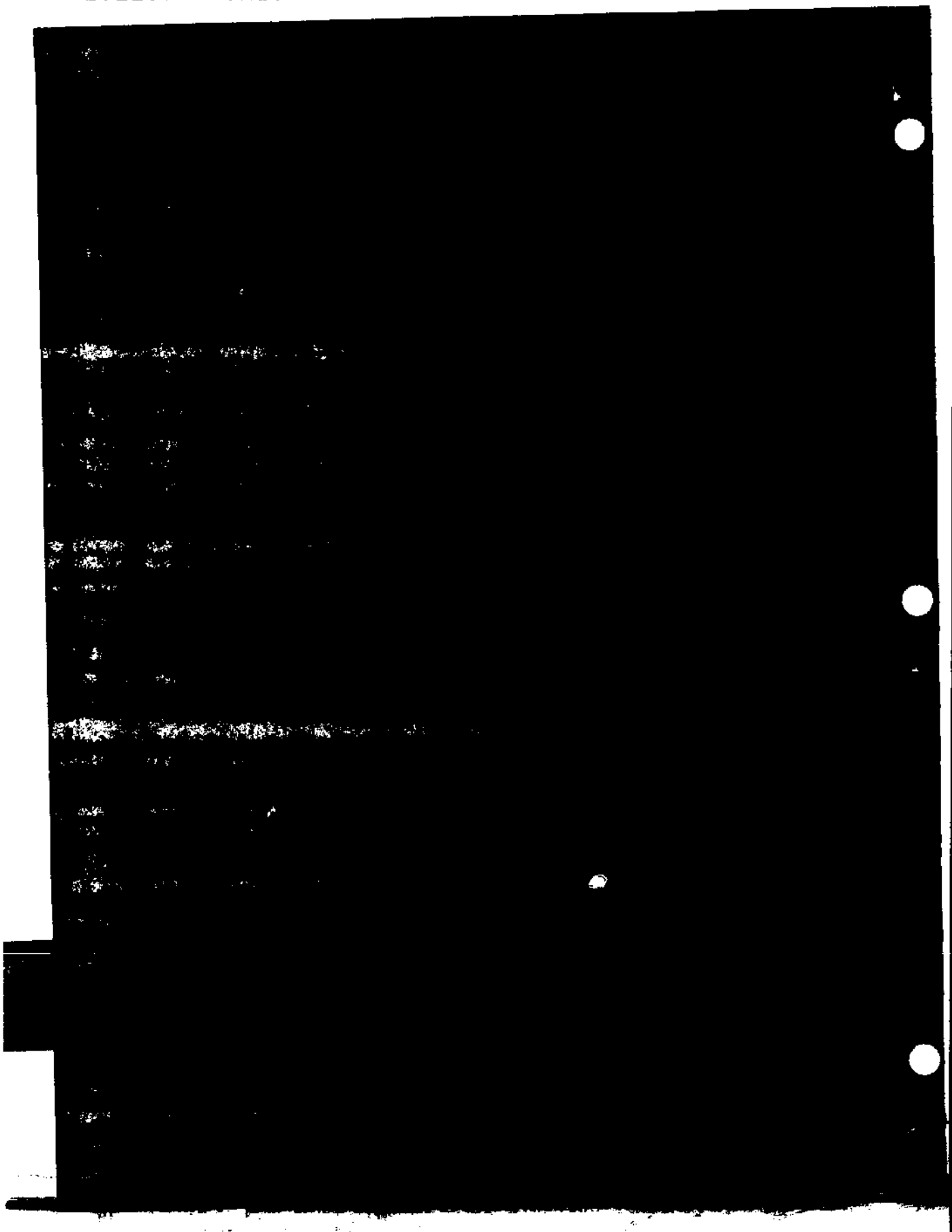


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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #319

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. MORONEY	AGNES YOUNG
JULIA	PEGGY ALLENBY
MARY AGNES	KIPP McCARDLE
MIKE	BILL ZUCKERT
EDAN WRIGHT	BARBARA WEEKS
JIM	WARREN PARKER
MARY	ARNZIE STRICKLAND
EVERETT	BILL LIFTON
DR. KRAUS	WENDELL HOLMES

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1953

01X01 0007768

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE, DOWN AND UNDER)

JULIA: Come on, honey. Come with Julia.

MARY AGNES: (TWO YEAR OLD GIRL) No.

MRS. M.: Mary Agnes...Miss Otis is going to take you to the store.

MARY AGNES: No...no...

MRS. M.: Now, honey...

MARY AGNES: (SCREAMS) No, Mommy, no...

JULIA: I'll just pick her up. She'll be fine once we get going.

MARY AGNES: (IN TEARS, SCREAMING) Mommy! Mommy! I want Mommy!

MRS. M.: (SHARP) Now stop it! Stop that screaming!

JULIA: Don't worry. She'll be fine in a moment. I'll just get her outside.

MARY AGNES: (SHEER TERROR, SCREAMING) No! No! I want Mommy. I want to stay with Mommy.

(HER SCREAMS AND SOBS ARE WIPIED BY:)

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Chicago, Illinois. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Chicago Daily News, the story of a twenty-two year search, and a reporter who dared make a dream come true. Tonight, to Edan Wright, for her BIG STORY goes the FREE MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #319

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL.

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ... THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened --
Edan Wright's story as she lived it.

NARR: This, Edan Wright, is your story because you gave it an
ending. But there was a beginning too --a beginning
in which you played no part. A beginning that happened
twenty-two long years before you made your momentous
contribution. It was a simple beginning --if desperation
can ever be called simple....

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

MIKE: (ANGRY DESPERATION) Why did you do it? What was the point
of doing it?

MRS. M: (DULL, FLAT) The point? How about food, how about clothes
Maybe that's the point.

MIKE: We can make out without help.

MRS. M: Can we? We've tried. ~~You've done everything you could,~~
~~Mike, but there isn't enough work, there isn't enough~~
~~money, there isn't enough anything.~~

MIKE: Okay, ~~what's a social worker going to do for us?~~

MRS. M.: ~~Bring food, maybe some clothes, shoes...~~

MIKE: ~~Charity...~~

MRS. M.: ~~We need it.~~ (THEN) It's not that you don't do all you
can, Mike. But it's not just us to think about. Maybe
if it was just us -- but there's ^{Nary Agnes} the kid...and with
another baby ^{on the way} ~~coming and...~~

MIKE: (GUIS IN) All right! So you told me. I asked what's
the point of a social worker ^{Coming} and you told me. Okay. So
we got a social worker coming.

MRS. M.: What harm can it do? Oh, I know you don't like the idea asking for help, but when we need it...~~what harm can it do?~~ (PAUSE...THEN QUESTIONINGLY) Mike? (HE DOESN'T ANSWER...PLEADINGLY) What harm can it do?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JULIA: And here's a layette for the expected baby, Mrs. Moroney.

Little shirts ...diapers ...and here are two blankets...

MRS. M.: I --After all those things you brought last week. And now this. I--I just don't know what to say.

JULIA: Why say anything? Just tell me where to put the groceries.

MRS. M.: Oh, I'll ~~do that myself. I couldn't put you to such bother~~

JULIA: ~~It's not a bother. It's my job...~~

MRS. M.: Oh, no. ~~I can't have you doing my work for me too...not after all you've done for us. Besides... (A LITTLE LAUGH) I kind of like to put the food away myself...seeing it up there on the shelf, I--~~

MARY A: (OFF...A WAIL...THEN TEARFULLY) Mo-m-m-y.

JULIA: Is that your little girl?

MRS. M.: Yes. (GOING TO HER) What is it, darling? Mommy's coming.

MARY A: (COMING ON) Mommy...

MRS. M.: What is it, honey?

MARY A: I fell down. (SHE CRIES)

JULIA: Is she all right?

MRS. M.: Shhh, honey. Let Mommy see. (PAUSE, THEN) Is that all that happened? Just that tiny scratch? ~~Want Mommy to kiss it?~~

MARY A: (SNIFFLES) Yes.

MRS. M.: (DOES SO) There...Better?

MARY A: Yes. But I fell down.

MRS. M.: I know.

JULIA: Is she all right?

MRS. M.: Oh my, yes. Just another tumble.

JULIA: I'd like to just hug her. She looks like a little angel.

MRS. M.: (LAUGHS) A dirty little angel.

JULIA: (A STRANGE, ALMOST INTENT NOTE IN HER VOICE) I envy you, Mrs. Moroney. A beautiful little girl like that.

MRS. M.: Don't you have any children? (THEN, A LITTLE LAUGH) Oh, no, it's Miss Otis, isn't it?

JULIA: Yes. (THEN, THE STRANGE, PERSISTENT NOTE AGAIN) She probably keeps falling down because she trips over those overalls.

MARY A: ~~Pants-too-long.~~

MRS. M.: I ~~KNOW~~, honey. (TO JULIA) The woman next door gave them to me. They were her little boy's.

JULIA: It's not right for a pretty little girl like that to wear boy's ~~left-over~~ ^{hand me down} overalls.

MRS. M.: Oh, well...

JULIA: (ALMOST SING-SONG, DREAMLIKE) A pretty little girl like that should have a pretty little dress. (TO CHILD) ~~Would you like a pretty little dress, darling?~~

MARY A: ~~Dress? Pretty dress?~~

JULIA: (SUDDENLY) ~~Let me take her!~~

MRS. M.: ~~What?~~

JULIA: Let me take her to the store and buy her a dress. Something fresh and new just for her.

MRS. M.: Oh, I couldn't. I --

JULIA: Please. I want to. (~~EXCITED NOW~~) ~~Blue maybe. Fair blue.~~
~~Think how she'd look in it.~~

MRS. M.: ~~I couldn't.~~ You've done so much for us already.

JULIA: This isn't for you, it's for me. Please. Please,
Mrs. Moroney...

MRS. M.: Well, ~~if you really want to.~~ I mean...

JULIA: (ELATED) Come on, honey. Come with Julia...

MARY A: No.

MRS. M.: Mary Agnes...Miss Otis is going to take you to the store..

MARY A: No! ~~NO!~~

MRS. M.: Now, honey...

MARY A: No, Mommy, no...

JULIA: I'll just pick her up...she'll be fine once we get going.

MARY A: (IN TEARS, SCREAMING) Mommy...Mommy...I want Mommy ...

MRS. M.: (SHARP) Now stop it! Stop that screaming...

JULIA: Don't you worry ... she'll be fine in a moment. I'll just
get her outside...

MRS. M.: I'm sorry she's making such a fuss...(SHARP) Honey, be
quiet! Stop that nonsense and let go of me...

JULIA: I've got her...

MARY A: (SOBBING) Mommy ..Mommy ...I want to stay with Mommy!

(MUSIC: ... WIPE AND BRIDGE INTO)

(DOOR CLOSING)

MRS. M.: (SHARP) Who is it?

MIKE: Me. Mike.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. M.: (FRANTIC) Mike, did you see Mary Agnes on your way home?

MIKE: See Her? No. Where is she?

MRS. M.: (BURSTS INTO TEARS) Oh, Mike ...Mike...

MIKE: Hey, what is it?

MRS. M.: The social worker...Miss Otis ... she took Mary Agnes out to buy her a new dress...

MIKE: Well?

MRS. M.: Mike, that was four hours ago. They're not back. I've been going crazy...I went down to the stores, I--

MIKE: Now, just take it easy..

MRS. M.: But it's four hours, Mike. (THEN) She was crying when she went. She didn't want to go but I made her. I scolded her and told her to stop crying. Mike, if anything's happened....

MIKE: Nothing's happened.

(FOOTSTEPS)

MRS. M.: Where are you going?

MIKE: Phone in the hall.

(HER STEPS JOIN HIS)

MIKE: I'll call the social agency. Maybe the woman came here when you were downtown, maybe she didn't want to leave the kid alone so she took her down there to the agency...

MRS. M.: I didn't think of that. Here's the number...on this paper.

(MORE STEPS)

MIKE: Or maybe she dropped the kid someplace. Anyway, the agency may know where the woman is, this --

MRS. M.: Miss Otis. Julia Otis.

MIKE: Okay.

(COIN IN SLOT. DIALING)

MRS. M.: (OVER SOUND) Mike, she was crying so hard when she went. She kept crying and hanging on to me and I scolded her and-

MIKE: (INTO PHONE) Hello...Welfare Agency? Let me talk to Miss Otis....Otis.

MRS. M.: Julia Otis.

MIKE: Yeah. Julia Otis. (PAUSE) Well, she works there. She's one of the workers. (PAUSE) What? (PAUSE) No, I... (PAUSE) That's right. Otis. (PAUSE) I --I see. Okay...No, thanks. Goodbye.

(PHONE UP)

MRS. M.: (QUIETLY) What is it, Mike?

MIKE: Maybe they're still downtown. I could take a run down and --

MRS. M.: What is it, Mike?

MIKE: The stores are still open. Maybe they just --

MRS. M.: (HIGHER) What is it, Mike? What did they tell you?

MIKE: After all, there are a lot of stores and --

MRS. M.: (HIGH, HYSTERICAL) Mike, what is it? What did they tell you?

MIKE: (PAUSE...THEN) There --there isn't nobody by that name at the agency. They never heard of any --Julia Otis.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: That's the beginning. The beginning that happened twenty-two years ago. There was a police search...there were phone calls, clues...tips...but none of them meant anything. For, in the end, there was nothing. Nothing except the memory of a tearstained little girl, screaming for her mother...and a mysterious woman who took her away ...and never brought her back. Twenty-two years ago. Long before you, Edan Wright, were a reporter. Long before you came across the case --the unsolved case --in the recesses of your newspaper's morgue...'

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

JIM: What's up, Edan? You've been shooing around in the files for two days now.

EDAN: Sunday feature, Jim. Research. I'm digging up a lot of unsolved missing person's stuff.

JIM: ~~You mean... It was a dark, dismal day in 1917 when lanky Joe Blow walked out of his house to buy a newspaper. Thirty years later, his distraught wife called the police. Joe is gone! she sobbed. I don't think he'll be back.~~

~~HOOPER!~~

EDAN: ~~Look, you write your stories, I'll write mine.~~

JIM: ~~Got some nice juicy unsolved disappearances?~~

EDAN: Uh-huh. One pip. Remember the Moroney case?

JIM: Nope.

EDAN: Woman masquerading as a social worker disappeared with a little girl. Sure, you remember.

JIM: When?

EDAN: Twenty two years ago.

JIM: Hey, what do you mean, remember? How old do I look?

EDAN: Old enough. (THEN) They never found any trace of the child.

JIM: Okay, what are you waiting for? Find her. Solve the case. Win yourself an award.

EDAN: My dear friend, the police tried ...people phoned in tips --everybody in the state was alerted. Total score: goose-egg. I should solve the case?

JIM: Edan, that's not the right attitude. Remember the standards of journalism --remember the old do or die spirit --remember...
I'm just going to write you about it

EDAN: (CUTS IN) Remember that I've got work to do and so have you. Beat it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all it is to you in the beginning. Work. Work that you want to do well and conscientiously. That means a trip to the Moroney home to interview the principals in this almost-forgotten, unsolved disappearance case...

(MUSIC: OUT)

Edan: Please... I should have the agency do find out about the wounds, miss Wright. I was my fault.
MRS. M.: I suppose it seems wrong to you, Miss Wright. I mean...

my still feeling so bad about it.

EDAN: You have other children, Mrs. Moroney?

MRS. M.: Seven. And I love them...I love every one of them. But Mary Agnes was the first. She --(SHE STOPS)

EDAN: I didn't mean to upset you, talking about it --

MRS. M.: She was crying when she left. She didn't want to go. I scolded her. I said, "Mary Agnes, you stop that. Stop that fussing." But she kept crying and hanging on to me and I just pushed her away and --(STOPS, FIGHTS BACK TEARS...THEN) Even after all this time, I keep remembering how she was crying.

EDAN: There was never any word?

MRS. M.: A letter. We got one letter from that --Miss Otis, she called herself. She said Mary Agnes was with her in California and she was all right. But they never found her. (THEN) I have a picture. Do you want to see it?

EDAN: I'd like to.

MRS. M.: It's just a snapshot. ~~We didn't have any big ones taken. We were going to but --~~

EDAN: (SEEING THE PICTURE) Oh, she was a darling child.

MRS. M.: Here's the rest of the family...my husband...and the other children...

EDAN: (AMAZED) Why ---they all look alike.

MRS. M.: My husband says you can tell a Moroney anywhere.

EDAN: I've never seen anything like it! All of them. As if they were stamped out with a cookie cutter. ~~The same smile, the same shaped face~~ (THEN) Mrs. Moroney, with this resemblance, I don't see why --(SHE STOPS)

MRS. M.: What?

EDAN: (A PAUSE...THEN) Nothing, really. Just an idea.

MRS. M.: But you started to say --

EDAN: I--I was just thinking out loud. It's nothing, really, just -- just a crazy idea.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You can't say anything to the mother...anything that might stir up old hopes...old pain. But the idea is there -- and you can't shake it...

EDAN: The whole family looks so much alike --that fantastic resemblance. I can't help thinking that the missing girl -- if she is living --well, she must look just like them too.

NARR: It's such a wild theory...~~such a once-in-a-lifetime chance.~~ Hardly worth thinking about...

EDAN: But I can't help thinking about it. I can't help thinking that if we ran a picture of the Moroney family, ~~with an appeal to any woman of the same age Mary Agnes would be now, who didn't know her exact background.~~ why wouldn't it work?

NARR: How could it work? This hasn't been a neglected case. So many agencies, people have tried to locate the girl... tried for twenty-two years.

EDAN: It's worth a chance, though. Run the picture of the family...see that the California papers run it --Mary Agnes is supposed to have been taken to California. She just might see it ... anything is worth a chance, isn't it?

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(NEWSPAPER RATTLE. CLINK OF CHINA)

MARY: More coffee, hon?

EVERETT: (ABSENTLY) Mmm. Thanks.

MARY: (AMUSED) Thanks, what?

EVERETT: Huh? What did you say?

MARY: (LAUGHS) I said, "More coffee?" But if I'd said "More arsenic?" you probably still would have said yes thanks. You haven't heard a word I've said this morning. What's so fascinating in the paper?

EVERETT: Oh, weather report. Clear today.

MARY: California weather is always clear. Remember? That's not news, it's law.

EVERETT: Oh, there's other stuff. I--(THEN, SUDDENLY) For the love of Pete!

MARY: Don't tell me. The Giants ^{won} ~~lost~~.

EVERETT: (EXCITED) Did you see this picture? Of this family?

MARY: How could I see anything when you've had the paper ~~since~~ it came?

EVERETT: Mary, look at it! Just look at it!

MARY: What's the matter? You're so --

EVERETT: Just look at it! Seven people. Brothers and sisters. They all look alike. Almost exactly alike. And every one of them looks just like you!

(MUSIC: ... TAG)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #319

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5.

