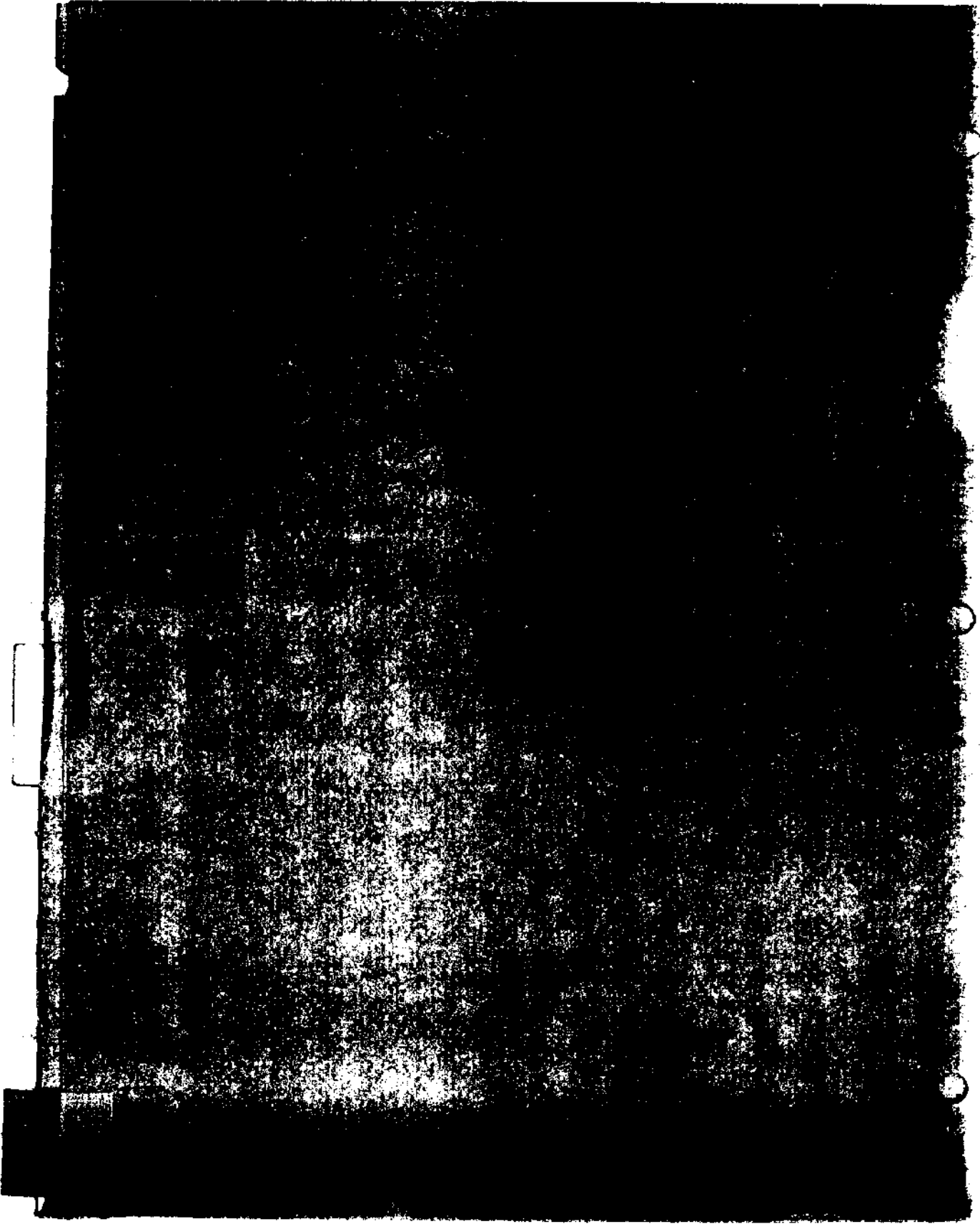


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ATK01 00070B1



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #295

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
REX NEWMAN	ED. BEGLEY
HOWIE	MICHAEL O'DAY
PETEY	AL RAMSEN
ELLIE	JOAN LORRING
BRUCE	CARL FRANK
LENDYAN	CARL FRANK <i>Joe Boland</i>
GAINES	JOE BOLAND
TALMCT	GILBERT MACK
HARRY	GILBERT MACK

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1953

ATX01 0007083

NEC

THE BIG STORY

#295

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JANUARY 7, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(THE WEINE OF WIND)

NARR: The place was on a lonely hill in Joplin, Missouri.
The moon was full and in the yellow light stood two
boys and a girl, their faces pale and ^{flem} ~~sallow~~. They
~~might have been figures out of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer"~~
and "Huckleberry Finn."

HOWIE: You ready, Petey?

PETEEY: (AWED) (A LITTLE SCARED) Yeah, Howie. I'm ready.

HOWIE: You, Ellie?

ELLIE: I ... I'm ready.

HOWIE: O.K. You both learned the oath?

(THEY AD LIB "YES")

HOWIE: Then let's say it together (HE BEGINS AND THE OTHERS
JOIN IN) We three repeat this solemn oath. If anyone
of us gets into trouble, the others will come to the
rescue in life or in death, from this night forever.
(THEY FINISH) Amen.

ELLIE: (SCARED) Howie, what are you going to do with that
knife?

HOWIE: What do you think, Ellie? What good is an oath unless
we all sign it in blood?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Joplin, Missouri. It is
authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women
of the great American newspapers. (MORE)

ATX01 0007084

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

(FLAT) From the front pages of the Joplin Globe News Herald, the story of three kids who swore a strange oath in their own blood, and a reporter who discovered that it paid off in somebody else's. Tonight, to Rex T. Newman of the Joplin Globe News Herald, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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: Joplin, Missouri. The story as it actually happened ..
Rex Newman's story as he lived it.

NARR: You, Rex Newman, for ^{thirty} years a crime reporter on
the Joplin Globe News Herald, have always like kids
and taken an interest in them. ^{But} when suddenly a
wave of juvenile delinquency hits Joplin, you take
on the story ^{with} ~~as a~~ special ^{interest} assignment. For awhile
there's an outbreak of petty thievery and broken
windows, and then, one night --

(STEPS ECHOING UP ON DESERTED STREET AND
STOPPING)

HOWIE: Petey, we'll tap this ~~here~~ parking meter.

PETEY: OK. I'll get out the hammer.

ELLIE: But Howie, suppose the cops --

HOWIE: Don't worry about the cops. They ain't caught us yet,
have they Ellie?

ELLIE: No.. No, they haven't.

HOWIE: And they ain't gonna catch us. Go ahead, Petey,
smash that meter.

(SMASH OF HAMMER AGAINST GLASS AND METAL)

HOWIE: OK, let's see what's inside.

PETEY: (EXHILARATED) Hey, it's loaded, Howie. There must
be five bucks in here.

HOWIE: Come on, Ellie, help us grab up these nickels. ~~We~~
~~gotta get out of here before --~~

(POLICE WHISTLE OFF)

PETEY: Howie! It's ^{the} cops!

HOWIE: (YELLS) COME on, let's get outa here!

(RUMBLING FOOTSTEPS)

(POLICE WHISTLE UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The cop on the beat catches two of the kids, a Howie Madden, who seems to be the leader, and a girl named Ellie Hutton, his teen aged side-kick. The third got away. Later you talk to Howie Madden

REX: Howie, how did you get into this?

HOWIE: What do you care, reporter?

REX: Oh, it's just that I'm interested.

HOWIE: Well, I ain't. The cops didn't get anything out of me, and you're not gonna either.

REX: OK Howie, OK. But they'll probably send you to reform school for this. It'll be a lot easier if you'll tell who this other boy was, the kid who got away.

HOWIE: Whadd'ya take me for, a squealer? Now, why don't you get out of here, reporter, and lemme alone.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That's Howie Madden, sixteen and defiant. A kid who show no softness, a kid already on his way. But it's the girl who interests you more, the pretty little blonde with the big blue eyes, Ellie Hutton.

REX: How old are you Ellie?

ELLIE: Fifteen.

REX: How did you get mixed up in all this?

ELLIE: (WEARILY) What difference does it make?

REX: Is Howie your boyfriend?

ELLIE: We go steady.

REX: Look Ellie, I'm just a reporter, not a reformer. But believe me, you'd be a lot better off if you told the police who this other boy was, the one who got away.

ELLIE: Did Howie tell you, Mr. Newman?

REX: No.

ELLIE: Then I won't tell you.

REX: Ellie, don't you see? All this is wrong, all wrong. A girl like you mixed up with hoodlums. If you told the police you were sorry and then told them who this other kid was --

ELLIE: But I'm ^{not} sorry and I'm not gonna tell them anything about the other kid. You think I'm gonna break my pledge, Mr. Newman?

REX: What pledge?

ELLIE: We swore an oath to protect each other in time of trouble. We each took some blood out of our fingers with a knife and signed our names to the oath and I'm not gonna break it. Howie would hate me if I did that. He'd never speak to me again.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You wrote the story. You built it around this adolescent pledge. Howie Madden and Ellie Hutton were put on probation and then ^{dropped} dropped out of sight, and you forgot the incident. But then, suddenly, some three years later, you, Rex Newman, had good cause to recall it again. In a roadhouse near, Joplin, a boy and a girl were dancing ---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ ORCHESTRA BEHIND - DANCE MUSIC)

HOWIE: Ellie ...

ELLIE: Yes, Howie?

HOWIE: How do you feel?

ELLIE: I feel wonderful, wonderful. Just like I was walking on air.

HOWIE: No wonder you feel a little high. We've drunk plenty tonight ..

ELLIE: Oh no, Howie no, it's not that. It's you. It's just being with you, dancing with you, knowing that your arms are around me.

HOWIE: You know what?

ELLIE: What?

HOWIE: I'm crazy about you, Ellie.

ELLIE: (IN RAPTURE) Oh Howie, Howie.

HOWIE: Ellie, let's get married.

ELLIE: Married? When?

HOWIE: The sooner the better. Tonight.

ELLIE: Howie, you're serious.

HOWIE: Sure I'm serious. It was my idea, wasn't it?

ELLIE: But how? Where?

HOWIE: Look, I know where there's a Justice of the Peace in ~~Kansas~~, about thirty miles west of here.

ELLIE: But we'd need a car.

HOWIE: We can call Petey Ingalls, he's got a car, and he'll drive us out there. (A BEAT) Now, what about it, you game?

ELLIE: I'm game, Howie.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

HOWIE: Hi 'ya, Mrs. Madden.
ELLIE: Say it again, Howie.
HOWIE: ~~Say what?~~
ELLIE: ~~Mrs. Madden.~~
HOWIE: ~~Hi~~ Mrs. Madden. (LAUGHS) You like it?
ELLIE: It sounds wonderful, wonderful. But there's one thing
that's missing.
HOWIE: Yeah, what?
ELLIE: I wish I had a ring. I -- I don't quite feel
like a bride without a ring, Howie.
HOWIE: Don't worry, Baby, I'll get you a ring and enough
dough for a honeymoon too. Hey Petey ...
PETEY: Yeah?
HOWIE: Take the road back to Joplin.
PETEY: I thought we were going to Springfield.
HOWIE: Later. We're hitting Joplin first.
PETEY: OK, and after we get back to Joplin, then what?
HOWIE: Then we find the nearest store that's open.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BRUCE: Bruce's Drug Store. Oh yes, Mrs. Randall, the doctor
called me. You can drop in and pick up that
~~prescription~~ in the morning. No trouble at all
Mrs. Randall. Good night.

(PHONE ON HOOK)

(WE HEAR DOOR CLOSE)

(STEPS COMING IN)

~~BRUCE:~~
BRUCE: Yes? What can I do for you?
HOWIE: You can get your hands up, Mister.
BRUCE: (STARES) Wait a minute, you mean to tell me this is
a ---
HOWIE: That's right. A holdup. And don't make a move, or
I'll blow your head off.
BRUCE: You kids must be crazy.
ELLIE: We're not kids. ~~Tell him, Howie. Tell him we just~~
got married.
HOWIE: ~~All I'm telling him is not to try anything and he~~
~~won't get hurt. Pete!~~
PETEY: Yeah?
HOWIE: See what's in the cash register.
PETEY: OK.
(WE HEAR CLANG OF CASH REGISTER. CASH REGISTER
DRAWER OPENS)
PETEY: Hey, Howie! It's loaded! Must be a couple of hundred
bucks in here.
HOWIE: OK, grab it and let's go.
BRUCE: Why you crazy young fools, I'm not gonna let you --
HOWIE: (YELLS SUDDENLY) Don't try it, Mister. Stay out of
that drawer.
(SHOT)
(GROAN -- BODY CRASH)
ELLIE: Howie! ~~Howie!~~ What've you done? ~~What've you done?~~
PETEY: He ain't movin' Howie. You must've killed him. Now
they'll be after us on a murder rap.

HOWIE: OK. OK, I had to do it, didn't I? He went for a gun, didn't he? Come on, let's get out of here!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The call comes in and you, Rex Newman, get down to the drug store, meet Lieutenant Harry Roebing just as you're going in. The druggist, a Samuel Bruce, is pretty far gone, but then he revives for a moment in Harry Roebing's arms.

HARRY: Who did it, Bruce? Who was it?

BRUCE: (CHECKING PAINFULLY) Three -- kids. Two of them -- ~~were~~ just --- married.

HARRY: Could you describe them Bruce? Did you hear any of their names?

BRUCE: I ... I ... (SIGHS AND DIES)

HARRY: Bruce! Bruce, listen!

REX: (QUIETLY) It's no use Harry, he's dead.

HARRY: Two ^{of the} kids, Rex. Just married.

REX: Yeah, ~~what~~ what a way to celebrate a wedding night!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERICAL)

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 Rex Newman, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRA: You, Rex Newman of the Joplin Globe ~~and~~ News Herald, stare down at the dead body of the druggist, Samuel Bruce. All ~~the~~ ~~you~~ ^{know} you is that a boy and girl in the trio had just been married, ~~and~~ ^{but} this gives you an idea. You start to watch the routine news items of ~~the~~ ~~city~~ ^{your paper}, especially news from the various County seats in ~~your~~ ^{the} paper's circulation territory. On the first day you find nothing that gives you any clue. But, on the second day --

REX: (READS) Marriages: Columbus, Kansas, by John P. Lindsay, Justice of the Peace, Howard J. Madden, ~~Ninety~~, and Elinor Hutton, ~~El~~ ~~son~~. (A BEAT)
Howie Madden and Ellie Hutton!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now your memory stirs, Rex Newman. You recall these two names out of the past, the story of the blood oath ~~the~~ girl had given you, and you tell yourself, it could be, it could be! And you drive up to Columbus and talk to the J.P.

LINDSAY: Yep, I married 'em all right. Came right in off the road about one o'clock in the morning. Here are the papers they signed as you can see.

REX: Howard Madden, Elinor Hutton and witness, Peter Ingalls
(A PAUSE) Peter Ingalls, ~~he was with them.~~ Where
did he come from, Judge?

LINDSAY: Why, he was along with them. Drove the car they came
up in. Acted as the Best Man, I guess.

REX: Then there were three in the party?

LINDSAY: That's right.

REX: (UNDER HIS BREATH) And three kids held up the drug store.

LINDSAY: Eh? What was that?

REX: Oh nothing. Nothing, Judge. Tell me, you got any idea
where these kids were from?

LINDSAY: Well, both of them signed their home addresses as
Springfield, Missouri. Seems like the bridegroom, Madden,
had an apartment there. From what they said, they were
going straight there after the ceremony.

REX: Springfield, Thanks, Judge. Thanks very much.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get back to the office, phone Lieutenant Harry
Roebling at Joplin headquarters. An hour later he calls
you.

HARRY: (FILTER) Rex, we ran a check on this Peter Ingalls.

REX: Yes, Harry.

HARRY: He's got a 1948 green Chevy registered here in Joplin.
Got the registration number, full description. Only the
car is missing - And so is Ingalls.

REX: Then the key to this whole thing may be in Springfield.

HARRY: Looks that way. I'll take a run up there, Rex, and get
back to you if I find anything.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

REX: Newman, ~~Clara~~.

HARRY: (FILTER) Rex, Harry Roebing. I'm calling from Springfield.

REX: Yes Harry?

HARRY: Located the Ingalls car in front of an apartment house here. Found this kid, Petey Ingalls, in there but Madden and his young bride have apparently flown the coop. I'm bringing Ingalls back to Joplin for questioning. Meet you at headquarters in an hour.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

HARRY: All right, Petey, where'd your friends go? Where's Howie Madden and his wife?

PETEY: They went on a Honeymoon.

REX: Where did they go?

PETEY: I don't know.

HARRY: You're lying.

PETEY: OK, have it your own way, Lieutenant. I'm lyin!

REX: You know very well where they've gone, Petey.

PETEY: O.K. suppose I do? You think I'd tell you, ~~Reuben~~
~~the cops?~~

HARRY: You don't seem to get the idea, Petey. This is a murder rap. Which one of you killed the druggist? Who pulled the trigger?

PETEY: What druggist? What trigger? I don't know what you're talkin' about.

HARRY: Maybe you'll change your mind a little later, Petey. Maybe a stretch in jail will loosen your tongue.

PETEY: Oh yeah? ~~You~~ put me in jail, I won't be there very long
~~and~~ I got friends on the outside. They'll get me out
of any jail you've got. We took an oath on that once,
~~and~~ Anyone of us gets in trouble, the others get him out.

REX: (SLOWLY) Wait a minute, Petey. Are you talking about
that blood oath you took some years back with Howie
Madden and Ellie Hutton?

PETEY: I'm not talkin' about nothin', ~~see~~ I'm keepin' my
mouth shut. I'm just tellin' you, I got friends. Good
friends. And you can make anything out of that you
wanna!

HARRY: And that's all you're gonna say, Petey?

PETEY: That's all.

HARRY: All right, Deputy, take him out.

(DOOR CLOSE)

REX: Harry, you know I think these kids are serious.

HARRY: You mean about this oath?

REX: That's right.

HARRY: That's kid stuff, Rex. ~~Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer.~~
You're not trying to seriously tell me these crazy young
hoodlums would try to crack a jail, would you?

REX: (THOUGHTFULLY) I don't know, Harry. It doesn't seem
likely. But these kids are desperad^{er}. They've got
this pledge of loyalty among themselves. They've already
pulled off a murder. Who knows how far they'll go?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

HOWIE: Ellie, you read today's papers?

ELLIE: No. What happened, Howie?

HOWIE: They just tried Petey at Carthage. They give him twenty-five years. They just returned him to the County Jail before he goes to the big pen.

ELLIE: Gee Howie, that's too bad. ~~But~~ there's nothing we can do.

HOWIE: Who says there ain't?

ELLIE: What do you mean?

HOWIE: We've gotta spring Petey, somehow. We gotta get him outa there.

ELLIE: You mean just you and me?

HOWIE: Yeah. Just you and me?

ELLIE: Howie, listen. That's crazy! The whole ~~thing~~ ^{situation} is crazy. What can just you and me do?

HOWIE: We can try.

ELLIE: Howie, look. There's nothing we can do. We're married now. We've got our lives ahead of us. Our whole future. Why throw it away now, on a crazy risk?

HOWIE: What about Petey Ingalls?

ELLIE: I know. I'm sorry about Petey, but what about us, Howie? What about the little cottage we were thinking of, the kids we were talking about? Our future, everything. What about them?

HOWIE: We took an oath, remember? Signed it in our own blood. Anyone of us gets in trouble, the others move in and help. You think I'm goin' back on that, Ellie?

ELLIE: But it's crazy, crazy! We haven't got a chance, Howie.

HOWIE: (GRIMLY) I'm gonna try to spring Petey Ingalls, Ellie.
And you're gonna help me.

ELLIE: Howie, Howie, no! Please, no. Don't do it, don't try it.

HOWIE: Get your bags packed!

ELLIE: Howie, I'm asking you again....

HOWIE: (SHARP) I told you, get your bags packed!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

Come On (CAR SLOWS TO STOP)

HOWIE: ~~Well~~, Ellie, there's the County Jail.

ELLIE: Howie, I'm afraid.

HOWIE: We've got to go through with it. We promised Petey
we would.

ELLIE: It's not too late. We can still turn back.

HOWIE: We're not turning back, Ellie. We're going in.

ELLIE: But we haven't got a chance.

HOWIE: We've got a pretty good chance. I know all about this
crib, Ellie. That's why I picked this morning, Sunday
mornings they've only got one Deputy on duty. ~~Another~~

~~guy named...~~

ELLIE: But Howie ---

HOWIE: But nothing. Let's go.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(STEPS WALKING ACROSS STREET)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

GAINES: 'Morning. What can I do for you kids?
ELLIE: We -- we'd like to see Petey Ingalls.
GAINES: Ingalls?
HOWIE: Yeah, he's a friend of ours.
GAINES: Sorry, Son. No visitors allowed on Sunday morning.
HOWIE: We only want to see him for a minute.
GAINES: Like to oblige you, but I can't go breaking the rules.
HOWIE: Maybe you can't, Mister. But I can!
GAINES: Hey, what is this?
HOWIE: I told you, we wanna see Petey Ingalls. Now, gimme the keys.
GAINES: (QUIET) Better put that gun down, son.
HOWIE: You gonna gimme those keys, or ain't you?
GAINES: Well, I ---
ELLIE: (SCREAMS) Howie, look out! He's going for his gun.
(SHOT... THEN ANOTHER, RIGHT ON TOP OF IT ...
ELLIE SCREAMS AGAIN)
ELLIE: Howie, you're hurt! He hit you ...
HOWIE: Just nicked me in the shoulder. ~~But I'm not hurt.~~
~~But I'm not hurt.~~ All right, Ellie. Grab his keys.
ELLIE: (SOBBING) Howie, you're hurt. I told you, I told you --
HOWIE: Will you shut up and grab his keys?
(RATTLE OF KEYS)
HOWIE: Okay. Let's go through the cellblock and find Petey.
(WE HEAR RUNNING STEPS ... A KEY TURNS IN DOOR,
CELL DOOR SQUEALS OPEN)
HOWIE: (YELLS) Petey! Petey Ingalls!
(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING DOWN CORRIDOR)

HOWIE: (YELLING, VOICE ECHOES THRU CELLBLOCK) Where are ya!
Where are ya, Petey?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Rex Newman, wasted no time getting down to the County Jail when the call came through from headquarters. Deputy Ed Gaines had been found dead, a .38 slug in his stomach, and the prison was in an uproar. ~~Howie~~
~~Howie~~, Harry Roebing tells you ...

(WE HEAR BUZZ OF EXCITED VOICES IN BACKGROUND)

HARRY: We know it was a couple of kids, Rex, a boy and a girl.

REX: How do you know for sure?

HARRY: The prisoners heard them yelling through the corridors. They were trying to spring Petey Ingalls.

REX: Then it must have been Howie Madden and his wife.

✓ They were trying to pay off on that oath ~~the~~ Harry.

HARRY: Only they didn't make it. They missed Petey Ingalls completely. He was locked up downstairs in a basement cell.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Harry start to walk down the jail steps, and you grow sick to your stomach as you think of these crazy kids. Ellie and Howie Madden, already with two murders to their credit, and who knows how many more to come. You think of the childish blood oath they took and the trail of tragedy that followed it, and then, suddenly, you grab Harry's arm.

REX: Harry, look.

HARRY: What is it?

REX: A woman's heel, right here on the steps.

HARRY: It must be Ellie Madden's. Probably tore it off when she was making her getaway with Howie.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a heel covered with gray lizard skin. And this gives you an idea. Wherever Ellie Madden is now, she's got a heeless shoe. You print a blowup of the heel in your own paper, and wire a description to every other paper for hundreds of miles around, and it hits the Monday morning editions. And on the highway coming into Chelsea, Oklahoma ...

(CAR UNDER)

HOWIE: (IN PAIN) Ellie.

ELLIE: Yes, Howie?

HOWIE: (GRITTING TEETH) My shoulder's killing me.

ELLIE: Howie, maybe we ought to stop and see a doctor.

The way it's bleeding

HOWIE: We can't see a doctor. Too risky. (IN PAIN) There's only one chance ...

ELLIE: What's that?

HOWIE: We'll stop at a drugstore in the town up ahead. You go in, buy some bandages and iodine. I'll wait in the car.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

TALMO: There you are, Miss. A bottle of iodine ... and a package of bandages. That'll be a dollar fifteen.

ELLIE: There you are.

(DROP OF COINS ON GLASS TOP)

TALMO: Thank you.

(WE HEAR GIRL'S FOOTSTEPS START TO LEAVE. BUT ONE OF THEM HAS A LIMPING SOUND, THAT IS, WE HEAR ONLY ONE HIGH HEEL)

TALMO: Oh, Miss.

ELLIE: (OFF A LITTLE) Yes?

TALMO: ~~If I remember, I'll be back in a minute.~~ There's
a shoemaker just down the block, and he'll put on a new
heel for you in -- (CUTS) Wait a minute. ~~Wait a~~
~~minute.~~

ELLIE: (A BEAT) What's the matter?

TALMO: Those are gray lizard shoes, aren't they?

ELLIE: Why -- why, yes.

TALMO: Where'd you lose that heel?

ELLIE: I ... I don't remember.

TALMO: You sure you don't?

ELLIE: I ... what's the matter? Why are you looking at me
like that?

TALMO: I guess you haven't read this morning's paper.

ELLIE: What do you mean?

TALMO: They've got a story about a couple of kids who killed
a deputy over in Joplin. A young feller and his girl.
The girl lost the heel of her shoe and ---

(WE HEAR HURRIED LIMPING OFF)

TALMO: Hold on, Miss. Hold on, or I'll call the --

(SLAM OF DOOR OFF)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

TALMO: Operator! Operator!

~~(CUTTING OFF RECEIVER)~~

TALMO: Operator! Give me the police!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A few minutes later, the alarm is flashed over four states. The druggist, George Talmo, had been alert to check the make and color of the getaway car through the window, as he made his call. An elaborate system of roadblocks is set up, and state police alerted. And then, about an hour later, your phone rings and ...

HARRY: (FILTER) Rex, Harry Roebing.

REX: Yes?

HARRY: They just nailed Howie Madden and his wife ~~and~~ ^{at} a highway block just outside of Tulsa. She had a gray lizard bag but no shoes to match. Threw 'em away somewhere on the highway!

(MUSIC: - UP AND UNDER)

Harry
ELLIE: Stop it! Stop it! I'm sick of all this questioning!

(BREAKS) ~~Can't you see howie's in a bad way?~~

Howie
I'll tell you everything ~~if you let me~~ ^{shut up} (PAUSE) We could have been happy, Howie and me. We could have gone away somewhere, had a house, raised a couple of kids. But no, ~~Howie~~ ^{You} had this crazy idea about the oath, he had to stick by it. ~~Howie~~ ^{You see} said we had to stick together, help each other out, no matter what, ~~and~~ ^{because} the oath was sealed with our blood. I tried to talk him out of it. Honest, I tried. But now -- well, what's the use? ~~What's the use?~~ ^{What's the use?}

(MUSIC: - CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Rex Newman of the Joplin, Missouri Globe New Herald 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 Rex Newman of the Joplin, Missouri Globe News Herald.

NEWMAN: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY PLEADED INSANITY BUT THE JURY CONDEMNED HIM TO HANG. THE MISSOURI SUPREME COURT ~~REVERSED~~ ^{REVERSED} THE CONVICTION AND AT THE SECOND TRIAL HE WAS GIVEN A FIFTY YEAR SENTENCE IN THE MISSOURI PENITENTIARY. HIS WIFE WENT TO PRISON UNDER A TEN YEAR SENTENCE AS AN ACCESSORY. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Newman ..., the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present to your 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 Times -- by line Alfred E. Clark. The Big Story of a beautiful woman, a lovesick man -- and a ~~scandal~~ ^{delightful news} ~~scandal~~ too hot to handle.

(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 WIFE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Joplin Missouri Globe News Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Ed Begley played the part of Rex Newman. 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. Newman.

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

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces, overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

jc-smk-pmk
12-23-52 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #296

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1953

ATK01 0007109

NBC

THE BIG STORY

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

JANUARY 14, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

RAY: It's for you. Go on....open it.

SALLY: Ray, I ----

RAY: Open the box. It's a present. I ~~brought it~~ for you.

SALLY: Ray, please....listen....

RAY: Not until you open the box. I want to see your face
when you see it. Go on.

(PAUSE. SLIGHT PAPER NOISE AS BOX IS OPENED
THEN)

SALLY: (A GASP) Ray ... (ALMOST A SCREAM) Ray!

RAY: Don't you like it?

SALLY: (LOW, TERROR) Where did you get it ~~from? Tell me.~~

~~Ray~~ You've got to tell me. Where did you get it ~~from~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in New York City, ~~New York~~. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From
the pages of the New York ~~City~~ Times, the story of a
beautiful woman -- a lovesick man -- and a canvas sack
that was too hot to handle. Tonight to Alfred E. Clark
for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0007110

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.)

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Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New York City, ~~New York~~. The story as it actually happened -- Alfred E. Clark's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Al Clark, are a trained reporter. You have to be trained, and trained well, to be with your newspaper. There isn't a member of the fourth estate anywhere in the world who doesn't know what it means to work for the New York Times. Your beat is the Criminal Courts building, and, from your desk there, you see a steady parade of crooks, from purse-snatchers to big time racketeers. But outstanding in that parade is a girl -- a girl who came to your desk one morning carrying a canvas sack ... and in that sack, Al Clark -- your Big Story

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING OUT)

SALLY: (STRAINED) Are you a reporter?

AL: That's right. Al Clark. ~~Can I~~ ^{ill since} --

SALLY: I've got something to show you. In this sack. ~~Can I~~ ^{the} dump it out on your desk?

AL: The way you're carrying it, you'd think it was red hot. What is it?

SALLY: This

(A CLATTER AS OBJECTS POUR FROM THE BAG)

AL: Holy smoke! ~~See it~~ - ^{take a look at this}

MAC: (COMING ON) Okay, Al, what's ^{is it} up? You got something you're holding back from the rest of -- (THEN AWED) For ~~eat's~~ ^{eat's} teeth. (CALLS) Hey! ^{look} take a look at this!

WOMAN: (COMING ON) A look at what? I -- (THEN) Oh brother! ^{blow}

AL: ~~Diamonds~~

MAC: By the ton

AL: Are they real?

SALLY: I -- I think so.

WOMAN: I know so. Not that I've much of a speaking acquaintance with the stuff, but -- yeah -- this is real.

MAC: Necklaces...pins...bracelats...the works. Must be worth about \$50,000 bucks.

AL: Where did you get these; Miss?

SALLY: My boyfriend gave them to me.

WOMAN: ~~Some boy friend.~~

MAC: ~~What does he do for a living? Mint money?~~

SALLY: ~~No -- he --~~ (VIOLENT) Can't you take them away? I don't want to look at them anymore.

AL: ~~But~~ where'd your boyfriend get them?

SALLY: I don't know. That's what's so awful. I don't know.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: For a story, that makes quite a beginning. And the rest is just as good. You, Al Clark, sit the girl down... calm her ... and get her talking. Only it's hard to believe what she tells you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

SALLY: I met him about six months ago. ~~Just a pickup, I guess you'd call it.~~ I was at a bowling alley with my girl friend.....

(SOUND OF ALLEY B. G. A BALL GOES DOWN THE ALLEY. THERE IS A CLATTER OF PINS)

MAY: Hey, Sally! You're really hot tonight.

SALLY: (LAUGHS) Don't hex me.

MAY: (LOW) If anyone's going to hex you, it's that guy over there. He's been watching you all evening.

SALLY: I know. Do you think -- (CUTS) He's coming over.

RAY: (COMING IN) Say...you're really quite ---

SALLY: Oh well lucky night

RAY: That's just what I was going to say. Only about me.

SALLY: Good score?

RAY: I wasn't talking about bowling.

SALLY: (FLUSTERED) Oh.

RAY: ~~Any objections if I join you?~~ (PAUSE) My name's Ray.
Ray Dover.

SALLY: I'm Sally Prentice...and this is my girl friend, May ...

RAY: Sally Prentice, mm? Let's bowl a few, shall we, Sally Prentice: And then I'll take you home ...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING AND UNDER)

SALLY: He was really very nice, Mr. Clark ... ~~and I didn't see anything wrong. I mean, at the bowling alley, everybody was always talking to everybody else.~~

AL: ~~And he took you home?~~

SALLY: That's right. And after that we -- we started seeing a lot of each other.

AL: What kind of a job did he have?

SALLY: He was an apprentice printer. He didn't make much money ... he told me that almost right away

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

RAY: I don't make much money yet, Sally. But I'm going to.

SALLY: Sure, Ray....

RAY: And you know why I want to make it, Sally? For you.

SALLY: Oh, Ray....

RAY: You don't believe me, do you? You think I'm just talking. Only you're going to change your mind. Right now.

SALLY: (LAUGHS) Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?

RAY: Take a look at this, Sally-

SALLY: What is it?

RAY: Present. For you.

SALLY: (SURPRISED) Ray

RAY: Take a look.

(BUSINESS OF OPENING BOX. THEN)

SALLY: Ray

RAY: Put it on. I want to see those diamonds flash when you put it around your neck.

SALLY: I -- I don't know what to say.

RAY: You thought I was just some cheap punk, didn't you, Sally?

SALLY: No, I --

RAY: You didn't think I know about how you were always laughing inside when I told you about the things I was going to give you.

SALLY: (AWED) ~~I can't believe it.~~

RAY: ~~Don't I get a kiss for my present?~~

SALLY: Oh, Ray ...

(THEY EMBRACE.)

RAY: (FIERCE, LOW) Don't ever laugh at me, Sally. I can't stand it when you laugh. ^{if you laugh at me}

(MORE)

RAY: I need you ... looking up at me the way you are now ...
(CONT'D) making me feel like I am something. And there'll be
more, Sally. This is only the beginning.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

SALLY: It was such a surprise, Mr. Clark ... I just didn't know
what to say -- or think.

AL: Didn't you wonder where he got the money?

SALLY: At first I did. But then, I got talking to May, my
girl friend ... and I thought I had it all figured out.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

MAY: How can you have it figured out? The~~y~~ guy makes maybe
⁵⁰ ~~thirty~~ bucks a week. You don't get diamonds on ⁵⁰ ~~thirty~~
bucks a week.

SALLY: May ... that's just it. These aren't diamonds. It's
just costume jewelry. (HASTILY) Not that it matters.
Only he shouldn't spend his money even for that. This
necklace must've cost maybe twenty dollars.

MAY: I still think the whole deal's whacky. Ray's whacky.
Taking a room here in the same house with you just so
he can be around you all the time ... talking about all
the things he's going to do for you ...

SALLY: (SOFT) Maybe ^{it is} ~~it's~~ whacky. ^{But} ~~Maybe~~ it's nice. It's nice
to think you matter that much to anybody. And I think
the necklace looks real good -- even if it is fake.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

RAY: That necklace looks real good on you, baby. ~~Real good.~~

SALLY: ~~I feel like a Christmas tree.~~ Honestly Ray ... first
the necklace, then these bracelets ... and the rings ...

RAY: And now ^{there} this.

SALLY: Earrings! Oh Ray ... ~~you're crazy~~. You can't possibly afford all those things. Not on what you make.

RAY: (SHARP) Let's not worry about what I make.

SALLY: ~~But I do worry~~. I don't need things like this, Ray

RAY: (WORRIED) Don't you like them?

SALLY: ~~Of course but ---~~

RAY: Do you want something else ... something different?

SALLY: Ray ... ~~I don't want anything~~. Honestly, You don't have to bring me things ~~all the time~~ -

RAY: But I do. Don't you see? That's the proof. It's the proof that I'm not just a punk who picked you up in a bowling alley

SALLY: I know that ...

RAY: (TIGHT) No you don't. ~~Nobody ever knows ... not from just talking to a guy~~. It's what a guy has ... that's the proof. You look at these people got their own cars ... long big shiny cars ... look at them with jewelry and fur coats and when they go into a place people jump and pay attention. ~~And why do they pay attention? Because of what they do? Uh-huh~~. Because of what they have ... and what they can give. That's what counts ... That's what makes 'em stand eight feet tall.

SALLY: I -- I don't know what you're talking about.

RAY: It's okay, baby. ~~You don't have to know~~. Just so long as I stand eight feet tall with you. That's all that matters.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

AL: And you mean to tell me, Miss Prentice, that after that, you still didn't really think the jewelry was genuine?

SALLY: ~~I must have been an awful dope, Mr. Clark. But -- well --~~
It just didn't seem possible ...

AL: How about your girl friend ..

SALLY: She just thought Ray was crazy ...

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

MAY: He's crazy, that one. They ought to put him away -- diamonds and all.

SALLY: They aren't diamonds.

MAY: You know, Sally -- sometimes I wonder. ~~Aren't they?~~

SALLY: ~~How could they be?~~

MAY: ~~I don't know. BUT~~ sometimes I wonder. (PAUSE) And I think you do too.

SALLY: ~~I never --~~

MAY: No? You never wear the stuff he gives you - except home here, with him. Why not?

SALLY: I feel so silly ...

MAY: Is that it? Or maybe ^{*You think it's wise*} ~~have you got an idea you might get yourself surrounded by the law?~~

SALLY: ~~What's the law got to do with it?~~

MAY: Plenty ~~if the stuff is stolen.~~

SALLY: Stolen! (THEN) You're talking through your hat.

MAY: ~~Or maybe you just hope I am.~~

SALLY: May, stop. I ~~am~~ I'm scared.

MAY: ~~I've been scared all along.~~ Sally, find out about the stones. See if they're the McCoy.

SALLY: How?

MAY: A jeweler could tell you.

SALLY: I --- I'm afraid.

MAY: Okay. Suit yourself.

SALLY: (PAUSE) The -- the clasp is broken on the necklace. I could take it in to be repaired.

MAY: Why not?

SALLY: (SLOWLY) Sure. Why not?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSING)

JEWELER: May I help you, Miss?

SALLY: Yes...I -- I have a necklace here. Do you repair clasps on them ... ?

JEWELER: ~~We repair everything but broken hearts.~~ (HE LAUGHS HEARTILY)

SALLY: ~~Oh. That's fine. I -- have it here ... the necklace.~~
I mean....

JEWELER: *Sure*
Mmmm. Nice piece.

SALLY: Is it? I mean -- well, actually, the necklace was a gift. I don't have any idea of how much it's worth. Could you make a rough guess?

JEWELER: Well, it's hard to say ... ~~don't hold me to a figure now ... might be more ... might be less ... but I'd say....~~

SALLY: Yes... *What about a couple*

JEWELER: Oh, in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars.
(HE LAUGHS) Pretty good neighborhood, huh?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN)

RAY: Hi, baby

SALLY: (UPSET) Ray -- I --

RAY: I got something to show you, angel face.

SALLY: ~~Ray ... please ...~~

RAY: ~~You sick?~~

SALLY: ~~No.~~

RAY: ~~You look kinda sick.~~

SALLY: (IN A BURST) Ray, I've got to talk to you ...

RAY: You can talk all you like, baby. After.

SALLY: After what?

RAY: After you look and see what I've got for you tonight.

SALLY: (SHARP, AFRAID) I don't want any more presents.

RAY: Now that's a fine way to talk.

SALLY: ~~Ray ... you don't understand. Or maybe it's me.~~
~~Maybe I don't understand.~~

RAY: Look. Open the box. It's a present. I bought it
for you.

SALLY: Ray, please listen ...

RAY: Not until you open the box. I want to see your face
when you see it. Go on.

(PAUSE. SLIGHT PAPER NOISE AS BOX IS OPENED.
THEN)

SALLY: (A GASP) Ray! (ALMOST A SCREAM) Ray!

RAY: Don't you like it?

SALLY: (LOW, TERROR) Where did you get it [?] ~~from?~~ Tell me.
Ray You've got to tell me. Where did you get it? ~~from?~~

RAY: What difference does that make?

SALLY: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL NOW) What difference? ³⁰Thirty dollars a week, that's what you make. ~~Thirty~~ dollars. And you bring me a mink coat ... a blue mink coat.... and you say what difference does it make where it comes from?
(THEN, GETTING CONTROL) How much is this worth?

RAY: (PROUDLY) Nine -- ten thousand bucks.

SALLY: Ray!

RAY: Stick with me, Sally. We're going places.

SALLY: I don't want to go the places where you're going. Ray, ~~what are you doing?~~ Are you stealing?

RAY: (BEAT, LOW) Is that what you think?

SALLY: What else can I think?

RAY: (PAUSE) ~~I brought this stuff from Europe. From when I was in the Army. Liberated, they call it.~~

SALLY: ~~I don't believe you.~~

RAY: (LONG PAUSE) Okay. If that's the way you want it.

(STARTS TO GO)

SALLY: You stole it....didn't you?

RAY: No, I didn't steal it. That's the way you all are --- ^{is} all of you. (HIGH, FURIOUS) Never take a guy at his ^{and it's} worth. You think I'm just a lousy little ~~jerk and the~~ ^{not it's} only way I can get stuff is by stealing. All the time, you're laughing at me...thinking I'm nothing. Diamonds....mink coats...and I'm nothing. Okay...
Okay.

