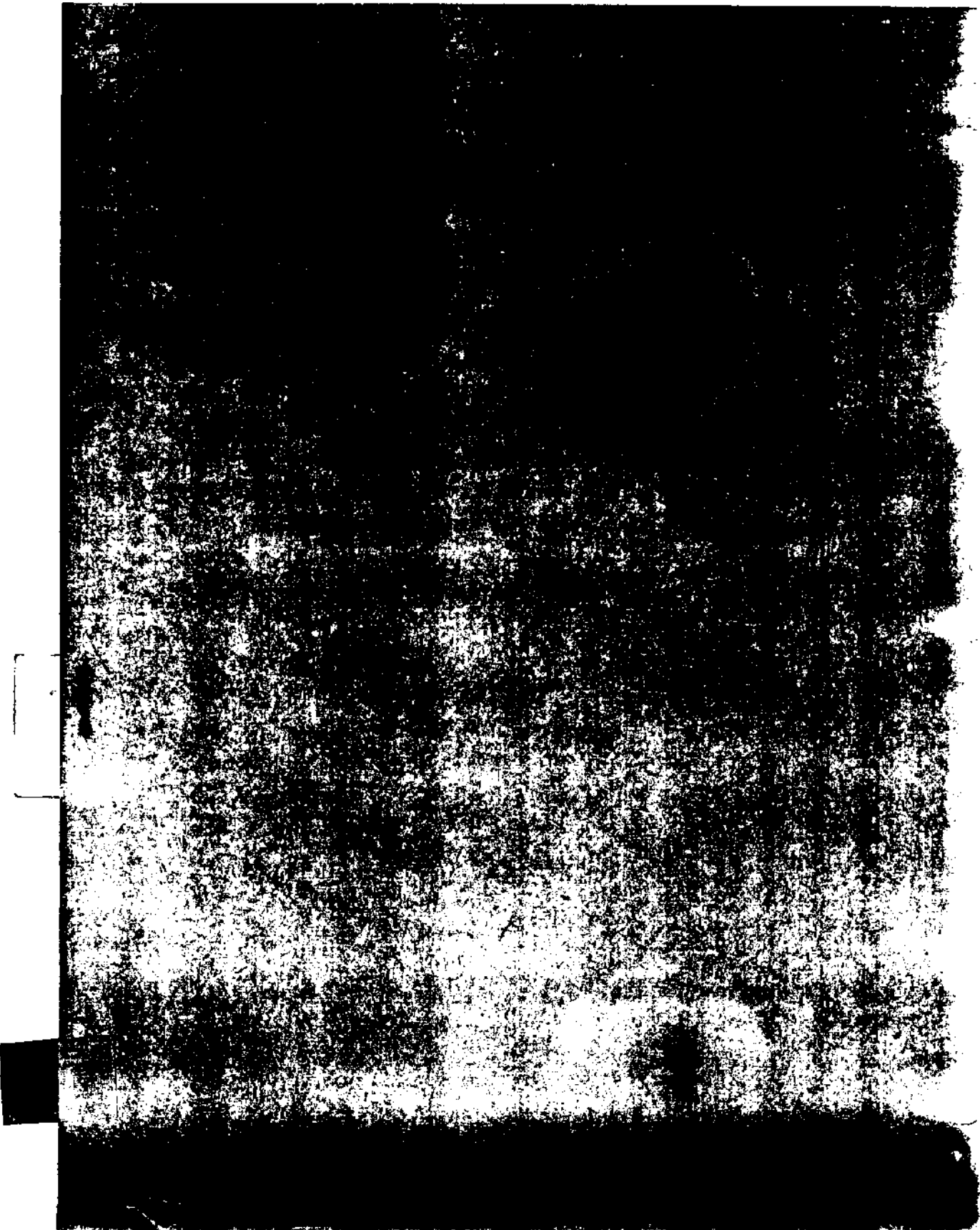


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ATX01 0007428



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #307

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JIM (FATHER)	FRANCIS DE SALES
TED (CYNICAL REPORTER)	TED OSBORN
DOCTOR	TED OSBORN <i>Francis de Sales</i>
DOROTHY	JAN MINER
BUDDY (OLDER BROTHER)	JOEY FALLON
BOY	<u><i>Robby Nick</i></u>
WOMAN (WIFE)	RAI TERRY
ROSE (MOTHER)	BRYNA RAE BURN
WOMAN II	BRYNA RAE BURN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1953

ATX01 0007430

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(DOOR OPEN)

JIM: (CALLS) ^{Marie} Rose...I'm home, honey. (THEN) ^{Marie} Rose?

^{Marie} ROSE: (FLAT, TONELESS) I'm here. ^{Marie}

JIM: Hey, I didn't see you sitting there so quiet. You --

(CUTS THEN) ^{Marie} Rose...what's the matter? What's wrong?

ROSE: (BARELY ABLE TO TALK) I --

JIM: What is it? Are you all right?

ROSE: Yes. I'm all right.

JIM: Is it the kids? ~~Is it Buddy?~~

ROSE: ~~No...it's not Buddy.~~ ^{Johnny?}

JIM: Johnny? ~~Is it Johnny?~~ (THEN) ~~What?~~ What's the matter?

(SHE STAYS SILENT) ^{Marie} ~~Rose!~~ ~~What's the matter?~~

What's the matter with Johnny?

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in Paterson, New Jersey. 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 Paterson New Jersey Morning Call, the story
of a phone call and a reporter who turned it into a
miracle. Tonight, to Dorothy Patterson, for her BIG
STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length of
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way
to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy -- smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Paterson, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened -- Dorothy Patterson's story, as she lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Dorothy Patterson, are a newspaperwoman...with equal emphasis on newspaper--and woman. It's rough competition in this man's business. You've got to be good - and you are. But still, you're a woman - and sometimes you take a razzing because of it...

(MUSIC: OUT)

(SOUND OF TYPING)

TED: (COMING ON) Hey, Dorothy? You busy?

DOROTHY: (TYPING) Uh-huh. Something important on your mind, Ted... or can it wait?

TED: It's pretty important, ~~Dorothy~~. Can you hold it a moment?

(CUT TYPING)

DOROTHY: What's up?

TED: (SERIOUS) I'm depending on you for the answer to this, ~~Dorothy~~. I don't think anyone else can help me.

DOROTHY: Sounds like a pretty big order.

TED: It is. Dorothy, when are you going to throw away those dead flowers on your desk?

DOROTHY: I -- (THEN) That's the big question, huh? And me right in the middle of a column. For two cents --

TED: Two cents? ~~Dorothy~~, you don't get the picture! This is a big money operation. We've got an office pool on how long you'll keep those flowers there just because you're too much of a softy to throw them out!

DOROTHY: (LAUGHS) I give up. You guys don't let me get away with anything, do you?

TED: (LAUGHS TOO, THEN SOBERING) Maybe it's not all for jokes, Dorothy.

DOROTHY: What do you mean?

TED: Well, you are a softy. You go through life believing everybody's thinking about everybody else--watching out for everybody else. It ain't so.

DOROTHY: Oh, I don't know.

TED: I do. Maybe that's why I worry sometimes. I'd hate to see you lead with that soft little chin someday and get slugged--just because you have the idea that everybody's as nice as you are.

DOROTHY: Do you have to be a cynic, to be a reporter?

TED: ~~Uh-huh.~~ ^{No} It's like being crazy--you don't have to be, but it helps.

DOROTHY: Dog eat dog. That's your theory, mm?

TED: I've been around.

DOROTHY: (ANGRY NOW) The wrong places. It's not true. You can depend on people, Ted. Honestly you can. You just have to give them a chance.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: That, Dorothy Patterson, is your credo. "You can depend on people." And...in another part of the city, something is happening that will soon put that credo to a test. Something that will decide whether or not you can really depend on people..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

(DOOR CLOSE)

ROSE: (ANXIOUS) Jim... that you?

JIM: (WEARY) Yeah. It's me.

ROSE: (TENSE) All right. Tell me.

JIM: Nothing to tell.

ROSE: But --

JIM: I said, there's nothing to tell.

ROSE: Didn't you go see them? Didn't you --

JIM: I went. I went to every hospital....every nursing home... every welfare agency. I told them over and over again... the same thing. (FLAT, TONELESS) "My son, Johnny... five years old. He's got nephritis. He's going to die. He's all swelled up so he can't even move and he's going to die unless we can get money for this new serum."
(THEN) They didn't have the money.

ROSE: Somebody must have it!

JIM: Three thousand dollars? ^{Maria} ~~Rose~~, it's too much to ask for. It's too much when the doctors say it probably won't help anyway. Who's going to fork over three thousand dollars for something that probably won't work?

ROSE: (SHARP) I don't care what it costs. It's worth it to try to save Johnny.

JIM: (WEARY) ^{we} ~~You~~ say that, sure. He's ^{her} ~~your~~ kid. Other people---it's not their kid. Why should they care?

ROSE: You're going to give up...just like that?

JIM: Rose ...

ROSE: You going to sit and watch him die? You going to sit
and watch him lie there...looking at ^{at Michael's bed} the ~~ball, bat and~~
~~mitt~~ you gave him...just looking at ^{it} ~~them~~ because he
can't even close his fingers around ^{it} ~~them~~ any more...you
going to (SHE BREAKS OFF, CHOKED WITH SOBS)

JOHN: Rose

ROSE: (SUDDENLY) Well, I'm not. I'm going to do something...
I'm going to keep on trying.

JOHN: How?

ROSE: I --I don't know, ^{now} But --there's got to be a way
hasn't there? Hasn't there just got to be a way?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: This is the beginning. These are the elements. In one
part of town ... a frantic, desperate mother. In
another part of the same town --- a reporter ...
a warm-hearted, compassionate reporter. Two elements
... and when a phone call brings them together ..
a big story starts to roll ...

(PHONE RING. PICKUP)

DOROTHY: Hello. Dorothy Patterson speaking ...

ROSE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mrs. Patterson... I--I don't know
how to say this. I---I read your column every day...

DOROTHY: Well, I'm glad to hear it...

ROSE: I --I don't know who else to turn to. I've tried
and tried but ---Mrs. Patterson...my boy's sick. He's
dying...

DOROTHY: Oh, I'm so sorry. I --

ROSE: Will you help me?

DOROTHY: How?

ROSE: My name's ^{Rose} ~~Rose~~ McDiarmid. I live at 100 Crescent Street.
Would you come tonight? Talk to me. Please.

DOROTHY: Well, I ---

ROSE: (IN TEARS) Don't let me down. There's nowhere else to
turn. Please...for the love of heaven, don't let me
down.

DOROTHY: 100 Crescent Street. I'll be there this evening.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIF AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: 100 Crescent Street is a pleasant, comfortable house.
As you, Dorothy Patterson walk up the broad, worn steps,
you think it looks like most of the other houses on
the block.... A good home...a pleasant place to live.
But as you ring the front doorbell and wait for an
answer, you are aware of something else...something
that sets this house apart from the others on the
block. The quietness. This is a quiet house. Next
door, the children shout and play in the yard...across
the street you hear the clear call..."Ready or not --
I'm coming." But not here. There are children here
at 100 Crescent Street, but they're not playing.
One is quiet--the other is dying.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

ROSE: I --I guess you can tell just by looking at him,
Mrs. Patterson...how bad it is.

DOROTHY: (SICKENED) Yes. (THEN) Can he hear me?

ROSE: I don't know --for sure. Sometimes, maybe. He just lies there like that--all swollen. He can't move. When he has to turn over, I lift him. Like when he was a baby. Funny...I remember when he was a baby ... just a little one. I used to love picking him up ---used to look for an excuse .. he was so little .. his skin was so soft ... like pink velvet. He--(SHE STOPS, UNABLE TO GO ON. SWALLOWS. THEN) No, I --I don't know if he hears us. He just lies like that --all the time.

DOROTHY: I see.

BUDDY: (OFF A LITTLE) Mom?

ROSE: Yes? Oh..Mrs. Patterson, this is my other boy... Buddy. Buddy, say hello to Mrs. Patterson.

DOROTHY: Hello, Buddy.

BUDDY: Hello. (THEN) I'm ready for bed, Mom.

ROSE: All washed?

BUDDY: Uh-huh.

ROSE: Even the ears?

BUDDY: Why do you always ask that?

ROSE: Because you always forget to wash them.

BUDDY: I washed them.

ROSE: All right. In you go.

BUDDY: Aren't you going to listen to my prayers?

ROSE: Well, I --- (THEN) Do you mind waiting, Mrs. Patterson?

DOROTHY: Not at all.

BUDDY: You can listen too, if you want.

DOROTHY: Why, thank you, Buddy. I'd like to.

BUDDY: Okay. I know them good. (HE BEGINS RECITING, NOT WITH ANY EMOTION, BUT RATHER FAST AND TONELESS AS CHILDREN DO)
"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray thee, Lord my soul to take. God bless Mommy, and Daddy and Johnny and me and ... (HE STOPS) Mom..."

ROSE: Say "Amen" honey.

BUDDY: First, can I put something of my own on the end?

ROSE: Well--all right.

BUDDY: Okay. (THEN) "And God ... please make my brother Johnny well. Amen." Was that all right to put on Mom?

ROSE: (SOFT, CHOKED) Yes, sure, Buddy. That was fine. (ALMOST HARSH) Now get to bed. It's late.

(MUSIC: _ _ IN WITH)

NARRATOR: She tucks him in ... the small, lean, active body in the blue sleepers ..the body that contrasts so sharply with the swollen, inert form in the other bed. And then, she puts out the light and leads you into the living room, and you, Dorothy Patterson, know that from now on, it's up to you.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

DOROTHY: Mrs. McDiarmid, you said you wanted me to help. How?

ROSE: There's a new drug-- we just heard about it. It's called serum albumin. It's suppose to help what Johnny has.

DOROTHY: Have you tried it on Johnny?

ROSE: The doctor says the only way the drug would have a chance would be to use it for at least three months..if Johnny lives that long.

DOROTHY: Well ...?

ROSE: Ninety days. At thirty dollars a day. We've spent every penny we have, Mrs. Patterson, and there's no hospital in town willing to stand the expense.

DOROTHY: Not even to save a child?

ROSE: That's another catch. We don't know it would. The doctor doesn't think so. ^{People} ~~He~~ thinks spending that much on drugs for Johnny is foolish.

DOROTHY: I don't think trying is ever foolish.

ROSE: (PLEADING) Don't you?

DOROTHY: No.

ROSE: I didn't know how you'd feel, but --I was hoping.

(THERE IS A MOMENT'S SILENCE. THEN)

DOROTHY: (BRISKLY) Well, I guess now we've got ^{to go} to work and raise that three thousand dollars, ~~mmm?~~

ROSE: Do you think it can be done?

DOROTHY: Never know until we try.

ROSE: I --I don't want you to think we're just asking for charity. I guess that's what it is, really, but Jim and I always --made our own way, before. We've got pride. But pride won't help Johnny now. Maybe nothing will. But we have to try, don't we? We do have to try, don't we?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DOROTHY: Sure, Ted, I know we probably can't raise that amount of money. Three thousand's not peanuts. But we have to try.

TED: Dorothy, you're just going to eat your heart out...

DOROTHY: What about that woman eating her heart out? What about that little kid, saying his prayers...."Please God make Johnny well...?" I'm going to use that prayer, Ted... for my story lead...

TED: Sob stuff...

DOROTHY: (MAD) No...not sob stuff. True stuff. I can't help it if it sounds like a tearjerker. It's true...it's happening. And I think people ought to know about it. I'm going to tell them the facts...just the facts... I'm going to ask them to send money if they can ... and if they can't...I -- I'm going to ask them to pray. I suppose you call that sob stuff too?

TED: (GENTLY) Look, Dorothy...don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to be a wet-blanket. I'm just trying to --- cushion the edges for you. This kid's gotten under your skin .. You feel badly about it. You're going to pour your heart out in an article, trying to get money. And you're not going to get it, Dorothy. Not for a kid nobody knows. Not for a kid who's probably going to die anyway.

DOROTHY: (PAUSE. THEN) I see. Okay, Ted, thanks for telling me.

(SOUND OF PAPER BEING ROLLED INTO THE TYPEWRITER)

TED: What are you going to do now?

DOROTHY: (SIMPLY) Write the story anyway. What did you think I'd do?

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #307

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

SOUND: METRONOME BELTS 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.)

HARRICE: ~~WHY?~~

CHAPPELL: ~~Because PELL MELL is~~ 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)

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THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #307

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 tobacco 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: _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Dorothy Patterson as she lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: A newspaper story is a lot of things. It can be a factual account...a statement of who, where and when. It can be a vividly painted picture of exciting happenings. Or it can be a desperate voice...crying out for help. You sit in front of your typewriter, Dorothy Patterson, and stare at the impersonal keys...searching, praying for the right words. The words that will tell of one mother's agony. The words that will tell of a young child, motionless, swollen beyond recognition with a terrible disease...the words that will unlock hearts...and pocketbooks. You do your best. And then....you have to sit back and wait--and hope that your best is good enough.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

TED: Morning, Dorothy ..

DOROTHY: Hello, Ted...

TED: Liked your story about the sick kid yesterday. Good stuff.

DOROTHY: I hope so. The mail sorted yet?

TED: Just finishing. I suppose you're hoping for a flock of checks?

DOROTHY: That's why I wrote the story.

TED: Sure. That's what I figured. (HESITANT) Dorothy, --I stopped by the mail room.

DOROTHY: Yes?

TED: Picked up your mail. Here.

DOROTHY: (BEAT. THEN) Are you---are you joking?

TED: (GENTLY) No. ~~It's all~~

DOROTHY: But --three letters! I --I get more than that when I write a story about a sick cat.

TED: Remember what I told you about leading with your chin...?

(SOUND OF LETTERS BEING RIPPED OPEN, UNDER)

DOROTHY: Two dollars....fifty cents in this one. A dollar in this one. Three dollars and fifty cents. And we need three thousand.

TED: Yeah.

DOROTHY: (PLEADING) Is this all the mail, Ted? All of it?

TED: I'm sorry, Dorothy. That's all of it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You feel sick, Dorothy Patterson. Not only because you dread going back emptyhanded to Johnny's mother..not only because a child will surely die without the money--but because the bottom of your belief has been knocked out. The belief in people --- in their goodness-- in their compassion. It's almost Easter now...and as you look out of your window at the trees swelling with the promise of life to come...your heart aches. It aches for Johnny, for his mother.,and for the people you tried to reach. The people who should care...but evidently don't. But if you could look beyond the budding trees, beyond the fringe of houses outside your window, you would know, Dorothy Patterson...that things are happening. Exciting, wonderful things---

(MUSIC: UP FOR MONTAGE AND UNDER)

BOY: Hey, mom, look. I made eleven dollars and forty cents this week selling papers. Only, is it okay if I don't give it to you, this time? I thought, if you don't mind...I'd send it to the paper. For that kid, you know?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

WOMAN: That's right, ^{vegetables} ~~dear~~ and you might as well get used to the idea that there won't be any meat for dinner for the rest of the week. I'm saving the ^{money} money to turn in to the Johnny McDiarmid Fund.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

WOMAN II: (WRITING) Dear Mrs. Patterson...I am an elderly widow. I have no money except my small pension. Would you accept twenty dollars for Johnny? It's all I have in my savings?....

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Slowly at first...and then faster and faster...the checks pour in. There's no need any longer, to wait anxiously by the mail room. The letters spill in, more and more... not only from Paterson...but from all over, ^{Florida} ~~New Jersey~~, New York...as far away as South Carolina and Ohio. A little girl sends twenty-five cents---a labor union, five hundred dollars. The young grandson of a rabbi organizes a drive--and children from Catholic and Protestant Church groups contribute. You, Dorothy Patterson, know for sure now, that a newspaper story can be many things. And one of the things it can be is the magic word that draws people of all ages...of all faiths..of all occupations together...to help an *unknown child*

(MUSIC: _ OUT)

DOROTHY: ^{It} I--I'm just so overwhelmed. It's so much more than I ever dreamed of getting.

TED: How much so far?

DOROTHY: Well over the three thousand mark. About forty five hundred dollars--and it's still coming in.

TED: You're going to have a happy surprise for Mrs. McDiarmid.

DOROTHY: I'm going over there with the check now. But you know something, Ted? I don't think it will be a surprise. She believed..in people, I'm sure. That's why she called me.

TED: What about you?

DOROTHY: You know the answer to that one. I believed ^{how} ~~that~~. I always have.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

ROSE: They took Johnny to the hospital this morning, Mrs. Patterson. They're going to start treatments right away.

DOROTHY: That's wonderful, Mrs. McDiarmid. And here's the piece of paper that'll pay for those treatments.

ROSE: I don't know how to thank you.

DOROTHY: This check is for three thousand dollars but the money is still pouring in. If you need more----

ROSE: Oh no...like I told you before, Mrs. Patterson..Jim and I --we're not looking for charity. We make our own way. I can't tell you how grateful we are for the three thousand dollars. But that's all we'll need. If there's more money left --- well, maybe someone else can use it.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DOROTHY: That's what she said...maybe someone else can use it.

TED: You're converting me, Dorothy. I'm beginning to get real fond of people.

DOROTHY: All day that's been running through my mind...about maybe somebody else can use the money. And I've got an idea.

TED: What now?

DOROTHY: Suppose...suppose I wrote another story ... and told the readers about this surplus money? Suppose I asked them if I could keep it as the beginning of a permanent fund? A fund we'd have right here at the paper ... ready and waiting... if anything like this happens again. What do you think, Ted?

TED: After what's happened so far, there's nothing you can suggest, Dorothy...that I'm not going to say....go ahead.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: That, Dorothy Patterson, is the beginning. You even have a name for this fund--a name that tells exactly what it is--The Save-A-Child Fund. This is the real beginning of your big story....a story without an end... for as long as the Save-A-Child fund goes on... your big story, Dorothy Patterson, will go on too. (THEN) You're thinking of this, of course....this mild spring morning...but you're thinking of something else too. You're thinking of Johnny McDiarmid... the desperately sick child who started your story. You're thinking about him, and hoping...and praying.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

ROSE: (LOW) It isn't any use, Mrs. Patterson. He's been getting the serum for three weeks now. It isn't doing any good.

DOROTHY: What do the doctors say?

ROSE: Nothing. They just ---look. The way they look, it's worse than anything they might say. Tomorrow's Easter. I bought Johnny an Easter bunny. A big purple one. He likes purple. (HER VOICE BREAKS) He can't even see it. A fine Easter for him.

DOROTHY: Maybe it will be.

ROSE: How, when...?

DOROTHY: Easter's a time of life, Mrs. McDiarmid...not death. It's a time of miracles.

ROSE: I know. (BITTER) The only trouble is--^{*It's hard to believe*}~~I don't~~ believe in miracles any more.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: There's so little you can say, Dorothy Patterson-- so little you can do now --except wait. Easter morning comes...a sunlit, joyful morning. In the hospital, the antiseptic whiteness of the children's ward is brightened with baskets of flowers...spotlighted with the glow of the Easter sun. You stand, tense, waiting, with Johnny's mother as the doctor makes his usual examination. And then ..

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Mrs. McDiarmid..I have an Easter present for you.

ROSE: You --? Johnny?

DOCTOR: He's much better. Much.

ROSE: (DAZED. STUPIDLY) But --you said the serum wasn't working. You said it didn't help ..

DOCTOR: I know I did. But today .. ^{it is} ~~it's~~ working.

ROSE: (SOFT) Oh, God ..

DOCTOR: It's almost a miracle.. a medical miracle. But Johnny's going to get well.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Dorothy Patterson are too happy to argue. You're too happy to tell the doctor that this is more than a medical miracle. But you know it...you know that Johnny McDiarmid's recovery is a human miracle, made possible by the people who helped him, and fought for him, and prayed for him. And you know, too, that it's a miracle which -- because of the Save-A-Child Fund -- will go on ... as long as there are people who need care.. and people who care. That's the joyful ending to your Big Story -- a big story that will really never end.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, you will hear the actual voice of Johnny McDiarmid, 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 here is the voice of Johnny McDiarmid with a message to you.

JOHNNY: (RECORDED) "I just wanted to tell everybody I'm fine now and back in school, playing baseball and everything. You know a funny thing? Before I was sick my hair was brown, but that serum turned it bright red. But I ~~feel~~^{am} ~~swell~~^{now} so I ~~don't~~^{didn't} mind. Mrs. Patterson has sure been wonderful, helping me and loads of other kids too with the Save-A-Child Fund. I'm real glad she got the PELL MELL award."

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Johnny and to you, Dorothy Patterson...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 Post -- by-line Gene Lowell, the story of a city editor who made a hobby of collecting stories.. especially crime stories.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- this 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 Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Paterson, N. J. Morning Call. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jan Miner played the part of Dorothy Patterson. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of ^{some of the} ~~all~~ characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of ~~the reporter, Mrs. Patterson.~~

(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.

vak/hc/mtf
3/23/53pm.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #308

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GENE LOWALL	NELSON OLMSTEAD
D.A.	MIKE SAGE
GRADY	RAY JOHNSON
MRS GRADY	HELEN SHIELDS
DOC	SID PAUL
JOE	SID PAUL
EDITH	IRENE FRAZEE
CARHOP	IRENE FRAZEE
DEAN	ARNOLD MOSS

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1953

ATX01 0007454

NBC

THE BIG STORY

9:30 - 10:00 P.M. EST

APRIL 8, 1953

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

MRS GRADY: (BAEBLING) He did it! He killed that girl --

DOC: (SOOTHING) Now, Mrs. Grady, you've got to rest, try to
sleep. You've been very ill....

MRS GRADY: (DELIRIOUS) ~~I'm trying to tell you he's mixed up in it,~~
~~he did it, he~~ killed that girl. I saw the parka, the
girl's books, all the stuff he buried, the blood on his
clothes. ~~He did it, he did it, he did it!~~ (SOBS,
~~HYSTERICALLY~~)

GRADY: (LOW) Is she delirious, Doctor?

DOC: (LOW) Yes. Running a very high fever, Mr. Grady.
Naturally, your wife doesn't know what she's saying...

GRADY: Naturally. But take care of her, Doctor. I want her
to have the best care, money's no object.

MRS GRADY: (NOW MOANING) ~~He did it! Don't you understand, don't~~
~~you believe me?~~ I saw the blood, I saw ~~the blood~~
...her blood. (SOBS BROKENLY) ~~Why won't you believe~~
~~me? Why won't anyone believe me?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Denver, Colorado. 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 Denver Post, the story of a city editor who made a hobby of collecting stories . . . especially crime stories. Tonight to Gene Lowall of the Denver Post 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: Denver, Colorado. The story as it actually happened, Gene Lowall's story, as he lived it.

NARR: You, Gene Lowall of the Denver Post, are in the middle forties, slightly gray, married, with two children. For twenty years, aside from the hard business of reporting, you've had one passionate hobby. Crime stories. You collect them, read them, even write them. A real whodunit fan with a sharp eye for loose ends in any story. And it is this day in November, and a certain item pops out of the ticker,....

(TICKER B.G., TAPE COMING OFF)

GENE: (READING) Boulder, Colorado. November tenth. University of Colorado Coed feared dead. A bloody scarf found at Marshallton, six miles from the University of Colorado, was identified today as belonging to Edith Gaylord, missing coed. The news caused a furore in this quiet college town, although university authorities were inclined to play down any suggestion of foul play...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: University Authorities are inclined to play down any suggestion of foul play. But you remember another item. It seems that a broken gun grip was found not far from the scarf, and somewhere there is a loose end here. But the University Dean thinks otherwise...

DEAN: Really, Mr. Lowall, you're wasting your time. And I think that the inference you're making here is an outrage, an attempt to promote some kind of sensational ~~thing~~.

GENE: (CASUALLY) I don't see the point in getting excited.

DEAN: I'm quite sure that Miss Gaylord, like so many coeds, started out to visit her family and after that...

GENE: (SMILING) After that, ran off and got married.

DEAN: Precisely. I'm positive it's something like that.

GENE: All right, Dean ~~Waller~~^{Bradford's}. If you're that positive.

(MUSIC: A TRACE OF MOCKERY AND OUT)

JOE: I was Edith's, ~~Wally~~^{Tom}...friend -- we ~~were~~ going steady. ~~Joe Wallace is my name~~. And she ~~wasn't~~^{was} that kind of a girl. You don't know Edith.

GENE: No, I don't. Suppose you tell me, Joe. When did you see her last?

JOE: Last night. We ~~finished~~^{finished} practising at the Choral Society and she said she had to go home and study...

GENE: And after that?

JOE: After that, she went home and that's all.

GENE: By herself? Nobody went with her?

JOE: No, you see it was raining and nobody was going Edith's way. ~~So she just left.~~ ^{had to leave and finish} (NOW ANGUISHED)

But nothing could have happened to her. I know it.

GENE: Maybe she got a hitch. Maybe someone offered her a lift....

JOE: She wouldn't have taken it. I know Edith. She's visiting relatives, somewhere. Maybe she got a 'phone call. I know it, I'm positive.

GENE: (CASUALLY) Okay -- you're positive, too.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

NARR: Everybody's so positive, Everybody's so sure.
Because everybody is scared down deep...scared of what
they really fear. And then, two hours later. The
uncertainty ends. With a terrible and grim ~~fatality.~~ ^{fatality.}
The body of a girl is found by a trackwalker,
under a trestle at Lee's hill, twelve miles south.
The body of Edith Gaylord.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)

But, there was a part of the story you didn't know.
Not till much later.....

(RAIN. THUNDER OFF)

(CAR UNDER. THEN CAR SLOWS TO STOP. MOTOR
IDLES.)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

GRADY: (YELLS ABOVE RAIN) Want a lift, Miss?

EDITH: Why, no. No...thanks just the same.

GRADY: Don't be foolish, Miss. It's raining hard...you're
soaked. Walking along the highway like that...why,
you'll catch your death of cold.

EDITH: I don't mind walking.

GRADY: (INGRATIATING) Look, why don't you be sensible, and
jump in. I'll take you right home...right to
your door.

EDITH: Well...all right. I guess maybe I'd better. I am
soaked to the skin.

GRADY: Now, you're making sense.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS. RAIN AND THUNDER OUT)

GRADY: Now then, where to?

EDITH: I live at 42 University Walk.

GRADY: Forty-two University Walk. Have you there in a jiffy.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

GRADY: Edith Gaylord, that's a pretty name.

EDITH: Thank you.

GRADY: Coed at the University?

EDITH: (TIGHT) Yes.

GRADY: Well, you're a very pretty girl, Edith. A very pretty girl.

EDITH: (TIGHT) Thank you.

GRADY: The minute I saw you in my headlights, I said to myself, now there's a pretty girl. ~~And here is a rainy evening and all, and~~ why not give her a lift?

EDITH: Wait a minute, Mr.....

GRADY: Smith's the name. Henry Smith

EDITH: You just passed the turn to my house.

GRADY: Did I? (CHUCKLES) Well, what do you know?

~~What do you know?~~

EDITH: (RISING FEAR) Why don't you turn around and go back? Where are you going?

GRADY: ~~Why, for a ride, a nice long ride, just you and me, Edith. (A BEAT) And you don't have to look at me like that, my dear. You don't have to be afraid of me. (LAUGHS EERILY) Why, I'm almost old enough to be your father!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS, THEN SHARPLY OUT FOR)

(DOOR SLAM)

MRS GRADY: That you, Ed?

GRADY: It's me.

MRS GRADY: (TERRIBLY UPSET) Where were you last night?
Where'd you go?

GRADY: (EVENLY) I got in late.

MRS GRADY: ~~Don't tell me. I know how late it was. I want to asiee!~~
~~And you still haven't told me.~~

GRADY: ~~told you what.~~

MRS GRADY: ~~Where you went last night.~~

GRADY: Now, look. What do I have to do? Report to you every
minute? ~~Make out a time sheet...~~

MRS GRADY: (GRIM) I saw you take off the parka. And I saw what wa
on it.

GRADY: (A BEAT) You're a little too noseey, Emily.

MRS GRADY: Where did you go last night?

GRADY: Will you shut your mouth? ~~Will you?~~

MRS GRADY: You read the story in the paper. You know what I'm
talking about. Where'd that blood come from, ~~all that~~
~~blood?~~

GRADY: Blood?

MRS GRADY: I saw it myself, and don't you try to lie out of it,
~~Ed Grady.~~

GRADY: (FLAGATORY NOW) Look, Emily, if you give me a chance
I can explain it. I can explain it easy....

MRS GRADY: ~~Now I know. Now I know for sure.~~

GRADY: ~~Emily.....~~

MRS GRADY: (IN HORROR) You did it. *You killed her*
~~It was you who did it!~~

GRADY: ~~Emily, look. Will you stop yapping and listen?~~
~~She's dead, and I know all about it, but you got to~~
~~understand, I can't go to the cops. Now listen.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HITS A PITCH THEN SEGUES TO THE CALMER THEME OF LOWALL AT WORK)

NARR: No, you didn't know it at the time, Not you, Gene Lowall of the Denver Post. Nor did Albert Vogel, the District Attorney. Right now both of you are looking at the body....

GENE: What's the latest, Mr. Vogel?

DA: Well, Gene. Her school books are gone.

GENE: Anything else missing?

DA: Purse, rings, the pearl earrings she was wearing...all gone.

GENE: And the fall from the trestle killed her.

DA: The Coroner says no. He tells me she was dead before she fell - or was thrown.

GENE: Okay. Now let's add. Somebody picked her up outside the Choral Hall. He drove her to where they found the scarf. How far away would that be from here? 6½ miles?

DA: Make it seven.

GENE: Okay, seven. The fought there, and the killer probably slugged her with this gun butt. That's where the handle to the gun broke, maybe killed her there or near killed her and then drove her here to get rid of her.

DA: ~~That just about takes care of everything, Lowall.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ IN MOVEMENT)

GENE: Dean ~~Hansen~~, this isn't going to be easy. I'd appreciate your full cooperation, I've got to have it.

DEAN: ~~(IN DESPAIR)~~ Very well. Anything I can do, Mr. Lowall. You've no idea what effect this will have on the school.

GENE: That's why we've got to do what I suggested. We know she got a hitch in somebody's car. We're sure of it. Her friends say, she wouldn't take a lift from a stranger, only from someone she knew. That may or may not be true, I don't know.

DEAN: She must have known hundreds of people.

GENE: Right, but let's say, mostly students. And a lot of the were in bed that night, or studying, or at the movies. We'll weed those out fast. It's the others I want. The ones she knew that aren't accounted for, who have cars.

DEAN: You might have to ask several hundred.

GENE: All right. If we do, we do. But we'll check every single one of them. (STERNLY) If the hard way is the only way, we'll still find out!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You start on a cold, scientific, and mathematical basis. Gene Lowell. An enormous job. ^{You find a hundred} ~~Four hundred and~~ seventy students, ~~each and every one~~ with a car. Each a possible, a potential killer. Each with a story. They drove alone. They drove to the next town to see a girl. And if you don't believe it, here's the name of the girl. And so forth. You narrow it down....

DEAN: ~~How many more, Mrs. Lowell?~~

GENE: (WEARILY) Fifty. Fifty more to question.

DEAN: You're sure that the other four hundred and twenty have told you the truth?

GENE: I'd put money on it, Dean Hansen.

DEAN: Why? How can you be so sure?

GENE: ~~Because I checked them, I checked them myself,~~
personally. Every single one of them.

(MUSIC: ~~STING AND UNDER~~)

NARR: ~~And as you go on. And the group grows smaller. Fifty~~
~~to forty to thirty to twenty to ten. And then...~~

GENE: That's all. That's all there is. ~~There isn't any more.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

NARR: Result: zero. A big, black, mocking zero. And a
feeling of immense fatigue, and some depression.
Because no one really knows what happened. No one,
that is, except Mrs. Ed Grady.

(HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BY A WOMAN, STOP)

MRS GRADY: Get up, Ed. I know you're not asleep. (PAUSE)
~~How can you sleep with what you've done on your~~
~~conscience?~~

GRADY: Why don't you let me be? Emily, why don't you let me be ~~be~~

MRS GRADY: (MOCKING) Why don't I let you be! You're ^{I think} so smart,
Ed Grady. You thought you went out alone this morning
didn't you? ~~Nobody saw you.~~ Well, I saw you. You
thought, I'll take all that stuff, the parka, the
girl's books, the rest of the stuff and ^{hide} bury it
somewhere, ~~six feet deep.~~

GRADY: (RISES MENACINGLY) You followed me, Emily? You had
to be nosy. You had to be a busybody. Couldn't
let well enough alone.

MRS GRADY: ~~I never believed your story. And I don't know.~~

GRADY: ~~It's the truth.~~

MRS GRADY: ~~Some truth. Some story. You were out in the car and a girl and a man hailed you. They asked for a lift and while you were minding your own business they got into a fight and the man hit the girl so hard she passed out and then he hit you with a gun butt. And you passed out.~~

GRADY: I keep telling you, it's the truth! Will you stop....!

MRS GRADY: (GOING ON) And then you came to. You came to, and there she was, Ed Grady. There she was, sitting on the seat beside you, and there was blood all over you.

GRADY: So help me, Emily. Then I saw this trestle, and I threw her body over. Like I told you, I was panicky, I was scared...

MRS GRADY: ~~And I was fool enough to believe you. Why don't you go to the police and tell them? Tell them the same~~ *truth* ~~story you told me.~~

GRADY: Emily you better listen to me....

MRS GRADY: ~~Why did you have to bury the books and the clothes?~~ *And that stuff* I saw you with my own eyes, Ed Grady, and you're not fooling me one bit, not one single bit. You killed her. ~~There wasn't any couple. You picked up that college girl, this Edith Gaylord, and you~~ *picked her up* ~~did it.~~

GRADY: You through yapping, Emily?

MRS GRADY: I've said all I want to say.

GRADY: And you still don't believe ~~me.~~ *I didn't do it*

MRS GRADY: Not in a thousand years.

GRADY: All right, all right, sweetheart. What are you going to do about it?

MRS GRADY: I may do plenty.

GRADY: Like go to the cops, for instance?

MRS GRADY: Maybe.

GRADY: You do that, if you want to, Emily. But before you go shootin' off your mouth, just let me remind you of something.

MRS GRADY: Yes? What?

GRADY: ~~(LAUGHING NOW)~~ This here's the State of Colorado. And since when can a wife testify against her husband in Colorado? You're my wife, Emily, my sweet and ever loving wife, till death do us part. Remember? (HARSH) Till death do us part!

