've been waiting for you, Carney. Where you been?

CARNEY: What are you doing up here?

BENSON: You took care of Danny Craig. Now, it's my turn.

ROSE: Look, Carney, you've got it all wrong. <sup>won't Ray</sup> I ~~don't know~~ anything ~~about you fellows.~~

CARNEY: Why take chances.

ROSE: Red was your friend. ~~He loved me.~~ He wouldn't let you do this.

BENSON: (ALMOST SPITTING IT) Red. ~~Maybe~~ that's been your trouble all along. You went with the wrong guy.

(HE SHOOTS HER THREE TIMES)

ROSE: (A MOAN AND THEN IN PAIN ... LOW) You bum. You dirty, rotten, bum. (SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

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

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

NARR: You've been looking for a girl named Rose Davis ... a girl who holds the key to the secrets of the notorious Tri State Gang. And now, in a small hospital room ....

CAPT: (LOW) Ralph, what are you doing here?

RALPH: Got to her room right after you left, Captain. How is she?

CAPT: Some guy's a pretty bum shot.

RALPH: Talk to her yet?

CAPT: Tried to.

RALPH: Well.

CAPT: You listen. (A LITTLE LOUDER) Miss Davis. Miss Davis.

ROSE: (LOW) I told you to leave me alone.

CAPT: Look, you're under police protection here. Nothing's going to happen to you.

ROSE: Go away.

CAPT: Who shot you? (SLIGHT BEAT) It was Carney and Benson... wasn't it? Or maybe the big boy himself. (SIGHS) See what I mean, Ralph.

RALPH: Let me try.

CAPT: Wasting your time.

RALPH: Rose...Rose, I want to ask you some questions.

ROSE: Don't you understand...both of you...I don't want to talk to nobody... Nobody.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You're so close...so close to finding out everything you and the police have to know. Where Danny Craig is ... where the gang is hiding. Rose Davis knows...but will she talk? Everyone waits for the answer...everyone....

(MUSIC: TAGS AND OUT FOR)

(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS)

CARNEY: Benson, where are you, Benson!

BENSON: (OFF) In here, Carney.

(CARNEY WALKS HURRIEDLY ACROSS THE ROOM. FADE IN RUNNING FAUCET WATER)

CARNEY: I just picked up the papers.

BENSON: (WATER IS LOUD) These two bit hotels. Look what they call hot water.

CARNEY: Listen something's gone wrong.

BENSON: (OVER THE WATER) What'd you say?

CARNEY: (SHOUTING) Will you shut that off.

(WATER TURNS OFF)

BENSON: What's a matter?

CARNEY: Here, in the papers. Look.

(RUSTLE OF THE PAPERS)

BENSON: About Rose, eh.

CARNEY: Read, will you.

BENSON: (READ) Two men, believed to be members of the infamous Tri State Gang failed today in an attempt ... (SURPRISE) Carney ...

CARNEY: Go on.

BENSON: (READING) ...in an attempt to murder Rose Davis, girlfriend of the late Red Nelson...gang member killed by police when he...(STUNNED)...Carney...I don't get it.



CARNEY: (RAGING) What's there to get? You missed her, you blind meathead.

BENSON: I couldn't. I couldn't. She was right in front of me. Where you are. A foot away. I couldn't miss.

CARNEY: Here, there's more. Listen...(READS) Doctors believe Miss Davis will recover in a matter of days.

(PAPER CRUSHED)

Okay, bright boy...what have you got to say now.

BENSON: (STILL UNBELIEVING) I saw her fall. She was dead, I tell you.

CARNEY: No, but someone else will be. The boss is going to read this. He won't like it, Benson. He won't like it at all.

BENSON: Wait a minute, Carney. You don't shove this off on me.

CARNEY: It was your gun.

BENSON: Yeah but you were right there with me.

CARNEY: What are you pitching.

BENSON: (TALKING FAST...TRYING TO TIE CARNEY INTO THE TROUBLE)  
We're in this together, Carney. Both of us. Rose knows about Craig being dead. It's more than just doing what the boss said now. She can get us the chair.  
Carney, somehow we have to get her. ~~Somehow.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(CHIMES IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR)

NURSE: (FILTER THRU LOUDSPEAKER...OFF) Call for Doctor Jonas...  
Call for Doctor Jonas .....

CAPT: (OFF) Ralph....

RALPH: Hello, Captain. Thought I'd come in to see if Rose changed her mind.

CAPT: (ON) I don't think she has.  
RALPH: Let's go in and see her. Take another crack at....  
CAPT: Ralph....  
RALPH: ~~Yeah?~~ *Left*  
CAPT: She's ~~gone~~.  
RALPH: What.  
CAPT: She packed up and left thru a back stairway.  
RALPH: She's crazy.  
CAPT: ~~Isn't she?~~ *She sure is*  
RALPH: Those hoods'll be after her again for sure. They were just waiting for a chance like this.  
CAPT: We couldn't lock her up.  
RALPH: Captain...we'd better find her. Find her fast.  
(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)  
NARR: She's somewhere in the city. Somewhere in a city of two million. All day you keep trying to find her but every place you and Captain Stiles turn...you get nowhere. You see dozens of people...ask the same questions. Where's Rose Davis? Where would she go? Who would take her in? It's late now. You're back in your office. And then...  
(THE PHONE RINGS. IT STOPS. REPEATS)  
(PHONE IS LIFTED)  
RALPH: Hello.  
JENNY: (FILTER) Mr. Cropper there.  
RALPH: Speaking.

JENNY: You've been asking around for Rose Davis.

RALPH: (A TOUCH OF EXCITEMENT) Is this her?

JENNY: No.

RALPH: Who is this.

JENNY: Just a friend of hers.

RALPH: Look, where is she?

JENNY: You tell me something, Mr. Cropper. Why do you want her?

RALPH: She needs help. And right now.

JENNY: I checked on you. They say you're all right. You can be trusted.

RALPH: Tell me where she is.

JENNY: I can't figure out what to do. She doesn't know I'm calling you. She doesn't want anyone there but me. But I'm scared for her.

RALPH: She needs police protection. If you're her friend, you'll tell me where you are.

JENNY: I....I don't want anyone to come but you.

RALPH: All right.

JENNY: You promise.

RALPH: Yes.

JENNY: The corner of Sixth and Emerson. You be there in ten minutes. I'll meet you ... then bring you to Rose.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND BRIDGE)

JENNY: There's the room. She doesn't know you're coming. You talk to her, Mr. Cropper. Talk like you never talked in your whole life. Help her.

RALPH: Where you going?

JENNY: I'll wait here. Go ahead.

RALPH: All right.

(HE WALKS UP TO A DOOR..STOPS THEN OPENS IT SLOWLY)

ROSE: (OFF) (PRIGHT) Who's there.

RALPH: Hello, Rose. (KIND) You remember me, Ralph Cropper.

(DOOR CLOSSES) (HE WALKS TO HER)

ROSE: (FADES ON) How'd you get here? What do you want?

RALPH: To help you.

ROSE: No.

RALPH: You can't run away anymore. They'll find you.

ROSE: (PROJECTING) Jenny. Send him away. Jenny. Where are you?

RALPH: She's right outside. She's your friend. She knows Carney and Benson are looking for you.

ROSE: Maybe they sent you. How do I know.

RALPH: Look, if they found me here, they'd do to me what they tried doing to you. Rose, the men they are...you've got to stop them. You're the only one.

ROSE: Why should you try to help me. I'm nothing to you. You don't care if I live or die.

RALPH: I care about you, I care about everyone else...including myself. Every second these guys are loose they can turn this city into a battleground. Is that what you want.

ROSE: Mister Cropper, talk straight to me. People help you.. they want something. Like you. You want to know what happened to Danny Craig. You think I'm dumb. That's all you're after. Where's Danny Craig? Where's your story?

RALPH: Okay, I don't deny it. Yes. I want to know about Danny Craig. But Rose, I want something a little bigger. I want Carney and Benson and the whole killing lot of them where they belong. I want that first of all.

ROSE: Then go after them. Don't come to me.

RALPH: You're the one who can do it. You know more about them than anyone else. Their hideouts....their plans....

ROSE: The cops. You want me to tell the cops.

RALPH: They can get them.

ROSE: I know. Like they got, Red.

RALPH: (SLIGHT BEAT) So that's it.

ROSE: You bet that's it. You know what the cops did to him?

RALPH: Rose, listen...

ROSE: They took me to the morgue. I looked at him. Who was he? What happened that I didn't even know his face.

RALPH: A guard was killed in that holdup. Red was running away. The police had to open fire.

ROSE: (HASN'T EVEN HEARD) It happened in a second. Just one second. The years of knowing him, loving him. All gone. (AWARE AGAIN) (QUIETLY) The ones who did all that. You ask me to help them.

RALPH: (QUIETLY) Men who live in a jungle. There's only one end for them. Your Red was like that. And sooner or later, it had to happen. No one in this world could stop it. No one.

ROSE: (THE MEMORY OF RED HAS UPSET HER BADLY) I loved him. You don't know.

RALPH: Who do you blame for his death? Who are you going to be sore at?

ROSE: He was going to stop. He promised.

RALPH: You think the mob would have let him. ~~Go on.~~ Look at yourself. How they came after you.

ROSE: ~~I was never going to say anything.~~ They were wrong.

RALPH: Once you're on their side..it's a stain that won't rub out. Rose, they're out to kill you. You're the only one who can stop them.

ROSE: (TORTURED) I want to talk but I keep remembering Red's face. How he looked..and it was you and your cops who did it.

RALPH: You don't have any choice, Rose. You have to tell what you know. Maybe you can forget about the people these men will murder as long as they're free. But one person you can't forget about. (SLIGHT BEAT) Yourself!

(MUSIC.....)

BENSON: What's the sense of sitting around a hotel room, Carney? Let's get out. *of here and look for her*

CARNEY: ~~Yeah - we'd better look for her.~~

*Carney*  
BENSON: Listen, she ~~didn't~~ *wasn't* spill to the cops yet. ~~She's that scared of us. She'll never talk.~~ She doesn't trust them to protect her.

CARNEY: Suppose she skips town.  
BENSON: You forget. The cops are watching for her...same as us.  
She wants no part of them. I tell you she'll never talk.  
CARNEY: Yeah..but just the same I----  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)  
BENSON: Hey.  
CARNEY: Easy.  
(REPEAT KNOCK)  
CARNEY: Who's there?  
CAPT: (OFF) I got a message for you.  
BENSON: From who?  
CAPT: You want me to stay out here and advertise it?  
CARNEY: Open it. I'll cover.  
BENSON: You sure.  
CARNEY: Open it.  
(DOOR LATCH LET DOWN...DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)  
BENSON: (HALF SCREAMS) Cops...  
CAPT: (PROJECTING) Grab them....  
(TWO SHOTS)  
CAPT: Get your hands up.  
BENSON: Don't shoot...  
CAPT: Raise those hands...fast!  
(GUNS DROP TO FLOOR)  
CAPT: Pick up their guns, Sergeant.  
RALPH: I don't think the gentlemen were expecting us, Captain.  
CARNEY: How'd you get here? How'd you find this place?  
CAPT: Friend of yours told us.  
CARNEY: What are you talking about?

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 Ralph Cropper of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

RALPH: Information supplied by Rose Davis also resulted in arrest of two remaining members of Tri State Gang hiding out in New York City. Together with Carney and Benson they were put to death by the states having proper jurisdiction. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cropper...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 New York Journal American - by line Marvin Sleeper.

(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  
Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by ~~Paul~~ *Alvin Bouley*  
~~Milton~~ from an actual story from the front pages  
of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Your narrator was Bob  
Sloane and *Larry Haines* played the part of Ralph  
Cropper. 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.  
Cropper..

(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.

(PAUSE)

Friends, 90 per cent of all forest fires each year  
are man-caused. A campfire that is almost out. ...  
a lighted match or cigarette that is tossed away too  
often bursts into hungry flames that destroy millions  
of acres of vitally needed timberland. So when you're  
in the country be absolutely sure you put every fire  
...every match ...every cigarette -- completely out.  
Remember: only you can prevent forest fires.  
This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

el-pmk-mtf-gz  
11/6/52 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #289

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLCANE
WOMAN	EVELYN SIEBOLD
NURSE	EVELYN SIEBOLD
SLEEPER	FRANCIS DE SALES
JIM	COURT BENSON
DOCTOR	COURT BENSON
MR. GAVROW	MASON ADAMS
MRS. GAVROW	ALICE FROST
TED GAVROW	DAVID PFEFFER
SPECIALIST	MICHAEL SAGE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1952

ATX01 0006915

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#289

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

NOVEMBER 26, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE, DOWN AND UNDER)\_

(PHONE RINGING ON FILTER... THEN PICKUP)

WOMAN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello?

SLEEPER: Hello...I wonder if you can give me some information.  
I'm calling about <sup>Karl Lueders</sup> ~~Ted Gavrow~~...

WOMAN: I'm sorry, but ...

SLEEPER: Look, please...don't brush me off. ~~I don't know who to~~  
~~call, but~~ I've got to get the information.

WOMAN: About --~~Ted Gavrow~~ <sup>Roy Lueders</sup>

SLEEPER: Yes.

WOMAN: Just what is it you want to know?

SLEEPER: I--(HESITATES. THEN) I want to know--if he's alive  
or dead.

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

CHARRELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually  
happened! It happened in New York City. It is authentic  
and is offered as a tribute to the men and woman of the  
great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of  
the New York Journal-American, the story of a small boy --  
and a full-sized miracle. Tonight, to Marvin Sleeper,  
for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0006916

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #289

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 0006917

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

CHAPRELL: New York City, ~~New York~~. The story as it actually happened -- Marvin Sleeper's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Marvin Sleeper, are a crack reporter for the New York Journal American. You've been around...you know that a reporter's job is just that---reporting---setting down the facts as they are, not as you'd like them to be. But, every once in a while, something happens that breaks the rules. It happened to you, Marvin Sleeper...a story that would have been just routine...until you made it, hammered it, into your own...Big Story.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PUNCTUATE)

NARR: It started as most stories do ---an assignment by the city desk...

JIM: Here's one for you, Marvin. Ten year old boy and his father flying in from some small town in Georgia. Take a photographer with you. Give the kid a time---top of the Empire State Building, football game at the Polo Grounds...the works. Okay?

SLEEPER: Sounds great. Only why?

JIM: Why?

SLEEPER: Sure. This isn't the first time a kid's come to New York with his father to see the sights. Where's the story?

JIM: I was just going to fill you in on that. The people from the kid's home town raised the money for the trip. This is the youngster's last fling. The doctors in Georgia give him just three months to live.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Tearjerker. That's what you tell yourself this is going to be. Routine tearjerker. Good for circulation---rotten for the reporter. But, you go. You don't know quite what you expect to find..some pale, sickly youngster probably, so it's quite a shock when you meet young Ted Gavrow and he gives you a grin a mile wide and says...

(MUSIC: -- HOLD)

TED: A football game? Oh boy, Mr. Sleeper! (THEN) Hey, do you think ~~maybe~~ do they have hotdogs and stuff there too?

(MUSIC: -- IN)

NARR: ~~They have hot dogs and stuff. And you see to it that Ted Gavrow has his fill. And that's only the beginning--~~

(MUSIC: -- STING)

TED: ~~Goddee! Wait!! I tell the kids back home about this. 104 (?) stories high and I'm on the very top. Say, you can almost see Georgia from this Empire State Building!~~

(MUSIC: -- STING)

SLEEPER: Here's one of the biggest drugstores in the world, Ted. Every kind of ice cream you can imagine..butter pecan, pistachio, black walnut...cherry ripple...

TED: Gosh...all those?

SLEEPER: Uh-huh. Name your pick.

TED: Kin...kin I have vanilla?

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(TOOT OF FERRY BOAT WHISTLE)

SLEEPER: There she is now, Ted. All lit up for you.

TED: That's the Statue of Liberty? (EAGERLY) Can I climb to the top?

SLEEPER: ~~Well, I don't know. It's a long way. You'd get pretty~~  
tired...

TED: Why would I get tired? (FULL OF ENTHUSIASM) Wowie!  
~~Let's go.~~

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a long, exciting, wonderful day. And at the end of  
it, you go back to the hotel where <sup>Roy</sup> Ted and his father are  
staying, and hang around while a real sleepy kid crawls  
into bed...

MR G: All right, <sup>Roy</sup> Ted...in you go.

TED: Okay...only listen, Pop...did I tell you about the mayor?  
~~How he shook my hand and called me by my name and~~  
everything?

MR G: Yes...you told me. ~~Into bed.~~

TED: (GETTING IN) ~~And then after that...we went for a ride in~~  
a subway, and then we had sodas...no I guess that was  
when we had blueberry pie...which was it, Mr. Sleeper?

SLEEPER: (LAUGHS) We did so much I don't remember, <sup>Roy</sup> Ted! You better  
get some sleep now.

TED: Okay. Goodnight.

SLEEPER: Goodnight.

MR G: Goodnight, son. I'll be in the next room.

TED: (SLEEPILY) Okay. (THEN, SHARP) Pop, wait!

MR G: What's the matter?

TED: (PLEADINGLY) Please, leave the lamp on...

MR G: (BEAT. THEN GENTLY) It is on, son.

TED: Oh. It is? (SLEEPILY) Okay. Goodnight.

MR G: Goodnight.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED QUIETLY)



MR G: I guess he'll sleep *Now*

SLEEPER: What was that about the lamp?

MR G: It's his eyes. They keep getting worse. Sometimes it's so bad he doesn't see things -- like the lamp being on.

SLEEPER: Is that tied in with---the rest of it?

MR G: That's right. It's the kidneys. Something about them not working right. ~~The doctor's say that's what makes his eyes go bad, and...~~ that's what'll make it---end for him. He doesn't know, of course.

SLEEPER: He's a wonderful kid. And to look at him---He doesn't even seem thin or weak...

MR G: That's what makes it so hard...why we didn't believe the doctors at first...~~we thought it was just some kind of mistake. (PAUSE) But, I guess there's no mistake.~~

SLEEPER: You've given up all hope for <sup>Boy</sup> Ted?

MR G: ~~It wasn't left to me to have hope or not... I didn't have the choice.~~ My wife and I spent every cent we had---took Ted to every ~~good~~ doctor for miles around in the State. They all said--three months maybe. Maybe less. When a doctor says something like that to you, Mr. Sleeper... ~~well, sure, you think you'll go crazy...sure you think maybe it's just a nightmare and you'll wake up. Only-- when you don't---when you know it's so--what can you do?~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: What can you do? Nothing really. And yet, Marvin Sleeper, as you walk home through the silent city streets, you keep thinking. And, as you lie awake that night, the thinking keeps building into--well, not really an idea--- but a feeling. A feeling you can't shake.

(MORE)

NARR: That's why, the next morning, you find yourself, almost  
(CONT'D) without knowing it, standing in front of the city desk...

JIM: Morning, Marvin. What's on your mind?

SLEEPER: ~~I don't know, Jim. I've just been---thinking.~~

JIM: ~~Bad habit for a reporter.~~

SLEEPER: It's the kid. ~~Ted Gavrow.~~ *Roy Marvin*

JIM: Oh. Tough. But ...

SLEEPER: Jim, during the war I was a surgical technician with an infantry outfit. I--I don't know anything about medicine, no, but, well---I saw a lot of men die. And, after a while -- you get to know the look.

JIM: What's this got to do with the kid?

SLEEPER: I don't think he has ~~the~~ *that* look.

JIM: Marvin...

SLEEPER: Sure, I know. Wishful thinking. Okay, maybe it is...but ~~what harm does it do to~~ ~~investigate?~~

JIM: ~~What have you got in mind?~~

SLEEPER: At the same hotel where ~~Ted~~ *Roy* and his father are staying, there's a convention of doctors..the Association of Military Surgeons. What would you say if I talked to some of them---asked them to--just check up on Ted's medical record?

JIM: ~~I'd say you were off on a wild goose chase. I'd say you were bound to find out exactly what you don't want to find out. (THEN) But---~~

SLEEPER: ~~But what?~~

JIM: ~~I'd say--go ahead and do it anyhow.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all you need to hear, Marvin Sleeper. ~~You make tracks to the medical convention.~~ There you buttonhole some of the Armed Forces top <sup>doctors</sup> ~~specialists~~ and talk fast. It's not easy--they can't help being leery about the whole thing. It's a good story for the paper, and how are they to know you're not just trying to keep that good story running a few more days? It takes a lot of pleading to convince them, but finally, you do. Ted Gavrow's case history is flown up from Georgia...three top kidney specialists study the records, and then...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ OUT) \_

(DOOR CLOSED)

DOCTOR: Mr. Sleeper...

SLEEPER: (TENSE) Okay, doctor, let's have it.

DOCTOR: ~~First, you understand that no diagnosis is ever absolutely~~ certain..there are always factors that...

SLEEPER: Sure, sure, I understand that. But, Ted's records and ex-rays..?

DOCTOR: ~~We've studied them carefully.~~ The Georgia doctors have been very thorough and very competent.

SLEEPER: (FLAT) Oh.

DOCTOR: With the equipment and information at their disposal, their diagnosis is justified.

SLEEPER: I see. In other words...

DOCTOR: In other words, they've gone as far as they can. But, after study of the information available, my colleagues and I feel that their prognosis is inconclusive.

SLEEPER: You---look, doctor...can you give it to me straight?  
I mean ... just what do you mean ...in simple language?

DOCTOR: (SMILES) In simple language, Mr. Sleeper--we see no reason why Ted Gavrow has to die.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

SLEEPER: I'm sorry to butt in on you at this hour of the night, Mr. Gavrow...

MR G: That's all right, Mr. Sleeper. I was up anyway. Packing. <sup>Roy</sup> Ted and I are leaving tomorrow for Georgia, you know.