SALLY: Where are you going?

-13-

RAY: ~~What do you care where I'm going?~~ I'm just going,
that's all. And you can keep on laughing. Have a
good laugh. Go on. Laugh.

(HE SLAMS OUT)

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MID COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0007122

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 Al Clark as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Al Clark, sit behind your desk, ^{the diamonds} and look across the sparkling, fiery mass of diamond jewelry at the girl who tells you this unbelievable story...the story of the diamonds....and the man who gave them... ^{to her}

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SALLY: And that's all, I guess. He just walked out -- ran out.

AL: And you haven't seen him since?

SALLY: No. ~~I think I scared him. I think he's -- running.~~

MAC: ~~I should think so.~~

AL: What made you bring the stuff down here, Miss Prentice?

SALLY: ~~I didn't know what else to do.~~ I talked it over with May, my girl friend, and we decided the best thing was to call the D.A.'s office. So we did. But then I didn't want this stuff around...I didn't want to see it anymore -- so I decided to bring it down here.

AL: You called the District Attorney?

SALLY: That's right. I -- can I go now, please?

MAC: (SUDDENLY) Hey, look at the time! ^{Time} Maybe you can gab, ^{CALL} Al, but ~~we've~~ almost hit ~~our~~ deadline. I gotta get to a phone.

WOMAN: Me, too. Tough luck, Al. That's what comes for working for a morning paper.....

(AD LIBS AS THEY GO OFF. B.G.: YOU CAN HEAR THEM TALKING ON PHONES ALONG WITH OTHERS)

SALLY: Can I go home, please.

AL: Well, I have no right to hold you here, Miss Prentice. And if you've called the D.A.'s office.....

SALLY: I told you ... ~~before I came here...~~

AL: Okay, then. Only suppose you write your name and address down here...just in case anything comes up....

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Thoroughness. That's what pays off, Al Clark...and you know it. Thoroughness. She writes ^{down} her name and address ~~down~~ and goes. And then...more thoroughness. She said she called the D.A. ... So that's step number one. You call the D.A.'s office to check....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

AL: Ted...this is Al Clark. Look, a funny one just broke. Girl by the name of Sally Prentice. Did she call your office? Sally Prentice. ^{OK - call} You're sure? Okay ... I'll call you back and fill you in.

(PHONE SLAMMED UP)

AL: Mac...! (THEN) Mac.....Helen...!

MAC: (OFF) Save it, Al, we're hitting ~~the~~ deadline....

AL: I know. But you better hold that story.

WOMAN: Hold it? You nuts?

AL: No, but I just phoned the D.A.'s office. She never talked to them at all.

MAC: What? (THEN INTO PHONE) Hold the wire, will you?... Something's up.

WOMAN: (CALLS) What's the difference, Al? The story's still good.

AL: Still good...but loaded. She lied about the D.A..... How do we know she didn't lie about the whole business?

WOMAN: (COMING ON) So?

MAC: (COMING ON) So plenty. ~~He's~~ right if she's smearing a coat of black paint on some poor jerk, ^{well} you're going to be up to ~~your~~ presses in libel.

WOMAN: Oh - oh.

MAC: Oh - oh is right. (HE GOES OFF SLIGHTLY. INTO PHONE)
Hey, Blake. Forget it. Kill the story. My mistake.

(PHONE UP)

WOMAN: Well, it was a nice idea. So that's that.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's that. Or is it? You, Al Clark, still have a few hours before your deadline hits and you decide to make use of them. Maybe Sally Prentice's fantastic story is true anyhow -- or maybe she stole the jewelry herself and is trying to wiggle out of it. Either way, it makes good copy -- if you can find out the truth. So that's what you try to do. You have her name and address, so you get over there. You've got a lot of questions to ask....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

JENNY: Sorry, mister ... the young lady isn't here now. She went out.

AL: How about a man called Ray Dover? ~~He lives here,~~
~~doesn't he?~~

JENNY: The young lady's boyfriend? ~~Oh sure. Got a room on the~~
~~second floor? But he's out too.~~

AL: Have you seen him lately?

JENNY: Well, now ... can't say that I have. ~~Can't say that I~~
~~haven't either. Didn't notice, you know what I mean?~~

AL: (WEARILY) ~~Yeah. I know.~~ Are you the landlady?

JENNY: Cleaning woman. I do up the rooms.

AL: Well, then, maybe you can answer a few questions for me.

JENNY: I don't gossip, mister.

AL: Mostly about Ray Dover.

JENNY: He's a nice boy. A real nice boy. Closemouthed tho.

AL: He is?

JENNY: Like a steel trap. But he's a hard worker. Works all week and then weekends too.

AL: Weekends?

JENNY: That's right. Makes you wonder, don't it? Particularly with all that luggage.

AL: (SHARP) What luggage?

JENNY: He goes off every weekend...and comes back late Sunday -- each time with different luggage. Nice stuff too. I seen some of it in his room. What do you make of that?

AL: I'm not sure.

JENNY: Maybe he's planning on taking a trip?

gz
1/14/53 pm

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Your brain is working now, Al Clark...working fast...
sorting facts. There've been a lot of stories lately
about a man they call the weekend burglar....someone who's
been breaking into apartments over weekends when the
tenants are away and stealing huge amounts of valuable
jewelry. And Ray Dover "works" on weekends. And the
luggage.... the weekend burglar stole luggage, too...in
which he could conceal his haul. It fits -- it fits
neatly. You waste no time getting back to your office.
Next on the list -- check Ray Dover....if you can locate
him.....

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE AND UNDER)

AL: ^{He's a printer, the one} ~~Star Printing?~~ I'm trying to locate an apprentice printer
who works somewhere in your neighborhood...a man by the
name of Ray Dover...No? Have you any idea?...^{Regis}
Printing...no I tried them. Well, thanks anyways....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

AL: ^{There's} ~~Acme~~ Printing? Hello, I'm trying to locate a young
apprentice printer...(START TO FADE) I understand he
works someplace in your neighborhood....

NARR: Check and re-check. Follow up and follow through. That's
your credo, Al Clark...that's the credo of your paper.
And, as it has so many other times...it pays off again --
finally....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

AL: You say you do have a Ray Dover working for you?.... Is he there now? ... I see. ~~Do you expect him later?...~~ Oh, good. Well, look, have him call me will you? That's right. Al Clark...Criminal Courts building. Oh...and say...was he in last night as usual? I see. Thanks a lot.

(PHONE UP)

MAC: Got a lead, Al?

AL: (GRINS) ~~Think I'm going to let you in on it, Mac?~~

MAC: ~~Suit yourself. But you've got something up your sleeve.~~

AL: I've located the shop where the boy works.

MAC: And you told him to call you back? That's rich. A crook on the lam and you expect him to check in with the papers.

AL: I don't know if he is on the lam. ~~Doesn't sound that way.~~

MAC: ~~But the girl said --~~

AL: ~~I know what she said. But~~ Ray Dover's boss said he reported to work last night -- as usual.

MAC: That's a whacky one.

AL: The whole thing's whacky. Anyhow, when he calls, I'm going to arrange to give the high sign to the D.A.'s office. They can send a couple of guys over there while I keep the kid on the phone. They'll pick him up -- if I can keep him talking on the phone long enough.

MAC: Yeah. And if he calls.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: If. A couple of big if's. But you wait, Al Clark... by your phone. And sure enough...in an hour or so ...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(PHONE RINGS)

AL: Al Clark speaking.....

RAY: (FILTER) Mr. Clark...my name is Ray Dover...~~the boss~~
~~said you wanted to speak to me....?~~

AL: Oh...yes Ray...thanks for calling back...(LOW) This is it,
Mac. Buzz the D.A.'s office.

MAC: You bet....

AL: (INTO PHONE) I wanted to ask you a few questions, Ray.
About a girl named Sally Prentice.

RAY: (WORRIED) Sally? She's all right, isn't she?

AL: She's fine. But she told a funny story, Ray. About a lot
of valuable jewelry you gave her. ~~She says she's afraid~~
~~it's stolen.~~

RAY: Jewelry? That I gave her?

AL: Didn't you?

RAY: Gosh, Mr. Clark...~~I'd like to~~... ~~sure~~... And I've talked
to Sally about giving her things...when I could. But on
⁵⁷~~thirty~~ a week -- well...what kind of jewelry would that be?

AL: ~~The jewelry~~ Sally showed me was pretty terrific stuff,
~~all~~. She says it came from you.

RAY: (INCRECULOUS) Sally had some jewelry?

AL: A whole sack of it.

RAY: Well, then -- she must have some other guy who -- (CUTS)
But she never said anything to me about any other guy.
Not a word. (UPSET) That's a pretty rotten trick.

AL: Look, according to her....

RAY: I mean...stringing a guy along, making me think she was
my girl....and then having somebody else who gives her
jewelry. I -- I think I better hang up now, Mr. Clark....

AL: No wait...I -- (LOW) Mac, hurry those guys up, I'm going
to lose him -- (THEN UP) Ray...there's a couple more
questions

RAY: (HURT) Well, I don't have the answers. I didn't give Sally any jewelry and I think it's a lousy stunt. I --

AL: (QUICKLY) I agree with you. It's a real lousy stunt. But you know how some women are, Ray. Reminds me of a case I worked on...Listen to this? This woman used to come home every night and tell her husband....

(MUSIC: -- WIPE AND UNDER)

NARR: You talk, you ask questions. You stall. It seems forever. The boy is restless....he wants to get off the line. But you've got to keep him there....until the man close in. Guilty or innocent, you can't take the chance of letting Ray Dover get away.....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

AL: That's a pretty fair bowling average, Ray. Mine's not that good. What kind of a ball do you use?

RAY: (FILTER) Just whatever's around the alley. Look, I --

AL: I wish I could do that. But I'm fussy, I guess. Unless it's balanced just right, my game goes off.

RAY: Sure. Well, look...I've got to hang up now.

AL: But --

RAY: I've got to. Some guys just came in and the boss says they want to see me.

AL: (QUICK) Some guys? Friends of yours?

RAY: No, I don't know them, but --

AL: (RELIEVED) Well, then I won't keep you any longer, Ray.

RAY: Okay, look, after I get through talking to them, I'll call you back if you want. Okay?

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: He never gets a chance. You have a cockeyed feeling, Al Clark, that he would have called you back...if he could. But the next time you see Ray Dover, it's at police headquarters...and there's plenty of time for questions....

COP: All right, Dover. Let's get this straight. ^{You see} You never saw this jewelry before?

RAY: (PATIENTLY) I told you ~~before~~.

COP: She says you gave her a mink coat too.

RAY: Look, I make ~~thirty~~³⁰ dollars a week. You tell me how I can buy things like that on thirty a week!

COP: (POUNING AT HIM) Do you know Sally Prentice?

RAY: (CALM) Of course. ~~But I never gave her any of this stuff.~~

AL: What about this new luggage the cleaning woman says you have?

RAY: I have one set of luggage. ~~I bought it a couple of years ago.~~

COP: What do you do on weekends?

RAY: Visit friends....go bowling...walk in the park -- what does anybody do on weekends?

COP: (PAUSE, THEN QUIETLY) You're lying, Ray.

RAY: (HIGH, EXCITED NOW) All right, I'm lying. That's what you say. That's what everybody always says. Laughing at me....everybody always laughing at me. No matter what I do -- ~~laughing~~....

AL: That's what Sally did, isn't it Ray? Laughed at you.

RAY: (OUT OF CONTROL) Yes. She thought I was just --(HE STOPS)

AL: Just what, Ray?

RAY: (PAUSE, THEN) Nothing.

AL: She thought you were just a nobody, that's it isn't it?
So you had to prove it different, didn't you? (PAUSE)
Didn't you?

RAY: (LOW) Where's Sally?

COP: Waiting outside.

RAY: Can I see her?

COP: What for?

RAY: I - I just want her to be here.
(PAUSE. THEN COP GETS UP, FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR,
DOOR OPEN)

COP: Come in, Miss Prentice.
(HER FOOTSTEPS AS SHE COMES IN. DOOR CLOSES. THEN)

SALLY: Hello, Ray.

RAY: Hello, Sally.
(PAUSE. THEN)

AL: (GENTLY) She's not laughing, Ray. Not at all.

SALLY: No.

RAY: (A DEEP BREATH) Okay. Only you've got to listen, Sally.
I - I never met anybody like you.

SALLY: (UPSET) Ray

RAY: You've got to listen! It was ^{so} easy -- just going into
~~these~~ these places and walking out with the jewelry. I just
loaded the things into suitcases. At first I was scared -
but it didn't matter. ~~I didn't mind being scared because~~
~~I'd think about how pleased you'd be. And then, after~~
~~a while I wasn't even scared any more.~~ I did it fourteen
times -- fourteen times in three months, Sally.
I got a lot of stuff. And it was all for you.

COP: Will you sign a statement to that effect, Dover?

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 Al Clark of the New York ~~City, New York~~ Times.

CLARK: The "weekend burglar" in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty at trial and was sentenced to an indeterminate term in Elmira Reformatory. His confession solved mystery of many baffling robberies committed in city. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Clark...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 Chicago, Ill. Sun Times -- by line Arthur Petague. ^{the} A Big Story...
*the Chicago Sun Times...
like a big story*

(MUSIC: __ STING)

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

(MUSIC: __ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the New York Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and John Warner played the part of Alfred Clark. 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. Clark.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

GZ/VAX

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #297

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLCANE
ART	JOE HELGESEN
LIEUTENANT	ROLAND WINTERS
MILLIE	RUTH YORKE
NEIGHBOR	RUTH YORKE
WALTER	ARMY FREEMAN
CABBIE	SANDY STROUSE
MAN	COURT BENSON
IRENE	MILDRED CLINTON

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1953

ATHO1 0007137

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#297

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

JANUARY 21, 1953

WEDNESDAY

(Art Petacque: Chicago Sun Times)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE, CUT TO)

MILLIE: (IN THE DOOR OF THE KID'S ROOM...SAYING GOODNIGHT)
All right, boys...go to sleep now...good night.

(A DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY)

MILLIE: (MILD RELIEF) Well, that's over with...(SUDDEN
REPROACH).. Walter...

WALTER: (SURPRISE) What's a matter, Millie.

MILLIE: You know what's the matter. Darling, you said you'd
turn in that ^{gun} pistol when the police collected all the
war souvenirs.

WALTER: I'm only cleaning it, hon.

MILLIE: I don't like having it around the house. Suppose one of
the boys found it...

WALTER: I keep it on top of the closet. Way high. They'd
never...

(A SHOT)

MILLIE: (A BEAT THEN STUNNED AND IN LOW PAIN) Honey...I'm hurt...
honey....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BUILDS TO IMPACT THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Chicago, Illinois. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)

(MORE)

ATX01 0007138

CHAPPELL: From the pages of the Chicago Sun-Times...the story of
(CONT'D) a reporter who found that death can be both an end...
and a beginning. Tonight, to Art Petacque of the
Chicago Sun Times, for his Big Story, goes the PELL
MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

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sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
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CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened...
Art Petacque's story...as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- RISES SLIGHTLY AND UNDER)

NARR: A person hears the name Chicago...and right away you
know what he's thinking. Big...awful big. All those
streets. All those buildings. But ~~Mister, don't forget~~
the real big thing, ^{the} The people. They're the ones who
make the city go and no one knows it better than you,
Art Petacque, for every day they give you another story.
Like this morning in late September. When a man
stumbles into a police precinct on the North Side..
grabs tight to the edge of the sergeant's desk and
says...

WALTER: (UNBELIEVING) My wife. I shot her. She's dead.

(MUSIC: -- UP...HITS FOR A RIDE AND GOES OUT)

ART: Lieutenant Mason...

LIEUT: Oh, hello, Art. What are you doing here.

ART: Our district man reported in about this guy who shot his
wife.

LIEUT: Nothing there, Art. An accident. Some of the boys are
talking to him now. Name's Walter Denby.

ART: Can I see him?

LIEUT: Sure. In here. Come on.

(THEY WALK TO DOOR...OPEN IT...)

WALTER: (BECOMES AUDIBLE AS DOOR IS OPENED...OFF) (A SHAKEN GUY)
She kept telling me all the time. Get rid of the gun.
Get rid of the gun. But you know how it is. You put it
off. Okay, you say...tomorrow, tomorrow.
(MORE)

WALTER:
(CONT'D) You know she's right. You don't want to argue. Suppose one of the boys did find it. (IS ALMOST ON NOW AS ART APPROACHES WITH THE LIEUT) Why didn't I listen. Why didn't I turn it into you fellows. My souvenir. My big souvenir.

~~(MUSIC: BEHIND GENTLY)~~

NARR:	He sits there stunned,	WALTER: (OFF...BARELY AUDIBLE)
	bewildered. Like a	I didn't even pull the
	sick person coming out	trigger. How could it
	of ether. A man living	go off. I fired it in
	a nightmare. He hides	the army dozens of
	nothing. He wants us	times, dozens of times.
	all to know every	I don't understand.
	single detail. So that	What went --- with
	maybe one of us will	it. Maybe there was
	then say to him...no,	dirt in it. The thing
	it never happened. It	got jammed. You think
	couldn't happen. A	that's it?
	man can't kill someone	
	he loves.	

WALTER: (ON MIKE...AS NARRATOR FINISHES...SINCE SIMULTANEOUS SPEECH ABOVE IS TO END WITH NARRATOR) I kept looking at her. You know? Like she was sleeping. The boys called out from the bedroom. They wanted to know what the noise was. I told them to stay in bed. Everything was all right. Then I said, Millie, get up. Millie, please...(SLIGHT BEAT)...I knew she was dead. But I wasn't going to believe it. (DETERMINED) I wasn't.

(MORE)

WALTER: (SLIGHT BEAT...SICK...LOW) Overseas she wrote me all the
(CONT'D) time. Darling, come home safe...come home safe.

(BITTER) Sure...come home so someday...you can kill me.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

LIEUT: ~~Poor guy. You have to feel sorry for him. Still doesn't~~
know what hit him. Hey, Art. You listening to me.

ART: Eh? Oh, sure...sure, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yeah? Well, I'll buy you lunch if you can repeat it.

ART: Look, about this guy Denby.

LIEUT: ~~Here. My report. An accident. You heard him.~~

ART: Lieutenant, a couple of things have me kind of mixed up.

LIEUT: ~~Never saw it to fail. The way you guys keep bucking~~
~~for a story, you'd be suspicious of your grandmother.~~

ART: ~~Let me say what I mean.~~

LIEUT: I'll ask you something. The boy come in here, admit the
shooting? ~~That right?~~

ART: ~~Yes.~~

LIEUT: ~~He tell a straight story? No alibing?~~

ART: Sure but...

LIEUT: Then let it alone. The rest of his life this boy'll
know what he did. Fooled around with a gun...saw his
wife die because of it. Give him a break. Write it
small.

ART: I saw the coroner's report. The wife was killed at ten
o'clock. What time did Denby come in here?

LIEUT: Around three.

ART: Okay...that makes five hours before he reported it. Why.
What took him so long.

LIEUT: I asked him. He said he was in a daze...didn't know what he was doing. Just sat by his wife all that time.

ART: And what about the gun. What happened to it.

LIEUT: Said he threw it into the Lake on the way over.

ART: But why get rid of it? If a guy reports a shooting to the police doesn't he figure they'll want the gun.

LIEUT: Look Art -- I've talked to ^{his} neighbors. Denby and his wife got along fine. Only time he ever left her was to go out one night a week with the boys. Now forget it will you? You're running fast for nothing.

ART: Listen, I'm not saying he killed his wife on purpose. Maybe it's just the way he says. An accident. But those five hours...the missing gun...Lieutenant. Do you mind if I talk to him.

gz
1/21/53 pm

NARR:
(CONT'D)

The only time he ever left her side was to go out one night a week with the boys. Same as most any other husband would do. Think it over, Art Petacque. You've been chasing an idea that's fast turning into a whole lot of nothing. Let it go, forget it. (THINKING IT OVER) Well...if you must. Take one more stab at it. Go back to the precinct and see Walter Denby himself.

WALTER: I can't get myself to walk out of here. I try. But I can't.

ART: (NICE) Yeah.

WALTER: I'm going to have to see my boys. Go to the chapel.

ART: Has to be done.

WALTER: Just a second. That's all it took and she was gone. How do you understand a thing like this. All that time you spend in growing up, becoming a person. Getting married, having kids. And in one second...it all gets taken away.

ART: *The Lieut. tells me he talked to Denby*
~~I saw~~ a lot of your friends. Neighbors, people you work with. They're pretty well messed up by this.

WALTER: *Art Petacque*
It's Millie. They're thinking about Millie.

ART: *I know they're concerned about the girl*
~~You too, Walter. They're all on your side.~~

WALTER: (SLIGHT BEAT...FEELS REAL BAD) I can't walk out of here. *I try with, can't I'm gonna try to see her*
~~Honest.~~ *Wants to go to the chapel*

ART: Lieutenant says it's all right.

WALTER: (NOT EVEN HEARING HIM) Wanted to be a big shot. Show off I was a hero.

ART: Don't get you, Walter.

WALTER: (MORE FOR HIMSELF) Throw it away, she said. Get rid of that miserable gun.
(MORE)

WALTER: What good's it in the house. No burglar'd ever bother us.
(CONT'D) Throw it away.

ART: Easy, feller.

WALTER: They ought to do something to me. They ought to make
some kind of law. A guy who keeps a gun. He's stupid...
stupid....~~stupid~~. (SLIGHT BEAT) Millie...(A SOB)....
Millie....(AND NOW SLOWLY WE HEAR NOTHING BUT HIS CRYING.
THE WAY IT BEGINS...GROWS AND STEADIES INTO A DEEP
MISERABLE PAIN. WE LISTEN TO IT FOR SEVERAL SECONDS)
(THEN IT STAYS BEHIND THE NARRATION)

NARR: You've got no right here. Looking at him this way. No
right. A man crying is a terrible thing. The pain goes
deep and makes him seem a helpless child. You'd give a
lot to be anywhere but in this room. Soon as he gets
hold of himself...you're going to apologize. This is no
act. The shooting had to be an accident.

WALTER: (CRYING BEGINS TO EBB AND THEN IT ABOUT STOPS) I'm...
I'm sorry.

ART: Forget it.

WALTER: Didn't do that since I was a kid.

ART: ^{That's how}
~~You've got a right~~. Well, I've got to get back
downtown. If...if I gave you any trouble...I'm very
sorry.

(STEPS TO THE DOOR)

NARR: (WITH THE STEPS) You walk to the door. As you open
it...

(DOOR OPENS)

....you suddenly remember there was one more question
you wanted to ask. Guess it wouldn't do any harm.

(STEPS COME BACK...STOP)

ART: Walter.

WALTER: Yes.

ART: I understand you had one night to yourself every week.
A night you went out. That right.

WALTER: Yes. Why.

ART: What night of the week was it.

WALTER: Tuesday.

(MUSIC: -- HITS WITH A STING AND TREMBLES BEHIND)

NARR: Tuesday! Easy now...easy. He's looking at you hard...
wondering why you asked the question. Tuesday night...
was last night, the night he shot his wife.

WALTER: Why you asking.

ART: That was last night, Walter. You said you were home
all night.

WALTER: I was. It so happens I didn't go out ^{with the railroad} last night. I
was tired. Look...why you asking about it.

ART: Nothing, Walter, nothing! Well...~~so long.~~

(~~STEPS TO THE DOOR~~)

NARR: (WITH STEPS) He's watching ^{you} ~~every step~~..trying to
figure what's in your mind. Why are you so interested
that it was his night out. What difference does it
make to you? Well, Walter...if it turns out you ^{will} really
~~were~~ ^{not} at home after all...~~were~~ ^{not} home every minute...
then it might make a big difference. Because it'll
prove...your story's a lie.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEGUE TO)

(~~RINGING DOOR BELL...IT RINGS OFF~~)...DULLY)

(~~DOOR OPENS~~)

WOMAN: Yes. ~~Oh...it's you.~~ *the Denby's in residence the night*

ART: ~~Yes, Miami.~~

WOMAN: ~~What do you want now?~~

ART: I'm sorry to bother you again but I'd just like to ask you ~~another~~ *2 questions* questions

WOMAN: Well.

ART: Last evening...would you ^{remember} know if Mr. Denby was home all night. Did he go out at all...even just once.

WOMAN: No.

ART: You sure?

WOMAN: He had to be home.

ART: Why. *just said your husband*

WOMAN: You're Mr. Petacque, aren't you?

ART: (CURIOSLY) Yes...

WOMAN: Well, you ought to read your own story. It says that Walter Denby was home the entire night.

ART: Look, that only repeated what he told the police.

WOMAN: *Look* Mister, you go away now. *don't believe you are* ~~If I see you around here again I'll tell the super to throw you out. You're asking for trouble and you'll get it.~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

ART: Thanks.

(ART STARTS TO WALK OFF)

MAN: (JUST OFF) Mister...hey...Mister...

ART: (CURIOSLY) Yeah.

MAN: (COMES ON) You're a reporter?

ART: *Yes* Sun-Times.

MAN: I live upstairs...right over the Denby apartment. It faces the front.

ART: Oh?

MAN: I heard what you were talking about to Mrs. Williams there.

ART: I'm afraid it was she who did most of the talking.

~~MAN: Well, why would you be an exception. Battleaxe.~~

ART: *2* You know the Denby's well, Mr....

MAN: Krestow. Yes, I knew them. Nice kids. Never anything wrong. Probably the nicest people in the house.

ART: (DISAPPOINTED) I see.

MAN: But you were asking if he went out last night...

ART: (HOPEFULLY) Did he?

MAN: Well, like I said, my place faces the front. And I don't sleep well. Haven't for years.

ART: Go on, Mr. Krestow.

MAN: Walter went out last night. I saw him.

ART: ~~What are you like~~

MAN: *yes* It was around ten o'clock. ~~I saw him.~~

ART: That's when the coroner said the shooting happened. Lock, what time was it he came back. Do you know that too?

MAN: Around a quarter to three. He got out of a cab. I know. I looked at my ^{watch!} clock. It's the kind that lets you see in the dark.

ART: That makes five hours...~~five hours he hasn't told the police about.~~ What was he doing during that time.

MAN: Huh. Listen, how should I know?

ART: (DIDN'T EXPECT AN ANSWER, JUST TALKING ALCOUD...NOW...A TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) ~~His wife was dead and he didn't do what he told the police.~~ He lied. He went out somewhere. (MORE)

ART:
(CONT'D)

~~where? Where did he go?~~ ^{where? See} If I can find out...you watch
this accident suddenly turn into a case of murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TO 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, 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 UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Art Petacque..as he lived it..and wrote it. *W.H.C.*

NARR: Mildred Denby, age twenty five, mother of two children.. is dead. Her husband Walter says he was cleaning a gun.. it went off..a horrible accident. But you..you're not so sure. Especially after you find a lie in the husband's story. To you, this could be murder. *you talk* ~~And~~ ~~at your editor's desk~~, you tell him your plan to find out.

ART: Ed, listen. Denby says he was too dazed after the shooting to do anything. That he just sat next to the body for at least five hours. Well, that's a lie. A neighbor saw him come home in a cab at three in the morning. Now we've got to locate that cabbie..find where it was he picked up Denby. My idea is to do a story asking this cabbie to come in..to help us. We have to know where Denby was for those missing five hours.....

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: The story goes out. Front page..and on it..a four column cut carrying the picture of Walter Denby. You don't say anything about murder...even hint at it. All you ask is for the cabbie who drove the man in this picture to come to see you. (QUOTING) *You* we can supply important information about the death of Mildred Denby. But the edition sells clean...and nothing happens. You decide to try another idea.

(PHONE LIFTED - HOOK HIT)

ART: (WE SENSE THE IMPATIENCE) Operator...operator..hello,
get me Harry Jensen in photo...(TAPS FINGERS NERVOUSLY
ON DESK)...Harry?...Art Petacque..look, that picture
of Denby we ran today. Can you make me fifty copies...
eight by ten...Harry, it's important...good...thanks,
Harry, Thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: A lot of cabs in Chicago. A lot of places where their
drivers hang out. If you didn't know it before, you do
now..for in their garages, their lunchrooms, you ask
one question over and over...

ART: Say, would you mind putting this picture up on the wall
here. Any driver who carried this guy, if he'd come
and see me, I'd sure appreciate it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CITY ROOM B.G....ART IS TYPING, ON)

CABBIE: Excuse me.

ART: Yes.

CABBIE: You the one who wrote this story? Art Petacque?

ART: I sure am.

CABBIE: I'm the boy you're looking for. I drove this guy.
Here, my route card. See what it says for two thirty AM,
Wednesday morning

ART: (MAKING IT OUT) Nine..teen...And..erson Drive...

CABBIE: That where this guy Denby lives?

ART: Yeah.

CABBIE: (ALMOST TRIUMPHANTLY) I told you.

ART: You're the one all right.

CABBIE: Sorry I didn't come in before but I just found out about this story.

ART: What time was it you picked up Danby.

CABBIE: Got it right on the card. Yeah..here..it was eleven thirty.

ART: Eleven thirty.

CABBIE: Yeah.

ART: But you didn't get him home for three more hours. What was he doing.

CABBIE: ~~I think he was in and out of every beer joint in Chicago. I'd pull up to a place, he'd go in, hoist a few then come out all ready for the next bar we could find.~~
Further, and still, he'd be like
I think he was in and out of every beer joint in Chicago.
~~I'd pull up to a place, he'd go in, hoist a few then come out all ready for the next bar we could find.~~
He'd pull up to a place, he'd go in, hoist a few then come out all ready for the next bar we could find.

ART: Where was it exactly that you picked him up.

CABBIE: Just look at the route card, Mr. Petacque. See..
Barabec Floyd
Barabec near Lincoln.

ART: Any particular address...did he come out of some building there.

CABBIE: Well, if you want, I'll take you in my cab and show you.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CAR PULLS UP..DOOR OPENS)

CABBIE: There is where he was standing, right on the corner.
I'd just pulled around on ~~Barabec~~ *Barabec* when he hailed me.

ART: Anyone with him?

CABBIE: No.

ART: (DISAPPOINTED) And he didn't come out of any building either, eh? He was standing right here.

CABBIE: Well, he must have come out of some place only a few seconds before.

ART: How do you know. Maybe he walked to this corner.

CABBIE: (NEGATIVE) Uh uh. Just before he climbed in, he turned and waved to somebody.

ART: Who.

CABBIE: I didn't see. I just caught a flash of it in the mirror.

ART: Well, what direction was he waving at?

CABBIE: I'd figure..(DEBATING) ..hmm...(DECISIVE)..over there.

ART: You sure.

CABBIE: I won't bet my life on it but I'd be willing to give odds. Say, eight to five?

ART: You're on. Now, wait here.

CABBIE: Where you going?

ART: Across to that apartment house. I want the name of everyone who lives there. Then I'm hiring this cab for a fast ride to the police.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEQUES TO)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

LIEUT: Okay, Art. I've had your cabbie recorded as a material witness. We can call him in any time we have to.

ART: How come you're still holding Denby, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: Frankly, his story began sounding too good. Every time he told it, hardly a word changed. ~~What was it you called him, an actor? Yeah, you sure had him pegged~~

ART: He'll never admit it. He'll say accident 'til we prove different.

LIEUT: What's with these names you copied down from the apartment house mailbox.

ART: One of these names can break the whole story.

LIEUT: How?

ART: One of them must be his girl friend. Look, it fits. His leaving the house right after the wife was dead. Who else would he run to see but the woman he did it for.

LIEUT: Sounds neat. Too neat.

ART: You're lucky the cabbie isn't here. He'd lay you eight to five.

LIEUT: That wouldn't help me with Denby. Maybe if we sweat it out of him..worry him...

ART: That's the long way around and you still might not get there. No, Lieutenant, we've got to get him through the girl friend.

LIEUT: Even if there is one, we don't even know who she is.

ART: That's what Denby is going to tell us.

LIEUT: Denby. But you said.

ART: I know. But we're going to make him cooperate just the same.

LIEUT: No rough stuff.

ART: You bring him in here. Don't tip him off that you're on to his story being a phony. Then have one of ^{the boys} ~~the guys~~ from the squad room ^{call you on the phone} ~~ring you up~~ in here.

LIEUT: What for?

ART: You start making noises like the call's from the homicide division. Say something about all the ^{people} ~~women~~ at four oh six ~~Laabee~~ ^{Marshall} Street being picked up on suspicion. Here..these are the names. Read them all off..one by one.

LIEUT: Listen, Art..

ART: Put your ~~back~~ ^{written down} to him so he can't see you've got the names. I'll stand over here..watch his face. One of those names is going to get a reaction from him. One of those names is going to belong to his girl friend. Okay?

LIEUT: ~~Suppose he gives us a deadpan.~~

ART: ~~Suppose he doesn't.~~

LIEUT: (SHRUGS) Stand in your corner, friend. We'll give it a try.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN GENTLY...STAYS BEHIND)

NARR: The plan is set. Lieutenant Mason arranges for the call. He moves slowly.

LIEUT: (EASILY) Well, here goes.

(HE WALKS OFF TO DOOR - OPENS IT)

LIEUT: (OFF. AND FOR THE REST OF THIS SEQUENCE, ALL SPEECH, EXCEPT THAT OF THE NARRATOR'S IS OFF. THE NARRATOR IS THE FOCUS IN THIS SEQUENCE AND EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING AROUND HIM..A FEW FEET AWAY)

Mr. Denby, you come in, please?

(A SECOND LATER, DENBY WALKS IN)

Take that chair, please?

(DENBY WALKS TO CHAIR..SITS DOWN)

DENBY: (OFF) Think I can leave soon, Lieutenant? All the routine finished? Guess I feel a little better now.

LIEUT: (OFF) Oh, just a few more questions. This report I have to fill out.

NARR: (LOW) Where's that phone call? What's taking so long? Keep stalling him and he's liable to spot something. Freeze up... not do anything at all. Okay, okay, where's the call.

DENBY: (OFF) Want to thank you for all you've done, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: (OFF) Sure.

DENBY: (OFF) You've been real fine to me. Real fine.

LIEUT: (OFF) You had a hard time.

DENBY: (OFF) (WE CAN SENSE THE IMPATIENCE OF THE NARRATOR LISTENING) Saw a lot when I was in the marines. Buddies get killed on Siapan. Didn't think a man could take that much. But this....

LIEUT: Yeah, I can see. Fellow's been in the war, he...(STOPS AS..)

(PHONE RINGS OFF, SLIGHT BEAT) (RINGS AGAIN)

Excuse me, Mr. Denby.

DENBY: Sure.

(PHONE LIFTED OFF)

LIEUT: (OFF) Lieutenant Mason..who, homicide division..yeah, yeah sure...I can spare a detail of men. Give me the address and the names of the ^{ill of late} ~~women~~ to be arrested.

NARR: Now. This is it. Watch him, Art Petacque..watch him.
One of these names is going to startle him. He'll do
something. He'll be surprised. He'll make some sort
of sign. Watch him....

LIEUT: Go ahead, please...what's the address? ...four oh six
Larabee Street...

NARR: Look.. look at him. It struck home. Four oh six
~~Larabee~~ ^{Berence} Street. Scared, he's suddenly scared.

LIEUT: Laura Carson...

NARR: No..he doesn't move...

LIEUT: ~~Helen~~ ^{Michael} Wenshek...

NARR: Still no sign....

LIEUT: Irene Manners...

NARR: That's it. It has to be. He sat forward like someone
had set off a current. Yes..that's the one..Irene
Manners...

LIEUT: ~~Jean~~ ^{John} Reynolds....Marsha Kane...

NARR: Wait a minute, that last name..he reacted to it.
Almost got out of the chair...what is this..how can it
be two names?

LIEUT: ~~William~~ ^{William} Keighler...Rose Saunders...Lily Fisher...~~Helen~~ ^{Jane}
Ryan...Mollie Jackson....

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER AND GOES OUT)

LIEUT: What are you trying to do...make a Casanova out of this
guy? Good copy?

ART: (STUBBORN) I'm sure it's one of two women. Irene
Manners or Marsha Kane.

LIEUT: It can't be both. Not in the same building anyway.
ART: Look, he got a jolt when you said those names. I saw
him. (THINKING) But...
LIEUT: Yeah?
ART: Maybe one reaction wasn't caused by the name. Maybe
on the second ~~one~~ ^{name} he got a sudden idea to tell
everything.
LIEUT: He didn't, did he?
ART: He changed his mind. He's going to brazen it out.
LIEUT: I don't know, Art. One name..he reacts. Okay...I see
it. But two of them...
ART: Only one way to settle this. Go there.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The first name, you settle quick. Marsha Kane. The
old man who opens the door sees you and scares himself
half to death. He sublet the apartment from Miss Kane
six months ago. He thinks you're the landlord. You
set him straight...and go upstairs to apartment three
C...Irene Manners's apartment.

(DOOR BUZZER RINGS OFF) (REPEAT)

IRENE: (OFF, MUFFLED) Who is it?
ART: Miss Manners?
IRENE: Yes. Who's there, please?
ART: I..I've got a message for you.
IRENE: From who?
ART: (SLIGHT BEAT..THEN SLOW AND DISTINCTLY) Walter Denby.
(THERE IS A BEAT..THEN THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS)
IRENE: (DEAD) You're the police, aren't you?

ART: No, Miss. A reporter.

IRENE: I've been waiting. Waiting for someone to come.

ART: You know about Walter? He tell you what he did.

IRENE: Mister, I know it all. You want to hear it?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

LIEUT: (NOT SO POLITE ANYMORE) All right, Denby..you stand over there.

WALTER: What's it all about. What are you fellow doing?

ART: We've brought you a little surprise.

WALTER: I don't get it. What do you mean, surprise.

LIEUT: Watch the door. Okay, Art..open it.

(STEPS TO DOOR..WE GO WITH HIM..HE

OPENS IT)

ART: All right now.

(IN COMES IRENE. SHE WALKS AND WE WITH HER

FOR SEVERAL STEPS, SLOW STEPS)

WALTER: (WE CAN FEEL HIS ANGER) Irene, what are you doing here?

IRENE: You tell them yet, Walter.

WALTER: Tell them what.

IRENE: About the killing.

WALTER: (CHANGES TONE..MOLLIFIES) Sure, Irene. I told them everything. Just like it happened.

ART: He told us it was an accident. That he was cleaning his gun.

IRENE: Don't believe him.

WALTER: Irene.

IRENE: I've got to tell them about us. You killed her because of me. You want me to live with that.

WALTER: I told you the truth. It was an accident. ~~It was~~

IRENE: Always I told you. Forget about me. Go away. Forget you ever saw me.

WALTER: Lieutenant..sure, I know this girl. Even saw her a lot. But don't get it wrong. It..it was just one of those things, that's all. Honest. You know.

IRENE: Why didn't you listen. You had a good life. Why did you have to try to change it.

WALTER: Mr. Petacque, you know about girls like her. See them once they think you're serious. It's a line you give them...that's all. A line.

IRENE: Run away with me, you said. Change our names..start all over. Walter, I begged you. Last week, I cried so hard you got scared the neighbors would hear. Let me alone, I said. Nothing could ever happen for us.

WALTER: You crazy? All the guys you ran around with. What impression you trying to give these fellows. That you're the kind somebody would marry..

IRENE: (NOT SORE..VERY SAD) They don't believe you, Walter. You know it. Lie about me..it won't do no good. They know you killed her...then you ran to me. You were free, you said..nothing to tie you down no more. We'd be married now.

WALTER: (HALF LAUGHS) She's crazy..honest. Ever hear anything like this in your whole life? Crazy. Eh, Lieutenant...

(NO REPLY) ..Mr. Petacque..you know it, don't you?

She made it all up? (NO REPLY) What's the matter with you fellows? Don't you see what she is? Don't

you see? (SLIGHT BEAT..SHAKEN..) ...she won't get

away with it. She won't *get away with it, will she,*

ART: (QUIETLY) Why blame it on her, Denby. It was you who admitted killing your wife. All she did...was give us the reason.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Art Petacque of the Chicago Sun Times., with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 Petacque of the Chicago Sun Times.

ART: Murderer in tonight's Big Story was found guilty, and sentenced to ninety nine years in Illinois State Penitentiary. Testimony of ^{Paul Freund} ~~Irene Manners~~ was highlight of trial. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Petacque...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 Los Angeles Daily News -- by line Bert Murray. ^{The} A Big Story. ^{of 13 years and a reporter who turned them into a lifetime of work with}

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the front pages of the Chicago Sun Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Joe Helgesen played the part of Art Petacque. 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. Petacque.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #298

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SAM	LYLE SUDROW
JEAN	HELEN SHIELDS
COP	GEORGE KLUGE
DELEGATE	GEORGE KLUGE
MURRAY	LAWSON ZERBE
BAINBRIDGE	MICHAEL SAGE
COMMISSIONER	MICHAEL SAGE
RED	BILL ZUCKERT
JUDGE	WENDELL HOLMES
CHARLIE	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1953

NBC

THE BIG STORY

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

JANUARY 28, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

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

(CAR IN MOTION)

SAM: Nice evening, honey?