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

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE 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.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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
tobacco.

MORE

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 Gene Lowell, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Gene Lowell of the Denver Post, keep plugging on the Edith Gaylord case, the murder of the University of Colorado Coed. It's slow, painful, and discouraging, this trying to tie the loose ends into a hard knot. You can take a hundred whodunits you've read or collected, another ten you've written, and nothing is as tough as this. And then, a phone call...from Dean Hansen at the University.

DEAN: (FILTER) Mr. Lowell, I am authorized to tell you this, and request that you publish it in your newspaper.

GENE: Yes?

DEAN: The University of Colorado is prepared to offer a ten thousand dollar reward for any information leading to the arrest of the man who killed Edith Gaylord!

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: After that, you go to work. Set up a drawing in a Box on Page One. Headline: LOOK FOR THIS GUN. You also give instructions to the artist at the paper...

GENE: Look, Tony, here's a rough layout. See? This is a sketch of a forty-five automatic with a broken grip. I want a hand holding a pencil inserted into the muzzle. Like this. Just so the finder will know how not to ruin any fingerprints. Oh. And letter out a caption. "If you find this gun contact this paper, or the District Attorney." (A PAUSE) All right, Rembrandt. Get going!

(MUSIC: _ _ IN EXCITING MOVEMENT AND UNDER)

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

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(MUSIC: _ _ IN EXCITING MOVEMENT AND UNDER)

the conversation

NARR: It's done. And now a visit to ~~Boulder~~, and Dean ~~Hansen~~. *Stafford*

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

DEAN: You think this drawing might help, Mr. Lowall?

GENE: It might. Especially when you put it together with the reward. Money's always a big help. Money makes the public think, money makes them come forward. Only...

DEAN: Only what?

GENE: Make a note to experience. We'll get a hundred tips. All leading nowhere, ~~like bright, blue, flying saucers in the sky~~. And then maybe the hundred and first...

DEAN: Might be useful, eh?

GENE: Might. Just might. Anyway there's one thing. One thing you can do to help, Dean ~~Hansen~~. *Stafford*

DEAN: Anything.

GENE: See that each member of the student body gets this issue of the Post. And tell each of them---it's required reading!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: After that, the phone buzzes. Again and again. A false lead. And another. And another. ~~Flying saucers in the sky~~. And finally, a call, and this is different. Now, you contact the D.A.

D.A.: (FILTER) District Attorney Vogel...

GENE: Mr. Vogel, Gene Lowall at the Post.

D.A.: Yes?

GENE: Just got a call from a woman. It seems she was driving along near that trestle with her husband, and all of a sudden they saw something wedged between ² rock^s in the culvert.

D.A.: Yes? What was it?

GENE: The seat cover of a car, the front seat cover.
And soaked in blood!

(MUSIC: _ _ STING AND UNDER)

NARR: Again, on the phone, all day long. ~~Trying to separate~~
~~some chair, and find some wheat.~~ ^{finally} And then you do. A
man calls to tell you he's found a parka, blood all over
it, ~~a mile and a half away from where they found her.~~
And in the torn lining of a pocket, ~~where the killer~~
~~must have missed it,~~ a book of matches reading:
HAMBURGERS OUR SPECIALTY. DEW DROP IN. (IRONIC) And you
"do drop in."

GENE: You work here as a carhop?

CARHOP: That's right. You going to write a story about me?
My name's Helene Miller...that's Helen with an 'e' on
the end of it, and I come from...

GENE: (INTERRUPTS) Just tell me about these people you saw
that night.

CARHOP: Well, I'd know the girl, I'd know her anywhere, after all
those pictures in the paper. She was cute, you could
see that right away. And the fellow with her ordered
hamburgers for two.

GENE: There were just two of them?

CARHOP: Just two. Seems, from what I heard them say, the girl
wanted to get home in a hurry. She kept looking at this
man like she didn't care much for him. Only took one
bite out of her hamburger, and left the rest. I guess
stopping here was his idea.

GENE: This man, what did he look like?

CARHOP: Kind of a big man, not fat, you understand, but big, and kind of nervous like. Pale blue eyes, and light colored hair, I think, dirty blond. Pretty good looking, ~~and thirty-seven, maybe.~~

GENE: Thanks, Helene. I think you'll be seeing your picture in the paper.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Her picture goes into the Post, and you print the description, and appeal to the public for identification of Mr. X, as he is called. But all this gets you nothing, not yet. You've done a lot of work on this already, but the end is not yet. And in the home of Mr. Grady..

(CLINK OF CUP)

GRADY: More coffee, Emily. (A PAUSE, THEN SHARP) You heard what I said! More coffee.....

~~(POURING OF COFFEE)~~

GRADY: What's the matter with you? Why do you keep starin' at me?

MRS GRADY: (TONELESSLY) You shouldn't have done it, Ed. You shouldn't have done it.

GRADY: Oh. You're back on that again, huh?

MRS GRADY: I haven't had a minute's sleep, Ed. I've kept turnin' an' tossin', and thinkin' about my husband. My husband, a murderer, with blood on his hands.

GRADY: (SAVAGELY) Will you shut up?

MRS GRADY: You've got to go to the police, Ed. It's the only thing to do.

GRADY: Still got this crazy idea that I killed this girl, Emily?
(MORE)

GRADY:
(CONT'D)

You're just achin' to go down to the cops yourself, an' yap about it, aren't you? ~~The way you've been mopin' around, starin' at me with those cow eyes of yours, I figure maybe you're thinking of unbuttoning your lip, sooner or later.~~ (SOLD) And just to remind you, sweetheart, maybe I oughta slap your mouth...(GRUNT, SOUND OF SLAP) Good and...(SLAP AGAIN) hard!

Mrs. Grady

MRS. GRADY:

(A BEAT) ~~I'm going to leave you for this.~~

Leave me alone

GRADY:

You got that a little wrong, Emily. I'm goin' to throw you out...now! (A BEAT) There's the door. ~~Get out!~~

MRS. GRADY:

I'm not goin' out in that rain....

GRADY:

I said now. Right now. I can't stand the sight of you another minute, I'm fed up with you for good. Get out!

MRS. GRADY:

You're ~~not going to~~ ^{be} make me go out in that...

(DOOR OPENS)

(WIND AND STORM IN)

GRADY:

Go on! Out!....

(SOUND OF STRUGGLE)

MRS. GRADY:

(SCREAMS) ~~Take your hands off me, you hear.~~

(SCREAMS, FIGHTS, STRUGGLES)

GRADY:

~~Maybe that rain'll cool you off, you old hag!~~

(SLAM OF DOOR)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

DOC:

You say she ran out into the storm herself?

GRADY:

That's right, Doctor. ~~What's happened to her?~~ The other night, there she is, going along fine, and then like a crazy person she starts to tell me she's fed up with me, and before I can stop her, she runs out into the rain, screaming...

DOC: And she didn't come back.

GRADY: No. I looked for her all night. Then finally, I found out that they picked her up in the street, and brought her to the hospital here. (A PAUSE) How is she, Doctor?

DOC: She's got the flu. Naturally, spending hours in that cold rain. Right now, she's ~~in high fever~~...delirious... talking wildly.

GRADY: (A BEAT) Yeah? About what?

DOC: Something about some girl who was killed, blood on a parka. She keeps repeating it over, and over.

GRADY: Now ~~where~~^{why} would she talk about a thing like that?

DOC: I don't know. People under delirium often say strange and irresponsible things...

GRADY: (A BEAT) Doc, tell me the truth. She gonna pull through?

DOC: (GRAVELY) It's touch and go, Mr. Grady. After she's been here a few days we'll know more. We're doing everything we can.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GENE: Gene Lowall, Denver Post.

MRS. GRADY: (FILTER, WEAK) Mr. Lowall, my name is Grady... Emily Grady.

GENE: Yes?

MRS. GRADY: (WEAK) I'm a patient at Lawnbrook Hospital.

GENE: (A BEAT) Yes? What can I do for you, Mrs. Grady.

MRS. GRADY: I've read your paper, and I've got some information on that Edith Gaylord case. You've got to come up here and see me at once.

GENE: Wait a minute, Mrs. Grady....

MRS. GRADY: (VERY TIRED, WITH A QUIET URGENCY) Please. I can't talk any more on the phone, Mr. Lowall. It's...it's dangerous. But I've got to see you! Room 413.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN MOVEMENT)

GENE: Now, say that again, Mrs. Grady. Nice and slow. Let me get it ~~straight~~ ^{down}.

MRS. GRADY: He threw me out of the house in the rain. I got sick and almost died. After that, I knew I had to talk. This is the truth, everything I told you is the truth, I swear it.

GENE: ~~Repeat it, slowly. I'm taking it down this time.~~ ^{yes - to you.}

MRS. GRADY: (CONTROLLED) When he came home that night he was covered with blood. I wanted to know why. ~~And he~~ ^{he wouldn't} ~~convinced me. The next morning,~~ ~~told me this lie about the couple, the man and woman~~ ~~he said he picked up. And then just like I told you,~~ I followed him. I saw him bury those things where you found them. I saw him hide those things with my own eyes. He did it. He killed her. I'm his wife, but I'll swear he killed her.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ QUICK MOVEMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Gene Lowall, you take it down, word for word. Then you and the D.A., Albert Vogel, pick him up -- her husband, Ed Grady, You stand him up in front of the carhop at the Dew Drop Inn...~~just for size.~~

CARHOP: That's the man I saw with her. That's him.

GRADY: (INGRATIATINGLY, HE HOPES) Now look, girlie, you know there were three of us. The girl, and this big tall college boy, and me, don't you remember?

CARHOP: I don't remember any big tall college boy. You were alone with her. Just you and the girl.

GRADY: (RISING) You're crazy. You're a stupid, empty headed girl. I keep telling you...

GENE: Okay, Grady. I think that's enough.

DA: Wait a minute, Lowell.

GENE: What's the matter, Mr. Vogel?

DA: (TO SOMEONE OFF) Sergeant take this man to the patrol car. (A PAUSE) (THEN) I'll tell you something, Gene. I don't like it.

GENE: Why not? I just delivered you a killer, didn't I?

DA: You think you did. I think you did. But how are we going to prove it? What have we got?

GENE: Why, we've got..

DA: Listen. Let's get legal for a second. We've got the identification by a carhop that Grady was last seen with Edith Gaylord. (A BEAT) Anything else we got?

GENE: What about his wife? What about her story? How he came in that night and then tried to bury the clothes. The wife said (THEN STOPS) (NOW BEGINS TO REALIZE THE PROBLEM) You mean, the wife? You mean, she can't...?

DA: That's exactly what I mean. A wife can't testify against her husband. And now what do we end up with? A circumstantial case. And how good is it? Without her testimony it would fall flat on its face in any court in the land.

GENE: I never thought of it.

D.A.: Well, think about it now. Flat on its face.

(MUSIC: RE-ECHOES THIS STATEMENT, THEN GOES UNDER)

NARR: There it goes, Gene Lowell. Everything. All the plugging you did, the careful, painful plugging. All the work, everything lost.

~~NARR:~~ Then, you grab at a straw. Take a long chance, try talking to Mrs. Grady again. And she talks and she talks and she talks. A flood of words, each burning with resentment...

MRS. GRADY: I hate him. I hate him. After the way he treated me, after what he did, I hate him. And lies? How that man could tell lies. Why he even lied to me about divorcing that other woman.

GENE: Other woman? What other woman?

MRS. GRADY: Oh, you won't find Ed Grady talking about her. Oh, no. And you know why, Mr. Lowell? Because he wasn't even divorced from her when he married me. Never told me about it till later. His divorce didn't come through from her, until three months after we were married.

GENE: Mrs. Grady, you're sure of this?

MRS. GRADY: Of course I am.

GENE: ~~Well, what do you know? what do you know?~~

Mrs. Grady, you'd like to see Ed Grady get what he deserves, wouldn't you?

MRS. GRADY: As much as I like to breathe.

GENE: Then you can. Because you're not legally married to him. (MORE)

GENE: You never were. You can get up on that stand...and
(CONT'D) talk. You can talk your heart out now. If -- you
want to.

MRS. GRADY: I'd like to see anything ^{body} in the world try and stop me.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Gene
Lowall of the Denver Post with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

(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 Gene Lowall of the Denver Colorado Post.

LOWALL: The wife in tonight's Big Story who was illegally married and so could testify - changed her mind. But in spite of this, killer was found guilty of murder and sentenced eighty years to life. Case Paid Off for me in another way. Made Roving Crime Editor, Denver Post, with assignments all over the United States. Man, thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Lowall...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 Helena, Montana Independent Record -- by-line C.J. Hansen, ^{the} A Big Story of a reporter who had to face a trial by ~~five~~ ^{five} to learn a lesson he would never forget.

(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 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 Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Denver, Colorado Post. Your narrator was Bob Slocane and Nelson Almstead played the part of Gene Lowell. 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. Lowell.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

(PAUSE)

HARRICE: Our forests are among our most vital resources. Last year, through carelessness, forest fires destroyed millions of acres of valuable timber. This shameful waste weakens America ... protect our forests! Don't toss away lighted matches or cigarettes. Make sure every camp fire is completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires!

This is N.B.C. The National Broadcasting Company.

MTF -- AB -- TB

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

361
PROGRAM #308

CAST

NARRATOR

C.J. HANSEN

BRAD

CHET .

NED

FRED

PILOT

EDDIE

HENNY

BOB SLOANE

LAWSON ZERBE

WENDELL HOLMES

JIM STEPHENS

~~JOE HILGENSEN~~ *Carl Frank*

BILL KEENE

BILL KEENE

BILL LIPTON

MICHAEL O'DAY

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1953

ATX01 0007484

NBC

THE BIG STORY

9:30-10:00 P.M.

APRIL 15, 1953

WEDNESDAY

(C.J. Hansen) (Independent Record; Helena, Montana)

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

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN FOR:)

(PHONE RINGS, ONE LONG, THREE SHORTS. PICKED UP)

BRAD: Lincoln station Ranger Bradley speaking.

CHET: (FILTER) This is lookout tower ... at Iron Rock.
Hi, Brad.

BRAD: How are things, Chet?

CHET: What a day! Looks like I can see a hundred miles from up here. And if the mountains weren't in the way .. maybe more. Sure is great being up high.

BRAD: You're in the wrong outfit. This is the Forest Service, not the air force.

CHET: Well, ^{Sooner to side to} ~~at least I can walk down to~~ the ground ~~from this~~
~~tower.~~ ^{just} ~~and~~ in case I .. Hey, Brad ...

BRAD: Yeah.

CHET: (EXCITED BUT CONTROLLED) Brad, a smoke, I got a smoke.

BRAD: Easy, Chet. Give me the bearing.

CHET: ~~It shows~~ ... it shows up at 46 degrees.

BRAD: Listen, that timber is bone dry. Keep watching it. If you have to give me a new bearing, call back. Otherwise, stay off the line. ~~Bye.~~

(HOOK DOWN .. PHONE RINGS .. ONE LONG .. 3 SHORTS)

BRAD: (ALL BUSINESS) Lincoln Station.

ATX01 0007485

NED: (FILTER) This is Shelby Lookout Tower. Reporting a smoke at two ... three ... six. Base of fire not in view. Smoke drifting to the south. Estimate distance at eleven miles. Better get on it, Brad. It looks like a big one.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Helena, Montana. 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 *Helena* Independent Record, the story of a reporter faced a trial by fire ... and learned a lesson he would never forget. Tonight, to C.J. Hansen, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: __ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: ___ TURNTABLE)

COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #309

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10 or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN)

CHAPPELL: Helena, Montana. The story as it actually happened.

C.J. Hansen's story, as he lived it.

NARR: The way it begins, you never figured on it happening just that way. No big flash over the wires .. no jangling of the teletype bell. Just a chance meeting with a fellow you know from around town. For it's around six o'clock now, and as per custom you C.J. Hansen of the Helena Independent Record have dropped into the Paradise Diner for a cup of coffee and ... a lot of talk.

(BIZ OF DINER SNEAKS IN UNDER)

Only this time, unknown to you now, the talk is going to be the start of a long and terrible ordeal.

FRED: (OFF) (CALLING) Hey, C.J. ... over here. Comon.
Got a chair all warmed up for you.

HANSEN: Well Fred Miller - Hi.

FRED: (FADING ON) A little late tonight, aren't you, C.J.?

HANSEN: Just walked over here a little slower, that's all.

How're things?

FRED: No complaints.

HANSEN: Fine.

FRED: My kid brother might have a few though.

HANSEN: Burt?

FRED: Yeah. That boy is going to find himself doing a man's work tonight.

HANSEN: What's up?

FRED: Maybe you didn't hear. He joined the Forest Service. Went with the smoke jumpers.

HANSEN: I've got a buddy in the same outfit. Charlie Davis.

FRED: Yeah? I'll have to tell the kid.

HANSEN: (A LITTLE DISTURBED) What did you mean about tonight. What's going on?

FRED: Burt called me about an hour ago. Said they were going out on a job.

HANSEN: Where are they jumping?

FRED: Mann Gulch.

HANSEN: The Gulch. But that's ~~in~~ the Gates ^{to} of the Mountains area. It's loaded with dry timber.

FRED: Guess that's why they're using the smoke jumpers. To kill it quick.

HANSEN: If that fire gets out of control ...

FRED: Look, my brother .. your friend .. all the other fellows.. they know what they're doing.

HANSEN: (STILL DISTURBED) I hope so.

FRED: You're a real optimist, eh, boy?

HANSEN: Sorry. But I can't help thinking.

FRED: What.

HANSEN: A forest fire. What's worse.

(MUSIC: UP SHARPLY ... RIDES INTO)

(PLANE ENGINES .. ESTABLISH .. UNDER)

NED: ^{Pilot} ~~Abie~~ one nine calling Bradley at Lincoln Station .. ^{Pilot} ~~Abie~~
one nine calling Lincoln Station ... come in please.

BRAD: (FILTER .. SLIGHT INTERMITTENT STATIC) This is Lincoln Station. Where are you now. Repeat. Where are you now.

NED: About two miles due east from the smoke. She's in section nine. Repeat, section nine.

BRAD: See a place where you can drop.

NED: Yes, Brad. A small clearing near Winton creek. Looks like a bad smoke. May be in for trouble on this one.

BRAD: Have the foreman radio his position the moment he lands. I'll dispatch a ground crew for support.

NED: They'll be a long time coming, Brad. It's packed tighter than a jungle down there. (ALERT) Near the clearing, Brad.

BRAD: Okay, feller. Good luck. Lincoln Station off.

(HIS LINE SHUTS DEAD)

NED: *OK you guys*
(INTO MIKE) Prepare to jump. (GRADUALLY CHANGE FROM LIVE TO FILTER) Eddie, give Brad a radio fix when you get a bearing down there.

EDDIE: Right. Okay ... you guys ... set it up!

NED: (SLIGHT BEAT) (FILTER) Over the target.

EDDIE: Jump one jump two ... jump three ... jump four ...

(ROAR OF PLANE GOES OVER THE COUNT)

(MUSIC: SWELLS UP AND BRIDGES TO:)

FRED: When'd that ranger station say they'd call back, C.J.?

HANSEN: Soon as they had word, Fred. Bradley himself promised to phone. Right here at the paper.

FRED: (UNEASY) Those jumpers should have reported in by now. It's after midnight.

HANSEN: Yeah.

FRED: C.J.....

HANSEN: (QUIET) Yes, Fred?

FRED: Those boys get pretty good training, don't they?

HANSEN: The best.

FRED: (TRYING TO BE CHEERFUL) Sure. The Government would see to that. (SLIGHT BEAT .. THE WORRY CREEPING IN AGAIN) You been out to the Gulch lately.

HANSEN: Last week.

FRED: Dry, eh?

HANSEN: Yeah.

FRED: (ANNOYED) Here we are.... got a lot of scientific methods But comes a drought, we're helpless. Got to sit here day after day ... praying for rain. Hoping that

(~~STOPS AS PHONE RINGS SUDDENLY... RINGS AGAIN IN THE SILENCE... THEN IT IS PICKED UP~~)

HANSEN: Hansen speaking ...Yes, Brad I see yeah sure thanks thanks a lot.

(SLOW HANGING UP)

FRED: (ALMOST EAGERLY) They're in, eh? Everything's okay.

HANSEN: No, Fred.

FRED: What's that?

HANSEN: There were fifteen jumpers. Before their radio ~~went dead,~~

~~HANSEN~~ last thing they said was ... the fire was out of control.

FRED: The men ... where are they?

HANSEN: They just found one of them at Wilton landing. He's dead.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(CAR RIDING .. ESTABLISH)

NARR: You leave Fred Miller and start to drive. You go fast ... faster than you've ever gone before in your whole life. One terrible thought in your mind. Who's the dead man. Is it Fred's brother is it Charlie David ... your best and oldest friend. You want to get there ..C.J. Hansen and yet you're afraid. It's night ... but the sky is like day when you arrive at Wilton landing.

(CAR STOPPING. HANSEN GETS OUT. NOISE OF MEN IN B.G. GETTING SUPPLIES ... WATER LAPPING AT DOCK)

HANSEN: Say feller. Where they got him. That smoke jumper they found?

NED: In the boat house. End of the dock. Follow me.

HANSEN: Thanks.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD WITH BELOW)

NARR: It's ~~only twenty~~⁵² feet to the boat house but suddenly ... years flash into your mind. The years of being with a friend ... knowing him ... a hundred small things that no one'd think important but you and him. And now .. in a few seconds ... you'll know ... You'll know if your best friend is dead

(WALKING STOPS.)

(DOOR OPENS) *tel*

(A FEW STEPS. THEY STOP)

HANSEN: (A BEAT .. THE RELIEF.. ALMOST A WHISPER) No .. no... it's not him.

NED: Friend of yours?

HANSEN: No -- but, just as bad.

NED: How so?

HANSEN: It's Fred Miller's kid brother.

(MUSIC: _ _ HITS AND GOES TO)

(B.G. OF THE DOCK)

NED: Miller's the only one ~~we found~~ ^{They} so far. All the other jumpers must have been trapped by the fire. Boats have been leaving the dock here ... searching the whole river front. Not a trace.

HANSEN: But what happened, Sergeant.

NED: She's out of control, Mr. Hansen. Bad.

HANSEN: How can I get up there.

NED: You can't.

HANSEN: What about the road.

NED: Only way into the fire is down the river. But you're not getting thru. It's too dangerous.

HANSEN: Look, I'm trying to find someone. Charlie David. He was with the jumpers.

NED: Sorry but you're better off here.

HANSEN: Listen, you don't understand

NED: Mr. Hansen ... the chief ranger'd have my neck I let a civilian up there.

HANSEN: But I ... hey ... out there ... that launch ... It's heading this way.

NED: Yeah ... I see it.

HANSEN: Those men. Can ... can you make them out?

(LAUNCH IS HEARD OFF)

NED: Just about. They're .. they're jumpers all right. Comon.

(LAUNCH COMES CLOSER WITH BELOW)

NED: (PROJECTING) Chet...pull in over here..(CLOSER TO NORMAL)

.....Easy now....

CHET: (OFF) Get that ambulance over ^{here} I've got three bad ones.

NARR: Again ... the terrible NED: (OFF)

searching of burned Where'd you find them?

faces. You look....and CHET: (OFF)

your friend is not among A ridge off the Kelsey

them. But there's no trail.

more sense of relief. NED: (OFF)

~~All you feel now are~~ Look's worse than ever.

^{only} questions. How did this CHET:

terrible thing happen? Never saw it like this.

When's it going to stop? (SIMULTANEOUS END WITH NARR)

NED: We can't ask these men anything. ^{the} ~~the~~ They're dying. Hey, you fellows....give me a hand. Chet ... soon as they're out, you go back up river to the fire line.

CHET: Right.

HANSEN: How is it up there at the fire?

CHET: Mr. ~~Hansen~~ it's like the end of the world.

(MUSIC: STINGS IT AND BEHIND)

NARR: How can you do it. How can you crowd in all the sights... the cries...the thousand things happening in the disaster of a forest fire. Just a few miles away the land is burning up. Places you've known since you were a child.

(MORE)

NARR: The work of years being destroyed in minutes. But in
(CONT'D) everything you see and hear ... always the one big
what happened to the ~~conductor~~ ~~conductor~~ ~~conductor~~ ~~conductor~~ ~~conductor~~
question. Where's your friend. What's happened to him?
you've just found.
There's only one way to find out, C.J. Hansen. That
launch at the dock. It's going back to the fire. Hurry...
you've

(FADE IN THE LAUNCH STARTING UP ENGINE)

only got a few seconds. Get on it, hurry ...

(HE RUNS)

HANSEN: Hey ... wait for me ... wait ... wait ...

(ROAR OF THE LAUNCH UP FULL)

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER ... THEN INTO)

(ROAR OF BULLDOZERS ... ESTABLISH ... THEN UNDER)

(WE HEAR THE FIRE NOW ... BIG .. UGLY .. CRACKLING)

(TREES EXPLODING AT INTERVALS)

BRAD: (PROJECTING) .. Mac .. get those bull dozers into the
fire line ... strip it clean. Move!

(THE BULLDOZERS ROAR OF ... MOVE IN ANOTHER
DIRECTION)

(WE HEAR MEN DIGGING IN B.G.)

HANSEN: (OFF) Brad ... hey, Brad ...

BRAD: Hansen ...

HANSEN: (FADING ON) What's the chances of stopping this thing.

BRAD: We'll make it, how'd you get up here.

HANSEN: Bummed a ride.

BRAD: All right. Grab a shovel. Pile into that line.

HANSEN: Brad...any word of the smoke jumpers.

BRAD: No.

HANSEN: But what happened to them.

BRAD: We don't know. My guess is they got trapped by a shift in the wind.

CHET: (FADING ON) Brad...weather report came in over the radio. Wind velocity's picking up.

BRAD: (GRIM) We've lost 3 thousand acres already. One bad break and the whole mountain can go.

CHET: The fire line's almost in, Brad. She'll have nothing to burn on when she reaches it.

NED: (PROJECTING OFF) Watch out...she's crowning.

BRAD: Ned's shouting something...listen...

NED: (REPEAT) Crowning...the fire's crowning.

HANSEN: What does he mean "crowning?"

BRAD: The wind's turned this way without warning.

(SLIGHT INCREASE IN THE ROARING OF THE FIRE)

HANSEN: But all this work...this whole fire line..it'll all be wasted.

BRAD: (PROJECTING) Evacuate the area ...

(INCREASE IN THE FIRE)

CHET: Brad ... she's bearing down on us ...

BRAD: (TENSE) Comon, Hansen ... run .. run .. for your life.

(FIRE ROARS UP)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BUILDS IN THE EXCITEMENT FOR CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #309

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.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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 CONTINUED

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #309

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: -- UP AND UNDER)

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

NARR: How are you ever going to forget it. The race up the mountain to the clearing...and the fire coming up to the edge...trying to get by...then turning to spread destruction down the whole length of the valley. You're right in the middle of it. The worst forest fire in the history of Montana.

(SNEAK IN STEADY BURNING OF THE FIRE, UNDER)

Near you now...is the fire boss. Ranger Bradley. All the skill and experience of the Forest Service is at work.

BRAD: Ranger Station at Lincoln.....this is Bradley speaking. The fire crowned on us in Section nine. We lost a lot of equipment. Rush the following materials. Water pumps... electric saws...Pulaski tools...and cat bulldozers. We had to leave two of the cats behind. I've got two helicopters up there now and I'm going to check them for a report. Stand by.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND INTO)

(HELICOPTER DRONE,, ESTABLISH,, BEHIND)

PILOT: Brad...this is Mike Devin in number one. Do you hear me.

BRAD: (FILTER) Yes, Mike. How's it look up there?

PILOT: I'd estimate the head of the fire to be at least four miles long. Section five seems to be getting the worst of it. Wilton Creek's dried out down there and the pumps aren't working.

BRAD: (FILTER) How's the southern flank holding up.

PILOT: A second, Brad...I have to get up a little higher. Like being over a blast furnace where I am now.

(A LITTLE REV OF THE PROPELLER BLADES)

PILOT: (AFTER A BEAT OF THE BLADES) Okay....yeah, I can see it now.....trouble down there is the wind, Brad....blowing a lot of embers around...must be hundreds of spot fires starting that way. Don't know what a fire line can do. She's jumping over the tops of the trees. You need more equipment, Brad. Lots of it.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT FOR)

CHET: (STATIC FILTER) Brad...this is Chet Adams. I'm taking over the ground crew in section three. The way it looks to me, we won't be able to get in front of it 'til it cools down.

BRAD: No good, Chet. She'll take too much by then. You have to head it off now.

CHET: I've only got a hundred men in the line.

BRAD: We can't spare anymore. Build the line around to the north.

CHET: Okay, Brad but if she crowns again...we're just plain licked.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You stay with them...one terrible hour after another. The noise of the fire in your ears...the smoke burning at your face. And a hatred wells up inside you. You're helpless, all of you..helpless against this evil destruction. Look what it's done to your friend and all the others. Somehow..it's got to be beaten.

BRAD: (SHARPLY...A WARNING) Hansen!

(MUSIC: ~~THE FIRE HAS GONE~~)

(FIRE ALL AROUND) *Yeah*

HANSEN: (COMING OUT OF THE FOG) Yes, Brad.

BRAD: What's the matter with you. You were walking right into that fire.

HANSEN: (QUIETLY) No.

BRAD: I saw you. Okay, you've had yours. You're getting out of here.

HANSEN: What about these other men.

BRAD: (ALMOST GENTLY) You did a job, Hansen. But I'm ordering you back.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You start back to the boat landing. And still behind you is the secret of what happened to the men who jumped ~~into this inferno~~...trying so desperately to stop ~~the fire~~. Nothing you can do anymore, C.J. Hansen. The ranger had it right. Go home.

(SNEAK IN HIS WALKING ON WOOD THAT SNAPS AND

BREAKS. INTERMITTENT SOUNDS OF THE FIRE FAR OFF)

(A BEAT)(HE'S REMEMBERING) *You start back. In your mind* When did you see your friend

is the man who has lost a good friend, if last. ~~At the school reunion, remember. A great time used to it. his friend~~ that night. ~~Yeah. He was..~~ (BREAK).....hey.....something

on the ledge down there.....see...take a look...get over to the side.....careful..careful..what is it.....a manit's a man..

HANSEN: Hey....hey, you down there.....you all right.

EDDIE: (OFF..CALLING UP) Just about.

HANSEN: Be right down. Easy, now.

(WE HEAR HIM SCRAMBLING DOWN A SHARP HILL,
STONES GET LOOSE, HE FALLS, BUT FINALLY GETS
TO HIS POINT)

EDDIE: (FADING) Mister...you're a pleasure to look at.
HANSEN: Your..your uniform.
EDDIE : Yeah. Smoke jumper.
HANSEN: But..but you were all supposed to be trapped back there.
EDDIE: We were.
HANSEN: The others. What happened to the others.
EDDIE: They're all dead.

(MUSIC: -- STABS...GOES UNDER)

NARR: It figured. It figured all the way. How this one
survived...you don't know. To you, it's like he's
come back from the dead. But to everyone who knew the
men with him, they'll want to know one thing. How did
it happen.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

EDDIE: We hit the silk a little after six o'clock. Most of us
landed in the clearing. Those who didn't, made
rendezvous pretty fast. I was foreman.....so I
(START FADE) began laying out the detail the second
I had the fire plan sized up.

(BEAT THEN FADE IN FIRE, A LITTLE OFF)

EDDIE: All right, fellers. We'll set up a cargo camp and work
from here. Henny..how many acres you scout it for?
HENNY: About sixty, Ed. She's starting to heat up real fast.
EDDIE: Yeah. You think we can hold it?
HENNY: Wouldn't take the chance.
EDDIE: You other fellows?

PILOT: I'm with Henny. This wind's all bad.

EDDIE: I agree. Okay, we'll have to let it burn from here.
We'll get toward the river then hack out a fireline on the
west flank. Let's go.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT FOR)

(THE FIRE) (HACKING AWAY WITH AXES...SAWS)

EDDIE: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Get that brush out of there, Harry.
Art, watch out for those pines. They're liable to fall
across the line.

HENNY: Ed, how far we from the river?

EDDIE: Half a mile.

HENNY: (WORRIED) This stuff is like dynamite. Just a spark
will set it off.

EDDIE: Nice thought.

HENNY: Ed, look..

EDDIE: (SCREAMING OUT) You guys...watch out....those pines are
going up...

HENNY: Ed, we're out off from the river.

EDDIE: Still may be time to get down there.

HENNY: No... that fire's like a wall now....she'll close off
the whole trail.

EDDIE: All right, no sense taking chances.

(BLOWS A WHISTLE)

(PROJECTING) We're getting out. Up the gulch to high
ground. Start moving.

(MUSIC: -- UP IN THE BUILD AND OUT FOR)

(THE FIRE)

EDDIE: We'll be all right in a minute. There's a cliff around
this bend. We'll be safe there. Then we can..(CUTS OFF)

HENNY: Ed...

EDDIE: (SICK..ANGRY) ~~I see.~~ *Yeah* I see.

HENNY: How are we going to get thru those trees. They've got us blocked off.

EDDIE: Never saw it like this before. The rotten breaks...

HENNY: That's the head of the fire over there. With those winds pushing it...it'll reach here quick. Ed..we're cut off..... on three sides. Comon...we'll go back.

EDDIE: No. It's coming too fast. It'll catch us.

HENNY: It's our only chance.

EDDIE: We'll never make it.

HENNY: We can't stay here.

EDDIE: We have to.

HENNY: What are you doing with those matches.

EDDIE: Saving our lives...

HENNY: But how Ed?

EDDIE: I'm burning this grass. Then we're all going to get into the burned part. The fire will be all around us..but it won't be able to touch us.

HENNY: (NERVOUSLY) Brother, I'm going to close my eyes.

EDDIE: Get the others over here. Fast.

(WHISTLE BLOWS)

~~EDDIE:~~ *Henry* (PROJECTING) On the double...over here all of you.

~~HENNY:~~ *Eddie* They don't understand you or they don't hear you. They're going up the trail.

~~EDDIE:~~ *Henry* They'll be trapped. Comon...We've got to get them back.

(RUNNING OVER THE WOOD...FLAMES ARE NEARER)

(MORE)

EDDIE: Henny..where are you..this smoke..I can't see..Henny..

(FIRE NEARER..ROARING)

Listen to me....God, make him listen...(FADING)

Henny....Henny.... *Henny*

(ROAR OF FIRE ALSO FADES OUT)

(BEAT)

EDDIE: (FADING IN) ~~What chance did they have.~~ Mister, long as I live I'm going to see that fire. ~~And these boys...~~ *ll* ~~running~~ ~~running~~ *never forget it.*

HANSEN: When the fire passed on, what happened.

EDDIE: I found some of ~~them~~ *their bodies* Mister, you'll excuse me. I don't feel much like talking about it anymore. Got some water maybe?

HANSEN: Yeah. Here.

(CAP UNSCREWED...DRINKS)

EDDIE: Thanks.

HANSEN: I'd better get you down to the landing.

EDDIE: I'd be obliged.

HANSEN: Maybe one more question if I might.

EDDIE: Sure?

HANSEN: Charlie Davis. Was..was he among the ones you found?

EDDIE: Davis?

EDDIE: I don't rightly know. Some of the men were on leave when we made up the crew. I took on a few fellows I didn't know before to get a full squad. Might have been this Davis was one of them.

HANSEN: Then you can't say whether or not you actually saw his body.

EDDIE: No. But I told you. They're all dead.

HANSEN: (PERSISTENT) But you didn't see him. You can't be sure. After I take you down to the landing..I'm going back to look for him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(WALKING THRU THE BROKEN TREES....A SLIGHT WIND)

NARR: (AFTER ESTABLISHING HIM WALKING) You're on a ridge of the mountain and the black ruins of the fire are all around you. You're walking in a nightmare of desolation. ~~For as you call~~^{out} out.....

HANSEN: (PROJECTING SLOWLY) Hello.....hello.....(IT DRIFTS OUT OVER THE VALLEY).....^{but}.....all that comes back to you....is an echo of despair. It's no good. Your search is ended.. and in the only place it could. Here....in the world of the dead.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: But there's still a job to be done. In town....back at the paper. And you go there. They've got the front page waiting for you. The people want to know. What's the story of Mann Gulch. And you write it...just like it happened...to you.....and all the others.

(PHONE RINGS...LIFTED)

HANSEN: (A LITTLE QUIETLY...FOR HIS DISPIRITEDNESS) Hello....

BRAD: (FILTER) Hansen?

HANSEN: Yes.

BRAD: This is Bradley.

HANSEN: How's the fire?

BRAD: Getting a little tame. I think we've got it. Tonight by the latest.

HANSEN: Good news.

BRAD: Nice story, feller. Sort of told what these guys here tried to do.

HANSEN: Who's ever going to know how much.

BRAD: Think maybe you ought to come out to the boat landing. Say, in about an hour?

HANSEN: What's going on?

BRAD: You just come on out. See you, Hansen.

~~(HANGING UP ON OTHER END)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TC)

(CAR DRIVING UP..STOPPING. HANSEN GETTING OUT)

BRAD: (OFF) Hansen..over here.

(WALKING)

BRAD: (FADE IN) Right on time.

HANSEN: Hello, Brad. Why'd you ask me to come out?

BRAD: I'd rather you see for yourself.

HANSEN: (CURIOUSLY) What's up.

BRAD: Fire's even better than when I phoned you. We finally licked it.

HANSEN: We going back to the fireline now...that it?

BRAD: Not you, feller. You had your share.

HANSEN: Look, why'd you call me. What's it all about?

(MOTOR LAUNCH IS HEARD OFF...FAINT)

BRAD: See that launch heading over here.

HANSEN: Yes.

BRAD: It's got a search party in it. Take a look at the man in the bow. (SLIGHT BEAT) Well...

HANSEN: ~~Brad...~~

BRAD: It's no mirage. It's him all right. Charlie Davis.

HANSEN: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Charlie.....

BRAD: He's been with that search party for two days. That's why you kept missing him.

HANSEN: I....I can't believe it.

BRAD: Nice surprise, eh.

HANSEN: Nice? (CONTROLLING HIS HAPPINESS..ALMOST CLOSE TO TEARS)
Brad.....I've gotten my share of luck now...for the rest of my life.