SLEEPER: I don't think you are.

MR G: What?

SLEEPER: (EXCITED) Mr. Gavrow<sup>noticed</sup>---just this afternoon, three of the top doctors in the country told me that, in their belief, with proper treatment, Ted's life can be saved.

MR G: (BEAT, THEN, ALMOST STUPIDLY) What?

SLEEPER: I've spent the rest of the day calling hospitals to get one of them to agree to put <sup>Roy</sup> Ted through the necessary tests...not just routine checkups, but the works. I finally got one of the biggest hospitals in Brooklyn to agree to do it--no charge. They expect <sup>Roy</sup> Ted in the morning.

MR G: Expect him? For what?

SLEEPER: (GENTLY) Mr. Gavrow--don't you get it? They think <sup>Roy</sup> they can save Ted's life.

MR G: (PAUSE... THEN) ~~Which is the nightmare?~~

SLEEPER: What?

MR G: Which is the nightmare? Thinking he has to go---facing the fact that he has to go--or--or having someone fool you like this.

SLEEPER: I think you know I wouldn't fool you.

MR G: But the doctors <sup>will come</sup> said....

SLEEPER: I know what they said. Only it doesn't have to be that way. Don't you understand, Mr. Gavrow? It doesn't have to be that way.

MR G: (PAUSE.) I -- (THEN SOFTLY) Oh, God. God.

SLEEPER: (WAITS. THEN) How about unpacking those suitcases, mmm?

MR G: Yes. In a minute. I --- (CUTS)

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

MR G: (SOFT) Ted?

TED: (WAKING) Wha --- what is it? (THEN) Pop?

MR G: (HUSKILY) Yes. It's me.

TED: You woke me up.

MR G: I didn't mean to. I just---I just wanted to look at you.

TED: (DROWSY) Oh. Is everything all right?

MR G: (WHISPERS) Sure, son. Everything's fine. I--I just wanted to look at you, that's all.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: If your Big Story had ended right there, Marvin Sleeper, it would have been as much as you expected..as much as you dreamed. But it didn't. ~~Stories have a way of not always working out according to plan. But you couldn't know this not until~~ <sup>because</sup> a little later that evening when, ~~feverish with excitement,~~ Ted Gavrow's father puts in a telephone call to Monroe, Georgia...to Ted's mother..

(MUSIC: \_ \_ OUT)

MOTHER: Sam, what's the matter? Why are you calling in the middle of the night? What's happened to <sup>Ray</sup> Ted?

MR G: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Nothing's happened Grace. It's good news. Some doctors here, they looked at <sup>Ray's</sup> Ted's records. They're going to treat him and they think <sup>maybe</sup> he's going to be all right!

MOTHER:

(SHARP) <sup>What</sup> Sam...

MR G:

So we won't be coming home tomorrow, hear? Ted'll go straight to the hospital. We won't be home for three, four weeks. (PAUSE) Grace...did you hear me?

MOTHER:

I heard you. And now you listen to me, Sam.. (NEAR TEARS) I don't know what kind of foolishness they told you up there. I don't know who's trying to do this to you. But Ted's coming home. Tomorrow...

MR G:

Grace, listen...

MOTHER:

(IN TEARS NOW. TERRIBLY UPSET) I don't have to listen. The poor boy's been through all the tests - I don't want to put him through any more. ~~You bring him home, you hear?~~ If he's going to die like I know he is...he's going to die at home. I won't have it no other way. You're going to bring him home to die.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)\_

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MOTHER: And - they say

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

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

NARR: You can't believe it. It doesn't seem possible -- the words you hear crackling over the long distance telephone lines from Georgia, the words spoken by Ted Gavrow's mother:

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HOLD)

MOTHER: You bring Ted home, you hear? If he's going to die like I know he is .. he's going to die at home. I won't have it no other way.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT SHARP)

SLEEPER: Mrs. Gavrow, listen .. please. ~~I know you're upset~~

MOTHER: ~~I've been against this trip all along .. getting Ted tired~~

SLEEPER: ~~But he's not tired. He's been having a wonderful time .. Mrs. Gavrow, look. It's no good talking like this on the phone. Why don't you fly up here tomorrow.. see Ted .. and talk to the doctors yourself?~~

MOTHER: ~~I've talked to all the doctors that ever were, seems like, I don't see the point of talking to any more.~~

SLEEPER: ~~But these~~ .. (STOPS. THEN) Look, .. fly up tomorrow.

MOTHER: I haven't got the money to come, and besides ..

SLEEPER: We'll get the money for you. I'll call Sander Camp, the editor of the local paper down there in Monroe .. the Walton Tribune. They raised the money for Ted and his father to come up here, didn't they?

MOTHER: Yes, but ..

SLEEPER: All right. I'll tell them how vital it is that you come up too.

MOTHER: But ..

SLEEPER: (SHARP) Mrs. Gavrow, this is no time for buts. If Ted stays here he may live. If he goes back home, he'll die. How can there be any buts about that?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You slam the phone down hard ... and then pick it up again and start things moving. The Walton Tribune comes through again -- money is raised for Mrs. Gavrow's plane fare .. and the following morning you meet with her .. and you know you've got a fight on your hands...

MOTHER: It's not that I don't appreciate what you're trying to do, Mr. Sleeper, but---it's no use.

SLEEPER: No use to try and save your son's life, Mrs. Gavrow?

MOTHER: Do you think we would have given up .. if we thought there was any chance .. any chance at all?

SLEEPER: ~~But there is.~~

MOTHER: (ANGUISH) Why do you keep saying that?

SLEEPER: Don't you want to believe Ted can be saved?

MOTHER: For two years I believed it, Mr. Sleeper. For two years I wouldn't believe nothing else -- no matter what they said..I wouldn't. And then .. when they told me it was just no use, believing any more .. no use at all ..

(SHE STOPS, ALMOST BREAKING) I guess maybe you can take anything you have to. Once. (HIGH) But only once.

SLEEPER: I know how you feel. (THEN) But .. you have to be fair to Ted too ..

MOTHER: That's what I'm trying to be ~~don't~~ you see? ~~Ted~~ <sup>Ray</sup> doesn't belong here. He belongs home .. with his own people.  
(MORE)



TED: Why?

SLEEPER: Just -- because he wants it.

TED: Well, sure .. if he wants it. (AN AFTERTHOUGHT) And if Mom says it's okay.

SLEEPER: (TENSE) How about it, Mrs. <sup>Mom</sup>Gavrow? Tomorrow, at the hospital?

MOTHER: (A SIGH) All right. If <sup>Roy</sup>Ted doesn't mind.

TED: Sure. Why should I mind? ~~I mean -- what difference does it make?~~ (THEN) Come on! Hurry up, Mom. Let's go to the place where they put the nickles in.

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

NARR: And so, finally, it's settled. And the following morning, you go with Ted and his parents to the hospital, and turn Ted over to the eminent child specialist who has agreed to ~~make~~ <sup>Roy</sup>make the tests ...

SPECIALIST: All right, <sup>Roy</sup>Ted...now suppose you just hop up on that bed, mmm? The nurse will help you off with your clothes.

NURSE: That's right. Just turn around and --

TED: (SUDDENLY, VIOLENTLY) No!

NURSE: What?

TED: I don't want to.

SPECIALIST: Now, Ted...

TED: (FRIGHTENED) I don't want to. I don't like it here..

SPECIALIST: Ted, we don't plan to hurt you..

TED: (SCREAMING) Get away from me. I don't like it here. I want my mom. (SOBBING) I want to go home!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING AND OUT)

MOTHER: And that's just where he's going, Mr. Sleeper. Right home.

SLEEPER: Mrs. Gavrow .. it's natural for him to be upset. If you'd just try to calm him down..

MOTHER: He's scared. You heard him. You saw him. He's scared sick. I'm not going to let him stay here ~~and be scared sick.~~

SLEEPER: ~~Not even to save his life!~~

MOTHER: It won't save his life. You keep saying that and saying that, but it's not true. Can you swear to me that if I let Ted stay here, he'll be all right. Can you swear it?

SLEEPER: You can never swear to a thing like that, Mrs. Gavrow ..

MOTHER: Of course you can't. 'Cause it's just an idea you have. And I'm not going to have Teddy stay here and be scared and lonesome and crying to go home because of ~~some idea you have.~~ I'm taking him home.

SLEEPER: You'll be taking him home to die!

MOTHER: Of course I will. I know that. But he's going to die anyway. (BUILDING, IN TEARS) Why can't you get that through your head? He's going to die anyway, and I want him to die at home. (HIGH) I just want him to die -- in peace -- at home.

(DOOR OPENED SHARPLY)

TED: Mom ...

MOTHER: (TENSE) Ted! (STRAINED) Teddy, get back into bed in there ..

TED: I was listening to you talk ..

MOTHER: Get back into bed ...

TED: You were .... you were talking about dying. Who's going to die, Mom? (A PAUSE, THEN, HIGHER) Who's going to die, Mom? (THEN, IN SCREAMING TERROR) Mom., who's going to die?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: As long as you live, Marvin Sleeper..there's a moment you'll never forget. A moment when you stood and watched a ten year old boy realize he was expected to die. But you didn't stand and watch for long. You couldn't. You made tracks back to your newspaper to do something --- anything ..

SLEEPER: Look, Jim .. I know how the mother feels .. all she's thinking about is the kid being afraid .. ~~being in a~~  
~~strange city where strange people do things to him.~~  
But it's got to be done. That kid can<sup>probably</sup> be saved if it's done. Now, isn't there some kind of action we can take to be sure he stays here?

JIM: Marvin, I know how you feel, but -- I think we better just bow out of the picture..

SLEEPER: Bow out? But ..

JIM: Look at it this way, We've done the best we could. Set up the opportunity for the family. If they don't want to go through with it ... well ...

SLEEPER: Suppose the boy goes back to Georgia and dies?

JIM: Suppose he stays here and dies? Can you imagine what kind of a black eye that would give you --- and the paper?

SLEEPER: Yeah, I guess you're right.

(FOOTSTEPS START OFF)

JIM: Where are you going?

(DOOR OPEN)

SLEEPER: Back to the hospital. Maybe I can talk to Mr. Gavrow again. I've got to talk to someone.

(DOOR SLAM)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

NURSE: Mr. Gavrow? Why, Mr. Sleeper, didn't they tell you downstairs? The Gavrows checked out.

SLEEPER: Checked out! What about the boy? <sup>Roy</sup> ~~Ted~~

NURSE: They took him with them. They're going back home. ~~We~~ couldn't stop them.

SLEEPER: How long ago did they leave?

NURSE: About a half hour. I'm afraid you've missed them. Unless they've been delayed getting the release papers. You might catch them in the lobby.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~The elevator isn't fast enough for you. Your feet racing almost as fast as your heart. you speed downstairs to the lobby. And there ... just going out the main door, you spot the Gavrows ... and Ted.~~

SLEEPER: (CALLS) <sup>Roy</sup> Ted! Wait ..

TED: It's Mr. Sleeper ..

SLEEPER: Wait a minute .... please ...

MOTHER: Mr. Gavrow .. there isn't anything you can say that's going to change things ... Just let us go ..

SLEEPER: What about you, Mr. <sup>Mother</sup> ~~Gavrow~~? Can't I make you see you're throwing away the only chance ..

MR. G: (DULL) I -- I can't think anymore..I'm just -- <sup>My wife</sup> ~~Grace~~ is doing the thinking for both of us now ...

SLEEPER: But she's wrong. You're both so terribly wrong!

MOTHER: Maybe so. But I don't think so, Mr. <sup>Sleeper</sup> ~~Gavrow~~. I don't think it's wrong to make <sup>Roy</sup> Ted happy .. as long as I can. And nothing you can say is going to make me change my mind. Not ever. So will you please just --- not say anything, anymore?

SLEEPER: (LONG PAUSE. THEN) All right. You win.  
MOTHER: We'll be going now ..  
SLEEPER: Wait. Could I -- would you let me talk to <sup>Roy</sup> ~~Ted~~ a minute?  
MOTHER: What about?  
SLEEPER: I just want to talk to him -- alone.  
MOTHER: We got a train to catch ..  
SLEEPER: Please.  
MOTHER: (BEAT) We'll be waiting over there by that bench.  
SLEEPER: Thanks.

(FOOTSTEPS OFF)

TED: Why do you want to talk to me, Mr. Sleeper?  
SLEEPER: Remember that football game we took in together, <sup>Roy</sup> ~~Ted~~?  
Pretty good, wasn't it?  
TED: (SUBDUED) Uh-huh.  
SLEEPER: Maybe we could go to another one some time, mmm?  
TED: I can't go to any more. I -- I'm going to die.  
SLEEPER: Don't believe that, Ted.  
TED: My Mom said so ..  
SLEEPER: Don't believe it, ~~Ted, please.~~  
TED: ~~But my Mom said so.~~  
SLEEPER: Ted ... look fella .. ~~would you believe something~~  
~~if I told it to you?~~  
TED: ~~What?~~  
SLEEPER: You don't have to die. If you'll just believe that --  
that you don't have to die -- nothing has to happen.  
TED: ~~Honest?~~  
SLEEPER: ~~Honest.~~  
TED: Cross your heart and hope to -- (STOPS) Cross your  
heart?  
SLEEPER: Cross my heart. Make your Pop take you back to the  
doctors in Georgia, mmm? They'll help you. (MORE)

SLEEPER: (CONT'D) Nothing has to happen. Do you believe me?

TED: If you're sure.

SLEEPER: I'm sure.

TED: Okay. I believe you. (THEN) Is that all?

SLEEPER: (GENTLY) That's all. Have a good trip home.

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

NARR: He turns and walks back to his parents, and you, Marvin Sleeper watch them disappear from sight .. disappear from your life. That's the end of your Big Story -- or so it seems. But stories like this one don't end so easily. They refuse to stay filed neatly where they belong. And so, every time one of your kids has a cold or a ~~tummy ache~~ <sup>Ray Morris</sup> and you call in the doctor -- you think of ~~Ted Gavrow~~. Every time you pass a ten year old on the street -- or see a football game -- you think of Ted Gavrow. Until you can't take the wondering any more. And so -- a year after Ted ~~Gavrow~~ went back to Georgia, you put in a telephone call -- to find out if he's alive or dead.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

WOMAN: (FILTER) I'm sorry, Mr. Sleeper..the doctor hasn't been in touch with the <sup>Morris</sup> ~~Gavrow~~ family for some time. I couldn't tell you about the boy. Why don't you call the home direct?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING UNDER)

NARR: You don't want to...but it seems the only way. It feels like a century before the phone is picked up -- but then ..

TED: Hello?

SLEEPER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, I -- (CUTS) Who is this?

TED: This is <sup>Roy</sup> Ted! Who's this?

SLEEPER: Ted! This is Marvin Sleeper.

TED: Mr. Sleeper! Gosh. Are you calling all the way from New York?

SLEEPER: Yes, I --(TENSE) <sup>Roy</sup> Ted .. how are you? How are you feeling?

TED: Me? Oh .. just fine.

SLEEPER: Really? Did you go to the doctor when you got back home?

TED: Gosh, no, I didn't. I know I told you I would, but, well .. you see, I just didn't worry any more. I mean, you told me nothing had to happen ~~and you promised it wouldn't~~ so I just figured it wouldn't. And it didn't. So I just forgot about the doctors. You aren't mad at me, are you?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't believe it at first, ~~of course.~~ <sup>Roy</sup> How can you? But when you find out for sure that Ted Gavrow is a healthy, husky youngster, you start checking around .. asking questions., and you find out some amazing answers ..

SPECIALIST: It's possible, Mr. Sleeper. There have been rare cases where the kidney obstruction, will right itself. ~~But it's the next thing to a miracle.~~

SLEEPER: From what I can gather .. the boy seems to be ~~just fine.~~

SPECIALIST: ~~There are a lot of things that medicine doesn't explain,~~ Mr. Sleeper. Every once in a while we run across a case like this. Particularly if something -- or someone -- gives the patient the faith he needs .. the assurance that nothing has to happen, if he just <sup>Roy</sup> believes. Maybe someone gave that feeling to young Ted

7- SLEEPER: (SOFTLY) Yeah. Yeah, I see what you mean, doctor.  
Maybe someone did.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment you will hear the actual voice of ~~the~~ <sup>Ray</sup>  
~~Gavron~~ <sup>Moyses</sup> from Georgia, 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!

*Ray Morris*

CHAPPELL: And now..here is the actual voice of ~~Ted Garrison~~ --  
from Georgia.

TED: Just wanted everybody, and specially Mr. Sleeper, to  
know I'm fine, thank you, and was just elected captain  
of <sup>5th</sup> sixth grade football team. I play ~~on the team too,~~ *quarterback*  
of course. It was fun hearing about my story on the  
radio and I'm sure glad Mr. Sleeper got the PELL MELL  
Award. *Thanks to everybody and specially him.*

CHAPPELL: Thank you, *Ted Garrison + to you* Mr. Sleeper..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

*Whiston*  
Boston Record American by-line, Alfred D. ~~Whiston~~  
*the big story is, sister, who'd never have solved*  
(MUSIC: STING) *a murder if the killer had known the*  
*place*

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 N. Y.  
Journal American. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and  
Francis De Sales played the part of Marvin Sleeper. In  
order to protect the names of people actually involved in  
tonight's authentic BIG STORY, <sup>some of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> names of ~~all~~ characters  
in the dramatization were changed with the exception of  
the reporter, Mr. Sleeper.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL  
MELL Famous Cigarettes <sup>the finest quality money can buy</sup>. This year do something special  
for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional  
smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes,  
the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished  
red Christmas carton. (PAUSE)  
Friends, last year, more than a quarter of a million homes  
were ravaged by fire ... thousands of Americans lost their  
lives! And most of these fires were caused by someone's  
carelessness. So, be extremely careful with fire. Replace  
all defective electrical wiring in your home ... don't  
smoke in bed ... be sure that every match or cigarette is  
out. Remember, only you can prevent fires.  
THIS IS NBC \* THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



ATX01 0006940

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #290

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLCANE
AL WHELTON	GRANT RICHARDS
HARMON	ARNOLD MOSS
EDNA	HELENE DUMAS
MRS. RAYBURN	ETHEL EVERETT
FLANNERY	BILL LALLY
JEANNE	BRYNA RAE BURN
MRS. FRCBISH	BRYNA RAE BURN
REINERT	SOMER ALBERG
BILL	SOMER ALBERG

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1952

ATK01 0006941

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#290

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

DECEMBER 3, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HARMON: (OFF, MUFFLED) Who is it? Who's there?

MRS FROBISH: It's the landlady, Mr. Lonergan. It's Mrs. Frobish.

HARMON: Oh. Just a minute.

(KEY TURNS IN DOOR. DOOR OPENS)

MRS FROBISH: Mr. Lonergan, I -- (SHE CUTS AND STARES)

HARMON: What's the matter. What are you staring at?

MRS FROBISH: Why, you've shaved off your mustache.

HARMON: (TIGHT) What if I have?

MRS FROBISH: (FLUSTERED AT HIS JUMPINESS) I didn't mean anything  
Mr. Lonergan. I didn't mean to be rude. It's just  
that you look so different.

HARMON: (SUDDENLY CHANGES ATTITUDE) Do I? Do you really  
think so?

MRS FROBISH: Oh yes. Very different. I hardly recognized  
you at all.

HARMON: (NOW MELTS BUTTER) Mrs. Frobish, forgive me.  
I'm sorry I was so rude, really I am.

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

ATX01 0006942

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Boston, Massachusetts. 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 Boston <sup>Evening</sup> Record American, the story of a reporter who'd never have solved a murder if the killer had known the law. Tonight, to Alfred D. Whelton of the Boston <sup>Evening</sup> Record American, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(OPENING 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 UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachussetts. The story as it actually happened ... Alfred Whelton's story as he lived it.

NARR: For the last quarter of a century, you, Al Whelton formerly affiliated with the Boston Evening American, have been considered a top reporter. ~~And here in~~ the home of the Bean and the Cod, you've racked up some pretty good stories. But nothing like this one. This is the one that you'll always remember instantly, every detail, without reference to any record, other than your memory. It begins in an obscure way, entirely routine. One day in the late fall, your managing editor, Bill Hewlett calls you in ....

BILL: Al, take a look at this clipping.

AL: An Obituary. And three weeks old. What about it, Bill?

BILL: Read it.

AL: (READS) Mrs. Edna Harmon of Braintree, Massachussetts was killed in an automobile accident yesterday on the highway ten miles south of Montreal, Canada. Mrs. Harmon was at the wheel of her car alone. She was on her way to visit relatives in Montreal when her car skidded and crashed into a pole. She leaves one survivor, Scott Harmon, a jewelry salesman. Mr. Harmon stated that his wife will be cremated in accordance with her last wishes. (AL TAKES A BEAT AND THEN) O.K. I still say, what about it, Bill? All I can see here is a routine obit.

BILL: ~~Maybe yes. And maybe no. The point is we've got~~  
~~a tip~~ that the police are pretty curious about this  
one.

AL: Why?

BILL: It seems that Mrs. Harmon has a neighbor<sup>down in Braintree</sup> who doesn't  
quite believe the story. A woman by the name of  
Mrs. Alice Rayburn.

AL: ~~And you want me to run down to Braintree and~~  
check, is that it?

BILL: That's it.

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

NARR: ~~Braintree's some fifteen miles south of Boston.~~  
You've an eye for faces and an ear for talk, Al  
Whelton, and from the moment you see Mrs. Alice  
Rayburn, you put her down in the gossipy and perhaps  
talkative side.

AL: Mrs. Rayburn, why do you think there's something  
wrong about Mrs. Harmon's death?

MRS. RAYBURN: Young man, I'm going to tell you the same thing I  
told the police.

AL: Yes?