JEAN: Mmmm...wonderful. But they all are with you.

(HE LEANS OVER)

SAM: Jeannie....

JEAN: (LAUGHING) Sam..don't kiss me while you're driving!

SAM: How was I ever lucky enough to get a wife like you?

JEAN: (SOFTLY) By being you.

SAM: Thirteen years.. a wonderful home ..

JEAN: A ^{wonderful} ~~very nice~~ small son ...

SAM: Sometimes I can't believe it. Sometimes I think I'll
wake up and --

JEAN: (SHARP) Sam! Look out ..that car!

(SWERVE OF BRAKES)

JEAN: Look out! (SCREAMS) Sam!

(THERE IS A LOUD CRASH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WIPE AND UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened! It happened in Los Angeles, California. 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 Los Angeles Daily News, the story of 13 years, and a reporter who turned them into a lifetime of ^{good} luck. Tonight to Bert Murray for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #298

-3-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

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CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

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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!

ATK01 0007170

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Los Angeles, California. The story as it actually happened -- Bert Murray's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bert Murray of the Los Angeles Daily News have covered a lot of stories. You know that a big one can break in any number of ways. It can start with a phone call...a hunch...or sometimes..as your Big Story did...it can start with a crash in the night..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING UNDER)

JEAN: Look out! (SCREAMS) Sam!
(THERE IS A LOUD CRASH)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND OUT)

COP: All right, I guess I've got all the information I need from both drivers ...

SAM: (HOARSE) He just came out from nowhere, seemed like.

JEAN: Sam ... you're still shaking. It's all right darling. Nobody's hurt ..

SAM: I -- Let's get out of here.

JEAN: Is it all right to go, officer?

COP: I guess so. You'll have to stop in at headquarters first, though.

SAM: (TAUT) Headquarters?

COP: Just routine. Fingerprinting.

SAM: (VIOLENT) Fingerprinting? No!

JEAN: Sam!

SAM: I can't. I mean ---look, I'll pay whatever damages there are. I'll sign papers, anything. Only I've got to get home.

COP: Sure...~~sure~~...The fingerprinting will just take a second and you can go right home.

SAM: Look, what's the point of this fingerprinting?

JEAN: Sam, you're making a fuss about nothing.

SAM: I ---I just don't like the idea..

COP: Look, it's routine. And the sooner you get it over the better for all of us. Now come on. Let's go.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

JEAN: Well, quite an evening. Feel better now darling?

(SAM DOESN'T ANSWER)

JEAN: You silly. You're shaking like a leaf. You'd think being fingerprinted was the same as being electrocuted.

SAM: (CUTS IN) Jean, we've got to move.

JEAN: Move? Move what?

SAM: Move away from here. A new neighborhood.

JEAN: Why? ~~We love this house. All our friends are here ... all Sandy's friends.. and~~ (SHE CUTS) Sam...what's the matter?

SAM: I ---I suddenly feel like --I'm in a rut, that's all.

JEAN: (PAUSE) You're lying to me. Thirteen years you've been in this rut and loved it. Something happened and you're afraid.

SAM: ~~No...~~

JEAN: ~~Don't put up a wall between us darling. Whatever it is, tell me.~~

SAM: ~~There's nothing to tell.~~ How long will it take to move?

JEAN: There's so much to do. Pack ... find someplace else..
all the tag ends like letting people know...even your
draft board...

SAM: That doesn't matter. I---Jean..I'm suffocating here..
I've got to get out. (HIGH) I've got to.

JEAN: (QUIET) All right.

SAM: (RELIEVED) Then you want to, too!

JEAN: No, darling. I don't want to. But I will.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: That's it--that, Bert Murray, is the beginning of
your Big Story, even though you don't cover that part of
it. You don't come into it until several weeks later
when a man named Sam Petrie is arrested --for failure
to notify his draft board that he has moved to a new
address. The facts themselves aren't unusual. What
starts you asking questions, Bert Murray, is the man
himself, the man in jail. He doesn't look like a draft
dodger. He looks like a man caught in a living
nightmare.

(MUSIC: STING OUT)

BERT: Mr. Petrie...it doesn't take a guy with a crystal ball
to see that you're pretty upset about something.

SAM: Please...can't you just leave me alone?

BERT: I understand you were involved in a traffic accident
some weeks ago ..

SAM: ~~I don't want to talk about it...~~

BERT: ~~You were very upset then.~~ The officer in charge tells
me you did everything you could to escape being
fingerprinted.

SAM: (BURSTS OUT) It all started with that. If they just hadn't done that.

BERT: What all started with that?

SAM: Look, please, I -- (STOPS. THEN) You're not going to let me alone until you find out ---are you?

BERT: It's my job.

SAM: Okay. Only look ...before I say anything...ask some questions. Go around and talk to some of the people where I used to live...people who know me. Find out what they say about me.

BERT: I want the story from you.

SAM: You'll get it from me. Only---you won't believe me--- you won't understand ... unless ---. Talk to them first. Then come back here..and I'll tell you..and then maybe you'll understand.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND UNDER)

BERT: That's right. Mr. Petrie told me to do it. He said to ask his neighbors..the people who knew him, what kind of a person he was.

BAINBRIDGE:Well, in that case...he's a fine man, Mr. Murray. One of the best. I've known him for years. I can't say enough about him.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND UNDER)

JEAN: He's the kindest person who ever lived...Sam is. A wonderful provider...steady...just the kindest person who ever lived.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND UNDER)

COP: Sam Petrie? He's a good guy. Not many people you can say that about and mean every word of it. I've known him for years. Sam's a good guy. One of the best.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

BERT: That's what they all said Sam. A good guy..one of the best. You rate pretty high.

SAM: I wasn't looking for pats on the back, Mr. Murray. Don't get me wrong. I just wanted you to have some idea of --of what kind of a guy my friends thought I was --even if it turns out they were wrong.

BERT: Why should it?

SAM: (A PAUSE. THEN A SIGH) ~~Okay ... I promised you the story. I'll give it to you.~~ You better sit down - this will take a little while -- It begins when I was a kid ... ~~just twenty.~~ I was working in a lumber camp in Mississippi. It was no picnic. The guys were a pretty rough lot ... fights ... brawls ... ~~I kept out of it.~~ ~~Not because I was any better,~~ I was just a kid. Kind of quiet. I liked to read a lot. Sounds crazy ... but that's what (START FADE) really started the trouble.

RED: Hey, get a load of the kid. Got his nose crammed in a book again.

BIZ: (AD LIBS FROM MEN, LAUGHTER)

RED: Come on...kid...take it out. Or is it stuck there?

SAM: No, it's not stuck.

RED: (MIMICKING) No it's not stuck. Let's see. (EFFORT)

SAM: Hey ...give me back that book.

RED: Why don't you fight me for it, kid? Come on, let's see if you're alive.

SAM: I don't want to fight. I just want my book.

RED: Come and get it.

(SOUND OF TEARING THE BOOK)

SAM: Stop that ... stop tearing it.

RED: What's the matter, kid? Now you got two books. Which half do you want?

BIZ: (MEN LAUGH HEARTILY)

(FADE LAUGHTER DOWN)

SAM: (FADE IN) They were always after me to fight. ~~That's all they did when we weren't logging. Fight.~~ Red was the worst one. He always had it in for me. I tried not to pay any attention.. (FADE) but then one day...

RED: Well, lookit Shakespeare! Back in the fine print again. (EFFORT) What have you got today Shakespeare? Mmm... "History of the World".. That's a hot one. What do you know about the History of the World?

SAM: (LEVEL) I'll know a lot if you give me back that book so I can finish it.

RED: Smart aleck, hmmm? You know something, kid? I don't like your face.

SAM: That's okay with me.

RED: (BARKS) Shut up! I'm not finished. (THEN LOW, MENACING) I don't like it, so I just got a feeling, I'm going to mess it up for you. Okay?

SAM: I'm not fighting.

RED: (EFFORT) Oh yes, you are.

-10-

(HE LANDS A BLOW)

SAM: (AN EXCLAMATION OF PAIN)

RED: See what I mean, kid?

(ANOTHER BLOW)

BIZ: AD LIBS FROM MEN

CHARLIE: For the love of Pete, kid, don't stand there taking
'em! Hit back.

BIZ: MEN SHOUT "Yes ... Come on."

RED: He wouldn't dare. He's too yellow.

SAM: Okay ... if that's the way you want it.

BIZ: AD LIBS OF APPROVAL FROM MEN

SAM: (ALMOST IN TEARS) You asked for it ... (EFFORT) Red...

(SOUND OF A BLOW)

RED: GRUNT

CHARLIE: He got you that time, Red. The kid's got a punch.

RED: Why you little ..

BIZ: A ROAR FROM THE CROWD NOW

CHARLIE: Kid, look out ... he's got his knife! ...

RED: You miserable punk -----

SAM: (PLEADING) Red ... put away that knife ...

RED: I'll put it away in your ribs ...

CHARLIE: Don't be a fool kid ... take out your own knife ...

SAM: Don't come any closer, Red ... I warn you ...

RED: What are you going to do with that lousy little shiv,
Shakespeare?

SAM: (DESPERATE) Red ... stay away.

BIZ: MENS SHOUTS OF WARNING

RED: I'll teach you a lesson you --- (HE CUTS OFF WITH A
GRUNT)

(THERE IS A SUDDEN SILENCE)

ATX01 0007177

SAM: (~~ALMOST A SOB~~) I warned you. I warned you, Red.

BIZ: (A BABBLE OF VOICES BEGINS. OVER IT WE HEAR THE FOREMAN)

CHARLIE: Who was going to teach who a lesson? You got him kid ... you really got him.

(FADE THE BABBLE DOWN AND OUT)

SAM: I didn't even look around, Mr. Murray. I just got out of there...left the lumber camp. I didn't know what had happened..I didn't want to know...until Charlie Wilson, the guy who seemed to be on my side, came to see me. And then...I couldn't believe what he told me. I just couldn't believe it.

CHARLIE: You don't have to believe it kid. It's the McCoy though. Red's deader than a fish.

SAM: But ... I just closed my eyes Charlie and ...

CHARLIE: Okay. So blindfold you got good aim. ~~You got him in the side. He's dead.~~

SAM: I'm sick.

CHARLIE: You're gonna be sicker when the law closes in on you.

SAM: What'll I do?

CHARLIE: Kid ... I came over here to help. I've had plenty of brushes with the law ... you know that. I don't stand so good with them. I admit it. But I learned. Don't run. Don't fight it. Give yourself up.

SAM: I'll go to jail.

CHARLIE: Sure ... for a year .. maybe two. That's all. But if you fight it ... if you run ... (SNAPS HIS FINGERS) Bingo.. in the pen for life. I know.

SAM: Is this straight?

CHARLIE: ~~What? In U.S. name~~ What do I have to make, telling you this? No difference to me what you do. Look...I made out this paper see?

(MORE)

CHARLIE: A confession. All you got to do is sign it ..
(CONT'D)

SAM: Then what ..?

CHARLIE: Then your worries are over. No fuss ... that's what
they don't like ... fuss. You just sign this ... you
spend a little time in jail ... then out like a cork.

SAM: Are you sure, Charlie? I mean, I didn't mean to kill
him ... ~~He just came at me with a knife...~~

CHARLIE: Sure ... sure ... that's all in the paper. Come on...
put the John Hancock right here.

SAM: I don't know. I ---

CHARLIE: Kid, I'm telling you. I got no ax to grind, now have
I?

SAM: No ...

CHARLIE: Okay. Sign.

SAM: All right.

(PAUSE)

CHARLIE: That does it. Okay. Sit tight.

SAM: What happens now?

CHARLIE: I'll call the cops. But don't get excited. Your
worries are over.

(DOOR OPEN)

CHARLIE: Out like a cork in a year.
Sam: *Thanks Charlie*
(DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS. PHONE UP. DIAL 0)

CHARLIE: Gimme police. (PAUSE) Headquarters...this is Charlie
I work
Wilson down at the lumber camp. Look, you know that
knifing? ...Okay...I got your fish for you ... all
nice and hooked. Sure ... *bel* I talked him into signing
a confession. (MORE)

CHARLIE: With what's in that paper you can stow him away for
(CONT'D) life...Yeah, come and get him...only copper..remember...
next time you decide to pin every crime in Mississippi
on me...remember what I did for you guys, huh?

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MID COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #298

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 Bert Murray as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Sometimes a big story comes of little things ... little things like a routine fingerprinting ... little things like failure to notify ^{the U.S. Bureau} of change of address. Little things that can blow a man's security and happiness into a thousand pieces

(MUSIC: -- STING OUT)

SAM: I guess you can figure out the rest, Mr. Murray. I never should have signed that confession ... but I didn't know.

BERT: Didn't you have an legal advice? ^{the lawyer}

SAM: Lawyers cost money, and Charlie Wilson said it was no use. Now I know he was just trying to get in good with the cops himself ... ~~so they'd get off his tail.~~ He had a record. But then ... I didn't know.

BERT: You went to jail?

SAM: Yeah. I -- I don't even like to think about it -- about the things that happened there. But the worst of it was knowing it was for good ... ~~that I didn't~~ have a chance. That confession sewed me up for life.

BERT: But you got out?

SAM: I ran out. Escaped. Left Mississippi -- came here to Los Angeles ... changed my name, tried to build another life. ~~And it was a good life too Mr. Murray ... you talked to my friends ... it was a good life.~~ I got married ...

BERT: Does your wife know about this?

SAM: I couldn't tell her. I tried. I can't tell you how many times I tried. But -- ~~I'd look at her, the way she looked up at me -- thirteen years wolve had.~~ ^{I just couldn't tell her} (A BURST) And then because I got fingerprinted I got panicky. I knew those fingerprints would give me away. They'd get back to Mississippi -- I'd be thrown back in jail. ^{So after} I started to run again ... and I got caught. And now ^{of Security} it's all over. I'm back where I started. In jail. For draft dodging.

BERT: I don't think you're back where you started, Sam. Not with thirteen years of good living behind you.

SAM: What difference does it make if it's all over?

BERT: ~~Friends aren't ever over, Sam. Neither is a good reputation.~~ I think you've got a break owing to you.

SAM: So maybe it's owing. But who's going to see to it that I get it?

BERT: I'd like to Sam. If you'll let me try.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And you do try, Bert Murray. You try with everything you have. You know that thirteen years of decent living ought to be enough to cancel out a hasty fight, a tragic event and a double cross. You write Sam Petrie's story and you follow it up with letters to high State officials ... with appeals ... with phone calls. You don't know what luck you'll have until one day ...

(PHONE RING ... PICKUP)

BERT: Murray talking.

COMM: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Murray ... this is the United States Commissioner. I'm calling about those stories you've been writing on Sam Petrie.

BERT: Yes, sir?

COMM: We've come to a decision and I thought you ought to be the first one to get the news. You had a lot to do with that decision.

BERT: What's up?

COMM: We're dropping charges against Petrie as a draft violator. He'll be released from prison today. ~~That all right with you?~~

BERT: (A DEEP BREATH) ~~All right with me? Sure sir. That's just fine with me. And with Sam too.~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

SAM: I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Murray. I -- I don't know what to say.

BERT: It's okay, Sam.

JEAN: Okay? ~~For a reporter you're not much with words either, Mr. Murray.~~ ^{Mr. Murray} It's --heaven. Having Sam back ... having this whole mess out in the open. Sam, if you'd just told me ... if you'd just let me help you ... ~~instead of facing it alone.~~

SAM: It's all over, baby.

JEAN: I know. We're together again ... and this time .. really together -- no wall in between ... no secrets ... just together for good.

BERT: I --I wish I could be really sure of that, Mrs. Petrie.

SAM: Don't worry. I don't care if I'm drafted. I wasn't ducking that.

JEAN: ~~No. Even if Sam goes in the army, that's still being together...~~

BERT: I wasn't thinking of the army.

SAM: Then ...

BERT: I don't like to be a wet blanket, Sam ... but you're still wanted in Mississippi. Those fingerprints have still been taken. And if Mississippi catches up with you -- they don't have much choice except to try for extradition.

SAM: (PAUSE) Crazy, isn't it? How you can forget something like that? That's what made me run in the first place. And then ... I forgot. (HIGH) How long does a guy have to go on running?

JEAN: Don't run, darling. It's not going to happen.

SAM: But ...

JEAN: It can't happen. I don't know about law ... I don't know about fancy words and legal thing. I just know you're home and that's where you're going to stay. That's where you've got to stay. Nothing else can happen.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: But something else does happen. You, Bert Murray, knew it would .. you just wondered when. Mississippi learns of the whereabouts of Sam Petrie and in the routine course of the law extradition papers are made out ... and signed.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BERT: Mrs. Petrie ... this is Bert Murray. I --I just got some news I wanted to give to Sam.

JEAN: (FILTER) It's the papers isn't it? They came through.

BERT: I'm afraid so. But look, we can fight them. I want to talk to Sam about ---

JEAN: (CUTS IN ... FLAT) You can't talk to Sam. He's gone.

BERT: Gone? Gone where?

JEAN: Running. He's running again. I couldn't stop him.

(TEARS) Why do they have to hound him, Mr. Murray?

Why do they have to keep after him and after him and

after him? I -- (STOPS ... CONTROLS HERSELF ... FLAT)

He's gone. I don't know where he is. He's running.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

BERT: Mr. Bainbridge ... my name's Bert Murray. I understand you're a lawyer ... as well as a friend of Sam Petrie's.

BAINBRIDGE: That's right, Mr. Murray.

BERT: Do you know where Sam is?

BAINBRIDGE: No. I don't. I wish I did. Sam isn't helping himself by running out.

BERT: If he stayed here he'd be on his way back to prison in Mississippi.

BAINBRIDGE: It never helps to duck. You could do something for Sam.

BERT: What?

BAINBRIDGE: Write a story for your paper. To Sam. Tell him to come back ... Then we can start fighting for him.

BERT: What if we lose the fight?

BAINBRIDGE: What else can we do? Tell Sam to come back, Mr. Murray. Write the story and tell him to come back.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND OUT)

(PHONE RING)

BERT: Hello -- Bert Murray speaking.

SAM: (FILTER) Mr. Murray ... it's me. Sam. I --I read your story.

BERT: I figured you'd see it, Sam.

SAM: Did you mean it? Do you really think I ought to come back?

(PAUSE)

BERT: How can you ask me a thing like that Sam?

SAM: But --

BERT: What can I say? Sure, you ought to come back --face the music. But you've faced it before, haven't you Sam?

SAM: That's how I figure it.

BERT: I can't tell you, Sam.

SAM: You wrote the story.

BERT: Sure I wrote it. But a story's one thing. Telling a man what to do with his conscience is something else. You've got to decide, Sam. Not me.

SAM: (PAUSE) If I don't come back ... I don't know if Jeannie can make out. I didn't leave much money.

BERT: I wrote some stories on you, Sam. The fees will take care of your wife.

SAM: Is that your way of telling me to stay away?

BERT: I'm not telling you anything Sam. (ANGUISH) Don't you see I can't?

SAM: Sure, I see. (SOFT) Thanks *Mr. Murray* ~~reporter,~~ Thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He doesn't say anything ... not in words. But you, Bert Murray know that Sam has decided ... he's going to keep on running ... until he gets caught. A few weeks later you get the word ... picked up in Las Vegas. You make tracks for Las Vegas ... as fast as you can.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SAM: Okay ... I was a fool. I should have come back. I didn't. Okay.

BERT: We'll go to work, Sam.

SAM: How? My lucks run out. ~~Thirteen years ... and then~~
~~my luck runs out.~~ If I'd stayed in Los Angeles it mightn't have been so bad. I had friends there -- people who knew me. The stories you wrote .. they helped .. Here ... a strange town ... strange people ... I don't have a chance.

BERT: I can write more stories, Sam. And I'm going to. Wait and see.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You head for the Las Vegas City pressroom and give the local reporters the story, ~~as you know it.~~ They're with you -- every one. The newspapers run full stories on Sam Petrie and pretty soon the town is buzzing. From Los Angeles comes an offer from a prominent lawyer -- he'll serve as Sam Petrie's attorney -- without fee. And the people of Las Vegas ... the town where Sam Petrie thought he didn't have a friend, raise ten thousand dollars bail for Sam.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Meanwhile, the lawyer says letters of commendation will help ... so you, Bert Murray get them. ~~And they pile in ... stack after stack ...~~ Letters telling what kind of a man Sam Petrie is ... ~~and why he shouldn't go back to jail.~~ But you still don't know if it'll work ... ~~you don't know until the trial begins.~~

~~(RAPS OF GAVEL)~~

And then ... the trial itself. Sam's lawyer and the DA wrangle back and forth ... ~~legal phrases fill the air ...~~ the courtroom is tense, ~~and you don't know what's happening ... not really.~~ Not until the judge raps for attention and speaks ... do you find out what people are really like.

(MUSIC: -- STING OUT)

JUDGE: Having heard and carefully weighed the evidence ... the court has several points to make. I have before me, the extradition papers from Mississippi. While they are filled out in routine manner, I must point out that they are, from a legal viewpoint faulty in several respects. For one thing ... the actual date of the murder is not stated. There are other omissions, routine to be sure, but omissions which ~~tend to cast legal doubt on the entire validity of Mississippi's request for delivery of the prisoner. Therefore ..~~ and, in view of the evidence testifying to the excellent character of the prisoner, I feel justified in declaring the extradition papers from Mississippi -- null and void.

(CROWD UPROAR)

~~(GAVEL)~~ (UPROAR SUBSIDES A LITTLE)

JUDGE: (OVER IT) The court hereby orders that so long as Sam Petrie remains in the State of Nevada, the state of Mississippi is restrained from molesting him or removing him from Nevada's jurisdiction. I ask now to hear from the representative from the state of Mississippi, present in this courtroom.

(A SUDDEN HUSH FALLS)

JUDGE: Does the representative from Mississippi have any objections to this ruling?

(A PAUSE)

MISS. DELEGATE: (GRINS) No objections, your honour.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Bert Murray of the Los Angeles Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #298

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 Bert Murray of the Los Angeles Daily News.

MURRAY: All legal steps were completed to make prisoner in tonight's Big Story a free man ~~after 17 years~~. He is now living with wife and son in Las Vegas, a highly respected and admired citizen. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Murray ... 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 Elkhorn ^{Wisconsin} ~~Indiana~~ Independent -- by line Donald Morrissey... the Big story of a cub reporter ^{well} ~~who listened to~~ a fish story and used it to ^{make} ~~catch three of the biggest criminals in~~ ^{the world of crime.}

(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. Frockter 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 Los Angeles Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Bert Murray. 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. Murray.

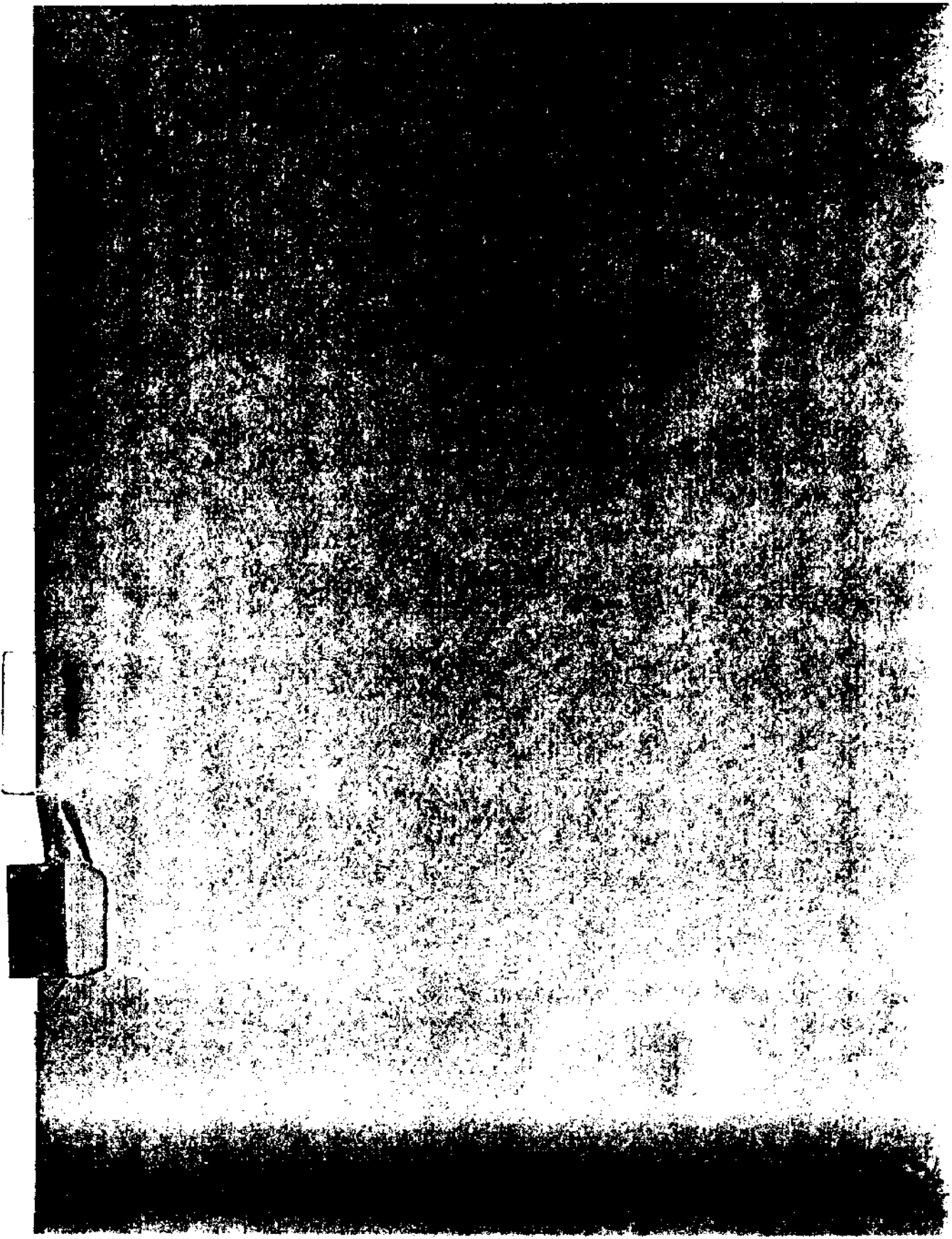
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mtf-tb-pmk
1-18-53 pm

ATX01 0007193



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #299

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DOC MORRISSEY	MICHAEL O'DAY
CLAYSON	CAMERON PRUD'HOME
LEO	MANDEL KRAMER
MIKE	MAURICE GOSFIELD
SAM	MAROLD HUBER
VAUGHN	TOM COLLINS
WELSH	TOM COLLINS
MERRITT	JOHN MCGOVERN

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1953

ATK01 0007195

NBC

THE BIG STORY

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

FEBRUARY 4, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS OF SOLITARY MAN ECHOING
ON SIDEWALK IN THE NIGHT--A CAR COMES FROM
OFF, DRIVES UP AND STOPS, MOTOR IDLING)

LEO: (CALLS) Hey Mister!

(FOOTSTEPS STOP, THEN WE HEAR A COUPLE OF
STEPS AS PEDESTRIAN MOVES IN TO CAR)

VAUGHN: Yes?

LEO: How do we get on the road to Racine?

VAUGHN: (PLEASANTLY) Keep straight on this road for about a
half mile. There's a stoplight there. Take the
righthand turn. That'll bring you right on to the
turnpike.

LEO: Sounds kinda complicated. Doesn't it boys?

(AD LIBS FROM MIKE AND SAM: "YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT
LEO"

VAUGHN: Why no, it's very simple --

LEO: We think it's complicated. Suppose you get in the car
and show us the way, Vaughn.

VAUGHN: (STARES) Wait a minute. How do you know my name?

LEO: (HARD) Get in the car!

VAUGHN: Now look here --

LEO: (HARD) Get in the car, Vaughn.

(SOUND OF CAR DOOR OPENING)

Come Get in before I blow your head off!

(CAR DOOR CLOSSES - CAR STARTS TO MOVE AND GATHERS
HIGH SPEED)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0007196

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Elkhorn, Wisconsin. 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 Elkhorn Independent, the story of a cub reporter who ~~listened to~~ ^{used} a fish story ~~and used it to catch three of the biggest criminals~~ ^{to make the biggest catch of his career -} in the world of crime. Tonight, to Don Morrissey of the Elkhorn Independent, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #299

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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Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
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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: Elkhorn, Wisconsin. The story as it actually happened..

Don Morrissey's story as he lived it.

NARR: ~~You're Don Morrissey and the world's your oyster.~~
You're just a kid, but you've got a dream, a ~~super-~~^{Don's dream}
~~special, genuine, eighteen karat dream.~~ And that's ^{dream} to
be a newspaper reporter. Elkhorn's your hometown, but
it so happens that you're a Junior ^{studying journalism} at Marquette
University, and ~~you're taking the Journalism Course~~
~~there...naturally.~~ At the beginning of this particular
summer, you're doing part-time work as correspondent for
the UP and AP in your hometown. But you've got your
eye on the future, Don Morrissey. And one day in late
June, you walk ^{up to} ~~in on~~ the Editor of the Elkhorn
Independent, a weekly....

DON: (A LITTLE TIMIDLY) Mr. Merritt? I wonder if I could
talk to you for just a minute?

MERRITT: (A LITTLE CURT) Make it just a minute, Don. Got a
paper to get out here. We go to press tomorrow.

DON: Yessir, I know.

MERRITT: What's on your mind?

DON: Mr. Merritt, the fact is -- well, I graduate from
Marquette next year. And I thought maybe you'd be
interested in, well--

MERRITT: Why don't you come right out and say it son? You want
a job with the Independent next year.

DON: Yessir. I'm working part-time right now. But if you could take me on full-time next year, why, I'd sure appreciate it.

MERRITT: So you want to be a full-time reporter, do you?

DON: Yessir. That's all I've ever thought of. That's why I'm going to the School of Journalism now.

MERRITT: (WITH SCORN) School of Journalism! ~~Waste of money, if you ask me. Scandalous waste of money.~~ All they teach you is how to type neat copy. Dot your I's and cross your T's. But I never heard of 'em showing any boy how to get a good story. You want a job with us, Don? You'll have to prove yourself.

DON: Yessir, but how?

MERRITT: How? How does any young fellow prove his ability? He goes out and finds a story, that's how. Not just a little brush fire, or a church social, ~~or a meeting of the Tuesday Morning Ladies' club. I mean a story.~~ A good story. You understand?

DON: Yessir. I guess I do. I'll keep my eyes open, Mr. Merritt.

MERRITT: You do that son. You do just that. Oh. And shut the door on your way out, will you?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He gives you the brush-off, and it smarts a little. But you've got your eye on that job, Don Morrissey, and you figure if there's ever a decent story to come out of a quiet little place like Alkhorn, it'll come out of the police station. So you go down to talk to Sheriff Oliver Clayson. Tell him what you're after.

CLAYSON: Son, let me ask you something.

DON: Yes, Sheriff?

CLAYSON: You're supposed to file copy out of Elkhorn for the Associated Press and the United Press, that right?

DON: That's right.

CLAYSON: All right. How much have you filed?

DON: Nothing, Sir. Nothing's happened.

CLAYSON: That's it, Don. That's your answer. ~~Nothing's happened. Nothing ever happens in Elkhorn. It's too quiet.~~ People here are decent, law-abiding. Oh, we have an occasional drunk, a burglary once in a while, ~~but nothing a kid like you can get his teeth into.~~ You want my advice?

DON: I sure do.

CLAYSON: Get out of Elkhorn after you graduate. Go to a big town, ~~Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, maybe. That's where things happen. Not here.~~ For instance, look at this. The ~~S~~morning's Milwaukee Journal. Look at those headlines.

(CRACKLE OF NEWSPAPER)

DON: (READS) Edward Vaughn missing. Wealthy Milwaukee brewer kidnaped by armed thugs. First ransom note received last night.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) See what I mean, son?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CLINK OF POKER CHIPS.)

SAM: Ok, Mike. I'm in for five bucks more.

(CLINK OF POKER CHIPS THROWN ON TABLE)

MIKE: I'll see ya, Sam.

(MORE CHIPS THROWN ON TABLE)

LEO: I'll raise you both. It'll cost you ten.

(CHIPS THROWN ON PILE - CHIPS ON TABLE)

SAM: I'm in.

(CHIPS ON TABLE)

MIKE: Me too. Whad'ya got, Leo?

LEO: Full house. Queens high.

(CARDS SLAMMED ON TABLE)

SAM: How do you like that? Me with a lousy straight!

MIKE: And me with three Bullets.

(CHIPS BEING RAKED IN)

LEO: (LAUGHS) Better luck next time, suckers!

SAM: Next time? Are you kidding, Leo?

MIKE: Yeah, you're in me and Sam now for a couple of hundred.

LEO: Why, you cheap punks. What are you whinin' about?
Cryin' your crummy heads off for nickels and dimes,
when we're sittin' back and waitin' for a hundred
grand.

MIKE: Yeah. Waitin' is good. We've had Vaughn stashed
away in this broken-down hideout for a week, and still
no pay-off.

LEO: It takes a little time to negotiate.

MIKE: It's taken too long.

LEO: (VOICE HARDENS) Either of you two think you can do it better?

SAM: (A LITTLE SCARED) Look, Leo. We didn't mean nothin'

MIKE: We were only thinkin' --

LEO: You're not supposed to think. I'll do the thinkin' around here. ~~We're in this for big chips and I don't want either of you stumble-bums to blow the deal now.~~ We'll spring Vaughn when his contact agrees to pay off. And until he does, ~~Vaughn's going to keep rottin' in the next room and you two crumbums are going to sit on your lard-bottoms and wait. Understand?~~

SAM: (HASTILY) Yeah, yeah. Sure, Leo. You're the Boss. ~~You're top guy.~~

MIKE: Only we was just wonderin' when are you goin' to make contact again, Leo?

LEO: I figure they're gettin' ripe. I'm puttin' in a phone call tonight.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(COIN DROPPED IN PAY PHONE. WE HEAR LITTLE RING. DIAL FIVE TIMES)

(PAUSE)

LEO: (INTO PHONE) ~~This is Joe.~~ Now look -- we're tired of waitin'. Either we get a hundred grand tonight or you don't get your boy. ~~We'll drop him in the river in a cement overcoat?~~ Understand? (A PAUSE) That's better. Now, we want it in fifty's and hundreds. That's right. Fifty's and hundreds. Unmarked bills. And no cops around on delivery, ~~or else.~~ Now keep your mouth shut and your ears open. I'm gonna tell you how we want it delivered.

(MUSIC: SNEAK OVER AND BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

SAM: Hey Leo....

LEO: Yeah, Sam?

SAM: You think we're cool by this time?

LEO: Should be. We've laid low a month since they paid off.

MIKE: Brother, I can't wait until we get to Miami.

SAM: (SIGHS) Miami. Oh, brother! ^{Cool} ^{am,} I'm just nuts about Miami.

~~All those palm trees with the lights in 'em and everything. The clubs and the races and all those beautiful dames, and us sittin' here with a hundred grand. (SIGHS ECSTATICALLY) Yeah. I'm nuts about Miami.~~

MIKE: Hey Leo, what town is this?

LEO: The sign says Elkhorn, Wisconsin.

MIKE: Elkhorn. You can have it. These ~~bank~~ towns, they all look the same and they all sound the same. (WITH SCORN) Elkhorn. Step on it, will ya, Sam?

SAM: Whad'ya want? Egg in your beer? This is the main drag and I'm doin' sixty now.

LEO: Yeah, there's a curve up ahead. You'd better slow her down, Sam. We don't want any of these jerk-water cops--
(SUDDENLY IN ALARM) Slow her down, ^{watch the road} you crazy fool! Look out for that telephone pole! (YELLS) Look out!

(WE HEAR SCREAMING OF BRAKES AND THEN A KIND OF GLANCING CRASH)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR: It's late in August, Don Morrissey, and you've frittered~~
away most of the summer. There's an old saying that
you can't squeeze blood out of a stone, but you're
sure of one thing. You can't squeeze a story out of
Elkhorn. But then, late this night, about one
o'clock, you see this big black car come around a
curve, side-swipe a telephone pole, knocked the pole
half-over and keep going. You run into the firehouse
~~and get on the phone.~~

CLAYSON: (FILTER) Sheriff Clayson.

DON: Sheriff, Don Morrissey.

CLAYSON: Yes, Don?

I was just driving down Main Street when I saw
DON: ~~Just saw~~ a big car smack into a telephone pole,

knocked the pole half over and kept going.

CLAYSON: Where did this happen?

DON: At the curb in front of Bethel Church.

CLAYSON: What kind of car, did you notice?

DON: Looked like a Chrysler Imperial. Must've been going
sixty, at leats.

CLAYSON: Sixty, eh? And the speed limit's thirty.

DON: Not only that, the telephone pole's ruined. The Phone
Company's going to be plenty sore when they find out
about it, Sheriff.

CLAYSON: All right, Don. Thanks. I'll alert the highway patrol
right away.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

MIKE: Hey, Leo....

LEO: Yeah, Mike?

MIKE: Take a look through the back window. There's a motorcycle cop on our tail.

LEO: Yeah, you're right. Someone must've seen us crack that pole.

SAM: I'd better pull away from him.

(MOTOR UP)

LEO: Are you nuts, Sam? Slow her down.

SAM: But Boss....

LEO: I said slow her down. Stop the car.

MIKE: But we don't wanna talk to any cops, Leo. Not right now.

LEO: (HARD) Put away that gun, stupid. I'll handle this.

SAM: But how? Leo, I don't like it.

LEO: (SCORN) Whad'ya worrying about? A ^{small} ~~bank~~-town cop? Why these local characters don't even know the time of day. Slow her down, Sam.

(MOTOR STARTS TO SLOW DOWN.)

SAM: Yeah, but --

LEO: But nothing. Put away those guns and act dumb. That shouldn't be hard for either of you. Let me do the talking, and we'll be out of this Burg in an hour.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Officer Henry King stops the big Chrysler just south of Elkhorn on the road to Lake Geneva. And you, Don Morrissey, stop in at headquarters shortly after, ^{the} three men are brought in. The minute you see them, you don't like their looks. Their faces are a little too hard, their clothes a little too sharp.~~ One of them, a man who says his name is Joe Winters, seems to be their spokesman when the Sheriff asks him...

CLAYSON: Where'd you think you were going, Mister? To a fire?

LEO: (PLEASANTLY) Sorry, Sheriff. We were anxious to get to the lake and get set up for some fishing in the morning.

CLAYSON: At Lake Geneva, eh?

LEO: That's right. My friends and I came down from Milwaukee for the weekend. (HE LAUGHS) You know how it is. You get three fishermen together and there's only a weekend, and well -- you wanna get in all you can. That's why we were going so fast.

CLAYSON: Mr. Winters, that's no excuse. We've got speed laws in this town. Thrity miles an hour. You were going sixty. That'll cost you Twenty-five dollars, or ten days.

LEO: Sheriff, as I said. I'm the first to admit we were wrong. And we'll be glad to pay the fine. That right, fellas?

(SAM AND MIKE AD LIB: "SURE JOE, THAT'S RIGHT")

LEO: Here you are, Sheriff. Twenty-five dollars. (TO OTHERS)

All right, fellas, let's go.

CLAYSON: Just one minute, Mr. Winters.

LEO: Yes?

CLAYSON: I oughta jail the whole bunch of you for driving in a manner to endanger the lives of the public. But seeing as it was so late at night, I guess there wasn't any danger to anybody but yourselves. However, there's a little matter of damage to that telephone pole.

LEO: (RUEFULLY) You oughta see the front of our car.

CLAYSON: That's your business. But that telephone pole is our business.

LEO: We'll be glad to pay for any damages, Sheriff. How much do you figure it'll cost?

CLAYSON: Can't tell yet.

LEO: Suppose you name a price?

CLAYSON: Can't tell until we get a man from the telephone company over here.

MIKE: How long will that be Sheriff?

CLAYSON: Might be an hour. Might take 'til tomorrow morning.

MIKE: You mean we may have to hang around ^{here} ~~this dump~~ all night?

CLAYSON: Can't let you go 'til I find out the exact amount of the damages.

SAM: Look, Sheriff, we said we'd pay --

LEO: Both of you, shut up!

MIKE: Yeah, but --

LEO: Shut up. If the sheriff says we have to stick around, then we have to stick around. After all, we wanna do the fair thing ^{you wouldn't want us to break the} ~~and the Law's the Law!~~ ^{Law - would you?}

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(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN) _

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MID-COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0007209

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #290

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 Don Morrissey, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: There's something about these three men, Don Morrissey. Something about them that makes you suspicious, ^{the way} ~~excites~~ ~~your~~ ~~interest.~~ ~~Nothing~~ ~~definite.~~ ~~Nothing~~ ~~you~~ ~~can~~ ~~put~~ ~~your~~ ~~finger~~ ~~on.~~ Just something. And now, as the three strangers wait in the Deputy's office, you try to tell Sheriff Clayson....

DON: Sheriff, there's something funny about these three men.

CLAYSON: What do you mean, Don?

DON: Why, I don't know. I can't explain it, exactly. But the way they ^{act} ~~look~~, their clothes.