HARRICK: (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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

ATX01 0007782

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tabacco filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy 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 Edan Wright, as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It's such a wild chance, Edan Wright. That a picture of a family and an appeal could possibly bring forth any news in a case over twenty years old. But, you take that chance...and then...when nothing happens, you forget it -- forget it for a while. Forget it until the day your phone rings with a call from California...

(MUSIC: OUT)

EVERETT: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Maybe it's foolish, Miss Wright, calling all the way from California...but I just can't get over the resemblance. Particularly that one Moroney sister. She's the spitting image of my wife.

EDAN: (EXCITED) Mr. McClelland, does your wife know anything about her background? Does she --

EVERETT: Well, that's just the thing...why it seems funny getting this excited. So far as Mary knows, she was born right here in California. At least that's what the people who adopted her thought.

EDAN: But then, she was adopted! She doesn't know her real parents?

EVERETT: That's right. Thing is, there aren't any records. The adoption paper's lost. And Mary's adopted parents don't know where she came from or -- (THEN) But she looks just like that family, Miss Wright. Just exactly like them.

EDAN: That's enough to go on, Mr. McClelland. It's enough to start us looking for facts.

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

JIM: ~~But how are you going to find any facts, Edan? And what facts?~~

EDAN: Jim, there must be a way of proving if this girl is related to the Moroneys...blood tests, records, something.

JIM: Edan, look, before, when I told you to go ahead and tackle this case, I was only kidding, remember?

EDAN: But--

JIM: But nothing. This isn't a job for you. Remember, there isn't any way to just go to the records and check...

EDAN: I know.

JIM: This wasn't just a simple case of disappearance -- it was a kidnapping -- a criminal offense...

EDAN: I know.

JIM: The people involved must have made darn sure they covered their tracks...

EDAN: I know.

JIM: All right. So what are you going to do?

EDAN: Try and get the facts anyway. What did you think?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~The job is staggering. There's so little to go on -- so much that must be proved. And meddling in other people's lives is a tricky business, Edan Wright, and you know it. You move carefully...cautiously. At first, it's a question of matching facts -- what known facts there are:~~
Facts look for facts/pink

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER, SHORT)

MRS. M: It's so hard to remember...it's been so many years. ~~Little things--you forget little things.~~ ^{Ed's Pic} Only--Mary Agnes--~~she~~ was left-handed. I remember that. She was real left-handed.

(MUSIC: UP STING UNDER)

MARY: (FILTER) ^{Why yes} ~~Funny you should ask me that, Miss Wright. I've~~
^{I'm} ~~always been lefthanded. Can't do anything with my right~~
~~hand, hardly at all.~~ ^{very left-handed}

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

MRS. M: She was a big-headed child, Mary Agnes was. All the children are. ~~Big heads, from the time they were born.~~

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

MARY: (FILTER) My head's awfully big...bigger than most people my size, ~~that is. My husband always kids me about it. Says he doesn't ever have to worry about my getting a swelled head. I've got it already.~~

(MUSIC: SHORT ACCENT AND UNDER)

MRS. M: Mary Agnes had a ~~little~~ mole...it was under her arm... ~~None of the other children ever had anything like it, but I remember. She used to fuss when she had her bath if I rubbed it too hard.~~

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

MARY: (FILTER) ~~I never even knew it until I got your letter, Miss Wright. Funny, not noticing it. But I have this mole, right under my arm.~~ ^{I'd have a mole Miss Wright it's under my arm}

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

MARK: Facts...facts...But it's not enough. Not enough to say to a young woman: this stranger is your mother. Not enough to say to a heartbroken mother: this ^{stranger} ~~grown woman~~ is your child. So you know you must start finding more facts, Edan Wright. Provable facts...things like fingerprints... footprints...

(MUSIC: OUT)

JIM: What about the prints, Edan? Did you do anything about getting any?

EDAN: (WEARY) Do anything? Sure, I did something, Jim. I went to the hospital. I checked on the birth record of Mary Agnes Moroney. Missing. I asked if I could make a personal search. No dice. I went to an accredited welfare agency -- asked them if they'd make a search. They said okay. Then I talked the hospital into opening the files to them. After three days of looking, they found the record.

JIM: Good enough!

EDAN: Correction. Not good enough. The footprints were there all right. I sent them and a copy of Mary McClelland's prints to the FBI for comparison. I got them back by return mail. The prints on the hospital chart were too blurred to do anything with them.

JIM: What now?

EDAN: (SHRUGS) Keep on trying. Something. Anything.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Fingerprints. There must be fingerprints somewhere. Prints clear enough for a comparison...

EDAN: How about books, Mrs. Moroney? Books your little girl had as a baby? ~~I could send them to the police lab.~~ There might still be some distinguishable finger prints on the pages.

NARR: But there aren't.

EDAN: Then how about toys? Dolls? ~~Some shiny plaything that might hold an impression?~~

NARR: Nothing. Nothing at all.

EDAN: (DEFIANT) All right! So there's nothing here -- nothing I can find. Suppose I go out to California...talk to Mary McClelland in person....~~check around the neighborhood...~~ ask questions? I ought to be able to get some kind of answers. It can't be a blind alley all the way.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

MARY: (SIGHS) It seems like a blind alley to me, Miss Wright. I've tried so hard to remember...but there's just nothing to remember. The people who adopted me...I've asked them and asked them. They don't know anything except that they adopted me. ~~The papers all seemed in order...~~

EDAN: ~~You don't ever remember any life but your life with them, Mary? Here in California?~~

MARY: ~~How could I? If I...if it was me...I was only two when I came here...how could I remember?~~ (THEN) It seems so impossible, Miss Wright. I mean, to prove anything.

EDAN: (QUIETLY) Are you trying to tell me something, Mary?

MARY: What?

EDAN: Would you rather -- it wasn't proved?

MARY: I ---

EDAN: ~~You have your own life. Your husband is successful. You're happy.~~ The Moroneys are -- plain people. They're not rich.

MARY: Do you think that makes any difference? Do you think I care what they have -- what they can offer?...Care anything except -- is it my family? (THEN) But I want to know that. I have to know that -- for sure. I can't give Mrs. Moroney the -- the love I want to -- unless I'm sure.

(MORE)

MARY: I want to know who's my mother, not a stranger. I can't
(CONT'D) give that kind of love to a stranger.

EDAN: (A PAUSE. THEN) Okay.

MARY: What?

EDAN: (SIMPLY) We'll have to find out for sure. And that means more than just the kind of questions I've been asking. We'll have to get really scientific about it. Blood tests, examinations...the works. Shall I go ahead?

MARY: (SOFTLY) Yes, please. Go ahead.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

EDAN: I have a report here, Jim. From Dr. Harold Cummins...he's the big expert on fingerprint identification at Tulane. I sent him the McClelland prints and those of the whole Moroney family. They all have palm and fingerprint characteristics in common -- including Mary McClelland.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

JIM: Here's another report sent in by Edan Wright, chief. She had the McClelland girl put through a complete anthropological examination and analysis. According to the experts, the physical characteristics of the Moroneys are the same as those of Mary McClelland. ~~It is not proof...~~ but it helps. It fits.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

EDAN: Blood test report's in. Same general analysis on both the Moroney family and Mary McClelland.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The pile of evidence grows. But still, it's ~~just evidence~~.
Nothing conclusive ..not really conclusive. And then, you,
Edan Wright, confer with another expert ..and get some
startling news.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND~~ OUT)

EDAN: Do you really mean it, Doctor Kraus? That the
characteristics in teeth are inherited?

DR KRAUS: It's a very new theory, Miss Wright. ~~But I've been doing~~
~~research on genetics in teeth for years.~~ To my mind, I
But think it's a science which can be as reliable and useful
as fingerprinting.

EDAN: Do you want to examine Mary McClelland's teeth, and the
Moroneys? I mean -- would you?

DR KRAUS: I think I can do better than that, Miss Wright. ~~This is~~
~~a real test case.~~ If you'll send me casts of the whole
Moroney family's teeth, I'll study them --analyse them.
Then, if you'll send me the casts of the teeth of about
~~two~~³ dozen unidentified women, Mary McClelland's among
them -- without any markings ...I'll try to pick out the
McClelland'cast from the group. If -- and I say if --she's
really a member of the Moroney family, I'll be able to
spot her cast.

EDAN: That would really be proof, wouldn't it?

DR KRAUS: In my opinion, it would be definite proof.

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND~~ UNDER)

NARR: This is it. This is the chance you've been looking for, Edan Wright. You waste no time. Casts of the teeth of all members of the Moroney family are sent to Dr Kraus at the University of Arizona. He studies them. And then ..more casts are sent. Numbered casts ...of ³⁶seventeen unidentified women, all Mary McClelland's age and type ..and an ³⁷eighteenth cast: Mary McClelland's. The day comes. Dr Kraus examines the casts. You, Edan Wright, watch. The tension presses down like a visible fog. The room is quiet except for the slight sound of the doctor's footsteps ..and then gentle clink as he picks up and discards cast after cast..

(MUSIC: .. OUT)

DR KRAUS: Number sixteen. No. No similar characteristics. (PAUSE) Number thirteen. Out. (PAUSE) Number ²⁹nine and ³⁰ten. Discard. (PAUSE) ~~Number seven.~~ No. (PAUSE. THEN) Number five. (PAUSE) This is it. Positively and without a doubt.

EDAN: (ANXIOUS) Dr Kraus...

DR KRAUS: ~~This is the only cast that bears any resemblance to the Moroney characteristics. It's identical in many respects.~~

EDAN: ~~You're...you're sure?~~

DR KRAUS: Positive. The woman to whom this cast belongs is a member of the Moroney family. Do you have a list of the cast numbers with names attached, Miss Wright?

EDAN: In this sealed envelope. It was sealed before the casts were sent to you.

DR KRAUS: Want to open it now and look?

EDAN: Yes, I ---(SHE BREAKS OFF)

(SOUND OF ENVELOPE BEING TORN OPEN, PAPER TAKEN OUT)

EDAN: You picked --number five, doctor?

DR KRAUS: That's right. What's the name on cast number five?

EDAN: (A PAUSE. THEN) Number five. Mary McClelland.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all. All that is needed. Mary McClelland is established beyond doubt as the long missing Mary Agnes Moroney. ~~The tests have taken time...money...heartache... But they are over...And they have given the proof~~ But to you, Edan Wright, even the tests are not the real...the final proof. The final proof comes a week later ..in the offices of your own paper. It has nothing to do with logic or science. It's the proof that comes when two women meet.

(MUSIC: OUT)

EDAN: Would you sit down, Mrs. Moroney? She'll be right in.

MRS. M: I -- I just can't. I --

EDAN: Please. Just sit down. It's going to be all right.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENED)

EDAN: (GENTLY) Would you come in, please? Mrs. Moroney is here.

MARY: (LOW) Thank you.

(FOOTSTEPS COME ON. STOP. A LONG PAUSE. THEN)

MARY: (SOFTLY, FIGHTING BACK TEARS) Hi -- Mom.

MRS. M: (A PAUSE. THEN) Mary, Mary Agnes. (THEN, STRONGER, WITH COMPLETE SURENESS) Oh, Mary...it's been so long.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: They go to each other. There are no more words. There
~~den't have to be.~~ *not needed* There are no more tests. There ~~don't~~
not needed ~~need to be.~~ Because, now...seeing them together, the tests
don't matter anyway. Now you know, Edan Wright. And so
do they.

(MUSIC: UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Edan
Wright of the Chicago Daily News with the final outcome of
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MUSIC: FORNABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #319

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL.

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Edan Wright of the Chicago Daily News.

WRIGHT: While actual kidnapper in tonight's case was never found, identity of lost child was established without doubt. Subsequent examination showed Mary McClelland to have scars from operation needed by Mary Agnes. Joy of both families made this a most exciting case to work on. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

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

(MUSIC: STING)

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the front-pages of the Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph by-line Joseph P. Browne. The Big Story of a reporter who brought a murderer back from the dead.

(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 pages of the Chicago Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Barbara Weeks played the part of Edan Wright. ~~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 Wright.~~ *all used were the actual names of the people involved*

(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.~~

betty - ellen

THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #320

CAST

NARRATOR. BOB SLOANE
JOE BROWN. NELSON OLMSTEAD
LOUISE MARY PATTON
LIEUT. KHUGER. CAMERON PRUDHOMME
ANN, MADELINE SHERWOOD
ALEX. MICHAEL O'DAY
MACE THOMPSON, MICHAEL O'DAY
FRED. BILL GRIFFIS
TOM. BILL GRIFFIS
MR. MILLER. CARL EMORY
ANDY MILLER. BERNIE GRANT

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1953

THE BIG STORY

(Joseph P. Browne, Pittsburgh, Pa, Sun-Telegraph)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...THEN OUT)

NARR: It was night.

(MUTED NIGHT SOUNDS...~~A-CAR HORN FAR OFF~~)

NARR: At four nineteen Dumar Avenue the front door was opened.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~A woman named Louise Miller came out. She was twenty
six. Pretty.~~

LOUISE: (JUST OFF) I'd stay longer, Jean but I want to get
these comic books home to Roy. He won't go to sleep 'til
he reads them. Good night.

NARR: The door closed and she came down the steps.

(DOOR CLOSES AND SHE COMES DOWN THE STEPS AND
CONTINUES WALKING ON THE PAVEMENT)

NARR: (AFTER WALKING HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED) She turned left on
Bixby Street. (SLIGHT BEAT AS SHE WALKS) There were
few people out. (MORE WALKING) She walked quickly...
anxious to get home to her small son. As she passed the
white frame building at ninety three Bixby...a man
sitting in a parked car lowered the front window.
(SLIGHT BEAT) ~~Nine~~ seconds later there was a twelve
gauge shotgun aimed at ~~Louise Miller's~~ ^{her} back. And then...

(THE SHOTGUN BLAST ROARS TWICE, ECHOES SLIGHTLY.
THEN THE CAR STARTS...SHIFTS INTO GEAR AND HURRIES
AWAY AS THE SHOUTS AND STEPS OF PEOPLE BEGIN
DRIFTING ON).

ALEX: (FAR OFF) Those were shots.

FRED: (FAR OFF) Someone's lying on the sidewalk.

(OTHER SHOUTS DRIFT UP BUT WE HEAR THE HEAVY
BREATHING OF LOUISE...AND THE MUFFLED SOBS.)

LOUISE: (JUST AUDIBLE) Help me...somebody...my boy...I have to
get home to my boy.

(MUSIC: BUILDS IN...THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
From the pages of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, the story
of a reporter who brought a murderer...back from the dead.
Tonight, to Joseph P. Browne, for his Big Story, goes
the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #320

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL.

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's longer -- and finer, too -- the finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

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CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL, Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Joseph P. Browne's story, as he lived it.

NARR: You were in the office when the call came. A woman had been shot. The address, ninety three Hixby in the nearby town of Jeanette. That's all. No details. That was 15 minutes ago. Now...you're only a few blocks away.

(SNEAK IN SOUND OF CAR RIDING)

And ... you wonder. Who is she? Who shot her? Why? The old questions, for a news story. Well, get ready to ask them, Joe Browne, for that's the place, straight ahead. There, with the small group of people on the sidewalk.

(CAR RIDES FEW MORE SECONDS THEN PULLS UP. CAR DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES) (MURMUR OF VOICES H.G. AS HE WALKS UP TO THEM)

JOE: What happened here? Anyone know?

(THE MURMUR STOPS SUDDENLY)

NARR: It's like someone pushed a button. Suddenly, it's quiet. And everyone...just looking at you.

JOE: I'm from the Sun-Telegraph. I'd appreciate some information. (SLIGHT BEAT) Have the police been here. (SLIGHT BEAT) Where's the woman who was shot?

NARR: (PUZZLED) Why don't they talk to you. What's the matter with these people anyway?

ALEX: Mister.

JOE: (QUICKLY) Yes, son.

ALEX: She was lying on the sidewalk. Right there. The police took her to Memorial hospital.

FRED: Alex.

ALEX: I was just telling him what happened, Fred.

FRED: (WARNING) He's from a newspaper.

JOE: What's the woman's name.

ALEX: She lives just around the corner. It's....

FRED: Alex, shut your mouth.

JOE: He's just giving me her name.

FRED: Find it out for yourself.

JOE: What's so terrible about asking for a person's name.

FRED: You don't need it from us.

JOE: Anyone else here know it.

ALEX: Fred, we ought to tell him. Just her name, that's all.

FRED: I told you to shut up.

JOE: Your friend saw something. He was a witness. That it?

FRED: He saw nothing...nothing...

JOE: Then why won't you let him talk? What are you afraid of?

FRED: (ALMOST A PLEA) It was Louise Miller who was shot. Now do you understand.

JOE: No.

FRED: Alex, I said we shouldn't stay here. We're going home now.

JOE: Look, if your friend did see anything...

FRED: I told you he didn't. (PLEADING) (WITH URGENCY) Don't mix us up in this. Please. ~~A young woman like that.~~ ~~With a child.~~ The man who did this thing. Crazy. And he's still running around and he's still got a gun.

JOE: Who's the man. (LOUDER) Does anyone know who he is?

ALEX: Fred, let go of my arm.

FRED: We're going home.

NARR: Turn to the others. See what they know. But they're just like these people trying desperately not to become involved. Why are they so frightened? ~~Did anyone have see the actual shooting.~~ Do they know the man with the gun?

ALEX: (BEHIND) It's not right, Fred.

FRED: I'll decide what's right. You hear me. I said home. (FADING) This is none of our business. They have police for these things.

JOE: Can any of you people help me? (SLIGHT BEAT) Did anyone see what the man looked like? (ANGRY) Somebody must have seen something. Why are you all ~~running~~ ^{going} away.

NARR: Too late, Joe Browne. They're out of reach. But at least they left you something. Her name. Louise Miller. Go see her. She's at the hospital. Hurry.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(ELEVATOR GOING UP...STOPS...DOORS OPEN. JOE STEPS OUT, COMES DOWN HALL...STOPS...)

JOE: (HUSHED BY THE HOSPITAL) Lieutenant Kruger.

LIEUT: Yeah. Oh, hello, Joe.

JOE: How is she.

LIEUT: No chance.

JOE: Any leads.

LIEUT: Hoping ~~I can~~ ^{she'll be able to} talk to her. (SLIGHT BEAT) She's got a kid. Five years old.

JOE: Where's the father.

LIEUT: Mrs. Miller was divorced. (SLIGHT BEAT) You talk to the people in the neighborhood.

JOE: Yeah. A one sided conversation.

LIEUT: They know who it is all right. But a small place like that...they all climb into a shell. No outsiders allowed.

JOE: This is even more.

LIEUT: Yeah?

JOE: They're scared of the guy who did it. Scared they'll be next.

LIEUT: In the back, Joe. He shot her in the back. (SLIGHT BEAT) Let's go inside.