~~(LAUNCH HAS BEEN GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER WITH ABOVE)~~

~~(CALLING OUT) Charlie...Charlie....~~

~~(LAUNCH KEEPS COMING TO US...BRINGING THE TWO FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER)~~

~~(MUSIC: -- BUILDS WITH THE TRIUMPH OF THE MARCH LAUNCH COMING CLOSER...THEN GOES TO A CURTAIN)~~

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from C.J. Hansen of the Helena, Montana, Independent-Record., with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #309

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
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money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from C.J. Hansen of the Helena, Montana, Independent-Record.

HANSEN: It took five days and twenty miles of firelines to finally defeat the fire. Over five thousand acres of valuable forest were destroyed. Today, thirteen white crosses stand in memory of the heroic smoke jumpers and for us...are tragic symbols of the destruction that can be caused by carelessness in our National forests. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hansen...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 Newton, Kansas, Kansan -- by-line Thayne Smith, a Big Story of a ~~reporter~~ *reporter who ~~didn't~~ ^{did} couldn't stop running on* *reporter who ~~didn't~~ ^{did} couldn't stop running on*

(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 Alvin Foretz from an actual story from the front pages of the Helena Montana Independent Record. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Lawson Zerhe played the part of C.J. Hansen. 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. Hansen.

(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 ...

HARRICE: Our forests and woodlands mean a great deal to every one of us...~~whether we live in the town or country, whether we be farmer, teacher, banker, student or housewife. Our forests and woodlands provide the wood for our homes and furniture. They serve us with very essential materials for national defense...materials for which, in many instances, there are no substitutes. Our forests safeguard water supplies - the water we drink, or use for power or to grow crops in the drier sections of our country. Our forests shelter wildlife, provide food for livestock, offer recreation for all of us.~~

Certainly, these are resources worth protecting - worth keeping free from fire. And yet, the sad truth is that 9 out of every 10 forest fires are started by careless Americans; folks like you and me. We've just got to help cut down these man-caused forest fires.

It's no fun fighting a forest fire. ^{And} ~~That's why there is a~~ lot of ~~guys~~ ^{men} like the smokejumpers you've heard about tonight...and other men, without parachutes, who sweat it out with a shovel - or an axe - or a waterpump on fire lines all over this great country of ours. That's their job - but everyone else can help too -- just by keeping forest fires from getting started in the first place. ~~That's where you and I come in. Remember, Only We - You and I - Can Prevent Forest Fires!~~

This is N. B. C. - the National Broadcasting Company.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #310

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
THAYNE SMITH	DICK YORK
ELLIS	LOUIS VAN ROOTEN
SHERIFF	CAMERON PRUDHOMME
EDDIE	EDDIE BRUCE
LARKEN	BILL LALLY
SERGEANT	JOE BOLAND
BARKER	JCE BOLAND
MRS. ALSTON	MARGARET BURLIN

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1953

ATX01 0007514

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(CAR ON HIGHWAY. IT SLOWS TO A STOP)

(MOTOR IDLES)

(WE HEAR STEPS RUNNING UP ON HIGHWAY AND STOP)

EDDIE: (BREATHLESS) How about a lift, Mister?

ELLIS: Not so fast. Let me get a good look at you first. I'm
not pickin' up any hitch-hikers until I'm sure -- (CUTS)
Why, you're only a kid!

EDDIE: Yes Sir. You going toward Great Bend?

ELLIS: Going right through there, ~~See~~.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Hop in.

EDDIE: Yes Sir. Only one thing. You better take a look at your
right front wheel.

ELLIS: What's the matter with it?

EDDIE: Hub Cap's loose. It's liable to fall off unless you
tap it in with a wrench.

ELLIS: Thanks, ~~See~~. Might as well fix it now before we get going

(STEPS ON ROAD AND STOP)

ELLIS: ~~See~~, you must be seeing things. There's nothing wrong
with that --

(GRUNT AND BLOW, GROAN. BODY FALL TO PAVEMENT)

EDDIE: (LAUGH) So long, sucker!

(COUPLE OF STEPS, CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT,

CAR MOTOR UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Newton, Kansas. 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 Newton Kansan, the story of a kid who couldn't stop running and a reporter who steered him down a dead end street. Tonight, to Thayne Smith of the Newton Kansan, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

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Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Newton, Kansas. The story as it actually happened. Thayne Smith's story as he lived it.

NARR: You're a Kansas boy, Thayne Smith, born and bred. Your age, twenty-two. This is your first real job, reporter for the Newton Kansan, circulation six thousand. But reporter for a paper this size is a general word, signifying nothing. Actually, you write sports, edit copy, cover police, ^{calls} county court, district court, city hall, sheriff's office and anything else that might come up. On this particular day, you have no reason to expect anything will ^{come up} ~~happen~~. You're in a prowl car with Sheriff Al Lawrence riding back from a routine story when over the two-way radio ...

(LIGHT CRACKLE OF POLICE RADIO UNDER)

SERGEANT: (RADIO FILTER) Car One. Car One.

SHERIFF: Come in Sergeant.

SERG: Report from lady at 17 East Sixth Street. Claims she looked out of her window and saw a young fellow in a brown Pontiac sedan examining a revolver.

SHERIFF: All right, Sergeant. We'll investigate.

THAYNE: 17 East Sixth. Sheriff that's just down the road a way. Wonder if he's still there.

SHERIFF: Let's go see, Smith.

(CAR MOTOR UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A ^{few} minute later and you see the brown Pontiac cruising down East 6th St. ~~Sergeant~~ ^{Sheriff} Lawrence forces the car to the curb. The driver's only a kid, about your age, blonde, blue eyes. He looks plenty scared when you and the Sheriff walk up and open the car door.

SHERIFF: All right, where's the gun?

EDDIE: (BLANKLY) Gun?

SHERIFF: Yeah. Lady claims she saw you examining a revolver.

EDDIE: (WITH RELIEF) Oh that! I thought for a minute -- well sure, I was examining a gun. (LAUGHS) Here. Here it is.

THAYNE: Sheriff, it's a toy pistol!

SHERIFF: Yeah. (TO EDDIE) You're a pretty big boy to be playing with toy pistols, aren't you, ~~son~~?

EDDIE: Why - er - yeah. I guess so. (LAUGHS) But you see, Sheriff, it isn't mine. I bought it for my ^{boy} ~~son~~. Promised it to him for his birthday.

THAYNE: That so? How old's your son?

EDDIE: Why? What difference does ^{that} ~~it~~ make?

THAYNE: Just curious. That's a pretty complicated toy gun. I figured he'd have to be around eight years old to know how to handle it.

EDDIE: (A LITTLE FLUSTERED) Why, yeah. As a matter of fact, you hit it right on the nose. That's just how old he is. Eight.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) How old are you, ~~son~~?

EDDIE: Me? Why?

SHERIFF: You're pretty young to have an eight year old boy.

EDDIE: Well, that's a funny thing, Sheriff. I'm twenty-six, but I never saw it to fail, everybody takes me for around twenty-one or twenty-two.

THAYNE: I'm twenty-two, and if you're older than I am, I'll eat that gun.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Let me see your car registration.

EDDIE: (FLUSTERED) Why, yeah. Sure officer. It's right here in the glove compartment, I think.

(GLOVE COMPARTMENT OPENING)

EDDIE: Lemme see, I had it right in here -- Yeah, here it is in this envelope.

SHERIFF: All right, let's have a look.

(CRACKLE OF ENVELOPE)

SHERIFF: Your name Harris? John Harris?

EDDIE: Yeah, that's right, John Harris.

SHERIFF: That's funny. According to this registration, the owner of this car is a man named James Ellis.

EDDIE: (QUICKLY) Sure. Sure, Sheriff. What's wrong with that? Jimmy Ellis is a friend of mine. He let me borrow the car. Y'see, I had to get this gun for my boy's birthday and (HE TRAILS OFF AS HE SEES LOOK OF DISBELIEF ON SHERIFF'S FACE)

SHERIFF: You'd better come down to headquarters with me.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

ELLIS: That's him! That's the kid, all right. Slugged me on the highway and stole my car.

SHERIFF: Well? What've you got to say?

EDDIE: (SULLENLY) What do you want me to say? There's a sucker born every minute. This guy was a real pushover. So I took him.

ELLIS: ~~See~~ ...If I was your father I'd take you out and beat you to an inch of your life.

EDDIE: Go soak your head, Pop. You got your car back, didn't you? Then why don't you quit squawking?

ELLIS: Why you baby-faced --

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTING) All right, Mr. Ellis We'll take care of him from here in.

ELLIS: (FADING, GROWLING) I hope you give him plenty!
(DOOR SLAM SHUT OFF)

SHERIFF: What's your real name, son?

EDDIE: Graves. Eddie Graves.

SHERIFF: What's your real name?

EDDIE: I told you, Graves. If you don't like that one, how about Smith or maybe Murphy? Or Peterson? Name it and you can have it.

SHERIFF: Where are you from?

EDDIE: You like St. Louis? I'm from St. Louis. You want Chicago? Put it down. San Francisco? I been there too. What's the difference?

SHERIFF: You're a pretty fresh kid, Graves.

EDDIE: Aaaah, lay off me, will ya? Spare me the sermons. You gonna book me, then book me. There's only one thing I'm worried about.

SHERIFF: What's that?

EDDIE: The chow. I never did get good chow in these jerk-water jails. What's for supper, Sheriff?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Baby~~ blue eyes, blonde hair, about twenty-two. Somewhere in the back of your mind, Thayne Smith as you ride back to the office that description registers. You've seen it somewhere in print, but you can't remember where, so you go to the files...

THAYNE: (READING) McPherson, Kansas. Residents of McPherson County are warned to be on the lookout for a young check forger. The forger was described by both a bank cashier and a super-market proprietor as being young, about twenty-two. Both say they were deceived by the forger's youth, good-looks and innocent appearance. They described him as being of medium height, light smooth complexion, ~~baby~~ blue eyes, blonde hair..(CUTS AND MUTTERS) Hmmm! I wonder,...

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: Smith, you're crazy.

THAYNE: Why, Sheriff? You read the ^{description} ~~clipping~~. Why couldn't Eddie Graves and this forger be one and the same?

SHERIFF: The chances are a thousand to one against it. Car Thieving and forging are miles apart. A forger will look down his nose at anybody crude enough or stupid enough to steal a car. They're two entirely different types.

THAYNE: Sheriff, I dunno. I've got a feeling there's more to Eddie Graves than you think.

SHERIFF: And I've got a feeling you're all wrong, Smith.

THAYNE: You said there was a thousand in one chance.

SHERIFF: That's right.

THAYNE: Well, why don't we ask him, Sheriff? At those odds, what can we lose?

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

EDDIE: Sure, sure. I forged those checks.

SHERIFF: (STARES) You admit it?

EDDIE: Why not? You think just because I'm young, I'm stupid? Well, lemme tell you something. You're looking at an old pro. I can run with the best of them, see? I know my way around. You want a story, reporter?

THAYNE: Sure, I can always use a good story.

EDDIE: Okay. Print this in your jerk-water paper. I've served time twice, see? Once in Texas and once in Kansas. For forgery, I'm no ordinary dope, I've got class!

SHERIFF: You seem proud of it, Graves.

EDDIE: Okay, so I'm proud of it.

SHERIFF: ~~This makes a difference~~^{Just}. With that kind of record, you'll go up for plenty.

EDDIE: (LAUGHS) Yeah. If I go up.

THAYNE: What do you mean if?

EDDIE: (LAUGHS) Wait and see, just wait and see!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

WARR: You, Thayne Smith of the Newton Kansas, think of Eddie Graves, a kid your age and yet a hardened criminal. And one question after another starts to plague you. Who is Eddie Graves? Where is he from? How did he get into this? Finally, driven by these questions, you get permission to talk to Eddie Graves alone in his cell.

EDDIE: So you want to profile me? That right?

THAYNE: That's right. That is, if you want to talk.

EDDIE: Why not? ~~This gives you an ace with your Editor, why not?~~
~~You're a nice kid, I like you. And~~ after all, how many
^{big shots}~~celebrities~~ you got traveling through Newton? They come
through here on the Santa Fe, sure. But how many check
in for a while?

THAYNE: You're a funny guy, Eddie. Never met anybody like you
before. I keep thinking.....

EDDIE: (INTERRUPTS) I know what you're thinking. Look at me,
look at you.

THAYNE: That's right.

EDDIE: Well, let's take a good look. The only difference between
us is that I'm in and you're out. But I'll tell you this.
I wouldn't swap places with you for all the dough in the
world.

THAYNE: Why not?

EDDIE: Look at you. Working your brains out on a two bit paper
in this tank town. Buried here in the middle of a
prairie. Fifty Bucks a week. And some day you'll marry
the girl across the street and raise a flock of dirty-faced
kids and finally die of hardening of the arteries. You
call that living?

THAYNE: I like it.

EDDIE: Yeah. Then look at me. I've had a lot of excitement, a
lot of laughs. I've been all over the country. I never
worked a day in my life. Always had a pocket full of
dough. Went out with a hundred beautiful dames. Wore the
best, ate the best, drank the best. That's what I call
living.

THAYNE: Eddie, how did you ever get into this? What about your mother, you~~r~~father?

EDDIE: Never knew my mother. She died when I was six. Haven't seen my father in years. I had to learn about life the hard way.

THAYNE: What's the hard way?

EDDIE: You want something? You gotta take it. You need it? Steal it. Ncbody's gonna give it to you. When I was ten I got picked up for lifting ~~merchandise~~^{stuff} in the 'Five and Dime stores. That was the first time. After that I just kept on going. ~~I never knew anything different, so I kept on going.~~

THAYNE: There's one thing wrong with this picture, Eddie.

EDDIE: What? *that*

THAYNE: You have to keep running. Running from the police.

EDDIE: Okay, so I keep running. And I'm not gonna stop here. I've been running all my life. So what? Everybody runs from something.

THAYNE: Don't you ever get tired of it? Don't you ever feel like quitting?

EDDIE: Sure. Sure, once in awhile. Sometimes I get so tired that I feel like ~~sitting~~^{Edgy - 1/2} down and quitting. But I can't, ~~can I?~~

THAYNE: Sure you can, Eddie. Why don't you quit now? Serve your time, get it over with. Look, don't get the idea that I'm trying to preach to you, but why not get it over with and start a new life?

EDDIE: (WEARILY) It's no good, feller. ~~Someday maybe. Someday.~~
~~But not now.~~ I guess it's in the blood, I've been at it
too long. All my life I've been running and I'm not gonna
stop now.

THAYNE: But you've got to stop now. They've got you, Eddie.
They'll make you serve your time.

EDDIE: Will they? That's what you think, kid. You don't know
little Eddie Graves.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BARKER: County Jail, Deputy Sheriff Barker. Oh. Hello, Al. Yes?
I see. Okay, I'll bring him right up.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(A FEW STEPS AND STOP)

EDDIE: Hy'ya, Pop. What's up?

BARKER: They want you upstairs, Graves, for further questioning.

EDDIE: What, again?

BARKER: Again.

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK, CELL DOOR OPENING)

BARKER: All right, let's go.

EDDIE: Sure, Pop. Sure. Don't rush me. You see the paper tonight?
I'm a celebrity around town, a bigshot, picture on the front
page and everything. You got to handle me with respect.

BARKER: I'll handle ya. If you were my son, I'd handle you good...
Now come on, speed it up. The Sheriff's waiting.

EDDIE: Is he, Pop?

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(A GRUNT, A BLOW, A BODY THUD)

EDDIE: Then let him wait. And when you wake up, give him my
regards!

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

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.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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 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 Thayne Smith, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: When you hear the news, Thayne Smith you get over to the hospital fast. Frank Barker, the Deputy, is critically hurt and a state-wide alarm is out for the escaped prisoner, the twenty-two year old kid who calls himself Eddie Graves. And as you drive to the hospital, you recall what he had told you.....

EDDIE: (FILTER) Okay, so I keep running. And I'm not gonna stop here. I've been running all my life. So what? Everybody runs from something.

NARR: And now he's running again. He'll always be running and the only possible end -- is a dead end. You meet Sheriff Lawrence in the hospital corridor.

THAYNE: How's Frank Barker, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) He's hurt bad, Smith.

THAYNE: Any chance?

SHERIFF: He's hanging on. They're doing everything they can.

THAYNE: How did it happen?

SHERIFF: Frank must've turned his back on Graves. The kid slugged him with a jail-made blackjack, two bars of soap wrapped in a piece of shirttail. Probably had it hidden under the mattress.

THAYNE: I see.

SHERIFF: A younger man might've taken it, but Frank Barker's over sixty. If he pulls out of this it'll be a miracle.

THAYNE: Any news on Grave's whereabouts?
SHERIFF: Nope. We've got the highway police alerted all through Harvey County. That also goes for McPherson, Marion, Reno, Sedgwick and every other county hereabouts. The whole state for that matter.
THAYNE: You know, Sheriff, it's still hard for me to believe. A young fellow like that, my own age, a car thief, forger, and con.
SHERIFF: Tonight, Smith, you may be able to add another item. Killer!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.)

LARKIN: Evening, young feller. What can I do for you?
EDDIE: This your garage?
LARKIN: Uh huh. Larkin's Garage. I'm Larkin.
EDDIE: The sign says you have a used car for sale.
LARKIN: That's right.
EDDIE: Okay. I'm interested. What kind is it?
LARKIN: Buick, 1952.
EDDIE: Okay. I'll take it.
LARKIN: You haven't asked about the price, yet.
EDDIE: I'm not interested in the price. I said I'd take it.
LARKIN: Wait a minute. What's the idea? Put down that monkey wrench.
EDDIE: Gimme the keys.
LARKIN: (A BEAT) You're figurin' on stealing it, eh? A kid like you, a car thief.
EDDIE: I said gimme the keys, Pop.

LARKIN: Son, listen. This is a crazy thing you're doin'.
~~I've got a boy about your age and~~ I hate to see you
get into a jam like this.

EDDIE: You wanna preach, go find yourself a church.

LARKIN: Boy, I'm askin' you to put down that monkey wrench.
I tell you this will get you nowhere. Sure, you'll
take my car. You'll drive it out of here. ~~You'll~~
~~run, run like a rabbit.~~ What good will it do? They'll
catch up with you sometime --

EDDIE: (FLARING) Will you shut up, Pop? Will you stop beatin
your gums?

LARKIN: Take it from me. What you're doin' is wrong. ~~You~~
~~can't run forever.~~ Put down that monkey wrench, walk
out of here and I promise you I'll forget all about it.

EDDIE: Listen, Pop. I'm getting a little tired of this.
Everywhere I go, people preach me a sermon. I don't
want any sermon, get me? All I want are the keys
to your car and the dough in your cash register.
You shoot off your mouth to me once more, and I'll
bash your brains in, ~~so help me.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

SHERIFF: Buick Sedan, 1952, black.

LARKIN: That's right. *Sheriff*

THAYNE: What about the tank, Mr. Larkin? How much gas was in
it?

LARKIN: It was full up. *Mr Smith*

SHERIFF: How much did he take out of the cash register?

LARKIN: Oh, didn't count it exactly. Probably had Fifty dollars in there.

THAYNE: Did you see what direction he headed in?

LARKIN: Last I saw of him, he was on the highway going north.

SHERIFF: Probably heading for Kansas City. Figures he can hide out easier in a big city.

THAYNE: You think so, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Stands to reason. Out here he's too naked, too conspicuous. He knows we'd pick him up in no time. I'm gonna wire a description to K.C. Alert them to be on the lookout.

LARKIN: ~~A kid like that, a twenty-two year old kid. As clean cut and goodlooking as my own boy. I still can't believe it.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS.)

MRS. ALSON: (MIDDLE AGED) Yes?

EDDIE: Sorry to bother you, M'am. But I'm in trouble. My car's run out of gas. I wonder if I could use your phone?

MRS. ALSON: Why, of course. ~~Please~~ come in.

(DOOR CLOSE.)

MRS. ALSON: There's the phone over there.

EDDIE: Never mind the phone.

MRS. ALSON: What do you mean?

EDDIE: That your car in the driveway?

MRS. ALSON: ~~Why~~, yes.

EDDIE: From here in, it's mine. Let's have the keys.

MRS. ALSON: (STARES) What?

EDDIE: Look, lady. ~~I'm serious, and~~ I'm in a hurry. Let's have the keys.

MRS. ALSON: I can't believe it. ~~A boy like you stealing a car.~~ *Do you mean to say you're stealing my car -*

EDDIE: ~~Yeah~~. Sensational, ain't it?

MRS. ALSON: How on earth did you ever get into this? Didn't your mother teach you --

EDDIE: My mother's dead.

MRS. ALSON: ~~I'm sorry~~. Then your father must have --

EDDIE: I haven't see my old man in years. If you're interested in my personal history, I'll be glad to write you a letter, lady. But not right now. ~~I gotta have the keys~~ *Gimme those* and I'll get out of here.

MRS. ALSON: Don't you realize it's no use? They'll catch you sooner or later. It's no use running away.

EDDIE: ~~You too? Same old routine. All this stuff about running away, it's driving me crazy. I've been running away a long time, see? I know how, I'm used to it. It's an old story with me.~~

MRS. ALSON: ~~Maybe it is. But you can't run forever, son. Nobody can~~

EDDIE: (TIGHT) Will you shut up! Shut up. ~~Just~~ *and* gimme those keys and I'll get going.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Back at the hospital, Frank Barker hangs on grimly. And you, Thayne, Smith, pray that he lives. Not just for his sake but for Eddie Graves' sake too. Not because you have any sympathy for ^{him} ~~him~~. But he's a kid your ^{own} age, Thayne Smith, and you tell yourself, 'there but for the Grace of God go I.'

MRS. ALSTON: Yes Sheriff he took the keys and what money I had. Then he cut the phone wires and drove off. I had to run to my neighbor's house to make the call.

SHERIFF: You see what direction he went in, Mrs. Alston.

MRS. ALSTON: No, No, I didn't. You know, I can't forget that boy. Such a goodlooking young man, so decent looking. And he turns out to be a thief.

THAYNE: You know, Sheriff, I was wondering -- You still think he's heading for Kansas City?

SHERIFF: That's right.

THAYNE: I don't. And I'll tell you why, he had that Buick, a good car, the tank was full of gas, right?

SHERIFF: That's right.

THAYNE: Okay. He had all the gas he needed to make Kansas City. Why didn't he go there? What's he doing driving around the countryside? What's holding him back from going straight to Kansas City?

SHERIFF: Now that you mention it, Smith, it's a little funny at that.

THAYNE: Maybe it isn't so funny, Sheriff. Maybe in the back of his mind, maybe deep in his heart, Eddie Graves wants to be picked up.

SHERIFF: Smith, you're crazy. This kid pulls a jailbreak, slugs my deputy, steals two cars and you're trying to tell me that maybe he wants to give up.

THAYNE: I know. I know, Sheriff. It does sound a little fantastic. But did you ever stop to think of one thing?

SHERIFF: What's that?

THAYNE: ~~I'm no sage or scholar or philosopher. I'm only twenty-two myself. But I know this.~~ Sooner or later everybody gets tired of running.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Fantastic? Maybe. But you, Thayne Smith, you're sold on it. You remember again your conversation with Eddie Graves in the cell.

EDDIE: (FILTER) Sure. Sure I get tired of running. Sometimes I get so tired that I feel like ~~sitting~~ ^{laying} down and quitting.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

NARR: The manhunt goes on, Through the hours of the night, Sheriff Al Lawrence has ^{finally} been sold on your theory. ^{And he was} The state and local police ~~are~~ honeycombing the roads in every county for miles around. And now it is morning.

(CAR UNDER)

SHERIFF: Well, Smith, I guess it's no use. I guess your idea just didn't work out.

THAYNE: I could of sworn I was right, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Sure. Your theory sounded pretty good to me for a while. But I guess I'm just an old fashioned police officer, Smith. ~~I don't know much about psychology, anything like that.~~ In my book if a prisoner breaks jail, he wants to get away, not to get caught.

THAYNE: Yeah, I guess you're right, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Now don't feel badly, Smith. Such as it was, it was worth a try.

SERGEANT: (RADIO FILTER IN SUDDENLY) Car one! Car one!
(CLICK.)

SHERIFF: Go ahead, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Got two items for you, Sheriff. First, a report from the hospital. Frank Barker's going to live.

SHERIFF: Fine, Sergeant. Fine. What's the other report?

SERGEANT: Just got a ^{call} ~~report in~~ from Peabody on the Marion County line. A Highway Patrolman picked up Eddie Graves ten minutes ago - just sixteen miles from Newton.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: *Only* Sixteen miles from Newton. If Eddie Graves was running, you reflect, he was running backward. Was something inside of him was holding him back. You wonder why? You get the story of the arrest from the officer. And then, the next day you talk to Eddie in his cell.

THAYNE: Eddie, why did you let yourself be caught?

EDDIE: (BITTERLY) Are you kidding?

THAYNE: According to the arresting officer, the car you were in could do eighty. But you were only doing 40 when he caught up with you. Why?

(PAUSE)

EDDIE: Are you through with the questions?

THAYNE: Not quite. You jumped from the car and ran through the woods. The officer lost you. You could have stayed there in hiding. But instead you came out and started to wade the river right in plain view. And you stopped dead when he fired a shot over your head instead of making a run for it. Why?

EDDIE: You know why. I already told you once.

THAYNE: You finally got tired of running. Isn't that it, Edie?

EDDIE: That's it. Funny the way it all happened.

THAYNE: Yes?

EDDIE: When I started out in the Buick, I was going to Kansas City. But somehow it seems like I had my foot on the brake all the time. All of a sudden I didn't want to go to Kansas City. I thought to myself, after Kansas City, what? St. Louis? Chicago? New York? And I felt very tired and I said to myself, what's the use?

THAYNE: And so instead you just drove around the countryside.

EDDIE: Yeah. You know how it is. It's like being so tired, you never want to get up any more. The fact is, when I saw that motorcycle cop. One part of me said, run! But the other part said, stop. I could have run some more. But I didn't want to. I was just too tired. What's the use of running if you never get a chance to stop?

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

- 25 -

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Thayne Smith of the Newton Kansan with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATK01 0007539

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 Thayne Smith of the
Newton-Kansan.

SMITH: YOUNG CRIMINAL IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS EXAMINED
BY PSYCHOLOGISTS AND FOUND TO BE SANE ALTHOUGH
POSSESSING GREAT CRIMINAL TENDENCIES. HE PLEADED
GUILTY IN DISTRICT COURT AND WAS SENTENCED TO
TWENTY-ONE YEARS AT THE KANSAS CITY PENITENTIARY
IN LANSING. SENTENCE WAS ONE OF THE FEW OF ITS
KIND IN KANSAS, SINCE ^{Most} ~~ANY~~ CRIMINALS UNDER TWENTY-FIVE ~~IS~~
^{Are usually} ~~NEARLY ALWAYS~~ SENT TO THE BOY'S STATE REFORMATORY. MANY
THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

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

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
Worcester, Massachusetts Telegram -- by-line A. Alfred
Marcello. The Big Story of a reporter who found a mystery
man and solved a mystery.

(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.

ATX01 0007542

(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 Newton Kansan. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Dick York played the part of Thayne Smith. 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. Smith.

(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)

HARRICE: A quarter million homes go up in smoke each year. Most of these fires could have been prevented. Keep highly inflammable materials out of the house. Check for faulty wiring ... empty all ash trays before retiring. Don't smoke in bed. Remember, ~~only you can prevent fires.~~

~~This is N.B.C. the National Broadcasting Company.~~

VAK/Betty/HC

4/16/53

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #311

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
AL	ED BEGLEY
CLIFF	ALEX SCOURBY
MARY	RUTH YORKE
CASHIER	BURT COULMAN <i>Ruth Yorke</i>
BANKER	BURT COULMAN
JIM	CARL FRANK
MR. X	NELSON GIMSTREAD
COP	MET CROWLEY
DONNIE	JOLY FALLON

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1953

ATX01 0007544

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

CLIFF: That's the rent...groceries...electricity ...

MARY: And here's the doctor's bill for when the baby was sick...
Cliff: We still have an ar. ar. operation payment on the
Mary: five dollars ...and we owe for the stove repair.

CLIFF: We paid that last month...

MARY: No...we wanted to, remember, but there wasn't enough...

CLIFF: Well, there isn't enough this month either...

MARY: All right....

CLIFF: All right? What's all right? What's all right about bills, bills, ~~bills~~ and no matter how hard I work we can't pay them.

MARY: We will, honey.

CLIFF: When? How?

MARY: There's got to be a way..

CLIFF: (LOW, TENSE) You're right. There's got to be a way. Some way. ^{It's got to be} I don't care what it is, I'm going to find it.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Worcester, Massachusetts. 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 Worcester Massachusetts Telegram, the story of a reporter who found a mystery man -- and solved a mystery. Tonight, to A. Alfred Marcello, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE) (COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

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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: Worcester, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened -- Al Marcello's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Al Marcello, hold down the job of city editor on your paper. That means you're a desk man. That means you let the other guys do the leg work. Or ... that's what it's supposed to mean. But it doesn't always work that way. Not when a really big one breaks ... as it did one crisp fall morning when a man walked across the marble floor of the city bank....

(FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE FLOOR TO STOP)

CASHIER: ...ten, twenty, thirty...thirty four. There you are, sir. Next please.

CLIFF: (TENSE) Here's a note for you.

CASHIER: Thank you, I -- (CUTS)

CLIFF: Can you read it all right?

CASHIER: Yes. Yes, of course. I - I'll put everything right in here. (A PAUSE. THEN) Is - is that all right?

CLIFF: That's fine. Thank you.

CASHIER: You're -- you're welcome.

(A PAUSE AS THE FOOTSTEPS GO ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR. THEN)

CASHIER: (SCREAMING) Get him! Get that man who just went out. It was a holdup! It was a holdup.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JIM: I got the details from the bank people, Al. Want a run down on them before I write up the story?

AL: Shoot, Jim.

JIM: After the cashier screamed, the alarm was sounded. They had police cars swarming up to the place like ants. But, it was too late. The guy got away with 31,000 bucks.

AL: That's not good.

JIM: ~~That~~ That seemed to be the general attitude down at the bank. Can you beat it, Al? Guy walks in, shoves a not at the cashier which says fill the valise with all the money you have, waves a gun; ^{he} ~~he~~ does it and ^{he} ~~he~~ walks out easy as pie with a small fortune.

AL: That's what makes it so dangerous, Jim. Any time a criminal makes crime look that easy, it's like opening a door to more trouble. Every petty crook in town decides he's going to try for more of the same.

JIM: Yeah. Well, looks tough. No clues...no leads...

AL: So we'll have to make our own leads.

JIM: The ^{cashier took} ~~woman~~ at the - (TAKE) Who'll have to make our own leads

AL: We will.

JIM: Al, we're a newspaper, remember? One of those things folded down the middle with words printed on it. The cops are the ones ^{who make the arrests} ~~in the blue uniforms~~ down at --

AL: Okay, Jim. Cut the comedy.

JIM: Who's the funnyman? You're supposed to be the city editor and all of a sudden you're making like a movie reporter. "We'll make our own leads...we'll solve the case...stop the presses!"

AL: Okay, have your laughs. Only we're still going to do what we can to crack this business. Any objections?

JIM: No, Al...no. No objections at all.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: All right. Maybe it is funny. A city editor, shooting off his mouth ... talking about cracking a case. ^{See in} You know better than that, Al Marcello. ~~You've been in the business long enough to know what jobs lie with the police and what jobs are newspaper jobs. But this has you worried. It always worries you when crime is made to look too easy. Too tempting. And besides ... even if you wanted to ignore this case...you couldn't....~~

~~(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)~~

(PHONE RING)

AL: Marcello, city desk. Lady, look, how could you have seen a man who answered to the description of the bank robber? There hasn't been any description of the bank robber. Sure, sure...well, thanks for calling....

(MUSIC: STING)

AL: You saw him getting into a black sedan with a bag of money? What time? Oh. No, I'm afraid we won't check that. You see, that was three hours before the robbery was committed.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: And so it goes...phone call after phone call..tip after tip...and all of them worthless. But still, the phone keeps ringing...

(PHONE RING)

AL: Marcello, city desk...

MR. X: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, I'm calling about...about some information I have on that bank robbery...

AL: (BORED) Okay...name and address please...

MR. X: Name and address?

AL: Your name and address.

MR. X: Oh. (A PAUSE. THEN) Look, I - maybe we just better forget about it. I - I shouldn't have called.

AL: Look, do you have any information or don't you?

MR. X: Yes, I do.

AL: Okay.

MR. X: I - I just don't think I better talk about it after all.

AL: Why not?

MR. X: Never mind, please. I --

AL: What's the matter? Are you afraid, is that it?

MR. X: It's not just me. I have a family.

AL: Look, nothing's going to happen.

MR. X: ~~I remember~~ ^{what about} that kid ... the one who told about Willie Sutton. They didn't waste much time getting him...

AL: If you've got anything to say, you'll get protection.

MR. X: No, I'm sorry. I never should have called. Goodbye.

AL: No..wait... Listen, please. A telephone's no good...you can't really talk to anyone that way. Let me meet you... talk with you ...

MR. X: ~~work~~ Please leave me alone....

AL: Where can I meet you? Any place you say.

MR. X: ~~I wish you'd~~ ^{No I've changed my mind}

AL: Your place ...my place...a restaurant somewhere. You name it.

MR. X: But I --

AL: Just to talk it over that's all. Just to talk.

MR. X: (PAUSE. THEN) I'll - ~~will~~ be at the Seville Restaurant tomorrow. Twelve fifteen.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

JIM: Al, I don't get it. You spent half the day brushing off people who call with whacky tips. Then, just because one guy goes coy on you, you're going to worry until you get him to talk.

AL: He knows something, Jim. I could tell by his voice. He was scared.

JIM: Look, how often does an anonymous tip pay off?

AL: Practically never. I know. But I think this is a different story.

JIM: Okay. Go ahead. Have lunch with the guy. But I think you're going to get stuck with more than just the check.

(MUSIC: UP AND CUT)

AL: I hope I didn't keep you waiting, Mr....

MR. X: (NERVOUS) No, no...you're right on time, Mr. Marcello.

AL: Shall we sit down?

MR. X: All right.

(SOUND OF SITTING)

AL: Look, just try to relax, Mr....?

MR. X: My name doesn't matter.

AL: Well, I --

MR. X: You can call me Mr. X.

AL: The first thing I want you to know is that, whatever you say...you'll get police protection...you and your family. You don't have to --

MR. X: Let me stop you right there, Mr. Marcello. I - I've thought it all over. I'm going to stay out of this.

AL: You know...on a newspaper you get a lot of cranks calling up. Got a lot on this case. Most of them don't have anything to say. You've got something to say, haven't you?

MR. X: I - I'm not going to say it.

AL: What side are you on, Mr. X?

MR. X: I wanted to help! That's why I called you. But I didn't have time to think. I wanted to do the decent thing, sure, who doesn't? But I don't want to be a dead hero.

AL: Suppose I give you my word? You tell me what you know. If it ~~sounds~~ important, I'll pass it on to the police. But I won't give your name...nobody'll ever know where I got my information...

MR. X: They'll find out.

AL: They won't find out. I'll tell you that. They won't find out.

MR. X: I don't know why I called. I don't want to get mixed up in this.

AL: Do I have to get corny? Do I have to start telling you about the guys who win congressional medals for doing things they don't want to do ...for getting mixed up in things they don't want to get mixed up in? Only they do them anyhow?

MR. X: I -- I'm not looking for any medals.

AL: You won't get any. A lot of people do the decent thing anyway -- even without medals. *but not one who has found out I searched her next week* ~~You one of them?~~ *but one year*

MR. X: (LONG PAUSE. THEN) *No* Okay, you win. *keep me at rest*

AL: ~~I'm waiting.~~ *all right - go ahead*

MR. X: I -- I was in a private parking lot just behind the bank the time of the holdup. All of a sudden, I saw a man come running into the lot. I wouldn't have noticed him except for what he did.

AL: What?

MR. X: He was wearing a sport jacket and a cap. He came over to a parked car, took off the jacket and cap and put on another coat and hat. It struck me funny...changing clothes like that...even though he was in a hurry. Then he got in the car and drove away.

AL: Is that all?

MR. X: No. I - (THEN) You're going to keep my name out of this?

AL: Sure...

MR. X: I remember what happened to that kid who told on Willie Sutton. I --

AL: Nobody's going to know who you are. Go on. He got in the car and drove away ...

MR. X: Then, I - I heard the alarm at the bank. I don't know exactly what made me do it...but...I took down the license number of the car.

AL: Good work!

MR. X: Maybe there's no connection at all. Maybe this man didn't have anything to do with the holdup.

AL: Maybe not. Or maybe yes. Anyway, it's a lead. The first one we have. So it's worth following up - in a hurry.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

AL: Come on, Jim, come on. Let's get it moving. Did you check the license number I gave you?

JIM: Got it right here, Al. According to the Motor Vehicles Bureau, it's the registration for a rental car. Owned by the Drive-It-Yourself people.

AL: Got their phone number?

JIM: Sure. Here...

(PHONE START DIALLING UNDER)

JIM: I didn't see any point calling them, though. Figured the lead was a phony, after all, who's going to use a rental car for a bank holdup? I --

AL: (INTO PHONE) Drive-It-Yourself? Listen, this is Al Marcello -- at the Telegram. Do you have a car registered TX 19633R. You do? Well, I wonder if you could -- (THEN) What? When? Can I have the name? Okay. Thanks a lot.

(PHONE UP)

JIM: A nothing tip, huh?

AL: The car's theirs, all right. It was rented the day of the holdup.

JIM: So?

AL: And - it was never brought back. It's been missing since the holdup. And I've got the name of the man who rented it. For a nothing tip, this is working out all right.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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 -

(SOUND STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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.

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Al Marcello as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It sounds like a movie scenario. A spectacular bank robbery that has the law enforcement agencies stumped ... A determined city editor, trying to crack the case ... A mysterious Mr. X, with a tip that looks red hot. The perfect formula. But you, Al Marcello know it doesn't really work that way. Somewhere along the line things are going to stop falling into place. Somewhere, this story line is going to break down.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT. . .)

JIM: If you ask me, Al .. the whole thing's going to break down right now.

AL: Yeah? Jim, I've got the name of the man who rented the car from the Drive-It-Yourself people. Clifford Daniels.

JIM: Look, this whole thing may sound like a movie script but it isn't. If this character used the rental car as a get-away car and then stole it, you don't really think he'd give his ~~real~~ name to the car people!