CLAYSON: What's the matter with 'em?

DON: Well, that's just it. They're all dressed up as though they were going to some fancy summer resort. Don't look like fishermen to me.

CLAYSON: (TOLERANT) Now look, Don. Their car is right out front. You take a look in the back, you'll see it's loaded with fishing equipment.

DON: I still don't believe it. I'll bet they don't even have fishing licenses.

CLAYSON: You're wrong, son.

DON: I am?

CLAYSON: The minute they came in, I asked for their papers. Each of 'em had a fishing license, all in order. Each of 'em had identification papers. They were all in order too.

DON: (DISAPPOINTED) I see.

CLAYSON: (KINDLY) Now, why don't you forget it and let me take care of this? I called the phone company. They'll have a man over here in a few hours. The rest is just routine.

DON: You mean after they pay the damages you'll let them go?

CLAYSON: (KINDLY) Naturally. What else can I hold them for? On what charge?

DON: Gee, I don't know.

CLAYSON: (LAUGHS TOLERANTLY) Neither do I. Now look, son. I know what's in your mind.

DON: You do?

CLAYSON: Why sure. You're looking for a story where there isn't any. You're pressing too hard, Don. Take my advice. Go home and get some sleep.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER) --

NARR: Well, why kid yourself, Don Morrissey. Sheriff Clayson is right. You want a story so bad it's running out of your ears. But somehow, you can't get yourself to go home. Not quite yet. And about an hour later, you're still in the Sheriff's office, when --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CLAYSON: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

CLAYSON: Oh, Mr. Winters.

LEO: Sheriff, what about that man from the phone company? Any idea when he'll get here?

CLAYSON: They told me in a couple of hours. But it may take longer. The man's gotta go down and take a look at the pole, Mr. Winters. Then he's got to report back to the company. (MORE)

CLAYSON: After that he'll probably get here with a statement on
(CONT'D) the costs and damages.

LEO: I see. Sheriff, to tell you the truth, my friends and
myself are getting a little fidgety, just waitin' around
here. I'd like to settle this little thing just among
ourselves.

CLAYSON: How do you mean?

LEO: Well, we're anxious to get up to the lake and bait our
hooks, and we figure if we have to pay a little more than
the pole's worth, we'd just as soon do it. Will you take
a hundred dollars for that pole and give it to the phone
man when he gets here?

CLAYSON: Can't.

LEO: Why not?

CLAYSON: You'll have to pay the exact amount. It's not legal
otherwise.

LEO: Look, Sheriff...If it comes to less than that, you can
do what you want with the extra money. Give it to the
Policeman's Benefit, if you like.

CLAYSON: Sorry. Can't do it.

LEO: We'll make it three hundred.

CLAYSON: Sorry, Mr. Winters.

LEO: Make it five hundred. (A PAUSE, SHERIFF DOESN'T ANSWER)
All right, we'll go to seven-fifty if we have to. Now,
be reasonable, Sheriff. That oughta buy two or three
telephone poles. ~~You understand, we wouldn't be so
anxious except that we're anxious to get to the lake--~~

CLAYSON: I told you for the last time, Mr. Winters, I can't do it.
And if you're suggestin' this as some kind of bribe, I'll
show you some real trouble. (MORE)

CLAYSON:
(CONT'D)

You'll have to wait till the phone man gets here, and that settles it. Understand?

LEO: All right, Sheriff. If that's it, that's it. I guess we'll have to wait.

(DCOR CLOSE)

DON: (A BEAT) Sheriff...

CLAYSON: Yeah?

DON: Why should they offer to pay all that money just for a damaged telephone pole?

CLAYSON: You heard him. They want to get on with their fishing...

DON: But they went as high as seven hundred and fifty....

CLAYSON: Son, you don't know fishermen. When they get a smell of their favorite game, money's no object. Not only that, these fellows seem well-heeled. And to a lot of people in this world, that kind of money doesn't mean a thing!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Sheriff Clayson passes it off. But not you, Don Morrissey. You figure these strangers are just anxious to get going. For other reasons, of their own. ~~And~~ then, ~~you get an idea~~. You try a shot in the dark. You go into the Deputy's office; ^{make the man see the Deputy and} introduce yourself.

LEO: So you're the local newshound hereabouts?

DON: That's right.

LEO: (PLEASANTLY) Glad to know you, Morrissey.

MIKE: Hey, kid...

DON: Yes?

MIKE: What's the matter with the Sheriff? He out of his mind or something? We offer him seven and a half for that lousy telephone pole and he turns us down. Why?

DON: (SHRUGS) That's the way he is.

SAM: Well, he's a lame-brain if I ever saw one. Leo, maybe you shoulda told him we'd pay in cash. Maybe he figured you'd try to palm off a rubber check on him.

LEO: Why don't you keep your mouth shut?

SAM: (WHINES) I was only sayin'...

LEO: Button it up and keep it buttoned. (THEN TO DON, GENIALLY) You have to excuse my friends, Morrissey. They've got one-track minds. They think you can buy anything with money. I don't know why I took them fishing with me. I should've left them home.

DON: (PLEASANTLY) You'll enjoy the fishing at Lake Geneva, Mr. Winters.

LEO: Yeah. I hope we will. I've heard it's pretty good.

DON: They're catching a lot of bluefish this summer.

LEO: Fine. Haven't got myself a good bluefish in two years. If we get a few this time, I'll figure the weekend was worth it.

DON: Sure, Mr. Winters. Sure. I wish you luck.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

DON: Sheriff Clayson, ~~I just found out something.~~

~~CLAYSON: Yes? What is it, Don?~~

~~DON:~~ These men are phonies.

CLAYSON: What do you mean, phonies?

DON: They weren't going fishing. They don't know a thing about the sport. I just talked to them. It seems that they hope to catch a couple of bluefish down in Lake Geneva. Only there's one thing wrong with that picture. Bluefish is a salt-water fish.

(MORE)

DON:
(CONT'D) They could fish Lake Geneva for a hundred years and never
hook one.

SHERIFF: (CALMLY) All right, Son. But I see no reason to get
het up about it. They could be amateurs. Their fishing
equipment is brand new. Maybe they don't know a bluefish
from a small-mouthed bass. You take Wisconsin this time
of year. It's crawling with amateur sportsmen.

DON: (DESPERATELY) But Sheriff, I'm trying to tell you --

CLAYSON: (A LITTLE ANNOYED) Look, Don. I told you. Don't go
looking for a story where there isn't any. ~~I told you
before and I'll tell you again. I've got no reason
to hold these men. Once they pay for that telephone
pole, I've got to let them go.~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CLAYSON: Come in.

LEO: Sheriff, my friends and I are getting a little hungry.
Any place we can get a bite around here?

CLAYSON: Well, there's a diner just across the street.

LEO: Mind if we step across the street and get a hamburger?

CLAYSON: Well, one of you will have to stay just for insurance.
The other two can go.

LEO: Thanks, Sheriff. I'll send my two friends and stay here
by myself. (CALLS) Andy, Bill.

(THEY COME IN, AD LIBBING: "YEAH. YEAH, JOE")

LEO: Sheriff says it's OK for two of us to go. You two go
ahead and bring me a couple of hamburgers, rare.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

(DINER B.G. OCCASIONAL CLANG OF CASH REGISTER.
SLIGHT HUM OF VOICES. PERHAPS WE HEAR MUSIC
FROM JUKE BOX JUST FOR COLOR.)

SAM: Mike, ~~you know what I was thinkin'?~~

~~MIKE: What?~~

~~SAM:~~ Leo's takin a big chance tryin' to bluff us out of
trouble like that.

MIKE: Yeah. But he's gettin' away with it.

SAM: So far.

MIKE: Whad'ya mean, so far?

SAM: He's out-foxed the Sheriff. But ~~that reporter~~, that
kid Morrissey, I'm not so sure.

MIKE: You think he's wise to us, Sam?

SAM: I dunno. The way he keeps lookin' at us, I dunno.
Like he figures we're phonies, you know what I mean?

MIKE: Yeah. But Leo's smart, Sam. And like I said, he's
got by with it so far.

SAM: Sure. Sure he has. But how do you know what's gonna
happen until this telephone man gets there? How d'ya
know some joker won't come in, some State Trooper off
the road, and spot us? You never can tell. It could
happen. And d'ya know what that'd mean?

MIKE: A hundred years in stir.

SAM: Maybe two hundred. And I don't feel like runnin' the
risk.

MIKE: Sam, I don't get you.

SAM: You want me to write you a letter or somethin'?

MIKE: You mean take off? Blow?

SAM: (SOFTLY) Why not? We got our cut of the dough on us, haven't we?

MIKE: Yeah. But if we blow, we leave Leo holding the bag.

SAM: I'm cryin' in my beer. ~~Leo got us into this, didn't he? I was in favor of shootin' it out with that cop or givin' him my dust. But no, Leo had to do it his way. OK, let him sweat it out. I'm hittin' the road, just in case someone calls Leo's bluff.~~

MIKE: But how are we goin' to get out of this tank town?

SAM: They got trucks comin' through here all night. We could stand on the corner and thumb a ride. You with me? or ain't you?

MIKE: OK, Sam. I'm with you. Let's get out of here!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Don Morrissey, grow fidgety after a while. The other two men seem to take a long time about getting themselves a bite to eat. ~~And as you wait, you begin to wonder. You run across the street and into the diner, and they're gone. On your way back to the station, you stop and look over their car.~~ *you decide to take a look in*

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

DON: (MUTTERING) Nothing but fishing equipment here. Glove compartment locked. *I'll move this deal quick*

NARR: ~~While you're there, you do the job right. You lift the back seat cushion. Nothing. Then you lift the front seat cushion.~~

DON: Oh, brother! Wait'll the Sheriff sees these!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

DON: Take a look ~~at them~~, Sheriff. Found these two guns under the front seat. .38 caliber. Some fishermen.

CLAYSON: And the two men took off, ² ~~ent~~

DON: Yeah. ~~Hilda~~, the waitress ~~at the diner~~, told me they left a half-hour ago.

CLAYSON: Son, I guess that they had me fooled. Maybe I should have listened to you in the first place, I'll send out an alarm to highway patrol and then we'll talk with this man, Winters, whoever he is.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~NARR: The Sheriff starts to question Winters about his friends, about the guns. But now the leader of the three draws into a shell.~~

CLAYSON: All right, ~~Mr.~~ Winters. For the last time, are you going to talk? ^{run?} Why did your friends run away? ^{Leo. Don? How} What about these two guns this young fellow found in your car?

LEO: I've got nothing to say.

CLAYSON: In that case, ~~Winters~~, I'll have to lock you up and book you on suspicion.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You watch the man's eyes shift. You know that already he's planning some way to break out of the ~~flimsy~~ building and somehow you, Don Morrissey, are more than ever convinced that this is big game, really big game. ~~And~~ You get on the phone, call the FBI in Milwaukee, talk to ~~the man there~~, John Welsh.

WELSH: (FILTER) Give me that again, Morrissey?

DON: The leader's a big man, dark, wild black hair, thick lips, small scar on left side of mouth.

WELSH: (QUICKLY) The second one small, blonde, watery blue eyes? And the third partly bald, reddish hair, a lumpy right ear?

DON: Why yeah, Mr. Welsh. That's right.

WELSH: (A BEAT) Morrissey, you know what you've done?

DON: Wh-what?

WELSH: You've just put your finger on the Durand Gang. Leo Durand, Sam Galco and Mike Reno. Wanted all over the country in connection with the Vaughn Kidnapping in Milwaukee, as well as several others.

DON: Holy Smoke!

WELSH: Tell the Sheriff ~~up in Elkhorn~~ to triple his guard, Morrissey. That's Durand he's holding right now. I'll get to Elkhorn as soon as I can.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The FBI sets in motion a four-state alarm for the two escaped men. Meanwhile, the agent, John Welsh, comes up and identifies Leo Durand, and a short time later, in the Sheriff's office...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

WELSH: (TERSE) Welsh speaking. Oh. Oh yes, Harris. What? Where? Good. Bring them back here and we'll take them on back to Milwaukee.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK).

DON: Good news, Mr. Welsh?
WELSH: (SMILES) ~~Yeah. And I think you oughta be the first to~~
Couldn't be better
~~know, Morrissey. They just picked up Sam Falco and~~
near Lake Geneva
Mike Reno in a ginmill down in Rockford, ~~Illinois.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's it, Don Morrissey. Except for one thing.
On the same day, Mr. Merritt, the Editor of the
Elkhorn Independent, calls you in...

MERRITT: Don, I'm proud of you. You certainly put Elkhorn
on the map.

DON: Why, thank you, Mr. Merritt.

MERRITT: Yes sir, got reporters from all the big papers in
the middle west in town right now. (CROWS) All those
fellows ~~with the big names~~ from the big papers trying
to find the Durand Gang, and we find them right here in
Elkhorn.

DON: Yeah. Sure. I guess we were pretty lucky, Mr. Merritt.
Now, uh--about that job. I'll be going back to college
in a couple of days, but I figure that maybe next
year...

MERRITT: Next year? *What kind of* Son, the job's yours right now ~~if you want~~
~~it. As a matter of fact, I don't know what I'm doing~~
~~sitting in this seat. Maybe you oughta be sitting here~~
~~yourself!~~

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Don
Morrissey of the Elkhorn Wisconsin Independent with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #299

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 traditional 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 Don Morrissey of the Elkhorn Wisconsin Independent.

MORRISSEY: DURING TRIAL, ONE OF KIDNAPERS HUNG HIMSELF IN HIS CELL. THE GOVERNMENT FAILED TO CONVICT THE OTHER TWO ON THE KIDNAPPING REFERRED TO BUT CONVICTED THEM ON A PREVIOUS KIDNAPPING AND SUCCESSFULLY BROUGHT THEM TO SUBSEQUENT TRIAL. THEY WERE BOTH SENTENCED TO NINETY-NINE YEARS AT JAIL. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Morrissey ... 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 Denver, Colorado Rocky Mountain News -- by-line Robert L. Chase ...the Big Story of a reporter who waited 19 years for a woman to make up her mind.

MUSIC: _ _ _ STING _

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television.

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Elkhorn, Wisconsin Independent. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Michael O'Day played the part of Don Morrissey. 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. Morrissey.

(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 WELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy. (PAUSE)
Help build your future security - and the security of America - by purchasing United States Defense Bonds, now a better investment than ever before!
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

jp - ek - rp

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #300

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DORIS	AGNES YOUNG
JENNY	JOAN LAZAR
BOB CHASE	RALPH NELSON
MARY CHASE	BARBARA WEEKS
MED WCHAN	BARBARA WEEKS
PRISONER	KATHLEEN NIDAY
COP	BILL ZUCKERT
LAWYER	BILL ZUCKERT <i>Quinn</i>
WARDEN	BILL QUINN
GIRL	ROBIN MORGAN

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1953

ATK01 0007225

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

DORIS: (HUMS A LULLABY SOFTLY UNDER HER BREATH. THEN) Jenny!
Got your bed all turned down. (PAUSE) Jenny!

JENNY: (10) I'm washing my face, Mommy.

DORIS: (LAUGHS) You've been washing your face for ten minutes!

(START FOOTSTEPS AS SHE MOVES TO BATHROOM)

It can't possibly be that dirty. Come on now. It's way
past bedtime.

JENNY: I'm coming. In just a minute. I --

DORIS: (SHARP. TERRIFIED) Jenny!

JENNY: (AFRAID) ~~I --- I said~~ I was coming. ^{and} I --

DORIS: (FRANTIC) Jenny! What did you do? In the name of heaven,
what did you do?

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in Denver, Colorado. 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 Denver, Colorado, Rocky Mountain News,
the story of a reporter who waited 19 years for a woman
to make up her mind. Tonight, to Robert L. Chase for
his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #300

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

START E.T.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Denver, Colorado. The story as it actually happened --
Robert Chase's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Bob Chase, have to walk back a long way through the
years to get to the beginning of your Big Story. You
have to turn the pages back twenty three years. 1930.
That's when it began. 1930 -- things were different
then. This was before you rose to the post of ^{associate} ~~managing~~
editor of your paper -- The Rocky Mountain News. This was
before your wife, Mary -- also a reporter -- wrote her
smash hit plays Harvey and Mrs. McThing. ^{and Serenade}
And, this was
before the state of Colorado cleaned up its police force.
Now, Colorado's law enforcement agencies are progressive,
honest, decent....something to be proud of. But this
was before. This was 1930.....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(PHONE RING)

BOB: I'll take it, Mary. Probably the paper for me.

MARY: Or Me. (FADING) I'll keep your soup on the stove.

(PHONE UP)

BOB: Bob Chase talking.....What? Lemme get a pencil...Okay....
where's the place? Got it. I'll go right over. Sure.

(PHONE DOWN)

MARY: (COMING ON) Something up, Bob?

BOB: Call came in from headquarters. Body of a ten year old
child found drowned in Berkeley Lake.

MARY: How awful. An accident?

BOB: Doesn't look that way. The police think it's murder.

MARY: Murder? But who.....

BOB: ~~Wh-huh?~~ Also why, where and when. That's what I'm on my way to find out. Don't wait up. I'll be late.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

BOB: Bob Chase, Rocky Mountain News, officer. Can you give me any details?

COP: All we know is the kid was murdered.

BOB: Drowned?

COP: After she was hit over the head.

BOB: Identification?

COP: Name was Jenny Wooding. 10 years old.

BOB: I suppose it's no use asking if you know who did it?

COP: May not be any use...but I can tell you...or at least I can made a mighty good guess.

BOB: Who?

COP: Her step-mother. Name of Doris Wooding.

BOB: Are you sure?

COP: Sure enough to book the dame. We'll take her down to headquarters. If anybody wants to make any bets, it's two to one we'll have a confession by morning.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DORIS: (DAZED, ILL) Why do you keep talking about confession..... confession? There's nothing to confess. I didn't do it.

COP: (HARD) Are you the dead kid's mother?

DORIS: (ANGUISH) Do you have to keep calling her the dead kid?
COP: Are you Jenny Wooding's mother?
DORIS: (BEAT. THEN TRYING AT CONTROL) I told you before. I'm
her stepmother.
COP: And you hated her.
DORIS: That's a lie! I loved her. I loved Jenny. I couldn't
have loved her more if she'd been mine.
COP: Then why did you kill her?
DORIS: I didn't. I --
COP: You hated her father, didn't you?
DORIS: Yes.
COP: Why?
DORIS: Do we have to talk about it any more? I'm sick. I'm tired
I haven't slept all night -- haven't eaten.
COP: You can eat and sleep after you sign the confession.
DORIS: There's nothing to confess!
COP: You admit the child is your stepdaughter...?
DORIS: Yes.
COP: You admit you hated her father.....?
DORIS: Yes.....
COP: You admit you killed the child to hurt her father....?
DORIS: Ye --- (CUTS) Stop trying to trick me! I can't think...
I'm so tired...I can't think.
(VOICES FADE TO BG STAY UNDER)
NARR: (IN CLOSE) It goes on....hour after hour...and you,
Bob Chase watch and wait, and your heart aches for this
grey faced woman... swaying under the hot bright lights....
swaying, limp with pain and exhaustion.....

COP: The medical examiner says Jenny was hit over the head
with a tire iron.....

DORIS: Please....don't tell me.....

COP: There was a tire iron in the back of your car.....

DORIS: I didn't kill her! Can't you turn off those lights?

COP: We found bloodstains on the tire iron..... Jenny's blood.

DORIS: Please....I -- these lights.....do they have to be so
bright?

COP: (BEAT. THEN FALSELY GENTLE) Are you tired, Mrs. Wooding?

DORIS: Yes. If I could just lie down.....

COP: Would you like a nice soft bed....darkness...something
cool to drink? ... Cold milk maybe?

DORIS: Oh yes.... please.....

COP: (HARD, SHARP) Okay. You'll get it. After you confess.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING UP AND THEN UNDER)

BOB: Officer, look, you've had that woman under questioning
for six solid hours. She doesn't know what she's
saying any more.

COP: She'll talk soon.

BOB: She's half crazy with tiredness....she's sick....can't you
let her have a rest?

COP: Sure, sure.....she's going to have a rest right now.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND OUT)

(TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL)

COP: Here's your cell, Mrs. Wooding. You can rest here.

DORIS: If I could just lie down...just stop thinking.....

COP: (AMUSED) Sure. You do that. Just lie down.

(SOUND OF IRON DOOR OPENING)

COP: Make yourself at home.

DORIS: Could -- could I have something to drink?...Some water?

COP: Sure. Later. You just rest now. Gloria in the next cell, there....she's an oldtimer. She can tell you anything you need to know...can't you Gloria?

GLORIA: (SULLEN) Sure.

(CELL DOOR CLANGS SHUT. FOOTSTEPS DIE AWAY)

DORIS: (A SIGH OF WEARINESS)

GLORIA: You look beat.

DORIS: I just -- if I could just sleep.

GLORIA: What they got you here for?

DORIS: I don't know.

GLORIA: (LAUGHS) That's what they all say. At first. But, suit yourself...if you don't want to talk.....

DORIS: I just want to rest.

(THERE IS A SHORT SILENCE, SUDDENLY RENT BY:)

MADWOMAN: (A BLOODCHILLING, WILD LAUGH)

DORIS: What's that?

GLORIA: Holy heaven, she's off again.

MADWOMAN: (SCREAMS) You're killing me! You're killing me. (ANOTHER WILD LAUGH)

DORIS: What is it?

GLORIA: Some nut in the other cell. Off her conk. She goes on for hours.

MADWOMAN: Why did you do it? Why did you do it to poor little Jenny?

DORIS: Jenny!

GLORIA: That's her name. Jenny. She talks to herself.

MADWOMAN: Why did you do it to Jenny? Poor little Jenny.

DORIS: (LOW) Stop ner. Somebody stop her!

MADWOMAN: (SOBBING NOW AND LAUGHING) Why did you do it to poor little Jenny? Why....? Why....?

DORIS: (HYSTERIA, WILD) Get me out of here! Somebody come and get me out of here. I can't listen to her. Stop her.... get me out of here.... (ALMOST MAD HERSELF) GET ME OUT OF HERE!

(SUDDEN SHARP SILENCE)

COP: (BEAT. HE IS RIGHT UP CLOSE TO HER. QUIET. AMUSED)
What's the matter, Mrs. Wooding? Didn't you like your rest?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

COP: All right, Mrs. Wooding....let's get this cleaned up fast now. Suppose you just tell us why you killed your daughter

DORIS: (DULL) I've told you and told you.....

COP: All right...and now I'll tell you. You hated the child because she wasn't yours. You hated your husband.....

DORIS: No.....

COP: No? You admitted before that you hated your husband. Getting mixed up on your lies?

DORIS: (EXHAUSTED) If I could just have some water.....

COP: Sure. Why didn't you say so?

(CLINK OF GLASS)

COP: Here.

DORIS: Oh ... thank you. I ---(A STIFLED SOUND OF DISGUST)
COP: Go ahead...drink it.
DORIS: (IN TEARS) It's filthy. ..I can't drink it...you know
I can't drink it!
COP: (NEEDLING HER) Maybe you'd like to rest. Maybe you'd
like to go back to your cell next to Jenny.
DORIS: No!
COP: Then maybe you'd like to start telling the truth.
DORIS: (BREAKS) All right. All right! I did it. I killed her.
I'll sign a confession. I'll sign anything. Give it
to me. Let me sign it. And then in the name of heaven
let me rest. Just -- let me rest. (SHE SOBS)

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE INTO)

(RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER)

BOB: Well, they sure didn't waste any time, did they, Mary?
Confession, trial...conviction...jail..bing, like that.
MARY: ^{She was watching} ~~Bob, I was watching Mrs. Wooding at the trial. I was~~
looking to find something that would give me a clue to
why a woman could do a terrible thing like that to a
child.
BOB: And.. ?
MARY: I couldn't find it.
BOB: ~~No.~~ She didn't do it.
MARY: But ...
BOB: Sure... ~~sure~~, she said she did. But I don't believe
it. ~~She loved that girl.~~
MARY: ~~Then why did she say she killed her?~~

BOB: ~~There were two mighty good reasons. First...the police methods.~~ They grilled that confession out of her. By the time they were through with her she would have confessed to anything.

MARY: It's incredible to think that now ---in 1930---the police can ^{act} ~~make~~ like the Spanish Inquisition and get away with it.

BOB: ~~They won't be able to. Not any more. The Wooding case~~ has stirred up plenty of feeling. There'll be an investigation. Conditions will be cleaned up -- they've got to be. But -- it'll be too late for Doris Wooding. She's "confessed"

MARY: You said there were two reasons why she confessed. ~~Police methods and -- what?~~

BOB: ~~I don't know, exactly. But ---I have a feeling she said~~ *I have a feeling she "confessed"* ~~she did it~~ because she didn't want to think any more... *there's more to it than that*
she didn't want to remember what happened that night the murder was committed. There's some terrible nightmare locked away in that woman's brain and she's trying to forget it.

MARY: But what? What could be bad enough to make her confess to a murder she didn't commit?

BOB: I don't know. ~~But I'm going to do everything I possibly can to find out.~~ ^{But} If I could get that woman to talk --- ^{in time} really talk, I have a feeling she could tell the biggest story that ever hit the headlines. And it's a story I'm going after.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE...INTO)

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN STONE CORRIDOR. CELL DOOR UNLOCKED)

COP: Okay, reporter. Five minutes.

BOB: Thanks.

(CELL DOOR SHUT)

BOB: Hello, Mrs. Wooding.

DORIS: (DULL) Why do you bother to come around? I told you the last time...

BOB: Mrs. Wooding...it's not just a story I'm after. I'm trying to help you. ~~I know you haven't told the truth about what happened the night of the murder.~~ You made no defense at the trial. You let them lock you up for life. And you're going to stay locked up-- for life-- unless you tell what really happened.

DORIS: I don't care.

BOB: The rest of your life Mrs. Wooding. Here. In jail.

DORIS: I don't care.

BOB: That's ^{how you feel now} ~~what you say now~~. But time goes slowly in jail. Five years, ~~ten years...~~ twenty years...forty years.. ~~on and on...a lifetime is forever in jail.~~

DORIS: It'll give me time to forget.

BOB: (FAST) Forget what?

DORIS: ~~I can't tell. I'll never tell.~~

BOB: ~~Then there is something to tell!~~

DORIS: (BEAT) Why can't you leave me alone?

BOB: (GENTLE) All right, Mrs. Wooding. ~~I'll leave you alone.~~

But I just want to tell you one thing. If you're keeping something locked up, because you want to forget --it won't work. ~~It'll keep eating into you, burning deeper and deeper, spreading wider and wider until it screams to be let out.~~

DORIS: I'll forget. I've got to.

BOB: ^{Use Carol}
~~You won't forget.~~ Not as long as it's inside. And some
day you'll find that out. And you'll want to talk ...
you'll want to tell someone the nightmare so you can
be free of it. And when you do..Mrs. Wooding, I want
that someone to be me.

(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 Bob Chase as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: A murder, a confession ... and a grey faced woman behind bars... ~~a woman~~ who won't talk. And the Wooding case is closed. But not to you, Bob Chase. To you, the Wooding case has only begun. Someday, you're going to get the story ... someday you'll find out what really happened. Someday. All you need is patience -- and time. And more time.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The years roll by. You cover a lot of stories. One of them is the story of a great police reform in Colorado -- the big *and little did you know that one day* cleanup. The Wooding case and the brutal police methods *would be* used ~~is~~ cited as a prime example in George Wickersham's monumental report on crime to President Hoover. Colorado's clean now -- the police and prison system is a progressive one... a fine one -- and the years roll by -- You've got a lot of stories tucked away in your files .. a lot of good ones. But there's one you have filed away in your memory... the Wooding case ... and it's labeled.... "the big story we haven't got."

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

BOB: Okay, Mac ... take the courthouse beat. ~~See what you can dig up on that strangling case. Phone in. Or, And say...~~ while you're down that way ... see if you can get in to see Doris Wooding. ~~Tell her hello for me. Tell her I'm still waiting... any time she's ready.~~

✓ (MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

BOB: ~~Mr. Carter...this is Bob Chase, Rocky Mountain News. Look,~~
~~I got a tip that,~~ ^{but} ~~as Doris Wooding's attorney,~~ ^{you know!} ~~you're~~
~~appealing for clemency.~~ ^{well, it's a bit unusual for her to talk} ~~That right? Well, look...the~~
~~only way you'll get anywhere is if Mrs. Wooding talks.~~
~~Sure, I know what she says... but still ... well look,~~
if she ever changes her mind ... remember the name will
you? Bob Chase ... Rocky Mountain News.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

MARY: What are you doing, honey?

BOB: (WEARY) Looking over some of these old clips on the Wooding
case. From back in 1930. ^{that's 19 yrs}

MARY: ~~Bob... do you realize it's nineteen years?~~ Nineteen years
~~since that woman was put in jail.~~ ^{She will} You've tried and tried
~~to get her to talk...~~ ^{but she's never talked}

BOB: She will --- some day.

MARY: When she hasn't for nineteen years? Oh, Bob ...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(PHONE RING. PICKUP)

BOB: ~~Managing editor...~~ ^{Speaking} Bob Chase ...

CARTER: (FILTER) ~~Mr. Chase...this is Samuel Carter...attorney for~~
Mrs. Doris Wooding ...

BOB: (EXCITED) Yes, Mr. Carter...?

CARTER: I just received word from Mrs. Wooding. She wants to talk
to you. Tomorrow at ten. Can you be there then?

BOB: You bet I can!

CARTER: I'm sorry to give you such short notice.

BOB: Short notice? Mr. CarterI've been waiting for this
appointment for nineteen years.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND CUT)

DORIS: Mr. Chase

BOB: I didn't know if you'd remember my name after all this time,
Mrs. Wooding.

DORIS: (TRACE OF A SMILE) You never let me forget it...did you?

BOB: I tried not to.

DORIS: Forgetting -- isn't as easy as we like to think.

BOB: ~~I told you that.~~

DORIS: ~~I know. You were right, Mr. Chase.~~

(PAUSE, THEN)

They've been good to me here in prison. I take care of
the warden's little girl. ~~They trust me to do that.~~ She's
a nice little girl. She -- reminds me of Jenny.

BOB: I see.

DORIS: (HIGH, PAINFUL) Everything reminds me of Jenny! Everything
reminds me of that night, and what happened. No matter
what I do or see or feel...it reminds me of that night.
~~I can't get away from it. Nineteen years and I can't get
away from it...~~

(PAUSE, THEN)

I'm going to tell you what happened, ^{that night} Mr. Chase. Then maybe
it'll -- go away.

BOB: (GENTLE) I'm waiting.

DORIS: It all started so -- so quietly. Just like any other
evening ... I was in the bedroom turning down the bed....
Jenny was in the bathroom ... washing ...

(MUSIC: -- STING IN AND DRIBBLE OUT UNDER FOLLOWING)

DORIS: (HUMS A LULLABY SOFTLY UNDER HER BREATH. THEN) Jenny!
Got your bed all turned down. (PAUSE) Jenny!

JENNY: I'm washing my face, Mommy.

DORIS: (LAUGHS) You've been washing your face for ten minutes!

(START FOOTSTEPS AS SHE MOVES TO BATHROOM)

It can't possibly be that dirty. Come on now. It's way past bedtime.

JENNY: I'm coming. In just a minute. I --

DORIS: (SHARP, TERRIFIED) Jenny!

JENNY: (AFRAID) ~~I -- I said~~ I was coming. ^{and} I --

DORIS: (FRANTIC) Jenny! What did you do? In the name of heaven, what did you do?

JENNY: Are you mad at me?

DORIS: Honey ... those pills ... in that bottle...did you swallow any?

JENNY: (A LITTLE SLEEPY SOUNDING NOW) Only a few -- honest.

DORIS: How many?

JENNY: I thought they were candy ... only they didn't taste so good.

DORIS: How many?

JENNY: Six -- or seven. Can I go to bed now?

DORIS: Jenny ... those were sleeping pills ... strong sleeping pills ...

JENNY: I thought they were candy. (DROWSY) I'm so tired

DORIS: You can't be. Jenny ... don't go to sleep...Jenny, stand up.

JENNY: (FRETFUL) But I want to

DORIS: I -- I've got to take you to the doctor. Come on..get up...

JENNY: I -- I'm too sleepy

DORIS: Jenny ... get up.....

JENNY: No...I....(SHE TRAILS OFF)

DORIS: (PANIC) Jenny.

(SOUND OF A SLAP)

DORIS: Jenny!

JENNY: Don't -- hit me

DORIS: I've got to keep you awake...I've got to get you to a doctor. (WILD) Jenny, you've got to get up and walk!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

DORIS: (LOW) She couldn't, Mr. Chase. ... she couldn't move by then. Somehow I carried her downstairs...got her into the car.... started driving ...I kept talking all the time... trying to keep her awake...doing anything to keep her awake.

(MUSIC: -- STING UP AND OUT)

(CAR UNDER)

DORIS: (ALMOST BABBLING) And then after we get to the doctor and he makes you wake up we'll stop and have a soda..... won't that be nice?...Jenny....won't that be nice...?

JENNY: (SLEEPY) Uh-huh.....

DORIS: What kind of a soda would you like? Chocolate?

(PAUSE)

Chocolate, Jenny?

JENNY: (A MURMUR)

DORIS: Or maybe vanilla? Would you like vanilla better than chocolate?

JENNY: (ONLY A FAINE SIGH)

DORIS: Jenny.....answer me...would you like vanilla?

(BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER)

DORIS: Jenny!

(THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP)

DORIS: (HYSTERICAL) Jenny...wake up! Talk to me! Which would you like...chocolate or vanilla? You sometimes like vanilla...is that what you want? Jenny...(IN TEARS) Is that what you want?

(A LONG PAUSE. TEEN)

DORIS: (SCREAMS) Jenny!

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT UNDER)

DORIS: (LOW, DULL) She was lying there with her eyes closed. I couldn't hear her breathing. I shook her and she didn't move. I thought she was dead. (URGENT) ~~I was sure she was dead.~~

BOB: What did you do?

DORIS: ~~I didn't think there was anything more I could do.~~ I just sat...looking at her. I loved her, Mr. Chase...(TEARS) I loved her so much.

BOB: Then what?

DORIS: I started to get scared...her father hated me...I knew he'd say it was my fault...~~my fault that I let her take the sleeping pills.~~ I was scared if he found out about her -- he'd -- he'd kill me. (HIGH) And I thought Jenny was dead.

BOB: What did you do?

DORIS: (PAUSE. LOW) I took her...out of the car. ~~There was a lake right there.~~ *I was so frantic* I -- I put her in the lake.

BOB: (A SIGH) I see.

DORIS: (HIGH NOW) I never hit her over the head with anything. That was a lie...~~all a lie...I loved her. I loved her more than anything in the world.~~ I -- I ~~just~~ put her in the lake. I didn't know until the medical examiner said it that she was alive then. I thought she was dead.

(MORE)

DORIS: (ANGUISH) As God is my Judge, I thought she was dead.
(CONTD)
(SHE BREAKS INTO HLRD, SOBBING TEARS)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: 19 years. For 19 years a tortured woman has lived with this tragic story. For 19 years, she has been in jail, and for a good many of those years, caring for the warden's young child -- a child who must have reminded her painfully of her own, dead stepchild. But now the story is told, and you, Bob Chase, know you must do something about it. 19 years is long enough. You go see the warden....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

WARDEN: Mr. Chase...I'll do everything I can. Mrs. Wooding's been a model prisoner. She's been a devoted nursemaid to my own child. I trust her completely.

BOB: What steps can we take for a parole, warden?

WARDEN: I'll make my recommendation. The final decision rests with the governor. I'll let you know what he says.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The governor says no. But you've gone too far to be stopped now, Bob Chase -- it means too much. Then there's an election -- and a new governor .. you appeal to him... you wait...you hope...and finally it happens. Parole...for Doris Wooding.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(DOOR CLOSE)

BOB: (GENTLY) You ready to go home, Mrs. Wooding?

DORIS: Mr. ChaseI didn't know you'd be waiting.

BOB: I thought I'd see you home. Ready?

DORIS: I -- not quite. The warden .. ~~he's bringing his~~ ^{she's bringing} little girl here. I wanted to say goodbye.

BOB: I understand.

DORIS: ^{you know} When I first started taking care of her - I didn't think I could stand it. Everything she did -- ~~the way she'd look at me when I talked to her -- it kept reminding me of Jenny. and I didn't think I could stand it. At nights -- when I was getting her ready for bed....~~ (BREAKS OFF) She still reminds me of Jenny...but, it's all right now. Talking to you, telling you....it makes it all right now.

(DOOR OPEN)

CHILD: Mrs. Wooding...

DORIS: Hello, ~~honey~~ ^{Peggy}...

CHILD: Daddy said you wanted to say goodbye.

DORIS: That's right.

CHILD: ~~What~~ Are you going ~~away?~~

DORIS: Yes.

CHILD: Where?

DORIS: I'm going home, ~~honey~~

CHILD: ~~Isn't this your home?~~

DORIS: (STEADILY) It has been -- for quite a while. But... now ~~I have another home.~~

CHILD: ~~Do you want to go?~~

DORIS: ~~Yes.~~ But I'll miss you, Peggy.

CHILD: I'll miss you too. Will you come and see me?

DORIS: Of course.

CHILD: Why do you keep looking at me that way?

DORIS: ~~What way, Peggy?~~

CHILD: Like ~~like I didn't look like me. Like I looked like somebody else.~~

DORIS: ^{Reminded me of} You ~~do look like~~ somebody else -- a little.

CHILD: ~~Did you like them too?~~

DORIS: ~~Yes, I liked them too.~~ Peggy... would you like to kiss me goodbye?

CHILD: (~~MATTER OF FACT~~) Oh, sure.

(A PAUSE AS THEY EMBRACE. THEN)

CHILD: This person ^{I looked like her} ~~you liked~~ was she a little girl too?

DORIS: Yes.

CHILD: Can you go back to her now?

DORIS: Well, I -- (STOPS. THEN) Yes. I guess you could call it that, Peggy. I can go back to her now.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You take her home Bob Chase. It's over. ^{a 2 part of} After twenty three years, the nightmare is over. A fine administration, a now, decent and humane police organization in Colorado join with you, in seeing that a human being who suffered agonies is finally given a fair break. In any newspaperman's book...that's a good ending to a great...
BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Bob Chase of the Denver, Colo. Rocky Mountain News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

-23-

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #300

(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 Robert Chase of the Denver ~~Colorado~~ Rocky Mountain News.

CHASE: Mother in tonight's Big Story finally received parole and was released from prison. She paid double debt to society, not only by serving time, but because her case touched off investigations which led to cleanup of police methods. As result, Colorado now one of nations most progressive states in penal and police matters. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Chase ... 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 Portland Ore. Journal -- by-line J. Edward Reid, *The* Big Story of a reporter who suddenly found himself in a race against time ... and death.

(MUSIC: --- STING) ---

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIFE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Denver, Colo. Rocky Mountain News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane ~~and~~ Ralph Nelson played the part of Robert Chase. 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. Chase.

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

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

hc/mtf/el
2/3/53pm.

IS 000 0107

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #101

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
REID	PETER HOBBS
HARRY MILLER	WENDELL HOLMES
GEORGIE FARWELL	AL RAMSEN
SIKE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
CARTER (MATE)	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
STEWARD	BILLY GREY
GIBBONS	BILLY GREY
BARBARA	MARY PATTON
ROSE BLAKE	MARION WINTERS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1953

ATX01 0007251

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...DOWN UNDER)

(CAR DRAWS UP..STOPS...TWO MEN GET OUT...
SLIGHT WIND)

GEORGIE: (AROUND TWENTY...GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER) So dark
I can't see.

SIKE: (FORTY) Comon. Help me get ~~it~~ out of the car.

GEORGIE: Like the end of the world out here.

SIKE: (~~IMPATIENT~~) ~~What do you say. Let's go.~~

GEORGIE: Where are you going to throw ^{him} it?

SIKE: Into the ravine. They'll never find him.

GEORGIE: Maybe it's not smart. Someone's going to be looking for
him.

SIKE: Way out here? N t a chance. ~~He's...~~

~~(WE HEAR A MOAN)~~

GEORGIE: Look...*he moved*

SIKE: (~~CALM~~) Yeah.

GEORGIE: He's still alive.

SIKE: Real tough, isn't he. Comon. Grab his legs.

GEORGIE: You can't do it now.

SIKE: No? (HARD) Lift him up. (SLIGHT BEAT) I said...lift
him up. (STRAIN) That's better. Now..we'll carry him
over to the edge...

(WALKING SEVERAL FEET CARRYING THE BODY)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE...DOWN UNDER)

(CAR DRAWS UP...STOPS...TWO MEN GET OUT...
SLIGHT WIND)

GEORGIE: (AROUND TWENTY...GIVES AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER) So dark
I can't see.

SIKE: (FORTY) Comon. Help me get it out of the car.

GEORGIE: Like the end of the world out here.

SIKE: (IMPATIENT) What do you say. Let's go.

GEORGIE: Where are you going to throw it?