(THEY OPEN DOOR...CLOSE IT QUIETLY. THEIR APPROACHING THE BED IS SHOWN BY LOUISE'S LABORED BREATHING FADING ON. WE LISTEN TO IT A MOMENT)

NARR: (THE FIGHT FOR LIFE HEARD BEHIND) The face of a young woman. But she's dying. Why do you look at her? Can you help her. What can you do to hold back the next few minutes

(SNEAK IN THE GENTLE TICKING OF A CLOCK)

Who's the man? (ANGRY) Bring him here! This is where he belongs. Make him stand here...see her face. And ^{Mary, dies} these ~~people in the street;~~ they... (SUDDENLY CUTS OFF AS)

Joe!
LIEUT:

(LOW BUT ALARM) *Joe. She never call him*

(THE BREATHING IS LOW AND AS WE LISTEN...IT FADES OUT. ~~THE TICKING ALSO STOPS.~~ AFTER A SHORT BEAT THERE ARE SLOW STEPS TO THE DOOR. IT OPENS)

JOE: Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yeah.

JOE: Where you going?

LIEUT: Her place. See the boy. She was bringing him this package.

JOE: What's in it?

LIEUT: Comic books.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

JOE: I know this is a bad time to come to your house, Miss Edwards but if you could spare me a minute.

ANN: What can I tell you. My father and mother, they're inside crying about my sister. What do you want me to say, Mr. Browne?

JOE: I had to see you? Nobody else will talk to me.

ANN: She had a birthday last week. Here. In our house.

JOE: Miss Edwards...

ANN: We all chipped in. Gave her a new dress. Sequins on it (SLIGHT BEAT) You know how old she was?

JOE: Yes.

ANN: Why can't I cry. (SLIGHT BEAT) I want to. Why can't I?

JOE: Miss Edwards...have you any idea who did it?

ANN: All her clothes are here. Soon as she got a new place, she was going to take them. Maybe something in the country. For her and ^{little} Roy.

JOE: Your sister was divorced. Is that right?

ANN: (ALERT TO HIM NOW) Who told you that?

JOE: The police.

ANN: Mr. Browne, I can't talk to you now. I want to go inside.

JOE: When did it happen? The divorce.

ANN: A few months ago. Please. You have to excuse me.

JOE: Her husband's name. Just tell me that.

ANN: Andy.

JOE: Why did your sister divorce him.

ANN: You said that was all. What are you asking me more questions for.

JOS: Miss Edwards, I'm trying to help. But everyone turns away from me. Now...even you.

ANN: I don't want to think about anything. How can I?

JOE: Where do I find Andy Miller?

ANN: I don't know.

JOE: But you must know where he lives?

ANN: (WITH A LITTLE TENSION) Why? He's nothing to ~~me~~ ^{us} anymore.

^{we} I want nothing to do with him. You got no right bothering me anymore. I told you. Please go away.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND BOUNCE TO~~ ^{I A With})

(THE NIGHT STREET SOUNDS AS IN THE VIGNETTE)

(ESTABLISH) (HE IS WALKING)

NARR: Walk the neighborhood, Joe Browne. Keep looking... asking your questions. But their doors are closed... their blinds drawn. All is darkness...stillness. But add up the little you've managed to find. They're all afraid of the murderer...And the dead woman's sister... she's afraid of the husband. Andy Miller. Are they the same man? Where is he? Why didn't he come to the hospital?

(HE STOPS AND FROM FAR OFF...THERE COMES THE STEPS OF ANOTHER MAN)

Wait a minute...Listen...(WE LISTEN TO THE STEPS) Someone on the other side of the street. He's been following you. Make sure, go on ... make sure.

(HE BEGINS WALKING FASTER AND STEPS ON OTHER SIDE OF STREET FOLLOW) (AFTER THIS IS ESTABLISHED...)

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

That corner. Turn down it. Fast.

(JOE WALKS BUT OTHER STEPS ARE RUNNING)

He's ~~running~~ after you...

ALEX: (PROJECTING OFF) Mister., wait for me. Mister.

NARR: It's the kid. The one whose friend grabbed him away.

(ALEX COMES RUNNING DP)

ALEX: (FADING ON) I saw you come out of the house. I've been trying to catch up to you.

JOE: What is it.

ALEX: Over there, Mister. Away from the street light.

(THEY TAKE A FEW STEPS)

JOE: Well.

ALEX: My friend didn't want me to make trouble for myself. You understand.

JOE: Sure.

ALEX: Mrs. Miller was nice. Didn't talk to me like I was a kid. When I saw her there...on the sidewalk...I knew I'd have to tell somebody.

JOE: (TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) What, Alex. What do you want to tell?

ALEX: I was around the corner when I heard the shots. I started to run and this car went by me.

JOE: Who was in it?

ALEX: I didn't see? But that car. I saw that good. Blue sedan. Four door. A Hudson.

JOE: Good boy, Alex.

ALEX: She was nice. Mrs. Miller. ^{was} The fellow who did it. He ought to be dead.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NAIR: Two facts. The name of Louise Miller's divorced husband and the car driven by the murderer. Can you tie them together. Only one way to find out. Where....is Andy Miller.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

MR MILLER: No, Mr. Browne, I'm sorry. I don't know where Andy is. How'd you find he was living with me.

JOE: The divorce papers gave this address.

MR MILLER: He'll be home soon. You want to wait.

JOE: If you don't mind, Mr. Miller.

MR MILLER: I heard about Louise. Terrible thing.

JOE: Yes sir.

MR MILLER: Never could understand why she didn't get along with Andy. Fine boy like him.

JOE: Which of them asked for the divorce.

MR MILLER: She did. Andy said all right. She didn't want him... he wasn't going to fight over it. Not a girl in this neighborhood wouldn't want Andy for a husband. Louise wouldn't admit it...but she was sure sorry she let my boy go.

JOE: You say he'll be here soon.

MR MILLER: Expect so. What do you want to ask him.

JOE: Just a few questions.

MR MILLER: Ask me. I'm his father.

JOE: I'll wait for him...if you don't mind, sir.

MR MILLER: Sure. (SLIGHT BEAT) They find any clues.

JOE: One.

MR MILLER: That all.

JOE: It's kind of an important one. We know what kind of car the murderer was in.

MR MILLER: They sure about it.

JOE: There's an eye witness.

MR MILLER: I see. (SLIGHT BEAT) Mr. Browne.

JOE: Yes sir.

MR MILLER: The man who's got this car...you figure he's the one you're after. The killer, I mean.

JOE: It's pretty good evidence.

MR MILLER: What kind of car was it?

JOE: A Hudson. Four door blue sedan.

MR MILLER: I see.

JOE: You know someone with a car like that, Mr. Miller?

MR MILLER: Yeah. (SLIGHT BEAT) It's mine.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #320

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

(METRONOME BEAT FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5)

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers
per minute

CHANGED to

PEIL 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 there is no substitute for PEIL MELL - the
finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY:
PROGRAM #320

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette, PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy 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 Joseph P. Browne, as he lived it..and wrote it.

NARR: She's dead, Louise Miller. Twenty six years old. Surviving her...a child...and, her divorced husband, Andy Miller. You thought he might be the murderer. But now...the case has taken a sharp, sudden turn. And in the office of the state police, you try to reason it out.

JOE: The big thing is...where's the husband. He must know you're looking for him. ~~Why doesn't he come in?~~ What do you think, Lieutenant, ~~tragedy~~.

LIEUT: I'm not sure, Joe? Your finding the boy who saw the murder car, that was important. But now that it turns out to belong to Miller's father...well, it complicates things.

JOE: Andy Miller could have borrowed the car...used it in the murder.

LIEUT: Let's talk about the father. He had a motive. Maybe sore at the girl for divorcing his son. It's possible.

JOE: He's a little guy, Lieutenant. People in the neighborhood are scared of someone who's big... tough. Like the son.

LIEUT: Give a little man a twelve gauge shotgun..and he can look awful big.

JOE: The car is the whole answer. It's missing and so is Andy Miller. It adds up only one way.

(PHONE RINGS)

LIEUT: Excuse me, Joe. (LIFTS PHONE) Lieutenant Kruger...oh, yes, Ma'am...yes, that's the information I wanted....I see...when did it happen...all right, fine..appreciate your looking it up, Ma'am, G'bye. (HANGS UP)

✓ I checked on the car, Joe. Registration Bureau.

JOE: Yeah.

LIEUT: It's owned by Miller's father all right.

JOE: But, Lieutenant...that still doesn't mean that..

LIEUT: (CUTTING IN) Hold on, Joe. I found out something else. He owns the car all right but only since yesterday morning. The title was transferred to him by...Andy Miller.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The search begins. Andy Miller is a fugitive..wanted for questioning in the murder of his former wife.. The tips begin coming in. From the cranks...the practical jokers. But then in the whole crowd of them at last..one with a payoff. The car has been found.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

JOE: You just tell the Lieutenant, Alex. This the car you saw speeding away after Mrs. Miller was shot.

ALEX: Yes sir, it is.

LIEUT: No mistake, Alex.

ALEX: No sir, I'm sure.

LIEUT: All right, son. That'll be all. One of the officers will take you back.

ALEX: Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yes.

ALEX: You going to find him.

LIEUT: We'll try, son.

JOE: So long, Alex., and thanks.

ALEX: (FADING) Sure, Mr. Browne.

(STEPS FADE ON CINDERS WITH ABOVE)

JOE: Anything in the car, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Box of shotgun shells. Twelve gauge.

JOE: It official now?

LIEUT: Has to be, Joe (THE STATEMENT) Andy Miller's the murderer.

JOE: Now there's only one problem.

LIEUT: What's that.

JOE: Getting him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(TELETYPES)

NARR: The police wire picks it up...sends it across the country. Flyers are printed..carrying his description.. his picture. It won't be long now. They'll find him. They had to. What he did...they can't let him get away with it. But the days pass...and the fact becomes more real. Andy Miller has disappeared. But where. What's happened to him.

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

JOE: Hello.

LIEUT: (FILTER) Joe.

JOE: Yes, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: I think we've found what happened to Andy Miller.

JOE: What.

LIEUT: He's dead.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

LIEUT: Joe, this is Tom Parridge. He's an old friend of Miller's.
Go on, Mr. Parridge. Tell him what you told me.

TOM: Yes sir. Well, like the Lieutenant says, I've known
Andy a long time. Used to double date with him and
Louise when they started seeing each other.

JOE: (IMPATIENT) What makes you say he's dead.

TOM: The way he talked. How he said he was going to do it.

JOE: You mean you saw him..recently.

TOM: No. I've been away. That's why I didn't come to the
police before. Tell them what Andy used to say about
Louise.

JOE: What.

TOM: That he couldn't live without her.

JOE: Go on.

TOM: I always thought he was kidding. Who ever really does
something like that. I figured it was just talk, you
know. But after what happened....

JOE: Mr. Parridge, you don't know for sure, do you. You don't
really know if he's dead.

TOM: I didn't see his body, that's what you mean. But I
knew Andy, better than anyone. He said if Louise ever
left him..he'd kill her..then do away with himself.
Mr. Browne..he meant it.

JOE: Lieutenant, see you a minute.

LIEUT: Sure, Joe. Excuse us, Mr. Parridge.

(WE WALK WITH THE MEN A FEW FEET)

JOE: (IOW) Lieutenant, what's this guy selling.

LIEUT: He tells a straight story.

JOE: How do we know he hasn't seen Miller..that ^{Miller} he made him come here..make up the whole thing.

LIEUT: You look around, Joe, you'll see it makes a lot of sense. That transfer of the car from Miller to his father. Maybe it was just part of putting his affairs in order.

JOE: It's too pat.

TOM: (OFF) You fellows want me much longer.

LIEUT: Just a few seconds, Mr. Parridge.

JOE: If Miller wanted to commit suicide, he wouldn't have run away. Look from what I hear, he hasn't the nerve to take his own life. He's the bully type..and they never do.

LIEUT: I checked for a will, Joe. Miller made one last week.

TOM: (FADING ON) Lieutenant, I'm sorry. I have to get back to work.

JOE: Yeah, so do I. I don't believe your friend is dead, Mr. Parridge. I'll never believe it..until I see his body.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: All right, Joe Browne..you say he's alive. Then find him..figure out how to bring him back to the city. ^{Maybe there is} there ~~must be~~ something ~~still here~~ that will force him to come back. Maybe it's hidden in the kind of person he is...a weak spot you can use. Only one way to find out... ^{Get to know} ~~learn about~~ this man... ^{find out what} ~~learn every single~~ thing you can. ^{makes him tick?}

(MUSIC: RISES..UNDER)

MR. MILLER: (CONFUSED) I'll never be able to understand ^{my son} Andy did a lot of things as a boy but I never thought they were serious. Always wanted his own way. Friends told me that was his spirit. It was how he was made to be. Strong willed. Independent. ~~I was proud of him. He'd walk in the street with me, tall, straight. My boy.~~
 (A BREAK IN THE VOICE) ~~Mr. Browne, I love my son. What was it I didn't do for him.~~

(MUSIC: RISES..UNDER)

ANN: Andy. You always had to like him. If you didn't, he'd go after you. ~~make you sorry. That's why he wore those nice clothes, so people'd notice him, say things.~~ ~~That~~ nobody really knew him, not 'til after he married my sister. If she didn't agree with him on something, he'd beat her up. He had to be important. ~~Nobody else.~~

(MUSIC: RISES..UNDER)

TOM: I already told you about Andy, Mr. Browne. When he said something he meant it. ~~There was a bunch of us, when we were kids, we all looked up to Andy. He was number one, all the time. Everything he did, it had to be done right.~~ I remember once we were out with some girls. One of them laughed at him, said he was just a kid trying to be a man. He picked up a rock. threw it at her. Almost killed her. He just went wild. When ~~he was like that, he could do~~ ^{anybody hurt his ego} anything.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(TYPING..ESTABLISH THEN UNDER)

LIEUT: (FADING ON) Joe.

(TYPING STOPS)

JOE: (SURPRISED) Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Take it easy. Nothing on Miller yet. This..this the latest story you're writing on him.

(PAPER PULLED FROM MACHINE)

JOE: Have a look.

LIEUT: You still think he's alive, eh, Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

LIEUT: I figured ^{maybe} that's why you've been doing these stories. Trying ~~maybe~~ ^{come} to get him^a back. It's a good idea..if it works.

JOE: Give it time.

LIEUT: How long, Joe. You've been writing them for a week.

JOE: Wherever he is, Lieutenant..he'll want to read about ^{himself} ~~the~~ ~~place he comes from~~. He'll buy this paper. (SLIGHT BEAT) If what I've learned about him is true..he'll be back.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ^{Where did you get} ~~Who's your friend with~~ the crystal ball, Joe Browne. How did you know it was going to happen. That in the quiet of a summer night, a man would stand in the shadows outside a house, on the edge of the city. And that he would wait there..wait for the man who lived inside..to come home.

(SNEAK IN CAR APPROACHING OFF WITH ABOVE. WE STAY WITH IT UNTIL IT COMES ON) (MOTOR IDLES)

ANDY: Is your name Mace Thompson.

MACE: (STARTLED) Who's there. Where are you.

ANDY: I'm right outside your car. Now, answer my question, feller. Are you Mace Thompson.

MACE: No..no, I'm not.
ANDY: You're a liar.
MACE: I swear.
ANDY: This is Thompson's house. What are you doing here.
MACE: I'm not him. Look, if you want my money..you can have it.
There's not much...but it's all yours.
ANDY: I don't want your money. Just tell me the truth.
MACE: The truth.
ANDY: Was that story in the paper ^{true} right.
MACE: What story.
ANDY: About my wife. Was that fellow telling the truth. I
have to know. If he was then..

(THE CAR SUDDENLY STARTS AND ROARS AWAY) (WE'RE WITH
IT)

ANDY: (FADING) Come back here. Come back.

(MUSIC: BUILDS INTO THE SPEEDING CAR AND BRIDGES. NIGHT
COUNTRY SOUNDS)

LIEUT: This place is all staked out, Joe. If Miller comes here
to his father's house..we've got him.
JOE: Did Mace Thompson identify that picture of Miller.
LIEUT: Yeah. He said he had a gun.Pointed it right into the car.
JOE: (WARNING) Lieutenant...
LIEUT: Yeah.
JOE: Down the road. You see.
LIEUT: Someone coming. Back here, Joe. Behind the post.
JOE: (LOW) (SLIGHT BEAT) You get a look at his face.
LIEUT: Not yet. Steady now.

(WE WAIT THEN THE SLOW WALKING ON THE ROAD REACHES
US. IT COMES NEARER AND NEARER UNTIL IT IS ALMOST
ON AND THEN...)

LIEUT: Easy, Mister.

ANDY: What do you want.

JOE: Lieutenant, it's him, Andy Miller. (AS MILLER TURNS TO
FLEE) Watch out...

LIEUT: (STRUGGLING WITH HIM) let it go...you hear...let it go...

ANDY: (PAIN) All right..

(GUN DROPS TO GROUND)

ANDY: (THERE IS A CHOKED SOB THEN) I had to come back. I had
to.

LIEUT: Why.

ANDY: What I read in the paper..I was going to prove it was a
lie.

JOE: Was it, Miller.

ANDY: The story said she didn't want me anymore. It wasn't
true. I didn't want her.

JOE: Yeah.

ANDY: I knew Mace Thompson had been seeing her since our divorce
He was going to tell me she didn't love him. That would
have shown everyone I was right. She didn't care about
anybody but me. Me.

JOE: But you didn't care about her.

ANDY: I told you. She was nothing to me. You understand.

JOK: (QUIETLY) Sure. You didn't care about her at all. ~~What-~~
~~she did made no difference to you.~~

ANDY: That's right. I left her, I forgot about her.

JOE: Yeah. (SLIGHT BEAT) That's why you killed her.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPEL: In just a moment we'll read you a telegram from Joseph
P. Browne of the Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph, with the
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #320

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL.

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL, the cigarette that's longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Joseph P. Browne of the Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph.

JOE: When brought to trial, killer in tonight's Big Story denied his guilt. Jury, however, found him guilty of murder in the second degree. He is now serving a sentence of ten to twenty years in Western Penetentiary. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

(MUSIC: STING)

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY-- A BIG STORY from the front-pages of the ^{Savannah Morning} ~~Pittsburgh~~ ^{News} ~~Sun-Telegraph~~ by-line ^{Al Janick} ~~Joseph P. Browne~~. The Big Story of a reporter who took an anonymous phone call and turned it into a conversation of murder.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember--this week you can see another different Big Story on television...