AL: I don't know.

JIM: Aw, Al...

AL: Aw, Al yourself? Hand me the phone book. I'm going to look up Clifford Daniels. See if there is such a name.

JIM: But it's got to be a fake. It ---

AL: Hand me the book.

(SOUND OF BOOK BEING HANDED OVER, PAGES BEING TURNED, UNDER FOLLOWING)

JIM: (DISGUSTED) This is a new gimmick. You want the name of a bank robber? You want to catch a criminal? Don't throw out a police cordon .. don't call in the detective force. Use the new, the simplified Marcello method. Look him up in the phone book. If anybody ..

AL: (CUTS IN) Jim ...

JIM: Yeah.

AL: Look what I found.

JIM: Where?

AL: Right here. In the phone book. Read.

JIM: (AWED) Daniels, Clifford. 40 Canyon Terrace.

(MUSIC: _ _ SLAM IN AND UNDER)

NARR: Even while you're calling the police, you can't really believe it. It can't be this easy. Thirty-one thousand dollars stolen .. not a clue .. not a lead.. and because of a tip you, Al Marcello, managed to get .. you find the bank robber's name in the phone book. But it's bound to get harder now. You're sure of that. Even as you sit in the police car, riding out to Clifford Daniels' address .. you know it's got to get harder now ..

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT. . .)

(CAR UNDER)

AL: It just never works out this easy, Sergeant. Probably Daniels isn't even in the city -- if he's the man at all.

COP: Wouldn't seem logical ..

AL: Or if he is .. he's got an air-tight story. Something.

COP: We'll find out right now. This is the place here.

(CAR TO STOP)

AL: (SUDDENLY) Sergeant .. take a look at that car in the driveway!

COP: ²³³ That's it!

AL: The one stolen from the Drive-It-Yourself people. I --
(THEN) It's moving! There's someone in it.

COP: Stay back! There may be trouble!
(RUNNING STEPS ON GRAVEL, THEN)

COP: All right, in that car. Hold it right there!

BOY: (ABOUT SEVEN) Gosh, Pop, look. It's a policeman. With a gun!

~~COP: What the ---?~~

CLIFF: All right, Donny. Sit down.

BOY: But it's a cop .. with a gun!

CLIFF: (QUIET) Yes. I see him. Something the matter, officer?

COP: Are you Clifford Daniels?

CLIFF: Yes. Look, I -- I'm just taking the boy to the doctor. He's got a bad ear.

COP: Can it wait?

CLIFF: Well, I guess so but --

COP: Okay. It waits. Where'd you get this car, mister?

CLIFF: I -- I rented it.

AL: This car's overdue at the rental agency, Mr. Daniels. Listed as stolen.

CLIFF: I --

COP: And there's a few other items overdue too .. at the bank. Thirty-one thousand dollars to be exact. Know anything about that, Mr. Daniels?

BOY: The bank robbery? Oh boy, did you see about that, Pop? This man walked right in and --

CLIFF: Donny. Go inside.
BOY: But I want to hear about ...
CLIFF: Go inside.
BOY: Oh, heck.

(A PAUSE WHILE HE WALKS AWAY. THEN)

COP: Okay, Daniels, let's get down to business. Just what
do you *know, then?*

CLIFF: *Wait till*
~~Help me~~ open the trunk of the car.

COP: Are you going to answer questions?

CLIFF: (TIRED) This will answer all the questions you want to
ask.

(SOUND AS TRUNK IS OPENED)

CLIFF: That suitcase there. It's all in there.

(SOUND OF SUITCASE BEING GRABBED AND OPENED)

AL: The money! The bank money!

CLIFF: Thirty thousand. There's a thousand missing. I -- I
used it to pay off some debts.

AL: You did it? You held up the bank.

CLIFF: Yes. I did it. (A SIGH) I've been waiting for you.
I've been waiting for someone to catch up with me. Sure,
go on, look at me, as if I'm crazy. I think I must have
been.

AL: Why'd you do it? Why did you try to --

CLIFF: That comes next, doesn't it? The questions. All the
questions. The whys and hows and whens.

AL: I'm afraid so.

CLIFF: Okay. Let's go in the house and get it over with.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Easy ...easy ... so easy. This is the refrain turning around and around in your mind, Al Marcello, as you follow Cliff Daniels into his house. No false leads .. no man-hunt, no screaming car chases through the night. Just a criminal who quietly, regretfully confesses to his crime and produces the evidence for you. Easy .. so easy. But as you sit in his living room, watching him.. and his wife.. and his child.. you know for sure that it's not going to be easy any more. From now on ..it's going to be rough.

(MUSIC: STING OUT SHARP FOR ACCENT)

MARY: (SOBS)

CLIFF: (TIRED) Mary ... please...

MARY: Why, Cliff? If you could just tell me why.

BOY: Why is Mommy crying, Pop? Did you do something bad?

CLIFF: Donny .. go on upstairs.

BOY: But I want to hear...

MARY: If you could just tell me why ...

CLIFF: Donny .. go upstairs.

BOY: But I want to hear ...

CLIFF: (ALMOST BREAKING) Upstairs!

BOY: All right.

(STEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

CLIFF: (BITTER) He wants to hear. He'll hear all right. He'll hear how his father held up a bank. How the cops came after his father. ^{And} How his father went to jail. (THEN) Mary, I must have been out of my mind.

MARY: Why? That's all I want you to tell me, Cliff. Why did you do it?

AL: That's what we're waiting to hear too, Mr. Daniels.

CLIFF: It was the bills. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? That's all. Just the bills .. piling up and piling up.

MARY: They could have waited...

CLIFF: The more they waited, the more they were. I used to have a dream .. the same dream, every night. I was walking down a road .. a twisting road. I couldn't see the end of it, but I wanted to get there. It was hard walking in the dirt .. my feet kept sticking .. But the faster I tried to go .. the harder it was. And then .. all along the road, there were people with packages. They kept handing me the packages, and I had to take them. Pretty soon my hands were full, but they kept on handing them to me. (HIGH) I was carrying them on my back .. on my head .. they were heavy .. so heavy I couldn't walk .. until I knew I had to get rid of them .. I had to do anything to get rid of them! (PAUSE. THEN, LOW) When I woke up, it was the same. The same twisting road without any end. The same load on my back.

AL: Did you have a job?

MARY: He had two jobs. It wasn't that he didn't work. He worked all the time. Daytimes, and then overtime at night.

CLIFF: It didn't seem to matter. The faster the money came in.. the faster it went out. I'm not trying to say what I did was right. It wasn't. Right after I did it, I was sick. ~~I felt dirty. I still feel dirty and sick .. and ashamed.~~

MARY: What -- what are you going to do to him?
COP: I'm afraid he's under arrest, ma'am.
MARY: Jail?
AL: Your husband committed a crime. He's admitted that.
MARY: (A CRY) For how long?
AL: That's hard to say. Minimum sentence is a year. It
could be --- life imprisonment.
MARY: Cliff!
CLIFF: I'm sorry, Mary .. I -- I don't know what else to say.
I'm sorry.
MARY: (CRYING) That road, Cliff. In your dream. The one that
went on and on. What happens at the end of it? (SOBBING)
What happens now -- at the end of it?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Crime and criminals are no novelty to you, Al Marcello.
You've learned, through time and experience, that it's
pretty hard to feel sorry for a criminal. But as any
newspaperman knows, there are exceptions to every rule.
This is one of those exceptions. (PAUSE) Cliff Daniels'
case is brought to trial ... his story is heard .. and
sentence is pronounced. You, Al Marcello, hear the
verdict, get into your car, and drive to the Daniels'
home. You have to tell Mrs. Daniels about her husband's
jail term ...

(MUSIC: -- OUT...)

AL: Mrs. Daniels ...
MARY: (TALKING DETERMINEDLY) The baby's sick again. I wanted
to go to the courtroom but I couldn't get away ...

AL: Mrs. Daniels -- they pronounced sentence this morning ..

MARY: I was up most of the night with him .. the baby that is.
It's a fever. And Donny's ear is acting up ..

AL: Sure. Mrs. Daniels .. about the sentencing ..

MARY: First I thought maybe I'd call the doctor, but sometimes
those things clear up. Still, you never know. You --

AL: (FIRM) Mrs. Daniels!

MARY: I --

AL: Didn't you hear me? I said .. they sentenced your
husband this morning.

MARY: (QUIET) Yes. I heard you.

AL: Don't you want to hear about it?

MARY: Why do you think I kept talking .. talking .. about
anything that came into my head? ~~The baby .. the doctor?~~
I heard you. (A WHISPER) I'm afraid. I'm afraid to
hear. *I keep thinking now it could be for life*

AL: ~~The minimum sentence for robbery in Massachusetts is a
year. But -- if the court wants -- they can make it a
straight life imprisonment.~~

MARY: ~~They --~~
They don't have to be afraid

AL: They gave your husband minimum term. One year. That's
all.

MARY: (A PAUSE. THEN SHE BEGINS TO CRY AGAIN) Thank you.
Oh God, thank you.

AL: (GENTLY) I guess it won't be too long now before you
and your husband will be able to see the end of that
road after all.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's almost the finish of it. Almost, but not quite.
You get back to the office and ...

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~ . . .)

JIM: Hey, Al .. phone for you.

AL: Oh, thanks. (PAUSE. THEN, INTO PHONE) Hello?

BANKER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Marcello .. ~~I represent the~~ ^{This is the wife down in}
city bank. ~~First off, I want to thank you for your~~
~~work .. and secondly .. the bank has authorized me to~~ ^{I have been}
offer a reward of \$500 to ~~this~~ ^{you} Mr. X.

AL: Well, that's fine.

BANKER: ^{Now} ~~Mr~~ -- may I have his real name so the bank can make out
a check?

AL: Oh.

BANKER: I beg your pardon?

AL: Well, I'm afraid there's a catch there, sir. You see...
he doesn't want his name known...

BANKER: I realize not publicly, but for the sake of a reward...

AL: I'm sorry. I've given my word ..

BANKER: Well, how can we .. ?

AL: Wait a minute, I've got an idea. If you want to turn
the money over to the newspaper -- in cash -- I'll
guarantee that he gets it. How's that?

BANKER: Well, I -- (LAUGHS) I don't see why not. Considering
you got back thirty thousand dollars for us, I guess we
can trust you with five hundred.

(MUSIC: ~~BRIDGE~~ . . .)

AL: I -- I didn't know if you'd show up, Mr. X.

MR. X: You said you wanted to get in touch with me.

AL: Here.

MR. X: What -- what's this?
AL: Five hundred dollars reward for your tip. Remember, I said you wouldn't get any medals? But this ought to do.
MR. X: But -- I can't take this.
AL: Why not? You earned it.
MR. X: I read your story, Mr. Marcello. About why the man did it. About his wife, his -- (CUTS) I can't take money for something that brought that much unhappiness to people.
AL: What do you want to do with it?
MR. X: I don't care. I just know I can't take it. I -- (STOPS)
AL: ~~Looks like you have an idea.~~
MR. X: (EXCITED) ~~Yes I do.~~ ^{look} Will you take this money, Mr. Marcello? Will you take it and give it to Mrs. Daniels? To the holdup man's wife -- for his family?
AL: But ~~you~~ ^{you}
MR. X: You said it was mine. If it is, I can do what I want with it. All right. This is what I want. Maybe it'll be a fresh start for them. If it is, I'll feel a lot better about the whole thing.

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG. . .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Al Marcello of the Worcester Massachusetts Telegram 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 Al Marcello of the Worcester ^{Now} Telegram.

MARCELLO: Wife of bank robber was at first reluctant to accept reward money feeling that it was not right thing to do. Mr. X, however, insisted, and since it was desperately needed, she finally agreed. Nice to know there are people like Mr. X around. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Marcello... 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 Pendleton Times, Franklin, West Virginia -- by-line Robert J. Billeter. The Big Story of a reporter who couldn't help worrying and a worry that turned into a front page story.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING . . .)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- ~~every~~ ^{this} week you can see another different Big Story on television.

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

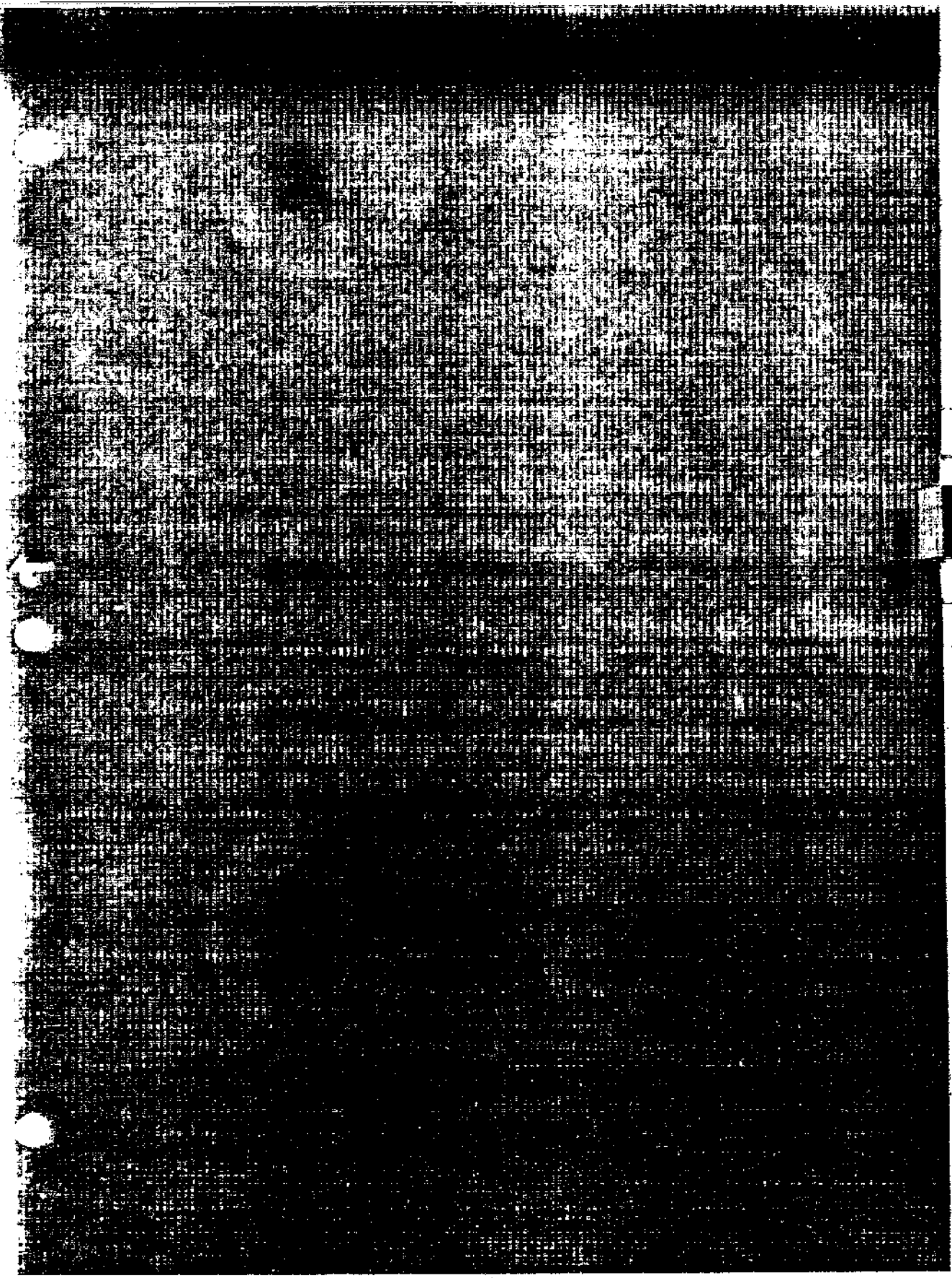
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the front pages of the Worcester Massachusetts Telegram. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Ed Begley played the part of Al Marcello. 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. Marcello.

(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)

HARRICE: Everybody fears fire in the home ... yet most of them are caused by sheer carelessness! Check faulty heating equipment, ducts and flues ... keep matches away from children. Don't smoke in bed. Empty ash trays before retiring. Extra care is the best safeguard against fire. Remember, only you can prevent fires.
This is NBC .. The National Broadcasting Company.

vak/jow
4/23/53 a.m.



ATX01 0007569

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #312

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BOB	JIM STEPHENS
MARK	TONY RANDALL
LES	BILL LIPTON
RALPH	MICHAEL O'DAY
COP	<i>Tommy Randall</i> MICHAEL O'DAY
LIEUTENANT	WENDELL HOLMES
MOTHER	IRENE HUBBARD
REPORTER	SCOTT TENNYSON
MAN	SCOTT TENNIPON

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1953

ATX01 0007570

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(FOOTSTEPS ON ECHO)

LES: (TENSE) Wait a minute!

(FOOTSTEPS CUT SHARP)

LES: I think I hear someone coming.

RALPH: (NEAR TERROR) Are you sure, Les? Are you sure?

LES: Listen.

(A PAUSE...THEN)

RALPH: (PANICKY) I don't hear anything. I --(CUTS) What's that?

LES: What? Where?

RALPH: Those lights. Those big round spots of light. They're
floating...just floating in the air.

LES: (SHARP) Stop it, Ralph.

RALPH: (ALMOST SOBBING) But they are. ~~They're just floating
there ... big round spots.~~

LES: I said stop it!

RALPH: (HIGH) What's going to happen to us, Les? How are we going
to get out of this? How are we going to get out of this
--alive?

(MUSIC: -- SLAM IN AND DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Franklin, West Virginia. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

From the pages of the Pendleton, West Virginia Times
From the pages of the Pendleton, West Virginia Times, the story of a reporter who couldn't help worrying, and a worry that turned into a front page story. Tonight, to Robert Billeter, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTALBE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #312

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: Franklin, West Virginia. The story as it actually happened -- Robert Billeter's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: There is only one newspaper in Franklin, West Virginia, *The Pendleton Times*. It only comes out once a week. You, Robert Billeter, start work on ~~the Pendleton Times~~ as a printer's devil. Within two months, you are asked to take over as managing editor. You do. As editor, you write stories... take ads .. solicit subscriptions ..tinker with the presses when they go out of order ..and lock up the office at night. It's hard, unrelenting, underpaid work ..and you love it. You haven't been at it long ...less than a month, in fact, when you glance at your brand new calendar one morning and realize there's a big day coming up.

(MUSIC: OUT)

BOB: There's a big day coming up this week, fellas. That's why I called this meeting of the whole staff.

MARK: Whole staff? Get that! This Billeter can sure make four men sound like a lot more. He's been an editor for a month and already we're a staff!

(GENERAL LAUGHTER)

BOB: Look, do you realize what four days from today will be?

MARK: ~~Thursday. All day.~~

BOB: ~~It's also press day. And ..in case you don't know it -- that issue will mark the fortieth anniversary of the paper.~~

MARK: Hey ...how about that?

(AD LIBS OF OTHERS)

BOB: ~~This about it. We've got to do something special.~~

MARK: ~~Like what?~~

BOB: *So* What we need is *to write all* a front page story. Something big.

MARK: Bob, look. You can make four men sound important by calling them a staff. But you can't make anything that happens in Franklin important enough to call it something big. Not even by putting it on the front page.

BOB: I don't know about that.

MARK: Well, I do. I lived in Franklin all my life. Wouldn't live anyplace else. You know why? Because nothing ~~much~~ ever happens here.

BOB: (A SIGH) That makes it nice for living, I suppose. But it sure makes it tough to run a newspaper.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Tough or not ...the newspaper still has to be gotten out --and on time. You go back to your desk, Rober Billeter, and start to work. You don't know that your work is just beginning. You don't know that your Big Story is just beginning ..beginning right in Franklin...the place where nothing ever happens....

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT INTO)

(CAR IN MOTION)

LES: Where are we now?

RALPH: Mmm. Let's see. According to the road map, this is ...let me see. ~~We just passed ...where was it we just passed?~~

LES: ~~Search me.~~

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

RALPH: I never can read these things ...

LES: There's a sign up ahead ...I'll pull over ...

(CAR TO STOP)

LES: Can you read it?

RALPH: Uh -- Trout Rock Cave ..Franklin, West Virginia.

LES: Cave? Hey! ~~Where?~~

RALPH: ~~That looks like the opening right over there.~~

LES: Want to have a look?

RALPH: Aw --it's getting late and all the equipment's packed up
in back ...

LES: Oh I don't mean that. Not really exploring it. Let's
just take the flashlight and have a look.

RALPH: (GOOD-NATURED) You and your caves ...okay ...come on. One
fast look and out.

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS)

LES: Hey ...this is quite a place.

RALPH: Sure ...if you like it cold and wet.

LES: What do you expect? Steam heat? If I --(CUTS) Hey ..turn
that flashlight back on!

RALPH: You think I turned it out on purpose?

LES: You mean it just went out?

RALPH: Looks that way. I --

LES: (SHARP) Give it to me.

RALPH: ~~It's not the batteries. The switch just conked out. I --~~

LES: (TENSE) It doesn't work!

RALPH: (NOT WORRIED) This isn't news. I --

LES: Don't you get it? It doesn't work. Now we can't see anything. I don't know where we are. How are we going to find our way back to the cave opening? How are we going to get out of here?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING. PICKUP)

BOB: Pendleton Times ...Billeter.

MARK: (FILTER) Bob ...this is Mark Mitchell ...Lock, on my way home, I ^{last night} noticed a car parked outside of Trout Rock Cave. Nobody in it.

BOB: (AMUSED) This the big story I'm looking for?

MARK: (LAUGHS) I told you you were wasting your time on that. And maybe I'm wasting your time on this.--I don't know. But the thing is ...the car ^{is still there today} ~~was there last night~~. I kinda wondered what was up ...a car being parked there for over twelve hours.

BOB: Out of town plates?

MARK: Washington, D.C.. I couldn't help worrying --maybe some people wandered into the cave and got lost. What do you think?

BOB: I think it's worth looking at the car. Meet me there. I'll be right over.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS IN WATER)

RALPH: This is the wrong way, Les ..we're not getting anywhere.

LES: (TIGHT) We have to keep moving.

RALPH: We've been moving all night. Moving no place.

LES: Listen. It's cold ...

RALPH: (SNAPS) I know it's cold ...

LES: ~~All right. You want to freeze to death? You want to~~
pass out?

RALPH: No, but...

LES: All right. I've been in caves before. I know them.
We've got to keep moving.

RALPH: We've got to get out!

LES: We will.

RALPH: How? Every path we take leads no where. All we find in
~~dead ends and rock falls ...~~

LES: Look ..even if we don't find our way out, somebody'll find
us.

RALPH: How?

LES: The car's outside isn't it? Just parked there.

RALPH: Sure, but ...

LES: Okay. Somebody's bound to notice it. They're bound to
put two and two together. They'll realize we're in here ..
..lost ...and they'll come after us.

RALPH: (NOT CONVINCED) Well...

LES: (SURE) They will. They have to. (THEN, ALMOST PLEADING)
Sure they will. That makes sense doesn't it?

RALPH (SLOWLY) Yeah, sure. That makes ---sense.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

MARK: I noticed the car first last night, Bob. Just pulled over
to the side of the road like this.

BOB: Mmmmm. Locked.

MARK: It is? Oh, well, then. That means whoever left it must
have figured they wouldn't be back for a while.

BOB: Can't see much inside.

MARK: What's that on the back seat? That paper?

BOB: Looks like a bill from here. Yeah ...bill for ...repairs.
Something about a generator.

MARK: Okay, start laughing.

BOB: Mmmm?

MARK: At me. Getting all heated up because somebody's car
broke down so they left it.

BOB: That the way you figure it?

MARK: Oh sure. If they were just going in the cave for a minute
they probably wouldn't have locked the car. And that repair
bill kind of cinches it, doesn't it?

BOB: Well ...

MARK: It shows they'd been having trouble with the car before
Probably it acted up again, so they pulled over to the side
of the road, locked it ...hitched a ride into a garage or
maybe even into the next town.

BOB: Sounds logical. (WORRIED) If I was just sure the car
wouldn't start ...

MARK: It's locked up. No key in the ignition to try....

BOB: I know...

MARK: Forget it, Bob. Sorry for the goose chase.

BOB: (SLOWLY) Oh, that's okay, Mark...^I

MARK: ~~Give you a lift home?~~

BOB: ~~Thanks. I think I'll go back to~~ --(CUTS)

MARK: What's the matter?

BOB: There. On the rear bumper. That sign.

MARK: What about it?

BOB: It says --Crystal Caves.

COP: Look, we want to cooperate. But ...try to see it from our side. Search parties are expensive. Cave searching is a dangerous business. We can't rout a lot of volunteers out of their homes ...ask them to risk their own necks, just because you've seen a parked car and think it means something. Now if you could prove anything ...

BOB: How can I?

COP: Okay. How can we authorize a search party?

BOB: (SIGHS) I guess you can't. (THEN) ~~You really think there's nothing wrong?~~

COP: ~~I really do. You'd be surprised how many folks go off and just leave a car.~~ Don't worry about it, Mr. Billeter.

BOB: (DUBIOUS) Okay. If you say so.

COP: I say so. There's no one in that cave.

BOB: No ...I guess not. It was just a ---feeling. Forget it. And I'll forget it too.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #312

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.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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 #312

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 Robert Billeter as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: A ^{parked} parked car at the mouth of a cave ... a ~~parked, empty, car~~.
And the mouth of the cave a yawning, black ~~enigma~~. Forget it. That's what everybody tells you to do, Robert Billeter. Forget it. ~~You try~~. You have a paper to get out ... ~~stories to write, people to see, work to do, You try~~. You try to forget the parked car and the mouth of the cave ... the hungry, gaping mouth. And then suddenly, there is something you have to do ..no matter what anybody else says. You just have to do it.

(MUSIC: CUT AND HOLD)

BOB: Get me the Washington D.C. police

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Sure. Forget it. But this is only a phone call. Only something that takes a few minutes. Only something that might mean a lifetime -- just in case anybody is in that cave

(MUSIC: OUT)

BOB: The point is ..I don't know that anybody's lost in the cave. But I can't get the car out of my mind.

LIEUT: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) What do you want us to do, Mr. Billeter?

BOB: I thought it might be worthwhile for you to check the license number. I have it here, ^{there} Washington plates. That's why I called you.

LIEUT: Sure. We can check them.

BOB: Then ..when you find out the name of the party that owns the car ... I thought you might call the address listed ..
..See if you can find out anything.

LIEUT: Like what?

BOB: Oh ...,like --if the owner of the car is missing ...~~if he~~
~~planned a trip this way~~ ..just anything that might give us a lead as to whether there's any trouble.

LIEUT: Okay. If that's the way you want it. It's easy enough. But it sounds like a waste of time to me.

BOB: Sure, sure, I know. But try it anyway, will you?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(FOOTSTEPS ..SLOW, TORTUROUS)

RALPH: (EXHAUSTED) Les ...stop ...please ..can't you stop walking?

LES: (DOGGED) We have to keep moving ...

RALPH: How long has it been ...just walking ...walking ...getting no place...?

LES: Twenty-four hours, I think ...~~maybe a little longer.~~

RALPH: (HIGH) How much longer do we have to wait? ~~How much longer~~ before we freeze to death or starve to death?

LES: (TENSE) Wait a minute!

(FOOTSTEPS CUT SHARP)

LES: I --I Think I hear someone coming.

RALPH: Are you sure, Les? Are you sure?

LES: Listen.

(A PAUSE. THEN)

RALPH: (PANICKY) I don't hear anything I --(CUTS) What's that?

LES: What? Where?

RALPH: Those lights. Those big round spots of light. They're floating ...just floating in the air!

LES: (SHARP) Stop it, Ralph!

RALPH: (ALMOST SOBING) But they are. ~~They're just floating there ...big round spots ...~~

LES: I said stop it!

RALPH: What's going to happen to us, Les? How are we going to get out of this? How are we going to get out of this alive?

LES: (HARD) Not by losing our heads.

RALPH: But ...

LES: No buts. Just listen to me. We're half-starved ...tired ...we're bound to see things. That's all those light spots are ...just --things we're seeing because we're tired. All right. Maybe we better rest for a while. We'll sit right here.

RALPH: We'll die right here.

LES: Stop that kind of talk! Just listen. Our car ..it's been outside all this time. ^{People notice it} ~~Even if people don't think we~~ ~~in the cave, they'll still notice the car.~~ Abandoned. The police will check the license plates.. They'll get my name and address.

RALPH: So what?

LES: So they'll call home. They're bound to. They'll get Mom on the phone -- tell her about the car. She'll know something's wrong...she'll start them looking for us.

RALPH: You ---you make it sound so ---sure.

LES: It is sure. You wait and see. They'll call Mom. And then things'll start rolling.

(MUSIC: SHORT STAB AND HOLD UNDER FOR)

LIEUT: Okay ...I've got the information on that abandoned car outside Franklin, West Virginia. Registered in the name of Les Darrow223 Ivor Street. Get somebody at that address on the phone will you?

(MUSIC: SHORT STAB AND OUT)

LIEUT: Hello, Lieutenant Gaines, Washington police calling. Who is this, please?

MOTHER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Police? Washington police? What's the matter? What--

LIEUT: (PATIENT) Who is this please?

MOTHER: My --my name is Mrs. Darrow, but --

LIEUT: Any relation to Les Darrow?

MOTHER: I'm his mother, but ...

LIEUT: Good. Mrs. Darrow, I'd like a little information on your son. Does he drive a tan coupe....?

MOTHER: Is Les in trouble? ~~Is that it?~~

LIEUT: Mrs. Darrow, this is just routine. Tell me, does your son drive a tan coupe and ~~have you heard from him the last day or so..?~~

MOTHER: I knew it. I told him he'd get into some kind of a scrape ~~driving off without plans ...without knowing where he was going....~~

LIEUT: Look, I just want to know if you've heard from him in the last day or so....

MOTHER: Why should I hear from him? He says he's going on a trip.
Won't tell me where ...why ...~~just got to have his own way.~~
~~All right. Let him have his own way. He's in trouble... he~~
~~can get himself out.~~

LIEUT: Please, Mrs. Darrow, you ---

MOTHER: I'm a grown man, he says, when his father and I tell him
we don't want him driving around in that car. ~~A grown man.~~
I don't want any interference he says. ~~All right.~~ So he
won't get any interference. You just tell him that. Tell
him he's on his own. ~~No interference.~~

LIEUT: Look Mrs. Darrow, your son's car --

(CLICK OF PHONE BEING HUNG UP)

LIEUT: ~~--was located at---~~(CUTS) Hello?

(JIGGLE OF HOOK)

LIEUT: Hello? Mrs. Darrow? (HE SIGHS)

(HANG UP)

LIEUT: Women. (CALLS) Hey, Beasley! Get Robert Billeter on the
wire, will you? Tell him I called the boy's mother and got
strictly no-where. If the guy's own mother doesn't worry,
I guess Billeter can forget about the whole thing too. ~~It's~~
~~strictly a nothing deal.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

LES: (WEAK) Ralph ...Ralph....

RALPH: (JUST A FAINT GRCAN)

LES: Ralph ...wake up ...don't go to sleep ...

RALPH: (NUMBLES) Have tosotired

LES: ~~No ...lookget upI'll help you ...~~

RALPH: (DROWSILY) ~~Getting ...warm now ...nice and warm....~~

LES: Look ...you can't just lie there ...you've got to get up.
Give me your armsI'll help you

RALPH: No

LES: Give me your arms(THEN) Come on ...help meI
can't do it all alone ...~~I can't pick you up alone ..~~
....(SOBBING) Ralphstand up.... I can't do it all
alone...(THEN) ~~I can't do it ----at ---all.~~

(MUSIC: SLAM IN AND CUT SHARP FOR)

BOB: Nothing. Nothing. That's all anybody says. Just nothing.
But I don't believe it, Mark.

MARK: Bob, you're just being stubborn.

BOB (SNAPS) All right. I'm just being stubborn.

MARK: Hey, now wait....

BOB: AwI'm sorry, I don't mean to snap. I'm just --

MARK: Worried?

BOB: Yeah. Worried. (DEFENSIVE) Okay, so it's crazy. So it
doesn't make sense. But I can't help it. ~~I'm~~ ^{I am} worried.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: Worried. Just ---worried. The car --the cave. The car
--the cave. Foolish ...senseless ...ridiculous. But those
two facts chase each other around and around in your head,
Bob Billeter. The car --the cave-- the car --the cave.
You leave your office ...go down to Trout Rock Cave ...and
stand there ...staring into the inky blackness.

(MUSIC: CUT)

BOB: (ECHO) Anybody there? (PAUSE) I said ...anybody there...?

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You have a flashlight. Slowly, cautiously ..you make your way further into the cave

BOB: (MORE ECHO) Hello? Anybody there? Anybody in the cave ..?

NARR: Nothing but silence. Nothing but the damp darkness ..~~the wisps of fog curling about you.~~ Nothing but the silent, deadly, frightening darkness.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You give up. You've gone into the cave as deep as you dare --alone. ~~You can't risk it any further. You've done all you can.~~ It's time to give up -- to forget. The trouble is --you can't.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR)

BOB: Look, I've checked all the hotels, boarding houses and motels in the vicinity. If this Les Darrow and his friend, if they were all right, why wouldn't they be registered somewhere? Where did they spend the night? Unless they spent it in the cave?

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

BOB: State police ...look, this is Robert Billeter of the --(CUTS) Yes, I know I called you before. I called you three times before, but I still think you ought to start looking for ---no, I don't have proof. How can I have proof of --(CUT. PAUSE) All right. All right.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

BOB: Washington Times Herald? This is Robert Billeter of the Pendleton Times. Look, I want to talk to the city desk. And put me through in a hurry. This is important.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT FAST)

REPORTER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Billeter ...I still don't quite see what you want the Washington Times-Herald to do about this whole thing.

BOB: I've run into a dead end here, I can't get any action. The sheriff says it's up to the State Police. The State Police say no. ~~I called the boy's family back, but the mother seems to think the boy's in some kind of a scrape and won't say anything for fear of getting him into more trouble.~~

REPORTER: I still don't see where we come in.

BOB: Run a story. Say there's a possibility this Darrow boy may be trapped in Trout Rock Cave. With your circulation, someone who knows the boy is bound to see the story. ~~Maybe the boy himself.~~ Someone will come forward with some kind of information that'll clear this thing up one way or another.

REPORTER: You really want us to stick our necks out, don't you?

BOB: I just ---

REPORTER: Suppose we run the story? Make a big to-do-about it? "Washington boy suspected trapped in cave." Okay. Fine. Then what happens? He turns up hale and hearty in a bar someplace. And we turn out to be laughing stocks.

BOB: (PAUSE. THEN WITH ANGRY BITTERNESS) And that's important, isn't it?

REPORTER: Huh?

BOB: That's important. Whether or not the paper makes a mistake. Much more important than trying to save a life ...

REPORTER: Now, look

BOB: (MAD NOW) I guess I should have known that. But I've only been in this business a little while. ~~I haven't got my sense or values straight yet.~~ I'm still green enough to think people are more important than papers. I ----

REPORTER: (SNAPS) All right!

BOB: What?

REPORTER: All right. So you made your point. (PAUSE) We'll give it a 96 point bold face Gothic.

BOB: You --you mean --you'll run the story?

REPORTER: We'll run it. A big one. If we're going to be chumps ..
...we may as well be full-size chumps. ~~(THEN, CHUCKLES)~~
~~And if we're going to be heroes, we might as well be full-sized heroes. We'll get in touch with you if there's anything.~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Your hands are shaking, Bob Billeter, as you hang up the phone. It's not a month yet, since you graduated from being a printer's devil to being a newspaperman. Not even a month. And you've talked the Washington Times-Herald --one of the country's biggest newspapers -- right out on a limb. But it's done. There's nothing you can do now -- except sit ...and wait ...and wonder. And then

36 (MUSIC: -- OUT)

(PHONE RING. PICK UP)

BOB: Billeter....Pendelton Times...

MOTHER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I ---I want to talk to someone about that car outside the cave....

BOB: Yes ...do you know something about it?

MOTHER: (HYSTERICAL) I just saw the story in the paper. I didn't understand before ...when the police called, I didn't understand....

BOB: Who is this?

MOTHER: (BABELING) Les' mother. The boy. ~~He and his friend, Ralph...they went on a trip together. They told me not to worry ...not to bother them. That's why, when the police called, I didn't understand. I thought they were in some kind of silly trouble with the car...~~

BOB: (CUTTING IN) Mrs. Darrow ... listen ...was your son interested in caves? I mean, do you think ...?

MOTHER: (INTERRUPTING) All his life. Ever since he was little, he always explored caves. That's why I called you ..don't you see? He's in that cave. I know he is. And you've got to get him out. You've just got to get him out!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: All right. There it is. The go-ahead you need. The go-ahead the state police need. Only, now it's a race. ~~A race to get the searching party organized~~ ..a race to get out to the cave ...a race against hunger and cold and time.

(MORE)

NARR: ~~No question now if there's anybody in Trout Rock Cave.~~
(CONT'D) ~~Only the question will you find them? And if you do...~~
~~will it be in time?~~ You Robert Billeter, wait at the mouth
of the cave, as the searching party makes its ~~toruous~~
way through darkness.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH WATER)

COP: All right ...keep those lights up ...stay single file ...

MAN: We've been down three different paths without a sign of
them... *Sergeant*

COP: It's going to take time, This cave is big.....

(THEN, CALLS) Hallo!' Hallo?

MAN: If they're in here they can't hear us.

COP: Maybe unconscious.

MAN: Unconscious or dead.

COP: (CALLS) Hallo? Hallo?

MAN: It's no go. We're too late. ~~They've been in here~~
~~to long. We ---~~

COP: Hold it!

MAN: What?

COP: Up ahead. Swing your light there.

(PAUSE, THEN)

MAN: It's them! Come on!

(FAST STEPS THROUGH WATER, THAN)

MAN: Breathing?

COP: I ---I can't tell.

LES: (A MOAN)

COP: Yes! He's alive ..he's moving.

MAN: This one too.

COP: It's all right fella. It's all right. We've found you.

LES: (WEAK) We --we'd almost given up. We thought you'd never get here.