MRS. RAYBURN: ~~In the first place,~~ Edna Harmon wouldn't have driven  
to Montreal all by herself. She'd never take a  
long auto trip like that without Scott. That's her  
husband, you know. ~~And in the second place,~~ she never  
said a word to me about goin'.

AL: ~~Does she usually tell you her plans?~~

MRS. RAYBURN: Young man, you don't seem to understand. Edna Harmon and me, we've been close friends for ten years. Visited back and forth almost every day. There wasn't a thing she did, I didn't know about. Now you take the day before she was supposed to leave for Montreal. This is the day before mind you.

AL: Yes?

MRS. RAYBURN: Edna had called me up and said 'Alice, how about you and me goin' shoppin' in Boston tomorrow and then maybe taking in a matinee? I said 'all right' and we made the date. But of course, she never showed up.

AL: ~~and she never said anything about making the trip?~~

MRS. RAYBURN: Not a word. Not a single, blessed word. Now, I ask you Mr. Whelton, Edna and me being such close friends, does that make sense to you?

AL: No. No I guess it doesn't.

MRS. RAYBURN: ~~The next day I went over to Edna's house. The house~~  
was empty, the curtains drawn, and the car gone.  
(DARKLY) And then I thought to myself, this is mighty funny, Alice Rayburn, mighty funny. Then I got to thinking of something else--something she'd told me.

AL: ~~Yes?~~

MRS. RAYBURN: Mr. Whelton, ~~I'm not one to carry tales.~~ I mind my own business and I expect others to mind theirs. But now that this has happened, I've got to speak my mind. One day along about a month ago, (FADING)  
I was over at Edna's house ...

EDNA: (FADING IN) Alice, I'm going to ask you a question and I want an honest answer.

MRS. RAYBURN: <sup>What is it</sup>  
~~Yes~~, Edna?

EDNA: (DEPRESSED) Would you still say I'm an attractive woman?

MRS. RAYBURN: Now why ask me a thing like that all of a sudden?

EDNA: (INSISTENT) Would you? Tell me the truth, Alice.

MRS. RAYBURN: For a woman around forty, you've kept your face and you've kept your figure. Not a gray hair in your head, Edna, and not a wrinkle on your face. I'd say you were a mighty attractive woman.

EDNA: (DEPRESSED) My husband doesn't think so.

MRS. RAYBURN: Scott? You mean he came right out and said so?

EDNA: No, but I think he's running around with another woman Alice. A blonde. ~~A much younger woman.~~

MRS. RAYBURN: What?

EDNA: Don't you dare breathe a word of this to anyone. I'm telling you this because you're my closest friend, because I can't stand keeping it to myself any more.

MRS. RAYBURN: But how do you know for sure?

EDNA: There's been talk. There's been a lot of talk around Braintree. Alice, what am I going to do? <sup>What am I going to do</sup> ~~I love~~ <sup>to do</sup> Scott. There was never any other man for me. I know ~~he's got an eye for a pretty girl, always did. But now he's done something about it.~~

MRS. RAYBURN: Edna, I still can't believe it.

EDNA: ~~You make a home for a man, you wait on him hand and~~  
foot and there's never anyone else in your life, and  
then all of a sudden, some blonde comes along and  
starts to take him away from you. . After that,  
everything he tells you seems to be a lie. And every  
hour he's on the road you wonder, is he with her? Is  
he with her?

MRS. RAYBURN: Now Edna, maybe you're just imaginin' --

EDNA: I've been trying to tell myself it's just a casual  
thing. It's not serious. It'll pass. I thought I  
had some pride, but where Scott is concerned, I just  
haven't got any, Alice. I've tried everything. Going  
to Boston, bought new clothes, got myself beauty  
treatments, everything. But it hasn't helped. Alice  
I'm afraid he's going to ask me for a divorce at any  
minute.

MRS. RAYBURN: (A BEAT) If he does, what'll you do?

EDNA: I won't give it to him. I won't let that blonde,  
whoever she is, take him away from me! (WITH A SUDDEN  
SOB) Alice, I couldn't bear to lose Scott. How can  
I hold him? What shall I do?

(A PAUSE)

MRS. RAYBURN: (FADING IN) Like I said, Mr. Whelton, that was about a  
week before Edna was supposed to have gone to  
Montreal.

AL: I see. Then she left for Canada and that's the last  
time you heard from her?

MRS. RAYBURN: That was the last time. I heard the news from Scott  
himself, and something about it seemed mighty funny.

AL: What do you mean?

MRS. RAYBURN: Well, about three weeks after Edna had disappeared, without a word you might say, I saw a light over at the Harmon's. I figured that maybe Edna was home from wherever she'd been. But when I got there I found him, her husband. He was packing two big bags and (FADING) he told me --

HARMON: (FADING IN - SADLY) From what they tell me Alice, Edna never had a chance. Car skidded and hit a pole. I'm on my way to Canada now.

MRS. RAYBURN: (NUMB, SHOCKED) I can't believe it, Scott. I just can't believe it.

HARMON: Neither can I. (HINT OF A SOB) ~~I keep telling myself~~ I shouldn't have let her go! I shouldn't have let her go. We shouldn't have quarreled the way we did.

MRS. RAYBURN: You and Edna quarreled?

HARMON: It seems so foolish now, so crazy. Such a little thing. It was about money. Edna wanted a fur coat and I told her we couldn't afford it. I wish to heaven I'd have given her the money now. She'd be alive now. She wouldn't have walked out on me the way she did. She wouldn't have gone to visit her cousin in Montreal. I don't blame her. The whole thing was my fault, Alice. If I'd just been decent about it and given her the money and let her get that coat, she'd still be alive. (SOB) She'd still be alive.

MRS. RAYBURN: What about Edna, Scott? You ~~goi~~<sup>goin'</sup> to bring her body back here for burial?

HARMON: No. I'm arranging for Edna to be cremated. She always wanted it that way.

(A PAUSE)

MRS. RAYBURN: (FADING IN) After that, Mr. Whelton, he left the house and he's never been back since. But one thing struck me while he was packing. I just couldn't figure it out. It kept botherin' me.

AL: What was that, Mrs. Rayburn?

MRS. RAYBURN: Well, like I told you. Scott said he was goin' to Montreal to make the cremation arrangements. Now you'd think that would only take a couple of days, a week maybe, at the most.

AL: Yes, I'd think so.

MRS. RAYBURN: Well, I saw what that man was packing. He was putting in enough clothes to last him a month. Practically emptied his closet while he was talking to me.

AL: (A BEAT) I see. Tell me something Mrs. Rayburn. About this other woman. You got any idea who she is?

MRS. RAYBURN: Well, after I found out about Edna, I started to ask a few questions around Braintree. And I found out the woman's name is Jeanne Goss and she lives in Boston.

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

NARR: A small obituary of an obscure woman hidden on a back page. But now it seems to lengthen and grow larger and the headline in your mind's eye begins to swell and grow bigger, and with a kind of mounting excitement you, Al Whelton, drive back to Boston and locate the other woman, Jeanne Goss.

JEANNE: (A LITTLE HARD AND BRASSY) Look Mr. Whelton, I don't care what this Mrs. Rayburn said. She's just an old gossip. I know that for a fact. Scott's told me about her many times.

AL: But you were seeing Scott Harmon.

JEANNE: I was seeing him. Why should I deny it? Scott and I were (SHE HESITATES A LITTLE) good friends. Very good friends. What's the use of trying to kid anybody? I was in love with him. He told me he'd get a divorce from his wife and then we'd be married. And as far as I know, that still goes.

AL: (A BEAT, THEN SIGNIFICANTLY) I see. Then in a way, what happened to Mrs. Harmon was a break for you.

JEANNE: All right, it was a break for me. I didn't ask that it happen this way. I had nothing against Edna Harmon. ~~I'm human~~ I'd have felt the same way I suppose, if I were married to some man and another woman was taking him away. But what could we do, Scott and me? We were crazy about each other and as much as we hated it, Edna had to be the one to get hurt.

AL: You know where Harmon is now?

JEANNE: He called me from Albany just once. Said he was on a business trip.

AL: When was that?

JEANNE: About a week ago.

AL: And you haven't heard from him since?



JEANNE: No. And to be frank with you, Mr. Whelton, I don't get it. It's not like Scott at all. He used to call me long distance every night when he was on a trip.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~And that's interesting! The question is a pointed one. Where's Scott Harmon? But before you get mixed up in that you want to satisfy the rising curiosity that bubbles and seethes and plagues you inside. You get on the 'phone at the office and put in a few calls~~

*Bill*  
AL: ~~to Canada. And then you see your managing editor --~~  
*Bill* ~~Bill, this whole Harmon case is starting to get a little weird. And before we get through with it, we may be taking that little obituary and placing it double column on page one.~~

BILL: ~~What do you mean?~~

*Bill*  
AL: I just checked Canada. The Customs people up there have no record of any Edna Harmon entering the country or of her husband either, for that matter. The Montreal police don't know a thing about any accident. And get this, Bill. None of the funeral parlors around Montreal have any record of an Edna Harmon being cremated.

BILL: Wait a minute, Al. Are you trying to tell me Scott wrote this phony obit himself and sent it to the paper?

AL: (A BEAT) Looks that way, doesn't it?

BILL: What's your next move?

AL: From here in it's a police job. I'm going down to headquarters <sup>now</sup> and talk to Lieutenant Flannery.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

AL: Well, that's the story, Lieutenant. Maybe you ought to pick up Scott Harmon and talk to him.

FLANNERY: (TWINKLE IN EYE) Are you kidding, Whelton?

AL: (STARES) What do you mean?

FLANNERY: Look. We're not exactly dummies down here at headquarters. We've been working on this Braintree thing for some time. We talked to Mrs. Rayburn before you got there and we saw Jeanne Goss the day after you did. And we know all about Montreal.

AL: (CRESTFALLEN) O.K. Lieutenant. If you think my face looks a little red -- it is. But what about Scott Harmon? He's disappeared.

FLANNERY: Whelton, I've got a little surprise for you. It so happens that Scott Harmon is on a train headed for Boston right now. We just <sup>had</sup> picked ~~him~~ up in New York City an hour ago.

(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 Alfred Whelton as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Alfred Whelton, ~~commonly~~ <sup>known</sup> of the Evening American, ~~have had your come-appearance.~~ You've pursued a line of investigation on the Harmon case and the police have been one step ahead of you all the way. But when Scott Harmon arrives in Boston, you're there in the Interrogation Room at Police Headquarters when Lieutenant Joe Flannery <sup>is</sup> ~~starts~~ <sup>to</sup> question the dead woman's husband --

HARMON: (INDIGNANTLY) Lieutenant, what's the idea of bringing me here and asking me all these questions? This is an outrage. I'm a citizen and I know my rights.

FLANNERY: Mr. Harmon, I want you to understand something. We're not denying you any rights. We're not accusing you of any infraction of the law. This is in no sense an official indictment of any kind. We just want to ask you a few questions.

HARMON: What kind of questions?

FLANNERY: First, what about this gun?

(WE HEAR THUMP OF GUN ON TABLE)

FLANNERY: When we picked you up, you had it on you. (A BEAT)  
Why are you carrying a gun, Mr. Harmon?

HARMON: ~~Why? Because I've got a permit. I'm a jewelry~~  
salesman. I carry a lot of valuable gems around with  
me. I took out the permit to protect myself in case  
anybody tried to hold me up.

FLANNERY: You got this permit on you?

HARMON: Right here in my wallet. Here ... take a look.  
That'll show you I'm not violating the Law.

FLANNERY: O.K. Just asking.

HARMON: What else do you want to know?

FLANNERY: Al, you got that clipping with you?

AL: Yeah. Here it is, Lieutenant.

FLANNERY: Take a look at it, Harmon.

HARMON: What about it? It's the story of -- Edna's death.  
~~What about it?~~

FLANNERY: You went up to Canada and arranged for her cremation,  
that right?

HARMON: That's right.

FLANNERY: You were running around with another woman, a Jeanne  
Goss. That right?

HARMON: (INDIGNANTLY) Who told you that?

FLANNERY: Answer the question.

HARMON: All right. All right. I admit it. I asked my wife  
for a divorce so I could marry Jeanne.

AL: But she wouldn't give you one, that right?

HARMON: You're wrong. <sup>That's where you're wrong, see?</sup> We  
had it out, Edna and I. She said that if I felt that  
way about Jeanne, she'd give me a divorce. (A PAUSE)  
Look, has Alice Rayburn been talking? Has that old  
gossip been filling you with poison?

FLANNERY: We talked to her, yes.

HARMON: So that's where you got it? Well, it's no wonder. Before you believe a story, Lieutenant, you ought to check the source. Everything she said is a lie!

FLANNERY: (QUIETLY) Anything else you want to tell us, Harmon?

HARMON: What are you talking about? I haven't got anything to say. Except this. Are you holding me for something, or aren't you? If you are, then I insist on calling my lawyer.

FLANNERY: I told you before, all we wanted were the answers to a few questions. We're satisfied now, and you're free to go.

HARMON: That's the first time I've heard you say anything (FADING) that makes sense, Lieutenant. Goodbye!

(SLAM OF DOOR OFF)

AL: (AMAZED) Lieutenant, ~~what happened to you? How come~~ you missed the boat?

FLANNERY: What boat, Whelton?

AL: You never told him about checking the Canadian authorities. After all, his wife never got to Canada. You might've trapped him there. Why didn't you ask him the big question?

FLANNERY: Take it easy Whelton. Take it easy. I know what I'm doing. I'm pretty sure that Harmon's guilty but as long as there isn't any dead body to prove it, any corpus delicti, they'd throw us out of court. That's the evidence we need. Edna Harmon's body. Get it?

AL: I get it. But you just let Harmon go. He knows you're interested in him now. Maybe he'll just disappear.

FLANNERY: And maybe he won't. You see, I've put a tail on him. He'll be followed day and night. If we get a break, maybe he'll lead us to something.

AL: Like what?

FLANNERY: Like the corpus delicti!

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

NARR: Find the corpus delicti. That's the problem. Lieutenant Flannery's putting his hopes on Harmon to lead him to the evidence he needs. You, Al Whelton, are a little too impatient. You're going to try something your own way. And so you go back to Mrs. Rayburn.

AL: Mrs. Rayburn, you say you saw Edna Harmon almost every day before she left for Montreal?

MRS. RAYBURN: That's right, Mr. Whelton, I did.

AL: Was Scott Harmon <sup>at</sup> ~~back~~ home any time during that week?

MRS. RAYBURN: As a matter of fact he was. Came in from a business trip and stayed at the house one day. Then he took the next couple of days off to go up to the summer cottage he and Edna owned up at Great Herring Pond.

AL: Great Herring Pond?



MRS RAY: Yes. It's ~~just outside~~ <sup>South</sup> of Plymouth.

AL: This is November. What's he going up to a summer cottage for at a time like this?

MRS RAY: Well, according to Edna, Scott was doing some work on the cottage for next season. Brought a man from Braintree here up to the Pond to help him.

AL: What was this man's name?

MRS RAY: Reinert. John Reinert. He works part-time at the filling station near the bus depot.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

REINERT: Sure Mr. Whelton. I went up to the cottage with Scott Harmon. Spent a couple of days up there.

AL: Doing what, Reinert?

REINERT: Wal, for one thing, we was diggin' the foundation for a new room Scott was addin' to the cottage. Him and me put two hard days of work afore we finished.

AL: I see. And that was all you did?

REINERT: Wal, you might say it was all I did.

AL: What do you mean?

REINERT: Like I said, we spent two days doin' the diggin'. The third day we figgered on mixin' and pourin' the concrete. But then Scott said to me, 'take the day off John, I'll pour the concrete myself.'

AL: (A BEAT) Now why would he do that?

REINERT: I dunno. Figger he wanted to save payin' out an extra day's pay. I saw the job Scott did the next day (CHUCKLES) He may be a good jewelry salesman but he certainly doesn't know nothin' about concrete.

AL: You mean he did a bad job?

REINERT: (CHUCKLES) Bad? First place, the concrete was mixed all wrong. Too much sand in it. In the second place, He poured it on too thick. Offered to break it up and repour it again, do the job right.

AL: What did he say to that, Reinert?

REINERT: Told me to mind my own business.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

AL: Lieutenant, the whole thing adds up to me. I'll bet you even money, ~~at least~~, that Scott Harmon has his wife buried under that concrete.

FLANNERTY: You think so, Whelton?

AL: I'll raise the odds. I'll give you two to one. Look, I checked the dates. That concrete was poured the day after Mrs. Harmon left for Montreal, quote, unquote. ~~You can paint the picture this way.~~ He dismisses John Reinert from the job. That night, he goes home, murders his wife, probably because she wouldn't give him a divorce.

FLANNERY: Go on.

AL: ~~Just painting a picture.~~ Early the next morning, he takes the body in his car to Great Herring Pond, drops it in the foundation and pours concrete over it. And unless you knew, you'd be whistling for that corpus delicti for fifty years.

FLANNERY: All right Whelton, I take my hat off to you. You've done a good job of investigation, but what do you want us to do?

AL: Only one thing to do. Get some men out to that cottage with sledge hammers, break up that concrete foundation, try to find the body.

FLANNERY: ~~We'd like to. There's nothing more we'd like to do~~  
~~right now. But unfortunately, one thing stands in our way~~  
*we can't*

AL: ~~What's that?~~  
*Why not?*

FLANNERY: The law.

AL: What law?

FLANNERY: There's a civil law in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts which prevents the invasion of and I quote "the sanctity of a man's home" whether it's his permanent residence or his summer cottage. In other words, I can't dig into that concrete or even break down his door.

AL: But that law may be protecting a murderer.

FLANNERY: May be. But the law's still a law. ~~Only thing we can~~  
do is hope the body's been hidden somewhere else.  
Matter of fact, I'll have some men drag Great Herring Pond tomorrow. Just in case Harmon tried to do it that way.

AL: ~~I don't believe it's going to do any good. Lieutenant,~~  
*tell him*  
~~listen. Can't you get Harmon in here again? Put him~~  
~~on the pan, grill him? Maybe he'd break after a while.~~

FLANNERY: ~~We'd do that too Whelton, but at the present moment we~~  
can't.

AL: Why not?

FLANNERY: Tell you a little secret. I hate to admit it. It  
~~makes us look a little foolish. But it'll come out~~  
*can't do that either*  
~~sooner or later. Our ~~tail~~ lost Scott Harmon in a crowd~~  
and he's vanished completely.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You know Scott Harmon's guilty now, Alfred Whelton. You know it! But at the end of every road you take there is only frustration. And what you need, what the police need, is a body. B-O-D-Y. Corpus Delicti. And then you get an idea. What you've got here is a trap but the jaws are open. What you need is the right kind of bait to snap them shut. You talk to Bill Hewlett late one night, after you've put the paper to bed.

(SINGLE TICKER OFF)

AL: Bill, this is the first time in my experience that a law on the statute books has protected a killer. ~~This is a man bites dog yarn in itself, if I ever heard one.~~

BILL: Sure. But how are you gonna get around it, Al? ~~You're not going up to the legislature and try to get the law repealed, are you?~~

AL: ~~No,~~ but I've got a <sup>fr</sup>great idea, Bill. Maybe it's crazy but it might work.

BILL: What's that?

AL: Suppose I ran a ~~phony~~ story in the afternoon edition. The story goes like this. The police suspect that Mrs. Harmon's body is ~~lying~~ at the summer cottage. I can put it on thick. Maybe something about the bloodhounds tracing it there.

BILL: Go on. What comes after that?

AL: After that I ~~plant another lie~~. I add a paragraph to the effect that the police are gonna completely search the grounds for the body.

BILL: But they're not.

AL: Sure. I know it, Bill. You know it. The police ~~know~~ it. But does the killer? Does Harmon know it?

BILL: I see. Then you'll gamble that Scott Harmon doesn't know about this law?

AL: Right. If he does, I'm sunk. If he doesn't, he may come out of hiding, <sup>and</sup> ~~try to~~ get there before the police do, and try to get the body away from there ~~at all costs~~.

(A BEAT) Well, Bill? What do you think?

BILL: ~~I think it's great. We'll print it, of course. All you have to do is get police permission.~~ <sup>and we'll print it</sup>

AL: (GRIMLY) ~~Don't worry,~~ I'll get it. In fact, I'm calling Flannery right now!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get Flannery's permission. You write the story, plant it in the afternoon edition, and that night you, Flannery and some armed deputies hide in the bushes near the summer cottage at Great Herring Pond in a freezing cold autumn wind. Dawn comes and breaks in the morning, and finally Lieutenant Flannery turns to you and says --

FLANNERY: Well, you had a good idea, Whelton, but it didn't pay off. Scott Harmon never showed up.

AL: (IN DISMAY) I was sure he would, Lieutenant. I thought sure he'd come out of hiding and take the chance.

(WITH A SUDDEN SURGE OF HOPE) Look, maybe he hasn't read the paper yet.

FLANNERY: Sure. Maybe a hundred things. Let's go back to Boston.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

*pretty depressed*

NARR: On the way back to Boston, you're ~~low in your mind~~, Al Whelton. You've gambled and you've lost. And you curse the law. The law meant for justice that prevents justice, and yet, at that moment, over in a rooming house in Quincy --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

HARMON: (OFF, MUFFLED) Who's there?

MRS FROB: It's the landlady Mr. Lonergan. Mrs. Frobish.

HARMON: (OFF) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

HARMON: (PLEASANTLY) Good morning Mrs. Frobish.

MRS FROB: Good morning, sir. I brought you a breakfast tray and yesterday's paper. You were sleeping when the boy delivered it and I didn't want to wake you.

(TRAY BEING PLACED ON TABLE. CLINK OF BREAKFAST DISHES.)

MRS FROB: I'll serve your breakfast.

HARMON: Thank you, Mrs. Frobish. You're very kind, very considerate.