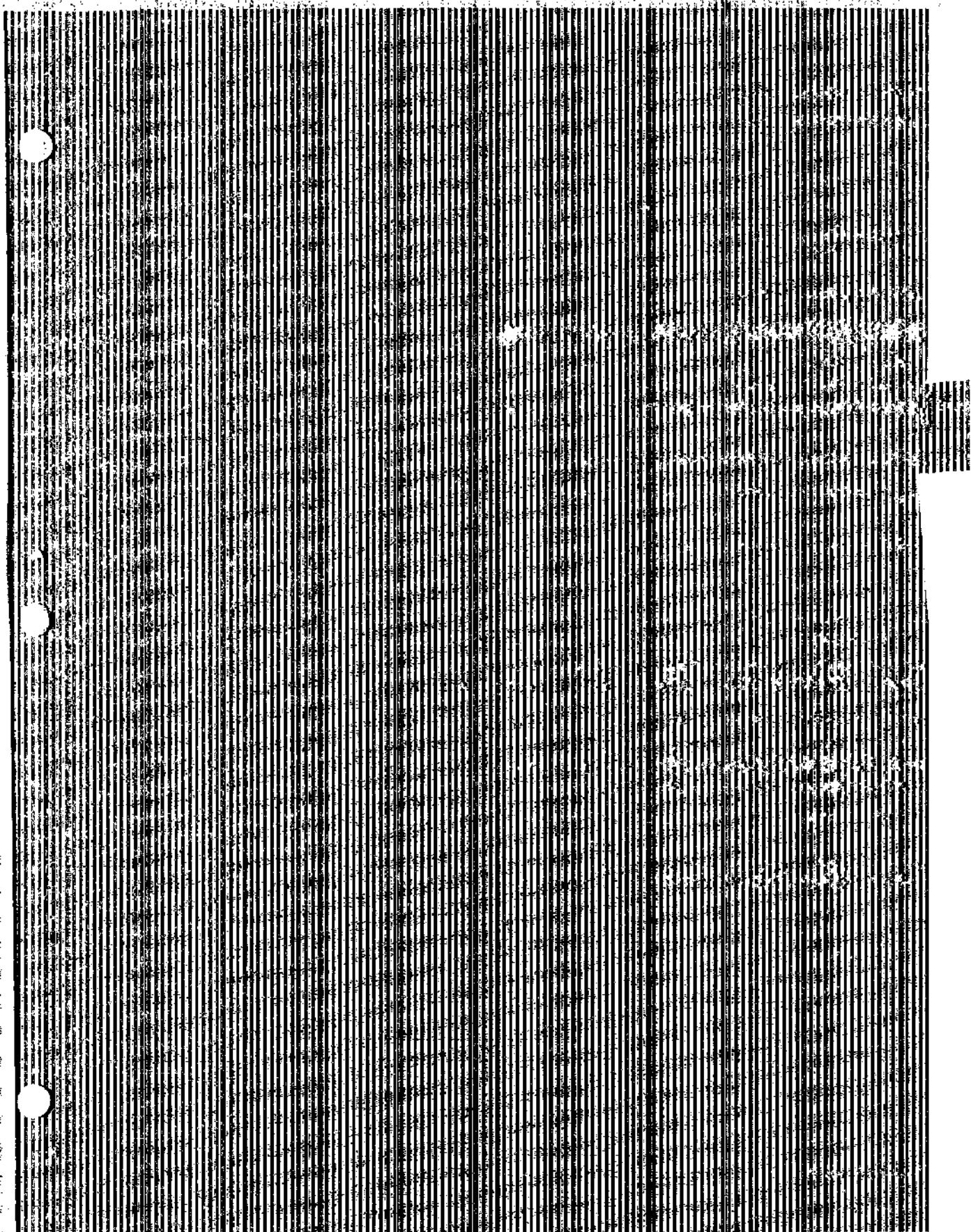
(MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Procter 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 Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Nelson Olmstead played the part of Joe ^{Sept.} Browne. 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. Browne,

(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.

M.J.
C.G. 9/21/53



01X01 0007825

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #321

CAST:

NARRATOR BOB SLOANE
AL LANIER MANDEL KRAMER
RAY FERRIS COURT BENSON
CAPT. LACEY PHIL STERLING
JAMES ED FULLER
EMMET FORD SANDY STROUSE
HARVEY STACY HARRIS

Wednesday, October 7, 1953

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

(MUSIC: PANPARE... THEN OUT FOR)

(PHONE RINGING. AGAIN... PICKED UP)

ROY: City desk. Ferris speaking.

HARVEY: (PISTER) Al Ianier there. The reporter.

ROY: Sorry, he's not around.

HARVEY: Know where I can find him.

ROY: No, but he ought to be in soon. Who's this?

HARVEY: Oh, he don't know me.

ROY: Want to leave a message.

HARVEY: (A VAGUE AIR TO THE VOICE) I wish he was there. I thought
he would be.

ROY: (PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN) What's your number. He'll
call you back.

HARVEY: I'm no special place.

ROY: Okay, Mister. Have it your way.

HARVEY: I sure am sorry he's not there.

ROY: Call him back then, will you.

HARVEY: I hope I can. I hope I'll have time.

ROY: This afternoon. Try him then.

HARVEY: If I'm able. Sure wanted to talk to him now though. You
see, I have to tell him about a murder.

(MUSIC: HITS... GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Savannah, Georgia. It is authentic and it is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Savannah Morning News, the story of a reporter who took an anonymous phone call and turned it into a confession of murder. Tonight, to Al Lanier, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #321

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can
buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the
pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is
longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally
fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and
makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobaccos
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Savannah, Georgia. The story as it actually happened. Al Lanier's story, as he lived it.

NARR: The message was on your desk. Rolled into your typewriter to make sure you saw it. "A guy called about a murder." Very funny. You thought that stuff ended with journalism school ~~two years ago~~. Okay, Al Lanier, smile for the boys. The playful boys, of the Savannah Morning News. A guy called about a murder. Big joke.

(PHONE STARTS TO RING...JUST OFF)

The note is in Roy Ferriss' handwriting. The city editor. (KIDDING) Show him you're a good newspaperman. Tell him you need more details before you can write the story. Sure...but now...pick up that phone. It makes too much noise.

(PHONE LIFTED)

AL: Hello.

HARVEY: (PIETER) Is Al Lanier there, the reporter.

AL: Speaking.

HARVEY: You're sure this is Mr. Lanier.

AL: Practically sure.

HARVEY: I just found a body, Mr. Lanier. It's a man. And he's been murdered.

(PAUSE)

~~Hello, Mr. Lanier, you there.~~

AL: Yeah. Now about this body. Where is it?

HARVEY: Have you got a car?

AL: Yeah.

HARVEY: Drive down Spring Street to forty ninth. Turn left about three miles -- until you come to Alison Road. Stay on Alison till you come to a washout. The body is in the bushes off on the side, near the swamp.

AL: Easy, feller. You went too fast. Mind repeating that.

NARR:

(THINKING IT OVER) These directions. Guy certainly sounds sure of them. Keep talking to him. Maybe this is a crank call like all the rest of them. And...maybe it's not.

HARVEY:

(STARTS ON MIKE THEN FADES TO B.G.) Drive down Spring Street to forty ninth. Turn left about three miles until you come to Alison Road. Stay on Alison till you come to a washout. The body is in the bushes off on the side, near the swamp.

HARVEY: You got that, Mr. Lanier.

AL: Yeah, fine. Look, who is this?

HARVEY: I just found the body. I don't want my name going around.

AL: What...what's the dead fellow look like. Give me a description.

HARVEY: I...I don't know.

AL: Well, how do you know he's been murdered. (SLIGHT BEAT)
I said how...

HARVEY: I heard you. (SLIGHT BEAT) I don't really know. But it looks an awful lot like it.

AL: Why'd you call me. Not the police.

HARVEY: I figured you'd tell them.

AL: You know who the dead man is?

HARVEY: No. Look I told you about him. I can't talk to you anymore. I got things to do.

AL: Wait a second.

HARVEY: Yeah.

AL: ~~That place you told me about. Alison Road. The whole section is pretty thick. Why don't you take me there. I'll keep your name out of it.~~

HARVEY: ~~I told you. I got things to do. I can't keep running in a town.~~

AL: ~~I'd appreciate it. This might be quite a story. I'd hate why don't you take me there I'll keep your name out of it to miss it because I couldn't find the place.~~ (SLIGHT

BEAT) Well.

HARVEY: All right. I'll come by your office in fifteen minutes.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ROY: I thought the guy was a crank, Al. That's why I put the note in your machine.

AL: So did I, Roy...till he started talking.

ROY: Yeah. Why?

AL: Something in his voice.

ROY: Hooze.

AL: No. Like he was trying to tell me more...but couldn't.

ROY: You think he'll show?

AL: One way to find out. (SLIGHT BEAT) Wait.

(MUSIC: UP...TIME TICKING AWAY AND UNDER)

NARR: Where is he. Fifteen minutes he said. It's past that now. Was it a joke after all?

ROY: I told you, Al. Just a crank call.

NARR:

What are you going to do. Maybe he's afraid to come. Maybe he can't. But the directions he gave you...you've still got those. They were definite....every detail laid out.

ROY: It's a half hour, Al. What do you say?

AL: I'm driving out there, Roy.

ROY: Guy must have talked a lot.

AL: No harm in looking. I'll be back soon.

ROY: (STOPPING HIM) Al.

AL: Yeah.

ROY: I'm going with you.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CAR DRIVING...ESTABLISH...UNDER)

ROY: How far'd the guy say?

AL: Right down this road.

ROY: Any land mark to go by?

AL: A washout.

ROY: (AFTER A FEW BEATS OF DRIVING) Al.

AL: I see it.

ROY: Better park the car here. Get stuck in that mud...we're gone.

(CAR STOPS. THEY GET OUT. WE HEAR A SEMI-SWAMP B.G.)

Hot. Well, where do we look?

AL: He said the body was in the bushes...off the road.

ROY: Which side..

AL: You take that one.

ROY: (STARTING TO FADE OFF) Stay around here long, the flies'll eat us alive.

(WE GO WITH AL AS HE MOVES INTO THE BUSHES)

(WE LISTEN TO HIM IN THE TALL GRASS FOR A FEW BEATS)

NARR: All right, where is it. This is the place. Turn left on forty ninth street. Drive down Alison Road. You're here. Where's the body?

ROY: (PROJECTING OFF) Any sign of it?

AL: (PROJECTING) Not yet.

(WE LISTEN TO HIM MOVING IN THE BUSHES AND GRASS AGAIN)

NARR: What'd anyone be doing out here anyway. A swamp. Place like this. Like the end of the world.

ROY: (PROJECTING OFF) Al.

AL: (PROJECTING) You find the body?

ROY: (SAME) Yeah...I found it. Come on over.

(AL HURRIES THROUGH THE GRASS AND BUSHES)

ROY: (FADES ON WITH ABOVE) The guy was telling the truth all right. There's your body.

AL: (DISAPPOINTED) A dog.

ROY: Okay, mark it up to experience. Now, let's get going before these ^{bugs!} ~~insects~~ take my skin off.

NARR: One last look around, Al Lanier. One last look. Go ahead.

ROY: You coming?

AL: Meet you in the car.

ROY: The call was a phoney. Don't you believe it yet.

AL: (WHY WASTE THE TRIP) We're out here.

ROY: But Al...

AL: Wouldn't do no harm to check that clump of bushes over there.

(MOVING AS HE SPEAKS)

NARR: What's making you go there. Why do you keep looking at it? Do you see something. The grass is tall. Very tall. Those flies. Why all those flies. Thousands of them maybe. Why are they...(CUTS OFF SUDDENLY)

AL: (SLIGHT BEAT) (SICK) I found him. Roy....I found him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(THE SWAMP B.G.)

CAPT: I'm glad you didn't touch anything, Al.

AL: He's right over there, Captain Lacey. Just the way I found him.

(THEY WALK THRU THE GRASS WITH BLOW)

CAPT: I came soon as your editor called me. (QUESTIONING) Over this way?

AL: Yes sir.

(A LITTLE MORE WALKING THEN IT STOPS)

CAPT: (ALMOST DRAWS A BREATH) Yeah.

AL: How long you figure he's been out here.

CAPT: Couple of days maybe. (SLIGHT BEAT) Shotgun...that's what did it. In the back.

AL: Anything in the pockets?

CAPT: (SLIGHT STRAIN AS HE BENDS DOWN) A wallet. (STRAIGHTENS UP) Money's gone.

AL: There's a card.

CAPT: (TRYING TO READ IT) Printing's all faded. Can't make it out.

AL: Nothing else?

CAPT: Only the card.

AL: Now there's just one question.

CAPT: Yeah?

AL: Who was he?

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN FOR)

AL: ~~Hey, I'm calling you from Captain Lacey's office. Here's your lead for tomorrow morning's city edition. Late yesterday evening police were still trying to identify the body of the murdered man found lying in an Alison Road swamp. A check of the missing persons list failed to turn up anyone resembling the mysteriously killed victim. Fingerprint identification has been found impossible. Last night however, Captain Robert Lacey, Chief of the Homicide Squad, told the News that the police laboratory is still working on a clue found at the scene of the crime. He hopes that...~~

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER THE ABOVE AND BRIDGES TO)

AL: *no identification*
How's it going, Captain?
Nothing has turned up, Al.

CAPT: This card we found is our last chance, Al. If this ultra violet light doesn't bring out the printing...

(MUSIC: IN QUIETLY... BEHIND)

NARR: ~~No need to finish the statement. You know what he was going to say... don't you? The longer the dead man remains unidentified... the longer his killer has a chance to hide.~~

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)
CAPT:

~~to cover his trail permanently.~~

(IMPATIENT) Okay, let's get started. What are we waiting
~~for. Here goes.~~

NARR:

(CLICK AND THE STEADY HUM OF THE LIGHT)
Here in the Police Laboratory the ultra-violet light goes on!
~~The light is on.~~ Watch the small white card on the table. *al*
taxi
Watch it.

(JUST THE HUM IS HEARD FOR A FEW BEATS)

AL:

Captain.

CAPT:

Something's coming out. A few letters. (A BEAT) Al,
hand me that magnifying glass.

AL:

Sure. (A FEW BEATS) Can you read it.

CAPT:

(TRYING HARD TO READ) Mil...ler....Cab....

AL:

I know that outfit. A taxi company down on Fleet Street.
Captain...this guy...maybe he was one of their drivers.

CAPT:

One way to find out, Al. Let's go.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

JAMES:

Yeah. This is one of our cards all right. We give them to
the drivers. They pass them out. Good for business. This
one's kind of messed up. Where'd you get it?

CAPT:

We're investigating a murder, Mr. James. This card was
found on the body.

AL:

Any of your drivers who haven't showed up in a few days?

JAMES:

(SURPRISED) Yeah. One guy.

CAPT:

What's his name?

JAMES:

Floyd Nelson. We found his cab down on Garrard Avenue...
three days ago.

AL:

You didn't report it.

JAMES: I just thought Floyd went on vacation. Not the first time one of my boys took off like that.

CAPT: I wonder if you'd mind coming down to the morgue, Mr. James.

JAMES: You think this fellow who was killed is Floyd.

CAPT: I don't know, Mr. James...but if he is...you can tell us.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(DOOR OPENING)

CAPT: (QUIETLY) In here, please, Mr. James.

JAMES: Yes sir."

(THEY WALK FOR SEVERAL FEET...THEIR STEPS ECHOING IN HOLLOW FASHION. THE STEPS STOP. THERE IS A SILENCE THEN...)

JAMES: (SHAKEN) (JUST AUDIBLE) It's him. It's Floyd.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The people read his name. Floyd Nelson, age twenty one. He was a nice ^{person} ~~guy~~, they say. Quiet, worked hard. Who'd want to do a thing like this. Who'd want to kill him? And through it all...one thing stays in your mind. The phone call. Who was the man who talked to you. What does he know about the murder? Here in your office you try to reason it out. (TIRED) But it's been a long, trouble filled day. Reach for your hat and go home.

(PHONE BEGINS TO RING)

(TENSE) Go to it, Al Lanier. See who's calling at this hour.

(STEPS TO PHONE...IT IS LIFTED)

AL: Hello.

ATX01 0007B39

HARVEY: (FILTER) Could I speak to Mr. Lanier?
AL: This is Lanier.
HARVEY: I see you found him. Right where I said.
AL: (SLOWLY...CONTROLLING HIS TENSION) Yeah...yeah, sure.
I...I guess you read about it.
HARVEY: Did the police find out anything?
AL: Just the fellow's name. Did you know him?
HARVEY: Floyd Nelson. No, I didn't know him.
AL: Look, what'd you call me up for?
HARVEY: I was interested. You know.
AL: Why?
HARVEY: I found him, didn't I?
AL: What's your name?
HARVEY: He was killed with a shotgun, wasn't he?
AL: How do you know?
HARVEY: I...I could see.
AL: Not from the way the body was lying.
HARVEY: I told you...I could see.
AL: No, feller...and I didn't write it either.
HARVEY: (UPSET) I did you a favor, Mr. Lanier. I told you where
to find him. I just wanted to help, that's all. Just to
help.

(WE HEAR HIM HANG UP)

AL: Hello...

(HITTING THE HOOK)

...hello...hello.

(MUSIC: BUILDS IN AND BRIDGES)

(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

AL: Captain Lacey...

CAPT: Just a second, Al. I was going to call you myself. This is Emmet Ford. Go on, Mr. Ford tell him what you told me.

EMMET: Yes sir. Well, I drive a hack for the Arrow Company. Three nights ago, I picked up a guy. Name's Harvey Marron. Use to be a hackie himself. I drove him two blocks then made him get out. I told some of the fellows about Marron but I forgot about him 'till I read Floyd Nelson was killed the same night.

AL: Why'd you make him get out of the cab?

EMMET: He was acting like a wild man. He was carrying a shotgun.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #321

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

(METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT # 5)

HARRICK: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND - IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

HARRICK: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND OF METRONOME)

Every minute

day by day

three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELL MELL.

(SOUND STOPS)

(END E.T.)

HARRICK: Why?

CHAPPELL: Because there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICK: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

RTX01 0007B42

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #321

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is longer. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: They're looking for him. Harvey Marron. Wanted for questioning in the murder of Floyd Nelson. Every cab driver in the city cruises the streets...trying to find him. The police search his house. He's gone... disappeared. And, the people who knew Harvey Marron...tell you about him.

JAMES: He worked for me once as a driver. But he didn't last long. I think he was a kid who just never grew up. Always doing crazy things....making out that he didn't care about anything. I couldn't keep a fellow like that. Too irresponsible.

(MUSIC: RISES...DOWN)

EMMET: Never could tell what Harvey would do next. He used to take passengers to the wrong address, then make them get out. One night he took my ~~hack's~~ trip card, mixed up my fares, where I drove people. Office never did straighten it out. He used to hop around like someone put a key in hi and wound him up. When I saw he had that gun I wanted no part of him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPEN) (CLOSE)

AL: Hello, Captain.

CAPT: Come in, Al.

AL: Anything?