COP: (GENTLY) We almost didn't ... except for a stubborn cuss named Billeter.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The Pendleton Times is a weekly paper. There's plenty of time for you, Robert Billeter -- to write up your story for it. So much time that, of course, every daily paper in the state ...and in Washington ...can beat you to it. And they do. But it doesn't matter to you. All that matters is that two lives are saved ... and that you have a Big Story for that fortieth anniversary issue of your paper dateline, Franklin. The place where nothing ever happens. The place where ... thanks to you... nothing tragic did.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Robert Billeter of the Pendleton Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #312

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 Robert Billeter of the Pendleton Times.

BILLETER: Two young men lost in cave although suffering from hunger and exposure responded to treatment and were soon completely recovered. Only their good sense and calmness in emergency ^{help to keep} ~~kept~~ them alive until ^{their were reached} ~~help reached~~ them. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Billeter...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. At this time the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES wish to congratulate Edward Mowery of the New York World Telegram and Sun for having been awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of facts that brought vindication and freedom to Louis Hoffner, a man who had been sentenced to life imprisonment. It was our privilege to have been able to broadcast this story both on this program as well as on the Big Story television program.

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 Tribune -- by-line Patricia Leeds. The Big Story of a ^{murderer who became a hit and miss} ~~reporter who proved that murder is never an accident.~~ ^{would tell the truth.}

(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 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 Pendleton Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jim Stephens played the part of Robert Billeter. 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. Billeter.

(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 NEC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

JAC

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #313

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
PAT LEEDS	CHARLOTTE MANSON
FRANK	HAROLD HUBER
MAN	HAROLD HUBER
CAPTAIN MADDEN	PHIL STERLING
WOMAN	HELENE DUMAS
STEVE CLARK	GEORGE MATTHEWS
JENNY CLARK	BARBARA WEEKS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1953

ATX01 0007598

(Patricia Leeds, Chicago Tribune)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND OUT FOR)_

(THREE SHOTS, A MAN GROANS AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

JENNY: (SICK) Steve...no, get up...Steve...please...(A HALF
SCREAM)...what am I going to do...what am I going to do.
(SHE RUNS ACROSS THE FLOOR, TEARS OPEN THE DOOR AND
COMES INTO THE HALL. THERE IS MORE OF AN ECHOEY
EFFECT NOW AS SHE RUNS DOWN THE HALL...UP TO A DOOR
AND HAMMERS ON IT WITH HER FIST)

JENNY: Let me in. Open the door. Let me in.

(HAMMERS ON THE DOOR AGAIN AND IT OPENS)

WOMAN: Mrs. Clark.

JENNY: Help me. Please help me. I killed my husband.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEME 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 tribute to the men and women
of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front
pages of The Chicago Tribune the story of a reporter who
wouldn't believe a lie and a murderer who wouldn't tell
the truth. Tonight, to Patricia Leeds, for her Big Story,
goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)_

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)_

(COMMERCIAL)

-2-

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #313

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,

ATX01 0007600

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!

JENNY: (HER CRYING DIES DOWN A LITTLE) They say he's dying. There's no chance. It's not fair. It's not fair. (A LITTLE MORE CONTROL NOW) The way a man changes. I could see it happening but how was I to stop it. Something breaks, you pick up the pieces, maybe try to put them together. But a man...when something happens inside him...how can you help. How can you touch something you can't even see. (SLIGHT BEAT...HALF DEAD...NOT CARING) He came home. It was late. I could see him from the window upstairs. I went to the stove. Warmed up his supper. (FADE) Every night that week he'd been working late. I knew he'd be tired.

(BEAT. THEN A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

JENNY: (CLOSE. GREETING) Honey. (SLIGHT BEAT. SHE SEES HE IS A LITTLE DRUNK. QUIETLY) I've got your supper ready. (SLIGHT BEAT) You all right.

STEVE: (IRRITABLE) Go on, say it. *He's drinking* ~~He's~~ drunk. ~~Go on.~~

JENNY: (FADING OFF JUST SLIGHTLY) I'll put the things on the table.

STEVE: What's the matter, I can't do what I want. I just live for you.

(WATER IN SINK IS TURNED ON)

JENNY: (OFF A LITTLE) I got the kids their new clothes. Green's had a sale today. Saved about ten dollars.

STEVE: Yeah.

(WASHES FOR A FEW BEATS THEN TURNS WATER OFF)

Where's a towel? Jenny.

JENNY: (FADING OFF A LITTLE) I'm sorry, dear. I'll get one.

STEVE: Don't you ever have a towel on this rack. Everytime I want one I gotta stand here, let the water sop all over the floor. Just a lousy towel. Is it so tough?

JENNY: (FADING ON) Here.

STEVE: I don't get it. You take the dirty one away. Don't you figure you're going to need another one there.

JENNY: All right, Steve.

STEVE: Okay, it happens once but every time I want a towel...

JENNY: Steve, out it out.

STEVE: Give me a break, will you, Jenny. That's all I ask. A break.

JENNY: (IRRITATED) What do you want from me.

STEVE: Nothing. Just a towel where it ought to be. That going to kill you to do it?

JENNY: Look, you're sore about something, don't let it out on me. I don't live a picnic.

STEVE: How's it for me. Every day, going down to that job. Nothing ever different.

JENNY: (SOFTENING) Yeah, Steve.

STEVE: Fred Willard, a guy who works with me. Quits today. Just like that. Got tired of it.

JENNY: He got a family:

STEVE: No. I said to him...where you going to go. What are you going to do. He shows me tickets. On a boat. South America. You hear...(AN INCREDULOUS LAUGH)...one day a guy makes up his mind. Wants to see the world. Who ever heard of that.

JENNY: Honey, please. What are you eating yourself up for. We're fine here. Look our kids. Where do they come better.

STEVE: All the way home I've been trying to understand it. All the plans I had. The things I wanted to do. What happened to them. I turn around and it's years already.

JENNY: Steve...

STEVE: (A VERY ANGRY UNHAPPINESS) Let go of me, will you.

JENNY: You've got a home. A family. Honey, we have our luck.

STEVE: Shut up, will you. I don't need you to tell me what I've got.

JENNY: (SORE) You don't have to talk to me that way.

STEVE: I said...shut up...~~shut up!~~

(HE SLAPS HER. THERE IS A MOMENT OF STUNNED SILENCE)

That's the only thing you understand.

JENNY: (CONTROLLING HERSELF) Don't put your hands on me again.

STEVE: No? Watch me. (HE SLAPS HER AGAIN)

JENNY: (STUNNED AND HURT) Let me alone.

STEVE: Here, you want to get back at me. Here, use this.

JENNY: (SCARED) Steve.

STEVE: Yeah. A gun for ~~my new job~~. Go on. Take it.

JENNY: Put it away.

STEVE: What are you scared about.

JENNY: (TREMBLING. THE SIGHT OF A GUN FILLS HER WITH TERROR)

I don't want to see it. Get rid of it.

STEVE: (ENJOYING HER FEAR) I know how to handle it.

JENNY: Steve, I can't stand looking at it. Please. Get it out of here.

STEVE: (HE LAUGHS) You think maybe it's liable to go off?

JENNY: I hate guns. You know it. Please...take it away.

STEVE: Watch out, Jenny. ~~My gun...~~

JENNY: Get it out of here.

STEVE: (SCARED) Jenny;..Let go of it.

(THREE SHOTS, HE GROANS AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

JENNY: (SICK) Steve...no, get up...Steve...please...(A HALF SCREAM)..~~...~~(FADE)...what am I going to do...what am I going to do.

(A BEAT)

JENNY: (DULLY...AS AT THE START OF THE FLASHBACK) I try to remember, Miss Leeds. The way it happened. All I see is him lying there. I didn't mean anything. I love him. It should have been me.

(MUSIC: SADLY...UP...RIDES FOR BRIDGE TO)

PAT: That's it, Frank. Just as she told it to me. The whole thing was an accident.

FRANK: (FILTER) Now wait a minute, Pat, let me get this straight. She came right out and told you she did the shooting?

PAT: Sure. What's she got to hide. She saw the gun and panicked. When she tried taking it away from him, it went off.

FRANK: ~~Yeah~~ but they found three slugs in the guy.

PAT: It was an automatic pistol. Her hand probably froze on the trigger.

FRANK: Hey, wait a minute.

PAT: Yes.

FRANK: I'm checking over the district report again.

PAT: What about it.

FRANK: According to the police, Mrs. Clark doesn't admit a thing. But you, she tells the whole story. Pat, ~~you're the only one who knows.~~ *I don't get it*

(MUSIC: __ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't get it. Why wouldn't the police know. They've arrested her. They've had a chance to talk to her. No, there must be some mistake. Get over to Captain Bill Madden's office. Find out what's going on.

CAPT: She's a tough one all right. Just sits there and says the same thing over and over.

PAT: What's that, Captain?

CAPT: ~~That's it happened like her husband said it did.~~

PAT: ~~How was that.~~

CAPT: He was cleaning his gun and it went off. She had nothing to do with it.

(MUSIC: __ STINGS...UNDER)

NARR: What is this. That's not the story she told you. Yet, the way she talked, it couldn't have been a lie. Easy now, Pat Leeds, find out some more of what's been happening. Talk to Captain Madden.

CAPT: (CURIOUSLY) What's the matter, Pat. You look a little surprised.

PAT: Look, if ~~she and her husband both told the same story,~~ ~~that~~ it was an accident, what're you holding her for.

CAPT: Simple. We don't believe ~~either~~ ^{her} ~~version.~~

PAT: Why not.

CAPT: The medical report showing the angle at which the bullets entered the body. If he were really cleaning his gun, the wounds would have been in a completely different position.

PAT: That the only evidence you have?

CAPT: We talked to some of the neighbors. They heard a big battle going on just before the shots.

(MORE)

CAPT: The whole thing figures, Pat. ~~She shot him and he's lying~~
(CONT'D)

~~What are you waiting so funny for.~~ (SLIGHT BEAT) ~~Listen, you know Mrs. Clark.~~

PAT: Captain, I spoke to her.

CAPT: Well.

PAT: ~~(SUSPICIOUSLY)~~ She told me it was she who fired the gun.

CAPT: What.

PAT: But it was an accident. She fired it by mistake.

CAPT: What are you giving me. I've been after the woman all day. Can't get a word out of her. Why should she tell you.

PAT: I don't know. She sees a cop, maybe she gets scared sick. Maybe it was easy to tell another woman. What's the difference. The whole thing was an accident.

CAPT: (SUSPICIOUSLY) You're not trying to pull a fast one, are you, Pat.

PAT: What are you talking about. I saw her ~~just an hour ago~~. Crying her heart out. She told me the truth.

CAPT: Look, I've been a cop a long time. Seen a lot of people right where Mrs. Clark is now. She's one of the worst. Hard as they come.

PAT: No.

CAPT: She heard you were from a newspaper. So she put on an act. Nothing dumb about that.

PAT: We're not talking about the same person.

CAPT: Guess I'm going to have to show you. Comon. We'll go see her.

(MUSIC: -- UP BRIDGE)

PAT: (WARMLY) Hello, Jenny.

JENNY: (A DIFFERENT EDGE TO HER VOICE IN THIS SCENE. QUIET, REVEALING LITTLE) Hi.

PAT: Jenny, the story you told me, would you repeat it for Captain Madden please.

JENNY: Story.

PAT: What you told me. About you and your husband.

JENNY: I didn't tell you any story.

PAT: (BEWILDERED) Maybe you don't understand. I mean about what happened when your husband came home.

JENNY: ~~He was cleaning his gun. It went off accidentally.~~

PAT: ~~No, Jenny.~~ That fight you had. How he took out the gun and you got frightened. Tell the Captain.

JENNY: I don't know what you mean.

CAPT: (A HALF SIGH) ~~All right, Pat...~~

PAT: ~~Now wait, Jenny, listen to me. What you told me was right. It made sense. They'll believe you. Go on. Don't hold it back. Just like it happened. Talk, Jenny.~~

JENNY: ~~I told the captain. It's like my husband says. He was cleaning the gun.~~

CAPT: Well, Pat? What do you say now.

PAT: It's...it's crazy. ~~I swear, only an hour ago.~~ She showed me a picture of her kids. How they were in the next room and her husband started to shout and she...

JENNY: (CUTTING HER OFF) No. We didn't fight. Everything was fine. What are you telling the Captain. What are you trying to do to me.

CAPT: Pat, either you had hallucinations or this woman's taken you for a first class ride.

PAT: Jenny, you don't know what you're doing. They figured out it didn't happen from cleaning a gun. They know you're lying. You've got to tell the truth.

JENNY: Look, tell her to let me alone. Who asked her to come here.

PAT: Captain, talk to her. Make her understand.

CAPT: How. You see what she's like.

MAN: (OFF) Captain...call for you out here.

CAPT: Coming.

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

(GO WITH HIM A FEW FEET)

CAPT: Captain Madden...yeah, oh, hello, sergeant...yeah...I see...yeah...all right, thanks.

(HE HANGS UP...WALKS BACK TO THE CELL) (CELL DOOR CLOSSES)

CAPT: That was the hospital, Mrs. Clark. (SLIGHT BEAT) I'm sorry...your husband just died.

JENNY: (QUIETLY) Steve.

CAPT: He ~~changed his story~~ ^{refused to answer} at the last minute. ~~and he had to~~ ~~tell the truth.~~ (SLIGHT BEAT) He said...you killed him.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #313

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.

(SOUND STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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)

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: UP AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Patricia Leeds, as she lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: If it wasn't happening to you, Pat Leeds, you wouldn't believe it. Jenny Clark, the mother of three children, admitting to you that she accidentally killed her husband. But then...denying it to the police. Why the different stories? Why'd she do it? Back in the Tribune's city room, your boss tries for an answer.

FRANK: Like Captain Madden said. Maybe she was trying to work you for a sympathy gag.

PAT: No, Frank.

FRANK: What's a matter, your feelings hurt? Afraid to admit you were taken in?

PAT: That how well you know me.

FRANK: Okay, then you explain it. Why'd she suddenly switch stories.

PAT: I don't know.

FRANK: Pat, level with me now. You're no hairbrained kid and what you say, I'll listen. You really feel she was telling the truth.

PAT: I do.

FRANK: All right, we print it. The whole story she gave you.

PAT: But what about her denying it to the police.

FRANK: We print that too.

PAT: Frank, don't you see what it means. It'll look like she decided the confession was a mistake.

FRANK: Sure. And she took it back thinking the cops can't pin the killing on her. How wrong can you get.

PAT: But Frank, it'll be like I'm helping to prove she's guilty.

FRANK: You didn't invent this confession, did you?

PAT: No but...

FRANK: Well, then, forget it. You got the story and that's the end of it.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER)

NARR: He's right. What concern is it of yours. Everything that Frank said...makes sense. You didn't track her...promise her anything for the confession. You just sat there... let her talk. And now, it's all written down. (ALMOST DEFENSIVELY) But after all she's been through, why should she act in a way that makes sense. She needs help. What do you even have to think about it for. Go back to her!

(MUSIC: -- WELLS UP...OUT)

JENNY: What'd you come back for. I told you everything.

PAT: Sure but each time it was something different. Jenny, I want you to listen to me.

JENNY: Please. Let me alone.

PAT: You've put yourself right into a trap. First that confession you told me. Then changing it all around.

JENNY: I don't remember it.

PAT: Jenny, they're going to charge you with murder.

JENNY: (FALTERS) Murder.

PAT: You heard what Captain Madden said. Your husband accused you just before he died.

JENNY: ~~But first he told them it was an accident. Accident.~~

PAT: ~~The police say he did it to protect you. And his changing
at the end... makes it even worse.~~

JENNY: It's all a mistake.

PAT: Jenny, you don't understand. They honestly think you're
guilty. They mean to prove it.

JENNY: (BEGINNING TO FALTER) How can they. Nobody saw it happen.

PAT: ~~No. But they're building a picture that tells them what
they want to know.~~

JENNY: Go away. Please. Go away.

PAT: Why won't you talk. Why.

JENNY: You wouldn't understand.

PAT: Try me.

JENNY: Miss Leeds, I'm begging you. Let me alone.

PAT: Don't you see what you're doing to yourself.

JENNY: I made up my mind. I tell them nothing.

PAT: By keeping still, they say it's a confession of guilt.
That you're going to try and beat it in court.

JENNY: I told them. I tell you. I loved him. The whole thing
was an accident.

PAT: That's not good enough. They have to hear what you told
me before. The whole story. How he came home... showed
you the gun... you got scared...

JENNY: Shut up.

PAT: Jenny.

JENNY: (PLEADING) Shut up, I said. I don't want you here.

PAT: I'm trying to help you.

JENNY: I didn't ask for your help.

PAT: Then why'd you talk to me the first time. (GETTING SORE)
I didn't beg you to tell me the whole story.

(MORE)

PAT: But you did and now I'm right in the middle of it.
(CONT'D)
(MORE SORE AT HER HERSELF) It'll be in the paper tomorrow morning. The whole city'll read it. The fact you deny it now helps me to convict you. (SICK) Thanks. Thanks for making me look so wonderful.

JENNY: (A SLIGHT BEAT, THEN WARM, LOW, GRATEFUL) Miss Leeds. You've been nice to me. I thank you. But I know what I'm doing. I got a reason not to talk. I'm sorry you don't understand.

PAT: (ALMOST A REACHING OUT) Jenny...

JENNY: I can't tell them anything...I just can't.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

CAPT: (ON PHONE) Yeah, I've got it. Tomorrow at one. Yes sir. If anything else breaks. I'll call you back later.
(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)
Yes sir, that'll be fine. Goodbye.
(HANGS UP)
Hello, Pat.

PAT: Captain.

CAPT: That was the state's attorney. The inquest is tomorrow.

PAT: Captain, I just saw Mrs. Clark.

CAPT: What'd you get, a third story?

PAT: (SLOWLY...THINKING IT OUT) No, but all the way over here I've been trying to figure her out.

CAPT: Well.

PAT: I think maybe I know why she won't talk to you.

CAPT: Now, Pat, honestly, you know she's guilty.

PAT: If I hadn't seen her the first time, I'd agree. Everything about this case says it. But...I did see her...I heard her cry...I heard what I know is the truth.

CAPT: (A HALF SIGH) All right, Pat.

PAT: ~~When she saw me, I asked about the children.~~ She understood I didn't want to hurt her. It was just one woman talking to another. But to the police, that's different.

CAPT: (AND HOW) Yeah.

PAT: The way I see it now, she figures that if she confesses killing him...even accidentally...she'll be taken away from her children.

CAPT: ~~It's rough but if we prove our case, that's just what'll happen.~~

PAT: Making her understand is like trying to break down a wall.

CAPT: Look, Pat, I never tried to pin a murder rap on anyone in my life. And I'm not starting now. But if she doesn't help us, what can I do. Tell me. ~~Go off.~~ (SLIGHT BEAT) Whether I'm sorry for her has nothing to do with it. I have to go by the evidence.

PAT: I know.

CAPT: She's got three kids. But if she killed their father...

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

CAPT: (ALMOST ROUGH) Captain Madden...(EASING UP)...yes sir... she's here...I see...right...I'll tell her. 'Bye.

(HANGS UP)

CAPT: State's Attorney again. They want you at the inquest tomorrow.

PAT: Me.

CAPT: What'd you expect. That story she told you. It's part of the evidence. You be there now, Pat. That's official.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~It's over, the case is closed, it's all over and done with.~~
Now, you even have to testify for the state. Help draw the knot a little tighter. How quickly it's all happened. Just this morning Jenny Clark never even existed for you. Now suddenly, she's become important. But what else is there left to do for her.

CAPT: You'll have to excuse me, Pat. I'm due down in the records section.

NARR: Before he gets out of here, think of something. Make Captain Madden stay on the case, work for new evidence.

CAPT: See you at the inquest, Pat.

NARR: Go on, Pat Leeds, stop him. Hurry.

(DOOR OPENS)

PAT: Captain.

~~(MUSIC) (STINGS OUT)~~

CAPT: Yes, Pat.

PAT: Look, I've got an idea.

CAPT: (PATIENTLY) Honey, be a good girl. Go on home...forget about this?

PAT: Listen, will you? Just a second.

CAPT: Okay.

PAT: Mrs. Clark won't do anything to help herself. All right, let's see if someone else will.

CAPT: How do you mean.

PAT: Let's go back to where she lives, talk to some of the people around there. Maybe we can pick up something.

CAPT: We already have. I told you what some of their neighbors said. There was a big argument just before the shots.

PAT: (STUBBORN) Maybe we can learn something else. Something on her side.

~~NARR:~~ ~~By now, the whole case is going wrong.~~
Now, you even have to testify for the state. Help draw the knot a little tighter. How quickly it's all happened. Just this morning Jenny Clark never even existed for you. Now suddenly, she's become important. But what else is there left to do for her.

CAPT: You'll have to excuse me, Pat. I'm due down in the records section.

NARR: Before he gets out of here, think of something. Make Captain Madden stay on the case, work for new evidence.

CAPT: See you at the inquest, Pat.

NARR: Go on, Pat Leeds, stop him. Hurry.

(DOOR OPENS)

PAT: Captain.

~~(MUSIC STINGS OUT)~~

CAPT: Yes, Pat.

PAT: Look, I've got an idea.

CAPT: (PATIENTLY) Honey, be a good girl. Go on home...forget about this?

PAT: Listen, will you? Just a second.

CAPT: Okay.

PAT: Mrs. Clark won't do anything to help herself. All right, let's see if someone else will.

CAPT: How do you mean.

PAT: Let's go back to where she lives, talk to some of the people around there. Maybe we can pick up something.

CAPT: We already have. I told you what some of their neighbors said. There was a big argument just before the shots.

PAT: (STUBBORN) Maybe we can learn something else. Something on her side.

CAPT: We'll just be wasting time.

PAT: You said yourself you never pinned a murder rap on anyone. Well, give this girl a chance. She's all mixed up... afraid to tell the truth. Let's try to dig it out another way.

CAPT: (HALF SIGH) All right, Pat. I'll go with you.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go up the street where Jenny Clark lives and you get a strange kind of feeling. Almost as if you were Jenny herself...and you're coming home from the store with an armful of packages. The kids will be waiting and you've got to get supper on... 'cause your husband's coming home. But a few seconds later, the fantasy is gone...as you stand inside the Clark home...and look around you...at empty rooms.

CAPT: The kids are with her mother now. Comon, let's get out of here.

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND UNDER)

NARR: You make the rounds...every apartment. But it's like the Captain said. The Clarks had a fight. That's all they know.

CAPT: (QUIETLY) Satisfied now, Pat? What do you say we call it off.

NARR: Sure. The string's run out. You're not going to find anything new. You know the killing was an accident but how can you prove it. You're downstairs now...and Captain Madden is opening the door.

CAPT: Comon, Pat.

NARR: Go on, Pat Leeds..leave this house. Like Jenny Clark has left it...forever.

WOMAN: Oh, excuse me. I didn't see you standing there.
(WOMAN IS WALKING OFF)

NARR: That woman. She just came in. Looks like she lives here.
You didn't talk to her. Call her back. Ask her about
the Clarks, go ahead.

PAT: Captain, just a minute. Miss..Oh...Miss...
(PAT WALKS TO HER)

PAT: Sorry to bother you, Miss but I wonder if I could ask you
about the Clarks. I'm a reporter.

WOMAN: Sure. I know the police were around but I wasn't home
when they came.

PAT: Is your apartment near the Clarks.

WOMAN: Next door.

PAT: (TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) Did you hear the shooting.

WOMAN: How could I help it. Sounded like it was in my own
place.

PAT: Then you must have heard the argument they had.

WOMAN: I did.

PAT: Please, ~~Miss~~ it's very important. Did you overhear
anything that was said.

WOMAN: No.

PAT: Nothing at all?

WOMAN: Just a lot of loud talk.

PAT: (LETDOWN) I see.

WOMAN: But I talked to Mrs. Clark right after the shooting.

PAT: You what...

WOMAN: Talked to her. She came running up to my door, knocked
on it real hard.

PAT: Captain Madden, listen to this. Go on, please, tell us.
What did Mrs. Clark say.

WOMAN: First words out of her mouth. Help me, she said. I shot
my husband.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Yes. You've helped her, Pat Leeds. Real good. Like you
passed sentence on her yourself. Maybe now you'll
understand, get it through your head, that the only
person who can save Jenny Clark...is herself.

(MUSIC: -- WELLS UP...RIDES AND OUT FOR)

(CELL DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

PAT: (QUIETLY) Hello, Jenny. (SLIGHT BEAT) This afternoon
they're having the inquest. If you don't tell the truth,
they'll indict you for murder.

JENNY: (LOW) I know what I have to do.

PAT: It's the children, isn't it, Jenny. You're afraid they'll
take them away from you. (SLIGHT BEAT) Isn't that why
you won't talk.

JENNY: Please. I asked you not to come back.

PAT: You don't have a chance anymore, by keeping quiet.
Everything you've already said will be used against you.

JENNY: I talked enough to you. Look what it did to me.

PAT: Because you won't follow through with it...tell the
police. (SLIGHT BEAT) Jenny, come here. To the window.

JENNY: Why.

PAT: Come here.

(A FEW SLOW STEPS...THEN THEY STOP)

PAT: Do you see them.

JENNY: The kids.

PAT: I asked your mother to sit with them on that bench.

JENNY: Why'd she do it. Why'd she bring them here.

PAT: Because it's the only way she can show you what you're doing to them by not telling the truth.

JENNY: Sure. You want me to say I killed their father..so the rest of their lives, they'll know I did it.

PAT: It's better than their growing up without you. Is that what you want for them.

JENNY: She shouldn't have brought them.

PAT: Suppose the miracle happens and you go free. What about the doubt in everyone's mind. What'll happen to those kids as they hear people talk.

JENNY: We'll go away.

PAT: Where? You think you can hide something like this. The rest of your life you'll be running. And always, someone will find out. You'll never be free again.

JENNY: If I tell them, they won't believe me.

PAT: They will. Because it'll be the truth.

JENNY: How can I take the chance.

PAT: You have to. Say it like you told it to me. People will understand. Your husband wasn't the only unhappy man in this world. Things happen to all of us. This terrible accident. It could ~~have been anyone.~~ ^{happened to anyone}

JENNY: The kids. They see me.

PAT: Jenny.

JENNY: Look, they're waving. Way up here, they've seen me.

PAT: Jenny, what are you going to do.

JENNY: Oh how I want to go home.

PAT: You can. You're the only one who can do it, Jenny. Tell
how it happened. The truth. Tell them the truth.
(SLIGHT BEAT) Will you.

JENNY: (SLIGHT BEAT) When I tell them...will I really go home.
Will I?

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Patricia Leeds of the Chicago Tribune, with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 Patricia Leeds of the Chicago Tribune.

PAT: WOMAN IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY TOLD THE TRUTH TO THE GRAND JURY EXACTLY AS SHE TOLD IT TO ME THE FIRST TIME. HER STORY WAS SO MOVING AND SO OBVIOUSLY HONEST THAT GRAND JURY REFUSED TO INDICT HER. MURDER CHARGE WAS DROPPED AND SHE WAS ALLOWED TO GO HOME TO HER CHILDREN. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Leeds...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 Scranton Pa. Times -- by-line J. Harold Brislin. The Big Story of a worried judge, a grateful criminal ---and a reporter who didn't know what to believe.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING) _ _

CHAPPELL: And remember --- this 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 Alvin Boretz from an
actual story from the front pages of the Chicago Tribune.
Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Charlotte Manson played
the part of Patricia Leeds ^{and Barbara Leeds was Jerry's sister}. In order to protect the
names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic
BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the
dramatization were changed with the exception of the
reporter, Miss Leeds.

(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.

ek

ATX01 0007626

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #314

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JUDGE	MAURICE WELLS
MIKE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
HAROLD	LAWSON ZERBE
AL	BOBBY READICK
MIKE (15)	JOEY WALSH
TIM	MICHAEL O'DAY
SELLARS	MICHAEL O'DAY
CON	TED OSBORN
HEWITT	TED OSBORN

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1953

ATX01 0007627

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(SOUND OF GAVEL)

JUDGE: In view of the evidence presented, and of the general record of the prisoner .. the court hereby sentences the defendant to from thirty to sixty years in prison.

(PAUSE) Does the defendant wish to say anything?

MIKE: (LOW) Yeah. Yeah, I'd like to say something all right. Thirty to sixty years in jail, huh? Just like that. (HIGH) Why don't you give me life?

(GAVEL RAP)

JUDGE: All right now ...

MIKE: Why not? Why not life? Or why not the chair?

JUDGE: I see no reason to ...

MIKE: You said I could talk. All right, I'm talking. I never had a chance. Sixty years you give me and I never had a chance. So why not the chair? Why not? I might as well be dead!

(MUSIC: -- SLAM IN AND DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Scranton, Pennsylvania Times, the story of a worried judge, a grateful criminal -- and a reporter who didn't know what to believe. Tonight, to J. Harold Brislin, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #314

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: Scranton, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened -- Harold Brislin's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It starts quietly ... casually ... your Big Story, Harold Brislin. This is no hot tip, telephoned to the city room -- no sudden crackle of violence. This is a big story made up of little things ... an informal chat, an aimless question, a chance interview. But little things add up... sometimes they add up to the biggest thing in the world. Life.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The office of Judge Walter Lucas. A warm summer afternoon. You and the judge. A routine assignment. You talk.

(MUSIC: OUT)

HAROLD: Well, I guess that's all the information I need for today, Judge Lucas. Many thanks.

JUDGE: No need to scamper off right away, is there? Relax. You newspaper people give me the jumps.

HAROLD: (LAUGHS) I guess we're not built for rocking chairs.

JUDGE: Sit down five minutes. Won't kill you.

HAROLD: I'll stay five minutes, but instead of sitting down, I'd like a closer look at that ship's model over there on your bookcase.

JUDGE: Oh. That catch your eye, eh?

HAROLD: It's a beautiful piece of work. You do it?

JUDGE: No. As a matter of fact, that was made in a prison workshop by a prisoner.

HAROLD: Really? How did you get it?

JUDGE: The prisoner made it for me.

HAROLD: That's unusual, isn't it?

JUDGE: It's even more unusual than you think. Because -- I was the judge who sentenced him to thirty to sixty years in jail. *(BEAT) That was 9 years ago.*

HAROLD: And he sent this to you as a gift? Why?

JUDGE: I don't know -- for sure. He says, it's because I did the only kind thing anyone had ever done for him -- sending him to jail.

HAROLD: But -- that's -- unbelievable. Is he still in jail?

JUDGE: Oh, yes. And will be for some time.

HAROLD: But -- what's behind it? What's the story?

JUDGE: Always the story, ~~en~~ ^{huh} ~~reporter~~. (THEN) Well, it is a story. One I'm not sure I understand. The man's name is Mike Pavelle. He was arrested for robbery. It wasn't his first offense. When he was brought up before me...

(MUSIC: ~~WIPE AND UNDER~~ ^{in with})

NARRATOR: He tells you a matter of fact story. A criminal, a trouble maker, arrested, tried, sentenced. A man no different from the many thousands of others arrested, tried and sentenced. Except that two years after he was sent to jail, Mike Pavelle made a painstakingly beautiful gift...and sent it to the judge who sentenced him.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

HAROLD: But why? You still haven't told me why.

JUDGE: I don't know.

HAROLD: A grandstand play? A bid for sympathy?

JUDGE: It certainly could be that.

HAROLD: How about parole?

JUDGE: He's tried three times ^{in New York} ~~been~~ turned down. I don't know what to say. When a criminal says he's changed, when he says he's got a new slant on life -- you want to believe it. But it's dangerous. Unless you're sure.

HAROLD: I'd sure like to talk to the guy.

JUDGE: I wish you would. I wish you'd talk to him. Size him up. Tell me what you think.

HAROLD: Either this is a guy who's earned a right to a second chance -- or a bum who'll try anything to get out of jail.

JUDGE: I'd like to know which.

HAROLD: That makes us even. I'd like to find out.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MIKE: Just what is it you want to find out, Mr. Brislin?

HAROLD: About you, Mike.

MIKE: What about me? I'm just a guy. Just a number, now.

HAROLD: What were you before you were a number?

MIKE: A punk. A no-good punk.

HAROLD: You admit it, mm?

MIKE: It's no secret. I didn't get into jail by being an angel.

HAROLD: How did you get into jail?

MIKE: Robbery.

HAROLD: ~~I know~~. How did you get into robbery?

MIKE: That goes back a long way.

HAROLD: That's how far I want to go back, Mike.

MIKE: Why?

HAROLD: I told you before, I talked to Judge Lucas. About you. He got me curious. He asked me to size you up. See if you were telling the truth about this -- change of heart, or pulling a fast one.

MIKE: You're putting it on the line.

HAROLD: How about you doing the same?

MIKE: (PAUSE. THEN) How did I start off? How did I get myself
loused up? Okay, you asked for it. But it goes back a
long way

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND UNDER~~ ^{in with})

NARRATOR: He starts talking, slowly ... hesitantly.

MIKE: It goes back to when I was just a kid ... just in my
teens...it was a rotten neighborhood...smells, dirt...

NARRATOR: You listen...not willing to be taken in...guarding against
a bid for sympathy...

MIKE: I was like the others .. no better no worse. Or anyway --
that's what I thought. The others -- they had a different
idea ..

NARRATOR: You watch him as he talks ... trying to figure him...
weighing the story he tells...analyzing the way he tells
it...

MIKE: I remember one afternoon when the kids were playing
stickball. The rest of them. I came up and wanted to get
in on it...

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

(VOICES AD LIB TALKING UP GAME)

MIKE: Hey, fellas, how about letting me in on the game, huh?

AL: (ABOUT 15 BUT TOUGH) Beat it, kid.

MIKE: Kid? Who you calling kid? Half the guys here aren't any
older than me.

AL: Did you hear me? I said, beat it.

MIKE: Why? You own this street or something? You think you can
make all the rules or something?

AL: Look, Bag-Ears ...

MIKE: Don't call me that!

AL: Why not? It's your name ain't it?

MIKE: My name's Mike Pavelle...

AL: Sure. That's what I said. Mike Bag-Ears Pavelle...

MIKE: I said stop that!

TIM: (COMING ON) Hey, come on, what's holding up the game?...

AL: It's Bag-Ears here...he wants to play.

TIM: Okay, Bag-Ears. Beat it.

MIKE: Stop calling me that!

TIM: It's our fault your ears stick out, punk?

MIKE: (ALMOST SOBBING WITH RAGE) I'll get you for that. ~~I'll~~
~~fight you.~~ You can't --

TIM: Hey... easy there Bag-Ears .. you swing like that you'll hurt your fist.

(A SLAP)

TIM: (VICIOUS) Now beat it.

MIKE: Take back what you called me. Take it back first.

~~TIM: All~~ Aw, come on, ^{Tim. Forget about} ~~the~~ punk away, will you? ^{will you?} ~~Let's get back to~~
~~the zone~~

MIKE: Take back what you said...take back..

(SLAP)

TIM: Shut up. Shut up. Shut up.

(EACH "SHUT UP" IS PUNCTUATED BY A SLAP)

TIM: Now take that face of yours away, punk. I'm tired of looking at you and your bag-ears. Come on, Al. (FADING)

AL: How do you sleep at night, kid? Do you fan them out or fold them under?

(THEN LAUGH HEARTILY AS THEY GO)

MIKE: (UNDER HIS BREATH, FIGHTING BACK SOBS) You'll take it back. Just wait. I'll make you take it back.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

TIM: ~~Okay, punk. What's this gab you've been giving Al about us taking back what we said about you?~~

MIKE: (TENSE) ~~You will. After you hear what I got to say.~~

AL: Ah, come on, ^{Tam} we're wasting our time. We --

TIM: No, hold it. Bag-Ears said he had something important to say. Let's hear it.

MIKE: You won't call me that much longer. You only call me that because you think I'm a punk...because you think I don't have any guts.

TIM: Look, you're just a kid. Who cares what --

MIKE: A kid. Just a kid? Would just a kid have the nerve to pull a hold-up?

TIM: Who's talking about a hold-up?

MIKE: I am.

AL: (~~A PAUSE..THEN~~) Sure. Just talk.

MIKE: You call this just talk?

TIM: Where'd you get that gun?

MIKE: Never mind where I got it. I got it. I know how to use it. You still think I'm just a punk?

AL: You wouldn't have the nerve ..

MIKE: (BAGER) Suppose I did? Suppose I pulled it off. Old man Sellars candy store. Tonight. Suppose I did it? You wouldn't call me a punk anymore then, would you? You wouldn't call me Bag-Ears anymore, would you?

AL: You wouldn't have the nerve ...

MIKE: But suppose I did? I wouldn't be just a bag-eared punk anymore, would I? Would I?

TIM: Let's see you do it first.

MIKE: All right. ~~If that's the way you want it.~~ All right.

(MUSIC: HOLD AND UNDER)

(DOOR WITH BELL ON IT OPENS AND CLOSES)

SELLARS: Sorry, boy. You're too late. Candy store just closing.

MIKE: Reach for it, mister.

SELLARS: I said you're too late. Closing time.

MIKE: Reach for it. This is a gun.

SELLARS: Now look here ...

MIKE: (PANICKY, DESPERATE) Look mister...this is a hold-up.
Don't you get it? A hold-up. Don't make me do nothing
I don't want to do. Just reach. (PAUSE) Okay. Stay there.

(SOUND OF CASH REGISTER OPENING, CLINK OF MONEY)

SELLARS: Look here, boy, this ain't no way ..

MIKE: Shut up. I know what I'm doing. Now just stay there...
until I'm gone.

(STEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

MIKE: (TRYING TO HIDE TERROR) ~~You see? It's easy. Nothing to~~
~~it. Nothing to it at all.~~

(DOOR CLOSE)

(MUSIC: SLAM IN AND OUT)

AL: Aw, come on, whaddya mean, nothing to it?

MIKE: (CALM NOW) There wasn't. Was easy.

TIM: How much you get?

MIKE: Twenty two bucks. There'll be more next time.

AL: You gonna work it again?

MIKE: Why not? You wanna come in with me?

AL: Well...I ---

MIKE: Or maybe you're scared.

AL: Look, I never said I was scared, Bag-Ears, I --

MIKE: (LEVEL) What did you call me?

AL: I mean --- I --

MIKE: (CONFIDENT NOW) The name's Mike. Not Bag-Ears. Not punk.
Just Mike. Get it?

AL: Sure, Mike....sure...

MIKE: You didn't think I had the nerve. Only I did. I pulled
a hold-up. I got twenty-two bucks. You short money, Al?

AL: Who ain't?

MIKE: You, Tim?