SIKE: Into the ravine. They'll never find him.

GEORGIE: Maybe it's not smart. Someone's going to be looking for
him.

SIKE: Way out here? N t a chance. He's...

(WE HEAR A MOAN)

GEORGIE: Look...

SIKE: (CALM) Yeah.

GEORGIE: He's still alive.

SIKE: Real tough, isn't he. Comon. Grab his legs.

GEORGIE: You can't do it now.

SIKE: No? (HARD) Lift him up. (SLIGHT BEAT) I said...lift
him up. (STRAIN) That's better. Now..we'll carry him
over to the edge...

(WALKING SEVERAL FEET CARRYING THE BODY)

SIKE: (STRAIN) Okay...over he goes.....

(WITH LAST THE BODY IS THROWN INTO THE RAVINE.

IT ROLLS DOWN THE DIRT AND ROCKS...AND FINALLY...

THE SOUNDS DIE IN THE DISTANCE)

All right, feller...let's see how long you last, ^{low}~~out~~

~~here~~, there

(MUSIC: _ _ STING, DOWN UNDER)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #301

-4-

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally
fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs,
or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S
greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the
smoke further on the way to your throat - filters
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Portland, Oregon. The story as it actually happened..

J. Edward Reid's story, as he lived it.

NARR: A news story starts in a lot of ways. ^{Eddie Reid} Sometimes you're on the scene..and ~~you're lucky~~. The story comes fast, clean. Other times, ~~it's a grind~~. ^{it's} A slow, almost ~~painful~~ piecing together of facts. And now, on this new, bright Winter morning, it's this tough ^{slow} kind of story that begins for you. ~~But~~ though you don't know it now, ~~Eddie Reid, it's more than just a headline you're after.~~ ^{it} This story is life and death. For at this moment, ten miles outside the city, in a deserted mountain ravine...a man lies dying....And you, Eddie Reid, at this same moment, find yourself walking down the main hall in police headquarters....

(STEPS BEHIND)

...up to a door marked missing persons bureau.

(DOOR OPENS)

MILLER: (OFF) Did he say where he was going last night?

MATE: (OFF) No. Nothing special. Just out for a good time, I guess.

MILLER: (OFF) Anything like this ever happen before?

NARR: You've walked in on a routine questioning. Detective Harry Miller is with a man wearing the uniform of the Merchant Marine. You walk over.

MATE: Never that I can remember. Captain was always right on time.

MILLER: He have any relatives in Portland?

MATE: Don't think so.

MILLER: (FADING ON FULL) What makes you think something's wrong?

MATE: Captain Hansen never missed a sailing in his life.
He'd have sent word. Called. Something.

MILLER: Hello, Eddie.

REID: Harry.

MILLER: Mr. Carter, this is Reid of the Journal.

MATE: How do you do.

REID: Hello.

MILLER: Mr. Carter's mate on the S.S. Emperor.

MATE: You fellows wrote about Captain Hansen during the war, Mr. Reid. He was a real hero. Did convoy duty all the way through.

REID: How long's he been missing?

MATE: Since midnight. ~~We were scheduled for the morning tide.~~

MILLER: ~~Well, he's not the first sailor to miss a ship.~~

MATE: ~~You don't know Captain Hansen. I'll bet a month's pay the reason he didn't show up is because something's happened to him.~~

REID: ~~You seem pretty sure, Mr. Carter.~~

MATE: ~~I can't say. Call it a feeling.~~

MILLER: You don't know where he was heading last night...what he was going to do.

MATE: No.

MILLER: Anything wrong with the Captain, physically I mean?

MATE: Strongest man on the ship. *Real*

MILLER: Well, we'll check the hospitals anyway. Put in our usual investigation.

MATE: I'd appreciate it.

MILLER: One more thing, Mr. Carter.

MATE: Yes.

MILLER: Captain Hansen have much money on him?

MATE: ~~I'd say so.~~

MILLER: ~~HOW MUCH.~~

MATE: About five hundred dollars.

REID: (SOFT WHISTLE) Enough for coffee and cakes.

MATE: If you're thinking about robbery, there was even more he carried.

MILLER: What was that?

MATE: A watch. All platinum. It cost him over two thousand dollars.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND SEGUE TO)

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

MILLER: Miller speaking...uh huh...yeah...I see...all right, thanks.

(HANGS UP)

REID: About the captain?

MILLER: Yeah, Eddie. About the captain.

REID: Well.

MILLER: Nothing. He's not in the morgue....the hospitals... or jail. And..I'm not surprised.

REID: Why.

MILLER: Look, the guy was at sea a long time. This was his last night before going back. ^{he was dead on the floor} ~~He took in a lot,~~ you know?

REID: ~~Makes sense, Harry, except for one thing.~~

MILLER: What.

REID: The mate. He's a big boy. He knows if the Captain'd be out on a tear somewhere. Seems pretty sure he ~~wasn't.~~

MILLER: (~~A LITTLE BORED~~) Don't know what the crew's hollering about. They're getting extra time in port 'til he shows up.

REID: (DECISION) Harry, I'm going to look for him.

MILLER: Sure.

REID: The way that mate talked about him, I'm interested. War here, good captain.

MILLER: Good story.

REID: More than that. A man like him disappearing ~~in a city~~. You have to ask why.

MILLER: If he really has disappeared...I'll give you the answer.

REID: What.

MILLER: Five hundred bucks and a two thousand dollar platinum watch.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Yes, look for him, Eddie Reid, look for him. If only you could know how really important it is...how time is running out...But make a start. A careful start. A place where the search ought to begin. Find out about Captain Hansen. Where would he spend his last night in port?

(HARBOR SOUNDS SNEAK IN)

Go aboard his ship. Talk to the crew. Ask questions. Lots of questions.

(MUSIC: ~~TAPS AND OUT~~)

STEWARD: I was hoping you'd find out from someone else but if you don't know..I guess it's going to have to be me.

REID: Go on, Steward.

STEWARD: I don't like talking against a man who was a shipmate but if something's happened to the Captain...

REID: What is it.

STEWARD: There was a fellow who worked the engine room. Captain ~~chewed him out one night for stuffing off.~~ Said he ~~was through with the ship the minute we dropped anchor.~~

REID: ~~They have a fight?~~

STEWARD: ~~Well, pretty close. Gibbons, that's the guy's name.~~
~~Followed the Captain up on deck. Guess I was the only~~
~~one close enough to hear him threaten the Captain.~~

REID: ~~Threaten. How?~~

STEWARD: Gibbons said when we docked back in the States, he'd make ~~him pay plenty.~~ *get extra work* He was blowing off steam like a wild ~~man.~~

REID: ~~Gibbons. What's his full name and where do I find him?~~

STEWARD: Matt Gibbons but I don't know his address.

REID: Oh, great.

STEWARD: He's got a girl friend, Barbara. Her picture was over his cot. Pretty girl.

REID: (IMPATIENT) Where does she live?

STEWARD: ~~You couldn't expect him to tell anybody that.~~

REID: (DRIVING A LITTLE) ~~Well, what do you know about him.~~

Where does he hang out? Where can I find him?

STEWARD: *All he ever talked about* was his girl. *How she worked* in a restaurant til one o'clock every morning. ~~How he~~
~~was always after her to quit.~~ He must have told me
that a million times.

REID: A restaurant. Here...in Portland?

STEWARD: Yes sir.

REID: The police are sure going to like this one. Find a
waitress named Barbara who works late. Oh, brother.

STEWARD: Mr. Reid, before you go, sir?

REID: Yeah?

STEWARD: You didn't know Captain Hansen...but a lot of men, they'd treat a steward like he was dirt. ~~Ordering him around like they were born to.~~ But Captain Hansen...he gave me respect. Means nothing about your helping to look for him but just the same...I felt maybe you ought to know. You understand, sir?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MILLER: Allright, Eddie. But don't expect every cop in the department to get on this case. My bureau's the only one who can do it.

REID: Okay, Harry...but let's get started.

MILLER: (MILD SARCASM) Sure. Now let's memorize this. ~~You see, I want to make sure you don't forget it.~~ Say, Mister, you own this restaurant? ~~Okay.~~ You got a girl named Barbara working for you and ~~if so,~~ does she work until one o'clock in the morning.

REID: That's fine, Harry. Just fine. I can just hear myself saying it. Pardon me...are you the manager here...

(MUSIC: RISES OVER AND BEHIND)

REID: ...do you have a waitress by the name of Barbara. I'd appreciate if you'd...

(MUSIC: RISES OVER AND BEHIND)

REID: ...do you know any other restaurants around here that are open at night? We're trying to find this girl and..

(MUSIC: RISES OVER...RIDES...THEN BEHIND)

NARR: Tired, Eddie Reid? Want to call it quits? No? Well...
why not? What's making you go on? If Detective Harry
Miller had his way.....

MILLER: There's no sign of violence...no evidence of any crime.
What are we knocking ourselves out for?

NARR: How can you answer him? You don't know about the man
lying close to death in the ravine? All that makes sense
to you is the idea of a story....and a missing man
you've never met but whom you're fast getting to know.

MILLER: (SIGHS) Okay, let's try this one arm joint. Come on.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND OUT AS..)

(DOOR CLOSSES..SOME DISHES OFF)

MILLER: ~~How can food smell so different in so many places?~~

REID: ~~Where's the boss?~~

MILLER: ~~Probably eating across the street.~~

REID: There's a waitress coming out of the kitchen.

BARBARA: (OFF) Want some french fries on the side?...right.

MILLER: (PROJECTING) Oh, Miss.

BARBARA: (OFF) ~~Just a second...~~

MILLER: ~~Shall we sit or will it be too much trouble to get up
later.~~

REID: ~~How many more places you got on that list?~~

MILLER: ~~Only fifty.~~

BARBARA: (FADING ON) Get you gentlemen something?

MILLER: Yeah. What's your name?

BARBARA: Listen..

MILLER: Police officer.

BARBARA: Oh. My name's Knowles. Barbara Knowles.

REID: ~~Barbara.....~~ *Wait.*

~~Scene 12~~ -12-

MILLER: Don't think this is personal but what time do you get off tonight?

BARBARA: ~~What kind of question is that.~~

MILLER: I said it wasn't personal.

BARBARA: I don't get it.

REID: ~~Please, Miss.~~

BARBARA: One o'clock. Look, I got a right to know what this is all about.

MILLER: You sure do. You want the honor, Eddie?

REID: Miss, do you know someone named Matt Gibbons.

BARBARA: Matt...why...what's he done...what do you want.

MILLER: We'd like to know where to find him.

BARBARA: I..I don't know.

REID: Why won't you tell us? What are you frightened about?

BARBARA: Please. We're going to get married. See. Here's my ring. Matt gave it to me. Just today.

MILLER: Yeah. Nice. Nice and expensive.

BARBARA: He wouldn't do anything. Not now. We're going to be married. Honest.

MILLER: Where'd he get the money for that ring?

BARBARA: ~~I..I didn't ask him.~~

MILLER: ~~And he just bought it today, eh?~~

BARBARA: You fellows are all wrong. I swear. Why don't you tell me what you think he did. I'll prove he didn't do it. I'll prove it.

REID: You just tell us where to find him.

BARBARA: I don't know. Honest. He...he said he was going away for a few days. A business trip. He...(STOPS)...

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF)

REID: What's the matter?

MILLER: (LOW) Eddie...that guy who just came in.

BARBARA: (WARNING) Matt...⁹²⁸~~watch~~ out...Matt...

MILLER: (FAST) Hold it, Gibbons....get those hands up...
fast, feller, fast.

GIBBONS: Who are you guys? What's going on?

MILLER: Police officer.

GIBBONS: Police! What do you want me for?

MILLER: Empty your pockets on that table.

BARBARA: (~~SOBBING~~) ~~Matt..Matt...~~

GIBBONS: ...I didn't do anything....

MILLER: Empty your pockets.

GIBBONS: Sure. I got nothing to hide. Nothing. You fellows are
just making a mistake. I don't even know what it's
all about.

(STUFF ON TABLE WITH ABOVE)

REID: Where's the watch?

GIBBONS: Watch?

REID: The one you took from Captain Hansen.

GIBBONS: Hansen. What's he been telling you. I never took anything
from him in my whole life.

MILLER: You buy this ring today?

GIBBONS: That's right.

MILLER: What'd you pay for it?

GIBBONS: Why should I tell you that.

MILLER: How much.

GIBBONS: (HESITATING) Five..five hundred dollars.

REID: Harry..just what the captain was carrying.

GIBBONS: Listen, I won that money betting.

REID: What's the matter?

MILLER: (LOW) Eddie...that guy who just came in.

BARBARA: (WARNING) Matt..watch out...Matt...

MILLER: (FAST) Hold it, Gibbons....get those hands up...
fast, feller, fast.

GIBBONS: Who are you guys? What's going on?

MILLER: Police officer.

GIBBONS: Police! What do you want me for?

MILLER: Empty your pockets on that table.

BARBARA: (SOBBING) Matt..Matt...

GIBBONS: ...I didn't do anything....

MILLER: Empty your pockets.

GIBBONS: Sure. I got nothing to hide. Nothing. You fellows are
just making a mistake. I don't even know what it's
all about.

(STUFF ON TABLE WITH ABOVE)

REID: Where's the watch?

GIBBONS: Watch?

REID: The one you took from Captain Hansen.

GIBBONS: Hansen. What's he been telling you. I never took anything
from him in my whole life.

MILLER: You buy this ring today?

GIBBONS: That's right.

MILLER: What'd you pay for it?

GIBBONS: Why should I tell you that.

MILLER: How much.

GIBBONS: (HESITATING) Five..five hundred dollars.

REID: Harry..just what the captain was carrying.

GIBBONS: Listen, I won that money betting.

MILLER: Oh, sure.

GIBBONS: I did. I did.

MILLER: It'll be tough to prove, Gibbons.

GIBBONS: No, it won't. Here..the bookie's number is in my pocket.
Call him up. Go ahead. Call him.

MILLER: This is a pretty good night's work. I close up a
bookie and..I get you.

REID: Where's Captain Hansen? What did you do with him?

GIBBONS: I'm telling you the truth. Here. Call the guy. Call
him. He paid off only this morning.

REID: (HALF SIGHS) All right..Gibbons...let's have it...

(COIN IN BOX...DIALS)

REID: ~~hello...~~ *Ex 2-4371* *what's the number?*

GIBBONS: (~~BEAT...NERVOUSLY~~) Well...go ahead...ask him.

REID: ~~I can't.~~ The number's been disconnected. You've got no
alibi, Gibbons. No alibi at all. Now...where's
Captain Hansen?

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #301

-15-

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!

ATK01 0007267

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: In a deserted ravine outside the city, a man lies dying. -
But all that you and the police know is he's missing.
You think you're close to finding him now...very close.
And as you wait in Detective Miller's office.....

(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

MILLER: Okay, Eddie...I've got the check on Matt Gibbons' story.

REID: (EAGERLY) Well?

MILLER: His bookie went out of business this afternoon ... right after the gambling squad threw a raid at him. That's why you ~~got~~ a disconnect on his phone.

REID: (IMPATIENT) Where's he now?

MILLER: Downtown precinct. I just talked to him on the phone. Sorry, Eddie..but Gibbons' story is true. He did win that money on a bet.

REID: (DOWN) ~~No way Gibbons could have set up a story with him, I guess.~~

MILLER: Don't see how. The bookie's in enough trouble right now. Why stick his neck out on a missing person rap.

REID: (A LITTLE SICK) All that work..running around..

MILLER: Maybe it's like I first figured. Captain Hansen's having too good a time somewhere.

REID: No. Talk to his crew, you'd see. He wasn't that kind of guy. Harry...we've got to find him. Maybe he's hurt.. needs our help.

MILLER: ~~I'm with you, feller. But it's an awful big city...~~
~~Isn't it?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Big? That's a small word now...for~~ when you're looking
for someone, the city never ends. ~~Where are you going~~
~~to start again, Eddie Reid? Where?~~ ^{Reid} Don't waste any more
time. Don't follow any more bad leads. Be sure this
time...sure. Go back to the ship. Begin again in the
place which was much a part of the missing man's life.
Yes...go back.

(MUSIC: MUTED INTERMITTENT HARBOR SOUNDS, B.G.)

REID: I appreciate your letting me go through his cabin,
Mr. Carter.

MATE: Anything you want, Mr. Reid. It's yours.

REID: This desk locked?

MATE: No. Don't think so.

(OPENS A DRAWER)

MATE: There.

REID: I don't want to disturb the captain's personal things but
if I can get some sort of idea where he went last night...

(RUMMAGING)

MATE: I understand.

REID: What are these?

MATE: Official log book...immigration forms...

(CLOSES DRAWER)

(OPENS ANOTHER)

REID: Looks like some letters in this one.

MATE: The crew just had a meeting little while ago. They want
to go on shore, look for him themselves.

REID: Not a bad idea. They might spot someone who saw him.
Then maybe....hey.....

MATE: You find something?

REID: This letter.

MATE: What's it say?

REID: It's from a woman. She expected to see him. Listen...
(READS)I'm sorry that you're going away but at
least you'll be able to see the show tonight....be
sure to come, I'll be waiting anxiously for you...don't
disappoint me...

(MUSIC: -- -- WASHES OVER ABOVE...RIDES THEN MELTS INTO...)

ROSE: (READING) ...I'm going to sing all the songs you like....
and I got all new costumes. (STOPS READING) How'd you
get this letter Mr. Reid. What are you doing with it?

REID: It's yours then.

ROSE: What are you even asking for. I'm Rose Blake. You saw
the poster outside the club.

REID: Was Captain Hansen here last night?

ROSE: (A TRACE OF BITTERNESS) No. Look, I asked you a
question. Why'd he give you my letter?

REID: He didn't. I found it in his desk.

ROSE: Well?

REID: He's disappeared, Miss Blake. He left the ship last
night and he hasn't been seen since.

ROSE: (A LITTLE SICK) The Captain....

REID: This letter said he was coming here. I was hoping you'd
seen him...that you'd know where he went.

ROSE: No...no, I waited for him. Waited til they closed the club. But he never came in. (ALMOST TRAILING OFF)
~~Never came in.~~

(MUSIC: ~~IN GENTLY...BEHIND~~)

NARR: Is she lying...~~covering up for some strange reason.~~
Look at her carefully...~~try to see.~~ But no...this isn't an act she's putting on. Rose Blake, night club singer...glamorous, beautiful...seems to change before your eyes. She turns away...her face suddenly drawn into tight little lines of worry and fear.

ROSE: The good ones. Why does it always happen to the good ones?

REID: We're looking everywhere.

ROSE: Every time the ship docked...he'd come in here the first thing. Said he liked us...the whole show. We were fine. We were all going to get somewhere.

REID: ~~What time was he supposed to have come in last night?~~

ROSE: (LOST IN HER OWN THOUGHTS) That's the table he took... over there...ringside. Like a kid up in the gallery... on a Saturday afternoon...Didn't want to miss a thing.

REID: Miss Blake.....

ROSE: (STILL NOT LISTENING) ~~The first time he came back from a trip, he brought us all presents. From Paris. We never had anything like that before.~~

REID: Did you know any of his friends? Someone else he might have gone to visit.

Reid

ROSE: ~~Six~~ ² years I've been here. Six nights a week. College kids out for a big time...thinking it's funny when they throw pennies on the floor. Drunks who ~~think paying a check gives them the right to put their hands on you...~~ talk filth. But the Captain...~~whoever treated us that good?~~ Made us feel we were somebody to ~~BLM?~~

REID: Miss Blake, I appreciate how you feel. But if you know anything that can help us....

ROSE: I didn't see him.

REID: Maybe he mentioned another place where he sometimes dropped in...or a person he'd go to see.

ROSE: (UPSET) I don't remember.

REID: ~~Anything, Miss Blake, anything you can think of.~~

ROSE: ~~The way my head's going....~~

REID: Did any of you ever visit a restaurant with him...or another night club...? Some place where they seemed to know him. (SLIGHT BEAT) Well?

ROSE: The Glass Inn. He had his birthday party there. It's... it's sort of a road house.

REID: I remember the place. It's on the way to the harbor.

ROSE: (THINKING BACK) He called ~~the club~~ ^{club} from there once. (ALMOST LAUGES) You know why? He wanted us to sing to him. The whole show. I thought he was drunk but no.... he just wanted to hear us sing. Crazy, huh!..But we did it. Sang his favorite song right over the phone. (SUDDENLY DISTRAUGHT...ALMOST CRIES) Mr. Reid...where is he...where is he?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEQUE TO)

(PIANO B.G...ROADHOUSE)

SIKE: The Captain? Sure, Mr. Reid..he came in a lot. Real favorite customer here at the Glass Inn.

REID: When's the last time you saw him, Sike?

SIKE: Oh...I'd figure maybe....a week ago.

REID: He wasn't in here last night?

SIKE: I didn't see him.

REID: You're sure.

SIKE: I was out here myself all night, Mr. Reid. He was in, I'd have spotted him. Why...why are you looking for him?

REID: He's missing.

SIKE: Captain Hansen.....Hey...that's rough.

REID: Yeah.

SIKE: Well, a guy like the Captain. He'll show up. I'll... bet on it.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It's a bet you won't take...for the odds are too long now. A man gone this length of time...it points to only one thing. You don't like admitting it...but maybe it's about time you did. Captain Hansen is.....

(PHONE RINGING INTERRUPTS HIM...RINGS AGAIN.....

LIFTED)

REID: Reid speaking.....

ROSE: (FILTER) I've been calling you...calling you.

REID: This Miss Blake.

ROSE: Yes. Look, you know about that watch the Captain wore? The platinum one?

REID: Yes.

ROSE: Right after you left, some guy came in the club and he was wearing it.

REID: You sure?

ROSE: If it's not the Captain's...it's one just like it.

REID: Who is this fellow...did you ever see him before?

ROSE: No. He had a girl with him. She called him Georgie.

REID: What did he look like?

ROSE: Big, tall guy. He's a boxer.

REID: How do you know.

ROSE: He was telling her all about his fights.

REID: Okay, Rose, I'm going to hang up...get the police. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: -- SWIRLS IN BUSILY...UNDER)

NARR: Cops are smart...real smart. You remember what Detective Miller said. If something's happened, it's because of the watch. Okay, score one...but now, find this Georgie. This man who was wearing the watch. Find him.

MILLER: Sure, Eddie...but we just made a round of the clubs. He's not in any of them. What we do now is wait 'til morning, check the Boxing Commission for guys with the first name of Georgie. We'll find him all right.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

MILLER: How you doing, Eddie? Anything in your lists?

REID: Fifteen Georgie's so far. How about you.

MILLER: Six.

REID: It'll take days to pick up all these men, question them.

MILLER: (AN EDGE TO HIS TONE) Eddie, where'd you say the
Captain dropped in at sometimes. That roadhouse.

REID: The Glass Inn. Why?

MILLER: Here's a fighter named Georgie Farrell. And he gives
his address ~~at~~...the Glass Inn.

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

SIKE: Georgie Farrell. Don't know why you fellows should be
looking for him. ^{Just} Fine boy.

MILLER: Where is he, Sike?

SIKE: Training at the gym, I guess. Look, Mr. Reid here
was in before asking about Captain Hansen. You don't
think Georgie is mixed up in that, do you?

REID: You happen to notice what kind of watch he had on today?

SIKE: Haven't seen him. ~~There's~~ ^{He usually uses the} a back entrance to his room
upstairs.

MILLER: Thanks. We'll take a look.

SIKE: You're just wasting your time. Honest.

MILLER: Where's the key.

SIKE: Oh, I'll take you up.

MILLER: Let's go.

SIKE: Sure.

(THEY START WALKING...GO THRU A DOOR...TEEM UP
SOME STEPS)

SIKE: (WITH SOUND) Wish you'd tell me what this is all about.
I sort of look after Georgie. You know. (NO REPLY
AS THEY GO UP STEPS) I was a boxer once myself. Had
a good name....Kid Dakota. Georgie has a lot of
promise. Might fight in Los Angeles soon. Break for him,
eh?

(SOUNDS STOP...KEY INTO DOOR)

MILLER: I'll go in first, Sike. Comon, Eddie.

(DOOR OPENS...THEY WALK IN)

SIKE: What do you think you'll find in here?

MILLER: Mind if we have a look around?

SIKE: Help yourself.

(SOUNDS OF SEARCHING...CLOSET DOOR OPENS...)

CLOSES...RUMMAGINGIN DRAWERS)

MILLER: Cover that closet, Eddie.

REID: (BEAT) Don't see it around.

SIKE: I'll be glad to help. What are you looking for.

(SLIGHT BEAT...SHRUGS) Okay...it's your time.

(MUSIC: --- BEHIND)

NARR: Yes...but you can't be wasting it again. How can it be coincidence...a man wearing the same kind of watch.... living at the same place where the Captain used to come. Too many things tie in. . The answer has to be in this room.

MILLER: Don't see it around, Eddie.

SIKE: Wish I knew what you fellows were doing.

NARR: Detective Miller wants to leave...he's going toward the door. Look around, Eddie Reid...quick now..... quick. Is there any place you've missed...somewhere the watch could have been hidden.

REID: Harry, wait...

MILLER: What is it.

REID: Look...up there...in the ceiling...where the plaster's broken.

MILLER: Yeah...it's big enough to hide something....

REID: Give me a lift up there.

MILLER: (SLIGHT STRAIN) Set....up you go.....well?

REID: (JUST OFF...SLIGHT STRAIN) Something's in here...okay,
I'm coming down.....

(SLIGHT IMPACT AS HE LANDS ON THE FLOOR FEET
FIRST)

REID: (ALMOST TRIUMPHANT) ~~There....look....in this box....~~

SIKE: The watch...the captain's watch. Why...that rotten,
thievin' kid. Get my hands on him....I'll kill him.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BRIDGE)

(MAN COMING UP STAIRS...WHISTLING...STOPS...
PUTS KEY IN LOCK....OPENS DOOR)

GEORGIE: (WHISTLING STOPS SUDDENLY) Hey...who you guys?

MILLER: Police officer. You Georgie Farrell?

GEORGIE: Yeah. What are you doing in my room.

MILLER: Looking for this. A diamond studded platinum watch.

GEORGIE: Where...where'd that come from?

REID: More important...where's Captain Hansen.

GEORGIE: Who?

MILLER: You can stop the stall right now, Farrell. We've got
it on you good.

GEORGIE: I don't know what you guys are talking about.

MILLER: Eddie...ask Sike to come in.

GEORGIE: You're making a mistake. I never saw that watch before.

(DOOR OPENS)

REID: Comon in, Sike.

(SIKE WALKS IN....DOOR CLOSES)

REID: You were half right about this kid, Sike. He admits everything but he implicates you.

SIKE: (ENRAGED) He what...

GEORGIE: Sike, I...

MILLER: Shut up.

REID: Yeah. ~~He told how it was~~ your whole idea to rob the Captain.

SIKE: He's lying. He did the whole thing.

GEORGE: Me! Listen.....

SIKE: I should've thrown him out of here long ago. But I gave him a chance. ~~A chance.~~

GEORGIE: Talk, Sike, go on, talk. But I'm not taking the rap for you. I'm the stupid one you always said. Well, you sucker, I didn't tell these guys a thing. They trapped you right into it. Go on, talk...talk more. Because I'm going to tell them the truth. You guys.... listen...The Captain came in that night.

NARR: Yes. You listen. And GEORGIE: Sike said..let's get the whole sickening story comes out. How they tricked him into a back room...beat him...robbed him. All the details. Finally ending with the one you're waiting to hear.

GEORGIE: If you want to see where we threw him....I'll take you there.

(MUSIC: _ _ _UP AND OUT FOR)

(THE GENTLE WIND)

REID: How is he?

MILLER: We're too late. (SLIGHT BEAT) He's dead.

REID: Yeah. (SLIGHT BEAT) Funny how things work out.

MILLER: How do you mean.

REID: *The 1st time* He went through a whole war....dozens of convoys...
got shot at...risked his life. And when it was all
over, they gave him a medal...and *sent him* ~~a chance to come home~~..
...to this.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from J.
Edward Reid of the Portland Oregon Journal, 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 J. Edward Reid of the Portland Oregon Journal.

see attached
REID: Autopsy on Captain Hansen showed death was due to fall when his body was thrown into ravine. Georgie Farrell turned state's witness and was sentenced to fifteen years in state penitentiary. Bill Sike, who planned the robbery, received twenty years to life. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Reid ... 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 Savannah Georgia Morning News -- by-line, Pat Kelly, *the* Big Story of a reporter who ~~started on a story~~ ~~wasn't~~ wouldn't give up - and a man who gave up before he started.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television.

TELEGRAM

AUTOPSY ON CAPTAIN IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY REVEALED DEATH WAS DUE TO FALL IN
RAVINE. JURY RETURNED VERDICT OF GUILTY AGAINST MAN WHO PLANNED ROBBERY AND
HE RECEIVED LIFE SENTENCE. ACCOMPLICE, WHO TURNED STATE'S WITNESS, WAS GIVEN
A SENTENCE OF FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT SALEM AND WAS FINED
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS, THE FINE BEING MANDATORY IN OREGON ON A MANSLAUGHTER
CHARGE. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL NELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the front pages of the Portland, Oregon Journal. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Peter Hobbs played the part of Edward Reid. 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. Reid.

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

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #302

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
PAT KELLY	JIM STEPHENS
BILL	BILL LALLY
SARGE	DANNY COCK
ED	DANNY COCK
ROY	MANDEL KRAMER
OLLIE	CAMERON ANDREWS
STEVE	SCOTT TERRYSON
HANK	SCOTT TERRYSON
MRS. LANSING	HELEN BENNETT
HENRY	DAVID PHETTER

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1953

NBC

THE BIG STORY

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

FEBRUARY 25, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLINK OF GLASSES)

OLLIE: (A LITTLE DRUNK) Roy, what about Steve? He's ^{still} sleeping ^{still}
in the car and it's pretty cold out there ~~in the parking~~
~~lot.~~

ROY: Let him sleep, Ollie. He's dead drunk.

OLLIE: ~~Dead drunk. Yeah. Now there's a guy,~~ ^{you know} Steve's ^{in luck} He drinks,
he forgets. Not me. You see this here tattoo on my
wrist, Roy? ~~You see it?~~

ROY: Yeah.

OLLIE: ~~Read it. Go ahead,~~ read it.

ROY: (READS) "Born to Lose."

OLLIE: Yeah. That's me, Ollie Brooks. Born to lose. Never
did a thing right in my life. ~~Never made good in a~~
~~job. Never made a Buck.~~

ROY: Well, maybe tonight's the night, Ollie.

OLLIE: What do you mean?

ROY: No guy is born to lose. Sooner or later a guy gets
lucky. You stick with me Ollie and I'll show ya you
weren't born to lose. Tonight, I'll show ya you were
born to win!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ATK01 0007285

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Savannah, Georgia. 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 Savannah Morning News, the story of a ^{long time} reporter who ~~started on a story and~~ wouldn't give up ^{as started} and a man who gave up before he started. Tonight, to Pat Kelly of the Savannah Morning News, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #302

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: Savannah, Georgia. The story as it actually happened...
Pat Kelly's story as he lived it.

NARR: You are Pat Kelly of the Savannah Morning News. You've
worked on one paper or ~~the other~~ ^{in 1942} almost since the day
you got your first long pants. ~~Then came four years of~~ ^{You broke the codes and how to}
~~and stories and what~~ duty as an Army Combat Correspondent in the Southwest
Pacific. And after that, you got a little restless at a
desk, you liked to get outside, be on the move, get a
little closer to the point of action. For instance,
~~tonight.~~ Tonight you are out in a prowler car with your
good friend, Sergeant Bill Strawn of the County Police
~~early in the A.M., and~~ driving around the darkened
streets outside of Savannah. Every once in a while,
the voice of the Communications Sergeant at County
Headquarters comes through the car radio.

SARGE: (RADIO FILTER, BORED) ^{Car} Sixteen. Calling ^{Car} Sixteen.

BILL: OK, Dave. Go ahead.

SARGE: Investigate broken window drugstore, corner of Bull
Street and Sixth. May be attempted breaking and entering.

BILL: OK, Bull and Sixth. Got it.

(WE HEAR LIGHT CRACKLE OF RADIO UNDER)

BILL: (IN DISGUST) A broken window. You know what that
~~probably~~ means, Pat?

PAT: What?

BILL: Some kid ~~probably~~ came along, ~~got a notion~~, picked up a
rock and heaved it through a window.

PAT: You're a pessimist.

BILL: I'm tellin' you, Pat. Nine out of ten times it's a waste of gas.

SARGE: (FILTER RADIO) ~~Car Nine. Investigate Brush Fire near parade grounds, Forsythe Park.~~

PAT: ~~Looks like the other boys aren't getting much action either.~~

BILL: ~~Yeah.~~ Right now I'd settle for a good cup of coffee.

PAT: (A BEAT) Funny, your saying that, Bill.

BILL: Yeah? Why?

PAT: The last time I heard that expression, ^{was in the Terminal} a guy got killed.

BILL: What d'you mean?

PAT: We were riding along in a jeep through this jungle, on one of the Islands. It was pretty quiet that night and the guy in the seat next to me said those exact words, "I'd settle for a good cup of coffee". Right after that he got a sniper's bullet right through the head.

BILL: What brought that up.

PAT: I dunno. Something I just remembered. ~~It just goes to show you never can tell.~~

BILL: Yeah? Well, thanks for the memory.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A quiet night and a particular phrase, and in the midst of your memory, Pat Kelly, it added up to death. But that was years ago. And this is routine. This is Savannah. This is tonight. But just at this time, a big trailer rig is rolling up Route Seventeen, heading North from midway Georgia to a truck terminal close to Savannah.....

(TRUCK UNDER)

~~ED:~~ *Hank* Well, Hank, Kings Ferry is just ahead. We'll be wheeling this Big Bertha into the barn pretty soon.

~~HANK:~~ *Ed* Yeah. It won't be long before we'll be home. *Wick*

~~ED:~~ ~~We, I can't wait. Seems to me I been drivin' this truck forever. Got white lines dancin' in my eyes. It'll be good to get home.~~

HANK: Ed, what's it like? Bein' a married man, I mean? Findin' ~~a wife and three kids at the end of the road?~~

~~ED:~~ *(SOUND)* Well, you take ~~tonight.~~ *He* It's my oldest kid's birthday. Mary and I bought him a brand new bike. Nice shiny ~~spokes, painted blue with his name on it in gold lettering.~~ *He* Johnny hasn't seen it yet. We've got it hid in the garage. But when he wakes up in the morning, he'll go crazy.

HANK: No wonder you can't wait.

~~ED:~~ ~~Yeah. All the way up from Florida I been thinkin' of what the kid's face will look like when he sees it. I been thinkin' of what he's gonna say. I can see him now, hollerin' and dancin' and jumpin' up and down, and ridin' that bike around the block 'til his legs get so tired he can't stand up any more.~~

HANK: I kind of envy you, Ed. A single guy like me, what've I got to think of? A blonde? A bottle of bourbon? Maybe a shave and a shower --

ED: (SUDDENLY) Hank! Look ahead at the curve!

HANK: Yeah. Somebody's got car trouble. There are a couple of guys wavin' at us.

ED: We'd better stop and see if we can give them a hand.

HANK: OK.

(WE HEAR TRUCK SLOW DOWN TO STOP, MOTOR IDLES)

ED: You stay here, Hank. I'll get out and look it over.

HANK: Right.

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

(NIGHT SOUNDS IN B.G., CRICKETS)

(WE HEAR STEPS ON HIGHWAY)

(STEPS FINALLY STOP)

ED: (PLEASANTLY) Evening, Gents. Anything I can do to help?

ROY: Yeah. We had a breakdown. We figured maybe if we could get a tow into Savannah --

ED: (PLEASANTLY) Sure. Got a tow rope in the truck.

ROY: That's real nice of you, Mister.

ED: Glad to oblige. I'll just get it out of the back of the truck and --

ROY: (SUDDENLY HARD) Don't bother.

ED: Whad'ya mean?

OLLIE: Turn around and you'll see what we mean.

ED: (A BEAT) So this is a stickup.

OLLIE: That's right, Buddy. And don't try anything funny.

~~Right now you're at the wrong end of this here gun.
You play funny with me and you'll need a tow -- in an
ambulance.~~

ED: (COLD) You're what I call a couple of real heels. Here I stop to give you a lift and you pull this.

~~ROY: *Oh*: Never mind the chatter. ~~What've you got in that truck?~~~~

~~ED: ~~Nothing but produce.~~~~

ROY: ~~You're lyin'.~~

ED: ~~You don't believe me, take a look for yourself.~~

OLLIE: How much dough you got on you, Buddy?

ED: Ten Bucks.

OLLIE: Frisk him, Roy. I think this joker is lyin'.

ED: Why you dirty --

OLLIE: (IN SUDDEN ALARM) Don't do it, don't reach for that rock, Mister. I told you, don't --

(SCOT)

(A GROAN)

ED: (GASPING) You -- you lousy --

(THUD OF BODY TO GROUND.)

ROY: Ollie, you crazy fool! What'd you shoot for?

OLLIE: (JITTERY) I saw him tryin' to pick up that rock and I got scared. And I guess my finger slipped.

ROY: Get into the car!

OLLIE: (SCARED) Roy, I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean --

ROY: Get in the car, Stupid. There's another guy in that truck. He's comin'.

(WE HEAR CAR DOOR SLAM.)

(MOTOR STARTS, GEARS SHIFT, CAR DRIVES OFF FAST)

(STEPS RUNNING UP ON PAVEMENT AND STOP.)

HANK: Ed! ^{Ed} Ed!

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

NARR: ~~One by one~~ You and Sergeant Bill Strawn arrive at the drugstore with the broken window, and the City Police are already there. This is properly their jurisdiction and you leave the matter to them, get back into the car and just as you start to roll --

SARGE: (RADIO FILTER, NOW HE IS NOT BORED) Sixteen! Gar
Sixteen! Proceed immediately Highway Seventeen, South
of Kings Ferry. Truck holdup. Driver shot,
critically wounded. Acknowledge.

BILL: Got it Dave. We're on our way.

(MOTOR UP HIGH)

~~PAT: Funny~~

~~BILL: What's funny?~~

PAT: It's crazy. ^{Bill} It must be voodoo, black magic. All
you said was, "I'd settle for a good cup of coffee,"
just like that guy back in the jungle. And bingo!
Here we go again!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Highway Seventeen. A lonely stretch of tortuous~~
black asphalt, lined by dense forests festooned with
Spanish moss and bleak, desolate marshland. The smell
and the look and the feel of death. And you, Pat
Kelly, shudder a little. And now you reach the spot.
A truck driver, Ed Burleigh, lying on the ground,
bleeding, in a coma. And the other driver, Hank Mason
~~tells you and Bill Strawn~~

HANK: We stopped to give 'em a hand. Ed went to see what
it was all about.

BILL: Go on, Mason.

HANK: I saw 'em talkin' but I was sittin' in the cab ~~and~~
and I couldn't hear what they were sayin'. ~~One of the~~
~~guys had a revolver but I couldn't see that either.~~
Next thing I knew, I heard a shot and saw Ed drop.
Then I ran out.

PAT: You know how many men there were?
HANK: Two for sure, and I think a third.
BILL: A third man?
HANK: Yeah. I'm pretty sure. Saw him in my headlights.
He was sittin' in the back seat of the car, looked
like he was sleepin' or somethin'. ~~(RISING) The~~
~~crumbs, the dirty crumbs! Here Ed was tryin' to help~~
~~tear out of trouble and they do a thing like this.~~
~~Ed's got a wife and three kids waitin' for him at home.~~
~~If he dies --~~

ED: (IN A COMA, GROANS)

PAT: Bill, he's come out of it. He's conscious.

BILL: Ed. Ed Burleigh. Listen. Can you hear me?

ED: (PAINFULLY) I...hear....

BILL: This guy who shot you. What'd he look like?

ED: (PAINFULLY) Short...dark. Think he was drunk.

~~When he raised gun. I saw a tattoo...on his wrist.~~

BILL: What kind of tattoo, Ed?

ED: It was ... (SIGHS, AND GOES INTO COMA AGAIN)

BILL: Ed, ~~listen to me~~

PAT: It's no use, Bill. He's passed out again.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: They take Ed Burleigh to the Hospital in an ambulance
and you, Pat Kelly, go back to the office and start to
write ~~and you burn inside and you ask, why? Why?~~
but all you can ask yourself is
A man with a wife and three kids. A child's birthday,
~~a blue bicycle with gold lettering. The other driver~~
~~had told you all about it and in you, Pat Kelly, a~~
hate builds.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONTD)

~~A vicious and unrelenting hate.~~ It spills out of your heart and ~~out of your typewriter~~ and into the copy you write....

(WE HEAR TYPEWRITER CLACKING. THE TYPEWRITER STOPS.)

(PIECE OF PAPER RIPPED FROM TYPEWRITER.)

(CRACKLING OF PAPER.)