CAPT: Not yet. I put it on the teletype. Records Division is making up a flyer.

AL: Where'd you get this picture of him.

CAPT: Hack license bureau.

AL: ~~Marron can't be more than twenty in this picture.~~ When was it taken?

CAPT: Few months ago. Al.

AL: Yes.

CAPT: If it was Marron who called you on the phone, why do you suppose he did it?

AL: I've been trying to understand it, Captain. I still don't.

(PHONE RINGS)

CAPT: Excuse me.

(PICKS IT UP)

CAPT: Captain Lacey...oh, yes, Ed...how are you...yeah, I can hear you...when was it....I see....all right, thanks... I'll be expecting you.

(HANGS UP)

Sheriff Wells over in Bryan County. He just picked up Harvey Marron.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

CAPT: We've got him in the next room, Al. Now I want you to listen to his voice. Tell me if it's the same one you heard on the phone. All right?

AL: I'm set.

CAPT: Good. *Come on*

(DOOR OPENS...THEY WALK IN)

CAPT: You ready to tell us about it, Marron.

HARVEY: Nothing to tell, Captain. I don't know why I was arrested.

CAPT: You killed Floyd Nelson.

HARVEY: I liked Floyd; I wouldn't have done that.

CAPT: Do you own a shotgun?

HARVEY: No sir.

CAPT: Man who runs a pawnshop down on Gwinnett Avenue says you redgeped a shotgun four days ago.

HARVEY: Guess he made a mistake.

NARR:

listen carefully, Al Lanier. Is this the voice of the man who called you? (HE LISTENS FOR A MOMENT) You're not sure, are you? Well, how are you going to tell. It's important. Captain Lacey has to know. Is this the man?

CAPT:

(BEHIND NARR) Why did you leave your house, go over to Bryan County?

HARVEY:

(BEHIND) Just was visiting some friends. Didn't see them in a long time. Thought it'd be nice to give them a surprise. Say hello.

CAPT:

Can you account for your time last Tuesday night?

HARVEY:

I was on Price Street. Bill Kern's tavern.

AL: Captain. See you a minute.

(A FEW STEPS AWAY)

CAPT: (LOW) Is it him?

AL: I'm not sure.

CAPT: I have to know, Al. ^{he} ~~It~~ is the one who phoned, then I'm certain he's the murderer.

No voice is

AL: ~~It's~~ different than on the phone. I don't want to make a mistake. Look, is there an intercom set in your office?

CAPT: Yes...why?

AL: A voice coming through there sounds a lot like it does on the phone. Question Marron in your office with the intercom open. I'll listen in on the set outside.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

CAPT: (PIPPER) You don't deny you have a police record, do you, Marron?

HARVEY: (PIPPER) No sir. I've been in trouble. But I never did any killing.

CAPT: Tell me exactly what you did on Tuesday evening.

HARVEY: I left the house around six o'clock. It was real hot that night so I dropped into a movie. That took about three hours then I went over to Price Street. Just like I told you before.

~~CAPT: What time did you get home?~~

~~HARVEY: Early. Maybe twelve o'clock.~~

NARR:

CAPT:

~~What do you say now, Al Lenien. (BEHIND NARR) Well check it~~

Is he the one? Listen carefully.

that tavern, Marron.

The way he spaces his words. The

HARVEY:

tone he speaks in. (LISTENS FOR A

I've got nothing to hide,

MOMENT) Is it him? Make up your

Captain. Honest. Why would I

mind.

want to do a thing like killing

Floyd Nelson. Feller never did

me no harm. I read about what

happened and I got angry. Real

angry. Shooting a man in the back

like that.

(AS NARR FINISHES, HE WALKS A FEW FEET AND OPENS
A DOOR. *Steps to Door. Door Opens* IMMEDIATELY, THE WORDS OF HARVEY GO OFF
FILTER, AND ARE HEARD JUST OFF)

HARVEY: I hope you find the fellow who did it. And that's the truth.

AL: Captain, it's him. He called me. It was his voice on the phone.

HARVEY: (ON) Who is this fellow, Captain?

AL: Al Lanier. You ought to know my voice by now. I know yours.

HARVEY: Mister, you're all mixed up. I don't know you. And I never called you on the phone.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND BEHIND~~)

NARR: He's lying. And for the first time he doesn't look at you. He can't last now. He knows it. The police are convinced he's the murderer. They'll keep at him now. Talk to him. Ask him questions. Hour after hour. How long will he hold out? How long?

(MUSIC: ~~PACES RELENTLESSLY AND THEN DROPS FOR~~)

HARVEY: (THE ASSURANCE IS GONE) What do you want from me? Why don't your believe a person?

(MUSIC: ~~PACES AGAIN...DOWN~~)

HARVEY: You think you'd give a fellow a break. How many times do you want me to tell you no...it wasn't me?

(MUSIC: ~~BUILDS THE PACE HIGHER...BREAKS AND OUT CLEAN~~)

CAPT: (QUIETLY) Let's go over the facts again, Marron. One by one. You were seen on the night of the murder carrying a shotgun. You hailed a cab...the one driven by Emmet Ford. When he saw the gun he made you get out. Then you went back to the tavern...hid the gun outside and called for another cab. When Floyd Nelson drove up...you...

HARVEY: (CUTS HIM OFF SHARPLY) That's enough. (SLIGHT BEAT...
all perfect
DEAD) I killed him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

AL: Here's the paper, Captain Lacey. A special present from me. The whole story...from top to bottom.

CAPT: Not quite, Al.

AL: What's that.

CAPT: We're not finished yet.

AL: Wait a minute. He signed the confession, didn't he?

CAPT: Yes.

AL: I don't understand.

CAPT: Al, he's admitted everything but those phone calls to you. Why?

AL: Maybe it's just to satisfy himself that he didn't give in all the way.

CAPT: I can't take the chance.

AL: Chance of what? You've got a confession. Good as gold.

CAPT: But is it? Marron wouldn't be the first man to repudiate a confession in court. He's the killer all right and I want the prosecutor to have an airtight case.

AL: All the evidence you found, Captain. It ties Marron in a stranglehold.

CAPT: What's a jury, Al. People. They don't always do what you think they will.

AL: (THINKING ABOUT IT) I didn't figure those calls to be so important.

CAPT: I'm worried about Marron. Everything we know about him shows he's erratic. I'll give odds he tears up the confession on the stand.

AL: What are you going to do.

CAPT: He has to admit he made those phone calls.

AL: But how.

CAPT: That's ^{going} up to you, Al.

AL: Me.

CAPT: Yes. (SLIGHT BEAT) Marron wants to see you.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CELL DOOR OPENING...CLOSING)

AL: Hello, Marron.

HARVEY: I'm glad you came, Mr. Ianier. (HE HAS ABOUT HIM NOW THE SAME VAGUE AIR AS IN THE PHONE CALLS)

AL: Captain Lacey said you wanted to see me.

HARVEY: I want you to do me a favor.

AL: A favor?

HARVEY: Something you can put in the paper for me.

AL: (PUZZLED BUT NOT SHOWING IT TOO MUCH) What?

HARVEY: I killed Floyd. I admitted it.

AL: I know.

HARVEY: I think about it, Mr. Ianier. Every minute. Why I did it.

AL: You find an answer.

HARVEY: (SLIGHT BEAT) No. All I wanted was...was his money.
(IT'S A DREAM NOW) I made him drive out to the swamp.
Put the wallet on the seat I said...then get out. Keep
your hands up...I told him. He did it. He didn't make
no trouble. Didn't say a word.

AL: Marron....

HARVEY: (GOING RIGHT ON) We were standing there. Just me and him.
Like there was no one else...anywhere. And then I knew
it was going to happen. The gun was going to kill him.

AL: (BEAT) Is that what you want me to write.

HARVEY: If I meant to kill him, I wouldn't ask for anything. But
it wasn't my fault.

AL: What do you want?

HARVEY: I prayed, Mr. Lanier. Prayed that ^{God} He would forgive me.
And He will. He forgives all sinners. But now I need
your help, Mr. Lanier.

AL: How?

HARVEY: I want people to know how I feel. My family. Floyd's
mother. Anyone I hurt by what I did. Will you write that,
Mr. Lanier. Will you?

AL: (SLIGHT BEAT) No.

HARVEY: But you have to.

AL: If I thought you meant what you said..yes...but I don't
believe you.

HARVEY: I do mean it. I do.

AL: Then why haven't you told the whole truth. Why haven't
you admitted you made those calls to me.

HARVEY: I...I didn't.

AL: I'll prove to you that you did.

HARVEY: Now? No one else heard them.

AL: I never could understand why you did phone. But now, for the first time I do.

HARVEY: It wasn't me.

AL: From the moment you killed him, you worried about it. Call it conscience, anything you want..but it wouldn't let you alone. Marron, you wanted to be caught.

HARVEY: No.

AL: You prayed for forgiveness. You admitted it. Something inside you, something you couldn't control made you call me...tell me where to find the body.

HARVEY: But they arrested me and I wouldn't tell them.

AL: That was the fight for survival. It's in all of us, Marron. The fight to hold on to life. But there's something stronger...and in you...it won out. You had to be punished. You had to be forgiven.

HARVEY: (ALMOST A LOW MOAN) Let me alone.

AL: You've got no choice, Marron. You need forgiveness. It's the way you are. But you can't get it unless all the truth is told. Understand that. You did call me, didn't you?

HARVEY: Please....

AL: Didn't you?

HARVEY: (THERE IS A BEAT) Yes. (THERE IS A LOW SOB THEN HE CRIES SOFTLY. WE LISTEN TO IT AND THEN...) I am sorry. Tell people. Please.

AL: (VERY QUIETLY) I'll write it. (SLIGHT BEAT THEN...SICK)
All of it.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In a moment we'll read you a telegram from Al Janier of the Savannah Morning News with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #321

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GJRI, SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL, the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can
buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the
pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL is
longer. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it
mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Al Lanier of the Savannah Morning News.

AL: Killer in tonight's Big Story did repudiate his confession at trial. I was subpoenaed to testify. Upon considering all other testimony and evidence, jury found him guilty. After two years of legal maneuvering and appeals, killer was electrocuted in State Prison. I am deeply honored by tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~)

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the front-pages of the Danbury, Conn., News Times by-line Colin W. McAllister. The Big Story of a summer Romance and ~~the Big Story of~~ a reporter who played best man to a corpse.

(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...who also bring you "Where's Raymond", starring Ray Bolger starting on television, tomorrow night. Consult your local paper for time and station.

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

BIG STORY - 10/7/53

REV.

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 Savannah Georgia Morning News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Mendel Kramer played the part of Al Lanier. 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. Lanier.

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

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces, overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, by this time tomorrow night, eleven hundred American Homes will have had a fire. And the day after that, another eleven hundred homes will burn. And day after day, year after year, this terrible destruction will go on -- unless we do something about it. What can you do? Be constantly careful. Check heating and electrical equipment. Don't smoke in bed; make sure every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start!

THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

RTX01 0007856

AS-BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #322

CAST:

NARRATOR BOB SLOANE
COLIN McALLISTER JIM STEPHENS
LT. MILLER JIM GREGORY
POLICE CHIEF PALMER HAROLD McGEE
JIMMY CARTER *Joan Curry*
BUDDY GRAY HAL STUDER
MRS. DRUMMOND ALICE FROST
CHARLIE SID PAUL
EDITOR SID PAUL
MARY DRUMMOND CHARLOTTE DENNY
WOMAN CHARLOTTE DENNY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1953

(COLIN "RED" McALLISTER) (NEWS-TIMES) (DANBURY, CONN.)

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

(MUSIC: ----- UP AND DOWN)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

MARY: (TEEN AGE VOICE) Jimmy?

JIMMY: Yeah.

MARY: You came back to make up, didn't you?

JIMMY: Uh-huh.

MARY: I'm glad! I don't like to ^{rag at} ~~fight with~~ you, Jimmy,
you know that..but you said 'let's go up to this
summer cottage to talk about it...'

JIMMY: I know.

MARY: We'll get married, won't we Jimmy, before high school
starts?

JIMMY: Sure.

MARY: Oh, I'm so glad! You can kiss me now, Jimmy! You can
...(SUDDENLY IN TERROR) Jimmy! What are you doing?...
Jimmy... Jim...

(A GUN ROARS. MARY--SCREAMS)

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

CHAPPEL:

THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in a summer cottage colony near Danbury, Connecticut. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. ----(FIAT) From the pages of the Danbury News-Times--the story of a summer romance and a reporter who played best-man to a corpse--tonight to Colin ^{W.}"Red" McAllister, for his BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500 award--

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #322

OPENING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL, the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.
No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure
you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

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CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed
America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Danbury, Connecticut - the story as it actually happened-
Colin ^{W.} "Red" McAllister's story..as he lived it...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your name is Colin ^{W.} "Red" McAllister, ^{but everybody calls you Red} and you love two things - your job as a newspaper reporter - and your hobby, volunteer fireman. The telephone bell or fire-bell makes you jump..in this instance though, it was the fire-bell that made you jump first.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(ROAR OF FIRE COMES UP. VOICES SHOUTING, ETC.
WOOD AND TREES FALLING. HOLD UNDER)

A closed summer cottage burning furiously in the Candlewood Lake area...you ^{covered} ~~helped fight~~ that fire, didn't you McAllister? You ~~helped put it out and~~ even walked among the ashes, ~~didn't you?~~ (FIRE OUT..NARRATOR IN FLAT VOICE) Fire of unknown origin, that was the report, wasn't it? Eight months later, though, everybody knew the cause...

(TELETYPE RATTLING, PHONE RINGS)

MILLER: Lt. Miller, State Police, Ridgefield Barracks speaking. Who?....Oh, send him in...

(HANG UP PHONE, DOOR BIZ. AND STEPS)

^{Hi} Red McAllister! I've been waiting for you. I've got a story for you.

MCALLISTER: About a body in that summer cottage where we had the fire last summer. My editor called me about it.

MILLER: That's it. The cottage owners found ^{the body} it. They started cleaning up, getting ready to rebuild, and well..there it was. ^{right in the ashes} ~~Under the cellar floor.~~

MCALLISTER: I walked ^{in those ashes} ~~over that floor!~~ Who is it?

MILLER: Sit down -- Ever see a body that's been burned and buried for eight months? ~~I thought not.~~ It's hard to tell who it is, but I'll give you what we know from the laboratory tests --

MCALLISTER: Man or woman, Lt?

MILLER: A girl. No more than 20 ^{probably} ~~maybe~~ less. Weight around 120 the experts figure - height about 5 ft. two. They're fairly sure her hair was brown.

MCALLISTER: Any idea of what she was wearing?

MILLER: That's it -- that's why I think maybe she was less than 20.

MCALLISTER: (Slow) a kid?

MILLER: She was wearing some sort of blue and white sailor dress-- a kind of middy-blouse thing--know what I mean?

MCALLISTER: I've got sisters--

MILLER: Then you know. The kind school kids wear. There was an initial on it -- We think it's "M".

MCALLISTER: How was she killed?

MILLER: Shot through the head. ~~At ten,~~ nobody had permission to use that cottage when the fire broke -- my guess is that she's a kid who wandered up there with somebody to have a wonderful time in the country.

MCALLISTER: A kid - maybe a high school kid --

MILLER: That's my opinion. But don't print that in your story.
Just give the facts, Red. Maybe they'll bring in some
kind of lead--

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It gets you McAllister, ~~doesn't it?~~ A high-school kid--
~~maybe pretty as a picture~~ - a kid ready for proms and
basketball games. But where'd she come from? Danbury
or Timbuctoo? Eight months lying there -- somebody's
daughter -- somebody some time, someplace, must have
reported ^{her missing} to the police. So, you get on the phone and call
Jeff Palmer, local Danbury Police Chief--

MCALLISTER: Jeff? This is Red McAllister.

JEFF: (FILTER) Hey, ^{Red} kid! Haven't seen you in days...

MCALLISTER: I'm on that murder case up at Candlewood.

JEFF: Oh! Working with the ^{state} ~~stage~~ boys, now. Local news is dull,
huh?

MCALLISTER: Listen, Jeff - do me a favor. Go throught the local
missing persons file for me will you--

JEFF: Who are you looking for?

MCALLISTER: A girl, maybe reported missing 7 -- 8 months ago in
Danbury. If you've got such a record and her first name
starts with "M" -- ^{give me a call} ~~ring a bell for me~~ -- will you?

JEFF: Okay Red.

MCALLISTER: Thanks Jeff -- ~~I'm going to buy a case of beer--~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER)

NARRATOR: You've got ^{work} ~~to go~~ backward, McAllister, don't you? When a tragedy's ~~maybe~~ 8 months old. ~~And all the time, as you go back,~~ a picture of a high-school kid follows along, a bright, excited kid taking a trip to the country. ~~Even, you get a taste of ashes in your mouth.~~
Backwards!

(A FIRE BELL SOUNDS -- STEADY RINGING)

So you go down to see your buddies at the fire house. The fellows who fought the fire-- *8 months ago*

MCAILLISTER: Hi Charlie--

CHARLIE: Hey, Red! Wait a minute. Let me ^{here if this is our signal} ~~acknowledge this~~ ~~check signal.~~ *nope*

(A SHARP BELL RING - THEN SOUNDS OUT)

CHARLIE: Looking for a fire to run with, Red?

MCAILLISTER: Nope. Charlie, I want to ask you something. About that fire up at Candlewood eight months ago --

CHARLIE: Oh, that's a terrible story, Red. You on it?

MCAILLISTER: Uh-huh. Listen, I want you to think - to remember anything queer you might of noticed up there --

CHARLIE: That's 8 months ago, Red--

MCAILLISTER: I know, but maybe there was something you saw that didn't mean anything then -- but could mean a lot now -- (DEAD AIR) well?

CHARLIE: I'm thinking -- (DEAD AIR) Nope--nothing ^{I can remember} up there-- listen, though, I'll tell you something...

MCAILLISTER: (QUICK) What?

CHARLIE: It's got nothing to do with that fire. Leastways, not in fact. It happened just before the fire -- maybe three hours -- a hot day that was, Red. A scorcher (START FADE) I was standing down the street, drinking some cold soda ~~pop~~ -- watching the traffic go by -- when this boy come up to me --

(SOUNDS OF AUTO TRAFFIC: HOLD UNDER)

JIMMY: Hello - you're a fireman aren't you?

CHARLIE: That's right, son.

JIMMY: I'd like to be a fireman someday, mister...

CHARLIE: Well, there's worse things a fellow can be, ~~son~~...

JIMMY: They have many fires here in Danbury?

CHARLIE: No more'n anyplace else -- want some soda ~~pop~~? It's a hot day..

JIMMY: No -- no -- what about the Candlewood Lake area?

CHARLIE: (SOUND HONKING) Lookit that New York car! Can't wait-- has to blow his top like he's mad at the world--

JIMMY: (IMPATIENT) What about Candlewood?