TIM: What do you think?

MIKE: Okay. Here. Here's ten bucks. Split it up. Pass it
around to the rest.

AL: (AWED) Ten bucks...

MIKE: Don't worry. There's more where that came from. Plenty
more. Just remember the name. It's Mike. Just Mike.
Nothing else. Not ever again.

(MUSIC: -- HIT FOR CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #314

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.

HARRIVE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day -

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

(SOUND STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Why?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because 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 #314

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!

JUDGE: In view of the evidence presented, and of the general record of the prisoner...the court hereby sentences the defendant to from thirty to sixty years in prison.

(PAUSE) Does the defendant wish to say anything?

MIKE: (LOW) Yeah. Yeah, I'd like to say something all right.

Thirty to sixty years in jail, huh? Just like that.

(HIGH) Why don't you give me life?

(GAVEL RAP)

JUDGE: All right now...

MIKE: Why not? Why not life? Or why not the chair?

JUDGE: I see no reason to...

MIKE: You said I could talk. All right, I'm talking. I never had a chance. Sixty years you give me ~~and I never had a chance~~. So why not the chair? Why not? I might as well be dead!

JUDGE: (QUIET) Are you finished now, Pavelle?

MIKE: You put it in a nutshell. I'm finished.

JUDGE: You say you never had a chance. Did it ever occur to you that chances aren't usually offered to a man? That a man has to make his own chances?

MIKE: Go ahead. Hand me a speech too. You're sitting there... You got time.

JUDGE: You'll have time, too Pavelle. Thirty to sixty years of it. Think it over.

(GAVEL)

Court adjourned.

BIZ: HUBBUB OF PEOPLE GETTING UP, LEAVING...FADE DOWN AND OUT FOR TRANSITION.

HAROLD: Is that how it happened, Mike? You thought it over?

MIKE: No. Nothing as simple as that, Mr. Brislin. Nothing as smart as that. I hated Judge Lucas. Hadn't he slapped me in here? Hadn't he been the wise guy who could make with the words and then go home to his nice house and his good food and his shiny car while I rotted in the pen? I hated him. Every day I told myself that. I hated him. I told everybody else too. Everybody who would listen. ~~I hated him.~~ And then...one day...(START FADE) a couple of years after I was sentenced...

CON: Hey, Mike...got some real good news for you...

MIKE: Like what, Whitey?

CON: About a friend of yours. That judge.

MIKE: Lucas? What about him?

CON: Well, knowing how fond of the guy you are and all that...

MIKE: All right, cut the jokes. What about him?

CON: He went in the Army, (you know.

MIKE: So?

CON: I heard them talking in the shop. He was captured.

MIKE: Captured?

CON: That's what they said. If your luck holds, who knows?

Maybe he's dead. That brighten up your day, kid?

MIKE: (A PAUSE. THEN) Did they say he was dead?

CON: How would they know? But you can always hope, huh boy?

MIKE: Shut up.

CON: What?

MIKE: (LOW) You heard me.

CON: Well, look, I only said it because you're always so down on the guy. You always said how he sentenced you and -- *how you hated him*

MIKE: (HIGH) Will you stop talking. (THEN) ~~How--how do you get to see the chaplain?~~

CON: Chaplain? When did you get religion?

MIKE: (MAD) Do you have to get religion to want to see the chaplain? (THEN, AWKWARD) I --I just want to --to pray for a guy. *Will you just shut up --- I gotta think*

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE AND OUT)

MIKE: I started praying for him that night, Mr. ~~Brislin~~. For Judge Lucas.

HAROLD: Why, Mike:

MIKE: I didn't know. Can you figure it? ~~I didn't know.~~ *But I just knew* I wanted to pray. I didn't want him to be dead. Looking back now, *I know it was because* he was the only person who ever bothered about me. He bothered enough so he gave me advice...he bothered enough so he sent me to jail to keep me out of trouble. The way I was going, pretty soon robbery wouldn't have been enough for me. ~~to keep on being a big shot.~~ Next...murder maybe. He knew that.

HAROLD: And that's why you prayed for him?

MIKE: ~~No. I just prayed...because I wanted to.~~ I didn't think much about it. The thinking came later. He told me I'd have time to think. He was right. I found that out. And he was right about a man having to make his own chances. Nobody ever told me that, see? I didn't know it.

HAROLD: Why did you make the ship model for him?

MIKE: Just to say thank you.

HAROLD: (A PAUSE. THEN) It makes a good story, Mike.

MIKE: Story?

HAROLD: Sound mighty good to a parole board.

MIKE: You called it a --story. A story's something--made up, isn't it?

HAROLD: A story's something somebody tells you. You don't have to believe it if you don't want to. But this story, Mike. I want to believe it. And what's even better, I do.

(MUSIC: _ BRIDGE)

HAROLD: I don't see the point of holding back for a day, Judge Lucas. I'm convinced Mike is on the level. I think if anyone ever deserved a parole, he does.

JUDGE: He was a real trouble-maker, Harold. A mean customer.

HAROLD: But he's changed. He's not the same man. I'm sure he's not.

JUDGE: Just by talking to him?

HAROLD: Yes.

JUDGE: (SMILES) I thought reporters were cynics.

HAROLD: Don't you want to see the guy have a chance? You're the one who told him a man has to make his own chances. Don't you think he's worked hard enough to make this one for himself?

JUDGE: I wish I could be sure. I told you, he's appealed for parole three times already. The board's turned him down. So, they obviously don't think the man's changed --or not enough.

HAROLD: Then they're wrong! (THEN) Look...let me write the story. Let's see what kind of a response it gets. How other people think. I won't slant it. Just a fair presentation of the facts.

JUDGE: And let the public be jury?

HAROLD: (GENTLY) The judge doesn't seem willing to pass judgment.

JUDGE: The judge doesn't know. (THEN) All right, Harold, Go ahead. Do it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You write the story. Fairly. Dispassionately. And then, you sit back to wait. Are you the only one? Or will there be others who feel as you do...that Mike Pavelle deserves another chance? (THEN) There are others. Hundreds...thousands of others. The letters pour in... from Scranton, from neighboring cities...from other states. And they all say the same thing. This man deserves another chance. And then...you get a phone call..

(MUSIC: OUT)

HEWITT: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Brislin...my name is Hewitt. I'm an attorney... in Philadelphia.

HAROLD: Samuel Hewitt?

HEWITT: That's right.

HAROLD: Well, I've heard of you, of course, Mr. Hewitt.

HEWITT: I just read this article of yours in the Times---on this man named Pavelle.

HAROLD: Yes...

HEWITT: I'd like to represent him...in his appeal for parole.

HAROLD: Well, I ---I certainly appreciate that Mr. Hewitt... and I know Mike would too, but ---

HEWITT: But?

HAROLD: Well...there just isn't that kind of money. I mean... your fee...

HEWITT: Did I say anything about a fee?

HEWITT: There won't be any fee. Oh, and ...if the parole goes through, the man will need a sponsor ...someone who'll be responsible for him.

HAROLD: Yes, I know.

HEWITT: I'd like to be that someone. Okay?

HAROLD: (PAUSE) I --I don't know what to say.

HEWITT: How about saying yes?

HAROLD: Well, of course. But ---why? I mean, why are you doing all this for a man you don't even know?

HEWITT: Mr. Brislin, did you know Mike Pavelle before you got involved in this case?

HAROLD: No, but ---

HEWITT: All right, why did you do it? Or have you got some kind of a priority?

HAROLD: (GRINS) I see what you mean. Okay. Let's get together and start to work.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: There's plenty of work. Sympathy is not enough. Mike Pavelle has tried three times for a parole --and been refused three times..

(MUSIC: OUT)

HEWITT: We've really got to work, Mr. Brislin.

HAROLD: What can I do, Mr. Hewitt?

HEWITT: We need statements, letters...facts on which to base our appeal...

HAROLD: Tell me what where and how. I'll do it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

HAROLD: Here's a beginning, Mr. Hewitt. A letter of recommendation from the warden at the penitentiary. He says Pavelle is a model prisoner and a good risk...

HEWITT: Fine...

HAROLD: Here's more. Statements from some of the prison guards... also from fellow inmates...friends of Mike's. They all say the same thing. The guy's a changed man. A good one.

HEWITT: This is the ammunition we need. This...and more of it.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

HEWITT: Bad news, Brislin. We've got a real problem.

HAROLD: What now?

HEWITT: One man on the parole board. ^{Frank}~~Judge~~ Boardman. I just found out he was prosecuting attorney at Mike's trial. It's going to be hard convincing him to parole the man he once prosecuted.

HAROLD: I'll talk to him. I'll see what I can do.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

HAROLD: It looks good, Mr. Hewitt. Boardman's open to reason. Here's a letter I got from Judge Lucas to bolster the case...and as extra trimmings, I lined up a couple of jobs for Mike if he gets out...just so the parole board doesn't have to worry about that.

HEWITT: To sum up --you've done just about everything you can, Brislin. Now--all you can do is sit back --and wait for the verdict.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

HEWITT: Verdict's just in, Brislin. Good news. Parole granted.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER FOR)

NARRATOR: The trip from Scranton to the penitentiary is a long one. You can't make it, Harold Brislin, to see Mike Pavelle before he is released. You're sorry. You would have like to have seen him. You would have liked to have known how he took the news of his parole. And then.. one day..a man comes to see you at the Times...

(MUSIC: OUT)

HAROLD: Mike! Mike Pavelle!

MIKE: Hello, Mr. Brislin.

HAROLD: When did you get out, Mike?

MIKE: Yesterday.

HAROLD: Well, for the love of ---what are you doing here in Scranton?

MIKE: It's all right. The parole board, they said it was all right to come here.

HAROLD: But what about the job in Philadelphia?

MIKE: I start tomorrow. But first, I just wanted to come here. To see you and Judge Lucas. To thank you.

HAROLD: You mean...your first day out of jail in nine years... and you come all the way here to Scranton...just to thank us?

MIKE: Why not?

HAROLD: (PAUSE. THEN, GENTLY) How does it feel, Mike?

MIKE: Good. Real good. I saw Judge Lucas already. I told him he was wrong, maybe.

HAROLD: What about?

MIKE: He told me nobody gave a man a chance. You had to make your own. But you gave me a chance.

HAROLD: Uh-huh. You made your own chance, Mike. I just tried to help see you got what was coming to you. (THEN) Where you headed for now?

MIKE: Back to the station. I'll make a train for Philly.

HAROLD: Take care of yourself, Mike. (THEN) You know the way all right?

MIKE: (SMILES) Sure, Mr. Brislin. I know the way. You and the Judge showed me. Don't worry. I won't get off at the wrong stop. Not any more.

(MUSIC: _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from Harold Brislin of the Scranton, Pennsylvania Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #314

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 Harold Brislin
of the Scranton ^{Penn}Times.

BRISLIN: Parolee in tonight's ~~case~~ ^{Big Story} now working in Philadelphia
and making good in his job. He has more than
justified faith so many people had in him -- which
makes this really a ^{great} Big Story. Many thanks for
tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Brislin....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
No. Hollywood Cal. Valley Times -- by-line John
McGuire. The Big Story of a reporter who remembered
a lesson from Sunday School and made a killer talk.

(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 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 Scranton, Pa. Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Harold Brislin. 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. Brislin.

(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)
Help the disabled veterans of America, as well as their families, by buying a Poppy on Poppy Day. Every penny you give will be distributed where it is needed most by the American Legion Auxiliary. Buy a Poppy on Poppy Day!
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #315

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MICKEY MCGUIRE	BILL QUINN
LT. CHET ROBY	CAMERON PRUDHOMME
WALLY	DONALD BUKA
RUSS	CHUCK WEBSTER
BERNICE	JOAN LORRING
MINISTER	ARNOLD MOSS
CLERK	ARNOLD MOSS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1953

ATX01 0007652

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

(MUSIC: STRAINS OF LOHENGRIN OF MENDELSSOHN IN B.G.)

MINISTER: Do you Walter Trevitt take this woman for your lawful
wedded wife?

WALLY: I do.

MINISTER: Do you Bernice Menard take this man for your lawful
wedded husband?

BERNICE: I do.

MINISTER: If there is anyone here who can show cause why this
wedding shall not take place, let him speak now or forever
hold his peace.

RUSSELL: (OFF A LITTLE) Wait! I want to speak.
(BUZZ OF SURPRISED VOICES UP)

MINISTER: Yes? May I ask who you are?

RUSSELL: (WITH DIFFICULTY) I...I'm the bridegroom's brother,
Russell Trevitt.

MINISTER: What is it? What do you want to say?

RUSSELL: I...never mind, Reverend. I'm sorry I interrupted.
Let the wedding go on.

(BUZZ OF SURPRISED VOICES DIES)

MINISTER: ~~Then, by my offices and by the authority vested in me,~~
~~I pronounce you, Walter Trevitt, and you Bernice~~
~~Menard, man and wife.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in ^{Los} Hollywood, California. 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 Valley Times, the story of a reporter who ~~remembered~~ ^{made a written} ~~took and dropped a Peller~~ ~~a lesson from Sunday School and made a Miller talk.~~ Tonight, to John M. McGuire, 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.
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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.

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you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: North Hollywood, California. The story as it actually happened. John McGuire's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You are John McGuire of the North Hollywood Valley Times. ~~A long time ago, somebody decided that you and a cartoon character named Mickey McGuire, had the same fiery temperament.~~ ^{your nickname} They gave the nickname to you, and it stuck: Mickey McGuire. Your assignment is the Valley Police Division, the largest of twelve in the city of Los Angeles. It is two ayem on this particular December morning and you're in your office going over some special features. ~~Two ayem on the fifth of December.~~ At the time, Mickey McGuire, it was just another point on the clock on just another day. But later you'd remember it ^{for a long time} ~~the rest of your life,~~ because of an incident happening at that time in a house in Van Nuys.

(WE HEAR A MAN'S GENTLE SNORING)

(A CLCKK STRIKES TWO)

(WE HEAR A WINDOW OPEN)

(WE HEAR LIGHT CONTACT SOUNDS AND HEAVY BREATHING AS A MAN CRAWLS THROUGH WINDOW.)

(WE HEAR THREE OR FOUR FOOTSTEPS ACROSS FLOOR AND STOP.)

(THE SCRATCH OF MATCH, FLARING OF MATCH)

(SNORING STOPS ABRUPTLY)

RUSSELL: (OUT OF SLEEP) Who is it? Who (STARTLED, SUDDENLY
WIDE AWAKE) No! No!

(THREE QUICK GUN SHOTS)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: An hour later, and you Mickey McGuire, are at Valley
Police Headquarters, and talking to Lieutenant Chet
Roby. As you pass through the waiting room, you notice
a young girl sitting there, a faded straw blonde,
wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket. But first,
Chet Roby and the facts....

CHET: The dead man was an unemployed landscape gardener,
Mickey. Name of Russell Trevitt.

MICKEY: Russell Trevitt.

CHET: Right. Lived in a shack here in Van Nuys. Somebody
forced entrance while he was asleep and pumped three
bullets at him at point blank range. Caliber .32.

MICKEY: (AS THOUGH TAKING NOTES) Let me get this down, Chet.
Trevitt was shot three times.

CHET: Not exactly. The killer missed twice. Two bullets
went into the pillow. The third did the trick.

MICKEY: A pretty jittery killer. His hand must've shook
plenty to miss two out of three at that range. Find
any gun?

CHET: No. And no fingerprints either.

MICKEY: Any suspects?

CHET: One. His brother, Wally Trevitt. Picked him up
at his house a half hour ago. Got him in the
Interrogation Room now.

MICKEY: Why his brother?

CHET: (SHRUG) One of those things. The neighbors say there was bad feeling between Wally and Russell. ~~We figure it could be one of those Cain and Abel deals.~~

MICKEY: Any particular reason?

CHET: They say his wife, Bernice.

MICKEY: The girl out in the waiting room?

CHET: Uh-huh.

MICKEY: ~~I'm no legal beagle, Chet, but~~ Isn't this a pretty thin reason for holding a suspect? *Lieut.*

CHET: It's a little thicker than that.

MICKEY: What do you mean?

CHET: Wally Trevitt ~~happens to have~~ an old police record, built it up in his teens. Burglary, suspicion of robbery and assault.

MICKEY: You talk to him yet?

CHET: Once. I'm going to try again in a minute. You can sit in if you like.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

WALLY: Look, Lieutenant, what kind of a deal is this?

CHET: You tell me, Wally.

WALLY: Okay, I'll tell you. A cop wakes me up and tells me somebody shot my brother, Russell, and the next thing I know I'm down here and you've got me on the pan.

CHET: (MILDLY) Come off it, Wally.

WALLY: What do you mean?

CHET: We know you from way back. We could tell you what size shoe you wore when you were ten years old.

WALLY: All right. ~~All right~~, I've got a record. But that was a long time ago. I was through with that stuff long before Bernice and I got married. This whole thing is crazy, ~~crazy~~. Why would I want to kill my brother Russ? Why?

CHET: ~~Ever read the Bible?~~

WALLY: What's the Bible got to do with it?

CHET: There's a little story in it. A real interesting story. Goes by the name of Cain and Abel. Seems that Cain and Abel were brothers and Cain wanted something Abel had, a mess of pottage, something like that. So Cain killed his brother Abel to get it.

WALLY: You may be a good cop, Lieutenant, but you're a lousy Sunday School Teacher. (LAUGHS) A mess of pottage. I don't even know what it is.

CHET: ~~In this case it's~~ Your wife, *Bernice*

WALLY: Bernice? What's she got to do with this?

CHET: The neighbors say there was bad blood between you and Russ over her. Seems that your brother took quite a shine to her.

WALLY: That's a lie. That's a dirty, filthy lie.

CHET: Why did you kill him?

WALLY: I didn't kill him. I haven't seen Russ for a week.

CHET: You'd be better off if you told the truth now, Wally.

WALLY: Listen, Lieutenant. Who are you kidding? You've got no evidence, no witness, no gun, no motive. You'll be lucky if you can hold me for a week. You know that and I know that.

CHET: Pretty smart kid, aren't you?

WALLY: As smart as you are, Lieutenant. And I'm not saying a word unless I see my lawyer. Not a word until I get legal advice, and that's final, see?

CHET: All right, Sergeant, get him out of here.

WALLY: (MOVING OFF) See you in the morning, Lieutenant.
And you better think up some other routine.

(DOOR CLOSING OFF)

MICKEY: I'll tell you something, Chet.

CHET: Yes?

MICKEY: I wouldn't give you two cents for your chances with Trevitt. He seems to know all the answers.

CHET: (WITH A SIGH) I can keep trying, can't I?

MICKEY: What about his wife? You talk to her?

CHET: Yeah. Claims she knows nothing.

MICKEY: Mind if I ask her a few questions myself?

CHET: Go ahead.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BERNICE: Mr. McGuire, they've got no right. ~~They've got no right to even think that Wally could have done an awful thing like this to Russ. Why, Russ was my husband's brother. Wally couldn't do enough for him.~~

MICKEY: ~~That isn't what the neighbors say, Mrs. Trevitt.~~

BERNICE: (BLANKLY) ~~The neighbors?~~

MICKEY: ~~Uh-huh. They say there was bad blood between your husband and your brother-in-law -- over you.~~

BERNICE: Over me? ~~Mr. McGuire, you know how people talk, especially neighbors. Especially when a young couple moves into a new neighborhood. But now I'm going to tell you the truth. About Russ, I mean.~~

MICKEY:

~~Yes?~~

BERNICE:

~~Russ was a sweet boy. A little wild, if you know what I mean, but a sweet boy. He used to come up to the house once in a while, but what was wrong with that? He was my brother-in-law, wasn't he? I never once gave him any encouragement, and anything else you hear is just gossip, just lies. (STARTS TO SOB A LITTLE) Why don't they leave us alone? I'm sorry.~~

MICKEY:

BERNICE:

I don't know what I'm going to do. With Wally in jail now, I ~~just don't know what I'm going to do.~~ I keep thinking, what about my baby?

MICKEY:

BERNICE:

You've got a child?
Yes, a little girl. ~~The woman next door is taking care of her now. If they send Wally to the Chair, what about Ruthie when she grows up. How will she feel? Everybody pointing a finger at her, whispering that her father is a murderer.~~

MICKEY:

BERNICE:

They haven't proved anything, Mrs. Trevitt. They're just holding your husband on suspicion. Mr. McGuire, I swear to you, Wally had nothing to do with this. He was home asleep when it happened. ~~Why won't they let me see him? Why won't they let me talk to him?~~

MICKEY:

BERNICE:

~~(GENTLY) It may be quite a while, Mrs. Trevitt. Why can't a wife talk to her husband? What's wrong with that?~~

MICKEY:

Look, there's no use just sitting here and waiting. It may be a day or two before you're allowed to see him. Why don't you go home?

CHET: Why?

MICKEY: Just a crazy idea I've got. About Bernice Trevitt.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You plead with Chet Roby. And finally, he says, Okay. Three days, and no more. Then a phone call to Bernice Trevitt. And you meet, over a coke.....

MICKEY: Mrs. Trevitt, mind if I ask you a personal question?

BERNICE: That depends, Mr. McGuire. What is it?

MICKEY: What about your financial situation? How are you fixed for money?

BERNICE: Money? (SHE LAUGHS BITTERLY) We don't know what the word means in our house, Mr. McGuire. ~~We don't have a penny. We're so much in debt now, I don't know what we're going to do. Wally's never been able to get a decent job, you know, on account of his record.~~

(A BEAT) Why? Why do you ask?

MICKEY: Like to make a little [?]money?

BERNICE: (SUSPICIOUSLY) How?

MICKEY: I just got an idea that you and I might collaborate. On your story, I mean. Your personal story. For the Times.

BERNICE: You mean my picture in the paper? Ruthie's picture and Wally's?

MICKEY: That's right. But if you say 'no,' I'll understand. It's a delicate thing to ask. Maybe you don't want all that publicity....

BERNICE: (QUICKLY) Oh, that's all right, Mr. McGuire. I don't mind. Gosh, all our pictures in the paper, well, it's something to think about, isn't it?

MICKEY: (QUIETLY) Yes, it is.

BERNICE: It isn't that I really want the publicity. Nothing like that. ~~After all, wolly, with wolly in jail and charged with murder, and all as well, you understand.~~

MICKEY: Of course.

BERNICE: But if it means some money, I'll go through with it, ~~if I have to~~. After all, there's Ruthie to think of. Only one thing....

MICKEY: Yes?

BERNICE: I never did any writing in my life. I wouldn't have the first idea....

MICKEY: That's all right. Leave that to me. We'll call it something like: "How a Young Wife Feels With Her Husband in Prison." You see, you'll tell me the story, I'll put it down. By Bernice Trevitt, as told to John McGuire.

BERNICE: (RELISHES WORDS) By Bernice Trevitt, as told to John McGuire. Gosh, it gives me goose pimples just to think of it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You can't forget, Mickey McGuire. The way her eyes shifted when you first interviewed her.~~ The story's legitimate, and you're going to use it, of course. But there's another reason, ^{for your offer} You want to know her better, gain her confidence. Maybe, ~~somehow~~, she'll ~~tip~~...tell you more than she intends to. A little detail.....

BERNICE: You know what I did yesterday, Mr. McGuire?

MICKEY: What?

BERNICE: I went to the refrigerator. There wasn't any milk for my child. I went to my purse. You know what I found? Fifteen cents. All the money I had in the world. After that, I made up my mind.

MICKEY: Yes? About what?

BERNICE: I went down to the Department of Public Welfare and asked for relief.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT)

NARR: Just a detail. But like the others, worth being checked. And at the Office of Public Welfare, you talk to a clerk,.....

CLERK: Trevett? Bernice Trevitt? Yessir, I've got her application right here.

MICKEY: She applied for it yesterday morning, Mr. Lorimer?

CLERK: ~~Yesterday morning~~. That's correct, sir. Wasn't interested in Emergency relief. Wanted permanent relief.

MICKEY: What's the difference?

CLERK: Well, permanent relief means no possible chance of future support.

MICKEY: Did she understand that?

CLERK: Seemed to.

MICKEY: Permanent relief - I wonder what *Bernice Trevitt* she really knows.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #315

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke is filtered further through its traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

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 Mickey McGuire, as he lived it, and wrote it....

NARR: You, Mickey McGuire of the North Hollywood Valley Times, stare at the Relief application, Permanent Relief. That means Bernice doesn't expect her husband ever to provide for her again. Why? Does it mean that she knows her husband is the killer, expects him to be found out and executed anyway? Is she just cashing in on a sure thing? You don't know, Mickey McGuire. Not yet. But you intend to find out. And the next day, you resume your story conference with Bernice Trevitt....

BERNICE: When the baby was born, ~~when I had Ruthie~~, Wally went near crazy, he was so happy. He'd bring her home a toy every night, a different kind of toy. I tried to tell him, Darling, the baby's only a month old, what would she be doing with a doll bigger than herself. Or he'd bring a bathinet, or a baby carriage and....

MICKEY: Mrs. Trevitt....

BERNICE: Oh, I'm so sorry. Am I talking too fast?

MICKEY: No. No, you're doing fine. Only there's one thing I'd like to check.

BERNICE: Yes? What is it, Mr. McGuire?

MICKEY: This. (A PAUSE) This Public Welfare application you took out.

BERNICE: Oh.

MICKEY: You asked for permanent relief - not temporary but permanent. Why?

BERNICE: I....I don't know. I didn't mean what I said.

MICKEY: But you did mean Wally.

BERNICE: Mr. McGuire, honest, believe me, I didn't mean to say anything. I promised Wally, it just slipped out..(SOB)
Why did I have to open my big mouth? Why?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you want the story. Not the one about How a Young Mother Feels. But the real story. And you keep after her to tell you. And finally, she breaks....

BERNICE: (SOBBING) What's the use? ~~What's the use?~~ Sooner or later, I'll have to tell the truth. If not to you, then to the police.

MICKEY: ~~What happened,~~ Mrs. Trevitt? What happened that night?

BERNICE: (FLARES) It was Russ's fault. He started the whole thing! If he hadn't said what he did, all those nasty things....

MICKEY: When?

BERNICE: It was about eleven o'clock, I guess. Wally was out, I don't know where, with some friends of his. I was home (FADE) alone, with Ruthie. Then....

(DOORBELL RINGS)

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

BERNICE: Russell!

RUSS: (SLIGHTLY DRUNK) Hel-lo, Bernice.

BERNICE: Wally isn't here.

RUSS: Who wants to see Wally?

(DOOR CLOSE)

BERNICE: But Russ, it's pretty late. The neighbors --

RUSS: Who cares about the neighbors? What's the matter?
Can't a guy drop in and say hello to his own
sister-in-law? What's wrong with that?

BERNICE: Russ, if Wally knew you were coming this late -- he
~~might not~~ ^{wouldn't} like it.

RUSS: (DERISIVELY, DRUNK) Wally, Wally, Wally. Who are you
kidding, baby? You know you made a mistake marrying that
little squirt. I'm the guy you really wanted, not him.

BERNICE: Russ, you'd better go.

RUSS: Don't give me that high and mighty stuff. You think
I'm blind? I've seen your eyes light up, like
firecrackers, every time I walk into the room. Who
you kidding?

BERNICE: Russ, you'd better get out.

RUSS: You're for me, Bernice. ~~You've got what Wally never
had. Class.~~ If you'd played your cards right, you
could have married me, not ~~him.~~ ^{Wally} I had a yen for you
~~then, and I do now.~~ (LAUGHS) Let's make up for lost
time, huh, baby?

BERNICE: Get away from me. Don't touch me.

RUSS: Now, is that any way to act? Why you and me are
relatives. Blood's thicker than water. You don't have
to be bashful with me, Bernice.

BERNICE: (ALMOST SCREAMING) Let go of me. Let go!

(DOOR OPENS)

WALLY: Russ!

RUSS: Oh, hiyah, Wally.

WALLY: Let go of her.

RUSS: (LAUGHS) Okay, okay. Don't get excited.

WALLY: What's the idea, Russ?

BERNICE: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL) Wally, ~~I didn't know it was Russ.~~
~~Otherwise I wouldn't have opened the door.~~ I told him
you weren't here, but he forced his way in.

RUSS: (LAUGHS) You mean you invited me in, don't you, baby?

BERNICE: Wally, don't believe him. He's lying.

WALLY: Get out.

RUSS: Okay. But don't get the idea your wife's a little tin
angel. She's playing you for a patsy, Wally. She's
no good and never will be. It isn't just me, she'd
go for any man.

WALLY: Take that back, Russ.

RUSS: Put your hands down, Wally, before I let you have it.

WALLY: I said take it back.

RUSS: And I told you, don't lift your hands to me!

(SMACK OF FIST AGAINST JAW. GROAN. BODY THUD)

BERNICE: Wally, Wally.

RUSS: The next time you try taking a punch at me, Wally,
I'll kill you.

(DOOR SLAMS)

BERNICE: Wally....!

WALLY: (IN PAIN) He knocked me down in front of my own wife.
~~I had to take it...~~

BERNICE: Don't worry about it, darling. Go to bed now. Try
to get some sleep.

WALLY: Sleep? How can I sleep, Bernice? After all those
things he said about you, how can I sleep? (PAUSE)

BERNICE: (FADING IN) All that was about eleven o'clock, Mr.
McGuire.

MICKEY: (QUIETLY) Go on, Mrs. Trevitt.

BERNICE: About One-Thirty, I woke up. Wally was dressed. He was walking up and down the floor, up and down. And I knew he'd been drinking. He looked a little wild, a little crazy. I asked him what he was doing (FADE) up at that hour....

WALLY: (NOW DRUNK) Go to bed, Bernice.

BERNICE: But, Wally....

WALLY: (ANGRILY) I said go to bed.

BERNICE: But what are you going to do?

WALLY: I'm going out.

BERNICE: Where?

WALLY: Out. Out for a walk. To get some air. I have to write you a letter or something?

BERNICE: Why don't you try to forget about Russ?

WALLY: Forget about him. Yeah. That's why I'm going out, Bernice. To get him out of my mind. Once and for all.

BERNICE: Wally, why are you taking gloves with you?

WALLY: Will you go to bed?

BERNICE: But it's a warm night. Why do you need gloves?

WALLY: Bernice, will you cut it out? Will you stop nagging me? Will you stop asking questions?

BERNICE: Wally.....

WALLY: Go to bed! I'll be back soon.

(SLAM OF DOOR)

BERNICE: After Wally left, I suddenly remembered something. There was a gun in the bureau drawer. I opened the drawer and looked. It was gone. Then I knew, Mr. McGuire. Then I knew.

MICKEY: I see.

BERNICE: A little after two, Wally came home. He was pale, shaking. I knew what had happened. I made him tell me the whole story. We swore that if the police came, neither of us would say a word. And now I did it.
(SOB) I broke my promise.

MICKEY: I'm sorry, Mrs. Trevitt. I'm sorry things turned out this way. I think we'd better go see Wally, now. Ask him to confess.

BERNICE: (DULLY) Wally? Why? I've told you the whole story, Mr. McGuire.

MICKEY: It isn't enough. There's a law in this state that says a wife can't testify against her husband. You've got to persuade him to tell his own story, Mrs. Trevitt.

BERNICE: (MISERABLY) I don't know. I just don't know.

MICKEY: Believe me, it's for the best. For Wally's sake, for yours, for the sake of your child. Maybe they'll go a little easier on him, maybe. I don't know. But you've got to convince him to talk.

BERNICE: All right. All right, Mr. McGuire. I'll try. ~~But please, not until after the funeral.~~

MICKEY: ~~The funeral.~~

BERNICE: ~~Yes. They're burying Russ this afternoon. And the~~ police are letting Wally go to the cemetery. I -- I can't ask him until it's all over. (SOB) I can't.
I just can't.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE - FUNERAL)

MINISTER: And now (MOURNFULLY) good friends, there is little more to say. Russell Trevitt was murdered in the prime of his life. May he forever rest in peace. For truly has it been written, that the grave is but man's destiny. Dust thou art and to dust thou shall return.

WALLY: (LOW) Bernice...

BERNICE: Yes, Wally?

WALLY: (LOW) He looked like that. He looked just like that when --

MICKEY: When what, Trevitt?

WALLY: ~~Never mind, McGuire. (CHOKES) Never mind.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~Afterward,~~ you, Bernice and Lieutenant Chet Roby go in to see Wally. The kid sits there dazed, the color drained from his face as Bernice tells him....

BERNICE: It's no use, Wally. Nothing's any use any more. They know everything now.

WALLY: Why did you tell them, Bernice?

BERNICE: I didn't want to. I didn't mean to. I just let it slip. But it's too late now. It's too late to do anything now, except tell the truth.

WALLY: (IN A DAZE) The truth.

BERNICE: You must hate me, Wally. I know how much you must hate me.

WALLY: It's okay, Honey. I guess you couldn't help it. It's okay.

BERNICE: (SOBS) Oh, *Wally* ~~darling~~.

WALLY: It had to turn out this way, I guess. ~~When I saw Russ~~
~~lying there in that casket at the cemetery, it was more~~
~~than I could stand.~~ I remember how ^{Russ} he looked when he
was sleeping, when I fired. It was just the same. I
~~know I'd keep seeing that face in my mind.~~ And I knew
that sooner or later I'd have to tell.

MICKEY: Why'd you do it, Trevitt?

WALLY: All my life, Russ kicked me around. ^{Mr. McGuire} All my life he
took away the things I had. He didn't want anything
until I wanted it. Then he got interested. That's the
way it was with Bernice.

BERNICE: Wally....

CHET: Go on, Trevett.

WALLY: You know most of the story. ^{Sue} I got the gun and I crawled
through Russ's window over at the place on Calvert
Street. I lit a match to see what I was doing, and he
opened his eyes. I could hardly hold the gun still.
My hand was shaking, I was drunk, mad, scared. After
that, I pulled the trigger three times. That's all.

MICKEY: Where's the gun now, Trevitt?

^{Wally} MICKEY: I don't know. I don't remember. I ran across Calvert
Street and down Cedros to the next street. I guess I
must've thrown it away, somewhere along there.

CHET: Will you sign a statement to this effect?

WALLY: I'll sign anything you want, Lieutenant. What difference
does it make any more? What difference does anything
make now.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we'll read you a telegram from
John McGuire of the ^{Mr. Hollywood} Valley Times with the final outcome
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #315

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 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 John McGuire of the Valley Times.

MCGUIRE: MURDER GUN WAS FOUND THE NEXT DAY ~~ON A RAILROAD TRACK THAT RAN HALF A BLOCK BEHIND VICTIM'S HOUSE~~. KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY ENTERED PLEA OF GUILTY TO FIRST DEGREE MURDER AND WAS ^{later} SENTENCED IN LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT. HE WAS GIVEN A TERM OF LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN SAN QUENTIN PRISON. ~~INCIDENTALLY, NEWS OF THE CONFESSION WAS WITHHELD BY ORDER OF THE CHIEF OF DETECTIVES LOS ANGELES UNTIL ONE P.M. AT WHICH TIME MY NEWSPAPER HIT THE STREETS WITH THE BEAT.~~ MY SINCERE APPRECIATION. THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McGuire...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 International News Service - by-line Sam Jaffee. The Big Story of a reporter who yearned for a sensational headline and got more than he bargained for.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember --- this week you can see another different Big Story on television.

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

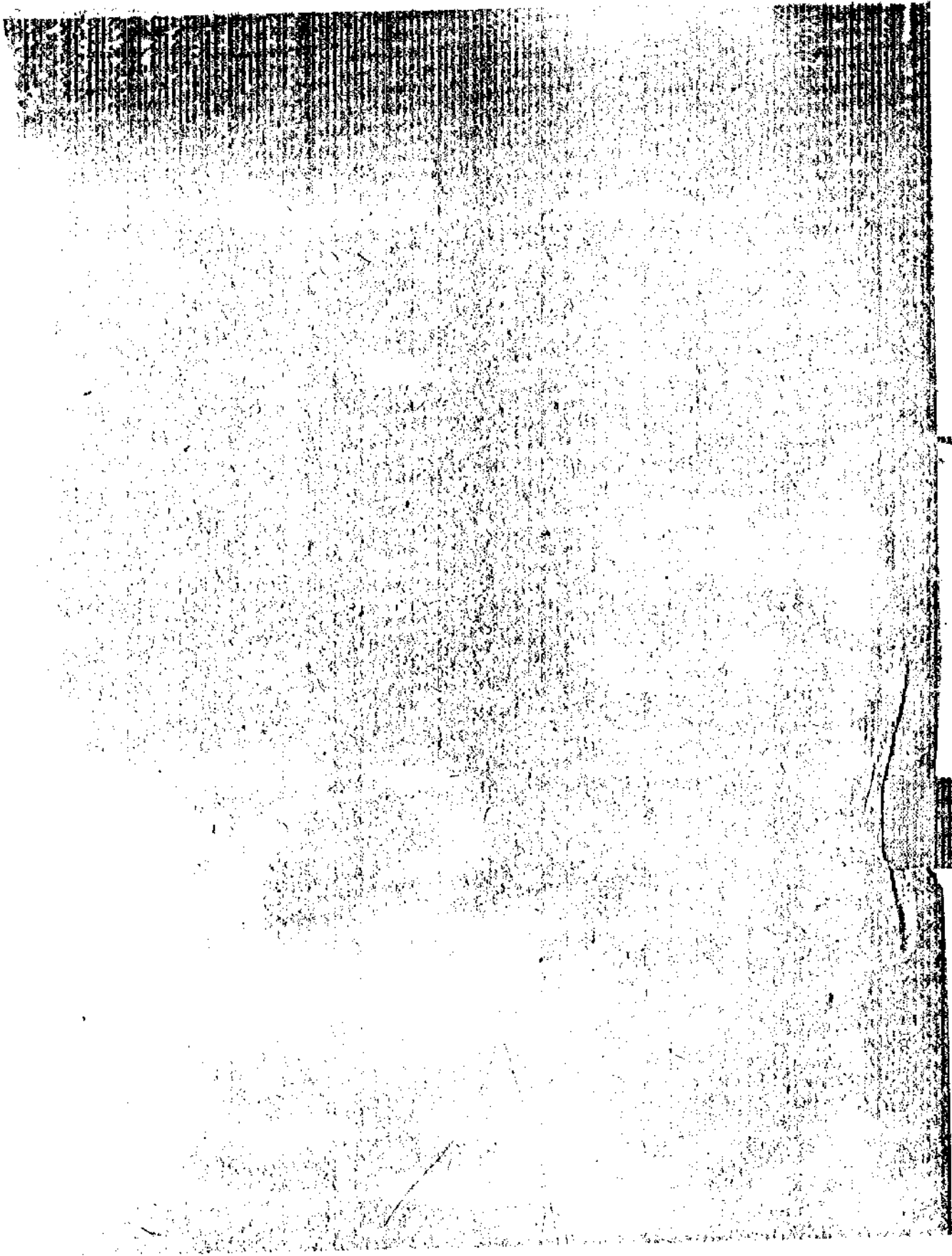
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the North Hollywood California Valley Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Quinn played the part of John McGuire. 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. McGuire.