MRS FROB: Mr. Lonergan, ~~I know how you like to read the papers.~~  
*23-1-1971*  
~~And there's a real juicy story in this one.~~

HARMON: (ABSENTLY) Yes? What is it?

MRS FROB: Well, it seems they suspect some man named Harmon over in Braintree of murdering his wife. Then this reporter, a Mr. Whelton, found a clue that maybe the wife's body is buried at a summer cottage.

HARMON: (INTERRUPTS-STUNNED) What was that you said?

MRS FROB: *well* ~~Why I only said that this cottage is up at Great Herring~~  
Pond and they think this woman Mrs. Harmon is buried --

HARMON: Give me that paper.

MRS FROB: (STARES) Why Mr. Lonergan, what's the matter?

HARMON: (SHRIEKS) Give me that paper!  
(RUSTLING OF PAPER)

MRS FROB: (A PAUSE)  
(A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) Mr. Lonergan, you're so pale.  
Are you ill?

HARMON: GET OUT!

MRS FROB: But Mr. Lonergan --

HARMON: Get out!

MRS FROB: (A BEAT) Very well.  
(DOOR CLOSES)

MRS FROB: (MUTTERING) The nerve of that man, telling me to get out  
like that. Why, I've never been so insulted in all my --  
(WE HEAR A SHOT OFF)

MRS FROB: Mr. Lonergan! Mr. Lonergan!  
(RUNNING STEPS.)  
(DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

MRS FROB: Mr. Lon -- (A HIGH PIERCING SCREAM AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)  
NARR: A shortwhile after, you, Alfred Whelton, saw the body  
of Scott Harmon, alias William Lonergan, lying still in  
death in a Quincy rooming house. And <sup>56</sup>now the law no  
longer applied. And two hours later you stand over a  
jumbled mass of broken concrete and suddenly the men  
stop pounding with their sledge hammers.

(SLEDGE HAMMERS POUNDING FOR A MOMENT AND THEN  
STOP ABRUPTLY.)

NARR: And in that unearthly silence, you turn to Lieutenant  
Flannery and say:

AL: There she is, Lieutenant. Edna Harmon. The corpus delicti.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from  
Alfred D. Whelton of the Boston <sup>Advertiser</sup> ~~Record~~-American, 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 Alfred D. Whelton of the Boston <sup>Record</sup> ~~Record~~-American.

WHELTON: AFTER CASE WAS CLOSED, I RECEIVED A PERSONAL COMMENDATION FROM POLICE LIEUTENANT WHO SAID THAT AS A NEWSPAPER MAN HE WOULD RECOMMEND THAT I EITHER BECOME A DETECTIVE OR ENTER THE FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGY; HE ALSO POINTED OUT THAT I HAD SAVED THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY SINCE THERE WAS NO TRIAL AND HENCE NO LEGAL EXPENSE IN PROVING THE KILLER GUILTY. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PALL MALL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Whelton...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 San Francisco Call Bulletin - by line Robert Z. Hall. A Big Story of a reporter who found the one thing the most confident killer fears...the unseen witness.

(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 Boston Record American. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Grant Richards played the part of Alfred D. Whelton. 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. Whelton.

(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 year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton (PAUSE) Our schools today are not the schools they were. Overcrowded conditions, lack of teachers and facilities make schools today confusing and bewildering to the youngsters. By taking an interest in our schools all of us can help make sure that the community we live in gets the best in education for the money it spends. If you want your child to get the best education available, join and work with your local civic group and school board seeking to improve educational conditions.  
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #291

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BOB HALL	ALLAN STEVENSON
BARBARA	SHIRLEY HAYES
MRS. <sup>Barbara</sup> <del>BARBURN</del> (MOTHER)	SHIRLEY HAYES
TCM	JIMMY STEPHENS
<sup>TCM</sup> <del>MURRAY FAY</del>	WARREN PARKER
CHEEF STONE	PAUL PARKS
BOY	SID PAUL
MR. STEBELL (TEACHER)	SID PAUL
ROSE	CHARLOTTE DENNY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1952

ATX01 0006972

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#291

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

DECEMBER 10, 1952

WEDNESDAY

(BOB HALL - SAN FRANCISCO CALL-BULLETIN)

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell, famous cigarettes, the finest quality money  
can buy, presents The Big Story.

(MUSIC.....)

(DOUBLE STEPS, CASUAL)

BARBARA: (17) Well - thanks for walking me this far, Tom.

TOM: (18) I'll go the rest of the way with you, Barbara.

(STEPS OUT UNDER)

BARBARA: It's - only another block from the bridge here. Thanks.  
Goodnight.

TOM: Wait! Why don't you like me?

BARBARA: I - like you all right, Tom.

TOM: Prove it then.

BARBARA: *What do you mean?*

TOM: Be nice to me!

BARBARA: Let - let go of me, Tom!

TOM: (EFFORT) Be nice to me!

BARBARA: (SCREAM) *Let me go! Let me go!*

TOM: (EFFORT) Shut up - or I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP & UNDER)

ATX01 0006973

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in San Jose, California, It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE) From the pages of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, the story of a reporter who found the one thing the most confident killer fears- the unseen witness. Tonight, to Bob Hall, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500.00 award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
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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\_ & \_UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Jose, California. The story as it actually happened. Bob Hall's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Bob Hall of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, are on general assignment and rewrite, covering every kind of story that boils up out of the color and vitality of the great golden Gate city and the region around it. This one July morning you had helped put the first edition to bed and had gone out for a well-deserved cup of coffee. On your return to the city room, you find a staff photographer, <sup>Johnny Eaton</sup> ~~Murray Fay~~, his equipment packed, perched impatiently on your desk.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_OUT)

CAST: (OFF CITY ROOM AD LIBS)

(OFF: TYPEWRITERS, PHONES)

FAY: For the luvva mike, Bob, where have you been?

BOB: <sup>Sitting a cup of</sup> Coffee ~~ing~~, Murray. <sup>Johnny</sup>

FAY: I thought so! I ran around to five different one-arm joints looking for you!

BOB: I went to a different one for a change. What's the matter?

FAY: We got an assignment and we're almost an hour late now.

BOB: Oh, great. Where's the story?

FAY: San Jose.

BOB: Fifty miles. Go in your car?

FAY: You bet.

BOB: And what's the story?

FAY: A young girl. Murdered.



(MUSIC: -- STING & UNDER)

NARR: You and <sup>Johnny Eaton</sup>~~Murray Fay~~ drive south to San Jose and you're annoyed at yourself over the simple little accident - of having gone to a different place for coffee that morning. You know all the other papers will be on the spot ahead of you. ~~Maybe the killer will have been caught by the time you get there.~~ And yet - though you don't know it now - that delay is actually going to be the key to your Big Story. By the time you arrive in San Jose, it's almost eleven o'clock. ~~The summer sun blazes down on the other reporters and photographers, on the detectives, on the dozen or so spectators staring in silent absorption at something in the underbrush: a motionless object covered with a blanket;~~

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CAST: (OFF AD LIBS OF DETECTIVES, REPORTERS)

BOB: Chief Stone?

CHIEF: Yeah?

BOB: Bob Hall, <sup>Murray Eaton</sup>~~Murray Fay~~, San Francisco Call-Bulletin.

CHIEF: Hiya. (UP) Hey, Gus, keep those kids back from the body!

BOB: Can you give us the dope so far, chief?

CHIEF: Get it the first time, Hall; it's too hot to be repeating.

BOB: Shoot.

CHIEF: Nine-forty-five this morning a bum named Arthur J. Perkins came along here--

BOB: Arthur J. Perkins; classy name for a bum.

CHIEF: Probably wasn't born a bum. He came along <sup>Summer</sup> Hobson street -- this street - and spotted the girl there - under the bridge over the dry creek.

BOB: Still alive?

CHIEF: Dead, strangled, dent in the head from a brick; we found the brick. Arthur J. Perkins ran for a phone - that drugstore a block-and-a-half away.

BOB: And called you - the police?

CHIEF: And scared to death. We came right out and he waited. <sup>He's</sup> it's that fellow over there. Bushy eyebrows.

FAY: Bob, I better get some pictures of him.

(FADE STEPS ON DIRT)

BOB: OK <sup>Johnny</sup> Murray. You holding him, chief?

CHIEF: Turns out he was warned three days ago to leave town; undesirable character we call 'em.

BOB: But if he killed the girl, why would he phone <sup>the police</sup> you?

CHIEF: Who knows? I'm holding him as a precaution. (UP) Hey, Gus, <sup>call them again</sup> you sure you phoned for the wagon? (NORMAL) Near the body we found a little bag with a bathing suit. Kid's name is Barbara Holcomb. Say she's sixteen--seventeen.

BOB: Her friends identified her?

CHIEF: Some of these kids hanging around; schoolmates. I just talked to her grandmother.

BOB: Address?

CHIEF: You guys have to know everything. Twenty-one Oceanside. A block from here.

BOB: What'd the old lady say?

CHIEF: Kid was at a swimming party last night; went alone.  
No particular boyfriends, no particular enemies,  
no particular nothin', I hate these cases. I got  
a girl eighteen. *supelf*

BOB: They make everybody feel a little sick. What's your  
next step?

CHIEF: Take Arthur J. Perkins to headquarters. Body goes to  
the medical examiner. Also we picked up a story  
about two young fellas in a green sedan seen talking  
to the kid day before yesterday. Some lead. Come along?

BOB: We'll tail along later, thanks.

(OFF: AMBULANCE BELL)

CHIEF: Ambulance finally. (UP) Gus, tell those guys to snap  
it up, will you?

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bob Hall, hate to see the police and other reporters  
drive off and leave you behind. But your work is <sup>new</sup> *to make notes*  
at the scene of the brutal, senseless murder; to give  
<sup>add</sup> *some*  
~~Murray Fay a chance to get~~ <sup>some</sup> pictures of the bridge, of  
~~the street down which the girl had walked to her~~  
~~death, of the trampled grass and underbush where she~~  
~~had fought for her life with an assailant --~~

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BOB: How you doing, <sup>Johnnie</sup> Murray?

FAY: Okay.

(CAMERA CLICK)

FAY: I got plenty of the chief and the others. Need a couple  
more of the spot itself.

(REMOVE PLATEHOLDER)

BOB: I think I'll talk to those kids hanging around.

(INSERT PLATEHOLDER)

FAY: Take your time, Bob.

(STEPS ON DIRT)

CAST: (FADE IN LOW OCCASIONAL AD LIBS OF TEEN-AGERS, DIE OUT)

FAY: *Bob:* Good morning. I'm a reporter from San Francisco.

I guess some of you knew Barbara.

BOY: (PAUSE) Yeah. Some of us.

BOB: You all go to the same school?

BOY: Some of us. Yeah.

BOB: Which one?

BOY: Mountainside High.

BOB: That's a couple of miles from here, isn't it? (PAUSE)

Say - (CHUCKLE) - you're all looking at me as if I'm going to put you in jail. I just want to know a little more about Barbara for my paper. She go out with boys much?

BOY: Nah. Not much.

BOB: Who was her best friend at school? (PAUSE) Look, <sup>*kids*</sup> ~~boys~~ and ~~girls~~, I don't want to harm anybody. We want to find out who did this. We can only do it if you help us all you can. Were any of you real close friends of Barbara's?

BOY: Nah, not us. Different classes at school only --(STOP)

BOB: (PAUSE) Yes?

BOY: Well, there's one kid I saw her with a lot. A girl. She lives over there. See that white house?

BOB: With the white picket fence?  
BOY: She lives there.  
BOB: What's her name?  
BOY: I don't know her name but she's got the reddest hair  
you ever saw.  
BOB: (UP) Hey, <sup>Shirley</sup> Murray!  
FAY: (OFF) Yeah?  
BOB: (UP) You finish up here, I'm going over to that white  
house.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a thin lead you've got, Bob Hall, but maybe the  
other papers haven't picked it up; your being late  
may now pay a little dividend. You trudge <sup>the</sup> a quarter-mile  
across the hot open fields ~~between the bridge and the~~  
nearest houses, a dozen of the youngsters trooping  
silently at your heels. You wonder what strange  
suspicions may be in those young heads; what they know  
~~that some instinct of fear wants them not to reveal.~~  
At the house with the white picket fence, you're  
admitted by an attractive seventeen-year-old with  
red, red hair, a quiet face and big troubled eyes.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ OUT)

ROSE: My name's Rose, Mr. Hall. Rose Belotta. (PAUSE) Why  
you writing it down?  
BOB: I'm a reporter as I told you, Rose; I have to take notes.  
ROSE: I don't want to get in any trouble!  
BOB: What kind of trouble could you get in - just telling  
me what you know about Barbara? (PAUSE) When did you  
see her last?

ROSE: Last night, Mr. Hall, ~~only--~~

BOB: You saw her last night? Remember what time?

ROSE: Going past our house to the swimming party and then later she came back, between nine and ten, I guess it was.

BOB: Was she alone?

ROSE: No, I mean the first time she was alone and she went by and waved to me from across the street, but when she came back later she didn't see me. At least I don't think so. Look, Mr. Hall, can you get punished for not telling something?

BOB: N-no, unless you're involved in a crime yourself and--

ROSE: What I mean is - can I get in trouble for not calling the police or somebody last night?

BOB: Just because you saw Barbara?

ROSE: Well - last evening I was sitting on the porch here with my friend Anita Fernandez and we'd been out on our bicycles and we were just sitting in the dark on the porch and we saw Barbara go by - on the other side of the street there, walking home.

BOB: Did you call to her?

ROSE: No, because - because she was with somebody. A boy.

BOB: A boy?

ROSE: <sup>yes</sup> ~~A fellow~~ and Anita and I we were both kind of surprised to see him with her because she didn't care much for fellows and besides--

BOB: (~~PAUSE~~) Yes?

ROSE: Well, this particular fellow; none of us know him very well because he's not in our class and he's been out of school a lot and - anyway there she was and they walked down <sup>Summer</sup> Hobson street and under the bridge--

BOB: To get to her own house?

ROSE: That's right and Anita and I we wondered and then we heard an awful scream from down there and it scared us, you can imagine!

BOB: What did you do?

ROSE: I wanted to go see what it was <sup>just</sup> and Anita didn't want to and - I didn't really want to either and we argued and while we were arguing we saw this fellow come back,

BOB: Alone?

ROSE: Yes and finally Anita said she'd go with me and we bicycled down and under the bridge and back and we didn't see anything. Golly and now it turns out she was lying there--!

BOB: You didn't go on to her house?

ROSE: ~~We didn't see anything and her house was dark and her grandmother's old and her mother's sick in the hospital and--~~ Only we should have, shouldn't we, Mr. Hall? We should've!

BOB: Nobody will blame you, Rose. And it's lucky I found you. Maybe that boy you saw can tell us something more.

ROSE: More?! Why should he? Maybe he killed Barbara!

BOB: What's his name, Rose?

ROSE: That's the awful part. I can't remember his name for the life of me!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You're up against a simple thing: an earnest, frightened girl saying: "I can't remember." What can you do? Take her up and down every street in San Jose - population seventy thousand - til she happens to spot the boy who walked Barbara home? *You go back and tell the story to Johnny Baton* ~~Murray Fay joins you for a little private conference.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT)

FAY: Better not take a chance, Bob. Let's go tell Chief Stone.

BOB: Suppose Rose is just an excited kid, all mixed up? Then we'd be getting an innocent boy into trouble.

FAY: Funny she can't remember his name. I think she's scared of him, really scared, and that's *why she can't remember* ~~blocking the~~ ~~recollection.~~ *his name.*

BOB: I think our job is to try to verify what she says, before we go to the Chief.

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

NARR: You're right to base your investigation on sound principles of reporting: never accept anything without backing it up. Rose Belotta takes you to see her friend Anita Fernandez and you find yourself facing a thin, darkhaired girl of sixteen with big black eyes. Quickly, nervously, she confirms everything Rose told you, but adds nothing. On the way back to Rose's house, you try to get specific details.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT)



(STREET NOISES)

BOB: Rose, can you describe the boy in detail?  
ROSE: He's big. Bigger than you, Mr. Hall. Seventeen,  
maybe eighteen. Goodlooking, you might say.  
BOB: How was he dressed, could you see?  
ROSE: Er - dark pants. Light-colored sport shirt.  
BOB: His hair - what color?  
ROSE: Er - blonde.  
BOB: Eyes?  
ROSE: Blue. No, brown.  
BOB: Blue, brown, which?  
ROSE: Gee, I'm not sure now. I haven't seen him close for  
months.  
BOB: With an exact description, <sup>Rose</sup> ~~girls~~, I could check with your  
school principal. But so far it's too vague, I'm  
~~afraid~~. Fifty boys could look like that.  
ROSE: I've got it! I've got it!  
BOB: Got what?  
ROSE: His name. Only you have to protect <sup>me</sup> ~~us~~ for telling you,  
He might come after me.  
BOB: ~~You'll be safe, Rose. What's his name?~~  
ROSE: ~~I know it now, I'm sure. It's Tom Rayburn.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ 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 & UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Bob Hall of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, <sup>have</sup> you turned up a lead on the brutal killing of young Barbara Holcomb by working on the highest principles of your profession: check, check and doublecheck. At last you have the name of the unknown boy - Tom ~~Rayburn~~ <sup>Buckley</sup> ~~Johnnie Galen~~ <sup>Rayburn</sup>. Quickly ~~Murray Fay~~ photographs the two girls. Then while he sends his plates to the Call Bulletin by bus, you telephone the story so far to your city desk. But you know it's still not a <sup>complete</sup> finished story. In a few minutes more you locate the modest ~~Rayburn~~ <sup>Buckley</sup> home.

(MUSIC: - - - - OUT)

MRS.: ~~Yes~~ <sup>Yes</sup>. I'm Tom's mother. What do you want, mister?

BOB: I understand your son attended the same school that Barbara Holcomb did.

MRS: Who's Barbara Holcomb?

BOB: A girl found killed this morning; ~~Hobson street~~ <sup>Sumner</sup> bridge.

MRS: Killed? ~~You think my boy Tom killed anybody? You're crazy! He had nothing to do with it!~~

BOB: ~~I didn't say that, Mrs. Rayburn.~~ Could I talk to Tom, please?

MRS: He's not home. He's out. What do you want with him?

BOB: I understand he may have seen her last night between nine and ten.

MRS: No. He had nothing to do with her! I never heard of her!

BOB: But if he did see her, he may help catch the person who killed her.

MRS: He didn't see her. I know he didn't see her!

BOB: May I ask how you know that, Mrs. <sup>Buckley</sup>Rayburn?

MRS: It's simple. He was home here with me all last evening!

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

FAY: Your story's coming apart, Bob.

BOB: Seems like, <sup>John</sup>~~Murray~~. Lucky we didn't spill it to Chief Stone.

FAY: Those girls must've made a mistake.

BOB: Maybe. Only since I checked on the girls <sup>story</sup>with the boy's mother, don't you think I ought to check on the mother too? I'll meet you in an hour - at that coffee pot across the street.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

CAST: (OFF COFFEE POT AND LIBS) <sup>John</sup>

BOB: (COME ON) Sorry I'm late, ~~Murray~~.

FAY: Any luck?

BOB: Order me a triple iced coffee and I might tell you!

FAY: (UP) Hey, doc. Triple iced coffee. (CHUCKLE)

Okay. So?

BOB: According to Mrs. R.J. Sable of eight-forty-one San Remo street, and Mrs. Edward Brunner of number twelve San Bernardino Boulevard, they each had a visitor last evening, between nine and ten.

FAY: Mrs. <sup>Buckley</sup>Rayburn?

BOB: She was visiting friends and neighbors for at least an hour.

FAY: Then her alibi for her boy is no good!

BOB: (UP) Hey, doc. Kill that triple iced coffee! (NORMAL)  
Come on, ~~Murray~~ <sup>Colony</sup> I've got another idea.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

BOB: Mr. Siebell, I'm sorry to ~~intrude~~ <sup>bother</sup> on you at home. I understand you're a teacher at Mountainside High. <sup>did you know</sup> Where Barbara Holcomb went.

MR: ~~Poor, poor girl. So you're a reporter, eh? Matter of fact, that was my ambition as a boy.~~

BOB: (CHUCKLE) I ~~think you're just as well off where you are, sir. You knew Barbara, of course.~~

MR: <sup>Oh yes</sup> Fine girl, Mr. Hall. <sup>It was a terrible tragedy.</sup> Have you solved the crime yet?

BOB: That's the job of the police, Mr. Siebell. My job is just to run down all the angles on it for my paper. I suppose you also know Rose Belotta.

MR: Oh, yes. ~~My wife envies her that beautiful red hair.~~

BOB: Anita Fernandez?

MR: <sup>Yes she is</sup> Very good history student, Mr. Hall.

BOB: Both sensible kids?

MR: Among the best. Good grades. Intelligent, honest, well-behaved girls.

BOB: Not inclined to get excited, imagine things the way some people do?

MR: Matter of fact, they're both exceptionally <sup>level</sup> ~~hard~~ headed. Not an ounce of hysteria in 'em.

BOB: How about Tom Rayburn? <sup>Bill Ray</sup>

MR: Oh? How does - he come into this?

BOB: ~~I understand he knew the girl too.~~

MR: He's rough, crude; all the girls avoid him, I'm sorry to say. Matter of fact, only a couple of weeks ago he got a little - well, fresh with Barbara; hit her in the face. Mr. Hall, is there some other reason why you're asking about him?

BOB: Seems he was the last person seen with her.

MR: ~~Oh. Then I'd better tell you the rest. Tom's been in trouble once or twice with the police. Minor scrapes but still - he's not entirely a good boy. And we've had trouble with him at school. He's been out a good deal --~~

BOB: I got that impression too, from the girls. They didn't seem to know him well at all.