CHARLIE: Huh?

JIMMY: They have fires up around there?

CHARLIE: Sometimes...

JIMMY: (TENSE) And -- and the buildings, they -- they really burn down, don't they -- I mean because I figure it's so hard to bring water up, isn't it?

CHARLIE: That's so -- say, you worried about that? You staying at Candelwood?

JIMMY: (QUICK) No--no--it's--it's just that I'm interested in --in fire department problems--

CHARLIE: Oh ~~(HORN HONKING)~~ ~~There!~~ ~~Look!~~ ~~That's another New York car!~~

(FADE)--

(FIRE BELL RINGING STEADILY)

MCALLISTER: (EAGER) And three hours later the alarm came through?

CHARLIE: That's right! ^{But} ~~Let me acknowledge this signal, Red--~~

(DOES SO -- BELLS OUT)

MCALLISTER: What did the boy look like, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Nothing special ~~about the boy, Red--~~ maybe 16 or 17 years old--wore dark pants, as I recall and a blue shirt.

Think he might have something to do with this Candlewood business?

MCALLISTER: Do with it? I'll bet my bottom dollar you were talking to the killer! Come on I'd like you to tell this story to the police!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You tell yourself, Colin McAllister, if Charlie saw this boy, then somebody else must have seen him someplace-- somewhere--and it's a good bet that that body may be up in the Candlewood area -- so, you begin visiting the summer cottages. And for a few hours you draw a blank--then it happens --

(MUSIC: OUT)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

WOMAN: Just a moment.

(STEPS: DOOR OPENING)

Yes?

MCALLISTER: I'm Colin McAllister from the Danbury News-Times.
Here's my press card.

WOMAN: What can I do for you, Mr. McAllister?

MCALLISTER: It's about that -- ~~well~~ -- ~~unfortunate business over~~
~~at the~~ burned cottage -- where that girl was found.
I suppose you don't recall noticing anything or anyone
around there last year before that fire --

WOMAN: Oh, but I do! I most emphatically do!

MCALLISTER: (QUICK) What?

WOMAN: Parties! Wild parties.

MCALLISTER: In that cottage?

WOMAN: Oh yes! You see my husband and I -- we came up later
last year and stayed later. We used to drive past
that cottage and hear the wildest music!

MCALLISTER: (EAGER) ~~Anything else?~~

WOMAN: ~~And once or twice smoke coming from the chimney --~~

MCALLISTER: Did you see anybody, [?] ~~I mean~~ --

WOMAN: Oh, there were never any cars around. That was the
curious thing--all that party music and no cars!

MCALLISTER: (PATIENT) Did you ever see or notice a boy, maybe
around 16 or 17 years old -- wearing perhaps a blue
shirt, in the vicinity of the cottage?

WOMAN: ~~No~~, never around the cottage -- no -- I never saw
anyone...

MCALLISTER: (DEFLATED) *Oh wait here Charlie* I might have known my ~~luck would run out!~~

WOMAN: But walking on the road--yes! I saw such a boy -- a
nice boy -- ~~he was so studious-looking~~ -- he said good
morning to me -- and -- (HALTS)

MCALLISTER: Yes?

WOMAN:

Good heavens
(SHOCK) That was the morning of the fire!

(MUSIC:

HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

The picture is rounding out for you isn't it, Colin McAllister? A girl -- a high school kid -- and a boy -- you can begin to add it up now, can't you? Guess -- imagine a situation. That afternoon, you sit at your desk in the city room of the News-Times and start to pound out your story----

(TYPEWRITER CLACKING: UNDER)

And after a while your editor comes over and reads your copy over your shoulder---

EDITOR:

(READING SLOWLY) Is - this - another - American Tragedy? -- A story of two high school kids in trouble? ..That's your lead, Red?

MCALLISTER:

Uh-huh...

EDITOR:

Sounds like a novel.

MCALLISTER:

I don't think it's fiction, chief. How much time have I got?

EDITOR:

An hour. Give me about 1500 words. That's all the room I've got today.

MCALLISTER:

Okay..

(TYPEWRITER CLACKS. HOLD UNDER)

NARR:

1500 words, McAllister. You have to pack it tight-- make it sharp and terse to let the whole feeling come through your story. You get maybe 700 words down... when...

(TELEPHONE RINGS. TYPEWRITER OUT)

MCALLISTER: Hello, McAllister speaking.

JEFF: (FILTER) Red, this is Jeff Palmer down at the Danbury headquarters.

MCALLISTER: Hey, how you doing, Jeff?

JEFF: (FILTER) Listen, you remember asking me to check our missing persons file for you?

MCALLISTER: (EXCITED) You found something?

JEFF: (FILTER) I sure did. One week before that fire, a girl was reported missing in Danbury. She fits your description to a "T"..even to the initial. Only, she's not a high school kid..

MCALLISTER: What?

JEFF: (FILTER) Her name is Margaret Willis, and we've even got a photo of her down here!

(MUSIC: HIT)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #322

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the
finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

(MORE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CON'T.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ACT II

ANNCR: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the BIG STORY of Colin "Red" McAllister, as he lived it and wrote it---

NARR: A newspaperman gathers facts -- he sticks to them, but he gets hunches, too, and sometimes they send him down the wrong trail. That's what alarmed you, McAllister, when the phone call came, didn't it? Was your whole idea about this being an American Tragedy of high school kids way off first base? You never got down to local police headquarters as quickly as you ~~did~~ *could* on that June afternoon--

(SHEETS HURRYING DOOR OPEN AND SLAMMED SHUT)

JEFF: Well, you sure got down here fast, Red!

MAC: Is it true, Jeff? ~~What you told me over the phone?~~ *Ed.*

JEFF: Here you are -- here's the photograph and the data. Margaret Willis - reported missing in Danbury on August 25th. Height 5 ft. 2 - weight 120 - hair brown - that all fits doesn't it?

MAC: (DULLY) Yeah, she's pretty --

JEFF: And like the fellows -- you can read it under General Comments -- had lots of dates -- liked a good time.

MAC: What ~~makes~~ *makes* you say she's not a high school kid --

JEFF: Turn the card over -- there -- see? Education grammar school -- never went to High.

MAC: Oh. Who reported her missing?

JEFF: Her old man.

MAC: (DISAPPOINTED) Have you got anything else on her?

JEFF: Uh-huh. Occupations -- waitress -- domestic service -- worked for summer residents in the Candlewood Lake area. Last known place of employment -- a Mrs. R. Campbell on Maple Street, Danbury. It all seems to fit, Mac.

MAC: Yeah. It sure does.

JEFF: Well, I'd better send this over to the State Police in Ridgefield. Candlewood's their jurisdiction.

MAC: It. Miller's in charge. Thanks, Jeff, for giving it to me first.

JEFF: Don't mention it, ^{Feb} Mac. Want to use my phone to call in your story?

MAC: Yeah. Yeah. (THEN ABRUPT) No. I want to get a cup of coffee first. I want to think --

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: So you go down to the corner diner. You walk slowly as if you're tired. ^{You have the feeling that this isn't the right girl.} Barking up the wrong tree? ^{Have you been} ~~telling yourself~~ -- going leg work for an idea that was a mile from the truth -- maybe the only one who went to high school in this case was yourself.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(STEPS -- DOOR BIZ)

You go into the diner -- ~~the juke box is playing...~~

(JUKE MUSIC UP IN B.G.)

You order coffee -- you say hello to some of the boys -- and then you decide ^{You'd better bring your editor up to date} to call in your story -- that's when the break happens -- when a young fellow -- a kid -- remembers something --

BUDDY: Mr. McAllister..

MCALLISTER: What?..Oh, Buddy..wait a minute kid..Jemme got off the phone....I'll call you back, Chief, if anything new develops.

(BIZ OF PHONE BEING HUNG UP)

Well, how are you kid..How's the old pitching arm?

BUDDY: Okay. We got a game with Bridgeport next Saturday.

MCALLISTER: And you're training in this Diner, huh, Buddy? Want some coffee?

BUDDY: *No, USA 20*
Okay. Listen, Mr. McAllister, I overheard your talk on the telephone.

MCALLISTER: ~~Buy the paper anyway, kid. We've all got to make a living. (CALLS) TWO coffees, Dobby!~~

BUDDY: ~~Listen, Mr. McAllister,~~ you really think that murdered girl up in the cottage is this Margaret Willis?

MCALLISTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Why?

BUDDY: Well, I heard something the other day...

MCALLISTER: (SHARP) What?

BUDDY: Well, I got a friend in the Merchant Marine. He's stationed at Sheephead Bay in New York, and his old man sends him the Danbury News-Times regularly every day..

MCALLISTER: So?

BUDDY: It's hard to explain. This friend, Marty *Edwards* ~~Stone~~'s his name, he wrote me a letter the other day telling me something funny. The murder in the paper reminded him of it. He was up at Candlewood Lake last year just before that fire...

MAC: (EXCITED) What?

BUDDY: Yeah, and while he was there, he told me he ran into an old friend with a girl. ~~Marty knew the guy from before. He'd moved to New York, though.~~ And this guy called the girl Mary. Said she was a high school girl from New York.

MAC: Mary? Her name was Mary?

BUDDY: Yeah, and next day - that was after the fire -- Marty met this guy again, but without the girl. The guy told Marty that the girl had gone home to New York. Marty thought it was all a little funny, after reading about the murder in the papers.

MAC: (EXCITED) This fellow's name-- the one Marty met at the lake - did Marty tell you his name?

BUDDY: No, he didn't. You think there's something in this, Mr. McAllister?

MAC: Something? For the love of Pete, there might be everything!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You took Buddy to the Police, and Buddy told them his story..and afterwards, you went with the police down to Sheepshead Bay to see Marty ~~Stone~~^{Edwards}..And Marty told you the name of that fellow he met at the lake last year.. Carter..Jimmy Carter -- a high school kid from New York - and once again it was going around inside of you - kids! High school kids! It's the way you thought, the way you felt about it all the time.. especially after Lt. Miller of the state police calls you in....

(DOOR BIZ)

MILLER: Oh, come in, ^{Red} MacAllister -- I've got two things for you--

MAC: Yes?

MILLER: First -- we've got a line on that Margaret Willis. She's alive -- she's working in Pennsylvania.

MAC: And the other thing, it?

MILLER: We found out where this Jimmy Carter is right now--

MAC: (TENSE) Where?

MILLER: Up at his grandmother's cottage on Candlewood Lake-- up there for the summer -- you want to come along?

(MUSIC: HIT AND OUT)

(WOOD SOUNDS: BIRDS, ETC. STEPS ON LEAVES
ETC. OUT)

MILLER: Wait a minute -- that must be him -- that kid ^{diving} down there on the boat dock--

(~~WHERE IS A WATER SPLASH OFF~~)

MAC: He dives pretty well.

MILLER: Well, it helps a fellow keep cool. Come on.

(STEPS DOWN ON LEAVES. WATER SOUND LOUDER.
THEN STEPS ALONG BOAT DOCK. STEPS OUT)

MILLER: (CALLING) Hey, son, come on out--

JIMMY: (OFF) What?

MILLER: I want to talk to you,--

(SOUNDS OF WATER: THEN STEPS ON DOCK)

JIMMY: I'm permitted to swim here, Mister -- this is my grandmother's place.

MAC: That was pretty good diving, kid.

JIMMY: (PLEASED) That's why you wanted to talk to me? I'm practicing. I'm going to make the swimming team in school this year. I've gotten pretty good.

MILLER: Your name Jimmy Carter?

JIMMY: (SURPRISE) Yes. How'd you know?

MILLER: Where's your girl friend?

JIMMY: Huh?

MILLER: The one from New York. Mary.

(THERE IS A MOMENT OF DEAD AIR)

JIMMY: (QUIETLY) Who are you?

MILLER: Police. Where's Mary?

JIMMY: (CALMLY) I don't know. In New York, I guess.

MILLER: You had her up here at Candlewood last year, didn't you?

JIMMY: That's right. For a day. I took her in to Danbury and put her on a bus for home. Why?

MILLER: What's her full name?

JIMMY: Mary Drummond. But, what's the...(ABRUPT HALT. THEN KNOWINGLY) Oh, I know what you're thinking - about that burned cottage, huh? And that body you found in it...

MILLER: Are we?

JIMMY: I took her to the bus, Mister. Mary Drummond went home.

MILLER: (AFTER A MOMENT) Okay. That's all I wanted to know. Come on, ^{Red} Mac, let's go...

(SOUND AS THEY WALK OFF. THEN A SPLASH)

MCALISTER: He's diving again.

MILLER: Yeah. He's a cool ^{Red} customer. So cool I'm going to put a cop on his tail..to watch him. You coming with me?

MCALLISTER: Where?

MILLER: Down to New York. I'm going to make a check on this Mary Drummond girl -- ~~find out if there's a missing person file on her down there -- it might develop into something~~ -- and since you got us on this lead maybe you want to follow it?

MAC: Lieutenant, you couldn't drag me off it -- even if I had to pay my own fare --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: You'll never forget that missing person's file in New York. Mary Drummond, age 17, reported missing September 14th -- two weeks after the cottage burning -- reported missing by her mother, Mrs. Catherine Drummond --

(MUSIC: OUT SLOWLY)

You'll never forget her mother either.

MRS D: (VOICE TIRED, FRIGHTENED) The dress? The dress Mary was wearing?

MILLER: That's right, Mrs. Drummond -- do you remember it

MRS D: The blue and white sailor dress -- with her initial sewn on it. She always sewed her initial on her things -- what is it? You found her? She's in trouble?

MILLER: Yes -- we found her --

MRS D: (FRIGHT GROWING) Mary's a good girl -- only that once was she wild -- when she ran away. She was a good student. You can ask her teachers in school -- always she behaved. And listen to me. If she's in trouble, it's somebody else's fault!

MILLER: (GENTLE) Yes, Mrs. Drummond, it is somebody else's fault...

MRS. D. (SHARP) Tell me! What is it? I'll forgive her for running away. If she needs me I'll come and help. What happened?

MILLER: She's dead, Mrs. Drummond.

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN)

NARR: You can still hear her mother's scream, ~~can't you,~~ McAllister. It'll be in your mind a long long time-- Kids! Kids! They don't know half of what they do, do they, McAllister.

(MUSIC: OUT)

You go back to Danbury with Lt. Miller. It's a tense, silent ride--~~first by train and then by car to~~ a summer cottage on Lake Candlewood, where Jimmy Carter *picked up and brought to the police barracks at* is ~~still practicing his diving to make the school~~ team: *Ridgefield for questioning*

(WATER SPLASH AND SOUND OF SWIMMING)

~~When Jimmy Carter climbs back on the boat dock, Lt. Miller grasps his arm.~~

MILLER: Allright, sonny, get your clothes on--

JIMMY: What's the matter?

MILLER: You won't go diving any more for a long time -- we're going to the police barracks in Ridgefield--come on. I don't think you're going to have time to ever make your high school team---

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN)

MILLER: Look, Carter, you're not fooling any of us. I want a straight, truthful answer out of you!

JIMMY: (INNOCENT AND BARNEST) But, I am telling the truth, sir! I didn't do anything to her. I put her on the bus for home--

MILLER: She never left here. That's her body we found in the cottage!

JIMMY: I swear - I put her on the bus....

MILLER: (SHARP) Listen, not even ^a grown man would try to keep telling that story for two hours straight. You were seen with her. You were seen in that area. Stop lying!

JIMMY: (SHOUTS) I'm not lying! I'm not! I put her on the bus! I tell you, I put her on the bus! On the bus!
~~On the bus!~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN)

NARR: Listening to him denying it all - shouting his innocence, suddenly, you get a feeling, McAllister, that maybe it's all wrong. Kids don't kill. They don't do things like that. And Jimmy Carter is a good-looking boy, neat, clean, speaks well. Maybe you're wrong McAllister...but, you've got to follow your hunch...test it right to the end...so you leave Headquarters and go down to the fire station and get hold of Charlie, the fireman...

(PHONE RINGS., BIZ OF RECEIVER)

MILLER: It. Miller speaking. What? McAllister and who?....
Oh, good! Send them in!

Now (PHONE BIZ HANGING UP)
~~Allright, Carter, I've got something for you. Mr. McAllister of THE NEWS-TIMES is bringing someone in here?..On the morning of the fire, a few hours before it, in fact, you were in Danbury asking about fires, weren't you?~~

JIMMY: (QUICK) No!

MILLER: You didn't speak to a fireman about fires in the Candlewood section?

JIMMY: (SCARED) Listen, I'm telling the truth. I put her on a bus for home and..

(DOOR OPENING, STEPS)

MILLER: Ah, Charlie! Thanks for bringing him, ~~He'll listen.~~ *Red*
Jimmy, Did you speak to this man on the morning of that fire?

JIMMY: (SHOUTS) I never did anything! I swear--I never did anything!

MILLER: Charlie, do you recognize this boy?

CHARLIE: Why sure! He's the lad who asked me all about fires--

JIMMY: (SHOUTS) Listen, let me alone! Why don't you let me alone!

MILLER: (QUICK) You did murder Mary Drummond, ~~and~~ then burned the cottage down over her, to hide it--didn't you? *Jimmy: No No* *didn't you you murdered her*

JIMMY: (HIGHLY WORKED UP) You don't understand! I've got to finish school! I got to be an engineer!.

MILLER: (PRESSING HARD) You did, didn't you?

JIMMY: (SCREAMS) Yes! Yes! Yes!

(DEAD AIR FOR A MOMENT) (THEN JIMMY IS SOBBING)

MILLER: (QUIETER) Tears aren't going to help, sonny.

JIMMY: (CRYING) I have to finish school -- I have to finish--

MILLER: Why did you do it, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I'm only seventeen, Mister -- I'm only seventeen -- got married! Get married -- she kept nagging at me.. I had to be back in class in two weeks. Don't you understand? She kept nagging--it was trouble and I wanted to finish school she didn't have any right to try and get me married. (MORE)

JIMMY:
(CONTINUED)

~~I'm only seventeen!~~ My family would have died if I didn't finish school -- it didn't hurt her, I shot her once -- she didn't feel it at all. Believe me, it didn't hurt her at all--

CHAPPELL:

In a moment we'll read you a telegram from Colin McAllister of the Danbury Conn. News Times with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #322

CLOSING COMMERCIAL
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat.
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL. (END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.
No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure
you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch, Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Colin McAllister of the Danbury Conn. News Times.

MCAILLISTER: Young killer in tonight's Big Story pleaded guilty of murder in second degree and was sentenced to a life term in the State prison at Wethersfield. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McAllister 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 momento of your truly significant achievement.

HARRICK: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Lamesa Texas, Daily Reporter by-line Ed Engledow. The Big Story of an unknown woman - an unknown fear and a reporter who dared find out the truth.