(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/gz
5/19/53pm.



ATX01 0007678

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #316

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
SAM JAFFE	DICK YORK
MRS. BENDER	BRYNA RAEBURN
MR. BENDER	JOHN McGOVERN <i>Joe Boland</i>
RADIO VOICE	JOHN McGOVERN <i>Joe Boland</i>
BOY.	JOEY WALSH
BILLY COOPER	SARAH FUSSELL
MRS. COOPER	SYLVIA DAVIS
INSPECTOR WHITESTAFF	COURT BENSON
VOICE	COURT BENSON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1953

ATX01 0007679

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE ... THEN OUT)

(MEAT GRINDER ... HOLD)

BENDER: One dollar's-worth hamburger coming up! Looks pretty
good rolling out of the grinder, don't it? ~~Say, why~~
~~don't you come back here so you can see better? That's~~
~~the ticket.~~ Now ain't that a first class piece of meat
for a first class customer? You bet it is! Best in the
house! Looks good enough to eat raw, by golly!

(MACHINE TURNED OFF)

~~So.~~ I'll wrap it up.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

(SUDDENLY) What are you ^{doing} -- look out! Put down that gun..
look out - ~~look out - don't - you don't want to hurt me~~
~~-- don't!~~

(A SINGLE SHOT)

(GROAN ON CUE)

(MUSIC: -- HITS ... GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened! It happened in San Francisco, California.
It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the
wires of the International News Service, the story of a
reporter who yearned for a sensational headline...and got
more than he bargained for. Tonight, to Sam A. Jaffe, for
his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

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and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Francisco, California. The story as it actually happened -- Sam A. Jaffe's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Six o'clock of a warm July night. You, Sam Jaffe, are in a car at a drive-in near Fisherman's Wharf, grabbing a quick supper. A cub reporter on the night shift. A green kid to the veterans. And you don't like it. You're fed up with covering family spats and phony fires. You want to show what you can do, and in your heart you want to find out if you'll make good when the break comes. Your car radio is tuned to the police calls, but all you hear is static. And then ...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

SERGEANT) (RADIO VOICE) Attention cars 14 - 20 - 23 - proceed at once to 221 Juno Street. Man shot in food store. Emergency Hospital Ambulance - attention. Pick up victim. Repeat - cars 14 - 20 - 23 - proceed at once to 221 Juno Street ...

JAFFE: (CALLS, EXCITED) Hey, Miss! Take this tray!

*Here's a buck
I gotta get
butta here*

(CAR STARTED...HOLD MOTOR)

NARR: Wait a minute. Juno Street. That's eight miles away. They sent for an ambulance so the victim isn't dead. Chances are Homicide will be gone from Juno Street with the victim. Play a hunch. Head for Emergency Hospital - and cross your fingers.

(CAR PULLS OFF .. SEGUE TO)

(MUSIC: -- IN AND OUT)

ED: You were a smart boy to come straight here to the hospital Jaffe.

JAFFE: What's it all about, Inspector?

ED: Somebody shot a grocer named Harry Bender with a .32 calibre revolver. The poor old guy never had a chance.

JAFFE: Old, you say?

ED: Sixty-seven. Everybody called him "Pop". He was grinding up some hamburger - when boom.

JAFFE: How is he?

ED: Died five minutes ago. Never recovered consciousness.

JAFFE: Was it a hold-up, Inspector?

ED: What else? Only, it ^{seems} looks as if the killer was scared off before he got the dough. (SIGHS) I've got a feeling this is going to be a tough one, Jaffe. We haven't turned up a single witness.

JAFFE: But that's a factory neighborhood! Dozens of people must have been coming home from work.

ED: Sure, I know. But they were all looking the other way. (BEAT) Come along - I'm going to talk to Bender's wife.

(FOOTSTEPS)

(DOOR OPENED)

ED: (GENTLY) Mrs. Bender, I wonder if you could answer a few questions.

MRS. G: (DULLY) Questions?

ED: Perhaps you know something that will help catch the killer.

MRS. B: What do I know, Inspector, what? One minute my husband was alive and I was cooking his dinner and the next minute ... (BEGINS TO CRY) Forty-five years we were married....forty-five years. A lifetime...a life - (CAN'T GO ON)

ED: (HELPLESSLY) Ma'am. *maybe you*

MRS. B: (WORKING UP) Shooting - killing! What kind of person could do such a thing! If he was hungry, my husband would have given him money! My husband was always giving, Inspector.

ED: Mrs. Bender -

MRS. B: All the kids -- he'd give them candy. And the ladies - they'd go into the bins like they were in their own pantry. Harry, I'd say, it's a store, not a social club. And he'd say, Mama, they're not just customers, they're our friends.

ED: Please, Mrs. Bender - try to tell us what happened.

MRS. B: (CHOKED) All right, all right.

ED: You were in the living quarters back of the store, weren't you?

MRS. B: Yes.

ED: And then?

MRS. B: There was a *noise* shot. I ran in. My husband was on the floor, back of the counter. He said, Mama, he shot me. Then he fell back in my arms...(CHOKES)

SAM: Did you see anyone? Or hear anything?

MRS. B: No ... no. Except ...(HESITATES)

SAM: Except what?

MRS. B: I kind of remember hearing *foot steps* feet running out of the store after the shot was fired. *But I could hardly* Small feet. ~~They -- they~~ *near there* almost sounded like a child's.

(MUSIC: -- IN FAST ... SEGUE TO)
(CAR RUNNING ... HOLD UNDER)

ED: (DISCOURAGED) Let's hope we find something new at the store, Jaffe. No witnesses - no clues - even the victim's wife can't tell us a thing!

JAFFE: Well, not quite that, Inspector. What about ~~that~~ ^{those} patter ~~of feet she heard?~~ ^{Footsteps}

ED: What about ~~it?~~ ^{them}

JAFFE: Maybe that's your witness.

ED: (LAUGHS) - Ho - ho.

JAFFE: (IRKED) What's so funny?

ED: Listen, sonny, when you've been on the crime beat awhile, ^{If anybody, it was the killer and chances are she didn't hear a thing. Jaffe: Why do you say that?} you'll take these things with a grain of salt.

JAFFE: But --

ED: Shake the ^{egg} shells out of your ears, kiddo. This is man's work.

(MUSIC: -- IN AND HOLD UNDER)

NARR: Okay. Let the old-timers razz you and keep your ideas to yourself. You'll show them yet. Let the Inspector go into the store. Look at that mob outside. This is a crowded neighborhood. Somebody must have seen something.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

MAN: Nah, I didn't see nothin'. Wish I had. Anybody'd shoot that nice old guy ought to be hung!

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

MRS COOPER: Pop? He was a nice man. I guess everybody around here liked him, especially the kids. He was always handing 'em bubble gum and candy. See anything? No .. not me.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND HOLD UNDER)

NARR: Nothing, nothing, nothing! A jolly, generous old man is shot in daylight and nobody sees a thing! Maybe the cops have something new --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

ED: This is the only clue we've found, Jaffe. This note.

JAFFE: (READING) "Please send one dollar nice hamburger. Thank you."

ED: It was on the counter. Figure maybe the gunman gave it to poor old Bender to throw him off while he went after the money.

JAFFE: It could also mean there was a witness, Inspector.

ED: You still harping on that.

JAFFE: Maybe it was a child.

ED: sure! Or a mute! Or a Zulu who can't speak English!

JAFFE: (STUBBORN) That's possible.

ED: (WORN PATIENCE) Listen. Over a dozen policemen have just finished a door-to-door canvas of this whole area. If there was a witness, they'd have found him.

JAFFE: (PROTEST) But --

ED: The photo crew is packing up. The cars are going back on their beats. And as soon as possible, I'm going back to Headquarters.

JAFFE: But you can't!

ED: Wise up, Jaffe. This is all we've got for the moment. Wrap it up and go back to your desk like the rest of the press boys!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN AND HOLD)_

NARR: You can't explain. ^{to the inspector} How it's not just a headline to you. How you keep thinking about a good man brutally murdered and a brokenhearted, gray-haired woman...how you can't give up while there's a single doubt in your mind.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE AND HOLD)

JAPFE: (ON PHONE - PLEADING) Sure, I know it's only worth a couple of paragraphs, chief, but maybe if I stick around ... Listen ... (LONG PAUSE) What would you say if the police thought something sensational might turn up. Give me a half hour. If I don't -- I mean if the police don't turn up something, then, I'll call it quits.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE AND HOLD)

NARR: You hang up .. and you're scared. You must be crazy, taking a chance with your job. Who are you to think you know more than the police? And then you start ringing doorbells, questioning everybody all over again.

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE AND HOLD)

MAN: (ANGRY) I already told you! And I told the cops! I didn't see anything! Now will you go away and leave me alone!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC: -- PUNCTUATE AND HOLD)

NARR: Give up. They're right. ^{you're just a} Get in your car and ^{Get who'll never} go ^{make a decent} back to ^{reported} your job -- that's if you still have a job.

(MUSIC: -- OUT SHARPLY AS)

(THUMP AS KNIFE STRIKES WOOD)

JAPFE: Hey! What the --

BOY: (13. PRETTY TOUGH) Gee, I'm sorry mister. I didn't see you.

JAFFE: It's too dark to throw knives into telephone poles!
You only missed me by an inch!

BOY: I said I was sorry. (LAUGHS) Maybe you're lucky!
I don't miss much!

JAFFE: Say, fella, I'm a reporter. You know anything about
the murder?

BOY: (SUSPICIOUS) A reporter, huh? ~~I wanna see your press~~ *Are you kidding?*
~~card.~~

JAFFE: Sure. *Here take a look at my press card*
your a reporter

BOY: (BEAT) Yeh, I guess ~~that's a press card~~ all right.

JAFFE: Well.

BOY: Sorry, mister, I don't know nothin'.

JAFFE: Look, kid, I'm not a cop. I'm only trying to help.

BOY: I told you once I didn't see nothin'!

JAFFE: (FAST) See! Who said anything about seeing.

BOY: Listen, mister, why don't you let me alone!

JAFFE: You do know something.

BOY: Lay off, will ya!

JAFFE: (PLEADING) Look, I told you - I'm a reporter, not a cop.

BOY: I'm not gettin' nobody in trouble.

JAFFE: I give you my word -

BOY: (REJECTS HIM) Nah.

JAFFE: (DESPERATELY REASONABLE) Look at it this way. Maybe
the killer's a mental case.

BOY: (LISTENING) Mental *case*

JAFFE: (TALKS FAST) In a few days he'll figure he got away
with this killing and he can kill again. Maybe he'll
come back here. They say the killer always returns
to the scene of his crime. (MORE)

JAFFE: Maybe the next time he'll get you -- or somebody in your
(CONT'D) family.

BOY: (THEN) Are you sure you're not a copper?

JAFFE: Do you see a gun? Or a badge?

BOY: (SUDDENLY) Well, I seen this little ~~fella~~^{kid} run out of the
store after the shooting.

JAFFE: ~~Little fella?~~^{kid}

BOY: Yeh. Billy Cooper. He's about ~~seven~~⁵ years old.

He come tearin' out with this dollar bill in his hand.

JAFFE: Dollar bill! And the note mentioned a dollar's worth
of hamburger! (DIRECT) This Billy - where do I find
him.

BOY: He lives in that old house right across the street.

JAFFE: Thanks.

BOY: (QUICKLY) Mister -

JAFFE: Yes?

BOY: You better watch your step. Billy's father - he's
big and mean. Always beatin' up the kid and his old
lady. If he don't like this, he'll wham 'em all over
the lot. And you, too!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(DOORBELL ...DOOR OPENED)

JAFFE: Mrs. Cooper?

MRS. COOPER:(A FRIGHTENED DRUDGE) Yes?

JAFFE: My name's Jaffe. I'm a reporter.

MRS COOPER: (FREEZING) Oh. You're here about the murder.

JAFFE: I'd like to talk to your son, Billy.

MRS COOPER: (SCARED AND FIGHTING) No, you can't talk to Billy!

JAFFE: But Mrs. Cooper --

MRS COOPER: He's just a baby. He doesn't know anything about this!

BILLY: (IMITATING PLANE ...OFF) Zoom ... zoom ... zoom ... whee..

MRS COOPER: (TENSE) Billy! Stop that!

BILLY: (PROTEST) But Mom! I'm an airplane. Zoom ... zoom --

MRS COOPER: Billy! (TIGHTLIPPED) You better go, mister.

JAFFE: Now look here, Mrs. Cooper. There's been a murder, and I have reason to believe --

MRS COOPER: (UP) Why should we get mixed up in this!

JAFFE: It's your --

MRS COOPER: Please mister, leave us alone.

JAFFE: But Mrs. Cooper.

MRS COOPER: I'm afraid, don't you see. *What are you so afraid of* My husband -- ~~he~~ he has a terrible temper. If he knew about Billy's being at the store, he might...

JAFFE: *Jaffe* Then Billy was there! (EXCITED) Billy, is this true? Were you at the store when Mr. Bender was shot?

BILLY: Sure.

JAFFE: What happened?

MRS COOPER: Don't ... please....

JAFFE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Cooper. Go on, Billy.

BILLY: (FREE AND EASY) Oh I gave the old groceryman the note .. the one Ma wrote. And then this man came in. He was a big, dark man.

JAFFE: (BREATHLESS) Yes?

BILLY: Well, the man came near the old groceryman and grabbed for some money. He had a big silver gun in his hand.

JAFFE: And then?

BILLY: Then Mr. Bender turned around and saw him and then the big dark man pulled the trigger and Mr. Bender fell down. Then the bad man with the gun saw me and told me to keep quiet. Then he ran out of the store and I followed him.

JAFFE: Where did he go?

BILLY: He went into a garage and then he came out and he went into a drinking place. I don't remember which. Then I came home.

JAFFE: Billy ... what did the man look like.

BILLY: Oh, he was very big. ^{Bigger} ~~higher~~ than you ~~and fatter than~~ you. He had on brown pants and a coat and a black hat. And oh, I forgot, he put the silver gun back in his pocket after he banged the old man.

JAFFE: (AWED) Billy ... you're wonderful. (EAGERLY) Would you know this man if you saw him?

BILLY: Oh sure I'd know him.

JAFFE: Maybe he's still in that bar. Billy - would you like to go with me to find him?

MRS COOPER: No!

JAFFE: But Mrs. Cooper --

MRS COOPER: I'm telling you no! ~~All the time trouble, trouble.~~ If my husband comes home and finds out Billy's mixed up in this, he'll hit me, he'll beat me.

JAFFE: He couldn't. Not for -

MRS COOPER: Mister, you don't know what he's like. I'm afraid.

JAFFE: Look here, Mrs. Cooper, I'll see that you get police protection. I promise no harm will come to you or Billy.

MRS COOPER: I don't know, I don't know.

BILLY: ~~Don't worry Ma,~~ I'm not scared. I want to help catch
the bad man.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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.

(SOUND STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy,

HARRICE: Because 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 it's traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

(MORE)

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: ----- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Sam A. Jaffe as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: A cub reporter waits and waits, and then finally it happens - his moment.. Your moment, Sam Jaffe. Your heart beats fast as you go from bar to bar, with little Billy holding your hand tightly, his bright eyes scanning the faces in each cafe. The child is calmer than you are....and suddenly you feel a twinge as you think - there must be something wrong when a child of ~~seven~~⁵ is the witness to a murder .. Then ~~you~~^{just as you are about to} enter the sixth bar ...

~~(NOISE OF CROWD IN BAR)~~

~~BILLY: (WHISPERING) There he is, Mr. Jaffe. That's the bad man.~~

~~JAFFE: (TENSE, WHISPERING) Okay, Billy, come on. First I'm phoning my paper. Then it's time for the police.~~

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

~~(CAR MOTOR SLOWING DOWN = CAR STOP =
RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)~~

~~JAFFE: (YELLS) Inspector - here we are.~~

~~JAFFE: Meet Billy -- the only witness to the murder!~~

~~ED: That little kid?~~

~~JAFFE: Yes, this little kid! And the murderer is in a bar around the corner!~~

~~ED: If this is some kind of a joke, Jaffe....~~

BOY: Hey - don't go in there!

JAFFE: What's the matter? Oh it's you. Look, kid, you were right. Billy did see the killer.

BOY: So you want to get him killed.

JAFFE: What do you mean.

BOY: Billy's old man is in that bar! You can't take him in -- if he sees Billy -

JAFFE: I see. Okay. Billy, we'll skip this one.

BILLY: But Mr. Jaffe.

JAFFE: Yes?

BILLY: I'm sure. I'm sure this is the one. It ---- it had that green and red light on it.

BOY: Are you nuts! Do you want your old man to slaughter you!

BILLY: But I want to catch the bad man --

JAFFE: Billy, are you positive this is the place?

BILLY: Yes, Mr. Jaffe --

JAFFE: Stand behind me then when we go in.

BOY: I told you I didn't want to get anyone into trouble.

JAFFE: You won't - this is my responsibility. Come on Billy -

(DOOR OPEN)

(NOISE OF CROWD IN BAR)

JAFFE: Get behind me Billy. Now do you see the man from the store.

BILLY: (WHISPERING) There he is, Mr. Jaffe. That's the bad man.

JAFFE: (TENSE, WHISPERING) Okay, Billy, come on. First I'm phoning my paper. Then it's time for the police.

(MUSIC IN AND UP)

(CAR MOTOR STARTING UP - OFF)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON)

JAFFE: (YELLS) Inspector - Wait a minute.

ED: (OFF) You still here Jaffe.

JAFFE: Meet Billy -- the only witness to the murder!

ED: That little kid?

JAFFE: Yes, that little kid! And the murderer is in a bar around the corner!

ED: If this is some kind of joke, Jaffe

JAFFE: For pete's sake, Inspector, what do you think I am? I'm telling you Billy saw the whole thing.

BILLY: That's right, ~~Mr. Policeman~~.

ED: (TO BUSINESS) Sergeant - wait in the car.

(CAR DOOR OPEN AND SHUT)

All right, Jaffe. Talk.

JAFFE: Billy was in the store buying that hamburger. The killer walked in, went after some money, and fired when the old man saw him.

ED: Go on.

JAFFE: The gunman spotted Billy, told him to keep quiet, shoved the gun back in his pocket and ran out.

ED: (SLOWLY) I see....

JAFFE: Billy just spotted the killer in a bar.

ED: Jaffe bring that kid into the store. I think you've got a bigger headline than you suspect.

(MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE)

ED: (GENTLY) Now sonny, let's go over some of the things you told Mr. Jaffe here.

BILLY: All right, ~~Mr. Policeman~~.

JAFFE: Don't be afraid, Billy.

BILLY: (CONFIDENTLY) Oh I'm not, Mr. Jaffe.

ED: That's fine, Billy. Now -- where were you standing when the man walked in?

BILLY: Right here, behind the counter. Old Mr. Bender, he asked me to. So I could see the meat better.

ED: I see. Now - you say the man had a gun in his hand?

BILLY: Uh-huh. A big silver gun.

ED: And he shot Mr. Bender with it?

BILLY: Uh-huh.

ED: And after he shot Mr. Bender, what did he do with the gun?

BILLY: He put it back in his pocket - his coat pocket - and ran away.

ED: The same gun?

BILLY: Uh-huh.

ED: You're sure of that, Billy?

BILLY: Yes.

ED: Absolutely sure?

BILLY: Yes, I saw him do it.

ED: Look at this gun, Billy. We found it in a candy box underneath the counter.

JAFFE: Inspector, what are you --!

ED: Keep quiet, Jaffe. (QUIETLY) This is the gun that killed Mr. Bender, Billy. We know it is. So you couldn't have seen the man put the silver gun in his pocket and take it away, could you? (PAUSE) I guess you made that up, didn't you? (PAUSE) You killed Mr. Bender, didn't you - sonny?

(MUSIC: - - - - STING AND HOLD)

NARR: What's the Inspector saying? It's not possible! He must be kidding. This cute little boy a killer! The kid'll be laughing his head off --- (HORRIFIED) No...he's looking down at the floor and then up, a long way up, into the Inspector's face.

BILLY: (CLEARLY AND WITHOUT FEAR) Yes, I deaded him.

JAFFE: (BEAT. BURST) I don't believe it! It's crazy!

ED: It's true, Jaffe.

JAFFE: Look at him - the size of him - he couldn't raise
the gun -

ED: He did.

JAFFE: But how...why?

ED: Tell us how you did it, sonny.

BILLY: (FREELY) The old man said I should go behind the
and could see the meat better
counter and there was this big silver gun like
the one I got at home. It was in a candy box.

ED: You took the gun out of the box?

BILLY: It was heavy. I had to use both my hands.

JAFFE: (BREATHES) Both his hands ...

ED: Did you point it at the old man?

BILLY: Uh-huh. He said: "look out, look out." (CHANGE)
Can I have a piece of bubble gum? The old man
always used to give me some.

ED: (DEAD PAN) Help yourself.
(RUSTLE OF BOX)

BILLY: It's in this box back here. I like bubble gum
~~but I guess I'll save this piece 'til later.~~

JAFFE: What happened after the old man said "look out",
Billy?

BILLY: Oh, I pulled the gun and it made a noise like
a firecracker.

JAFFE: Like a firecracker?

BILLY: It went bang.

ED: Was it hard to pull the trigger?

BILLY: I had to use both hands, like this.

JAFFE: Billy .. that story you told .. about the big dark man .. why did you tell me that?

BILLY: I made it up.

JAFFE: Yes. But why?

BILLY: (HESITANT FOR THE FIRST TIME) I don't know.

JAFFE: Were you afraid?

BILLY: I guess so.

JAFFE: Because you hurt the old man?

BILLY: He fell down. He used to give me candy and cookies. He was a nice man. I was scared my father would be mad. *and speak me*

(DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED)

MRS. BENDER: (COMING ON UPSET) Where is he?

JAFFE: Mrs. Bender!

MRS. BENDER: (DEMAND) Where's the man who killed my husband? They told me you found him.

ED: Mrs. Bender -- (STOPS)

MRS. BENDER: Show him to me, Inspector! Just let me look in his eyes for one minute and tell him what he is. A murderer! A wild animal. If he's got a heart, let him look me in the face and feel what he's done. I got a right to make him suffer. (THEN) Where is he? Why are you hiding him?

ED: We're not hiding him, Mrs. Bender.

MRS. BENDER: Well, where is he then?

ED: There he is, Mrs. Bender.

MRS. BENDER: (BEWILDERED) ~~What...~~ but that's a child...

ED: Yes.

MRS. BENDER: That's...that's little Billy Cooper...

ED: He shot your husband, Mrs. Bender.

MRS. BENDER: Oh no...no...

ED: If it's any comfort, he didn't mean to.

MRS. BENDER: Not that baby! Not that baby! (BREAKS INTO SOBS)

ED: (GENTLY) All right, Mrs. Bender.

MRS. BENDER: Inspector -

ED: Yes?

MRS. BENDER: Please...don't ever let him know what he's done!

(HOLD SOBS IN B. G.)

BILLY: What's the matter with Mrs. Bender? Is she sick?

ED: No, Billy, she'll be all right. (TRYING TO BE BRIGHT) Want to come along with me now?

BILLY: With you?

JAFFE: Billy, wouldn't you like a ride in a police car?

BILLY: Gee, Mr. Jaffe! You Bet!

JAFFE: Go along with the Inspector, then.

BILLY: Can I ride in the front seat, ~~Mr. Policeman.~~ *Inspector*

ED: Sure.

BILLY: Oh boy! So long, Mr. Jaffe.

JAFFE: Billy!

BILLY: Huh?

JAFFE: Billy, are you all right? ~~Are you sure you're all right?~~

BILLY: Oh, sure. I like cops. They're good guys and catch bad guys. ~~I'm fine now Mr. Jaffe,~~

(MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND CLOSE)

CHAPPELL: In a moment we'll read you a telegram from
Sam A. Jaffe of the International News Service
with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(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 Sam A. Jaffe of the International News Service.

JAFFE: Juvenile Authorities had intended taking Billy from bad home environment and placing him in foster home even before the killing. Since Billy was a minor and not responsible for his actions, he could not be tried for felony. He was placed in custody of Juvenile Authorities. Only a few months later Billy was adopted by a wealthy Seattle, Washington, family, where I fervently hope he is now enjoying a happy normal life. Many thanks FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Jaffe...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 INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana Times by-line Bob Bourne. The Big Story of a reporter who found that death can be both an end and a beginning.

(MUSIC: ----- STING)

-25-

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 B.G. ON CUE)

M1 25/5/53

ATX01 0007706

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Carol Gluck from an actual story from the wires of the International News Service. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Dick York played the part of Sam Jaffe. 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. Jaffe.

(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 MELE FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #317

CAST

NARRATOR. BOB SLOANE
BOB BOURNE. JIM STEPHENS
MR. EVANS ALAN HEWETT
MANAGER BILLY M. GREENE
~~SERGEANT~~ & RALPH. TONY RANDALL
MAN & CHIEF SID CASSELL
JIM GENE LEONARD
ALEX ^{Sergeant} JOE HELGESEN
JOHN. TED OSBORN
HELEN MARGARET DROPER

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1953

ATX01 0007708

(Bob Bourne, Indianapolis Times)

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

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND OUT FOR)

(SHARP KNOCKING ON DOOR)

EVANS: Mr. Neilson..are you in there...Mr. Neilson.

(KNOCKING)

MGR: (FADING IN) Hey, what's all the noise.

EVANS: You the manager of this hotel.

MGR: Yeah. Look, Mac, just because it says a dollar a night
outside, we still don't allow no carrying on. Now be a
good feller and..

EVANS: (IMPATIENT) Listen, will you. I'm supposed to see the
man who lives in this room but I can't seem to wake him.

MGR: Hey, this is old Mr. Neilson's room.

EVANS: Can you open it.

MGR: Sure.

(SOUND OF KEYS)

~~EVANS: Hurry, please!~~

MGR: I'm getting it, feller.

(KEY INTO LOCK..DOOR OPENS)

MGR: There.

EVANS: (CALLING) Mr. Neilson.

MGR: Look.

EVANS: Where is he.

~~MGR: On the floor, next to the window.~~

(THEY RUN TO HIM)

EVANS: (SPEAKING TO HIM, URGENTLY) Mr. Neilson...

MGR: I better get a doctor.

EVANS: No use. He's dead.

MGR: Poor old man. Dying in a place like this. No friends.
Broke. ~~Guess it's a good thing he's dead.~~

EVANS: Not quite.

MGR: What do you mean.

EVANS: Mr. Neilson wasn't broke. He's left an estate of over
fifty thousand dollars.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Indianapolis. ^{Indiana} It is authentic
and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of
the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front
pages of the Indianapolis Times the story of a reporter
who found that death can be both an end...and a beginning.
Tonight, to Bob Bourne, for his Big Story, goes the
PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10 or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL
MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND DOWN)

CHAPPELL: Indianapolis, Indiana. The story as it actually happened. Bob Bourne's story, as he lived it.

NARR: It's big, this city where you live and work. Half a million big. A lot of people with a lot of chances for things to happen to them. And you, Bob Bourne, you watch them...and you write about them. The way you figure it, a story can come out of anything. Even the two small news items that you're looking at right now. Together, they make no more than an inch of space..but they've made you leave your office and come here, to the main branch of the Lawrence Trust Company.

EVANS: I'm Mr. Evans. Can I be of any help, Mr. Bourne?

BOB: Yes sir. It's about John Neilson. I saw these two items in the Times.

EVANS: A terrible coincidence. Poor old man.

BOB: This first item says the bank had filed a petition asking the court to appoint a guardian for his estate.

EVANS: That's quite true.

BOB: And this one...it's his obituary.

EVANS: Unfortunately, I had a hand in both these stories. When I saw he wasn't well, I suggested the petition to our board. Then, yesterday morning, when I went to his hotel to see Mr. Neilson...(~~SLIGHT BERT~~)....I found him dead.

BOB: What was he doing living in a cheap dive like the Royale. It's right in the middle of the flop house district.

EVANS: That wasn't any of our affair, Mr. Bourne.

BOB: But he had fifty thousand dollars...didn't he?

EVANS: Even more.

BOB: Who gets it now?

EVANS: ~~None.~~

BOB: You mean he didn't leave a will.

EVANS: That's right.

BOB: Who are his relatives. Where does he come from.

EVANS: Mr. Bourne, we don't know a thing about him. Not a single blessed thing.

BOB: ~~But what's going to happen to the money?~~

EVANS: *Since he left no will when she* Well, under the law, ~~after~~ ^{relatives} the estate is filed for probate, and no one claims it, then everything goes to the state.

BOB: Look, he must have had some ~~one~~ ^{relatives}. What about his private papers. You've got them. Search through them.

EVANS: We already have. For some reason he didn't want anyone to know his personal life.

BOB: His safe deposit box, have you opened that yet?

EVANS: First thing this morning. All over his papers there are spaces where he tore things out...or covered them with heavy ink. Like where he came from..or who his people were.

BOB: There has to be something. A man just can't blot out his whole past.

EVANS: Perhaps. But all I know about John Neilson is that he left a lot of money...and that he died in a cheap little hotel. Who's ever going to know any more?

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Where does it make sense, any of it. All you've found so far are small pieces of things...none of which seem to fit together. The money..the place where the old man lived...the mystery of his past life. All that day the old man stays in your mind. You can't forget him. Next morning, you know there's only one place you want to be. (A VERY SLIGHT BEAT) At ten o'clock, John Neilson. . . . is being laid to rest.

(MUSIC: _ _ FUNERAL UP AND UNDER - BURY THE OLD MAN IN THE MUSIC)
(A QUIET WIND)

NARR: (HUSHED) You and the fellow from the bank, Mr. Evans... you're the only ones here. *at the cemetery* Out of a man's whole life.... only two strangers...to see it end. It's almost over Bob Bourne. Just another few seconds.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND OUT)

EVANS: (BEAT) (QUIETLY) Well, that's the end of it, Mr. Bourne.

BOB: Is it?

EVANS: Services are over.

BOB: That, yes, but the rest of it, I don't think it ought to be finished.

EVANS: I don't understand.

BOB: It isn't right for it to happen this way. Just you and me here...no one else caring if he lived or died.

EVANS: But I told you, Mr. Bourne. He left no record of any friends...relatives.

BOB: He lived a long time. He must have known someone.

Mr. Evans...I'm going to find out about John Neilson.

Who he was. Why he lived the way he did. Alone...without friends. I'm going to find out every single thing I can.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MGR: Yeah, this was his room. Go ahead. Look around.

BOB: Thanks.

MGR: I didn't think it was right to rent it yet for a couple a days. Nice man, Mr. Neilson.

BOB: Was he friendly with anyone here in the hotel?

MGR: No. Always kept pretty much to himself. He came into the lobby every morning..bought a paper and a cigar at the newsstand...then went out.

BOB: Any idea where he used to go?

(DRAWERS OPENING AND CLOSING THRUOUT)

MGR: (HAVE A HEART) Mr. Bourne, I got a hundred and fifty rooms.

BOB: ~~He ever got any mail?~~

MGR: ~~Sure. But nothing so I could remember. You gotta understand. I'd like to help you but for years Mr. Neilson was just a nice old man to me. That's all. If I'd have known he had all that money...~~

BOB: (THINKS HE HAS SOMETHING) Mr. Yarro, would you put that light on please?

MGR: You find something?

BOB: (SLIGHT STRAIN) I can feel some paper back of this drawer. Must have fallen down.

MGR: What is it?

BOB: Don't know yet. (BASES UP) There..I've got it.

MGR: Let's see.

BOB: A photograph.

MGR: Holy smoke..that thing must have been taken twenty-five years ago. Look at those suits.

BOB: You recognize Mr. Neilson?

MGR: Give me a good look. Hmm...this fellow..that's him.
Yeah..I'm sure. Who do you suppose those other people
are?

BOB: Well, this other man looks very much like him. It might
be a younger brother. And this man and woman....I'd say
maybe their parents.

MGR: Yeah but what good's this picture do you? It's got no
address on it, no names.

BOB: But if this man is Mr. Neilson's brother, he may be still
alive.

MGR: Okay, so he had a family. Where are they? How are you
going to find them?

(MUSIC: -- IN AND BEHIND)

NARR: Don't try to answer. Because you can't. There's nothing
in this room that can help you. For some reason known
only to himself, this strange old man had destroyed all
clues to his past.

MGR: I have to get back to the lobby, Mr. Bourne. Mind if I
close up now?

NARR: But how's it possible. This was his room. Why don't you
take just one more look.

MGR: You ready to go, Mr. Bourne?

NARR: Open that closet door..go ahead. See what's inside.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

NARR: Look on the top shelf.

MGR: Nothing up there. I looked myself.

NARR: Under the bed. Maybe something's there. Go on. Look.

BOB: (TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) A box. A cardboard box.

MGR: ~~What's that?~~ *where?*

BOB: Here, under the bed. See. There's a box.

MGR: Can you reach it?

BOB: Just about....

MGR: What's in it?

BOB: There's a string....(WORKING ON IT)...darn thing's got a knot.

MGR: Let me.

BOB: No, I've got it. (ONE FINAL CONCENTRATED EFFORT)....it's ..it's open.

(RUSTLE OF CLIPS WITH BELOW)

MGR: Look...newspaper clippings. (EAGERLY) What's in them, Mr. Bourne? What do they say? -- Well.

BOB: (FLAT) Nothing. They're just a pile of old stock quotations.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP...RIDES..BRIDGES TO)

(TYPING)

SGT: (FADING ON) Hello, Bob.

(TYPING STOPS)

BOB: Oh, hi, Sergeant.

SGT: The captain asked me to drop this picture off to you. Knew I was going by your office.

BOB: Thanks.

(PAPER BEING UNWRAPPED)

SGT: *Having our photographer take*
~~take~~ a picture of a dead man. Must be ~~kind of~~
an important *story*

BOB: It was.

SGT: Say, let me see that.

BOB: Sure.

SGT: I didn't know the old man died.

BOB: (EXCITED) Sergeant..you really knew him?

SGT: Well, not his name but I used to see him a lot.
BOB: Where?
SGT: A little park square, corner of Ohio and Delaware.
BOB: Doing what?
SGT: Oh, nothing much. Just sitting around with some other old guys..feeding the pigeons....taking in the sun. You know.
BOB: When? When did he do this?
SGT: That square used to be on my beat. Guess I saw him practically every day. The old fellows still come around...sit on those benches. Any time it's warm, they're out there. This one died, eh. What do you know.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Get out there, Bob Bourne. Fast. The park square, corner of Ohio and Delaware. This is a break. A good one. Old men sitting in the sun. They'd talk to each other. Tell things about themselves. John Neilson would have said something. ~~You know it.~~ *He must have*

(MUSIC: _ _ RISES..OUT FOR)

(BRAKING OF CAR..DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(STEPS ON SIDEWALK..THEY STOP)

BOB: Say, feller...
MAN: Yeah.
BOB: This is the corner of Ohio and Delaware, isn't it?
MAN: That's right.
BOB: But this..this is supposed to be park square.
MAN: Was 'til a week ago. That's why all the benches are gone. They're putting up a building here.

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

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 ET)

HARRICE: Why?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking - and MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #317

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONTINUED

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke is filtered further through its traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

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: -- UP AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You thought this was it, your chance to learn something about John Neilson. A strange old man who had died and left no clue to his past. But the small park square, where he used to sit, while away the long days...it's gone. Wait though, Bob Bourne. Think this one out. The old men who used to sit here...give each other friendship... they'd have found another place by now. Sure. Maybe another park square...one right near here. Go on. Try to find it.

(MUSIC: -- RISES...UNDER)

NARR: How about this place. It's only a few blocks from the other. Show John Neilson's picture to the men sitting here.

BOB: Excuse me. I'd appreciate if you'd look at this picture. Maybe tell me if you recognize this man.

NARR: (BEAT) Nothing. All right. The next one. Go on to the next one.

(MUSIC: -- RISES...UNDER)

NARR: It's an hour now. You've covered every park within a two mile radius of the old meeting place. This small square you've just walked into....you'll have just as much bad luck here. There's one old man sitting on a bench, his face up to the sun. As you show him the picture, you get ready to put it back into your pocket. But then.....

JIM: Say, that's a terrible picture of John Neilson. Where'd you ever get it.

(MUSIC: -- STINGS...OUT)

BOB: You know him. You really know him.

JIM: Sure. But that picture. What are you doing with it.

BOB: Mr. Neilson is dead.

JIM: John....

BOB: I'm sorry.

JIM: (SADLY) Dead.

BOB: You were a friend of his.

JIM: In a way..I..I guess I was. ~~We talked a lot together.~~
(CURIOSLY) Who are you, Mister.

BOB: I'm trying to find out about Mr. Neilson.

JIM: Why.

BOB: He left a great deal of money. If I can locate his family..

JIM: ~~Wait a minute. What kind of story you telling me. John~~
Neilson was a poor man.

BOB: No sir. He left over fifty thousand dollars.

JIM: (COLD) I don't know what you're up to, son but suppose
you just let me alone. John Neilson, fifty thousand
dollars. You're just after him for something, that's all.
This is some kind of trick.

BOB: No, it's the truth. Here, I'm a newspaperman. See.
My card.

JIM: (SLIGHT BEAT) The Times.

BOB: We found nothing in his papers...nothing that could tell
us where he came from. If he did leave a family, maybe
they could use this money bad. I'd sure like to find them.

JIM: He never spoke about a family to me.

BOB: Are you sure. Please. It's very important.

JIM: ~~I'm afraid I can't help you too much.~~
John and me..we'd ^{just} sit here....hardly talk much about anything.

BOB: ~~But if you were his friend...~~

JIM: First few times we met, I could tell there was something that happened to him once. You get to know that about a man. I know if he ever wanted to tell me....he would. That's about the size of it.

BOB: Yeah.