MR: None of them do. ~~Sort of a lone wolf. Good heavens,~~ Mr. Hall, do you think it's possible that --  
*anything's possible*

BOB: ~~I don't think a thing yet, Mr. Siebell. I'm still~~ checking.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

(CAR STEADY UNDER)

FAY: *Back Bay*  
Back to the Rayburn house now, Bob?

BOB: Half-past four. Last edition coming up and we haven't got the suspect.

FAY: We can get there faster, boy, if that's the only problem.

(CAR FASTER)

BOB: *Johnnie*  
Easy, ~~Murry~~, easy; you'll get us pinched. Besides, I wonder if going right to the boy now is the *smart* right thing to do.

FAY: The story's right at our fingertips, Bob. The boss'll skin us if we don't wrap it up.

BOB: Yes -- but we couldn't go to Chief Stone before, not without checking. But if we hold out on him now until the last edition, the kid may skip out of town meanwhile. He may have skipped already.

FAY: Okay then. To headquarters we go.

BOB: No, not yet, <sup>Charlie</sup>~~Murray~~. Let's get to a phone first.

(MUSIC: - - - IN AND UNDER)

NARR: By long distance to San Francisco fifty miles away, you tell the full story to your managing editor and your city editor. As newspapermen, they're proud of the good newspaperman's sense you and <sup>Johnny Gator</sup>~~Murray~~ Fay have shown in running down the story. And they, like you, are excited at the chance to scoop every other paper on it. But - an innocent girl has been brutally killed. The killer is still at large. If you hold back the story and he gets away as a result, you'd be violating the first principle of all newspapering: the public interest first.

(MUSIC: - - - OUT)

BOB: Okay, boss. That's what we'll do.

(HANGUP)

BOB: I guess you got the drift, <sup>Johnny</sup>~~Murray~~.

FAY: Five minutes to five. Let's go!

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE) -

CAST: (LOUD REPORTERS' PROTESTS)

BOB: (UP) Sorry, fellas! Boss' orders! Have to see Chief Stone alone!

(DOOR CLOSE)

CAST: (OUT)

CHIEF: (COME ON) What's all the fuss, <sup>Boy</sup> Hull?

BOB: First off, chief, have you found out who killed the girl?

CHIEF: We've still got Arthur J. Perkins and my men are looking for two young fellas in a dark green sedan. Otherwise, nothing. Those kids out on <sup>Sutton</sup> ~~Hobson~~-street were no help to us at all.

FAY: Then it was lucky we were late.

CHIEF: Huh?

BOB: We got there late, if you remember, chief. And one of those kids did talk. And finally we've got a suspect for you: Tom <sup>Rayburn</sup> Rayburn.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

TOM: Oh, Hello, mom.

MRS: (COME ON) Tom, where you been all day?

TOM: Out. I was out, mom.

MRS: Where??

TOM: The movies. It was cooler in the movies, mom. (PAUSE)  
Why?

MRS: It's not wrong for a mother to ask where her boy was all day, is it? All day long?: Tom--is anything the matter?

TOM: No. Nothing's the matter, mom. Why?

MRS: You're lying! How can you lie to <sup>me</sup> ~~your mother~~??

TOM: No, I'm not ly-<sup>ing</sup>



MRS: Last night when I went out I left you here.  
TOM: And I was here when you got back, wasn't I?  
MRS: But you didn't tell me you went out in between.  
What'd you do when you went out?  
TOM: I - just went for a walk. That's all.  
MRS: You did go out! Tom -- Tom--!  
TOM: I just went for a walk, mom.  
MRS: Who with?  
TOM: Alone. Just around. Then I came back.  
MRS: Tom, listen. You mustn't get in trouble again. ~~If~~  
anybody asks, you have to say you were here with me  
all the time last night - ~~with me.~~ Don't you say  
anything different. You see?  
TOM: Different? Different from what - you said, mom?  
~~You talk to somebody?~~  
MRS: A man was here from a newspaper. He wanted to know  
where you were last night and I said right here.  
~~You say the same thing and it'll be all right, you~~  
~~see, Tom? Only,~~ Tom, you have to tell the truth to me.  
This girl - did you know her? Barbara Holcomb - ~~is that~~  
~~her name?~~  
TOM: I don't know any girl like that, mom.  
MRS: Don't lie to me! I'm trying to save you from some  
terrible trouble and if you lie to me I can't help--  
(SUDDEN HEAVY KNOCK ON DOOR)(OFF)  
MRS: (PAUSE) (LOW) It's him again.  
TOM: Who?  
MRS: That newspaperman. Now remember ~~we were here~~  
together. ~~Remember that!~~ *Don't say anything*

(HER STEPS, SLOW)

(DOOR OPEN)

MRS: (PAUSE) Oh!

CHIEF: Mrs. <sup>Buckley</sup> Rayburn? I'm from police headquarters, May I come in?

(MUSIC: -- IN & UNDER)

NARR: You, Bob Hall, and <sup>Johnny Egan</sup> Murray Fay wait at headquarters in the chief's office. Outside, the other reporters wait too. <sup>Billotta is</sup> ~~And the girls, Rose and Anita, are~~ brought in. Then, after an hour --

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CHIEF: I've got Tom ~~Rayburn~~ <sup>Buckley</sup> in the detention room, Hall, <sup>and his</sup> ~~mothers waiting outside~~ Under his bed at home, I found this.

(PAPER PARCEL ON TABLE)

BOB: Bundle of clothing?

CHIEF: ~~But I'm not going to open it now.~~ I'm hustling it over to the medical examiner. Then we'll see.

(MUSIC: -- IN & UNDER)

NARR: Again the waiting, something every newspaperman knows. Waiting with nothing to do but wait. On the outcome hangs the question of whether or not your work is well done; and on it too hangs the life of a young man, ~~a boy just starting life; the fears of his mother; and justice for a senseless murder.~~ ~~Conversation dies out.~~ You wait.

(MUSIC: -- BRIEF UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At last, the medical examiner's report.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(DOOR OPEN)

CHIEF: ~~Tom~~ come in here, son. ~~You too, please, Mrs. Rayburn.~~

(FADE IN STEPS & STOP)

(DOOR CLOSE)

CHIEF: ~~This is Mrs. Rayburn, and Tom.~~ <sup>Rose</sup> <sup>This boy</sup> Girls, do you know him?

ROSE: Yes, we - we do. That's Tom Rayburn.

CHIEF: Is he the person you saw last night walking down Hobson Street with Barbara Holcomb?

ROSE: Ye-yes.

MRS.: (REACTION) <sup>Tom is -</sup>

CHIEF: You heard a scream and then you saw someone walk back alone. Who was that?

ROSE: It - it was him. Tom.

MRS.: No, no! It couldn't've been! ~~Not Tom!~~

CHIEF: <sup>Please Tom, tell us</sup> (SIGH) (PAUSE) Well, Tom?

TOM: I hardly knew ~~Barbara~~. I didn't kill her.

CHIEF: ~~Tom, this reporter, Bob Hall, found two eyewitnesses who~~ <sup>this girl says</sup> saw you just before - and right after the crime. ~~These~~ <sup>is that one</sup> two girls.

TOM: I walked part of the way home with Barbara and left her. I didn't kill her.

MRS.: Tell the truth, Tom. ~~Be sure you tell the truth!~~

CHIEF: In this bundle I've got <sup>Some clothes</sup> ~~these clothes of yours~~ - I found under your bed.

(UNWRAP PARCEL)

CHIEF: Light-colored shirt, dark pants. Both with bloodstains partly washed out.

MRS.: Ohh! No!

CHIEF: Are they yours?

~~TOM: Well--~~

MRS.: Please Tom - the truth - you must. It's always better!  
Always!

CHIEF: Hall--

BOB: Yes?

CHIEF: You read the medical examiner's report. Tell him what it says.

BOB: Okay.

(UNFOLD PAPER)

BOB: It says - Barbara was killed between nine and ten o'clock last night - ~~just after Rose and Anita saw her last.~~ And the bloodstains on this shirt and trousers are of the same blood type as Barbara Holcomb's.

MRS.: Oh Tom! *tell the truth* ~~Tom, you couldn't have killed her... but anyway, no matter~~ what you did, say what it was! Please (BREAKS)

TOM: I didn't kill her, mom, I didn't! I didn't kill *her!*

CHIEF: (PAUSE) Sorry, son. I've got to book you for first-degree murder.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Bob Hall of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 Bob Hall of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin.

BOB: Suspect in tonight's Big Story stood trial in San Jose for the first-degree murder of his young schoolmate. His plea of insanity before the court failed and he was promptly convicted and sentenced for life to San Quentin prison. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- a big story from the front pages of the Moline, Illinois Daily Dispatch - by line Art Shénske. A Big Story of a reporter who hunted down a killer and wrote a modern story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

(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 Paul Milton from an actual story from the front pages of the San Francisco Call Bulletin. Your narrator was Bob Slaone and Allan Stevenson played the part of Bob Hall. 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. Hall.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES ... This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton. This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

mtf/el  
11/25/52pm.

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #292

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ART SHINSKE	JOE HELGESEN
LIEUTENANT	JIM GREGORY
CARL	BILL LIPTON
WYCOFF	GEORGE KLUGE
POLAND	DANNY OCKO
MARY	CONNIE LEMBCKE
WOMAN	CONNIE LEMBCKE
VERNON	WALTER GREAZA

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1952

ATX01 0007000



NBC

THE BIG STORY

#292

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

DECEMBER 17, 1952

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell, famous cigarettes, the finest quality money  
can buy, presents The Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

~~(PHONE RING)~~

~~(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)~~

WYCKOFF: ~~Wyckoff's Grocery. Oh, hello Mary. Yes, I know it's~~  
~~late. I'm just closing the store now, had a big day~~  
~~down here. Keep supper hot, I'll be right home. Bye.~~

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE OFF.)

(STEPS COME IN AND STOP.)

CARL: (POLITELY) Good evening.

WYCKOFF: Good evening, Sir. What can I do for you?

CARL: I'll have a pound of butter.

WYCKOFF: A pound of butter. Anything else?

CARL: Thank you, yes. Two pounds of sugar, if you please.

WYCKOFF: There you are.

CARL: ~~I'm very grateful to you.~~

WYCKOFF: Will that be all, Sir?

CARL: No. If you don't mind, you could get me one more thing.  
The money in your cash register.

WYCKOFF: (A BEAT) Wait a minute. What is this?

CARL: (POLITELY) Why, it's a holdup. Really Mr. Wyckoff,  
I regret having to point this gun at you. I realize  
that it isn't what you might call good manners. ~~I~~  
~~hate to trouble you at this time of night, but now,~~  
~~if you don't mind~~ -- may I please have the money?

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0007001

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Moline, Illinois. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American Newspapers. (FLAT) From the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Moline Daily Dispatch, the story of a reporter who hunted down a strange killer and wrote a modern story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Tonight, to Art Shinske, of the Moline Daily Dispatch, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Well \$500.00 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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(START E.T.)

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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Moline, Illinois. The story as it actually happened.....

Art Shinske's story as he lived it.

NARR: As a veteran reporter, <sup>you</sup> Art Shinske, of the Moline Daily Dispatch, ~~you~~ know what any newspaper man knows. The business of reporting the news 99% of the time can be very ordinary, just routine. But it's the possibility of the other 1%, the chance for the dream story, that makes the difference. Like this particular night in December. You are at Police Headquarters, ~~Art Shinske,~~ and a man named Wyckoff, a grocer, comes in and reports a holdup. And you're there with Lt. Walter Reese, as he takes it down.

LIEUT.: You were just closing the store when he walked in.  
That right, Mr. Wyckoff?

WYCKOFF: That's right. This man came in, ordered a few groceries, and then pulled this gun on me, a .38.

ART: How'd you know it was a .38?

WYCKOFF: Spent a couple of years in the Army. I know a .38 when I see one, Mr. Shinske.

LIEUT.: O.K. Wyckoff. Go on. What was this man like?

WYCKOFF: Well Lieutenant, you won't believe this. But he was just about the politest, most courteous man I ever met.

ART: A polite bandit?

WYCKOFF: I know it sounds kinda crazy but every other word with this man was "please", "thank you", or "if you don't mind." He seemed to be apologizing for the whole thing.

LIEUT.: How much did he apologize for?

WYCKOFF: Over <sup>Two</sup> ~~Seven~~ Hundred Dollars. I had a pretty big day at the store. Anyway, I handed it over without an argument.

ART: And after that?

WYCKOFF: Why, after that he said thank you a couple of times and backed out of the store.

ART: The polite bandit. I'll say this much Walt, it's a neat twist. A fresh angle.

LIEUT.: In my book it's just a holdup. Even if the guy did tip his hat. Now, Mr. Wyckoff, getting back to this stickup..

WYCKOFF: Yes Lieutenant?

LIEUT.: Can you give me a description of this man?

WYCKOFF: Well, he was medium height, wore a gray hat, blue overcoat.

LIEUT.: Gray hat, blue overcoat. What about his face?

WYCKOFF: Black eyes, pale complexion, very pale. The big thing I noticed was that thing in his left cheek.

LIEUT.: What thing?

WYCKOFF: Well, it wasn't exactly a scar and it wasn't a dent. It was a kind of hollow. I got the idea that he'd lost some teeth on the left side.

ART: And that's all, Mr. Wyckoff?

WYCKOFF: That's all. And I'll be darned if I can figure it out. If a man comes in and robs me of my money, why would he be so infernal polite about it?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Why indeed? For you, Art Shinske, it's a good angle and you do it justice. A combination news and feature piece on page one. After that, you forget the incident. And then, about two weeks later, in a bar and grill over on Fourth Avenue.....

CARL: Bartender.....

POLAND: (MOVING IN) Yeah, what is it Mister?

CARL: (MEAN, A LITTLE EDGE ON) Gimme another drink!

POLAND: O.K., <sup>but you're the last one</sup> ~~but it'll have to be the last.~~ It's closing time. *and I*

CARL: O.K., O.K., it's closing time. (QUARRELSOME) What are you giving me an argument for?

POLAND: (QUIETLY) I'm not giving you any argument Mister. I'm just telling you --

CARL: (INTERRUPTS) All right, you're telling me and I'm telling you. I want another drink! If there's anything I hate, it's a gabby bartender. Now, fill it up!

POLAND: O.K.

(LIQUOR POURED IN GLASS.)

(WE HEAR A LONG AAAAAAH AS CARL DOWNS DRINK)

CARL: ~~That hit the spot.~~ Now, what's my tab?

POLAND: Four sixty.

CARL: O.K. Here you are, Gabby.

(WE HEAR CLANG OF CASH REGISTER. CASH REGISTER DOOR OPENS.)

CARL: ~~Barkeep!~~ *Hey bartender*

POLAND: What is it?

CARL: Never mind closing that cash register.

POLAND: What do you mean?

CARL: I mean take the dough out of there and hand it over.

POLAND: Wait a minute, you trying to pull a ---

CARL: (INTERRUPTS) A stickup? Yeah. You got any objections?  
You wanna argue with this gun? Go ahead, argue.

POLAND: (A BEAT) I guess I'd better do it your way, Mister.

CARL: Bright boy. You're a very bright boy, Gabby. Now  
gimme the money, Just the bills. You keep the change.

POLAND: O,K. Here, take it.

CARL: Thanks. Now, let's go.

POLAND: (A BEAT) Go where?

CARL: You got a car outside, and you're gonna take me for a  
little moonlight drive.

POLAND: Look Mister, I don't get it. You got my money, what  
else do you want?

CARL: Listen to him. ~~Bright boy.~~ What else do I want?  
You think I'm gonna let you get on the phone and call  
the cops the minute I take off? What kind of a dummy  
do you think I am? Now, come on. Turn out the lights,  
lock up the joint and let's go.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER. THEN CAR ROLLS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES.)

CARL: This is a nice spot gabby. Nice and lonely.

POLAND: You're gonna let me out here?

CARL: (A CRUEL LAUGH) Yeah. I'm gonna let you out here.

POLAND: It's a long walk to town.

CARL: Who said you were gonna walk?

POLAND: (STARES) What d'you mean?

CARL: I mean you got a big mouth, Gabby. You'll go to the cops and tell them what I look like. I wouldn't want that to happen. And there's only one way to keep a loud mouth like you from talking.

POLAND: You mean you're going to ---

CARL: ~~Bright boy.~~

POLAND: (SCARED) Look Mister, Gimme a break. You got my money, what else do you want? I never did you any harm. I'm a family man, got a wife and two kids --

CARL: (CRUEL LAUGH) I'm cryin' in my beer.

POLAND: ~~If you let me go, I swear I'll never say a word about this. I'll never mention it to the cops. Honest, I swear it.~~ (IN RISING HYSTERIA) Mister, please. Put the gun away. Please don't. Don't do it. Don't --

(A SHOT.)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Early on the morning of December 20th, you Art Shinske, get the call <sup>Art Shinske</sup> and you hurry down to the Moline Public Hospital. A bartender, identified as Joseph Poland, has been found critically wounded on a lonely road, a bullet through his neck. And now, you and Lieutenant Walter Reese are with him as he fights for his life.

LIEUT.: Poland! Poland, can you hear me?

POLAND: (WEAK IN PAIN) I...hear....you.

LIEUT: This man who shot you. What did he look like?

POLAND: (WEAK) Black eyes....very pale....and his cheek --

ART: What about his cheek, Poland?



POLAND: (HALTING) It was sunk in. ~~Had a deep hollow in it~~  
LIEUT: Anything else? Could you tell us anything else?  
POLAND: He was...mean. The more he drank...the meaner he got.  
~~Kept...insulting me, calling me...names. I...I...~~  
(SIGHS AND PASSES OUT, BREATHING HEAVILY, UNDER)  
LIEUT.: Poland,....  
ART: It's no use Walt, he's unconscious.  
LIEUT.: Yeah. I guess it's just as well. He won't feel the pain  
this way. The doctor says he hasn't got much chance.  
ART: (THOUGHTFULLY) Say Walt ---  
LIEUT.: Yeah?  
ART: You find the bullet?  
LIEUT.: We did. Passed clear through his neck and half-way  
through the upholstery of the car a .38 caliber.  
ART: A .38. The whole thing sounds crazy. ~~But is it?~~  
LIEUT.: What are you talking about Art?  
ART: Walt, you ever read Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"  
LIEUT.: Sure. Who hasn't? Why?  
ART: A bandit holds up Wyckoff, the grocer. A very polite  
bandit. He has dark hair, pale complexion, and a  
hollow in his cheek. He uses a .38 revolver. Does <sup>+</sup>  
~~this~~ <sup>what</sup> ring a bell, Walt?  
LIEUT.: Are you trying to say the polite bandit and the hood <sup>man</sup>  
who shot Poland are one and the same man? <sup>^</sup>

ART: It looks that way to me. Same description. Same caliber gun.

LIEUT.: ~~You're crazy. You forget there's a big difference in~~ *A real Shinske Hyde*  
their characters. The man who held up Wyckoff was polite, courteous. The man who held up Pollock was mean, plenty mean. Description or no description, they couldn't be the same man in a million years.  
~~(LAUGHS) Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Forget it, Art!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Jekyll and Hyde. Jekyll and Hyde. You wonder, Art Shinske. You wonder. And then miraculously, the bartender, Poland, fools the doctors. Miraculously he pulls through and lives. And again you go to the hospital, interview him.

ART: ~~Mr.~~ Poland, ~~look~~. About this man who held you up. Could you describe him in further detail?

POLAND: I don't remember a thing about him.

ART: You told us he was pale, had black eyes and this hollow in his cheeks.

POLAND: (EVASIVE) Did I?

ART: Don't you remember?

POLAND: I don't remember a thing.

ART: But he was alone in the bar with you. You got a good look at him. ~~Maybe there was something else about~~ *must*  
his face. Or his hair for instance. You remember what color his hair is?

POLAND: (STUBBORNLY) I couldn't tell you a thing about his ~~hair, Shinske.~~

ART: ~~Then his clothes. You must have remembered something~~  
about his clothes. What kind of hat was he wearing,  
what color coat?

POLAND: ~~I wouldn't know. It's all pretty vague to me.~~ The  
more I think of this guy, the vaguer he gets.

ART: (A LITTLE IRRITATED) Poland, you've got to understand,  
we're trying to find the man who almost killed you.  
If you'd cooperate, if you'd only concentrate, try to  
think.

POLAND: (STUBBORNLY) I told you once, Shinske, and I'm telling  
you again. ~~I don't have any picture of this guy at~~  
~~all.~~ I don't remember a thing about him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's obvious that Poland is withholding information,  
and it's obvious why. He's scared. He looked death  
in the face and he's afraid that the same death might  
come back and finish the job. And who are you, Art  
Shinske, to blame him? A week passes by. Two. And  
no sign of the polite bandit or the not-so-polite  
bandit. And then, one night, in another tavern, over  
near Carbon Cliff, a lone customer comes in around  
closing time.

CARL: (POLITELY) Good evening bartender.

VERNON: (HOSTILE) Oh, it's you.

CARL: (PLEASED) Why yes, I'm glad to see you remember me.

VERNON: What'll you have?

CARL: A double rye, thank you.

VERNON: Double rye.

(WE HEAR CLINK OF GLASS, LIQUOR POURING.)

CARL: Thank you very much.

(HE DRINKS. WE HEAR AN AAAH OF SATISFACTION AND  
CLINK OF GLASS ON BAR)

CARL: Another double, please.

VERNON: O.K.

(LIQUOR POURING)

CARL: Thank you.

(DRINKS AGAIN)

CARL: (STARTING TO GET TIGHT) Bartender, would you mind  
leaving the bottle on the bar? I would appreciate it,  
really I would.

(CLINK OF BOTTLE ON BAR)

CARL: That's it. Thank you very much.

(LIQUOR POURING. CARL DRINKS AGAIN)

VERNON: Say, Buddy...