(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 Raphael Hayes from an actual story from the pages of the Danbury Connecticut News Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jim Stephens played the part of Colin McAllister. 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. McAllister.

(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: Ladies and gentlemen, here's an important announcement. Carelessness is the greatest single cause of forest fires -- fires that every year destroy enough timber to build 86,000 homes. Most of these fires started because somebody was careless with a lighted match, a campfire, a burning cigarette. Be on guard constantly against fire. Don't give fire a place to start.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #323

CAST

NARRATOR BOB SLOANE
MAN CARL FRANK
WOMAN FLORENCE ROBINSON
ED ENGLEADOW PETER HOBBS
SHERIFF WENDELL HOLMES
LUCY JAN MINER
MRS. SIMPSON ETHEL EVERETT
DRUNK RAY JOHNSON
DOCTOR RAY JOHNSON
ADIE
MARY AMZIE STRICKLAND

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1953

RTX01 0007886

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

MAN: (HUSHED) How is she this morning?

WOMAN: I haven't been in. I'm going in now.

MAN: Do you think it's all right?

WOMAN: I better. Wait here.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPEN SOFTLY)

WOMAN: (EXCLAMATION OF SHOCK) Frank!

MAN: (OFF) What's the matter?

WOMAN: (FRANTIC) She's gone. Frank, she's not here. (HIGH
PANIC) She's gone!

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear
actually happened. It happened in Lamesa, Texas. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From
the pages of the Lamesa Texas Daily Reporter, the
story of an unknown woman, an unknown fear ... and
a reporter who dared find out the truth. Tonight, to
Ed Engledow, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500
award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #323

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP:
(MAN SOLO) Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
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CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Lamesa, Texas. The story as it actually happened --
Ed Engledow's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The sheriff's office in Lamesa. The Texas sun beats
down outside. The silence hums with heat. Inside, you,
Ed Engledow, try to fight the somnolent mood with sharp
questions ...

ED: Come on, Sheriff, give me a break. ~~The paper doesn't~~
~~close down just because it's hot. What's cooking besides~~
~~the pavements?~~

SHERIFF: Told you, Engledow, one arrest. That's all.

ED: Okay. Who?

SHERIFF: Girl.

ED: What's her name?

SHERIFF: I dunno.

ED: Don't know?

SHERIFF: (SHARP) You heard me.

ED: What's the charge against her?

SHERIFF: Well, hard to say exactly ..

ED: What is this? A run-around?

SHERIFF: ~~Don't fuck care for your attitude, Engledow.~~

ED: (SWALLOWS) ~~I'm sorry, (THEN, CONTROL) Look Sheriff...~~
~~can't you just give me some facts? You say you arrested~~
~~a girl... My paper needs her name... why was she arrested ...~~

SHERIFF: Can't tell you that.

ED: (MAD) Why not?

SHERIFF: (MADDER, SNAPS) Because she don't know and I don't know.

ED: (SOFTLY) Oh? This is beginning to sound like something.

SHERIFF: Don't let your imagination run away with you, there's nothing to it. Just a girl. She was found walking in to town on the main highway. Old clothes ... no identification, about 11 cents in her pocket. We picked her up. Questioned her.

ED: And ...

SHERIFF: She said -- she didn't know where she was or where she was heading. She also said she didn't know who she was. She said.

ED: You don't believe her?

SHERIFF: ~~Got a look at her.~~ She's no dumb bunny. ~~She knows~~ plenty.

ED: How about giving me a look at her?

SHERIFF: (PAUSE, THEN SURPRISINGLY) Okay.

ED: (WHISTLES) She must really have you stumped, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: I didn't say ..

ED: I know you didn't say. But I thought I was going to have to twist your arm to get to see her. (GIVEN) Thanks for the break. ~~But~~.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DRUNK: Yeah, c'mon ... we gonna be in jail together ... right in the next cage to each other ... we outa be friends ... see?

LUCY: (LOW) ~~Just~~ leave me alone, please.

DRUNK: ~~Being in jail don't mean nothing. I get tossed in once~~
a week, (CHUCKLES) Good place for a hangover. Nice and
cool. Come on ...baby...move those good looking gams to
the front of the hole so I can get a better look.

LUCY: (A LITTLE HIGHER) Stop it.

DRUNK: High and mighty, baby? You got something to be proud
of..being tossed in the cooler? You got a distinction?

LUCY: (HIGH NOW) I asked you to leave me alone. I asked you
and asked you. I ---

ED: (GENTLY) Hello.

LUCY: That goes for you too! It goes for all --(SHE STOPS AS
SHE SEES IT'S ED)

ED: Ed Engledow .. Daily Reporter.

LUCY: I'm sorry, I thought ...everybody's been...(SHE STOPS)

ED: Giving you a hard time?

DRUNK: Who's giving who a hard time? Just trying to be a 'lil
friendly, thas' all. Just nice and friendly. But Cutie
here ... like ice. Just like --

ED: All right. Cut it. Leave her alone.

DRUNK: Look, who're --

ED: (SHARP) I said cut it.

DRUNK: Okay. Okay. (FADES SLIGHTLY, MUMBLING) Jus' trying
to be a 'lil friendly, thas all. Jus' trying

LUCY: (A PAUSE) Thank you.

ED: Pretty rough?

LUCY: Yes.

ED: Never been in jail before?

LUCY: I -- I don't know.

I don't know what to tell you Mr. Engel down
ED: You don't look like a girl who's spent any time in jail.

LUCY: (PATHETICALLY EAGER) Don't I? Are you sure?

ED: Don't you know? Really?

LUCY: No. ~~That's what's so --terrible. Not just that I can't~~
remember my name..who I am but ... I--I don't know
whether I belong here or not. I don't know whether I
--did something or not.

ED: ~~Do you think you did?~~

LUCY: I must have been running away. They picked me up -- just
--walking ... (AFRAID) What was I running away from?
What did I do? ~~I asked the Sheriff. He wouldn't tell~~
~~me. He --~~

ED: What's your name?

LUCY: (A CRY) I don't know. (THEN DESPERATE, LOW) Tell me.
If you know, please tell me. Did I do something? Do
I belong here -- in jail? Did I do anything ---wrong?

ED: I don't know.

LUCY: (LOW) But I was running away. I must have been. And
People don't run away unless --there's something to run
from --something terrible. I've been sitting here ..
ever since they locked me up, thinking and thinking. My
head aches so .. I start to get something, and then it
goes away and I can't catch it and I start wondering
again. (PANIC) I could have done anything.

ED: Don't ..

LUCY: ~~I can't help it. I sit here .. I look at my hands ...~~
~~I try to remember .. (SOBS) I just can't help it.~~
What am I doing here? How did I ever get here?
Tell me, please. How did I get here?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You stand, watching her, Ed Engledow. Watching and listening to questions you can't answer. Questions that no one can answer. No one but a man and a woman many miles away, ~~in a remote town in Texas...~~

(MUSIC: OUT)

WOMAN: (PANIC) We've got to find her, Frank. We've got to.

MAN: Now take it easy. We --

WOMAN: Easy? Easy, with her wandering around, Lord knows where? ...doing Lord knows what?

MAN: We'll find her ..

WOMAN: But when? *It might not be in time. It's not safe here.* ~~How soon? She can't just wander around alone.~~ *wandering around.* There's no telling what might happen. You know there's no telling what might happen!

(MUSIC: HIT FOR SHORT BRIDGE)

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

ADELE: Ed, that you?

ED: Yup ...

ADELE: You're late. I didn't make much ^{supper} ~~dinner~~. Too hot. I thought maybe a salad and --

ED: I can't make it home for supper, Adele. I --

ADELE: You can't make it? You did make it. You're here.

ED: I'm going back to town. I just stopped in to---Adele... remember that list of girls' names you made out?...When you were trying to think of a name for ^{Adelle} ~~that~~ baby?

ADELE: Sure, but ...

ED: Can I have it?

ADELE: What for?

ED: That girl ... the one I told you about on the phone ...
the one in jail ..

ADELE: Has she remembered anything yet?

ED: No. I thought ... maybe if I could throw a whole list
of names at her it might help. I might strike a name
that would mean something to her ...

ADELE: The list is right here in the table drawer.

(SOUND OF DRAWER BEING PULLED OUT, RATTLE OF PAPER)

ED: Thanks ... swell ... be back later, I --

ADELE: Ed ...

ED: Huh?

ADELE: Can't she remember? Really not?

ED: I don't think she can.

ADELE: It could just be --a trick.

ED: (SHRUGS) How can you tell a thing like that for sure?

~~ALL I KNOW IS .. I SAW HER .. I TALKED TO HER .. I THINK~~
~~she's on the level. And I think she needs help.~~

ADELE: So you're going to help her.

ED: Somebody's got to try ...

ADELE: (SOFTLY) Sure.

ED: (STARTING TO GO) ~~Better not wait up for me. Might be~~
~~late.~~

ADELE: ~~All right.~~ (THEN) Ed ...

ED: ~~Mmmm?~~

ADELE: *Ed* Maybe she does need help. Maybe she's on the level.

But..be careful anyway, mmmm? Please?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Careful ... careful ... the word rolls around and around in your mind as you drive to town. It makes its own monotonous litany as you walk up the steps to the jail. Careful. Careful. Careful as you sit beside the frightened looking woman in her jail cell, Careful as you start gently questioning her .. prying ... probing ... trying to find out the truth. Maybe this woman is sick... maybe she's dangerous. In either event .. careful ... careful ...

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

LUCY: Do I have to stay here, Mr. Engledow? Do I have to just sit here in jail? How can I find out anything sitting here..worrying, thinking...

ED: That's why I came back. To try and help.

LUCY: But how?

ED: Just listen. Try to relax and listen. I'm going to read some names to you. Concentrate. Tell me if any of them mean anything to you. ~~Don't think of anything else.~~ ~~Just listen to the names.~~

LUCY: Will it work?

ED: That's what we're going to find out. Now just listen. Listen to these names. Ada ...Adelaide ...Adele ... Alice...Alma ...Amy ... (FADE HIM DOWN)

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You read the names. You pause between each one ... look at her ...try to see some glimmer ...some break in the blank veil over her eyes. Nothing ...you keep on ...

ED: Daphne ...Della ...Diana ...Doris ...

LUCY: They're just words ...they don't mean anything.

ED: (SOOTHING) Listen ... just listen ... Duley ...
Edith ... Edna ... Eleanor ...

NARR: Name after name. Hour after hour. The woman listens.
Sometimes so intently it seems her eyes would burn through
you ... sometimes listlessly ... tiredly ...

ED: Karen ... Kathleen ... Kit ... Laura ...

LUCY: Stop it!

ED: I ...

LUCY: It isn't any good. My head aches. I ... I just can't.

ED: Listen ... please. Just listen. Laura ... Leah ... *Leila* ...

LUCY: I know you want to help. But there's nothing ... just
names that don't mean anything, and ...

ED: (INEXORABLE) *Leila* Leila, Lois, Lucy ..

LUCY: If I could just --- (STOPS)

ED: What is it?

LUCY: (WHISPERS) Say it again.

ED: *Leila* Leila ...

LUCY: No ... go on ..

ED: Lois ... Lucy ...

LUCY: Lucy. Lucy!

(MUSIC: CUT SHARPLY)

ED: Does it mean something to you?

LUCY: (DREAMILY) Lucy ... yes. It does!

ED: Is it your name?

LUCY: I ... Maybe. I think maybe.

ED: Look through your pockets again ... carefully. Maybe
there's a handkerchief with an initial ... something ..

LUCY: I looked before. There's nothing. ~~Just some matches...~~
~~papers...~~

ED: ~~The blouse pocket... did you look there?~~

LUCY: ~~I'm sure I did. I~~ (STOPS) Look.

ED: What is it? A snapshot?

LUCY: It was folded up way ^{down} ~~back~~ in my pocket. I didn't see it before.

ED: Who's it of?

LUCY: It's a boy. A young boy ~~...about fourteen.~~

ED: Is it --your son ...Lucy?

LUCY: My ----son? Do I --do I have a son?

ED: Look at it. Keep looking at it. Is it your son?

LUCY: Does he --look like me?

ED: (REPEATING) Is it your son, Lucy?

LUCY: (TORN) I don't know! Maybe. Maybe I have a son. Maybe this is a picture of him. (THEN) Or maybe it's something else. Maybe it's my son and I love him or maybe it's somebody I hate ... maybe it's somebody I hurt!

(SCREAMING WITH HYSTERIA NOW) How can I know?

ED: (SHARP) Stop it ...hysteria's not going to help.

LUCY: (HYSTERIA) Then what is going to help? Tell me that?

~~What is going to help?~~ WHAT IS GOING TO HELP!

(MUSIC: HIT AND ACCENT UNDER FAST)

MAN: I called the police. I told them she was gone ...

WOMAN: Frank ..

MAN: I had to. We can't waste any more time.

WOMAN: What's going to happen? If she gets upset ...if she gets hysterical ...

MAN: Don't think about it.

WOMAN: (LOW) I can't help it. The way she is ...what's going to happen if she gets upset? Frank ... what's going to happen?

(MUSIC: TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #323

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

MORE

ATX01 0007899

NARR: Careful ... careful ... the word rolls around and around in your mind as you drive to town. It makes its own monotonous litany as you walk up the steps to the jail. Careful. Careful. Careful as you sit beside the frightened looking woman in her jail cell. Careful as you start gently questioning her .. prying ... probing ... trying to find out the truth. Maybe this woman is sick... maybe she's dangerous. In either event .. careful ... careful ...

(MUSIC: OUT)

LUCY: Do I have to stay here, Mr. Engledow? Do I have to just sit here in jail? How can I find out anything sitting here..worrying, thinking...

ED: That's why I came back. To try and help.

LUCY: But how?

ED: Just listen. Try to relax and listen. I'm going to read some names to you. Concentrate. Tell me if any of them mean anything to you. ~~Don't think of anything else. Just listen to the names...~~

LUCY: Will it work?

ED: That's what we're going to find out. Now just listen. Listen to these names. Ade ... Adelaide ... Adele ... Alice...Alma ...Amy....(FADE HIM DOWN)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You read the names. You pause between each one ... look at her ...try to see some glimmer ...some break in the blank veil over her eyes. Nothing ...you keep on ...

ED: Daphne ...Della ...Diana ...Doris ...

LUCY: They're just words ...they don't mean anything.

ED: (SOOTHING) Listenjust listen ...Dulcy
Edith ... Edna ...Eleanor ...

NARR: Name after name. Hour after hour. The woman listens.
Sometimes so intently it seems her eyes would burn through
you ..sometimes listlessly ..tiredly ...

ED: Karen ...Kathleen ...Kit ...Laura...

LUCY: Stop it!

ED: I ----

LUCY: It isn't any good. My head aches. I -- I just can't.

ED: listen ...please. Just listen. Laura ...Leah ...*Helena* ...

LUCY: I know you want to help. But there's nothing ...just
names that don't mean anything, and ...

ED: (INEXORABLE) *Helena* Sheila, Lois, Lucy ..

LUCY: If I could just --- (STOPS)

ED: What is it?

LUCY: (WHISPERS) Say it again.

ED: *Helena* ~~Lois~~ ..

LUCY: No ...go on ..

ED: Lois ...Lucy ...

LUCY: Lucy. Lucy!

(MUSIC: CUT SHARPLY)

ED: Does it mean something to you?

LUCY: (DREAMLILY) Lucy ...yes. It does!

ED: Is it your name?

LUCY: I....Maybe. I think maybe.

ED: Look through your pockets again ...carefully. Maybe
there's a handkerchief with an initial ...something ..

LUCY: I looked before. There's nothing. ~~Fast "Home" notebook ...~~
~~pennies...~~

ED: ~~The blouse-pocket... did you look there?~~

LUCY: ~~Ma... did I... (STOP)~~ Look.

ED: What is it? A snapshot?

LUCY: It was folded up way ^{down} ~~back~~ in my pocket. I didn't see
it before.

ED: Who's it of?

LUCY: It's a boy. A young boy ... ~~about fourteen.~~

ED: Is it -- your son ... Lucy?

LUCY: My ---son? Do I --do I have a son?

ED: Look at it. Keep looking at it. Is it your son?

LUCY: Does he --look like me?

ED: (REPEATING) Is it your son, Lucy?

LUCY: (TORN) I don't know! Maybe. Maybe I have a son. Maybe
this is a picture of him. (THEN) Or maybe it's something
else. Maybe it's my son and I love him or maybe it's
somebody I hate ... maybe it's somebody I hurt!

(SCREAMING WITH HYSTERIA NOW) How can I know?

ED: (SHARP) Stop it ... hysteria's not going to help.

LUCY: (HYSTERIA) Then what is going to help? Tell me that?
~~what is going to help?~~ WHAT IS GOING TO HELP!

(MUSIC: HIT AND ACCENT UNDER FAST)

MAN: I called the police. I told them she was gone ...

WOMAN: Frank ..

MAN: I had to. We can't waste any more time.

WOMAN: What's going to happen? If she gets upset ...if she gets hysterical ...

MAN: Don't think about it.

WOMAN: (LOW) I can't help it. The way she is ...what's going to happen if she gets upset? Frank ... what's going to happen?

(MUSIC: TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #323

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

MORE

ATX01 0007904

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CON'T.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRISON: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRISON: And -- they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: There's so much that you, Ed Engledow, don't know. What about this woman...struggling with her memory...locked in a jail cell? Is she ill...is she faking...is she a criminal? You don't know. You know only one thing... you want to help her...if you can.....

(MUSIC: OUT)

ED: (GENTLY) Please understand...I just want to help you.. I'm not trying to upset you..

LUCY: (VERY UPSET) Then why can't you take me away from here? Being in jail...everytime I try to remember anything, all I can think is...I'm in jail...I'm in jail...I've got to get out!

ED: Where would you go?

LUCY: Anywhere. I could go to Tulsa. I -- (SHE STOPS)

ED: Tulsa?

LUCY: (LOW) Why did I say that? Why -- Tulsa?

ED: (EAGER) Do you remember Tulsa...what it looks like? Whether you live there?

LUCY: I --- (TRYING) It was so clean where I lived. I know that. Not like this. White. Very white.

ED: (TENSE) Go on.

LUCY: (DREAMILY) Everything was white. Tables...chairs... (SUDDENLY) White dresses!

ED: What about them?

LUCY: I ---- (THEN) I can't.

ED: You've got to. What about white dresses?

LUCY: (STRUGGLING) Everyone in -- in white. It was so clean. We always washed. There was so much soap... scrubbing up...

ED: (SUDDENLY) Your hands!

LUCY: What?

ED: Do it again! What you were doing with you hands!

LUCY: (BEWILDERED) I ---

ED: That! Rubbing them..as if you were washing them.

LUCY: (SIMPLY) Oh, we had to.

ED: Why?

LUCY: I -- (THEN) I don't know.

ED: Could it be...because you were a nurse? You said scrubbing up...everything white. Do you remember a hospital?