PAT: (READING, TIGHT, HE TRYs TO HOLD BACK ANGER) Tonight a man was shot down. Tonight a man hangs between life and death. A man with a wife and three children. A truck driver named Ed Burleigh. ~~A Good Samaritan of the road~~ whose only crime was to offer his hand in help. And this reporter who saw Ed Burleigh can only ask, why? Why this wanton, stupid and useless crime? Who are the men who committed it? Where are they now?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

ROY: Why'd you shoot him, you crazy fool? Why'd you do it?

OLLIE: (JITTERY) Roy, I dunno. I just dunno. I got panicky. My finger slipped.

ROY: (IN CONTEMPT) Your finger slipped! And maybe it slipped you into a murder rap.

OLLIE: ~~All my life it's been the same. I told you, Roy, and you wouldn't listen. All my life, I didn't do a thing right. Went to school as a kid and I busted out. Got married and that folded. Never could hold a job. Now this holdup. I butchered that too. Born to lose.~~

That's me, Ollie Brooks. From the day I come into this ~~world.~~ world. Born to lose.

ROY: OK. I'll let you cry on my shoulder some other time.
Right now we're broke. ~~Dead broke. We ain't got a~~
~~dime.~~ We're gonna need dough.

OLLIE: How we gonna get it?

ROY: Wait a minute, I just thought of something.

(CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR IDLES.)

OLLIE: What're you stoppin' the car for?

ROY: I wanna talk to Steve.

OLLIE: ~~What about?~~ He can't talk right now. ^{He's dead drunk} He doesn't even
know what's happened. He's been sleepin' in the back
seat ever since we left that bar.

ROY: I can try, can't I? Hey Steve! Steve, wake up!

STEVE: (MUMBLES, DRUNK) What-ish-it? Whatsamatter?

ROY: Steve, didn't you say your brother-in-law, Fred, up in
Savannah cashed an insurance policy the other day?

STEVE: (MUMBLES) Goway. Lemme 'lone. Lemme sleep.

ROY: Five Grand. Wasn't it, Steve? Isn't that what you said?

STEVE: (ALMOST OUT) Five Grand. Insurance policy. Don't
know. Don't care. Lemme sleep. (HE STARTS TO SNORE
AGAIN)

ROY: Laaaaah, you drunken Bum.

(CAR STARTS UP AGAIN AND UNDER.)

ROY: ~~Well, Ollie,~~ it's worth a try. ^{I'm sure} ~~It seems to me~~ Steve
mentioned that insurance dough the other day. ~~Just off~~
~~head, you know what I mean?~~ ^{Well,} ~~but~~ if it's there, it's
an easy touch for you to handle,

OLLIE: For me? Why me?

ROY: Because Steve's brother-in-law Fred and his wife know me. They've seen me with Steve, but they don't know you, Ollie. And I happen to know that Fred's out of town. That sets it up for you. All you have to do is walk in and take the dough.

OLLIE: Roy, I don't wanna. I'll mix it. I don't wanna.

ROY: You'd better. We need the dough, ~~see? For our~~ ~~getaway.~~ And for once in your life, Ollie, you'd better do ~~this job and do it right!~~ ² this job and do it right!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

KENNY: (A BOY OF ABOUT EIGHT, HE IS DRUGGED BY SLEEP) Mommy, Mommy!

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS.LANSING: What is it, Kenny?

KENNY: ~~I'm thirsty. I wanna drink of water.~~ ^{I thought I heard a noise}

MRS.LANSING: ~~All right, Darling.~~

(WATER POURING)

MRS.LANSING: ~~Here you are.~~

(KENNY DRINKS GREEDILY)

MRS.LANSING: ~~Feel better?~~

KENNY: ~~Um hum.~~ ^{This is the end...}

MRS.LANSING: Good. Now, go back to sleep, Kenny.

KENNY: All right, Mommy.

MRS.LANSING: 'Night.

KENNY: 'Night.

(DOOR CLOSE)

(BELL RING)

MRS.LANSING: (CALLS) Who is it?

OLLIE: (MUFFLED) It's your neighbor next door. I need help, Mrs. Lansing.

MRS. LANSING: Oh. Just a minute.

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS.)

OLLIE: All right, get back in.

MRS. LANSING: (STARES) What?

OLLIE: Back in the room, I said.

(DOOR SLAMS)

MRS. LANSING: What -- what do you want?

OLLIE: The money.

MRS. LANSING: Money?

OLLIE: ~~Don't play dumb, lady. I got no time to play~~
~~questions and answers, see? I happen to know you got~~
The Five Grand in insurance money layin' around the house.
Let's have it.

MRS. LANSING: There's no money here.

OLLIE: Look, lady. ~~I told you, don't play dumb with me.~~ I
shot a guy an hour ago and just because you're a woman
that ain't gonna make any difference to me. Now, are
you gonna give me that money or ain't ya?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND INTO:)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #302

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

SOUND: METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5 -

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute -

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL -

SOUND: (STOPS)

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: (CONTINUES) - the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: This longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler, sweeter
smoking - and - MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke
is filtered further through its traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

MORE

ATX01 0007299

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #302

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CON'T.

HARRICE: After 5 puffs, or 10 or 17 - by actual measure - your eyes can see that PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat -

CHAPPELL: - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: You get 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)

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

NARR: It's just breaking dawn and in your office at the Savannah Morning News, you, Pat Kelly, sit and wait. Wait for a man to live or die. Wait for the last paragraph on a sordid story. And again the question burns through your brain. Why this wanton, stupid crime? Who did it? A fool? A maniac? Who? And then --

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

PAT: Kelly, News.

SARGE: (FILTER) Pat? ^{Sgt} Dave Kane down at the Switchboard, Headquarters.

PAT: Yes, Dave?

SARGE: Got an item. Holdup over on Price Street. Man walked in, held up a woman named Lansing.

PAT: He do the woman any harm?

SARGE: No, she's OK.

PAT: How much did he get?

SARGE: Ninety-seven cents.

PAT: Ninety-seven cents? That's an odd figure, Dave.

SARGE: Not so odd. Mrs. Lansing has a son about eight years old. That's all the kid had in his piggy bank. Ninety-seven cents.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE INTO)

~~(BAR AND GRILL B.G. MAYBE WE HEAR JUKE BOX PLAYING OFF FOR COLOR)~~

~~(CLINK OF GLASSES)~~

OLLIE: ~~Ninety seven cents. That's all I got out of the whole deal.~~

ROY: Yeah. Like you said, you're a jinx, Ollie. Now I believe ya. Nothin' you ever do turns out right. In fact, maybe we shouldn't have stopped at this joint. It's only a mile from that Lansing house.

OLLIE: I had to stop for a drink, Roy. I just hadda.

ROY: OK. So you got your drink. Now we'd better get outa here.

OLLIE: Roy, we takin' Steve with us? He's still in the car. Out like a light, tryin' to sleep it off.

ROY: No. We'll just dump him here and get goin'. We're on the lam and wherever we go, he'd hold us up.

OLLIE: But if he talks....

ROY: Talks? You crazy? He's been on cloud eight for hours. Doesn't even know what happened.

OLLIE: But Roy, maybe we oughta take him home.

ROY: Take him home nothin'. He lives way over on the other side of town. We're gonna dump him up the road a ways. Now, let's go!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Pat Kelly, ~~on the basis of the phone call you got,~~ head for the Lansing place. And you say to yourself, this seems to be a night for heels. ~~How low can you get? A truck driver with a wife and three kids, ninety-seven cents out of a kid's piggy bank. How low can you get?~~ *Shot a net now* You arrive at the house a few minutes after the City Police leave, talk to the woman, Mrs. Lansing.

MRS. LANSING: I thought he was going to kill me, Mr. Kelly. He said he'd already shot a man an hour before.

PAT: An hour before? He said that?

MRS. LANSING: Yes. Another funny thing -- He knew all about us. He knew that my husband, Fred, was out of town. He knew that Fred has cashed an insurance policy. Lucky for us, Fred had put the money in the bank just before he left yesterday.

PAT: I see. And you never saw the man before.

MRS. LANSING: No. He was a complete stranger to me.

PAT: Can you describe him?

MRS. LANSING: Well, he was a short man, dark, very nervous, it seemed to me. And he was drunk.

PAT: You sure of that, Mrs. Lansing?

MRS. LANSING: Yes. I smelled liquor on his breath and he staggered when he walked. You know, Mr. Kelly, when my son Kenny, wakes up he'll be heartbroken. Fred and I bought him that big piggy-bank as a Christmas present.

PAT: Mrs. Lansing, did he say anything, anything at all that might give you a hint as to who he was?

MRS. LANSING: Why no. When he got the money out of the piggy-bank, all I heard him say was "that's me. That's me all over. Born to lose."

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Somewhere, Pat Kelly, somewhere deep in the recesses of your mind, a bell jangles. Somewhere in your body a nerve quivers.~~ Could this be the same man who shot down Ed Burleigh, the truck driver? Could it? Everything adds, everything jibes. Short, dark, drunk. You talk to Sergeant Bill Strawn.

BILL: It's possible ^{but} it could be a different, man, Pat.

PAT: But I told you, Bill, she gave me the same description of the guy. He was drunk, small and dark. And I figured it out on a time basis. He had just about enough time to get from that spot on Route Seventeen to Mrs. Lansing's house. It works out just about right.

BILL: You're reaching, Pat. It's wild.

PAT: Is it?

BILL: Sure it is. Three men in a car hold up a truck way out on Route Seventeen. One man holds up a woman in old Savannah, robs a piggy-bank of ninety-seven cents. Don't tell me there's a connection.

PAT: But this man said he'd shot a guy earlier that evening.

BILL: Sure, Pat. ^{he said} ~~sure~~ ~~maybe~~ he did. But it figures he was trying to scare this Mrs. Lansing. A crook pulling a holdup might say just that. It's happened before.

PAT: Bill, I'm sure there's a connection. I'm sure that somehow the two things are locked in side by side. I know it's wild, but you can't sluff off the description.

BILL: OK, Pat. You like your theory, you keep it. Anyway, this Mrs. Lansing deal is a little out my jurisdiction. I'll work on it sure, but I'll have to work with the Savannah City Police.

PAT: Well, it's your deal too, Bill, if it's the same holdup man.

(PHONE RING)

BILL: Oh, hold it a second, Pat.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BILL: Sergeant Strawn, County Police. Oh, yes Joe.
What? (THEN QUIET) I see. (SIGHS) Well, that's
that.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

PAT: Anything I should know?

BILL: (HEAVY) Pat, you were just talking about this
holdup man on Route Seventeen.

PAT: Yes?

BILL: Better change that, from holdup man to killer. ~~Just~~
~~got the word from the hospital that the truck driver,~~
that was
Ed Burleigh, just died.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now, ^{there's} a mixture of emotions ~~tumble and seethe~~ inside
you, Pat Kelly. ~~Indignation,~~ ^{pity} for Ed Burleigh's
family, anger and hatred for the man responsible, a
~~weary futility at the knowledge these things happen,~~
and a determination to find this killer and his
friends. But all you've got is a vague connection.
That's all you've got. And you go back to Mrs.
Lansing's house to see whether she can tell you
anything else, anything. Mrs. Lansing isn't home
but her son, Kenny, is

KENNY: Gee, you're a real reporter, Mr. Kelly? Honest?

PAT: That's right Kenny. When will your mother be home?

KENNY: ~~She went down to Bay Street, down town. I guess~~
she won't be home for a couple of hours. ~~Gee, Mr.~~
~~Kelly, what's it like being a reporter?~~ You here
looking for clues?

PAT: I guess you might say so, Kenny.

KENNY: Like the tattoo, huh? Is that what you're looking for?

PAT: Tattoo? What tattoo, son?

KENNY: Why the man who held up my mother had one.

PAT: (A BEAT) How do you know that?

KENNY: ~~Well you see,~~ when this man came in I was awake. I heard him talk through the door and I was pretty scairt. I opened the door a little ~~and looked through.~~ And there was this man with a big gun and pointing it at my mother and I saw this here tattoo on his wrist.

PAT: You sure, Kenny? You're not making this up!

KENNY: Honest, Mr. Kelly. Honest, I saw it!

PAT: What did the tattoo look like?

KENNY: ~~See,~~ I dunno. I was too far away to tell. ~~It looked like letters. Blue letters. I guess my mother didn't notice it, but I did.~~

PAT: Did you tell your mother about it?

KENNY: Sure I did. Later this morning.

PAT: Then why didn't she call the police?

KENNY: ~~See,~~ I dunno. She said something about leaving sleeping dogs lie.

PAT: (SLOWLY) She did, eh?

KENNY: Yeah. But if you want some more clues, maybe you oughta ask my uncle Steve.

PAT: Steve? Your uncle Steve? Why should I ask him?

KENNY: 'cause he was in the car outside. The one the holdup man jumped into.

PAT: (STARES) Your uncle was in that car? You're sure?

KENNY: Sure, I'm sure. I oughta know my uncle Steve when I see him. I looked out of the window and there was my uncle Steve fast asleep in the back seat. ~~I got to thinkin' of it and it seemed mighty funny.~~

PAT: ~~You told your mother about this, too?~~

KENNY: ~~Sure I did.~~

PAT: ~~What'd she say?~~

KENNY: ~~The same thing all over agin. "Let sleeping dogs lie."~~

PAT: ~~I see, Kenny, do you know where ^{live} your uncle lives?~~

KENNY: ~~Uh-huh.~~ He lives at the Triangle Rooming House over on Fourth Street.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you're sure. It has to be the same man. The business about the tattoo on the wrist. That makes it for sure. And Uncle Steve. Now he begins to fit in. Obviously, he's one of the three men. And just as obviously, Mrs. Lansing was trying to protect him. You get in touch with Sergeant Bill Strawn. This is a police job now, not yours. And about an hour later --

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

PAT: Kelly, News.

BILL: (FILTER) Pat, Bill Strawn. We checked this man Steve Lansing at that Fourth Street address.

PAT: And?

BILL: And he doesn't live there any more. He checked out yesterday ~~without any forwarding address.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: After that, you get on the phone, call the Lansing house again. Mrs. Lansing still isn't there, but Kenny is ...

KENNY: (FILTER) Gee, Mister Kelly, I thought you only wanted to know where my Uncle Steve lived. That's all you asked me, wasn't it?

PAT: Why, yeah, Kenny. Yeah. You see, we're looking for your Uncle Steve and I thought maybe if you knew somewhere else he might be --

KENNY: ~~Well, gee~~ whiz, why didn't you say you wanted to see him. I could have told you where he is, easy. I just thought you wanted to know where he lived.

PAT: You know where he is now?

KENNY: ~~Sure I do.~~ He's upstairs ~~in our house~~. Asleep in the spare room. He's been there ever since early this morning.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

STEVE: (WITH A HANGOVER) Look Sergeant, look Mr. Kelly, I had nothing to do with what those two other guys did. I passed out and slept through everything.

BILL: (SKEPTICALLY) You did, eh?

STEVE: (DESPERATELY) My Sister will tell you. Tell him, Ellen.

PAT: (QUIETLY) All right, Mrs. Lansing, suppose you tell us.

MRS. LANSING: It's true Mr. Kelly. Steve came to my house terribly drunk. This was after you were at my house. I sent him to bed, then my son, Kenny, told me that he'd seen Steve in the car.

PAT: But you didn't call the police?

MRS. LANSING: No. I couldn't believe what Kenny told me. I planned to ask Steve about it as soon as he could talk. And you've got to believe me in this. If my Brother here was in any way guilty, I would have turned him over to the police.

STEVE: Ellen, Ellen. I don't know anything about it. I'd been with these other two men, these two friends of mine, and we'd all got ~~loaded~~ ^{drunk}.

BILL: Go on, Lansing. What's the rest of it?

STEVE: I'm telling you! ^{SqV} we all got drunk and I passed out. I remember something about riding in the car. Next thing I ~~knew, I woke up beside the road, near freezing to death.~~ ^{remember I was walking along the} Then I saw I wasn't far from Ellen's house, so I came here.

BILL: And you don't know a thing about any truck driver held up? Or about your own Sister?

STEVE: So help me, may I be struck down dead here where I stand if I'm lying.

PAT: Who were the other two men, Lansing?

STEVE: One was Roy Small and the other Ollie Brooks.

PAT: Which one had the tattoo?

STEVE: Why, Ollie. He had a blue tattoo "Born to Lose". But how did you know that?

BILL: Never mind that now, Lansing. Where can we find Brooks and Small?

STEVE: Brooks has a mother. ^{ing} She lives in a suburb of Spartanburg, South Carolina. ^{he} Brooks told me many times that if he ever had to hid~~o~~ut, that's where he would go.

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

NARR: The Spartanburg Police pick up Ollie Brooks and Roy Small. Mrs. Lansing and the truck driver, Hank Mason, both identify Ollie. Bill Strawn starts to grill Ollie and finally --

OLLIE: All right. All right. What's the use? I did it. I killed that truck driver, and I held up Mrs. Lansing.

BILL: And Roy Small?

OLLIE: He was in on the deal with me right from the beginning.

PAT: What about Steve Lansing?

OLLIE: He had nothing to do with it. He was drunk, all through everything. Didn't even know what happened.

BILL: Why'd you do it, Brooks?

OLLIE: Why'd I do it? ~~That's a funny question to ask a guy like me, Sarge. Why'd I do it?~~ You wanna ask me a good question? Why was I born? ~~Take a guy like me. I never had any luck. Grew up as a kid and never had any luck. Tried everything. Tried to work, couldn't make a go of it. Got married, couldn't make a go of that. Took to drinking and even that didn't help. Tried a holdup and look what happened. I killed a guy. Tried another one and what did I get? Ninety seven cents. I got a murder rap hangin' over me. Some guys would get ten years, maybe twenty, maybe life. ^{but not me} But I'll get the chair. And you know why? Because a guy like me was born to lose.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ (CURTAIN)_

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from
Pat Kelly of the Savannah Ga. Morning News with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE) _

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #302

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally
fine, mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S
cooler, sweeter smoking. But more important, after
5 puffs, or 10, or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S
greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke
further on the way to your throat - filters the smoke
and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the finest
quality money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous
Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And -- they are mild!

ATX01 0007312

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Pat Kelly of the Savannah Ga. morning news.

KELLY: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS RIGHT. HE WAS BORN TO LOSE. BOTH MEN WERE SENTENCED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, THE CASE WAS APPEALED. BOTH THE CHATHAM COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT AND THE GEORGIA SUPREME COURT DENIED THE APPEALS AND BOTH MEN WENT TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ON SCHEDULE ^{AT} ~~AT~~ ^{at Reidsville} THE STATE PENITENTIARY. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Kelly ... 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 Yonkers, N.Y. Herald Statesman -- by-line Douglas R. Wildey, ^{the} A Big Story of a criminal who wanted to see his name in the paper and a reporter who made him wish he hadn't.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

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

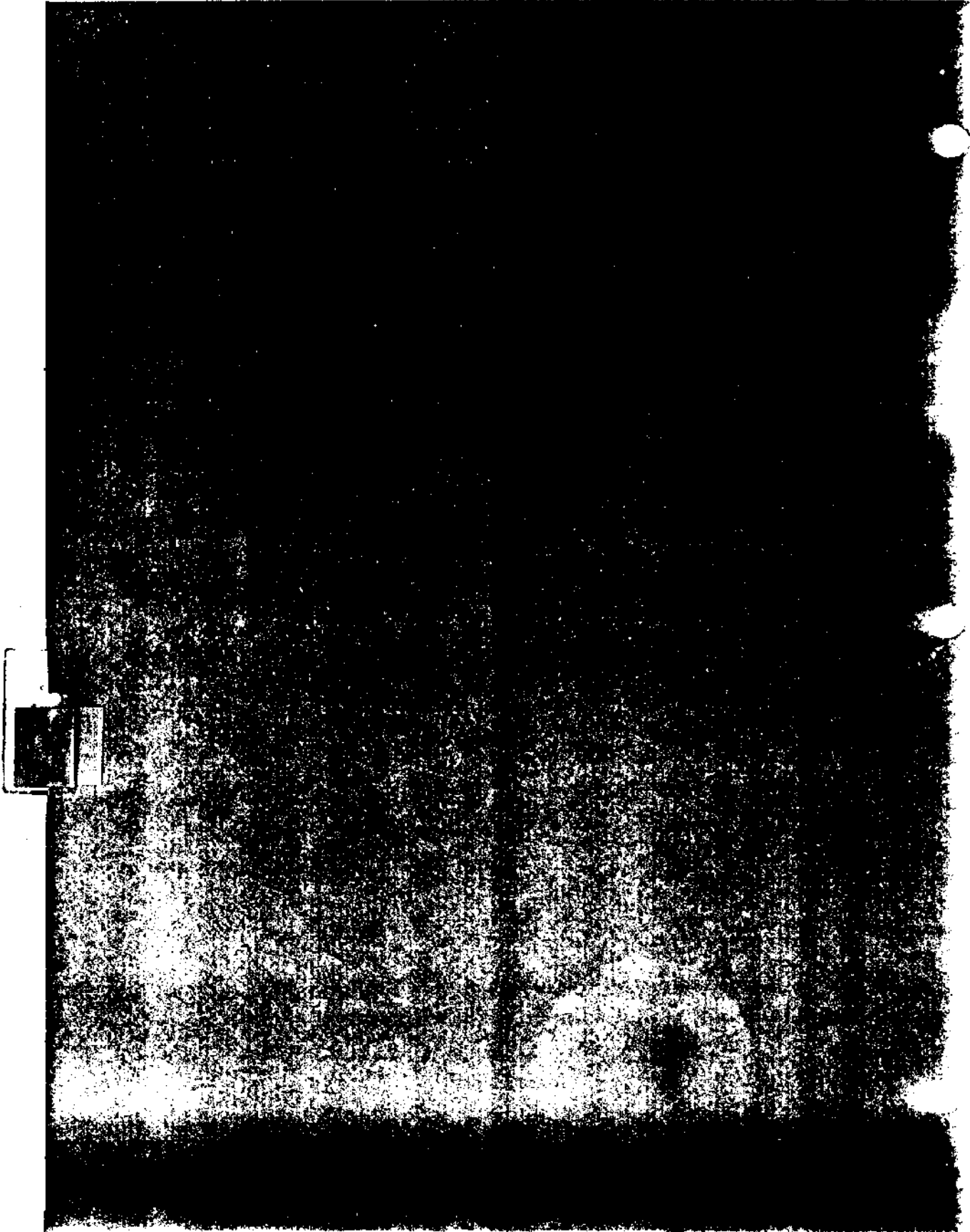
(MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehslick from an actual story from the front pages of the Savannah Ga. Morning News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jim Stephens played the part of Pat Kelly. 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. Kelly.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

IS/e1/AB
2/11/53 pm



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #303

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
NEWTON	ED FULLER
WATCHMAN (DOUBLE)	MAURICE WELLS
COP (DOUBLE)	MAURICE WELLS
DOUG WILDEY	BERNIE GRANT
EDITOR	ELAN HEWITT
NICK	MICKEY O'DAY
JEAN (DOUBLE)	MARLENE PITCOE
BABY (DOUBLE)	MARLENE PIERCE
SUE	AMZIE STRICKLAND

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1953

ATX01 0007316

NBC

THE BIG STORY

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

MARCH 4, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

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

(FOOTSTEPS)

WATCHMAN: 'Morning, Mr. Newton ..

NEWTON: Good morning, Sam. How'd it go last night?

WATCHMAN: Had men watching the laundry front and back,
That burglar'd have to be superman to break in again.

NEWTON: Glad to hear it.

(KEY IN LOCK)

I'll open her up.

WATCHMAN: Yes sir.

(DOOR OPEN)

NEWTON: You can take off now, ^{Sam} Long as I'm here I -- (STOPS)

WATCHMAN: (OFF A LITTLE) Something the matter...?

NEWTON: The cash drawer...it's open! He broke in again!

WATCHMAN: (COMING ON) What the?---but he couldn't!

NEWTON: (ANGRY) You got eyes! Take a look! What kind of a
watchman are you anyhow? Three robberies ---

WATCHMAN: Nobody could get in --they couldn't. It's --it's
like those crimes you read about in the detective
books...It's ~~like~~ ---the perfect crime!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0007317

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Yonkers, New York. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Yonkers Herald Statesman, the story of a criminal who wanted to see his name in the paper --- and a reporter who made him wish he hadn't. Tonight, to Douglas Wildey for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #303

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GRUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL.
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Yonkers, New York. The story as it actually
 happened -- Douglas Wildey's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Douglas Wildey are a young reporter, Young ---and
 ambitious. Like any newspaperman worth his salt, you
 have moments when you sit at your desk and dream about
 the big one --the front page story you'll cover some
 day. But in all your dreams, you always see yourself
 going out to get it ---you never dreamed that one
 day it would come to you.

(SLIGHT CITY ROOM BG)

EDITOR: Hey, Doug. Grab your phone, will you?
 I'm tied up and I want to transfer a call to you,

DOUG: Okay, Jim.

(PHONE PICK UP)

Wildey speaking.

NICK: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, are you a reporter?

DOUG: That's right.

NICK: I'm just calling to give you a tip. I figure you
 mustn't know about it or you'd be running a front
 page story on it.

DOUG: On what?

NICK: The perfect crime.

DOUG: The what?

NICK: The perfect crime. Didn't the police tell you about
 the laundry robberies..?

DOUG: I don't remember any--

NICK: (CUTS IN) You'd remember them all right. I guess the police are keeping it quiet to save face. It's this mystery burglar, see? He's robbed the laundry three times. The police are going crazy.

DOUG: Well, look, I --

NICK: You're missing a bet not to run a story on it. You see, the way I figure it ..it's more than just a laundry robbery. It's a great criminal mind at work. Get it? A great criminal mind --- baffling the police. Isn't that worth a story?

DOUG: I'll check it. May I have your name and address, please?

NICK: Oh, you don't need that. Goodbye.

(DISCONNECT CLICK)

DOUG: Hey wait, I --- (THEN A SOUND OF DISGUST)

(HANG UP)

EDITOR: (COMING IN) What did he want, Doug?

DOUG: He was calling about a three time laundry robbery. We didn't have any police notification on that, did we?

EDITOR: No. Get down to headquarters, Doug. See if they're holding out on us.

DOUG: All right. ^{line} I --

(PHONE RING)

Hold it.

(PHONE UP)

DOUG: Willey talking ...

NICK: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Wildey ...I was just thinking...
about those robberies...

DOUG: You're the man who just called, aren't you?

NICK: Yes ...Look, I was just doing my duty as a citizen,
you understand? I don't know anything about these
crimes. It's just my duty as a citizen.

DOUG: Yeah ... yeah ... well, if you'll give me your name
and address just the same ...

(PHONE DISCONNECT)

We make a policy to ...(CUTS) Hellohello.....

(PHONE REPLACED)

EDITOR: What's up?

DOUG: (FAST) I'm going to get Jean to trace that call.

(FAST STEPS, AS HE GOES FADE IN)

JEAN: (OFF) Herald Statesman ... one moment please ..yes please..

DOUG: Jeanthat call you just gave me ...

JEAN: (COMING ON) Oh, I disconnected it, Mr. Wildey...weren't
you finished?

DOUG: He hung up. Can you trace it?

JEAN: I don't know...I --

DOUG: Try it ...and hurry.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: She tries. But it's no use. Maybe it's just a crank,
sure ... but then again, maybe it isn't. You get down
to police headquarters ---fast.

COP: A crank? I wish it was, Doug. *Heu.*

DOUG: Then there have been three laundry robberies?

COP: There sure have. (FAST) And don't start giving me the
business about holding out on the papers...

DOUG: But you did hold out ..

COP: For a reason.

DOUG: (ANNOYED) What reason? We're in business to publish news. We ---

COP: Will you listen, instead of flying off the handle? We wanted to keep it quiet because we figure that way, the burglar will try again and we can nab him. Splash it all over the papers and you'll scare him away. That make sense to you, reporter?

DOUG: (STILL MAD) A story's a story, I --

COP: (FIRM) I said --that make sense to you, reporter?

DOUG: (PAUSE. GRINS) Yeah. It makes sense.

COP: When it's cracked ...I'll give you full particulars. Meanwhile, keep it quiet. And if that guy calls again.. let us know, pronto. Is it a deal?

DOUG: It's a deal.

(MUSIC: __ BRIDGE)

DOUG: So that's how it stands now, Jim. But if I could just crack the case ...

EDITOR: "Young reporter clears up crime."

DOUG: Go ahead. Have your laughs but -- if that guy who called...if he's the one who's been pulling these jobs.. he..well, he didn't sound like a crook.

EDITOR: So maybe he isn't. *He isn't*

DOUG: He sounded like just a kid, ~~a pretty sure of himself,~~
a smart little kid
~~cockeyed kid.~~ Maybe he's no good and never will be.
But I love it. I think it's smart
~~But maybe he's just a guy on the wrong track.~~

EDITOR: Now you're just guessing.

DOUG: Not even guessing. Just wondering. Wondering what kind of a guy tries to plan ... the perfect crime ..

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE INTO)

SUE: (CALLS) Nick...Nick? Did you get the bread I asked for this afternoon? I need to --- (STOPS. THEN) Nick.

NICK: (ABSENT) Mmmm? *Daddy*

SUE: (NOT UNPLEASANTLY NAGGING, BUT WEARY) Every time I see you you've got your nose in another detective story. Can't you find anything else to do?

NICK: Hmmm?

SUE: You've got a stack of them in the book case. And ~~that's~~ ^{new} a new one you're reading now. We could use the money for something else. We could use the time you spend reading them for something else too. Something like you looking for a job. I --- (STOPS) Nick.

NICK: Mmmm?

SUE: (PLEADING) Can't you listen to me?

NICK: Oh ... sure baby ...sure. Finished it anyway. Lousy story.

SUE: Then why do you bother? Why can't -

NICK: The killer started off all right, see? Had the man in the locked room. But then you know what the fool does? Right when he's got everybody up a tree, he comes back --

SUE: I don't want to hear about it.

NICK: (ANIMATED) It's always the same. It's not the detective or the cops that are smart --it's the crook that's always dumb. That's why he gets caught. Now the way I figure it--

SUE: (WEARY) I don't want to hear the way you figure it, Nick.

NICK: Huh?

SUE: You've always got the answer haven't you? Nobody's bright except Nick. Nobody knows except Nick.

NICK: Can I help it if I've got it figured out?

SUE: (TIRED) Sure, you've got it all figured out. Figured out how to lose a job...figured out how you're not going to bother to get another one. Okay ...figure out how to feed yourself and your wife and a new baby on nothing a week.

NICK: Listen, Sue..If you're bright enough...you don't need to work.

SUE: (SADLY) Nick...are you ever going to grow up?

NICK: Grow up? I ---

SUE: You're about the same age inside your head as you three months old son. He cries, he thinks the whole world will fall down. He's got to be picked up,..he thinks everything's supposed to stop...everybody's supposed to come running to him. Okay. He's three months old. You're supposed to be a grown man.

NICK: All right. All right. Just you wait. Just you see. Just you keep your eyes on Nick, that's all. I'm going to do big things ...maybe I already started doing big things..

SUE: What?

NICK: Just you wait. Maybe some morning you'll pick up the paper and see --- (STOPS, THEN) Just you wait.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

EDITOR: Anything new on that burglary ~~business~~, Doug?

DOUG: No, ^{it's} this fool business about --the perfect crime.
Looks like maybe it is.

EDITOR: No such thing, Doug.

DOUG: No? Watchmen ^{watched} ~~were~~ guarding the place after the first robbery. ^{or are they} Twice the burglar slipped in ~~at night~~ past their noses. The doors were watched, all the windows are barred, it reads like a first class detective yarn.

EDITOR: Look, the smartest crook always gets too smart for himself. This guy will too.

DOUG: If he'd just call again ..we could hold him on the line and trace the call...

EDITOR: Don't worry. Sooner or later...he'll make a mistake.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(BABY CRYING)

NICK: That's what they all do, sooner or later. Make a mistake. Sue, this last story I read, see...the fool crook ...

SUE: Hand me the talcum ...

NICK: Huh? Oh ...(THEN) This crook made the haul in marked bills, see? So instead of ---

SUE: Nick ...please...let's talk about something else.

(BABY CRIES AGAIN)

(SOOTHING) Sure ..sure...lie down, sweetie ...

NICK: I'm only trying to prove it to you. It's because they don't have brains ...

SUE: And you do.

NICK: Yes!

SUE: Oh, Nick ...

NICK: Okay ...okay ... (THEN) Morning paper come yet?

SUE: You asked me that twice already. You can hear it thump when the boy throws it. I --

(SLIGHT THUMP OFF)

There it is now ..

NICK: I'll get it.

(FAST STEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPEN)

SUE: All of a sudden the news is the big thing.

(RUSTLE AS HE LEAPS EAGERLY THROUGH)

For a week now. Before, you never looked at the paper. Now it's paper, detective stories ..paper, detective --

(SHE CUTS AS)

(PAPER CRUMPLED UP AND THROWN TO FLOOR)

NICK: (A SOUND OF ANNOYANCE)

SUE: What's the matter?

NICK: Of all the fool ---

SUE: Fool what?

NICK: Nothing. I mean --the paper. There's nothing in it.

SUE: Nothing in it about what?

NICK: Just --nothing worth reading.

SUE: (AFRAID) Nick ..Listen ..I haven't said anything. Oh sure, I've picked on you ..but I haven't asked questions. No questions about what you do when you go out late at night ..no questions about where you're getting the money for books and magazines.

NICK: So?

SUE: So now I'm getting scared. You're acting like you're in trouble.

NICK: I'm not in any trouble.

SUE: I read the paper every morning too. I don't know what you're looking for. You know what I look for? Something crooked. Robbery maybe. Maybe something worse. I haven't found it - yet. And every morning when I don't find it .. I thank God.

NICK: Don't worry about me, Susie. Even if I did do something ..I'm not saying I ever did ..but if ...they wouldn't catch me.

SUE: (AFRAID) Nick don't talk like that.

NICK: That one mistake, I wouldn't make it. I --

SUE: Don't talk like that! --I'm afraid to hear any more.

NICK: Where are you going?

SUE: Market. Keep an eye on the baby. (PAUSE. THEN) Nick ..

~~be careful.~~

Nick: ~~what~~ (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

Sue: ~~the baby~~ (PAUSE. THEN BABY WHIMPERS)

NICK: Okay, feller, take it easy. Here ..want to play with some newspaper?

(BABY GURGLES)

NICK: Thatsa boy. (THEN) You know something, Nicky? That newspaper ...your Pop ought to be in that newspaper. You got a pretty wise apple for a father, you know that? He can fool everybody ..cops...watchmen...everybody. They ought to write a story about your Pop, Nicky. The story of the perfect crime.. the guy who never made a mistake. (THEN) And I think I better see to it that they do just that.

-13-

(FOOTSTEPS TO PHONE. PHONE UP)

(HE DIALS 0)

NICK: Operator? Give me the newspaper ..the Herald
Statesman.

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0007329

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #303

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

SOUND: METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5 -

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute -

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL -

SOUND: (STOPS)

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: (CONTINUES) - the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: This longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler, sweeter
smoking - and - MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke
is filtered further through its traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

MORE

ATX01 0007330

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #303

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONTINUED

HARRICE: After 5 puffs, or 10 or 17 - by actual measure - your eyes can see that PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat -

CHAPPELL: - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: You get 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)

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

NARR: A locked, guarded laundry ... and a burglar who got in anyway...a sure, certain burglar..who knew he could commit the perfect crime..because he would never make that one mistake...and then...in the city room...the phone rings ...

(PHONE RINGS. AND RINGS AGAIN)

EDITOR: That's your phone, Doug.

DOUG: I -- I know. Do you think it's him?

EDITOR: Only one way to find out.

DOUG: (TENSE) If it is - I'll give you the sign. Have the call traced.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

DOUG: Wildey talking...

NICK: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Wildey ...you didn't take my tip.

DOUG: I -- I didn't quite catch that. (LOW, FAST) This is it, Jim. (UP) What did you say, please?

NICK: You didn't take my tip. About that perfect crime case. It's still going on, you know.

DOUG: Oh...I'm glad you called. No, I didn't print anything. I -- I couldn't get enough in the way of details.

NICK: Well, I can give them to you. Newton Laundry. Broken into three times. The doors were locked and the windows barred, but this master criminal got in anyhow. Rifled the cash drawer. He didn't crack the safe. My -- my hunch is, it isn't the money he's after so much as to show he can do it...show how he can fool the cops.

DOUG: I see. That's very interesting.

NICK: He took some clothing too. Some overcoats. And he's done it three times, Mr. Wildey. Three times. The cops are going crazy.

DOUG: Yes, I know.

NICK: You see, he never makes a mistake. Maybe you could use that to start off your article...the criminal who never makes a mistake.

DOUG: That's a great idea. Now --

(HE CUTS AS HE HEARS A SOUND ON FILTER. A
BABY CRYING)

What's that?

NICK: (RATTLED) Nothing ... just a noise. Look, I gotta hang up. Just remember, Mr. Wildey, he never makes a mistake. I think that's worth a story, don't you?

(PHONE UP ON FILTER)

DOUG: Yes, I -- (THEN) Hello? Hello?

(PHONE UP)

(ELATED) Jim..we got him. We got him cold!

EDITOR: (COMING IN) Doug...

DOUG: He gave me all the details of the crime...He couldn't have known that unless he was the one. I'll get right down to headquarters. Give me the phone number he was calling from and --

EDITOR: We didn't get it, Doug.

DOUG: Didn't -- but I --

EDITOR: He was too fast. It takes time.

DOUG: But I signalled you. I --

EDITOR: I know. But this isn't police headquarters, kid. It's a newspaper. We're not set up for that kind of detective work.

DOUG: (SUNK) He makes his one mistakeand so what?

EDITOR: Let the cops figure out what. Take the information down to them.

DOUG: Sure. I'll take it. (THEN) Only, what information?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

COP: I think you've given us plenty of information, Doug. We know now for sure that your caller is the burglar himself.

DOUG: (LOW) For what good it does us.

COP: Well, let's piece it together. A young guy. Sounds almost like a kid. And from what we can see of the robberies, it's someone who's familiar with the layout of the laundry.. maybe a former employee. It's narrowing down.

DOUG: (SIGHS) I suppose so. *Heard*

COP: Now ... anything else you remember...? any trick of speech.. pronunciation...?

DOUG: No...

COP: Think. Something that didn't seem important...but still might give us a lead.

DOUG: (SLOWLY) I don't -- (THEN) Hold it. Just before he hung up, I heard a sound over the phone...

COP: What?

DOUG: I don't know exactly. At the time, it sounded familiar but I couldn't place it. I even asked him what it was but he just got rattled and...(THEN SUDDENLY) A baby!

COP: What?

DOUG: (EXCITED) A baby crying. That's what it was.

COP: You're sure?

DOUG: Yes. I'm sure that's what it was.

COP: Okay. We're going to talk to Newton...the laundry owner.
See if we can dig up any former employees who had
young babies. Come on.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

(RIFFLE OF PAPER)

NEWTON: Yes. Here we are Lieutenant. The name is Kyles. Young
man...discharged about a month ago.

DOUG: Did he have a young baby?

NEWTON: That's right.

COP: What job did he hold here, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON: ^{He was} He was a watchman...in charge of security!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

COP: Everything all set, Doug?

DOUG: I think so. Lieutenant. These two phones are rigged up
on the same extension so you can hear both ends of the
conversation.

COP: Okay. Fine. Now here's the number I got from Newton.
The name is Kyles, remember. Call him, talk to him..
and take your time. Make good and sure you recognize
the voice -- if you do.

DOUG: Okay. Ready?

COP: All set.

(NUMBER DIALLED IN CLEAR. PAUSE. RINGING ON FILTER)

NICK: (FILTER) Hello?

DOUG: Mr. Kyles?

NICK: That's right.

DOUG: Oh, Mr. Kyles, this is Doug Wildey...the Herald Statesman.
I just wanted to thank you, for those tips you gave me on
the laundry robberies.

NICK: Laundry robberies? Gee, I'm afraid you have the wrong
number....

DOUG: This is Mr. Kyles, isn't it?

NICK: Yes, but...I never called you...I think you must have me
mixed up with another Mr. Kyles....

DOUG: Oh, I see. Well, in that case, I'm awfully sorry.

NICK: Oh, that's all right.

DOUG: Well, sorry to have bothered you. Goodbye.

NICK: Goodbye.

(PHONE UP)

COP: He sounded on the level, Doug.

DOUG: (EXCITED) Well, he wasn't. That's him! That's the guy!

COP: Are you sure?

DOUG: Sure I'm sure...Are you going to pick him up?

COP: Doug ... do you know the penalty for false arrest?

DOUG: But I tell you it's him!

COP: If you're wrong, he can sue you -- and your paper -- for
every cent you've got.

DOUG: (BEAT) Yeah. I suppose so.

COP: It could break you financially.

DOUG: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah.

COP: So what do we do?

DOUG: (PAUSE. THEN) Pick him up. He's the one. I'm sure of it.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

(DOOR BELL RING)

(DOOR OPEN)

SUE: Yes? (THEN, SEEING COP) Oh..

COP: Mrs. Kyles?

SUE: Yes?

COP: Your husband home?