CARL: Yeah?

VERNON: You're taking those double ryes a little fast, aren't  
you? I remember the last time you were in here --

CARL: (STARTS TO GET ROUGH AND TOUGH) The way I take 'em  
is my business, isn't it, bartender?

VERNON: O.K. It's your business. Only this time, I'm askin' you  
to behave yourself.

(ANOTHER DRINK POURED)

CARL: You know something?

VERNON: What?

CARL: I don't like your face.

VERNON: Oh, you don't?

CARL: I didn't like it the first time I met you and I don't like it now.

VERNON: That's just fine. I don't like your face, either.

CARL: (THICKLY) Oh, <sup>wise guy</sup> ~~bright boy~~, huh? I come in here nice and polite and you shoot your big mouth off and start calling me names. ~~(HE POURS ANOTHER DRINK AND DRINKS IT)~~  
~~stupid jerk~~  
~~Bright boy.~~

VERNON: O.K. Mister. I've had enough out of you. Pay for the drinks and get out of my place.

CARL: That's what you told me the last, time, remember?

VERNON: I'm tell you again.

CARL: You talk too much, ~~bright boy~~. (SUDDENLY) Try talking in the barrel of this!

VERNON: (A BEAT) Hey, wait a minute. What's the idea of the gun?

CARL: ~~What's the idea of the gun? What's the idea of the gun?~~  
~~You think I'm playing games or something? Come on, open the cash register!~~

VERNON: Why you dirty --

CARL: (LOW) (AND DRUNK) I said open it, blabber mouth!

(WE HEAR CLANG OF CASH REGISTER. CASH REGISTER DRAWER OPENS)

CARL: Just gimme the bills. (A PAUSE) That's it, bright boy. Now you're being smart.

VERNON: O.K. You've got the money, what are you hangin' around for now?

CARL: There's one thing I forgot.

VERNON: Yeah? What?

CARL: This!

(SHOT)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

(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 make 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 Art Shinske, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Art Shinske, of the Moline Daily Dispatch, stand at the bar and stare down at a body, still in death. The bartender's name is John Vernon. He still wears his white coat and apron and there is a clean bullet hole through his <sup>head</sup> ~~open mouth~~. But this time you have a witness. A frightened girl, a witness named, Mary Karns...

MARY: (A LITTLE HYSTERICAL) I was in the kitchen just cleaning up for the night, when this man came in. I heard them talking. Heard everything they said.

LIEUT: (GENTLY) Suppose you start at the beginning, Miss Karns.

MARY: Well, there's a round window in the kitchen door, and I saw the man come in and sit down.

ART: What did he look like?

MARY: ~~I don't know. He was sort of hard to describe.~~ Face had the color of chalk. It was awful pale, but there was a dark spot in his left cheek.

ART: (A BEAT) A dark spot?

MARY: ~~I don't know just how to describe it.~~ It looked like it was sunk in a little. Like the man had lost some teeth there, or something.

LIEUT: Go on, Miss Karns.

MARY: Well, the man ordered a drink and from the way they talked, he and Mr. Vernon had met before. I'd never seen him before, I'm new here. Anyway, the funny part was, this man was polite, awful polite.

(MORE)

MARY:  
(CONT'D)

But then he started to drink and the more he drank the meaner he got. Honest, you wouldn't have known it was the same man. Then I saw him rob Mr. Vernon and shoot him.

ART: Why did he shoot him? Did Vernon make a move for a gun, anything like that?

MARY: No. <sup>But the man</sup> ~~He just laughed and~~ shot him. <sup>Anyway</sup> ~~like he enjoyed~~ it, if you know what I mean. I was scared to death he'd come into the kitchen and find me. I ran into the food closet and hid there until he left. Then I called.

LIEUT: I see.

MARY: Lieutenant, that's all I know. ~~Honest. That's all I know.~~ When I came out and saw Mr. Vernon lying on the floor and the blood running from his mouth, I felt like fainting, I -- (CUTS) Can I go now, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: Of course Miss Karns. Go ahead. Sorry we had to bother you at a time like this.

MARY: (STARTING TO FADE) Thanks, Lieutenant. I'm going home and try to get some rest.

(DOOR CLOSES)

ART: Jekyll and Hyde, Walt. I knew it. I knew it!

LIEUT: It's still hard to believe.

ART: Jekyll and Hyde. Only it's a Twentieth Century version, ~~Robert Louis Stevenson wrote his yarn out of his~~ ~~imagination, but this is happening in real life, right in~~ ~~front of us. Don't you see it?~~ <sup>This guy is</sup> He's polite when he's sober and he's mean, a killer when he's drunk. Liquor changes him from a lamb into a lion.

LIEUT: Art, it ~~still~~ sounds crazy, but ~~I've got to admit it~~ ~~it sounds logical, too.~~ <sup>But it may be true</sup> and I'm going to try and prove it



ART: There's one sure way to prove it. The murder slug, Walt. I'll bet a month's pay that it's a .38, and I'll bet another month's pay that after Ballistics gets through with it, it'll match the bullet that almost killed ~~Pollock~~. *Paland*

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ballistics checks the two slugs. And issues a report. They're both fired from the same gun. ~~Dr. Jekyll's gun.~~ ~~Mr. Hyde's gun.~~ The same man, same gun. But the weird bandit with a split personality is elusive, again he vanishes and the police are unable to pick up his trail. Then you, Art Shinske, get an idea. And the next day you're at headquarters with a page proof, the ink on it still wet.

ART: Walt, take a look at this. It's a proof of tomorrow's front page in the Dispatch.

(WE HEAR RUSTLE OF PAPER)

LIEUT: (READS) Dispatch offers reward for killer. (HE PAUSES, THEN SLOWLY) This is a composite drawing of Mr. X. Have you seen him? (LIEUT PAUSES) Mr. X.

ART: Yeah. It's our schizophrenic friend, Walt, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We had an artist draw this picture on the basis of the description we already have. I sold the publisher on putting up a reward, and I'm sure it'll grow as it goes along. Like it?

LIEUT: Can't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. We've tried everything else. Maybe this will work.

ART: The way I see it, this man can't be hiding in a cave. Somebody's sure to know him or see him sooner or later. And where there's money concerned, somebody might phone in.

LIEUT: They might. But there's one thing you forgot, Art.

ART: Yes?

LIEUT: <sup>Pollock</sup> Pollock was ~~scared~~ <sup>afraid</sup> to talk and you can't blame him in a way. ~~This killer is gun happy. If he scares Pollock,~~ <sup>everybody</sup> he may scare other people too. Maybe ~~they'll~~ <sup>talk</sup> be afraid to ~~tip their hands.~~

ART: I thought of that, Walt, and I've taken care of it.

LIEUT: How?

ART: My paper's offering this reward on a secret witness basis. It's right there in the copy. If somebody's seen our friend and phones in, he doesn't have to reveal his name. All he does is give us a code number. If ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> information's right and we find we nail Mr. X, then we pay off on the code number. That way, nobody's liable to get hurt.

LIEUT: (A LIGHT CHUCKLE) This sounds like a gimmick out of E. Phillips Oppenheim.

ART: Yeah. It does at that. But I don't care how melodramatic the method is, as long as it pays off. The point, is Walt, this town is haunted by a kind of maniac. He's o.k. when he's sober, But when he's drunk he's murder!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get calls all right, ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> Chinsky, and as you figure, a lot of them turn out to be from cranks and crackpots. You waste a lot of time running down empty alleys leading nowhere. Meanwhile, the reward grows as contributions from public spirited citizens pour in. And then, some three days after the reward is announced and the picture printed .....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ART: Shinske, Dispatch.

WOMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Shinske, <sup>Just</sup> I think I know who Mr. X is. But I'm ~~not going~~ <sup>afraid</sup> to tell you my name.

ART: We don't want your name, Madam. We'll give you a code number. If your information turns out, <sup>to be correct</sup> we'll pay you the reward, all right?

WOMAN: (A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) Yes, I guess that's all right.

ART: O.K. Your number's B-416. Now, tell me about it.

WOMAN: Well, I'll tell you this much. I happen to be a relative of John Vernon. I'm not going to tell you how near of kin I am, or how far. I'm just a relative.

ART: Yes, go on.

WOMAN: Well, I was in John's tavern ~~about a month ago~~ <sup>the last time</sup> when this man came in. He looked very much like the drawing in the paper. He was a very nice man, very polite, very courteous.

ART: Yes, what was he doing there?

WOMAN: He told my -- (SHE CATCHES HERSELF) He told John he worked as a mechanic in some shop here in town. But he'd had some experience as a bartender and he asked for a job. But my relative didn't have any job for him.

ART: I see. What happened after that?

WOMAN: After that he had a few drinks and he stopped being polite. He began to abuse John and shout at him. They had a terrible argument, and this man, this man with the hole in his cheek walked out, but I remember he said something when he walked out.

ART: Yes? What did he say?

WOMAN: He said that some day he'd be back! And then -- he'd take care of John ~~Wommon~~... for good!

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARR: There's something about this call. Something that sounds legitimate. You, Art Shinske, of the Moline Daily Dispatch, got going. You do it systematically. You visit the Personnel Departments of one factory after another in Moline, check employees' photographs. And then, on your tenth try, you think you've got him. You rush back to see Lieutenant Reese.

ART: Wait, this is our man all right. This is Mr. X. Only he's got a real name now. It's Sparrow. Carl Sparrow. And he worked at the Standard Tool Company.

LIEUT: What do you mean "worked"?

ART: I checked his personnel record. The bartender, Vernon, was murdered on December 20th, and it so happens that Carl Sparrow quit his job on the following day and never showed up after that.

LIEUT: Carl Sparrow. *Sure sounds like this*  
~~You sure this is the man?~~

ART: I've got three witnesses who I think can prove it - Wycroff who saw him as Jekyll. Poland and Mary Kerns, who saw him as Hyde.

LIEUT: ~~Now all we have to do is find a man named Carl Sparrow.~~

ART: ~~That's all we have to do!~~

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARR: ~~After that, it takes a little time. Carl Sparrow has dropped out the police's work and a few days later...~~  
 completely out of sight. ~~But then,~~ about two days later....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ART: Skinske, Dispatch.

LIEUT: Art? Walt Reese.

ART: Yes Walt?

LIEUT: We've traced Carl Sparrow to a trailer camp over at London Mills. We're moving in on him tonight. If you like, you can come along.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At London Mills, Walt Reese, yourself and a squad of men, wait in a lonely road near the trailer camp until dark. Then you move in.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

CARL: Yes?

LIEUT: You Carl Sparrow?

CARL: Why, yes sir. That's right.

LIEUT: I'm Lieutenant Reese. Police Headquarters at Moline. *Walt*

CARL: (A BEAT) Well, come in Lieutenant. Please come in, ~~all~~ of you. I wouldn't want you to stand out there in the cold.

(DOOR CLOSES)

LIEUT: Thank you Mr. Sparrow.

CARL: Not at all. I believe in courtesy. Now then, Lieutenant. What can I do for you?

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- 22 -

REV.

LIEUT: You can put on your hat and coat and come with us.

CARL: Come with You? Why? Please Lieutenant, tell me why?

LIEUT: You're under arrest Sparrow. For murder!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At headquarters, Walt Reese <sup>questions</sup> ~~chills~~ Sparrow. The man denies everything.

CARL: I didn't kill anybody - Do I look like the kind of a man who'd -

LIEUT: Save it Sparrow - Reilly bring in Mr. Wyckoff -

(STEPS - DOOR OPEN OFF) (

(DOOR SHUT)

(STEPS IN AND STOP)

LIEUT: Mr. Wyckoff. Take a good look at this man. You recognize him?

WYCKOFF: Do I recognize him? I'd know him anywhere. That's the man who held me up. That's the polite bandit! *all right*

CARL: The gentleman's mistaken - I never saw him before -

LIEUT: Reilly - Miss Karns please.

(STEPS - DOOR OPEN OFF)

(DOOR SHUT)

(STEPS IN AND STOP)

LIEUT: Miss Karns. You recognize him?

MARY: That's him, all right. That's the man who shot my boss, <sup>Mr</sup> ~~John~~ Vernon!

CARL: Really Lieutenant. There must be a misunderstanding -  
I just can't ---

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LIEUT: Reilly Mr. Poland please.

(STEPS - DOOR OPEN OFF)

(DOOR SHUT)

(STEPS IN AND STOP)

LIEUT: Mr. Poland?

POLAND: Well I don't know, Lieutenant. Can't say that it isn't the man, can't say that it is.

ART: Look, Poland. What's the use of burying your head in the sand? These two people have stuck their necks out and identified this man. Now, how about it? Is this the bandit who shot you?

POLAND: (A BEAT) All right. I'll put it on the line. This is the guy all right. I couldn't forget that face!

LIEUT: Well Sparrow. What do you say now? Do you ~~honestly believe~~ <sup>believe</sup> ~~that~~ three people can make the (BREAKS) same mistake?

CARL: It was the liquor ~~that did it~~. I don't know how or why. I tried to stay away from it, but I never could. I'd have ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> drink, ~~and then another and another~~. And then I'd change. I'd change inside, you see. Up here, up in my head. I was a different man. ~~I wasn't Carl Sparrow any more, but I was somebody else.~~ (HE LAUGHS A LITTLE MADLY) Isn't that funny? ~~Isn't that strange?~~ That's the way I felt. Like another man. How can you be two men and yet the same man at the same time? How can you?

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telefram from Art Shinske of the Moline Illinois Daily 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 Art Shinske of the Moline Illinois Daily Dispatch.

SHINSKE: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS INDICTED BY THE ROCK ISLAND COUNTY GRAND JURY ON SIX COUNTS INCLUDING ARMED ROBBERY AND MURDER. HE WAS FINALLY CONVICTED AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT AT STATEVILLE PENITENTIARY AND IS NOW SERVING HIS TERM THERE. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Shinske...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 Washington Times Herald - by line William O. Key, Jr.

*The Big Story of a law side a boat side and a reporter who tried to play Santa.*

(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 Moline Daily Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Joe Helglisen played the part of Art Shinske. 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. Shinske.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton.  
This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

hc/rp

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #293

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BILL	LAWSON ZERBE
BRODY	MATT CROWLEY
COP #2	HAROLD STONE
FRAMER	HAROLD STONE
FLORA	AMZIE STRICKLAND
LANDLADY	ELEANOR PHELPS
MISS TENDY	ELEANOR PHELPS
MAN	CHUCK WEBSTER
TOWNSEND	VINTON HAYWORTH

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1952

ATX01 0007027

CHAPPELL: BELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest quality money  
can buy present ~~3~~.. THE BIG STORY!

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

(SOUND OF MOTOR LAUNCH CHUGGING ALONG IN THE  
RIVER. TWO COPS ABOARD ARE TRYING TO SING  
~~"SILENT NIGHT" IN CLOSE, OR NOT SO CLOSE HARMONY)~~

BILL: (CUE) ~~Hey, you guys... take it easy.~~

(COP #1)

BRODY: ~~What's the matter, BILL? No ear for music?~~

BILL: ~~I do have an ear. That's the trouble!~~

COP #2: ~~Where's your Christmas spirit?~~

BILL: ~~Can you find place to be~~  
~~See~~ Christmas spirit? On a police boat in the middle of  
the Potomac?

BRODY: You asked to go along, reporter.

BILL: Sure. I was looking for a story. Fine place for a  
story this is.

BRODY: ~~Okay. So you get music instead. Pretty music.~~

FLORA: (OFF)(SCREAMS)

(THERE IS A SPLASH, OFF)

BRODY: What was that?

COP #2: Scream. Came from over there.

BRODY: Throw that light back! ~~there~~

BILL: See anything?

COP #2: It's a woman. She jumped ~~off that ledge~~ into the  
water!

BRODY: Swing the nose around -- ~~reverse engines. We --~~

BILL: (SHARP) Look out! She's going under the ice!

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

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened! It happened in Washington, D.C. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Washington Times-Herald, the story of a bus ride, a boat ride, and a reporter who played Santa Claus. Tonight, to William ~~W.~~ Key, Jr. for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

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GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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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: Washington, D.C. The story as it actually happened --  
Bill Key's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Bill Key, at the time your Big Story broke, were  
working for the Washington Times-Herald. Or maybe  
working isn't exactly the word for it's this particular  
December evening just a few days before Christmas.  
That yuletide perennial, the office party has broken  
out this year as usual, and reporters...being as  
human as anyone else...are no exceptions.

(SNEAK NOISE OF PARTY, B.G.)

The city room is decorated with mistletoe, copy girls  
and full glasses ... and you're having a wonderful  
time....

(BURST OF LAUGHTER)

BILL: And then ... get this...he walks over to the city desk,  
throws his hat on the chair and says... "If you want  
any more meetings like that covered...get a blanket."

(MORE LAUGHTER)

BILL: Those were the days all right. You should hear some of  
the stories Townsend tells. He --

TOWNSEND: (COMING IN) What kind of stories does Townsend tell?

BILL: Oh. Mr. Townsend. I was just talking about you.

TOWNSEND: So I hear. Nice party we've got going, mmm?

BILL: Nothing but the best.

TOWNSEND: Good. Too bad I have to tear you away from it, Bill.

BILL: Just let me -- (TAKE) Huh?

TOWNSEND: Come on over here where it's quieter. Got an  
assignment for you.

(STEPS UNDER...FADE PARTY B.G. A LITTLE)

BILL: Now?

TOWNSEND: Right now. We still get out a paper, you know, Christmas or no Christmas. What's the matter? Aren't you ready, willing and eager?

BILL: In a word ... no.

TOWNSEND: That's my boy. You've clinched the assignment.

BILL: What is it?

TOWNSEND: A Christmas story.

BILL: What about?

TOWNSEND: That's up to you.

BILL: Huh?

TOWNSEND: We need a Christmas story. You're a reporter. Dig one up.

BILL: Just like that. What do you want? The usual Salvation Army stuff ...something out of the missions?

TOWNSEND: Uh-huh. No, it's got to be fresh, Bill. Something that'll have emotional pull, warmth. Something different.

BILL: You're really making it easy, aren't you?

TOWNSEND: You've got two days. You ought to find something.

BILL: Sure. Particularly if I run into Santa Claus.

TOWNSEND: You can do it, Bill. Just nose around.

BILL: (MOROSE) Oh, sure. Thanks for nothing.

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

NARR: Now there's a nice sort of Christmas present dumped in your lap. No leads .. no tips .. no nothing. Just find a story that's fresh, that's different .. and do it by deadline. But -- the man said get to work, so you do.

(MORE)



NARR: You make the usual phone calls .. try the likely  
(CONT'D) sources ..

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

BILL: Lew? This is Bill Key of the Times Herald. Look, I  
was wondering if anything had turned up at your pawnshop  
that might work up into a Christmas story. Any starving  
mothers pawning wedding rings to buy presents for their  
kids .. some kind of a deal like that? No, huh? I  
didn't think so.

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

BILL: Children's Home? This is Bill Key down at the Times-  
Herald. Say, have you got any material I might use for  
a cute Christmas story? Any background on any of the  
kids ... Oh. No, that wouldn't do. Well, thanks  
anyhow ...

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

BILL: Ah, come on, Brody, think. You cops sit here all day ..  
you hear a million hard luck stories. Isn't there  
anything I can use?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

~~BILL: Mr. Townsend? Bill Key calling. Look, I could do a  
feature on the pet store downtown. Parents buying  
puppies for their kids for Christmas. I --- well, I  
know it's not new, but -- okay, Mr. Townsend.....sure,  
Mr. Townsend .... sure ... sure ...~~

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

NARR: And around you go again, Bill Key .. getting nowhere.  
It would have put your mind at ease if you had known  
that, in another part of the city, your story was already  
beginning. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

Even if you had been able to look in on it you wouldn't have noticed anything out of the ordinary ... just a girl named Flora, showing some Christmas gifts to her landlady...

FLORA: (YOUNG, BREATHLESS, EXCITED) ..and I bought this soap for my mother...real perfumed soap. Look.

LANDLADY: (~~WARY~~, BORED) That's nice.

FLORA: She puts it in the linen closet to make the sheets and things smell sweet. ~~I can remember even when I was a little girl how I loved to smell the sheets. Even now when I smell perfumed soap it makes me think of the sheets back home and how nice they were.~~

LANDLADY: Yeah. Well, speaking of sheets, I better get back to my ironing.

FLORA: But you haven't seen my other presents, Mrs. Baker. Look -- for my brother ..

LANDLADY: What's all that?

FLORA: A cowboy suit. He always wanted one. And I got some handkerchiefs for my father ..

LANDLADY: You're really going to make a splash back home, huh?

FLORA: Oh well, not a splash. It's not that, but ..

LANDLADY: Presents for everybody .. and that imitation fur coat you've been paying on ..

FLORA: I make the last payment tomorrow ~~and then I can get it to wear home.~~

LANDLADY: Your family will think you've come into money.

FLORA: Oh, they'll know I haven't done that. Making fifteen dollars a week <sup>plus tips</sup> isn't exactly money. But the thing is-- I did do it. By myself.

LANDLADY: Nobody else will ever do it for you. I found that out.

FLORA: The thing is -- with me -- my family never thought I could do anything by myself. They still think I'm a baby. ~~They didn't want me to come to Washington. They thought .. oh, that I wouldn't be able to get a job, or would get in trouble or -- all sorts of things. They never thought I could do much of anything.~~

LANDLADY: We-ell, I've seen girls with more get up and go..

FLORA: I -- I just don't ever like to be .. well .. forward. I don't like to fight with people or be -- nasty. But that doesn't mean I can't take care of myself. And now I can prove I can. I'm going home on the bus tomorrow, I've got nice presents for everybody .. I've got a coat I bought all on my own with my own money. I did it. By myself. And now they'll have to admit it.

LANDLADY: Yeah. Well, if you're going home tomorrow, don't forget the room rent.