JIM: We were just two old men sitting in the sun. We'd done a lot of living. Wasn't much need to talk about it. Mostly we'd just got to the stand...buy some feed for the birds. Pretty soon we'd have a whole flock of them around us... eating right off our hands. John sure enjoyed that.

BOB: ~~But in all the times you talked,~~ ^{when you did} didn't he ever say where he came from.

JIM: He'd done a lot of traveling. I know that.

BOB: I mean his home.

JIM: I guess he did mention it once.

BOB: Where. Where was it.

JIM: ~~We were talking about some old ball players. He mentioned~~ he'd seen Christy Mathewson once play an exhibition in his town.

BOB: ~~What was the name of it.~~

JIM: Don't remember exactly.

BOB: Think back. Please. Try.

JIM: It was kind of a long name. Ended in something like...

"Tine".....

BOB: Can't you get the rest of it.

JIM: Sorry, son...guess my memory's a little rusty. That's all I can see of it...something that ended in T...i..n...e.

BOB: What state is it in.

JIM: Don't remember that either. He only mentioned his town once. Must have been a real mean thing that happened, to make a man leave his home like that.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's small...almost nothing....but it's still a clue and you're going to put it to work. From the news stand in Neilson's hotel you learn that he often bought a Des Moines, Iowa newspaper. Your next step is to check the names of all towns in Iowa. And..almost at once...you find what you're looking for. There is a town ending with the letters T..i..n...e. Now...there's only one thing left to do.

(PHONE LIFTED)

BOB: Operator...get me the chief of police in Muscatine, Iowa.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

CHIEF: (FILTER) Neilson, eh. Yeah, I remember a family around here by that name. Must have been quite some time ago.

BOB: Any of them still living there, Chief.

CHIEF: Well, not right in town. Maybe on one of the farms.

BOB: You can see why we're trying to find Mr. Neilson's family. Anything you can do to help us...

CHIEF: Sure, Mr. Bourne. I understand. Thing is the river's been causing a lot of trouble down here. It'd be hard to find practically anyone. Tell you what though. Give me a few days and I'll see what I can do.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You wait. And a long day ends. And you wonder...even feel a little scared. Have you come this far for nothing. Is it all going to be wasted. You're close now...so close. What's taking that police chief so long. It's not a large town. If John Neilson did have relatives there..they'd have been found. It's three days now...three endless days and...

(PHONE RINGS)

(WE LISTEN TO IT FOR A FEW SECONDS)

NARR: Go on, Bob Bourne. Pick it up. Answer it.

(PHONE REACHED FOR...LIFTED)

BOB: Hello...

Alex
CHIEF: (FILTER) This Mr. Bourne?

BOB: Yes.

Alex
CHIEF: *My name is Alex Miller in John Neilson nephew, Chief Larsen in Muscatine. Told me to call you*

BOB: ~~Hi.~~

CHIEF: Well, I found someone for you, Mr. Bourne. John Neilson's nephew.

BOB: Wonderful.

CHIEF: His name's Alex Miller. Had a hard time locating him. His farm's right on the river. He's been flooded out.

BOB: You tell him what this is all about.

CHIEF: Sure. (LAUGHS) The poor man still can't believe it. Here...you want to talk to him. He's right here in my office.

BOB: Do I. Put him on.

CHIEF: Hold on then. Here, Mr. Miller...he wants to talk to you.

~~(SLIGHT STATIC NOISE OF PHONE BEING LAID DOWN...)~~

LIFTED)

ALEX:

~~Mr. Miller, hello.~~

BOB:

Mr. Miller....I'm sure glad the Chief found you.

ALEX:

This...this isn't a joke. Really.

BOB:

No sir.

ALEX:

Uncle John. He...he left all that money?

BOB:

Over fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Miller, can you come here to Indianapolis.

ALEX:

Can I? Mr. Bourne.....I'll be on the next train.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

ALEX:

It's like Providence made all this happen, Mr. Bourne. The flood near ruined our farm. Uncle John's money...well it can almost save our lives.

BOB:

Who else of the family lives in Muscatine, Mr. Miller.

ALEX:

There's Cousin Edith. She's a niece. Uncle John's two sisters. They live in Chicago. Way I remember, they're older than he was.

BOB:

What was your Uncle's age.

ALEX:

About Eighty one. He was sixty when he left home. Just walked out one day and never came back. My mother always tried to find him. She died ten years ago, ~~God rest her soul.~~

BOB:

Mr. Miller....why did your uncle break away from all his ties...block out every trace to his past. What happened to him.

ALEX:

The way it was told to me later, I guess maybe you'd have to be Uncle John himself...in order to understand. I was just about born when it happened.

BOB:

What did.

ALEX:

Well, Uncle John was going with this girl.

(MUSIC: -- SNEAKS IN UNDER)

ALEX: He'd known her just about all his life and one Saturday night he went to her house...same as usual..ready to take her out.

(MUSIC: WELLS UP AND OUT)

JOHN: (YOUNG) Helen, darling. How nice you look.

HELEN: Thank you, John.

JOHN: You know, everytime I see you I'm always about to say that you shouldn't wear any other color dress. How could anything else look better on you.

HELEN: (SOMETHING IS TROUBLING HER) John....

JOHN: But then...I remember everything ~~else~~ you've ever worn and I know it's not the colors at all.

HELEN: John, please...

JOHN: Where's your coat, darling.

HELEN: I'd rather not go out tonight.

JOHN: (WORRIED) Are you all right.

HELEN: Yes.

JOHN: I thought you might like to go dancing. There's a new band at the pavilion. They're from the university.

HELEN: John, I just want to talk to you. That's all.

JOHN: (SURPRISED AT HER SERIOUSNESS) Sure, Helen.

HELEN: (A NERVOUS LITTLE LAUGH) All day I've been saying it in my mind. Every word. Now that you're here...

JOHN: I..I don't understand.

HELEN: John...you have to help me..

JOHN: Help you.

HELEN: (HALF DESPERATION) Don't you see. These last few weeks, how it's been with us. Why do you have to make me say it.

JOHN: (A HINT OF A GROWING FEAR) Helen, what's wrong.

HELEN: John, we're not children anymore. Things change with people. When does it really happen.....the boy marrying the girl whose books he carried.

JOHN: Darling, don't talk this way.

HELEN: I don't want to say it but if you won't understand...

JOHN: No, I won't. It's not right...any of this. Not right.

HELEN: You want me to go on lying. Is that it.

JOHN: Helen, let's get out of here...go for a walk....do something.

HELEN: I don't want to fight...I don't want to cry. I just want us to be sensible.

JOHN: (CONTROLLING HIS FEAR) Yes, Helen. You're right. We must be sensible.

HELEN: All right. (SLIGHT BEAT) You see, John...I've never met anyone finer than you. Really. And..I don't think I ever will. But...I don't love you.

JOHN: (ALMOST A MOAN) (MORE FOR HIMSELF) Helen....

HELEN: People are going to call me crazy because I don't marry you. I've tried to make myself. But John.....it's just no good. I can't. (STARTS TO CRY) I can't.

JOHN: (HE LISTENS TO HER A MOMENT THEN..) You mustn't cry, Helen. (A LITTLE MORE OF HER CRYING) It's like you said. People change. ...I understand. I promise you I do. Only please don't cry.....(CLOSE TO IT HIMSELF) Don't cry

(MUSIC: -- IN GENTLY...RIDES..BEHIND)

ALEX: When Uncle John came home that night Mr. Bourne...he wouldn't talk to anyone. He just ran right upstairs...and locked himself in his room. When his younger brother Ralph came home...(FADE) everyone asked hm to talk to Uncle John...to see what had happened.

(BEAT)

(FADE IN KNOCKING ON DOOR)

RALPH: John...John, let me in. It's Ralph, Please, John. Open the door. (KNOCKING) John....

(THE DOOR CHAIN IS OPENED SLOWLY)

RALPH: John...what is it...what's the matter.

JOHN: (ALMOST) STRICKEN) Ralph, what am I going to do.

RALPH: What happened.

JOHN: It's Helen. She's...she's not going to marry me.

RALPH: But why. ~~Why should she do it.~~

JOHN: I don't know. Ralph, when was it I didn't love her.

RALPH: Easy, John.

JOHN: Ever since I can remember, it's been Helen, no one else.

RALPH: If she can do a thing like this, you're better off.

JOHN: No.

RALPH: You'll find someone else. Someone who's really worthy of you. It's bad now, I know. You can't think of anything except that you won't see her again. But that'll change. You'll see.

JOHN: No.

RALPH: Tomorrow, everything will be better.

JOHN: I'm ^{always} going to be alone.

RALPH: ~~Never.~~ *NO you're not*

JOHN: ~~Alone.~~ I know it. (SLIGHT BEAT) Ralph...I'm sorry.

I'm behaving like a little boy...but I can't help it.

RALPH : (QUIETLY) Look, I'm going to say something and I want you to listen. You're my brother...and except for Mom and dad ...there's no one closer to me in this whole world. We're always going to stay together..you and me...the rest of our lives. I promise you.

(MUSIC: -- UP...BEHIND)

ALEX: That promise was kept, Mr. Bourne. He and Uncle John never married. But then...many years later..their father and mother died...within a short time of each other.
(START FADE) And one morning Uncle John came down into the parlor...and found Ralph waiting for him.

(BEAT)

JOHN: Morning, Ralph.

RALPH: John.

JOHN: Well, you look kind of serious. Anything wrong.

RALPH: I...I want to have a little talk with you.

JOHN: Of course.

RALPH: John...I...

JOHN: ~~(MURMUR)~~ My brother at a loss for words. That's hard to believe.

RALPH: (GETTING IT OUT FAST) I'm leaving the house.

JOHN: (SLIGHT BEAT) Leaving.

RALPH: Yes, John...I'm to be married. (SLIGHT BEAT) Aren't you going to wish me well.

JOHN: For you, my brother....I give the happiness I myself always wanted.

RALPH: ~~Thank you, John. Wait till you meet Julia. She's a wonderful person.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(MURMUR OFF)

JOHN: (OFF) Ralph.

RALPH: John, we're waiting for you.

JOHN: Sorry I'm late but I had some last minute things to attend to.

RALPH: I would have postponed the wedding, if you weren't here,
JOHN: No, Ralph. I'm making sure I never spoil things for you
again.
RALPH: (TROUBLED) What do you mean.
JOHN: Ralph, tell them to begin.
RALPH: John, everything is all right...isn't it? *you're not angry*
JOHN: Of course. *with me*
RALPH: I..I feel something's wrong.
JOHN: Look, this is no time to start getting your wife angry.
You ready, Ralph.
RALPH: I am lucky, John. Lucky that you've been with me all these
years. Don't ever forget that.

(WEDDING MARCH WITH ORGAN BEGINS OFF)

JOHN: (LOW....JUST HEARD BY US) Goodbye....my brother.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ALEX: After Uncle Ralph left on his wedding trip....Uncle John
just ~~packed up and disappeared~~. No one ever heard from
him again. That's about all I know, Mr. Bourne..
BOB: It makes a picture, Mr. Miller. John Neilson dropped out
of sight because he didn't want to interfere in the new
life his brother had made for himself. And, being human...
I guess there was a little bitterness mixed in too.
ALEX: I sure want to thank you for all your help, Mr. Bourne.
You went to a lot of trouble for some people you didn't
even know.
BOB: You can thank Uncle John for that. I just had to find
out about him.
ALEX: Why do you suppose he lived so poor.

BOB: Well, I'm no psychologist but perhaps it had something to do with the fact that maybe he felt guilty for having held on to his brother so long. Maybe in a way he wanted to punish himself.

ALEX: Yeah. But I ~~think Uncle John~~^{knows he} would approve of what I'm going to do now.

BOB: What's that, Mr. Miller.

ALEX: I think, after all these years...it's time that ~~he~~^{Uncle John} came home again.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bob Bourne of the Indianapolis Times, with the final outcome of tonights BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #317

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Notice how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs or
10 or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater length
of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the
way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the finest quality
money can buy - buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Bob Bourne of the Indianapolis Times.

BOB: John Neilson's estate was divided three ways. To his niece and nephew still residing in Muscatine, the money arrived just in time to help rebuild the damage caused by ~~Mississippi~~. The third share went to a sister in Chicago who needed the money to pay for a severe illness. In the memory of his family, John Neilson will never be forgotten. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bourne...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 Kansas City, Missouri Star by-line John DeMott. The Story of a missing car....a missing man..and a missing murder.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember -- this 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 Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the Indianapolis, Indiana Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jim Stephens played the part of Bob Bourne. 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. Bourne.

(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)

HARRICE: Serious automobile accidents involving pedestrians and drivers almost always can be traced back to a violation of the law or a disregard of simple safety practices. Accidents don't always happen to the other fellow. Don't take chances. Be careful - the life you save may be your own!
This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

AS BROADCASTS

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #318

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. HACKETT	RUTH YORK <i>Ethel Everett</i>
WOMAN	RUTH YORK
JOHN	BILL LIPTON
SERGEANT	LOUIS VAN ROOTEN
LANDLADY	ETHEL EVERETT
DAVIS	BEREL FIRESTONE
VOICE II	BEREL FIRESTONE
BUTLER	STACY HARRIS
VOICE I	SAM RASKYN
<i>woman</i> - - - - -	<i>Ruth York</i>

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1953

ATX01 0007736

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

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

John: (KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPEN)

MRS. HACKETT:

Mrs. Hackett
Yes...?

JOHN:

My name is De Mott - Kansas City Star
I wonder if you could give me any information? This

story in the morning paper ...

MRS. H:

(CUTS IN. LOW. TERROR) Go away.

JOHN:

But I ---

MRS. H:

Please ... go away. I don't know anything about it.

JOHN:

But I got a phone call this morning. They said --

MRS. H:

(HIGH PANIC) I don't care what they said! I don't
know anything about it. Please ... ~~don't ask me any~~
~~more.~~ Please ... just go away. Just go away and leave
me alone.

(SHE SOBS)

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

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear
actually happened. It happened in Kansas City,
~~Missouri~~. 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 Kansas City ^{Missouri} Star, the
big story of a missing car...a missing man...and a
missing murder. Tonight, to John DeMott, for his
BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E. T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: The finest quality money can buy.

GROUP: Smoke a PELL MELL.

(END E. T.)

HARRICE: Yes, for mildness you can measure light up a PELL MELL.
Discover how mild PELL MELL'S smoke becomes as it is
filtered further through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: At your first puff you will enjoy PELL MELL'S cooler,
sweeter smoking. But more important, after 5 puffs, or
10 or 17 - by actual measure - PELL MELL'S greater
length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further
on the way to your throat - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

HARRICE: PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Enjoy the finest quality money can buy - smoke PELL MELL
Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Kansas City, ~~Missouri~~. The story as it actually happened
-- John DeMott's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, John DeMott, are fairly new at reporting -- new
enough so you don't dare hope for anything as big as a
murder assignment from the city desk. New enough so that
even routine police reports make absorbing reading for
you. But even a new reporter has a few tricks up his
sleeve. One of these tricks -- to know where to listen
-- just in case anything is brewing. In Kansas City,
that someplace is Tavern Row -- a rough, tough section
where crime is made, and hidden ... and talked about.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND HOLD UNDER)

VOICE I: (LOW) Hear there was something doing last night. Guy
from the other side. He got his.

VOICE II: Something going on last night. One way ride for
someone. Deader than a fish.

VOICE I: (ECHO) Better lie low. Killing last night. Keep it
quiet.

VOICE II: (FILTER) Cops'll be nosing around soon. Hear a guy got
his, last night. For keeps.

VOICE I: (ECHOING VIBRATING EFFECT) That's what I heard.
Killing...murder....

VOICE II: (SAME EFFECT) That's what they say. Murder..murder. *Murder*

(MUSIC: -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: The voices along Tavern Row whisper...and die away.
Nothing but rumors...nothing but whispers.

(MORE)

NARR: But you hear them, John DeMott, and you remember.
(CONT'D) Because even a new reporter knows that whispers like
these are something to remember.

(MUSIC: _ _ OUT)

(DOOR CLOSE)

JOHN: Hi, Sergeant. Anything for me? (THEN) DeMott *of the*
Evening Star.

SGT: Nothing worth much, reporter. The routine reports are
over there if you want to take a look.

JOHN: Right. Thanks. (THEN) Uh, no -- murders?

SGT: (LAUGHS) No murders. Not even to oblige an eager
beaver like you.

JOHN: I -- had a hunch one might have been reported.

SGT: Better get a new hunch.

JOHN: There's talk -- down on Tavern Row.

SGT: Better get some new talk.

JOHN: That talk's not usually wrong. Those guys have eyes
everywhere.

SGT: Look, what do you want me to do, sign an affidavit?
There's nothing in those reports about homicide. What
are you writing? Fiction? The Case of The Missing
Murder?

JOHN: Forget it. Where did you say the police reports were?

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You leaf through them. Nothing much, petty robberies...
motor thefts ... missing person's reports ... traffic
violations. Nothing much. But then, suddenly...you spot
something. Maybe it's just a coincidence...and maybe
not!

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

JOHN: (CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT) Take a look at these two reports, sergeant.

SGT: Mmm? What've you got?

JOHN: Motor Theft Detail. Abandoned sedan blocking driveway. Towed in. Car ownership traced to one Francis Vale. "Unable to locate owner."

SGT: Okay, so what's --

JOHN: And this one. Missing persons department. Missing since the 17th. Franklin Vale.

SGT: Lemme see those. (THEN) Different first name.

JOHN: Could be an error.

SGT: Different addresses.

JOHN: Still worth looking into, isn't it?

SGT: Anything's worth looking into. But it's still just a car ...

JOHN: With the owner missing ... and a man with the same name as the car owner missing ... and

SGT: Don't tell me. I know. And a missing murder.

JOHN: Could be.

SGT: Relax. I'll call you. If and when.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

SGT: (FILTER) Okay, DeMott. Here it is. This car owner ... Francis Vale ... seems to be the same guy as this missing Franklin Vale all right. Detail's been assigned for investigation. I'm going to have a talk with Vale's landlady. She was the last to see him. If you're still interested, meet me there. 229 Sycamore.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT)

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

SGT: Police Headquarters. Sgt. Edwards talking.

WOMAN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I -- I want to talk to someone about a relative of mine ---

SGT: Yes, ma'am. What's the trouble?

WOMAN: I -- I don't know if there's any trouble. Not really. But you know how you get a feeling sometimes...and then, not hearing from him.....

SGT: Not hearing from who?

WOMAN: This relative. He's a cousin. I haven't seen him for a long time --

SGT: How long?

WOMAN: Well, let's see now. It was when he came out to Iowa -- that's where I am .. Iowa .. and he came out for a visit....Christmas it was.

SGT: Christmas? You mean you haven't seen him since Christmas?

WOMAN: Oh, not this Christmas. It was - let's see .. three years ago, he came out. I --

SGT: Lady, look. Let me get this straight. This relative of yours -- he's missing -- you say ... and you haven't seen him for three years?

WOMAN: Oh, he hasn't been missing for three years. That's just the last time I saw him. But he writes every day ... ~~from Kansas City. Every day. Not a long letter, you~~
know.

BIG STORY, 6/17/53

-5B-

REVISED

WOMAN:
(CONTD)

~~Just a line telling me about him, what he's doing.~~
~~He's a nice boy. Not many boys write a letter every day.~~
~~But he did. Until this week.~~ ^{except} This week I haven't gotten
a letter from him at all. Of course, he could be sick...
but I can't help worrying.

SGT:

All right, if you'll just give me the name and --

WOMAN:

I suppose you think I'm just a silly woman, calling
all the way from Iowa, just because I haven't gotten a
letter, but like I said, he used to write every day and--

SGT:

Sure, sure we'll look into it. Just give me the
name and address.

WOMAN:

His name?

SGT:

That's right. His name and address.

WOMAN:

The address is 229 Sycamore. It's a boarding house.
His name is -- Francis Vale.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

SGT:

(FILTER) Okay, DeMott. I said I'd call you if and
when. This looks like it. Just got a call from a
relative of Vale's. Says she hasn't heard from him in
four or five days. She's worried. Looks like there's
something phony all right. Detail's been assigned for
investigation. I'm going to have a talk with Vale's
landlady. She was the last to see him. If you're still
interested, meet me there. 229 Sycamore.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND OUT)

ATX01 0007743

LANDLADY: Sure. Francis Vale. He boards here all right. Haven't seen him in a couple of days, though.

SGT: When was the last time you saw him?

LANDLADY: Let's see ... Friday, it was. I think. Yes, that's right. Friday night.

JOHN: You know he's been missing since then?

LANDLADY: Don't know anything of the sort. Just know Friday was the last I seen him.

SGT: He's missing, all right. Got an inquiry down at headquarters. Relative in Iowa. Says he used to write every day. She hasn't heard from him in five days.

LANDLADY: You think something happened to him?

SGT: We're not thinking, ma'am. Just asking questions.

LANDLADY: Well, it couldn't be anything serious. I mean ... he's just a plain young man. Nice speaking, you know, but -- just plain. No reason to have anything like that happen to him.

JOHN: Like what?

LANDLADY: Like the sort of thing where the police come round.

SGT: You know if he talked to anyone strange the last few days before he disappeared?

LANDLADY: Oh no. Nothing like that. He was just a nice young man, like I told you. Ask Tom Davis down the street. Number 34, he lives. Friend of Vale's. He'll tell you ...

SGT: We'd like to hear what you have to tell us first.

LANDLADY: I don't have nothing to tell. He acted same as always. Came home Friday. Vale, that is. Had a cup of coffee. We talked.

JOHN: About what?

LANDLADY: Just talk. Nothing. About his job.

JOHN: What job?

LANDLADY: In a poultry house. Fresh killed birds. Used to bring me one now and then. He was just an ordinary young man. No reason for anything to happen to him. Came in here, talked ... he'd just been paid ... two weeks salary ...

SGT: Was he carrying it around with him?

LANDLADY: Sure. In his pocket. (THEN) You mean you think --

SGT: Like I said before, lady. We're not doing any thinking. Just asking questions. Thanks. Let's go, ^{De Mott} John.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

JOHN: Is this Vale's car? The one that was towed in?

SGT: This is it. I'll unlock it and we can have a look inside.

(SOUND OF UNLOCKING UNDER)

JOHN: That business the landlady told us about Vale carrying two weeks salary on him ... think robbery's the motive?

SGT: The motive for what?

JOHN: For the love of -- What does it take to convince you cops there's been a murder committed?

SGT: More than we've got so far. Maybe we'll find something here.

JOHN: (EXCITED) I think we will.

SGT: Mmm?

JOHN: Look at ~~the inside of the car~~ ^{those stains}. On the seat. And on the floor. Bloodstains!

SGT: Mmm. Looks like blood, all right.

JOHN: (TRIUMPH) How about it now, Sergeant?

SGT: Remember what the landlady said? Vale worked for a poultry house. Fresh killed birds. Could be chicken blood.

JOHN: (MAD NOW) Sure, sure ... could be chicken blood. And the abandoned car could be a mirage. And the missing guy could be visiting relatives in South Africa. If you want to --

SGT: Hold it. Slow down. I just said it could be. Look, reporter, maybe this is your "missing murder." I'm not saying it's not. I'm just not saying it is. Not yet. Now if we --

JOHN: (CUTS IN) What's that over there ... on the floor?

SGT: Where?

JOHN: Under the seat. It -- (CUTS) A can of baked beans.

SGT: Mashed beans if the dents on the can mean anything.

JOHN: What's a can of baked beans doing in a car?

SGT: Look, I've got enough problems without figuring that one out.

JOHN: But somebody would have heard it if it just rolled out of a bag of groceries....

SGT: Worry about that later. I'm going to lock up.

JOHN: Where are we going now?

SGT: I'm going to question that friend of Vale's the landlady mentioned. Tom Davis.

JOHN: Okay. So am I.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DAVIS: Glad you came by, sergeant. I was just going to get in touch with the police.

SGT: What about, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS: Well, when I heard Vale was missing -- well, you see -- he gave me a lift home that night ... the night he disappeared.

SGT: Did he say where he was going?

DAVIS: No, but -- this is the thing. He was with three other guys. Strangers. I'd never seen them before.

JOHN: Did you catch their names?

DAVIS: They didn't use regular names. Just nicknames.

SGT: Like what?

DAVIS: I -- I don't know for sure. Didn't pay much attention. One was "Slim", I think. And "Kid" ... I think that was another.

SGT: Hoodlum stuff.

JOHN: Huh?

SGT: Typical hoodlum jargon. The kind of names they go in for.

DAVIS: Vale didn't know them. Picked them up in a bar, I think he said.

SGT: Mmm. Mr. Davis ... just on a chance that those three strangers may be criminals with records, would you mind coming down to headquarters? I'd like you to look through our file of criminals at large.

DAVIS: Sure. Why not? I'd know them, if I saw their pictures.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

DAVIS: I know I'd know them if I saw their pictures. But it isn't any of these, here.

SGT: You're sure?

DAVIS: Yes. I'm sure.

JOHN: Well, that brings us right back to where we were before. No place.

DAVIS: You know ... come to think of it -- those men ... they were nice looking fellers. Spoke well ... good clothes ... you know what I mean. I wouldn't guess them to be crooks.

SGT: How long were you with them?

DAVIS: Just long enough for Vale to drive me home. They were in the car with him. I was walking home from the grocery store. Had supplies for the weekend. Lot of stuff. Vale saw me walking, stopped, offered me a hitch.

JOHN: That's all?

DAVIS: Uh-huh. And these fellers were real nice about it. They were all set for an evening on the town, they said. But they dropped me off, and then two of them even helped me carry the groceries into the house. Obliging, you know?

SGT: Mmmmm....

DAVIS: One funny thing, though.

JOHN: What?

DAVIS: Oh, nothing, really. Just one of those crazy things. After they left, I was putting the stuff away. The groceries. And I could have sworn there was one thing missing. Of course, I could have counted wrong, but --

JOHN: (SHARP) What was it?

DAVIS: A can of baked beans. I thought I --

JOHN: The can of beans in Vale's car!

DAVIS: You found it in the car?

SGT: Could it have dropped out, do you think, Mr. Davis?

DAVIS: I don't see how. We were carrying the bags straight. And I would have heard it drop -- a heavy thing like that. One of them must have taken it. (A LITTLE LAUGH) But I don't see why anyone would want to steal a can of beans. I mean, what for?

JOHN: (QUIETLY) I think I know what for.

SGT: ~~You --~~

JOHN: (GRIM) Or maybe I should say ... I'm afraid I know what for. I'm afraid I know exactly why someone would steal a can of baked beans. And exactly ^{why} ~~what~~ they used it ~~for~~.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDCOMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #318

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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.

(SOUND: STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: WHY?

CHAPPELL: Because PELL MELL is the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking - and MILDNESS YOU CAN MEASURE.

ATX01 0007750

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:(CONTD)

CHAPPELL: Measure PELL MELL'S mildness puff-by-puff as the smoke is filtered further through its traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

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: -- INTO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of John DeMott as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: An abandoned car ... a missing man....bloodstains...and a can of baked beans. From these bizarre, unrelated details, you, John DeMott, piece together what you feel sure is the real story ... the story of murder.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

DAVIS: What do you mean, you know *exactly why* [?] ~~what they used it for? Who used what for?~~

JOHN: That can of beans. The one stolen from you, Mr. Davis. The one we found badly dented, in Vale's car. It's compact ... easy to hold ... heavy ... What more could you ask of a murder weapon?

DAVIS: Murder weapon?

JOHN: Doesn't it add up? Three strangers...a man carrying two weeks salary in his pocket .. bloodstains in his car. They drove Vale out to some lonely road, hit him over the head with the can of beans, robbed him, and dumped his body.

SGT: Where?

JOHN: That's what I'm hoping you'll find out, sergeant. Where, and by whom.

SGT: It's not going to be easy ... finding three guys in this town, when all we know is they have nicknames like Slim and Kid.....

JOHN: Suppose I wrote the story?

SGT: What story?

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. STEPS)

MRS.HACKETT: Oh...Amy *Lena*

WOMAN: I just stopped in on my way to market...anything you want?

MRS.H: No, I -- thanks anyway.

WOMAN: Thought you might like -- (CUTS) What's the matter?

MRS.H: Matter?

WOMAN: Joyce Hackett, you look like you'd seen a ghost. What's that you got in your hand?

MRS.H: Nothing....

WOMAN: Something from the morning paper? Looks like that story about the killing.....

MRS.H: No...it's just -- a recipe I tore out.

WOMAN: They don't print recipes with headlines.

MRS.H: *Lena*
Amy, please leave me alone.

WOMAN: Why should that story mean anything to you?

MRS.H: It doesn't mean anything to me.

WOMAN: I see.

MRS.H: You don't see anything.

WOMAN: You going to call the paper?

MRS.H: Why should I?

WOMAN: In that story, they said, if you knew anything that would help...you ought to call the paper.

MRS.H: I don't know anything. *Lena* Amy ... please.....

WOMAN: Listen to me. Joyce Hackett. A man was killed. They said if anybody knew anything.....

MRS.H: How many times do I have to tell you...I don't know anything.

BIG STORY, 6/17/53

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REVISED

WOMAN: I see.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MRS.H: Where -- are you going?

WOMAN: Marketing.

MRS.H: *Leda*
Amy ... you mustn't say anything. You're not going to
say anything, are you?

WOMAN: About what?

MRS.H: About this story. About my finding it.

WOMAN: Finding it?

MRS.H: I --- It doesn't mean anything. *Leda*
Amy, you're not going
to say anything. Are you?

WOMAN: If it doesn't mean anything...what difference does it
make what I say?

(DOOR CLOSE)

MRS.H: *Leda*
Amy, wait. You don't understand. I just....*Leda*
Amy!
(SOFTLY, ALMOST WHIMPERING) Oh, *Leda*
Amy.....please.....
please.....

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE. . .)

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JOHN: Okay. Correction. Suppose my paper prints the facts?
Just the bare facts as we know them. See if we get any
response. Any leads.

SGT: I suppose it's worth a try. ~~We don't have any other~~
~~angle.~~ *on it*

JOHN: It won't be much in the way of news. But it just might
pay off as a sort of - fishing expedition.

SGT: ~~Mmm.~~ Fishing expedition, eh? Okay. I just hope you
hook something. Something like a killer.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

(PHONE RING. PICK UP)

JOHN: DeMott talking.

WOMAN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) I -- I'm calling about that thing
in the paper. That business about the three men the
police are looking for.

JOHN: (EXCITED) Yes ma'am. Do you know them?

WOMAN: Oh, no.

JOHN: Well....?

WOMAN: I don't know them. I don't know anything about them.
I'm not mixed up in this. I don't want you to think --

JOHN: But you said you called about the story.

WOMAN: I did. But I want to make that clear. I don't know
anything about them, or any killing or anything like that.

JOHN: Well, then, why....?

WOMAN: Talk to Mrs. Hackett.

JOHN: Mrs. Hackett?

WOMAN: *Elmhurst Road*
21 Elmhurst Terrace. Just talk to her.

JOHN: What about? How does she fit in? Do you --?

WOMAN:

I'm just doing my duty - that's all
I don't know anything. ~~Not anything.~~ Just -- talk to
Mrs. Hackett, ~~that's all.~~ Just -- talk to her.

(PHONE UP ON FILTER)

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

JOHN: Mrs. Hackett?

MRS. HACKETT: Yes?

JOHN: *My name De Mott - Kansas City Star*
I wonder if you could give me any information? This
story in the morning paper

MRS. H: (CUTS IN. LOW. TERROR) Go away.

JOHN: But I --

MRS. H: Please ... go away! I don't know anything about it.

JOHN: But I got a phone call this morning. They said --

MRS. H: (HIGH PANIC) I don't care what they said! I don't know
anything about it. Please ... ~~don't ask me any more.~~
Please ... just go away. Just leave me alone and go
away. (SHE SOBS)

JOHN: (QUIETLY) I think you know I can't do that.

MRS. H: (PAUSE, THEN DULL) No. You can't, can you? (THEN)
Come in.

JOHN: Thank you.

(STEPS. DOOR CLOSE)

MRS. H: Who called you? Who told you about it?

JOHN: It was a woman. She didn't give her name. And she
didn't tell me about anything. She just said -- to
talk to you.

MRS. H: ~~Who are you?~~

JOHN: A reporter. ~~Kansas City Star.~~

MRS.H: Did you write that story -- about the three men the police are looking for? About the missing man they think was -- murdered?

JOHN:: Yes. What do you know about it, Mrs. Hackett?

MRS.H: I don't know anything about it! Nothing. I didn't know it had happened. Until I found it this morning.

JOHN: Found what?

MRS.H: The story you wrote for the paper. I found it this morning...torn out of the newspaper and stuffed in my mailbox. With -- a message on it.

JOHN: What kind of message?

MRS.H: Here. Look.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER UNFOLDED)

JOHN: That's my story, all right. (THEN) I can't quite make out the writing - the note on it. What is it? "This is why I --" -- what is ^{this} it?

MRS.H: "This is why I left town."

JOHN: Mrs. Hackett, do you recognize this handwriting?

MRS.H: (PAUSE. LOW) Yes.

JOHN: Who was it?

MRS.H: (PAUSE) I have to tell you, don't I?

JOHN: Me -- or the police.

MRS.H: My son wrote it. He's gone now. I don't know where. But he wrote it. (SOBS) It was my son that wrote it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: This is it -- the break you need. Mrs. Hackett gives you a picture of her son, David...and, armed with it, you start making the rounds of the bars along Tavern Row. You ask questions...the same questions, over and over.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

JOHN: Mr. Davis...I'm sorry to bother you again, but I just wanted to talk to you a moment....

DAVIS: Sure thing.

JOHN: You said before that if you saw a picture of any of the men who were with Francis Vale the night he disappeared that you'd recognize them.

DAVIS: That's right.

JOHN: Okay. I just talked to a woman. She gave me this picture of her son. Recognize him?

DAVIS: I ----

JOHN: Take your time. Make sure of it.

DAVIS: It's one of them!

JOHN: Them?

DAVIS: One of the men who was with Vale that night. In the car.

JOHN: Remember his name?

DAVIS: No. He was the youngest -- didn't say much.

JOHN: The name we got was David Hackett. That mean anything to you?

DAVIS: Not the name. Like I say, he didn't talk much and the others didn't call him by name. But I know the face. That's one of the men you're looking for. I'm sure of it.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you can get rolling -- now you have something to go on. You take the picture of David Hackett and, armed with it, you start making the rounds of the bars along Tavern Row. You ask questions ... the same questions, over and over

e1
6/17/53 pm

JOHN: Do you know ~~this~~ ^{the} man in ~~the~~ picture? When did you see him? Who was he with? ~~What were the names of the others?~~

NARR: The men of Tavern Row are a silent, tight lipped band. Answers don't come easily or willingly. But eventually, they come.

VOICE I: Yeah. I saw him. In a bar here about a week ago with three other guys. One of them was that missing one -- Vale. Another was called Slim. Butler, I think his last name was.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

VOICE II: Yeah ... sure, I know that guy. Was around here drinking with a bunch. Slim Butler was another. Then there was one called Carton. Kid Carton.

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: And there you have it. ~~what you need~~. The names of the three men who were last seen with the murdered man. David Hackett, Slim Butler, and Kid Carton. It fits. Even the nicknames fit. So now you have the names of the men. Now all you have to do is - find them. *You gotta see Sgt. Edward at 11:45*

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

SGT.: It's not going to be easy, ~~John~~ ^{DeMott}. Finding them. These aren't amateurs. Not Carton anyway. He's got a record. And he comes by it naturally. His father's doing time in the State Pen. Guys like that know how to hide.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The sergeant is right. It's not easy. The wanted order goes out, but there are no results. Not for a while. But the police know their job and they do it well. And finally, you get the word. All three picked up -- *and put* now another job begins. The hardest job of all.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

SGT: Butler, listen. The sooner you spill the whole story, the easier it'll be for all of us. We know you killed Vale.

BUTLER: Why pick on me? What about the others? Carton...Hackett?

SGT: Hackett is out of this. He left you before you took Vale for a ride. He told us so and there are witnesses to prove it. He was just a kid who got mixed up with a couple of bad drinking pals and got scared out of town.

BUTLER: All right, so Hackett's out of it. I still say why pick on me. Talk to Carton.

SGT: We did.

~~BUTLER: What're you --?~~

SGT: He says he had nothing to do with the killing. He said it was all your idea.

BUTLER: Why the --

SGT: He said you were the one who stole the can of beans. He said you were the one who actually hit Vale on the head with it. He --

BUTLER: (SUDDEN RAGE) Why the lying little --

SGT: (FAST) Didn't you?

BUTLER: No! He did. He planned it. He - (STOPS)

SGT: (QUIETLY) Thanks.

BUTLER: You --Carton didn't say that, did he? It was just a lousy trick to get me to talk, wasn't it? Wasn't it!

SGT: (SOFTLY) Does it matter now?

BUTLER: (PAUSE. THEN) No. It doesn't matter now.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It moves quickly now. Butler is trapped. He knows it, and a confession is easy to get --now..

(MUSIC: HOLD UNDER)

BUTLER: After we'd been drinking together, Carton, Vale and I got back into the car. The kid, Hackett, he'd gone home. We gave Vale a phony address..got him out in the sticks. We hit him over the head with the can of beans.. robbed him. That's all.

SGT: What about the body?

BUTLER: Dumped it into a creek. I can show you.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: He shows you. You stand by the half frozen creek as the police drag out the body of Francis Vale..the missing body which is the last link in the "missing murder". You, John DeMott, can hardly believe that two killers are brought to justice because of little things like two matching police reports..a can of beans..and an anonymous phone call. Little things, but they add up to a --BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
John DeMott, of the Kansas City ^{Missouri} Star with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

GROUP: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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 John DeMott of the Kansas City Star.

DEMOTT: Confessed killer in tonight's BIG STORY pleaded guilty to second degree murder and was sentenced to an indeterminate term in Kansas State Reformatory. Partner was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor ~~in Kansas State Reformatory. Partner was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor in Kansas State Penitentiary.~~ *at the State Penitentiary* Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

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

(MUSIC: __ STING)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen the producers of BIG STORY are going to take a hard-earned summer's rest to return again after 13 weeks at this same time over this same station. Meanwhile, be sure to watch the 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 Gail Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the Kansas City Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Lipton played the part of John De Mott. 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. ^{De Mott} Bourne.

(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.

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6/9/53pm.