SUE: Well, yes but..

COP: Like to talk to him please.

SUE: (QUIET) Come in.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You go in. You sit, uncomfortable, on a stiff chair, waiting while she calls her husband...and you, Doug Wildey, know one thing for sure. It isn't going to be fun. A nice wife..a baby -- you see the bassinet pulled up in one corner of the living room -- you don't like to be the one responsible for sending a young ^{Kid} father like this to jail. But he's a criminal. (THEN) Or is he?

(MUSIC: OUT SHARP)

NICK: I think you must have me mixed up with someone else, sir.

COP: Doug?

DOUG: I'm afraid not, Mr. Kyles.

NICK: But ---

DOUG: I talked to you on the phone several times....

NICK: Look, I don't mean to be fresh or anything...but voices on the phone sound pretty much alike.

COP: Doug...maybe you'd like time to think it over...

DOUG: I tell you I don't need time. I -- (HE STOPS)

NICK: What's the matter?

DOUG: These laundry checks on the table. They're from Newton laundry ... are they yours?

NICK: (AMUSED) Well, now look, just because I use the laundry
doesn't mean I robbed it.

DOUG: I said --- are they yours?

NICK: Sure, but --

DOUG: If they're yours, why is the name on the check John
Fielding. Your name is Kyles, isn't it?

NICK: (SUDDENLY) Give me those...

COP: (SHARP) Hold it, mister. Lemme see those checks, Doug.

NICK: (RATTLED NOW) Using a different name doesn't mean
anything. I got fired from there. I didn't want to use
my real name because I was fired. I was afraid they
wouldn't do as good work. I --

COP: You can save it, mister.

NICK: But it doesn't prove anything. You --

DOUG: Maybe the phony name doesn't prove anything, Mr. Kyles,
but the way you jumped to get those laundry checks away
from us proves plenty. It proves you're nervous -- rattled.
That's a mistake. That one mistake.

COP: Suppose you start talking, Kyles. Start by telling us how
you got in to rob the laundry.

NICK: (A LAUGH) So I did have you fooled on that - huh, copper?

COP: (FAST) Then you admit it?

NICK: I -- I didn't mean to say that!

COP: But you did. Okay, how'd you get in?

NICK: The barred windows, when I was still working at the laundry,
I sawed out the bars and then put them back.

DOUG: For the love of --

NICK: Pretty dumb of you, copper. I'm surprised. A little thing like that and you couldn't figure it out. Pretty dumb.

COP: (GOOD NATURED) Sure, sure..all cops are dumb...and all crooks are smart. Real smart. But you want to know a funny one? I'm dumb, and you're the one with brains. But you're going to end up behind bars -- and I'm the guy who's going to put you there. Can you figure that one, mastermind? (THEN) Okay...get going.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: They leave then. But you, Doug Wildey, you stay behind. You feel there's something that has to be said...some kind of apology that has to be made to Nick Kyles' wife, ...Only...what can you say? How can you put it?

DOUG: (UNCOMFORTABLE) I - I just don't know how to say it, Mrs. Kyles....

SUE: (QUIETLY) There isn't anything you have to say.

DOUG: Sure there is. I'm the guy who turned him in, you know.

SUE: Yes. I know. And I'm glad.

DOUG: Glad?

SUE: You don't understand that, do you?

DOUG: Well, I just thought -- I mean, if you love someone...

SUE: I never said I didn't love Nick. But I know him. I know him through and through. And I've been waiting for something to make him grow up. You know...it's funny...he's going to be more upset at the fact that he didn't fool the cops than he will be at having to go to jail.

(PAUSE. THEN)

How long will he get?

DOUG: Probably four months or so.

SUE: I have an idea those four months are going to be pretty good for Nick.

DOUG: Well, if you look at it that way. I -- I just don't like the idea of being the one to send a man to jail.

SUE: Sure. Only you know what, Mr. Wildey? If there was anything I'd ever say to you about it - it would just be ...thanks..From me...and -- some day -- from Nick.

(MUSIC: _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Doug Wildey of the Yonkers New York Herald Statesman 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 Douglas
Willey of the Yonkers, New York Herald Statesman.

WILLEY: IN COURT BURGLAR IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY AT FIRST
PLEADED INNOCENT AND LATER CHANGED HIS PLEA TO
GUILTY AND ADMITTED THE CRIMES. HE WAS SENTENCED
IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY TO THE PENITENTIARY. MY
SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Willey....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 Columbus Ohio Dispatch -- by-line
Jack G. Shough, ^{the} Big Story of a reporter who
found a sordid tragedy and trapped a pathetic
killer.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another
different Big Story on television.

(MUSIC: THEME PIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Yonkers New York Herald Statesman. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bernard Grant played the part of Douglas Wildey. 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. Wildey.

(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 SERIOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.
This is N.B.C.....the National Broadcasting Company.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #304

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLCANE
JACK SHOUGE	BILL SMITH
WAFL	CAMERON PRUDEHOMIE
ART (BELL HCP)	GILBERT MACK
BARTENDER #1	GILBERT MACK
PAIGE	LIN COOK
WALKER	LIN COOK
MATRON	HELEN CHCATE
FLORA	GRACE KEDDY
BRCOME	TED OSBORN
BARTENDER #2	HAROLD HUBER

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1953

PAIGE: (A GASP) Good Lord!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Columbus, Ohio. 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 Columbus Dispatch, the story of a reporter who found a sordid tragedy and trapped a pathetic killer. Tonight, to Jack G. Shough of the Columbus Dispatch, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #304

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.
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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: Columbus, Ohio. The story as it actually happened.....

Jack Shough's story as he lived it.....

NARR: You're on the "Swing" beat of the Columbus Dispatch,
Jack Shough. That means you cover County, Federal
and Police news. You point with pride to the fact
that for seventeen years you've covered every major
fire and murder in Franklin County.
And right now you're standing in Room 310 of ^{a cheap} ~~the~~
~~Circle~~ Hotel, in Columbus. On the floor lies a shabbily
dressed blonde, stabbed to death eleven times. You and
Detective Chief Henry Wahl of Homicide talk to the Night
Manager.....

WAHL: This Bellhop's name. Give it to me again, Paige...

PAIGE: (NERVOUSLY) Messick. Art Messick. As I said, Chief
he was prowling around the corridor outside on his night
off. Looked mighty suspicious to me and I thought --

WAHL: (INTERRUPTS) Yeah, yeah. You already told us. We know
what you thought.

PAIGE: (JITTERY) Think what it means for the reputation of
this hotel. Why, it'll be ruined. Ruined. And when
Mr. Bedell hears of this, he's the owner you know,
I don't know what'll happen. I just don't know what
he'll say --

WAHL: Look, Paige, pull yourself together. We've got a corpse
here without a name. You know who she is?

PAIGE: Never saw her before in my life.

JACK: Then this wasn't her room?

PAIGE: No. Mr. Shough.

WAHL: Whose was it?

PAIGE: A man named Smith. Took the room this evening.

JACK: Just Smith?

PAIGE: Fred Smith.

WAHL: Fred Smith. That ought to be a big help. And you didn't see Smith or this blond go upstairs?

PAIGE: No sir, I didn't. I might've been in the office, or upstairs at the time.

JACK: Can you describe this man, this Smith?

PAIGE: ~~Don't remember much about him, Mr. Shough.~~ A narrow face, dark complexion, brown eyes, smelled whiskey on his breath. But I tell you, if anybody did this, it was Messick. He must have been in Room 310 while I was coming up the elevator.

JACK: You don't seem to like Messick, Mr. Paige.

PAIGE: Didn't like him when I hired him. Had shifty eyes, and an arrogant manner. But I was strapped for help, and took him on.

WAHL: Where's this bellhop's room, Paige?

PAIGE: At the end of this corridor.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You stare down at the blonde, and you echo the question, why? Why was she stabbed eleven times. Why was the killer so fiendish. You look at her clothes, and something you see stirs your memory. But nothing definite, not yet. You join ^{Chief} Henry Wahl as he searches the bellhop's room.

WAHL: Jack, look here.

JACK: A knife.

WAHL: Yeah. And honed like a razor, sure looks like ~~its~~ ^{Chief} Messick.

JACK: But there are no bloodstains on the knife, ~~Henry~~. And if the bellhop stabbed the woman, why would he bring it back here? Wouldn't he take it with him?

WAHL: Not if he could help it. Figure it out. After he stabbed her, he probably came back here, washed off the blood, and put it away. He didn't want to get caught carrying a bloody knife.

JACK: What about Fred Smith?

WAHL: We'll talk to him as soon as he shows. Meanwhile, I'm sending out a pickup order on Art Messick!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

ART: (JITTERY) Look, Chief I'm tryin' to tell ya. When I came by, I saw the door to 310 open. I looked in and then I saw this dame on the floor.

WAHL: I see. Messick you just walked in and saw her on the floor.

ART: Honest, So help me! I never touched her. I took one look and I pulled out of there, fast. And then I saw Mr. Paige coming up the corridor.

JACK: Why didn't you tell him about the body, Messick?

ART: I was scared. I didn't want him to pin the rap on me, see? I didn't have nothing' to do with it.

WAHL: You're lying, Messick.

ART: I'm tellin' ya. I didn't have nothin' to do with it.

WAHL: Then how do you explain this knife?

(KNIFE THUDS ON TABLE.)

ART: (A BEAT) Where did you find that?

WAHL: Don't play dumb, we found it in your room. I suppose you're going to tell me it isn't yours.

ART: It's my knife all right. But you're crazy if you say I killed her. Why should I kill her? I didn't even know the dame.

JACK: Maybe you walked in to steal something, Messick. The woman was there, she started to scream. Maybe you lost your head and stabbed her. Maybe you went a little crazy, and kept stabbing her.

ART: I didn't, I didn't!

WAHL: After that, you took the knife back to your room, washed off the blood, put it away. Then you came out into the corridor. That's when you met the Night Manager.

ART: It's a lie! The whole thing's a lie. You got no witnesses. Nobody saw me do anything. I didn't do anything. I didn't murder any dame, I tell ya.

WAHL: (QUIETLY) And that's all you've got to say, Messick? That's all you want to tell us?

ART: I'm tellin' you the truth, Chief.

WAHL: (PAUSE) All right, ~~Messick~~. ^{Now} But suppose you start at the beginning and tell me the truth all over again.

ART: ~~Go ahead, keep me here. Grill me all you want. I told you what I know and I got nothin' else to say.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You leave Jack Shough but in your mind, there is the question, who is the dead woman? And in your mind also, ~~there is a picture of the blonde on the floor.~~

Something about her clothes, something familiar you've seen before. You ask Paige the hotel manager to let you in the room again, take a long look at the dead woman's coat.

JACK: Paige.....

PAIGE: Yes, Mr. Shough?

JACK: Take a look at the lining of this woman's coat. Notice anything unusual about it?

PAIGE: Why, no. It's cheap, shoddy, ~~of course.~~ Looks as though it were cut from an old Army blanket and sewed on. ~~But why, Mr. Shough? Why are you interested in it?~~

JACK: I've seen that material before.

PAIGE: Yes? Where?

JACK: Right now, I don't know. But somewhere I've seen it.
Sooner or later I'll remember where. ~~Sooner or later.~~
And when I do, ~~I'll~~^{you} have the answer.

PAIGE: The answer to what?

JACK: The identity of this woman. Her name, who she is,
where she came from. And, maybe, how she got here.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You cut off a piece of the blanket, go back to the
office, stare at it, rack your brain. Where have
you seen it before, Jack Shough? Where? And then,
suddenly, a nerve quivers, a picture leaps into your
brain.....You've got it. The Women's section of the
City Prison. You get over there fast *--talk to the Supt*

JACK: *Mrs Scott*
Matron, look at this piece of cloth.

MATRON: Yes?

JACK: Look familiar to you?

MATRON: Why, yes. It's the same *material - Helen* stuff our blankets are made *the hell*
of here. But Mr. Shough, *where did you get it?* what *--?*

JACK: I cut this scrap from the lining of a dead woman's
coat. A blonde. I figure maybe she was a prisoner
here. Maybe she cut up one of the prison blankets
~~and made that coat lining from the material.~~
You recall any of your prisoners doing that?

MATRON: You said she was a blonde.

JACK: Yeah. Straw-colored hair, pale blue eyes.

MATRON: That would be Flora Downs.

JACK: Flora Downs?

MATRON: No doubt about it. I remember her cutting up one of our blankets, and we had to discipline her for it. We didn't know why she did it, at the time. She was released last Christmas. Funny woman, this Flora Downs.

JACK: In what way?

MATRON: She was ~~a regular here~~. In and out ^{of here all the time} An alcoholic. But not vicious like so many we get here. Flora was different.

JACK: In what way?

MATRON: She was a gentle kind of woman. Sort of sentimental, I guess you'd call it. Had a big heart, couldn't stand to see people suffer. Especially if they were helpless. The women here all like her.

JACK: You know where her home address was?

MATRON: Don't think she had any address. Guess she just drifted around from bar to bar.

JACK: From bar to bar.

MATRON: That's right. A wonderful woman, but she couldn't leave the stuff alone. I'm sorry to hear she's dead, ~~Ma, Shough.~~ This world would be a much better place to ~~live in if there were more people like Flora Downs~~ ~~drunk on sober.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

WAHL: Nice work, Jack. Very nice.

JACK: Thanks, ^{Chief} Henry. At least we've got an identify ^{now} now.

WAHL: Sure. But it doesn't change anything. I'm holding onto that Bellhop, ^{and} Messick.

JACK: You're ~~still~~ ^{still} convinced he killed Flora Downs?

WAHL: Yup. He keeps sticking to the same story, but I still think he's lying. Sooner or later I'll know for sure.

JACK: ^{Chief} ~~Henry~~, one thing bothers me.

WAHL: What's that?

JACK: This man Smith. Fred Smith. The man who took the room. He never came back to the hotel, did he?

WAHL: No. I had a couple of men waiting for him, but he never showed. We're still looking for him.

JACK: All right. You've got the bellhop. But what about Smith? How did Flora Downs get up into his room? Did she know him, or didn't she? Who is Fred ~~Smith~~. Where is he? How does he figure in all this?

WAHL: You're asking some big questions, Jack.

JACK: I know. And I'm not going to be satisfied, until I get some big answers!

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #304

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

(METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5 -

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute-

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL -

(STOPS)

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: (CONTINUES) - the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: This longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler, sweeter
smoking - and - MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke
is filtered further through its traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #304

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CON'T)

HARRICE: After 5 puffs, or 10 or 17 - by actual measure - your eyes can see that PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat -

CHAPPELL: - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: You get 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)

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

NARR: Detective Chief Henry Wahl is holding a bellhop, for the murder of Flora Downs. But in your mind, Jack Shough, is the nagging insistent question: what about the mysterious occupant of Room 310. What about Fred Smith? Then you remember what the prison matron said. If you go from bar to bar, maybe you'll learn more about Flora Downs. And when you do, maybe you'll find the link to Fred Smith. And so you start. The cheap bars in the shabby neighborhood one by one. And finally....

BARTENDER 1: Sure. Sure, I knew Flora. She hung out in every bar up and down the street. So somebody bumped her off huh?

JACK: That's right, Bartender.

BARTENDER 1: Gee, I'm sorry to hear that. I liked Flora. Everybody liked her. Never had any dough, bummed a drink wherever she could find it. But there was a kid with a big heart.

JACK: Do you know whether she was in here Thursday night?

BARTENDER 1: Thursday night. Thursday night. Lemme see. Why, yeah. Come to think of it, she was.

JACK: Alone?

BARTENDER 1: She came in alone, except for a cat in her arms. A mangy, hungry alley-cat. She came in shaking. I knew she wanted a drink, bad. But she asked for milk for the cat first.

JACK: And she was here alone all evening?

BARTENDER 1: No. A guy picked her up later, bought her a few drinks.

JACK: You knew this man?

BARTENDER 1: No. He was a stranger to me. We got a lot of these barflies in here, drifters.

JACK: Did he and Flora go out together?

BARTENDER 1: Yeah, they did. Must have been about eleven o'clock.

JACK: Remember what this man looked like?

BARTENDER 1: Seems to me he was dark and wore a brown coat. That's ~~about~~ all I remember.

JACK: ~~And you're sure you never saw him before?~~

BARTENDER 1: ~~None.~~ Like I said, he was a stranger. Just a guy named "Smith."

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A ~~guy named Smith~~. You call ^{Chief} ~~Henry~~ Wahl at Headquarters, tell him what you've learned. And you both go back to the ~~Circle~~ Hotel, talk to the Night Manager, again.

WAHL: Paige, you saw this man Fred Smith, when he checked in.

PAIGE: Yes ~~sir~~. ^{Chief}

JACK: Was he wearing a brown coat? ^{Wahl}

PAIGE: A brown coat? (DUBIOUS) I don't ~~know~~. I don't quite remember.

WAHL: Try to think, Paige.

PAIGE. Why, no. He was wearing a gray leather windbreaker.

JACK: You're sure?

PAIGE: I'm positive.

JACK: (DISAPPOINTED) A gray leather windbreaker.

WAHL: (WITH A SIGH) Well, Jack. I guess that's the end of that.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But not for you, Jack Shough. You're not giving up, not yet. You want to find this man Smith. So -- you start the rounds again. The cheap bars, again, one by one.

BARTENDER 2: ~~Yeah~~, yeah. Flora Downs was in here Thursday night.

JACK: With a man?

BARTENDER 2: Yeh, ~~yeh, with a guy~~.

JACK: What did he look like?

BARTENDER 2: Don't remember much about him. Dark-face, I remember. Wore a brown coat.

JACK: They go out together?

BARTENDER 2: Funny you should ask that, Shough.

JACK: Why?

BARTENDER 2: Because it so happens she went out of my joint with another guy.

JACK: (STARES) You're sure?

BARTENDER 2: I'm tellin' ya, ain't I?

JACK: Bartender, look. Did this other man wear a gray windbreaker?

BARTENDER 2: Why, yeah. How'd you know?

JACK: Never mind that now. How come Flora took up with this second man?

BARTENDER 2: Well, it was this way. She comes in with this guy in the brown coat, see? But there's this other character, the one with the gray windbreaker sitting at the bar. You follow me?

JACK: Go ahead.

BARTENDER 2: Well, this guy at the bar was stiff. Really loaded, if you know what I mean. And sick, plenty sick.

JACK: Sick?

BARTENDER 2: Yeah. White as a sheet, and the fever bustin' out sweat all over his face. The minute Flora saw him, she got rid of the guy in the brown coat. She was always a sucker for anybody who was sick or lonesome or down on his luck. Anyway, this guy (FADE) starts to give her a hard-luck story -

BROOME: (THICKLY) Talk about hard luck, Lady. That's my middle name. I spent years in this hospital, see? Gallopolis Hospital. Finally they tell me I'm okay. And then you know what happens?

FLORA: What?

BROOME: I can't get a job. Nobody will give me a job. Nobody wants a guy that's been in an institution.. And then I get sick, all over again. The way I feel now, I'd just as soon step out in the gutter and die.

FLORA: You mustn't say that. You mustn't get discouraged.
~~Oh, I know how you feel. Believe me, I know how you feel. You mustn't get discouraged.~~

BROOME: Yeah? Well look at me. ~~Go ahead, lady.~~ Take a good look at me. What do you see?

FLORA: I see a fine man.

BROOME: No you don't. ~~Let's face it, lady.~~ I'm a no-good, drunken bum, out of work, out of dough, ~~out of friends.~~ I haven't got a friend in the world.

FLORA: But you're wrong. Oh, my dear man, you're so very wrong. You see, you have a friend.

BROOME: Yeah? Who?

FLORA: Me.

BROOME: (SUDDENLY SUSPICIOUS) Look, lady. What is this?
What's your pitch?

FLORA: I don't know what you mean.

BROOME: Why should you be interested in me? What do you care about me?

FLORA: You're sick and you're alone. I don't even know your name, but you need help. It's a terrible thing to be sick and alone. ~~Why~~ I know. I've been the same way myself, so many times. And I felt so many times that if somebody only reached out a hand toward me, ~~if someone only smiled at me, then I could smile again.~~

BROOME: Lady, I don't get you. You one of these Salvation Army dames or something?

FLORA: No. It's just that I want to help you.

BROOME: ~~Lady, I don't know what to say. I don't know whether to even believe you. I don't even know whether you're real.~~

FLORA: ~~Oh, I'm real all right. I just can't bear to see anybody suffer. Is that so hard to believe?~~

BROOME: ~~I don't know. I just don't know.~~

FLORA: ~~Trust me. From now on, you're not alone any more. I'm going to help you in every way that I can. Now, let me~~ ^{Here} feel your forehead. (A PAUSE) ~~It's so hot. You poor man.~~ ^{When?} You're burning up with fever. We've got to do something about that, ~~and right away.~~ You've got to get to bed, take some medicine, ~~get some rest.~~

BROOME: But lady, I --

FLORA: No. Don't argue with me. Just listen to me. Where do you live?

BROOME: I took a room ~~at the Circle Hotel~~ tonight.

FLORA: The Circle Hotel. All right. I'm bringing you home.
But first we'll stop and get some medicine. After that,
(FADING OUT) you're going straight to bed.

BARTENDER 2: (FADING IN) After that, Shough, they got up and walked
out. This guy was so sick he could hardly walk.
Flora
She had to help him out.

JACK: I see. ~~It's hard to believe.~~

BARTENDER 2: ~~People like Flora Downs are always hard to believe.~~
~~They only make one in a million.~~

JACK: Bartender, ~~listen~~. Did you happen to catch this man's
name?

BARTENDER 2: I heard 'em mention it when they were goin' out.
I didn't quite catch it for sure, but I think he told
Flora his name was Brown. Ernest Brown.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

WAHL: (FILTER) Then Fred Smith is really Ernest Brown?

JACK: That's right, Chief. Ernest Brown, the man who checked
in at the ~~Circle~~ Hotel, Room 310. Any word on him yet?

WAHL: (FILTER) No. The pickup order is still out.
But we haven't found him.

JACK: There's one way we might get a lead.

WAHL: (FILTER) What's that?

JACK: Suppose you and I take a ride up to Gallopolis Hospital
and talk to the Superintendent..

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

WALKER: Brown? Ernest Brown?

WAHL: ~~That's the man we want, Mr. Walker. The name mean~~
~~anything to you?~~

WALKER: ~~No sir.~~ We never had a patient by that name here at the hospital.

JACK: You're sure of that?

WALKER: I've checked our records over the last five years, Mr. Shough. There isn't any Ernest Brown. We had an Ernest Broome, ~~but that's something else again.~~

JACK: Broome?

WALKER: Why, yes. ^{here it is} B-R-O-O-M-E. One of our more unstable patients. Had deep fits of despondency.

JACK: Brown, Broome. Chief, wait a minute. Those names are pretty close. Maybe the bartender heard it wrong. Maybe he thought it was Brown, but it was really Broome. Mr. Walker - how long ago was this man Broome released?

WALKER: About six months ago.

JACK: You have his home address? ^{23 West 4th St Columbus}

WALKER: ^{Here it is} ~~Got it in the files. Give me five minutes and I'll have it for you.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~He gets it for you. The address is~~ ⁱⁿ an attic room on East Livingston Avenue, Columbus. You and Chief Wahl go there. You find Broome still drunk. He gives up without a struggle.

BROOME: All right. All right. I did it. What's the use of lying? What difference does it make any more? I killed Flora Downs.

WAHL: You'll sign a statement to that, Broome?

BROOME: I'll sign anything you want. Only let me alone. Please let me alone.

WAHL: Not until we get the story. The full story.

JACK: Why did you register at the hotel under the name of Smith?

BROOME: Because I did a stretch at Mansfield Reformatory for armed robbery. They let me out on parole and I broke it.

WAHL: Why did you kill Flora Downs?

BROOME: I can't tell you. I can't tell you why. If I did, the words would stick in my throat. Every time I think of it, I feel like a low-down heel.

JACK: Why did you kill her?

BROOME: Isn't it enough that I said I did it? Do I have to tell you why?

WAHL: We want to know why, Broome. We understand this woman was trying to help you.

BROOME: She was. I know it now, she was. That's what makes it so hard to talk about. If I told you what I did, me, Ernie Broome, you wouldn't believe it. You couldn't believe it. You couldn't believe that a guy could sink so low.

JACK: Tell us, Broome.

BROOME: All right. I was sick, see? I was sick and drunk. I met Flora. She said she wanted to help me, got me medicine, took me to my room.

WAHL: Go on.

BROOME: ~~I kept telling myself, this can't be true. The whole thing's phony. I kept asking myself, what's her racket?~~
We went through the lobby, nobody saw us. We went (FADING) upstairs, and then....

FLORA: (FADING IN) What you need is rest, Ernest. Rest and plenty of medication. I don't like that fever you're runnin'. It's a little too high to suit me.

BROOME: (STILL DRUNK) I don't get it. I just don't get it.
Why are you doin' this, Flora?

FLORA: Because you're a human being, Ernest. Because you need
help. And because you'd do the same for me.

BROOME: ~~You think so?~~

FLORA: ~~I'm sure of it. You're a good man, I can see it in
your face. I have an instinct for good people. And I
don't like to see anyone suffer.~~ Now, first we'll
take off your shoes....

(CLUNK OF SHOES ON FLOOR.)

FLORA: Now let me have your coat.

BROOME: Okay.

FLORA: Now we'll just hang up your coat and --

BROOME: (INTERRUPTS)(SHARP) Flora!

FLORA: Yes?

BROOME: What're you doin' with my wallet?

FLORA: Why, it just dropped out of your coat, Ernest.... ~~Fell
to the floor.~~ I was picking it up to --

BROOME: You're a liar!

FLORA: ~~Ernest~~, what --

BROOME: You didn't pick up that wallet off the floor. You
picked it out of my pocket.

FLORA: No, ~~no~~, you're wrong. (PAUSE) ~~Ernest, why are you
locking at me like that?~~ Surely, you don't think --

BROOME: Now I know why you got me up here. Figured I was drunk,
figured you could roll me, take my last couple of bucks.
Why you dirty, ^{dirty} ~~low down, no-good~~ --

FLORA: (QUIETLY) Ernest, you're wrong. I never dreamed
of any such thing.

BROOME: ~~All that baloney about the helping hand.~~ You and your phony Salvation Army routine. (RISING) Take advantage of a sick man, will ya? Okay, I'll show you I can kick back.

FLORA: Ernest, believe me. You're wrong. ~~I only wanted~~ *just wanted that knife*
~~to help you.~~ *stabbings*

BROOME: Liar, ~~dirty liar.~~ *Dear God*

FLORA: ~~No! No! Please, put that knife away. I only wanted~~
~~to help. I swear it!~~

BROOME: ~~Rolling a guy because he's sick. I gotta answer for~~
~~a low-down dame like you!~~

FLORA: (SCREAMS) ~~No! No!~~

BROOME: (GRUNTING) ~~Go ahead, talk your way out of this, you~~
~~lying little~~ - (BROOME START TO LAUGH CRAZILY,
FLORA MOANING PITIFULLY, AND FADE)

WAHL: And so you stabbed her, Broome. ~~Eleven times.~~ *11 times*

BROOME: (SOBBING) I must've gone crazy. I was outa my head,
Chief. ~~I just kept going with my knife.~~

JACK: And after that?

BROOM: I dunno. After a while I snapped out of it. I saw her
on the floor and realized what I'd done. And then,
then I knew. I knew she was different. I knew she was
really trying to help me. Why couldn't I believe it?
Why didn't I believe it?

WAHL: How did you get out after that, Broome?

BROOME: Ran down the corridor, went through a window, and down
the fire escape. And I could hear myself yelling...
(SOBBING) What've I done? What've I done?

JACK: So you didn't believe one human being could help another without some kind of angle. That it, ~~Broome?~~

BROOME: (BROKEN) Yeah. You see, ^{Shough} ~~Shough~~, I never met anyone like Flora Downs before. I guess I just didn't understand her.

WAHL: (QUIET) All right, Broome. ^{OK} ~~Wait here~~ the Sergeant ^{is} will take ~~you~~ down to Headquarters. Come on, Jack.

(COUPLE OF STEPS. DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

WAHL: Well, I guess that clears Messick, the bellhop.

JACK: (HEAVILY) Yeah. I guess so.

WAHL: What's the matter, Jack. You just nailed yourself an exclusive. Why so sad?

JACK: I don't know, ^{Henry} ~~Henry~~. It's Broome's story, I guess. It got me down. Right now I'm trying to figure out who was more pathetic. The victim - or the killer.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Jack Shough of the Columbus, Ohio, 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 Jack Shough of the Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch.

JACK: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS SENT TO LIMA STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE FOR A MONTH'S OBSERVATION AS REQUIRED BY OHIO STATE LAW. LATER *He* PLEADED GUILTY TO A CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AND WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN OHIO PENITENTIARY. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Shough...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 Waterbury, Conn. American -- by-line Niver W. Beaman, a Big Story of a ~~reporter who finally caught up with~~ *who owed a debt and a reporter who* a coward ~~and~~ made him pay.

(MUSIC: - - - STING)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Smith played the part of Jack Shough. 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. Shough.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.
This is N.B.C. the National Broadcasting Company.

HC
VAK

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #305

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
NIVER BEAMAN	BARTLETT ROBINSON
MRS. FRASER	AGNES YOUNG
WOMAN	AGNES YOUNG
BEN DRYDEN	WENDELL HOLMES
RALPH	SANDY STROUSE
EMMY	JIMSY SOMERS
ELLEN	JAN MINER
BOURNE	BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1953

ATK01 0007371

NBC

THE BIG STORY

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

MARCH 18, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

MRS FRASER: Hello? Yes, this is Johnny's mother. Who's calling? I see.
Just a minute, he's burning leaves at the curb. I'll
have to call him --

(A COUPLE OF STEPS)

MRS FRASER: That boy. I never knew he had so many friends --

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS FRASER: (CALLS) Johnny!

(A CAR OFF, COMING UP FAST)

MRS FRASER: Johnny, there's a boy named Herb on the phone. He
wants to --

(CAR UP HIGH)

MRS FRASER: (SUDDENLY) Johnny! Look out for that car! (SCREAMS)
Johnny!

(WE HEAR CAR SMASH AGAINST CURB IN A GLANCING
BLOW, CAROM OFF AND KEEP GOING, RAPIDLY FADING.)

MRS FRASER: (HYSTERICALLY) ~~Stop! Stop! you murderer! Stop!~~

(MUSIC: --- HITS UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Waterbury, Connecticut. It
is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

ATX01 0007372

CHAPPELL: (FLAT) From the front pages of the Waterbury American,
(CONT'D) *Journal who reveal a debt and a*
the story of a reporter who, finally caught up with a
reporter who made him pay
~~oward and made him pay.~~ Tonight, to Niver W. Beaman
of the Waterbury American, for his Big Story, goes the
PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #305

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Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME UNDER)

CHAPPEL: Waterbury, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened ... Niver Beaman's story as he lived it.

NARR: Your name is Niver Beaman, your paper the Waterbury, Connecticut American, your job ~~/~~ Police Reporter. Your friends call you "Nye", and here in this New England city, the brass center of the world, you've covered your share of crime stories. Many were routine, but not this one. This one was, in a way, the most vicious of all. It begins when you get a call from the hospital. A kid named Johnny Fraser, his body broken, struck down by a hit-and-run driver, and now lying between life and death. You meet the boy's mother in the hospital corridor....

MRS FRASER: (NUMB, STILL UNDER A KIND OF SHOCK) He was standing at the curb burning leaves. His father had promised him 50¢ if he finished the job by lunchtime. I stood in the doorway and saw it happen. He was so healthy, so happy, so full of life. And the next moment -- (SHE CAN'T GO ON)

NYE: Did you notice the color of the car, Mrs. Fraser? Anything about it?

MRS. FRASER: No, Mr. Beaman. I was watching Johnny. I stood there helpless to do anything, watching this big car come racing down the street and strike him down. After that, I saw him lying on the road, still. So terribly still.

NYE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Fraser. Believe me, I'm sorry.

MRS FRASER: I guess I screamed, I don't know. I heard words coming from my throat. But the man in the car never stopped. He left Johnny lying there and he never stopped. And now they've got Johnny in there in the operating room, and they're trying to save his life.

NYE: Mrs. Fraser, I --

MRS. FRASER: He's only ten, Mr. Beaman. Johnny's just a boy of ten. How could this man have driven off and left him there in the road? Why didn't he stop?

NYE: Because ~~he was a coward.~~ ^{A hit & run driver is a coward. Mrs. Fraser} ~~A hit and run driver, the lowest of the low.~~ ^{But} ~~And sooner or later, Mrs. Fraser,~~ ~~somehow~~ -- we'll find him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: These are brave words, Nye Beaman. A rash promise, born out of boiling anger and hatred and frustration. But in your heart you know you're kidding yourself. It's pretty hard to nail down a hit-and-run driver without a description of the car. And now you go to Headquarters, see Detective Lieutenant Ben Dryden, and he tells you....

BEN: Nye, I never saw this town so worked up before. Ever since the news broke on the radio, our switchboard's been jammed with calls. All of them want to know whether we caught this hit-and-run yet, and all we can tell them is ...

NYE: Nothing.

BEN: Nothing.

NYE: Anyone see this car go by? Anyone at all?

BEN: You know how it is, Nye. Something like this happens, everybody wants to get into the act. Everybody remembers they saw a car racing down Columbia Boulevard.

NYE: ^{Jeppone} And each one saw something different.

BEN: ^{yeah} I've got ten different car identifications listed on my desk now. Take a look. One man saw a blue Chevrolet, then a woman who saw a green Buick, then some kid who swore it was a black convertible, and so forth and so on. The only real witness we really have, Mrs. Fraser, couldn't tell us a thing.

NYE: You can't blame her for that.

BEN: (SIGHS) No, you can't blame her for that.

NYE: Ben, I was just thinking.... This hit-and-run driver came down Columbia Boulevard, didn't he?

BEN: That's right. We've established that. He was heading downtown.

NYE: All right. Then, the chances are he started from upper Columbia Boulevard, or on ^{some} ~~the~~ adjacent streets. But anybody who knew Waterbury wouldn't have passed the Fraser house to get downtown. He'd have taken the easy way, the short-cut across Roseland Avenue to Willow instead of going straight down Columbia.

BEN: What are you driving at, Nye?

NYE: The way I see it, this man ^{must have been} ~~was either~~ a stranger in Waterbury ~~or too drunk to care~~.

BEN: Okay. If he's a stranger, that makes our job much harder.

NYE: Ben, suppose we canvassed that triangular section around upper Columbia Boulevard, rang doorbells, went from house to house, asked people whether they saw a strange car parked anywhere around just before the accident.

BEN: It's no good.

NYE: Why not?

BEN: Where would I get the personnel? There are hundreds of homes up in that section. It'd take ~~forty~~²⁰ to ~~seventy-five~~²⁵ men working steadily for a week, and by that time, this hit-and-run driver could be in California.

NYE: Well, I just thought I'd give it a try.

BEN: (TIGHT AND RISING) Sure, I know. I feel the same way, Nye. If I thought your idea had a ghost of a chance, I'd go for it. I've got a kid of my own.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(A CAR SLOWS TO A STOP)

(WE HEAR HONKING A HORN)

(WE HEAR BIG OVERHEAD GARAGE DOOR OPENING.)

RALPH: Yeah, what is it, Mister?

STEVE: (A LITTLE DRUNK AND TENSE) Any room in your garage?

RALPH: Well, we're full up but ~~we~~^{Steve} can take care of you. How long you want us to park it?

STEVE: ~~Overnight~~^{One day}

RALPH: Okay. ~~He'll drive it in.~~ I'll drive it in.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

(MOTOR STILL IDLES)

STEVE: Oh, Buddy...

RALPH: Yeah?

STEVE: This is a brand new car, and I don't want it scratched up, understand?

RALPH: It's pretty well scratched up now, Mister. Look at that right front wheel and fender. When you drive it out, I don't want you to go blaming us *for that*

STEVE: Okay, okay. I know all about ~~it~~ *that*. What I'm talking about is the rest of the car. Just to make sure, I want you to drive it in a nice dark corner of the garage and keep it there. I don't want you guys to keep moving it around. I've seen too many paint-jobs ruined that way.

RALPH: (BRIDLING A LITTLE) Look, Buddy, we'll take care of it.

STEVE: Just to make sure you do, - here.

RALPH: A sawbuck?

STEVE: Sure. Buy yourself a beer.

RALPH: (MOLLIFIED) Thanks, Mister. Thanks a lot.

STEVE: Okay. Remember I said a nice dark corner. I don't want it moved.

RALPH: Sure, sure. I'll take care of it.

STEVE: Oh, and one more thing...

RALPH: Yeah?

STEVE: I need a drink. Where can I buy it?

RALPH: You a stranger in town, Mister?

STEVE: (IMPATIENTLY) Yeah, ~~yeah~~

RALPH: You'll find a bar and grill just around the corner.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The more you think of it, Nye Beaman, the more you're sure that the hit and run driver must've been visiting some house in the triangular residential area around upper Columbia Boulevard. But now you go to the Fraser house, study the curb where the boy was hit, note that chip was knocked out of the curbstone, and as you do, ~~a towheaded little girl walks over to you from the house next door~~ *you notice* ~~she~~ *slipping the steps* ~~to you from~~ *16* the house next door *as you walk over.*

NYE: Hello, Honey.

EMMY: Hello.

NYE: What's your name?

EMMY: Emmy.

NYE: How old are you, Emmy?

EMMY: I'm ~~eight~~ ¹⁰.

NYE: ~~Eight~~ ¹⁰ years old. ~~Hey! You're a pretty big girl, aren't you?~~ *Well*

(PAUSE) You knew Johnny Fraser, Emmy?

EMMY: Oh yes. Johnny didn't like to play with girls much, but sometimes he'd play with me. Mister, will he die?

NYE: We don't know yet. We hope he won't, Emmy.

EMMY: I hope he won't either. You know he was gonna let me burn leaves with him.

NYE: He was, eh?

EMMY: Oh yes. But my Mommy wouldn't let me. ~~She was afraid I'd catch fire or something, or maybe get run over~~ She made me watch from the porch. That's when that awful man hit Johnny ~~with~~ ^{me} the blue car.

NYE: The car was blue?

EMMY: Oh yes, and it had pretty yellow wheels.

NYE: A blue car with yellow wheels. Emmy, listen to me ...

EMMY: Yessir?

NYE: You're not making this up? You're sure ~~this was a~~
~~blue car and had yellow wheels?~~

EMMY: Oh yes. I'm sure. ~~I wouldn't make it up. My Mommy~~
~~told me never to make up stories.~~ It was a blue car
and it had yellow wheels.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

BEN: A blue car with yellow wheels. (SIGHS) Well, it may
be something. Nye we're checking every repair station
and garage now for fifty miles around. I'll add the
description.

NYE: Look, Lieut. It's the first ^{real} eye-witness description
we've had.

BEN: (INDIFFERENT) Yeah, sure.

NYE: You don't sound very excited.

BEN: Excited? How can I be, Nye? Look the kid ^{is 10} ~~was eight~~ years
old. You know how kids ^{that} ~~this~~ age are. They think they
see things that they don't. They love to make up
stories. I'm not blaming 'em. Every kid does. I told
you, I'd look into it. But let's face the fact that an
~~eight~~ year old kid is a pretty unreliable witness.

NYE: Ben, I'm sure this little girl was telling the truth.
I'm sure of it.

BEN: I hope you're right. The whole town's yelling, ---find
this guy. City Hall, Citizens' Committees, everybody.
And what do we have? A pretty weird combination. A blue
car with yellow wheels, and an ¹⁰ ~~eight~~ year old kid who
thinks she saw *it*.

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BEN: Detective Lieutenant Dryden. Yes? *Wenseley* ~~Yes?~~ (DEPRESSED)
All right, Joe. Thanks.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

NYE: What's the matter, Ben?

BEN: That call was from the Hospital. The Fraser *boy* ~~was~~ just
died.

NYE: (STUNNED) He's dead?

BEN: Died on ~~the operating table.~~ *a few minutes ago* (GRIMLY, WITH A TIGHT
ANGER) And now we're not just looking for a hit-and-run
driver, Nye. Now -- we're looking for a dirty, lowdown,
murderer!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MID-COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(START E. T.)

SOUND: (METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5 -)

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute -

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL -

SOUND: (STOPS)

(END E. T.)

CHAPPELL: (CONTINUES) - the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: This longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler, sweeter
smoking - and - MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL's mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke is
filtered further through its traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

HARRICE: After 5 puffs, or 10 or 17 - by actual measure - your eyes can see that PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat -

CHAPPELL: - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: You get 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!

WOMAN: I live in the Columbia Boulevard neighborhood. I saw that car parked on my street this morning. The blue and yellow one.

NYE: You're sure of that?

WOMAN: I'm positive.

NYE: Who am I talking to? What's your name, Madam?

WOMAN: (STUBBORNLY) I'm not giving anyone my name. That's why I called you, Mr. Beaman, instead of the police. I just don't want my name to come out.