FLORA: I'll have it tomorrow. I get paid off at the restaurant tomorrow and that'll give me money for the rent and my bus ticket and the last payment on the coat. And then I'll be on my way. Home. (A SIGH OF CONTENTMENT) Oh, it's going to be the most wonderful Christmas that ever was!

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

NARR: You never know when a story starts. If you, William Key, had been able to eavesdrop on this scene, you never would have guessed that this was the beginning of yours. But perhaps .. the next day .. if you had been with Flora at the restaurant where she worked -- perhaps you would have sensed something then. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D) Perhaps .. or perhaps not .. because it was all done so easily ..

(RESTAURANT B.G. CASH REGISTER)

FLORA: May I help you, sir?

MAN: Well! You're new behind the counter here, aren't you?

FLORA: Well, I ~~work in the restaurant~~ <sup>am a waitress</sup> ~~but~~ and on off hours they ask me to take over here at the cigarette counter ~~too.~~

MAN: I didn't think I'd seen you. Two packs of chewing gum, please.

FLORA: Here you are. That'll be ten cents.

MAN: Okay.

(CASH REGISTER RINGS OPEN)

FLORA: Thank you. I --- (THEN) Oh, look out. The mints!

MAN: Oops ..

(A SMALL CLATTER)

MAN: Oh, gee, I'm sorry. I didn't see those mints stacked up there.

FLORA: I better pick them up before they get stepped on.

MAN: I'll help you.

FLORA: Oh, that's all right.

MAN: I knocked them down, didn't I?

FLORA: Well, thank you. I -- the manager gets sort of mad here when anything happens. And I don't want him to get mad .. especially today.

MAN: Here are some from under the table. (THEN) Why especially today?

FLORA: It's payday. And I need the money to go home.

MAN: Oh. Well, there you are. All shipshape again.

FLORA: That's awfully nice of you. And here's your change,  
Merry Christmas.

MAN: Merry -- (CUTS) Hey.

FLORA: What's the matter?

MAN: I think you made a little mistake on the change.

FLORA: I did? Let me see. Ten from a dollar .. that's  
ninety ..

MAN: But I didn't give you a dollar. I gave you a twenty.

FLORA: Oh, no ..

MAN: Oh yes ..

FLORA: I'm sure I noticed. It was a dollar.

MAN: I think you're just a little excited today. The only  
bill I had on me was a twenty.

FLORA: But ..

MAN: And if you just look in your cash drawer, I'm sure you'll  
find a twenty there.

FLORA: Well, yes, there is a twenty here, but ..

MAN: Does it have a double ink spot on the back? The one I  
gave you had a double ink spot on the back-side..

FLORA: I --- yes, it does.

MAN: Well, I guess that proves my point.

FLORA: (SCARED) But I know you didn't give me a twenty. I --

MAN: (HARD) Look, Miss .. I'm trying to be pleasant. I don't  
like to get anyone in trouble .. particularly on  
Christmas Eve, but I gave you a twenty with a double  
ink spot on it -- there's a twenty in the cash drawer  
with a double ink spot on it, and I want nineteen dollars  
and ninety cents in change and if I don't get it from  
you, and get it right now, I'll have to take it up with  
the manager.

FLORA: Oh, no, please, I ..

MAN: Okay. Nineteen bucks, please.

FLORA: But I'm sure ..

MAN: All right. What's the manager's name?

FLORA: Mr. Framer, but ..

MAN: (CALLS) Mr. Framer? Is Mr. Framer here? I --

FLORA: (TERRIFIED) No, please, don't. I -- I guess I must have made a mistake.

MAN: I guess you must have.

FLORA: (COUNTING IT OUT) Ten from ... twenty dollars is .. nineteen - ninety. There you are, sir.

MAN: Thank you.

FLORA: Thank you, sir. Come again.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

FRAMER: Okay, Flora .... closing time. I'll just go over the receipts with you and then you can pick up your pay in my office.

FLORA: All right, Mr. Framer.

(CASH REGISTER RINGS OPEN)

FRAMER: Let's see .... total receipts ..... total cash rung up .... ~~forty ... fifty ... fifty-five~~ ... fifty-five, seventy. ~~I ---~~ (THEN) Flora.

FLORA: Yes, Mr. Framer?

FRAMER: Total sales here are seventy-four seventy, but there's only fifty-five seventy in the till.

FLORA: Are you sure?

FRAMER: Of course I'm sure. What do you mean, am I sure?

FLORA: Well, I --

FRAMER: I suppose you have an explanation for this?

FLORA: I -- I don't know.

FRAMER: What do you mean, you don't know? You're nineteen dollars short. Where is it?

FLORA: I guess .. the man has it.

FRAMER: What man? (PAUSE) Well, come on, kid. You've got a tongue even if you don't have a brain. Come on .. talk.

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

NARR: And Flora talks. She tells the manager about the nice young man and the mints and the twenty dollar bill and then she waits for his reaction. She doesn't have long to wait.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT)

FRAMER: *Do you expect me to expect that*  
~~A likely story~~ - How do I know you weren't working with the guy -- Flora, I ought to have you put in jail.

FLORA: Jail? But -- you don't understand ...

FRAMER: I understand all right. I understand I'm out nineteen bucks because you say you made a mistake.

FLORA: But --

FRAMER: Is that all you can say. But?

FLORA: But ...

FRAMER: Look, keep quiet will you? For your own sake, just keep quiet. And get out. Fast.

FLORA: (SCARED) Get out?

FRAMER: You can understand English, can't you? Out. O-U-T. Out. You're fired,

FLORA: But --

FRAMER: And stop saying "but!"

FLORA: But -- I mean ... what about my pay?

FRAMER: What pay?

FLORA: You owe me for this week. Fifteen dollars.

FRAMER: Sure. And you owe me for the nineteen dollars you're short. And even if you can't add, you ought to know that fifteen from nineteen is four. So let's have the four .. and fast.

FLORA: I don't have it. I don't have anything.

FRAMER: ~~Okay~~ Then stop yapping and get out ... before you really get in trouble.

FLORA: (DESPERATE) But you've got to give me my money. I need it for my room .. and for the bus fare to go home, and for the payment on my coat, and ..

FRAMER: You should have thought of that before you started handing out charity.

FLORA: (IN TEARS) It was a mistake.

FRAMER: It sure was. Yours. Now, get going.

FLORA: But what am I going to do? I don't have a penny. I can't go home without money .. I won't have a room to stay in here. I --

FRAMER: Look, any more from you and you'll have a room all right. In jail. I could have you arrested for this. And if you don't get out of my sight before I really lose my temper, I will. Now get!

(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, 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: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: Christmas Eve. A city bustling with last minute shoppers... glittering with lights and greenery...a city alive with anticipation and gaiety, where one girl, with no money... no job and no place to go can pass unnoticed on the shimmering pavements...pass unnoticed in the quiet back alleys..pass unnoticed on the crooked one way streets, leading nowhere.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE)

NARR: And, in another part of the city, you, Bill Key of the Washington Times-Herald put in a phone call to your editor.

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

BILL: Look, Townsend...I've been poking around on this blasted Christmas story for two days.. I'm going out with the police patrol boat now -- don't ask me why...it's the only place I haven't been. And if something doesn't turn up in a couple of hours, I'm going home and you can get your Christmas feature direct from Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(SOUND OF MOTOR BOAT CHUGGING UP RIVER. COP #2 IS IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SOLO OF "~~SILENT NIGHT~~")

BILL: Christmas eve. On a police boat in the middle of the Potomac.

BRODY: You asked to go along, reporter.

BILL: Sure. I was looking for a story. Fine place for a story this is.

BRODY: ~~Okay. So you get music instead. Pretty music.~~

(THE SOLO VOICE IS INTERRUPTED SUDDENLY BY A  
WOMAN'S SHRILL SCREAM. THEN A SPLASH)

BRODY: What was that?

COP #2: Scream. Came from over there.

BRODY: Throw that light back!

BILL: See anything?

COP #2: It's a woman. She jumped ~~off that ledge~~ into the water!

BRODY: Swing the nose around -- ~~reverse engines. We --~~  
*Speed her up*

BILL: Look out! She's going under the ice!

BRODY: Get a line ready. I'm going over.

(SPLASH AS HE DIVES)

BILL: Brody, don't. You---Good Lord, the fool! The both  
of them will go under.

COP #2: Get out of the way so I can swing this line.

BILL: He's got her.

COP #2: (CALLS) Here's the line, Brody. Coming out.

(SMALL SPLASH)

BILL: He's caught it.

COP #2: Okay, lend a hand.

(AD LIB SPLASHING AND HEAVY BREATHING AS  
THEY ARE PULLED TO SIDE OF BOAT. SPLASHING GETS  
NEARER)

BRODY: (OFF A LITTLE) ~~It's all right.~~ Get the girl. She's  
passed out.

COP #2: Easy.

BILL: You all right, Brody?

BRODY: A little chilly.

COP #2: Okay. Full speed ahead. We've got to get to the hospital  
--fast.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(HOSPITAL CHIMES. DOOR CLOSE OFF)

BILL: Miss Tenny?

TENNY: (MIDDLE AGED...A LITTLE WORLD WEARY) Yes....

BILL: I'm Bill Key of the Times-Herald. I understand you're nurse in charge here.

TENNY: What's on your mind, Mr. Key?

BILL: That girl...the one who tried to commit suicide...

TENNY: She's going to be all right.

BILL: Well, look...I think maybe there's a story in it and --

TENNY: Sure there's a story in it. There's always a story in it. That's what gets you.

BILL: I thought you'd be hardboiled about things like that by now.

TENNY: I'm hardboiled as they come. The things I see here...you get a thick skin or else. (PAUSE. THEN) She's young. Just a kid. On Christmas eve.

BILL: Why'd she do it?

TENNY: I didn't ask. That's not my line --asking questions.

BILL: All right if I go in?

TENNY: Sure. Go on.

BILL: Thanks.

(FOOTSTEPS)

TENNY: Oh, look....

BILL: Yeah?

TENNY: Take it easy with her, mm? She's only a kid.

BILL: (SMILES) Who says you're hardboiled?

TENNY: I did. Go on. Go in.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You go in. At first you can barely see the girl, she's buried under so many blankets. You think maybe it's going to be hard, prying a story out of her...but once she gets talking...she's like a mechanical toy that's been wound up.. She can't stop.

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

FLORA: (CHATTERING HYSTERICALLY) I was sure he gave me a one dollar bill. That is, it seemed like I was sure but he was so nice...picking up the mints and all..and there was a twenty with a double ink spot on it...but afterwards I got to thinking..and Mr. Framer...that's the manager.. he said he'd have me arrested, and I didn't have any money and I didn't know what to do, and I --- I ---  
(SHE FALTERS)

BILL: You went down to the river?

FLORA: Well, not right away. I met Mrs. Baker - that's my landlady - and told her what had happened. -- Later I went back to my room and ...she was standing in the hall and she just looked at me and -- (HIGH) I'll just never forget her just looking at me and saying what she said...

~~(MUSIC: --- STING AND WAY UNDER FOR BACKING)~~

LANDLADY: The room's locked.

FLORA: But, all my things are there, Mrs. Baker..my clothes and the Christmas presents for my family. You remember, the soap and the cowboy suit and ....

LANDLADY: The room's locked.

FLORA: But my things...

LANDLADY: Yeah. I know. They're locked in too. Sorry, but that's the way it is. No room rent -- no room.

FLORA: I'll pay it back, I'll get another job..

LANDLADY: Fine. When you do, come on around. You can get your things then.

FLORA: But my Christmas presents for my family..

LANDLADY: You don't have the money to go home now, do you?

FLORA: No, but..

LANDLADY: Well, then you won't be needing the presents either. Will you?

(MUSIC: ~~SPING UP AND OUT~~)

FLORA: I guess she was right. I didn't really need the presents. I --I didn't have any place to take them because I couldn't go home, but I just kept thinking about them... and about how hard I worked to save the money and how I was planning on going home and everybody there would be so proud of me and I could show them how I could make good..how I really could...and then I realized I couldn't. And then there wasn't anything, anymore.

BILL: And that's when you went down to the river?

FLORA: Yes.

BILL: (BEAT. SIGH) You were had, Flora.

FLORA: Had?

BILL: It's an old trick..the deal with the twenty dollar bill.

FLORA: You mean..it really was a dollar he gave me?

BILL: Sure.

FLORA: But the ink spots.... *The previous*

BILL: A real smart con game. ~~Some time earlier in the day,~~ *Just before you was a pal off his and he* ~~the guy came in, when you weren't on the counter, and~~ *you* ~~passed the twenty with the spot on it. Then he came~~ *this guy* ~~back later and pulled the fast one on you. Of course~~ ~~he knew there was a spotted twenty in the till. He'd seen to that earlier.~~

FLORA: Oh. I guess that was pretty smart of him. (HIGH)  
But it's not fair. It's just --not fair!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: <sup>the camera</sup> They put her to sleep then, and you, Bill Key, make  
your way back to your paper. But her words keep  
echoing in your ear. Not fair. A pretty neat way of  
putting it. Just --not fair. Back at the city room you  
write up the story..and then you do some fast talking to  
the reporters who are still hanging around...

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

BILL: Sure, sure, I know things are tough but you can still  
shell out a buck or two...give..

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

BILL: Come on...come on, Mac.. I know all about that Christmas  
bonus. You don't have to spend it all, you know.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

BILL: Okay, kid, let's have it. It's Christmas, remember.  
Anyway, who wants to die rich?

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Reporters are a tough lot. Nobody can ever call them a  
soft touch and get away with it. They don't fall for  
sob stories. But you tell them about the girl who  
wanted to go home for Christmas and the con man who  
didn't let her, and they come through --in spades. The  
neat stack of bills in your hand when you finish is  
enough to pay the room rent..get back Flora's  
Christmas presents...pay off the restaurant owner..clinch  
the fur coat...and buy a ticket home for Flora.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

x. BILL: Plus a little extra ..just in case.

FLORA: Mr. Key, I --I just don't know how to thank you.

BILL: Try staying away from river banks, mmm?

FLORA: Oh, I will. I--I was just stupid. And I caused so much trouble...

BILL: Stop worrying about the trouble. Just go home and have yourself a time.

FLORA: I'll leave on the noon bus. It'll be so wonderful, Mr. Key. A real Christmas.Home.

BILL: Yah! There's just one thing that gets me.

FLORA: What?

BILL: The guy who pulled this con game on you. I hate to see him get away with it.

FLORA: Well, maybe -- maybe he needed the money. Maybe he didn't really mean --

BILL: He meant it alright. Oh, I'm no kid, Flora. I know plenty of crooks get away with plenty of things...but on Christmas....

FLORA: Things happen <sup>the con down at 1140</sup> even on Christmas...

BILL: Sure, I know they do. <sup>Good thing there's not a chance you'd look up</sup> I guess it's the reporter in me coming out? <sup>like I said before</sup> I just don't like the way the story ends.

FLORA: (SOFTLY) I do. I like the way the story ends -- just fine.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Like it or not, Bill Key, that's it...that's your Christmas story. Only it doesn't get much of a spread. After all-- what's so special about a girl who finally gets to go home for Christmas? But, your job is done. You're home with your family, enjoying the holiday when...

(PHONE RING)



BILL: If that's the paper thinking I'll got out on a story they've got another think coming. I'm not moving out of this house tonight if the Capitol's on fire....

(PICKUP)

BILL: Hello...

BRODY: (FILTER THOUGHTOUT) Bill?

BILL: Yes?

BRODY: This is Brody, down at headquarters..

BILL: What's on your mind?

BRODY: Funny thing just came up, Bill. We got a call to pick up a guy --

BILL: (CUTS IN) Look, Brody, this is a holiday and --

BRODY: Listen! This guy was brought into the hospital.. automobile accident --shook himself up -- nothing serious. --

BILL: (ANNOYED) Then what ---?

BRODY: Listen, will you? They went through his pockets, And you know what they found?

BILL: What?

BRODY: Eight twenty dollar bills ~~in his pocket. Nothing else.~~ Just ~~eight twenty dollar bills~~ -- all marked with a double ink spot. We're holding him for questioning. Now do you like the way your story ends?

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You like it fine. It's too late to print, of course. The story's over. But it's still a good feeling, Bill Key -- a good feeling to know that things <sup>do</sup> work out fair -- especially on Christmas.

smk  
12/24/52pm

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 William D. Key, Jr.  
of the Washington Times Herald.

KEY: Girl in tonight's Big Story was released from hospital  
in time to catch bus for home. In addition to presents  
for family, \$150 was raised by staff members of paper  
for her .. more money than she had ever had in her  
life. As final touch, owner of fur shop not only  
turned over her coat to her, but insisted on making  
last payment himself. My sincere appreciation for  
tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Key....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  
St. Joseph Missouri Gazette - by line Harold E. Mills.  
\* *The* Big Story of a reporter who trapped three killers  
because one of them wouldn't save his money.

(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 Washington Times Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Lawson Zerbe played the part of William Key. 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. Key.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES <sup>Present</sup> This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton.

And now the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, wish all of you a very merry Xmas. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: Build now for the future, with United States Defense Bonds - the one profit-making investment that guarantees security for you, security for the country in which you live and work.

This is NBC... the National Broadcasting Company.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #294

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOCANE

HAROLD MILLS

MASON ADAMS

TRUDY BAKER

EVELYN JUSTER

EDITOR

TONY RANDALL

NEPHEW

TONY RANDALL

CRAWFORD

BILLY M. GREEN

BAR MAN

JIM BOLES

SHERIFF

JIM BOLES

WADE

~~HARRY HAINES~~ *Danny Cole*

~~GARRET~~ *Robinson*

BOB READICK

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1952

NEC

THE BIG STORY

#294

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

DECEMBER 31, 1952

WEDNESDAY

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

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

(RATTLING OF PAPERS)

GARRET: (ABOUT 20) (VERY COCKY) (HALF ALOUD) Nothin' but a lot  
of old junk! Where the devil <sup>is it</sup> can it be? (CALLS BACK)  
Wade ...

WADE: (COMING ON) (HE'S A LITTLE SLOW-WITTED) Yeah, <sup>Robinson</sup> Steve?

GARRET: Any luck?

WADE: We ain't found it yet. Crawford and <sup>Norger</sup> Clyde -- looking  
upstairs.

GARRET: You sure it's here?

WADE: That's what I heard. (HESITANTLY) Leastwise -- I think  
they said it was here.

GARRET: Aaaah, I don't know why I listen to you. Ever since  
you got conked with that hunk of wood you --

WADE: (GETTING MAD) Don't you talk like that to me! You  
got no right!

GARRET: Okay, okay, put a lid on it! Did you check the window  
box?

WADE: Nothin' in there but a couple of syrup jars.

GARRET: Syrup jars! Did you open them?

WADE: What fer? The jars are full up.

GARRET: Lemme see ...

(FEW STEPS)

(LID BEING RAISED)

(CLINK OF GLASS JARS)

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GARRET: They do look full ... but it could be dark paint on  
the inside of the glass. (EFFORT) Uhhhm! Covers  
are stuck. Get out of the way.

(GLASS CRASH)

Wade ... look ...! There it is!

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

CHAPPELL:

The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in St. Joseph, Missouri. It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) Tonight, from the pages of the St. Joseph Gazette, the ~~Big~~ Story of a reporter who trapped <sup>4</sup> three killers because one of them <sup>Couldn't hold onto</sup> wouldn't save his money. Tonight, to Harold Mills, for his Big Story, goes the Pall Mall \$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: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: St. Joseph, Missouri .. the story as it actually  
happened ... Harold Mills' story, as he lived it ...

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

NARR: You, Harold Mills, a police reporter, are at the  
Gazette office on a cold January Sunday night. It's  
been a dull day and you're getting ready to go home  
and tackle that handsome edition of Mr. Sandburg's  
'Lincoln' you got for a Christmas present. The first  
knowledge you have of a story in the making is the  
sudden jangle at your elbow.

(PHONE RINGS IN CLOSE)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

MILLS: Hello ...

TRUDY: (FILTER) Hello, Hal?

MILLS: Yeah?

TRUDY: Trudy Baker in King City ... Got a story for you.

MILLS: (DRYLY) Shall I get my long pencil or will a stub do?

TRUDY: Remember Emily Bennet?

MILLS: The old gal with the 400 acre farm?

TRUDY: Right. She was found dead in her cowbarn today.  
Coroner says death was due to a heart attack and  
freezing.

MILLS: No extenuating circumstances?

TRUDY: Not a thing. Emily used a crutch to get around  
with. It was found by the body. She probably  
fell in the barn.

MILLS: Anything else?

TRUDY: That's about it.

MILLS: You know, this isn't exactly the most exciting story I ever heard.

TRUDY: What do you expect on a cold Sunday night?

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You check the files on Emily Bennet to see if you can get a few paragraphs out of it. Emily was 83 and lived alone. She was a frequent contributor to charity and well known in the King City area. She lived frugally, and according to local gossip had salted away a lot of money somewhere on the farm. Maybe it's the lateness of the hour or your 'one-jump-ahead' mind, but an idea suddenly hits you. You go in to see your city editor.

(DOOR OPEN ... CLOSE)

MILLS: Got a minute, Ray?

EDITOR: Sure ... what's on your mind?

MILLS: Just got a call from Trudy Baker over in King City, Emily Bennet was found dead on her farm.

EDITOR: That's a shame ... well ... she was pretty old. Had a full life. Natural causes, I suppose.

MILLS: That's what the coroner says.

EDITOR: (DRYLY) He's usually right.

MILLS: Could be a mistake. Anybody can make 'em.

EDITOR: (CURIOUSLY) What are you gettin at?

MILLS: Just a hunch. The old woman was supposed to have quite a bankroll stashed away up there.

EDITOR: (HUMOROUSLY) If you believe what you read in the papers.