NYE: But M'am, unless we know who you are --

WOMAN: (STUBBORNLY) I'm not giving out my name for reasons of my own. I don't want anyone to accuse me of gossip. But I saw that car. It was parked in front of a neighbor's house.

NYE: What neighbor?

WOMAN: Mrs. Trumbull. Mrs. Ellen Trumbull. (WITH A TOUCH OF VENOM) If you want to know about this man, ask her! You'll find her house on Melbourne Terrace.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

ELLEN: (NERVOUS, DISTRAUGHT) Mr. Beaman, it's a lie. Whoever called you, lied. It's gossip. Vicious gossip. That's all it is.

NYE: The woman was pretty positive, Mrs. Trumbull.

ELLEN: I don't care how positive she was. Whoever she is, she's just a scandal monger. What do you think my husband will say when he gets back from New York and hears this kind of gossip?

NYE: If it's not true, he certainly won't hear it from me.

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: For you, Niver Beaman of the Waterbury American, this is something more than just a story. This is a crusade. A crusade fanned by the wrath of thousands of outraged Waterbury citizens. And the theory you had, the theory you presented to Police Lt. Ben Dryden, still haunts you. You lay it out on copy paper for the next edition of your paper.

(TYPING FOR A MOMENT IN B. G. THEN STOPS)

(COPY PAPER RIPPED FROM TYPEWRITER)

NYE: (READING) The driver of the car took the Columbia Avenue route straight downtown instead of ~~turning off~~ ^{taking the} ~~to~~ ^{short cut across} Roseland Avenue ^{to Wilson}. This points to the fact that he must have been a stranger in Waterbury. The car has already been described as being blue in color with yellow wheels. If any resident of the suburban area around North Columbia Boulevard saw a car of this description in the neighborhood shortly before eleven A. M. this morning, please notify the police at once.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

NYE: Beaman, American.

WOMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Beaman? I saw your story in the paper this evening.

NYE: Yes?

ELLEN: (AGITATED) It's not true! Believe me, Mr. Beaman, it's not true! (BREAKS DOWN, SOBS) There wasn't any ~~other~~ man at my house today. There wasn't! There wasn't!

NYE: (A BEAT) If there wasn't, what're you so upset about, Mrs. Trumbull? If you're telling the truth, why are you carrying on like this?

ELLEN: (SOBBING) Please, Mr. Beaman, let me alone. Let me alone.

NYE: Do you have a child, Mrs. Trumbull?

ELLEN: No, no.

NYE: Suppose you did? Suppose you had a ^{Son} ~~boy~~.... Suppose he'd been killed? How would you feel then? How would you feel if somebody came along in a car and struck him down and drove off without stopping? How would you feel toward a man like this if it were your child?

ELLEN: Stop! Please, please don't say any more.

NYE: (RELENTLESS) There was a man here, wasn't there? Tell me the truth, Mrs. Trumbull. Wasn't there?

ELLEN: (BREAKING DOWN) Yes. Yes, there was.

NYE: Who was he? What was he doing here?

ELLEN: His name is Steve Lane. He was an old beau of mine, ~~Mr. Beaman.~~ Every now and then when he passes through Waterbury, he stops in and says hello. I swear to you, that's all there is to it. But my husband travels a lot and is insanely jealous. If he ever found out, if he ever knew --

NYE: Where does this Steve Lane live?

ELLEN: I don't know. Somewhere in New York State. He never told me where.

NYE: You mean you know, but you're trying to protect him.

ELLEN: Mr. Beaman, I'm telling you the truth. I lied to you before, but I'm telling you the truth now. I honestly don't know where he lives. It's too late to lie any more, don't you see? I don't know where he lives.

NYE: ~~Had he been drinking.~~
~~was he drunk when he left?~~

ELLEN: Yes. Yes, he was drunk. We talked over old times and he drank a lot, more than he could hold. I tried to stop him, but it was no use. Then when he left, the way he drove the car out of the driveway ~~and down the street~~, I was sure he'd have an accident. I was sure of it.

NYE: I see.

ELLEN: Mr. Beaman, I know it's too late. Believe me, I hate Steve for what he's done. I feel sorry for that boy and sorry for his mother. But isn't there some way my name can be kept out of this? Isn't there some way?

NYE: (QUIETLY) I'm sorry Mrs. Trumbull, for what may happen to you. I'm very sorry. But I can't let it stand in my way. This is cold-blooded murder and I've got to tell the police.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BEN: Steve Lane. Somewhere in New York State. That all she said, Nye?

NYE: That's all, Ben. But we know he owns a blue car with yellow wheels.

BEN: Yeah. Sure. We know that. But Lane's a common name and New York State is a big state. It's gonna take time.

NYE: Ben, maybe it's a little crazy, but look. The accident happened this morning. Let's say Lane was drunk and he hit young Johnny Fraser. Maybe this shook him up a little. Maybe he got scared. Maybe he decided to stay right here in town until he got over it.

BEN: Yeah. And maybe he got out of town as fast as he could.

NYE: Maybe, but if he did that, he'd know that every highway patrol would be out looking for him in daylight. I tell you, Ben, it's just barely possible that he's still in town somewhere waiting to make his getaway by night.

BEN: Well, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. But just ~~for the fun of it~~ ^{to make sure}, I'll go along with you. We'll run a check on every hotel in town right away.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Ten minutes later. And a report from a small hotel on East Main Street. You and Detective Lieutenant Ben Dryden get down there fast, talk to the desk clerk.

BOURNE: Yessir, man named Steve Lane came in here and registered. Got his name right here on the Register, Lieutenant. Gave him room 308.

BEN: All right, Nye. Let's go up.

BOURNE: Wait a minute, Lieutenant. It's no use. He checked out about an hour ago.

BEN: That's fine. That's just fine. Did he say where he was headed for?

BOURNE: Nope. Not a word.

NYE: ~~Clerk, look.~~ ^{Look Mr. Bourne} This man, Lane, had a car. You happen to know where he parked it?

BOURNE: Why yes, matter of fact I do. He parked it in Mason's Garage down the block.

NYE: Mason's Garage. Let's go, Ben.

BEN: But he checked out an hour ago.

NYE: Sure, I know. But maybe he hasn't left yet. Just maybe.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: For the second time, Nye Beaman, you gamble on a long chance, and for the second time Lady Luck kisses you -- hard. Because the garage attendant tells you --

RALPH: Blue car with yellow wheels? Why, yeah. It's still here.

BEN: Still here?

RALPH: Yeah. Hey, what's this about, Lieutenant. This guy pull a stickup or something?

NYE: Where is he? Where's the owner of the car?

RALPH: ~~Said he was hungry. Went out to eat.~~ *He left at least this morning, come back about an hour ago. Told me to get up the car or when they*

BEN: You know what restaurant?

RALPH: Nope. But he's due back any minute. ~~Told me to get the car ready.~~

BEN: Okay. Suppose we have a look at the car, while we wait.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Ben Dryden look at the car. The right front wheel in particular. You see a big dent in the hub-cap, the fresh scratches. The marks of very

recent collision.

Ben. This is it, Nye. The dent about as deep as the car.
(STEPS COMING UP, ECHOING A LITTLE ON CONCRETE

Nye. What do we do now?
OF GARAGE. STEPS STOP.)

Ben. Look I said before - we wait

Nye. But suppose he does'nt come back

Ben. We'll come back. We'll wait the car out of town

*They go about 100 mph, that don't and
then switches, and he clanked against the
down to the carburetor
-20-
Here he comes now Ben*

Nye:
STEVE:

Hey, what is this? Who are you guys? What're you
doing around my car?

BEN:

(COLD) Your name Steve Lane?

STEVE:

That's right. What's going on here? What d'you
want?

NYE:

Ever hear of a kid named Johnny Fraser?

STEVE:

I don't know what you're talking about.

BEN:

You know what we're talking about, Lane. You hit him
with your car. Killed him. *Come on down*
You're going to
Headquarters with us.

STEVE:

You're crazy. I never hit any kid and nobody can prove
I did. What's the charge?

BEN:

Murder.

STEVE:

You nuts or something? Even if I had run over this kid,
which I didn't, it isn't murder.

BEN:

No. Not technically. In the law books it'll probably
be called Manslaughter, Drunken Driving, something else.
But in my book, Lane, it's murder. (HARD) Now, let's
get going.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

At first, Lane denies everything. Refuses to admit
what he's done. But there's evidence, testimony. The
little girl, Emmy, Mrs. Ellen Trumbull, the fresh
damage marks on the right front wheel...after hours of
grilling....

STEVE:

(BLUBBERING) All right, all right. I guess I ran into
the kid. But I didn't see him. He was standing by
the road burning leaves and the smoke *was* ~~hiding~~ *was* ~~hiding~~ him and
I just didn't see him.

NYE: But you knew you hit him, Lane. You knew that. Why didn't you stop?

STEVE: I was drunk. I was drunk and I got scared. I was afraid to stop. I don't know why. I was just afraid and I kept on going. Later on, I knew I should've stopped. But it was too late then.

BEN: You oughta be hung, Lane. If I were writing the Laws of this State, I'd hang a man like you. Anyone who'd let a boy die in the street without going back and trying to help --

STEVE:

I'm ~~trying to~~ tell you I was drunk. *I didn't know I hit him.*

NYE:

Yeah, we know, Lane. You committed a crime even before you hit Johnny Fraser. When you stepped in your car knowing you were drunk -- that was your real crime.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's that. For you Nye Beaman of the Waterbury American, a story that sickens you even now. A story that you would rather not have written. And that's all, except for a footnote. A footnote by the dead boy's mother, Mrs. Fraser.

MRS. FRASER: (QUIET)

Johnny's
~~My boy's~~ dead, Mr. Beaman. He's dead and gone and nothing will ever bring him back. But maybe he didn't die for nothing. Maybe somebody will read your story and start to get into a car when he's drunk, and then remember. Maybe he'll remember what happened to Johnny, and because he remembers, maybe the life of somebody else's child will be saved. ~~Maybe so. I hope~~
could
everybody in the United States ~~reads~~ *could* read your story, Mr. Beaman -- and remembers it!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Niver
Beaman of the Waterbury Connecticut American with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #305

-23-

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 Niver Beaman of the Waterbury, Connecticut American.

BEAMAN: HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER WAS FIRST HELD AS A CORONER'S PRISONER WITHOUT BOND. LATER HE WAS HELD INCOMMUNICADO UNTILL THE CORONER CONCLUDED HIS INVESTIGATION AND FINALLY TURNED OVER TO CONNECTICUT SUPERIOR COURT WHERE HE WAS SENT TO PRISON FOR AUTOMOBILE HOMICIDE. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Beaman ... 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 Garden City, Long Island, Newsday -- by-line Don Kellerman, *DK* Big Story of a reporter who lost his identity to a criminal but who found the hidden answer to a terrible crime.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- every week you can see another different Big Story on television.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Waterbury Connecticut American. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bartlett Robinson played the part of Niver Beaman. 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. Beaman.

(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) Low-flying enemy aircraft, even if based on the other side of the world, could be over American cities in a few hours undetected by our radar network. A few hours of your time each week with the Ground Observer Corps in your locality will give freedom an extra pair of eyes. Write or phone your nearest Civil Defense Center - you should find them in your local telephone directory.

This is NBC ... The National Broadcasting Company.

sz/
gz
3/10/53 pm

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #306

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
DCN	BILL LITTON
MAC	COURT BENSON
OWNER	SAM RASKYN
BENSON	SAM RASKYN
GUARD	BILL ZUCKERT
LIEUTENANT	MAURICE WELLS
FINCE	FRANK READICK
STEVE	AL RAMSEN
WILLIS	BOB READICK

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1953

ATK01 0007396

NEC

THE BIG STORY

9:30 - 10:00 PM EST

MARCH 25, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...THEN OUT FOR)

MAC: Look, Don, I'm an editor and I want stories..but this one..
...the way you have to get it....I'm sorry. It's out.

DAN: Mac, ~~this is dynamite.~~ All over the country prisoners
are starting ~~these~~ riots. ~~Every month a new one.~~ Why...
~~what's wrong? what goes on inside our jails.~~ People
want to know *why*

MAC: Sure but I'm not risking your life ~~for any story.~~ *to find out*

DON: ~~Maybe it'll happen here next.~~ Right here.

MAC: Sorry. It's still no.

DON: Mac, I can handle it. I've got the idea all worked out.

MAC: Yeah.

DON: I have to get into the jail without the authorities
knowing I'm a reporter.

MAC: That's impossible.

DON: No. There is a way.

MAC: How.

DON: Commit a crime. Get myself arrested. Become a real
prisoner.

MAC: Listen.

DON: I'm going to do it, Mac. No matter what you say. I'm
going to do it.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)

ATX01 0007397

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Riverhead, New York. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Long Island Newsday, the story of a reporter who lost his identity to a criminal ~~but~~ ^{and} who found the hidden answer to a terrible crime. Tonight, to Don Kellerman, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #306

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 Cigarette - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Riverhead, New York. The story as it actually happened.
Don Kellerman's story, as he lived it.

NARR: You've decided...made up your mind once and for all. The
only way to find some of the reasons for a prison riot...
is to become a prisoner yourself. And, this is the night
you start. The night you forget about Don Kellerman
reporter and, in his place, become Tommy Carter, age,
eighteen...sullen, defiant..a composite of all the unhappy
kids you've seen in courtrooms and police stations. It's
midnight now but you^{re} call^{ing} your editor at home, give him a
rundown on your plans. He argues but then...

MAC: (FILTER) (ALMOST A SIGH) All right, Don. But you have
to promise me. The first sign of any trouble for yourself,
any danger, you go to the warden. Tell him who you are.

DON: I'm no hero, Mac. I'll be careful.

MAC: Okay. Best of luck, feller.

DON: Thanks.

MAC: Oh, Don.

DON: Yes, Mac?

MAC: (SORT OF A HALF SMILE) It ought to make some story.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND BEHIND)

(NIGHT COUNTRY SOUNDS)

NARR: (LOW) It's an hour now. A full hour since you've been
hiding in the shadows. Across the street from the small
restaurant you're going to rob. ~~(A SLIGHT SHIVER)~~ ^{The shiver is expected} you're
~~cold, awful cold.~~ ^{shivers} When's the place going to close.

(MORE)

~~NARR:~~ (CONT'D) ~~When can you start, get it over with. Okay,~~
wait. Take it easy (AN IRONIC THOUGHT) How many guys
are doing this tonight, you wonder. Scared, hiding in
dark places, driven to rob, maybe kill. If only you
could...(SUDDENLY BREAKS OFF AS)...

(DOOR ON SPRING OPENS OFF)

OWNER: (OFF) Good night, Harry. Say hello to the Mrs.

NARR: That's the owner. He's getting rid of the last customer.
Ready to close up. It won't be long now. Won't be long.

GUARD: (OFF) Sure will. Well, I better get along home.

OWNER: (OFF) See you tomorrow night.

GUARD: (OFF) So long.

(DOOR CLOSSES OFF AND THE GUARD WALKS AWAY, HIS
STEPS ECHOING DOWN THE STREET..FINALLY DYING AWAY)

NARR: The lights. They're going out. Wait, Don Kellerman, wait.
Let him go upstairs, get ready for bed. Then..then,
~~you'll move.~~

(MUSIC: ~~TICKS IN SLOWLY..RIDES THEN TICKS BEHIND~~
You wait - what time is it - 2 o'clock)

NARR: (URGENT) ~~Now, go now. (SLIGHT BEAT) what are you~~
~~waiting for!~~ ^{It's} It's time. ~~Time.~~ No one around. The
street empty. Go on. Get moving.

(HE CROSSES THE STREETS, HIS STEPS ECHOING..THEN
CROSSING ONTO GRAVEL.)

NARR: You know what to do. You planned the whole thing. That
brick there. Pick it up. (FORCING) Pick it up. Hurry..
now!

(BRICK CRASHING THRU WINDOW)

NARR: (WORKING FAST) Open the door from the inside. Watch the broken glass.

(DOOR OPENS)

NARR: (DON'S HEART IS BEATING A MILE A MINUTE) The cash register....open it.

(REGISTER PUNCHED OPEN)

(MAN COMING DOWN STEPS ON OTHER SIDE OF WALL)

NARR: *He's coming down the stairs*
He's coming. The owner's coming down. This is crazy.

Crazy. Suppose he's got a gun. It's dark. He can shoot
...kill you. Go on...run. But the job...*the store was*
going to get what about that
~~you were going to do.~~

(DOOR SLAMS OPEN)

OWNER: Who is it. Who's there.

(LIGHT CLICK ON)

OWNER: Hold it, boy. You're right in the middle of those lights.
Take one step...and I'll blow your brains out. (CALLING
OUT) Martha.....I've got him. Call the state police.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

LIEUT: Name.

DON: Carter. Tommy Carter.

LIEUT: Age.

DON: Eighteen.

LIEUT: Where do you live?

DON: New York City.

LIEUT: You admit breaking into that restaurant to rob it?

DON: ~~I do.~~ *Yes*

LIEUT: All right. You'll stay here in state police barracks till morning. Then we'll take you over to the county jail.

DON: How long will I be there?

LIEUT: Till your case comes up for trial.

DON: ~~When will that be?~~ *When?*

LIEUT: Oh, the way they're piled up now, I'd guess around two months. If...you're lucky.

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

(CAR DRIVING....STOPPING)

LIEUT: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Got one for you, Jim.

GUARD: (OFF) Okay.

(IRON GATE RISES...CAR DRIVES THROUGH...AND IRON GATE SLOWLY GOES DOWN)

NARR: (AS GATE IS GOING DOWN)

It's too late, too late to turn back now. For behind you the gate of the prison is slowly closing. Closing for Don Kellerman and opening for...

(CAR STOPS)

~~LIEUT: All right, Carter! This is it.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)~~

GUARD: Follow me, Carter.

(DON FOLLOWS THE GUARD. THEY STOP..KEY IN IRON DOOR AND IT OPENS)

GUARD: In here. (SLIGHT BEAT) Go on. Get in.

DON: (APPALLED AT AN UNMENTIONABLE STENCH) What...what is this place?

GUARD: ^{Just the way} Detention pen. You wait here for your medical examination. If you pass, you go into the Grand Jury Tier! ~~That's for prisoners awaiting trial. Hey...what's the matter...~~

DON: (GETTING SICK) ~~The..the air in here. I can't breathe.~~

GUARD: Comon, Carter...~~back~~ inside.

DON: ~~Look at those men on the floor. They're ... they're all sick.~~

GUARD: (A LITTLE TIRED) ~~Nobody was asked to come here, Carter. It isn't a hotel. In you go.~~

(MUSIC: BACKS HIS WANDERING BELOW)

(CELL DOOR CLOSES...KEY IN LOCK)

NARR: Dark. Still morning outside, but it's dark. You can hardly see where you're going. You...

FINCH: (AROUSSED FROM SLUMBER ON THE FLOOR) Hey...watch it, feller, watch it.

DON: Sorry.

NARR: No chairs...no beds. Where do you sleep. (SORT OF A MOUNTING TERROR) And the air. How does a man live in here. How long do they punish him with this place.

~~STEVE: (QUIETLY) Feller.~~

~~NARR: Someone on the floor...right near your feet.~~

STEVE: Feller, sit down here. (SLIGHT BEAT) Comon.

~~NARR: Go ahead. (AN IRONIC HUMOR TO HIMSELF) You can spare the time.~~

STEVE: I'm Steve Miller.

DON: Tommy Carter.

STEVE: Hi. ~~I saw you in the hall light when they opened the door.~~ Take it easy, Tommy.

DON: But this place.

STEVE: Soon you won't know any different. You get used to anything. (SHRUGS) You don't.....then you become like Willie.

DON: Willie?

STEVE: Guy ~~in the detention wing~~ ^{upstairs}. Really off. You'll hear him. Tomorrow night when you move up there. Yeah, Willie.

DON: You mean we stay here tonight?

STEVE: ~~Look, when they put you in detention they lose you for a while.~~ But don't worry...I'm going to tell you how to get out.

DON: Get out?

STEVE: Sure. Like I do. You live here on the floor and you close your eyes and you make up things to yourself. You forget about this place and you're anywhere you want to be. (A HINT OF DESPERATION) Tommy, you better learn how to do it. You better learn.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~The boy beside you closes his eyes..and he sleeps..and~~ dreams. But you? How can you close your eyes to the misery in this barren room? Slowly, you become part of the dark and the faces of men begin to come through. Faces beaten by the past...empty of hope for the future.

(CELL DOOR OPENS OFF)

GUARD: (OFF) Line up for your food, men.

(MEN SHUFFLING..SHIFTING..GETTING UP)

(MURMUR B.G.)

NARR: You wait in line. You're hungry. It's been hours since you had something to eat. Finally your turn comes...

GUARD: Here you are. (BEAT) Well...take it....(BEAT) Look, you eating or not.

DON: ~~(LOW) Thanks. I'm not hungry~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

STEVE: (WHISPER) Tommy.....

DON: Yes.

STEVE: It's almost morning. Why don't you sleep.

DON: Can't.

STEVE: Hungry?

DON: Starved.

STEVE: I figured. Here.

DON: What's this?

STEVE: Something I've been saving. Go on. You can have them.

DON: But they're yours.

STEVE: Go on I tell you.

DON: You sure?

STEVE: Eat them. They're only bread ^{crumbs} ~~crumbs~~ and they're stale.
But brother...they're going to taste real good.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND) (*Punctuated and Back*)

NARR: An enemy of society and he gives you his ^{crumbs} ~~crumbs~~ of bread.
You wait impatiently for the morning and the chance to
see again...to live the life of this prison. You try
to take it all in...to remember. But it's like being in
a speeding train. Everything flashing by and all you
can remember are pieces of things. Things like...

GUARD: All right, Carter. Doctor says you're okay to move into
the Grand Jury Tier.

DON: But he hardly examined me. Maybe ten seconds.

GUARD: Look, you argue with me and you'll stay down here in the
pen. Understand!

(MUSIC: STING AND BEHIND)

FINCH: I'm Finch. ~~Been here three months.~~ Anything you want to know, come to me. Guys who talk to the guards, see the wrong things, ~~we hold a little meeting about them.~~ ^{well - - -} Sort of a kangaroo court, you know? ~~Yeah...~~ ^{I see that too!} but you're a nice kid. You'll get along okay.

(MUSIC: STING AND BEHIND)

WILLIE: ~~People. They can be real bad.~~ ^{It's worth getting out of here. Everybody calls me crazy!} Me, I'm married. I did time up at Elmira. Then I go home. Parole. Soon my wife's going to have a baby. I'm happy. I go out. Celebrate. ~~All right, I made some noise, got drunk.~~ The neighbors. ~~They reported me.~~ Law says, violation of parole, Willie. You're going back for five years. Five years. ~~And my wife having a baby.~~ Why'd those people have to do that to me?

(MUSIC: RIDES...BEHIND)

NARR: ~~But best of all, you're going to remember Steve Miller.~~ Nineteen years old. The nice kid. ~~Like so many others in here. He talks and you listen...and you understand.~~

STEVE: ~~Funny how it is in the city? You live on a block,~~ ^{In the city!} dirty, old houses, fire traps. And right around the corner, a big apartment house. People sitting out on their porches...twenty stories up. ~~They can see for miles.~~ What are you supposed to do...stay like you are ~~now,~~ nothing....~~keep scratching for a dollar all your life.~~ You have to show them. And you go out for things and you fight them. ~~What else is there?~~

(MUSIC: RISES AND GOES FOR A TIME THEME)

NARR: They all told you. You'll get used to it here. And days pass...and weeks. And in a way you do get used to it...except...the nights...when the lights flash on, *every hour* ~~exactly~~ on the hour.

(GUARD WALKING DOWN THE TIER...UP TO HIS CELL...
PASSES BY)

And the guard ~~still~~ walks by...peer into your tiny cell. And you know...know what ^{that man} ~~you~~ are. ~~A~~ prisoners..without identity...without freedom. Without...hope!

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(MORE)



STEVE: (EXCITED ... LOW) Hey, Tommy. Tommy, Commere.

DON: Yeah, Steve?

STEVE: I got it. I already got it.

DON: What.

STEVE: The stuff. The real stuff.

DON: ~~Listen~~ *What*

STEVE: Place like this, a fellow's got to feel good. You don't feel good, it's bye bye. Same as Willie. Crazy Willie.

DON: What are you talking about?

STEVE: You're my friend. But you don't tell no one. Tommy, I made a connection. This fellow's getting it for me. Every day.

DON: Getting what.

STEVE: (IMPATIENT) What's a matter, ~~can't you see me arm?~~ *will you* I'm getting ~~the wood~~, the real thing. Junk.

(MUSIC: STINGS THE DISCOVERY)

NARR: Narcotics. Narcotics inside a prison. Look at him, look at him closely. Is he telling the truth? (TRYING TO SEE) He does look a little different....some of the ~~definite~~ signs of a dope addict. But how's it getting into the prison? How?

STEVE: I told you. I made a connection. Finch. He's got a line to a guy who cleans the courthouse. They slip it in every afternoon.

WILLIE: (SUDDENLY TEARS FORTH WITH A TERRIBLE SCREAM..OFF)

STEVE: (SHUDDERS) There's Willie again.

WILLIE: (CRYING TERRIBLY) They're after me. Please..help me.. help me.

STEVE: (CRYING IN B.G...UNDER) Why don't ~~they~~ *You* get him out of here. Put him in a hospital.

WILLIE: Someone....help me.

STEVE: (EARNESTLY) You see how it is? In a place like this,
you don't take the stuff, you go crazy yourself.

(MUSIC: IN WITH:)

NARR: You listen..but you don't want to believe what you hear.
Narcotics loose among these men would be a worse sentence
than any court could give. The final desperate flight
into a living death. Check it, Don Kellerman, check this
whole story fast.

FINCH: Yeah, sure..I can make you a connection. You can have
something for a deuce.

DON: How do I pay off, Finch?

FINCH: When the commissary comes around this week with the candy
write a slip to ~~the warden~~ giving me the money from your
account ~~downstairs~~.

DON: When do I get the junk?

FINCH: (LAUGHS) In a hurry, eh? Okay.....maybe this afternoon.

(MUSIC: RISES AND UNDER)

FINCH: Carter.....

DON: Yeah.

FINCH: (~~LOUD~~) Pick up that paper from the floor (LOW) There's a
capsule right under it.

DON: (~~CASUAL..LOUD~~) Okay...~~take it easy~~, Finch. (LOW) I got it.

GUARD: (OFF) Carter.

FINCH: A guard. Stash it, quick.

GUARD: (FADING ON) What's a matter, Carter. Didn't you hear me?

DON: No, sir.

GUARD: Well, comon. You've got a visitor.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MAC: (INCREDULOUS) But Don, are you sure? Absolutely sure?

DON: No Mac...and I hope I'm wrong. Get this capsule to a lab..get it analyzed.

MAC: How'd you get it?

DON: (TIRED) A long story, Mac.

MAC: (SYMPATHETICALLY) Sure, kid. Listen, you've had enough. Let me get you out of here. Tell them who you are.

DON: No. I'm not finished yet.

MAC: You are if this capsule is real. That's your story. Traffic in narcotics.

GUARD: (OFF) Time's up, Carter.

DON: (CASUAL) Thanks for coming, Uncle Bill. I sure appreciate the trouble you're taking in my case.

MAC: Forget it. I'll be sure to let you know how I make out.

GUARD: (OFF) *Come on Carter* Let's go.

(DON GETS UP..BEGINS WALKING..DOOR OPENS..
For use to GOES THRU, DOOR CLOSES)
(HE WALKS AWAY)

FINCH: Hey, Carter.

DON: Yeah, Finch.

FINCH: Get thru with your visitor?

DON: Yeah, why?

FINCH: The boys have set up a little *ward* session this afternoon, ~~e~~ ~~kangaroo court~~. We want to make sure you don't miss it. You understand make sure you don't miss it.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #306

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

(METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5)

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute -

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three Smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute CHANGE to

PELL MELL -

(STOPS)

(END E.T.)

CHAPPELL: (CONTINUES) - the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: This longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler, sweeter
smoking - and MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke is
filtered further through its traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #306

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

HARRICE: After 5 puffs, or 10 or 17 - by actual measure - your eyes can see that PELL MELL'S greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat -

CHAPPELL: - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: You get 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)

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

NARR: It's six weeks now...six long, terrible weeks you've been a prisoner here in Suffolk County jail. You've seen enough, heard enough, to make you think you've stumbled into a ~~musium~~ chamber of horrors. But right now, there's only one thing in your mind, as you face a menacing group of your fellow prisoners. Why have they called you to this meeting?

FINCH: We're having a little court. There's a guy here who's been asking for trouble. (SLIGHT BEAT) I guess he knows who he is. Only one thing to do to a rat. One thing. Okay...step out here. (SLIGHT BEAT THEN SHARPLY) You, Benson..comon!

BENSON: Me.

FINCH: I had a pack of cigarettes in my cell. You told the guard.

BENSON: No. No I didn't.

FINCH: We decided, Benson. All right, you fellers. One at a time. Line up.

BENSON: Honest, Finch. I didn't. I swear.

FINCH: You first, Weber.

BENSON: Please no..

(CUT OFF BY A THUDDING BLOW AND A GROAN. EACH MAN STEPS UP, TAKES HIS TURN WITH BELOW)

NARR: (REPULLED BY THE SIGHT BUT MORE WITH SADNESS)
They're taking turns. Each one beating his fists into
the condemned man's body. What are you going to do?
You're in line..and you're getting closer. You can't
strike this man. Four ahead of you..now only three.
What are you going to do?

(THE STEADY BLOWS BECOME LOUDER AS HE
APPROACHES. THEN THEY STOP..THERE IS A BEAT
OF SILENCE)

FINCH: Go ahead, Carter. (~~SLIGHT BEAT~~) What are you waiting
for?

DON: This guy's out on his feet.

FINCH: Hit him.

DON: I can't.

FINCH: (URGING) Go on. Work off a little steam. You sore
at something. Take it out on him.

DON: I told you. He's out cold.

FINCH: (SLOWLY) ~~Listen, what makes you so special.~~

DON: ~~Nothing. Only I'm not taking a slug at this guy.~~
~~He's had enough.~~

FINCH: We'll tell you when he's finished. Hit him.

DON: No.

FINCH: Look, Carter....

STEVE: ~~He's~~ Lay off, Finch.

FINCH: Easy, Steve boy. (IDEA PERKING) A lot of things
Carter steers clear of. I'm wondering why.

STEVE: ~~It's~~ Don't make a federal case. Why should he clip a
bum who's already stiff.

FINCH: (SLOWLY) Okay, We had our court already. But there's no saying we can't have one a little later. You keep an eye on your boy, Steve. I'm beginning to think he don't like our club.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: All right...so now Finch is watching you. Beginning to get ideas. And all you can do is wait...wait for the lab analysis of the capsule he sold you. Was it dope...or just a fake? The long night drags on. Morning comes and then...*you get a visitor*

(CELL DOOR SLIDES BACK)

~~GUARD: Carter, You've got a visitor.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BRIDGE)

DON: Give it to me fast, Mac. What was it?

MAC: Heroin.

DON: (HIS TENSION RELAXES) You're sure?

MAC: One of the best toxicologists in the country broke it down for us. You made a buy all right.

DON: Yeah. ~~A buy.~~ *Finally*

MAC: (SYMPATHETICALLY) You beat, Don?

DON: (EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTED) A little.

MAC: You did a job. A real job.

DON: (BARELY HEARD) Yeah.

MAC: It's all over, Don. We'll get you out and home now.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SOFTLY IN...AND THEN BEHIND)

NARR: Home. Your wife. Your kid. A hundred pictures build in your mind. You're going home. And the reality of it begins when your cell door opens...

(CELL DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

GUARD: Get your stuff.

NARR: It takes a second. Only a second. When have you moved so fast.

GUARD: This way.

(THEY WALK) (AFTER SEVERAL FEET)

STEVE: Tommy..

(WALKING STOPS)

STEVE: Just luck, that's all. Take all you need. So long, feller,

Don: *So long Steve*
NARR: *So long Steve. ~~No~~, you won't forget him. The kid who wanted to be like the people who lived up high, ^{with porches} ~~and~~ ^{so steep up} ~~could see for miles.~~*

(STEPS STOP...KEY IN HEAVY LOCK...IRON DOOR OPENS)

GUARD: Go on through.

(WALKS THROUGH...STOPS..DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM)

(WALKING WITH BELOW)

NARR: Look back, Don Kellerman, look back at this living hell where men come for justice but instead become its victims. Look back at the filth and the frightened boys and the despair that will send them back again and again. Look back..and the rest of your life, remember.....~~thank God you're free.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND BRIDGE TO)

~~(TYPING. DOOR OPENS)~~

MAC: Sorry to break in, Don.

DCN: It's okay, Mac. Comon in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MAC: ~~How~~ are the articles coming?

~~DON: I figure they ought to run for about six days. I'm on the fifth one right now.~~

MAC: Good. Then I stopped you in time.

DON: What do you mean?

MAC: I think this story is going to have a little different ending than you counted on.

DON: Different?

MAC: Yes. And if you'll come with me, I'll show you why.

DON: Look, what's this all about?

MAC: I'd rather the people we're going to see explained it to you.

DON: Who are they?

~~MAC: The State Police.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE) *Door Open*

MAC: *Come in Don. I want you to meet*
~~Don, this is Lieutenant Roman.~~ *of the State Police*

DON: Yes, I know the Lieutenant. He's the one who questioned me after my arrest. How are you, sir?

LIEUT: You sure had me fooled, Mr. Kellerman.. You looked like *a sure as hell*
~~any other punk kid~~ that night. I'm glad we are meeting under different circumstances.

DON: So am I.

LIEUT: *Mac here has been giving me*
~~You know, I've been sort of getting~~ a preview of your articles ~~and~~ I had no idea that conditions in the County Jail were this bad. But the thing I'm most sore about -- well, it shouldn't be hard to guess.

DON: The drug traffic.

LIEUT: Yes. The fact it exists isn't enough. We need evidence to show just how it works.

-22 A-

DCN: That shouldn't be hard to get. I've got the name of the
connection. Finch.

LIEUT: We're too late on him.

DCN: Too late?

ATK01 0007419

LIEUT: He's been transferred out of the county. He's out of our jurisdiction.

MAC: ~~The Lieutenant's first idea, Don, when he heard about Finch was to have him watched. That's when we learned about his transfer.~~

LIEUT: The way I see it, Mr. Kellerman. There's only ~~one~~ way left for us to get the evidence on this traffic in drugs.

DON: ~~How?~~

LIEUT: ~~Well....~~

MAC: (QUIETLY) ~~Go on, Lieutenant. Tell him.~~

LIEUT: ~~The only way, Mr. Kellerman, is for you to go back to prison.~~

DON: What!!

LIEUT: I know it's asking a lot. You had seven rotten weeks there...under the worst of conditions. But if you can make ^{ANOTHER} ~~a~~ contact...actually buy some more heroin..we'll be able to smash this whole thing. What do you say, Mr. Kellerman? Will you do it?

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH:)

NARR: Go back? ^{Does this man} ~~Do~~ these men know what ^{he's} ~~they're~~ asking? To go through it all over again? Haven't you done enough. Sure....rant..get angry..you've got a right. But when you're through, you ~~also have to~~ say...

DON: All right. I'll go back.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BRIDGE)

GUARD: Couldn't stay out of trouble, eh? Had your bail revoked by your lawyer.

DON: I was lonesome.

GUARD: ~~You must be crazy, kid. To do something that'd send~~
~~you back here.~~ Okay. ^{come} go on up to the tier. Cell
fourteen is empty. ~~Get into it!~~

(DON WALKS..THEN GETS TO IRON STEPS..GOES UP

THEM. WALKS)

^{Remember}
ALVIE: Hey, look who's back here. Hi, Tommy.

DON: Hello, Alvie. ^{Remember}

ALVIE: Hey, you remember Willie? The screwball?

DON: Yeah?

ALVIE: He's dead. Poisoned himself.

(MUSIC: ~~BEHIND~~)

NARR: (WRYLY) Like old times. In the very first minute...
an earful of misery. But this time, you don't want
to make it a long visit. You want to make a buy..
~~a quick sale.~~ Get the evidence the state police need.
First thing in the morning ^{you} start... ~~start looking.~~

DON: (LOW) Hey, ^{Remember} Alvie...commere..over to my cell.

ALVIE: Look, I'm supposed to be sweeping this tier.

DON: Commere.

ALVIE: What do you want.

DON: ^{Remember} Alvie, I want to make a connection.

ALVIE: For what.

DON: Don't con me. I want some smokin' stuff. Any of it
floating around.

ALVIE: In here?

DON: Listen, I got it before. Why shouldn't it be around
now.

ALVIE: How bad you want it?

DON: Bad enough.

ALVIE: For how much.

DON: Fifteen bucks.

ALVIE: (A LOW WHISTLE) ^{Don} You're ~~so~~ real lame, man. You're ready to fly.

DON: How about it?

~~ALVIE~~ ^{Benson:} (UNSURE) I don't know. I don't know.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You try others...cover the whole prison. Days pass and you're ready to admit it's all over but then...

ALVIE: (LOW) Carter...it's me, ~~Alvie~~. ~~Keller~~

DON: Yeah?

ALVIE: I got ~~it~~ ^{the} here. Junk. Give me the money.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP, RIDES AND OUT)

MAC: Take it easy, Don. The Lieutenant'll be out of the lab in a minute.

DON: They're wise to me, Mac. Even if I wanted ^{to} ~~it~~, I couldn't go back there ~~now~~ ^{again}. When you and Lieutenant Roman both came for me, ~~he~~ ^{they} knew I was a plant right away.

MAC: Well, forget about it. Your career as a jailbird has come to a sudden end. With this story..you...

(DOOR OPENS)

Oh, Lieutenant....

DON: (ANXIOUS) What'd they say? What's the analysis.

DON: Sorry, Mr. Kellerman. It isn't a narcotic.

DON: (DOWN) ~~No...~~ ^{Is it?}

LIEUT: This capsule is just aspirin and baking soda. ~~Well, we wanted junk...and that's what we got.~~ (OVER HIS DISAPPOINTMENT) ~~We've been taken but good.~~

DON: But why..what happened?

LIEUT: I don't know. Maybe someone found out who you really are and tightened up the prison. Maybe the drug traffic stopped when Finch was transferred out. I just don't know the answer. Give you gentlemen a ride back to town?

MAC: No, thanks. I'll take Don with me.

LIEUT: Sure. Mr. Kellerman.....thanks...thanks more than I can say. So long, Mac.

MAC: Bye..

(THE LIEUTENANT WALKS TO DOOR...AND OPENS AND CLOSSES IT)

DON: (BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED) A sucker. They made me a sucker.

MAC: What are you mumbling about?

DON: I thought I had something. Now they're just laughing at me.

MAC: Who? One stupid kid who dreamed up a way to chisel fifteen bucks. Who's laughing at you, Don. The men who are going to be helped because of what you've done.

DON: Mac....*listen*

MAC: No, you listen. You've done a big thing. You've written a story in the only way it could have been ~~done~~ *done*. By going out and living it. When this story hits the streets it's going to blast the complacency *out* out of every person in this country. We're going to have a decent jail. We're going to give boys a chance. And it's because of you, Don..because of you.

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

MAC: Hello....yes, this is he speaking.....what's that..
I see...when did it happen....okay, thanks, thanks very
much.

(HANGS UP)

MAC: An important call, Don, important enough to ^{send} ~~tract~~ me
down here at the lab. I showed some of your articles
to men in the county government. They've just
announced that a commission has been formed to
investigate the prison. You've won, Don. You've ~~done~~ ^{it}
what you wanted.

DON: (VERY QUIET) ^{I wonder} ~~Not quite~~, Mac.....

MAC: ~~I don't understand~~ ^{what do you need}

DON: I remember the men who shared it all. Willie...who
wanted to be helped...and whom they let die. I remember
Steve ~~who gave me~~ ^{and} his ~~crumbs~~ ^{crust} of bread. Maybe now for
people like them - it ^{is} going to be different.

(MUSIC: - - - CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In a moment we'll read you a telegram from Don
Kellerman of the Long Island N. Y. Newsday with the
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #306

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 Don Kellerman of the Long Island Newsday.

KELLERMAN: Indictment entered against me under name of Tommy Carter was dismissed because of lack of criminal intent. Because of my series of articles Commission is continuing its investigation of Suffolk County Jail. I was deeply honored by Award bestowed upon me by New York Civil and Criminal Courts Bar Association for distinguished service in the cause of justice as I am by tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Kellerman...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 Paterson N. J. Morning Call -- by-line Dorothy Patterson - the Big Story of a phone call and a reporter who turned it into a miracle.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- this 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 E.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Borety from an actual story from the front pages of the Long Island Newsday. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and played the part of Don Kellerman. 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. Kellerman.

Bill Taylor

(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)

ANNCR: This Easter season, help the crippled persons of America by buying Easter Seals, whose sale has already aided 125,000 handicapped children and adults in just the last year - including those in your community. Give and give generously, through Easter Seals - to help our crippled children.

This is N.B.C.....the National Broadcasting Company.

jc/os/br
3/15/53