MILLS: Anyway, mind if I kick it around a bit?

EDITOR: (TOLERANTLY) Go ahead, if you've got nothing else to do.

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

NARR: Early Monday you pick up Trudy Baker in King City and drive out to the Bennet Farm. Emily's body has been removed to a funeral parlor and the ~~windows~~ of the big frame building <sup>had</sup> ~~have~~ the <sup>air</sup> ~~vacant stare~~ of a house that no longer shelters the living. You pass it and stop at the cowbarn.

(MOTOR OUT)

(CAR DOOR OPEN)

MILLS: Okay, let's have a look.

TRUDY: I don't know why I let you drag me out like this. I haven't even had my coffee.

(CAR DOOR CLOSE)

(~~STEPS-SWISHING THROUGH SNOW ...WIND~~)

(BARN DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

(VOICES IN THIS SEQUENCE WITH SLIGHT ECHO)

(OCCASIONAL MOOING OF COWS)

MILLS: How did they find the body?

TRUDY: Some neighbors noticed that no smoke was coming from the chimney of the house yesterday morning. They got curious and called the authorities.

MILLS: Where was she lying?

TRUDY: Over there by <sup>the stall</sup> ~~the~~ stall. They found some bruises on her neck and chest.

MILLS: Bruises? You didn't say anything about <sup>bruises</sup> ~~them~~ last night.

TRUDY: Take it easy, Rover boy. The coroner says the body was probably trampled by the cows.

MILLS: (REFLECTIVELY) Old lady found dead in a barn ... bruises on her ... maybe a small fortune hidden away in the house. You're a former-newspaper gal ... what does it add up to to you?

TRUDY: It's no good trying to make anything of it. I've already looking into what you're thinking and the coroner says no. There wasn't a sign of violence or any strange footprints around the barn.

MILLS: The snow might have taken care of that ...

TRUDY: Why do you keep bothering it, Hal? She just died. Period. After all, she was 83.

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

NARR: You didn't want to let it go like that but you had to admit Trudy probably had it tagged right. Eighty-three years was a lot of years. Maybe you even feel a little silly about the whole thing now. You return to the Gazette, finish off a routine story on Emily Bennet's death and would have forgotten about it ... if it weren't for an incident that occurred two days later in a St. Joseph tavern.

(TAVERN AD LIB IN B.G.)

(GLASSES CLINKING LIGHTLY)

CRAWFORD: (JITTERY) Hey, bartender ... bartender.

BAR MAN: (COMING ON) Yeah, I hear you.

CRAWFORD: Hit me again.

BAR MAN: You haven't paid for the first two yet.

CRAWFORD: Whatsa matter? Don't you trust me for five minutes?

BAR MAN: See that sign up there. Please pay when served.

CRAWFORD: Aaah, I'm not tryin' to cheat you out of your money.  
(PAUSE) Here!

BAR MAN: (A BEAT) What's this supposed to be?

CRAWFORD: What's it look like? It's a ten dollar bill.

BAR MAN: In what country?

CRAWFORD: (GETTING HOT) It's good U.S. money.

BAR MAN: If it is, it's sure been around a long time. Look at the size of it. They stopped circulatin' tens this big years ago.

CRAWFORD: So what? Isn't any law that says money's got to be brand new, is there?

BAR MAN: Where'd you get it?

CRAWFORD: A friends gave it to me. (IRRITATED) What's the matter with everybody? I been all over town tryin' to break that bill. Nobody'll touch it and it's all I got on me. (LOW, EAGERLY) Tell you what - I'll take five for it. That's fair, ain't it? A ten for a five? There ain't a thing wrong with that bill.

BAR MAN: (CURIOUSLY) You willing to drop five bucks on the deal?

CRAWFORD: I'm willin'. A man shouldn't have to go thirsty just because his money's out of style.

BAR MAN: (HESITANTLY) Well.....I--

CRAWFORD: (ANGRILY) ~~Call the owner...I want to talk to the owner!~~

BAR MAN: ~~I'm the owner and don't get so hot.~~ <sup>OK</sup> I'll give you five for it, minus the drinks of course.

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(CASH REGISTER RINGS)

(DRAWER OPENS)

BAR MAN: I'm out of singles...got to get some from the back.  
Be right with you.

(FEW STEPS)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

BAR MAN: (LOW) Hello -- Let me have the police - (PAUSE) - Hello,  
~~Sergeant~~ there's a guy here who must be off his rocker.  
~~He's offered me a \$10 dollar bill for a five --~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're on hand when they bring in Pete Crawford for  
questioning. When you hear about the old bills and learn  
that Crawford is from Stanberry, a town not far from where  
Emily Bennet was found dead, the hunch starts to come back  
over you. But it gets nowhere when the police can't pin  
a charge on Crawford and have to let him go. It isn't  
until two months later when you drop in for a routine check  
with the sheriff's office that your hunch begins to pay off.

MILLS: Morning, Sheriff. Anything good today?

SHERIFF: No homicides, Mills, but we might have a nice big burglary  
rap to pin on somebody....<sup>homicide</sup> maybe that fellah Crawford we  
had in here a couple months ago.

MILLS: (INTERESTED) Oh?

SHERIFF: Remember those old bills he had on him?

MILLS: Yeah?

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SHERIFF: They have been turning up in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Could be a gang job. Probably divided the loot and split up. Anyway, we picked up Crawford again this morning when he tried to pass another one of the bills. I've been playing quiz games with him all morning. I think he knows something.

MILLS: (THOUGHTFULLY) How about letting me have a go at him? I've been kicking an idea around for a long time. Maybe Crawford knows more than you think.

SHERIFF: Sure...Come on...

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: You remember Mr. Mills, Crawford. He wants to ask you a few questions.

CRAWFORD: I already told you all I know. A friend gave me those bills. I don't know where he got 'em.

MILLS: You and your friend ever hear of Emily Bennet?

CRAWFORD: Guess everybody around these parts has.

MILLS: You know she's dead, don't you?

CRAWFORD: I remember readin' about it.

MILLS: (CASUALLY...A BLUFF) They say a lot of money was found missing from her home right after she died....about \$7000.

CRAWFORD: What's that got to do with me?

MILLS: They think the money was in old bills....twenties and tens, she saved for years. <sup>Those</sup> ~~Some of the bills would probably be~~ out of circulation by now...like the ones you had on you.

CRAWFORD: What are you tryin' to say?

MILLS: Maybe you and your friend killed Emily Bennet and stole her savings.

CRAWFORD: (VEHEMENTLY) No!



MILLS: (FAST) You're fooling around with a murder rap, Crawford.  
CRAWFORD: (WORKING UP) I don't know anything about no murder!  
SHERIFF: (FOLLOWING UP) We've got reason to think it was your idea  
to steal that money from Emily Bennet's house ---  
CRAWFORD: (FLUSTERED) It ... it wasn't my idea....  
MILLS: Whose idea was it to kill her?  
CRAWFORD: I don't know nothin' about any killing. You're gettin'  
me all mixed up.  
MILLS: When did you go to Miss Bennet's house for the money?  
CRAWFORD: After I read about her death in the newspaper. Me and  
three other fellahs went down there 'bout a week later,  
broke into the house and found the money in some syrup jars.  
We made three or four trips to the house over a couple of  
days. That's all I know. We stole the money but I don't  
know nothin' about any murder!

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You're convinced now that Crawford and whoever was in with  
him killed Emily Bennet to get her money. You go down to  
King City and start questioning people in the neighborhood  
of the Bennet farm. What they tell you sews up your theory  
that Crawford is lying. As soon as you get back to the  
office you try your case out on your editor.

MILLS: (EXCITEDLY) It's the dates that make him a liar, Ray.  
EDITOR: How does it figure?  
MILLS: Let's take them in order. January 23rd, I got news of  
Emily Bennet's death. January 24th - the first notice of  
it appeared in the Gazette and only the Gazette. That  
meant the only way Crawford could have heard of Emily  
Bennet's death if he were telling the truth, was through  
the Gazette.

EDITOR: Suppose he did get it from the Gazette? What then?

MILLS: Don't you see, Crawford was picked up the first time, two days after the Gazette story appeared. Yet he claims he and his pals didn't rob the house until a week later. And I've just been down asking questions of the folks who live around the Bennet place. It's become kind of a haunted house since Emily died....curious people always hanging about. Prowlers who had the nerve to come three or four times would probably have attracted some attention.

EDITOR: Maybe you've got something, Hal. Looks like there could be more to it than a case of robbery. But so far, you've got only a bunch of theories to go on.

MILLS: I know they killed her. Know it like my own name. They killed her and took her money.

EDITOR: So you know it. Now all you got to do is prove it!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(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  
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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.

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

NARR: You've got only one thing to support your suspicion of murder...Harold Mills -- the inconsistencies in Crawford's story that he and his accomplices broke into Emily Bennet's house the week after she died. But inconsistencies won't add up to a murder charge. You need a fact...one concrete tangible fact. On the trail of it you go over to the mortuary where Emily's body had been prepared for burial. You find out something that sends you <sup>Chasing</sup> hotfooting it down to the sheriff's office.

MILLS: Those bruises on Miss Bennet, Sheriff. Mr. Tate, the mortician, said he wasn't at all sure they were ~~cow~~ hoof-marks.

SHERIFF: Oh? ~~What~~ did he think they were?

MILLS: Well the cut over her right eye. He thinks maybe it could have been made by a heavy stick.

SHERIFF: (DOUBTFULLY) Well, the coroner said he thought they were hoof marks. I didn't see the body myself but bein' half frozen the way it was it couldn't have been easy to tell for sure.

MILLS: Nobody's made a thorough examination. If it gets down to opinions, why isn't Mr. Tate's as good as anybody else's?

SHERIFF: I'm not saying Mr. Tate's wrong. He just doesn't happen to be the coroner, that's all.

MILLS: Don't you think there's enough doubt about the whole thing to at least start an investigation?

SHERIFF: (MILLING IT OVER) Does look kind of suspicious at that. Lots of things about Crawford's explanation I'm not satisfied with. He keeps changing his mind about the number of trips they made to the house and the dates.

MILLS: (DRYLY) I've seen sieves with fewer holes than Crawford's story.

SHERIFF: (SIGHS) Anyway maybe we'll know more about the whole thing when we pick up <sup>Robinson</sup> ~~Garret~~, Wade and Morgan - the three men he named as his accomplices.

MILLS: Any sign of them?

SHERIFF: Not in these parts. I had wanted flyers sent out for 'em. Got a report this morning -- three men answering their description were spotted heading South out of San Antoine.

MILLS: (THOUGHTFULLY) Sheriff...if...if we could find out definitely about those bruises -- (PAUSE) Why couldn't we have an inquest - have Emily Bennet's body exhumed?

SHERIFF: Hold on a minute...it's not entirely up to me. I'm willing to look into it -- but we've got to get the prosecutor and coroner to go along.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You take it to the prosecutor and lay the whole thing out for him. He's sympathetic but unconvinced. In the absence of positive proof that Crawford is lying, he'll stick by the coroner's verdict of death from natural causes. Next, you try to get the coroner to see it your way but you draw a blank there, too. But he says he'll cooperate if any evidence should justify an inquest. You get mad. The only way you can work it off is to write a story for the Gazette...calling the shots in the Emily Bennet death the way you see them. (MORE)

75  
NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You don't know at the time that your case for murder is being documented at a bowling alley in Corpus Christi, Texas.

(BOWLING BALL ROLLING DOWN ALLEY)

(CRASH OF PINS)

GARRET: That does it.

WADE: (RESENTFULLY) You win again, you always win, <sup>Robinson</sup> Garret.

GARRET: It's a touch. Some have it, some haven't. Guess I'm lucky.

WADE: Maybe you won't always be.

GARRET: Fat chance a guy has to enjoy himself with you around. Come on, I'll buy you something to drink.

WADE: (SULLEN) I don't need your money. I got my own.

GARRET: (VICIOUSLY)(LOW) Put that bill away you crazy fool!

WADE: (FLARING UP) Don't call me that...don't you ever call me that again!

GARRET: Pipe down. People are beginning to look at us. You ought to have more sense than to flash those bills.

WADE: Just because I'm not quick like you....

GARRET: Why should we look for trouble? All we got to do is hold on to the stuff until the rumpus is over up there...then we can start passing it again. Here...the booths are empty...let's sit down in this corner one.

WADE: Don't forget it was me told you about the money.

GARRET: Sure you did. Sure you did -- now take it easy.

WADE: (WORRIED) <sup>Robinson</sup> Steve - you think it was all right to leave <sup>Robinson</sup> ~~Steve~~ back at the room?

GARRET: Sure - no good for the three of us to be seen together.

76 WADE: Maybe we shouldn't be out like this, either.

GARRETT: Stop worrying, will you? Say, what are you gonna do with your cut?

WADE: I.. I don't know yet....

GARRETT: I'm gonna get me a car with a lot of shiny stuff on it. One of them low, fast jobs. Boy, I just can't wait till the guys on the block see me drive up in it.

WADE: Maybe I'll buy me some city clothes...the kind with jacket and pants matchin'. Ain't never worn any like that.

GARRETT: You'll look swell....real classy.

GARRET: ~~Step worryin',~~ will you?

WADE: (SUDDENLY)(LOW) Steve - those two men over at the soda fountain...they keep lookin' this way. They're cops -- I know they are.

GARRET: There you go again - I don't know what I'm gonna do with you....

WADE: Suppose they catch up with us....what happens then?

GARRET: Worse comes to worse we get a burglary rap. As long as Crawford sticks to his story we're okay.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MILLS: You wanted to see me, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Sure do, Mills. That story of yours in the Gazette stirred things up. Been gettin' calls all day demanding an investigation in the Bennet death.

MILLS: So?

SHERIFF: I just wanted to tell you...I've been talking to the prosecutor and coroner. They're willing to go along now with the murder possibility.

MILLS: (HOPEFULLY) Then you'll start an investigation?

SHERIFF: We'll do everything we can to find out what happened.

(PHONE RINGS)

(OFF HOOK)

Hello...yeah...speaking. (PAUSE) You did? Good. I'll send a deputy down to bring them back.

(PHONE ON HOOK)

Looks like things are perkin'. That was the Corpus Christi police. They've picked up two of Crawford's cronies at a bowling alley and they got a line on the third one.



MILLS: Maybe that's three more chances to break Crawford's story.

SHERIFF: Or three more to back it up. We got to face it, Mills.  
Unless we have positive proof that Crawford is lying about going to the farm house after Emily Bennet was dead, we'll never be able to make a murder rap stick against any of them.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Wade and ~~Garret~~ <sup>Robinson are known back (out)</sup> confirmed Crawford's story so you're <sup>helped</sup> ~~back~~ where you started from. A hunch you can't pay off.  
No murder conviction without proof...and no proof.  
Somewhere, not far off, you know there's the fact you're looking for, the fact that'll prove Crawford and his partners are lying. It teases you...goes round and round in your head. You try to nail it down but there isn't any top or bottom to it. Back at the Gazette office you get together everything you can find on Emily Bennet and start going over it from that angle.

(PAPERS RUSTLING)

EDITOR: (COMING ON) Still <sup>in the Bennett story</sup> at ~~it~~, Hal?

MILLS: Yep.

EDITOR: Turn up anything?

MILLS: A nice juicy zero. Better send me to the back of the classroom.

EDITOR: Not after that <sup>last</sup> piece you did on <sup>her</sup> ~~Emily Bennet's~~ death. We've been swamped with letters.

MILLS: (DRYLY) Maybe I can get a job writing for a mail order firm.

EDITOR: No kidding...You got the whole town worked up over it.

MILLS: Not going to do much good if we can't break Crawford's story. (FRUSTRATED) Ray, I can't swallow it. There's a murder involved here and it's probably going to be passed over just because we can't prove Crawford is lying.

EDITOR: Got any ideas?

MILLS: I'm scraping bottom on 'em. (PAUSE) One of these items mentions a nephew of Emily's who used to visit her pretty often. Maybe he can help us. Anyway, I'm going to talk to him.

(MUSIC: — — BRIDGE)

NEPHEW: Yes, Mr. Mills, I did get down to the farm whenever I could to help Aunt Emily out.

MILLS: When was the last time you saw her?

NEPHEW: About two weeks before she died.

MILLS: Was that the last you heard from her?

NEPHEW: No, she phoned me the day before it happened.

MILLS: (INTERESTED) What about?

NEPHEW: She wanted me to pick up some dress material in town for her. Aunt Emily made all her own clothes. (SIGHS)  
Poor soul.

MILLS: She didn't happen to mention anything about seeing any strangers hanging around the house, did she?

NEPHEW: Nope. But she would have if she'd seen any. Aunt Emily <sup>strapped</sup> wasn't afraid of strangers, but she was suspicious of ~~em~~.

(REFLECTS) She was a fine woman...gave a lot of money to the church at King City. You could always count on her for a worthy cause. There was the time the building fund needed....

MILLS: Uh...well thanks for letting me take up your time, Mr. Bennet.

NEPHEW: That's all right. Sorry I couldn't be of more help.  
I'll walk you to your car.

(STEPS BEHIND)

(PHILOSOPHICALLY) If I'd known she kept a lot of money  
around the house I'd have taken precautions. Too bad I  
waited until it was too late.

MILLS: How do you mean?

NEPHEW: Guess it was kind of useless, but I padlocked the doors  
and boarded up the windows of her house.

(STEPS OUT)

MILLS: (A BEAT) (SLOW) When did you do that?

NEPHEW: The day after she died.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND BRIDGE)

MILLS: (EXCITED) It's the clincher we need, sheriff. This  
proves their story is a fake!

SHERIFF: It may do the trick. I've got <sup>*Lolinton*</sup> ~~Garret~~ and Wade in there  
now with Crawford. Let's hit them with it and see what  
happens.

(STEPS)

(CELL DOOR OPEN)

SHERIFF: All right, boys -- now that we're all having a nice little  
tea party, I thought maybe everybody ought to have a chance  
to speak his piece. I'm particularly interested in that  
part about you makin' several trips to the Bennet farm.  
Crawford, just how many times did you say you went out  
there?

CRAWFORD: Three.

SHERIFF: That right, Wade?

WADE: (HESITANTLY) Yeah...I guess it was three.....

SHERIFF:

*Robinson*  
GARRET?

GARRET: You heard the man. He said we made three trips.

SHERIFF: On different days?

GARRET: That's right.

SHERIFF: And the first trip was a week after you'd heard about Miss Bennet's death?

CRAWFORD: (GETTING JITTERY) Yeah, yeah, why do you keep goin' over and over it?

SHERIFF: (VERY FAST) How did you get into the house, Wade?

WADE: (FLUSTERED) Uh - why - we - we -- broke in.

GARRET: Through a side window...jimmied it open.

CRAWFORD: Yeah...that's right.

SHERIFF: You're lying. The three of you. You couldn't have broken into that house - not when you say you did - a week after she died.

GARRET: What are you talkin' about?

SHERIFF: Tell him, Mills.

MILLS: Miss Bennet's nephew padlocked and boarded up the place the day after she died. I've just been down there with him and he says the locks and boards haven't been touched.

SHERIFF: You went in there, killed her first, then took the money. Isn't that the way it was? I'm gonna hang a first degree murder rap on all of you.

CRAWFORD: (PANICKY NCW) Murder...! *you* ~~No.~~ I ain't gonna *hang a murder* *up on me*

GARRET: Shut up, Pete.

CRAWFORD: (FAST) I never figured on gettin' mixed up in any killin'.

MILLS: Well you're in it, up to your neck.

SHERIFF: If you've got an out, Crawford - you'd better take it.

CRAWFORD: (DEFENSIVELY) It was them two -- <sup>Robinson</sup> Garret and Wade -- they did it...!

WADE: (STUMBLING) I...I...didn't have nothin' to do with it.

SHERIFF: (NEEDLING HIM) Who did?

WADE: All of a sudden she was on the floor...And <sup>Robinson</sup> Garret was standin'....

GARRET: (EXCITED) Don't listen to him, sheriff. ~~Half the time~~ he don't know what he's talking about.

WADE: (GETTING HOT) I told you ~~not~~ to say things like that 'bout me. I warned you, <sup>Robinson</sup> Garret.

SHERIFF: Sit down, Wade.

WADE: (BURNING) ~~He ain't gonna get a chance to say it again -- not if I can help it.~~ <sup>Robinson did it</sup> Garret hit her with her crutch, sheriff. He kept on hittin' her....

GARRET: (SCREAMING) Why you crummy half-baked....

SHERIFF: Button it, <sup>Robinson</sup> Garret. You'll get plenty of chance to talk. <sup>later</sup>

(PAUSE) Wade...you ready to tell us exactly how it happened.

WADE: Sure....I'll tell... I'll tell you everything.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT...CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Harold Mills of the St. Joseph Gazette 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!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Harold Mills of the St. Joseph Gazette.

MILLS: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S CASE GIVEN 25 YEAR SENTENCE. FRIEND WHO TESTIFIED FOR STATE AT TRIAL RECEIVED FIFTEEN YEARS ON SECOND DEGREE MURDER CONVICTION. TWO OTHER ACCOMPLICES DREW LESSER PRISON TERMS. AS A RESULT OF MY BIG STORY I HAVE JUST BEEN MADE NEWS EDITOR OF THE ST. JOSEPH GAZETTE *last Sunday* ~~EFFECTIVE TOMORROW~~. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- a big story from the front pages of the Joplin, Missouri, Globe News <sup>Herald</sup> - by line Rex T. Newman.

*The* \* Big Story *if an oath sworn in blood that paid off in blood*

(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. Procter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Eric Arthur from an actual story from the front pages of the St. Joseph Gazette. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Mason Adams played the part of Harold Mills. 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. Mills.

(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 ever*  
~~THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.~~  
*and wishing you one and all a very happy New Year*