LUCY: Yes! I do. I --(THEN) I think I do.

ED: A nurse, in a hospital in Tulsa!

LUCY: Do you think that's it?

ED: It's a lead. That and the name Lucy. It ought to be enough for a start.

(MUSIC: SHORT BRIDGE)

ED: Try it, Sheriff. It's the first lead we have. Check the Tulsa hospitals. Try and locate a missing nurse. First name probably Lucy. You have the description.

SHERIFF: ~~You buying that story. Engledow?~~

ED: ~~The woman's no criminal. I'm sure.~~

SHERIFF: I suppose it's worth a try. I'll check.

ED: Swell.

SHERIFF: (PAUSE, THEN) ~~OKAY...I said I'd check.~~

ED: I -- I wanted to ask you one other thing.

SHERIFF: What?

ED: She doesn't belong in jail, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Look, until we --

ED: If she can't remember, if she's an amnesia victim, she needs medical care...quiet surroundings..

SHERIFF: First we have to establish for sure --

ED: (CUTS IN) If we wait to establish anything for sure it may be too late. She's ill...mentally ill. She's got to be someplace where she can have some quiet...some peace.

SHERIFF: Look, if you'd just --

ED: Jail's no place for her. Pickpockets, drunks, criminals on all sides of her...what kind of a place is that for a sick woman?

SHERIFF: (DANGEROUSLY SWIFT) And just what do you want me to do?

ED: How about releasing her?

SHERIFF: I suppose she'd be better kicked out on the streets?

ED: Suppose I found someone who'd take care of her?

SHERIFF: And suppose she turns out to be a homicidal maniac?

ED: She's not a----

SHERIFF: (CUTS IN) Yeah, sure. I know. She's not a criminal. She's a sick nurse named Lucy. Sure. (THEN) Okay.

ED: Okay, what?

SHERIFF: Find someone willing to take the responsibility. Find someone who'll take her in their home -- no questions asked. If you can do it, I'll release her in their custody.

ED: (A PAUSE, SINCERELY) Thanks Sheriff. Thanks a lot.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't waste time. There isn't any time to waste. You feel sure that this woman has to be released from prison and quickly. You've written stories about her already. But now you write a plea. In a small, warmhearted town you feel sure someone will be willing to help..to take this woman into their home.....

(MUSIC: OUT)

ED: (ANGRY) Well, you'd think so, wouldn't you? It's not that much to ask...just for somebody to help.

ADELE: Ed...

ED: What's the matter with this town, Adele? For three days I've written about the woman..pleaded for someone to get her out of jail. Nothing.

ADELE: It's not an easy thing to ask. To open your home to a stranger..maybe a dangerous stranger....

ED: We'd take her here if there was any place for her wouldn't we?

ADELE: Yes but....

ED: (MAD) But the people who have room, who can afford it ...they're too busy -- ~~too wrapped up in their bridge~~ ~~panties and gossip to worry about someone who's sick...~~ ~~in trouble.~~ They can't be decent enough to take time to-----

(BELL RING)

ADELE: Doorbell. I'll get it.

ED: Three days I've run an appeal. Three days. And not one person with enough warmth, enough humanity to...

(DOOR OPEN)

ADELE: Yes?

MRS. S: (ELDERLY) Is this the residence of Mr. Engledow?

ADELE: Why, yes..Come in please.

(DOOR CLOSE)

ADELE: Ed...

ED: Yeah?...

MRS. S: Mr. Engledow?

ED: That's right.

MRS. S: I'm Mrs. Simpson. ~~This is an imposition; coming to your~~
~~home-but~~..I wanted to talk to you about your story in
the paper...about that young woman....

ED: (STILL A LITTLE SORE) What about her?

MRS. S: My house isn't very large...but there is a spare room.
And while I'm not -- very affluent, I brought up the
matter with my church group and they took a collection.
I think the sum will be adequate to support the woman
for a while, at least.

ED: (ABACK) You -- took a collection for her? You want to
help her?

MRS. S: Yes why? Is there something wrong?

ED: (GENTLY) Yes, Mrs. Simpson. There is. Me.

MRS. S: I don't --

ADELE: Don't mind him, Mrs. Simpson. He's just busy right now,
kicking himself for being very mistaken about something.

MRS. S: Oh. Well, about the arrangements....

ED: ~~Would you like to see the woman before you commit~~
~~yourself, Mrs. Simpson?~~

MRS. S: ~~Why would seeing her make any difference? I mean... if~~
~~she needs help....~~

AD

ADELE: You -- live alone, Mrs. Simpson?

MRS. S: Oh yes.

ADELE: (WORRIED) Ed, are you sure it's all right? You don't really know anything about the woman. If she's alone in the house with Mrs. Simpson.....

MRS. S: I wouldn't worry about that.

ADELE: ~~But it's not as if we knew her, we could really vouch for her...~~

ED: I'm sure it's all right Adele. And if Mrs. Simpson is willing...

MRS. S: Oh, I am....

ADELE: I just want her to know it is a chance. It's only fair....

MRS. S: Please don't worry, Mrs. Engledow. ~~I'd like to go get her right now. And I know it's all right.~~ I know it's perfectly safe.

(MUSIC: SHARP STING AND UNDER FOR)

WOMAN: It isn't safe, Frank. Having her heaven's knows where.

MAN: The police are looking....

WOMAN: Then why can't they find her? Where is she? It's been five weeks since she disappeared. What is she doing?

MAN: I don't know....

WOMAN: Just...gone. For five weeks. It's not safe. It just isn't safe!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

LUCY: I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Simpson. And you too, Mr. Engledow. It's so wonderful to be here. I feel so -- so safe.

MRS. S: You just make yourself comfortable and try to rest.

LUCY: It's so clean. So bright. At home I -- (SHE STOPS)

ED: Home?

LUCY: (HELPLESS) For a minute..just for a minute, I could see it. A house like this... a brick front.. (THEN) But then it went away....

ED: Lucy..I might as well call you that..look, Lucy. Mrs. Simpson and I were talk'ng. We had an idea but it needs your okay.

LUCY: What?

ED: Would you be willing to have an injection of truth serum?

LUCY: (AGITATED) But I am telling the truth. I don't remember.

ED: I believe you. But there's just a chance that, with an injection, you might be relaxed enough to remember something. ~~You might give us a clue we could follow up.~~

LUCY: (UPSET) You make it sound as if you think I'm lying.. that I'm covering something.

MRS. S: (SOOTHING) Of course not.

ED: It's just that -- well, we didn't get anywhere checking the Tulsa hospitals. They have no record of a hospital nurse missing. So, if we're going to help you, we have to try something else.

LUCY: (HESITATES) People -- they say -- anything -- when they have the truth serum, don't they?

ED: Anything that's the truth.

LUCY: If -- if I did anything wrong, I'd -- tell about it, wouldn't I? I'd -- confess.

ED: ~~If you did anything wrong.~~

LUCY: ~~Yes.~~

ED: Wouldn't it be better to know, anyway? Wouldn't anything be better than wondering?

LUCY: (LOW) I -- I'm afraid.

ED: We can't force you to do anything.

LUCY: (A PAUSE, THEN) I -- all right. I'll take the injection. ~~You're right. No matter what I find out, it's better than just being afraid.~~

ED: Good girl. I'll make arrangements.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The arrangements are simple. You phone the hospital.. talk to the doctor...explain. Within a few hours the woman is admitted..the truth serum is injected....

DOCTOR: Just start counting now, please. Backward, from one hundred....

LUCY: All right.. 100...99....98...97...96..

NARR: You watch. You watch and wonder. Will it work? Will she talk? And, if she does, what will she say?

LUCY: (HER VOICE DROWSY NOW)...72...71....70...69...(HER VOICE FADES TO A MUMBLE, STOPS)

DOCTOR: (A PAUSE, THEN) She's ready now, Mr. Engledow.

ED: You remember the questions to ask doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes.

ED: Okay. Let's go.

(MUSIC: OUT SHARP)

DOCTOR: Lucy? (NO ANSWER) Lucy?...Is your name, Lucy?

LUCY: (SLEEPILY) I -- don't remember. Maybe....

DOCTOR: Are you a nurse?

LUCY: (PLAINTIVELY) Nobody believes me. Nobody thinks I'm telling the truth...that I don't remember. I'm afraid.

DOCTOR: What are you afraid of?

LUCY: There was a picture of the boy..the snapshot...Why did I have it with me? Did I -- hurt him? I'm afraid.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He keeps asking questions...any questions. You've got to find some clue.

ED: Ask about the boy some more. Keep trying.

DOCTOR: The boy is your son, isn't he, Lucy.

LUCY: (SLURPILY) I don't know. (THEN) They put me in jail. Why did they put me in jail? Why don't they believe me when I say I don't know?

NARR: The same dead end. The same forgetfulness. You know now that this woman isn't lying...can't be lying about her loss of memory. She can't remember. But what is it she can't remember? And how can you find out what it is?

(MUSIC: OUT)

DOCTOR: You mentioned Tulsa once, Lucy, remember? Do you live in Tulsa?

LUCY: Tulsa? Why did I say Tulsa?

DOCTOR: And a hospital....

LUCY: Lucy was sick. She was so sick.

DOCTOR: When were you sick?

LUCY: Lucy was sick.

DOCTOR: Aren't you Lucy?

LUCY: I -- (AGITATED) I can't remember. I just....(HER VOICE FADES OFF).....so tired....

DOCTOR: (LOW) Do you want to go on with it, Mr. Engledow?

ED: I guess not. Not getting anywhere.

DOCTOR: I can bring her out of it with caffeine.

LUCY: (VERY FAINTLY)...Hitchcock.

ED: What did she say?

DOCTOR: I didn't catch it. Lucy, did you say something?

LUCY: (PLAINTIVELY) Hitchcock. It keeps buzzing in my head.. Just that word. Hitchcock. (ALMOST CRYING) I want to sleep but it keeps buzzing. And I don't know what it means.

ED: (EXCITED) Bring her out of it, doctor. Quickly. Maybe she doesn't know what it means. The name Hitchcock. But I do!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DOCTOR: She's fully conscious now, Mr. Engledow. You can talk to her.

ED: Thanks, doctor.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOS)

ED: Lucy....

LUCY: (TENSE) What did I say, Mr. Engledow? Did it work?

ED: You said one thing, Lucy. One name. Hitchcock.

LUCY: Hitchcock?

ED: Does it mean anything to you now?

LUCY: No. Why should it?

ED: It's a town...a small town between Galveston and Houston.

LUCY: Why did I say it? What does it mean?

ED: You don't know?

LUCY: No.

ED: Okay. Then I'll have to find out for you. Because the answer's in Hitchcock. And I can find it. I'm sure of it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You race for your phone. It takes just one call. To the police in Hitchcock. And you have the answer. The whole answer.

(MUSIC: OUT)

ED: I called the police in Hitchcock -- Lucy.

LUCY: Police! Why the police?

ED: They told me your name wasn't Lucy. It's Madeline. Madeline --

LUCY: (CUTS IN, SUDDENLY) Madeline Parsons!

ED: That's right.

LUCY: (CRYING AS SHE TALKS) Madeline Parsons. That's my name. That's me ... who I am. I remember. Mr. Engledow.. I remember! I live in Hitchcock..with my sister and brother-in-law. And my son! The boy..the one in the snapshot..that's Timmy...he's my son!

ED: Go on.....

LUCY: I -- was sick. I worked so hard. I got sick. A nervous breakdown. My sister was taking care of me. I was worried about being sick and her having all the trouble taking care of me.

(MORE)

LUCY:
(CONT'D)

I didn't know what to do. I --- (STOPS) That is what they told you, isn't it? The police, I mean? Isn't it?

ED: Yes. That's what they told me.

LUCY: There -- there wasn't anything else they told you, was there? They didn't say I -- I did anything, did they?

ED: No. They didn't say you did anything.

LUCY: (BREAKS INTO TEARS)

ED: Easy...it's all right now....

LUCY: (THROUGH TEARS) I can't believe it. All the worrying.. the nightmare...being so afraid that I -- that I might have....

ED: (FIRMLY) You didn't do anything. (THEN) Except leave home and worry your sister practically out of her wits. She didn't know what would happen to you..wandering around lost..sick..she was desperately afraid that a shock might disturb you mentally....she didn't know what might happen...

LUCY: (GETTING CONTROL) I better call her.

ED: She'd like that.

LUCY: I have to tell her, I'm all right. That nothing happened. That everything's all right, Mr. Engledow, --thanks to you.

(MUSIC: ... HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ed Engledow of the Lamesa Daily Reporter with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)
(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #323

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking.

(START E.T.)

GROUP:
(GIRL SOLO) Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length
can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better
it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ed Engledow of the
Lamesa Texas Daily Reporter.

ENGLEDOW: Woman in tonight's case was happily reunited with family.
After she returned to Hitchcock, she called to tell me
why she had thought her name to be Lucy. Lucy was name
of patient she was nursing just before her nervous
breakdown. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Engledow, 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 momento of your truly significant achievement.

HARRISON: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG
STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Phoenix Arizona
Republic by-line Gene McLain. The Big Story of a reporter
who played a hunch to win against a voice from the grave.

(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. Frockler 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
Lamesa Texas Daily Reporter. Your narrator was Bob
Sloane and Peter Hobbs played the part of Ed Engledow.
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. Engledow *and his wife*

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELJ. MELI. FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money
can buy. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, one of our greatest national
hazards is fire. Tonight -- through carelessness, a fire
could start in your home, a life could be lost. Don't
let it happen. Be on guard constantly against fire.
Make sure every match, every cigarette is out before
you discard it. Empty all ash trays before leaving the
house or going to bed. Observe all fire regulations.
Don't give fire a place to start.

This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

mtf/smk
10/12/53pm.

01X01 0007920

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #324

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GENE McLAIN	JOE BELGIESON
BOB DAVIS	MICHAEL O'DAY
HILL REED	ED BEGLEY
WALTER SIDALJA	GUY SOREL
JOE STEWART	GUY SOREL
ALEX FERGUS	CHARLES CARSHON
DR. MORRISON	CHARLES CARSHON
MRS. WEBSTER	CATHERINE CALES

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1953

01X01 0007921

ANNCR: FEEL ME!! FAMOUS CIGARETTES...the finest quality money
can buy...present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(SMALL SEWING MACHINE IN MOTION, SLIGHTLY OFF.
THEN DOOR OPENS, ON, ADMITTING MILD STREET AND
TRAFFIC NOISE, OFF, DOOR CLOSES. CUT STREET
NOISES.)

WAITER: (OFF, CALLS PLEASANTLY) Be with you in just one minute,
young ~~man~~ *fellow*

(SEWING MACHINE STOPS. CHAIR SCRAPE, OFF.
FOOTSTEPS MADE IN)

WAITER: (COMING IN) ~~Sorry to keep you waiting. You interested~~ *Oh*
in ~~a nice sport jacket, maybe? What can you get there,~~ *that*
~~that's genuine cashmere, forty percent.~~ Go ahead, try
it on. For a nice young fellow like you, a sport jacket
is....(HE STOPS).... *What*

(WAITER IS STRUCK ON THE SHOULDER, CAUSING HIM TO
MIS-STEP BACKWARDS)

WAITER: (PRIGHTENED) Please, boy. Put down the gun. Please,
I...I got no money. See? Look, I show you. In the
cash drawer I got only...(THEN, LOUD) No!

(ONE SHOT)

WAITER: (HIT) No....

(FOOTWORK. THEN TWO RAPID SHOTS)

WAITER: (MOANS)

(BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR. PAUSE. THEN RAPID
FOOTWORK. DOOR OPENS. ADMIT TRAFFIC NOISE.
SLAM DOOR HARD.)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Phoenix, Arizona. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American Newspapers. (FIAT) From the front pages of The Arizona Republic, the story of a reporter who played a hunch to win against a voice from the grave. Tonight, to Gene McLain of the Arizona Republic, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #324

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking --
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL, the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package -- PELL MELL, Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UNDER)

ANNCR: Phoenix, Arizona. The story as it actually happened. Gene Nelson's story as he lived it.

NARR: You've been a police reporter for almost twenty years, Gene Nelson, and you know the look on a killer's face. You knew, too, when Walter Sedalia was shot down in his tailor shop, it'd be only a matter of time before the Phoenix police brought the murderer in. You're not surprised, now, that they've got him. That he's here, in Captain Bill Reed's office. And when you ask your old friend Bill for the interview, it's almost routine...

GENE: Okay to go in, Bill?

BILL: He's calmed down, I guess. Sure, Gene, go ahead.

GENE: Calmed down? Why? Was the trip from Chicago rough?

BILL: It's always rough when young punks like that know we've got 'em cold. (THEN) "And Gene, w.

GENE: Yeah?

BILL: This one's on ice. I got three witnesses picked his picture out of the file.

GENE: So I heard. Nice going, Bill. (THEN) How old's the kid?

BILL: Twenty-five. Did you know he worked for Sedalia?

GENE: Oh?

BILL: Sure. He helped clean up around the tailor shop. Sort of a handyman.

GENE: Sounds cold, all right.

BILL: Like I said, icy. He knew the old man, he tried to beat a mark on him, and when Sedalia resisted, he got panicky and shot him. Typical punk kid.

GENE: ~~How come he was in the mag pipe?~~

BILL: ~~He did 14 months in Massachusetts. Armed robbery.~~

GENE: (CASUAL) ~~sounds like all the D.A. has to do is warm up the gas chamber. (THEN) where is he? In here?~~

BILL: ^{He's a} ~~Yeah~~ Funny kind of a kid. Jumpy. You know? Go on in. See what you think.

GENE: Thanks, Bill. I won't take long.

(OPEN DOOR. SHUT IT. WALK A FEW STEPS. CHAIR SCRAPE)

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) My name's McLain, Bob. Gene McLain. From the Republic. (THEN) Want to talk?

BOB: About what?

GENE: You know what I've been doing this morning?

BOB: What?

GENE: When my paper got word that they were bringing you back, I started looking up people here in town who knew you. Just...talking to them, you might say.

BOB: I don't know anybody in Phoenix.

GENE: Sure you do. Alex Fergus, for instance. He says you stayed at his rooming house a while. (THEN) Cigarette?

BOB: ^{Yeah} ~~No~~: (THEN) What'd he say?

GENE: Nothing much. You had a rough time back home, huh, Bob?

BOB: You mean in the reform school?

GENE: ^{Partly} What's your teacher back home mean, Bob? She told me on the phone she remembered you were afraid of the dark.

BOB: My teacher?

GENE: Miss Hodges. She's retired now.

BOB: You did a lot of talking.

GENE: That's my job. (THEN) Are you afraid of the dark?

BOB: Me? Look, Mr...Mr....

GENE: McLain.

BOB: I guess in a way I've always been scared of something. Sometimes it's okay. Like when there's grass getting green and the sky is all blue, but then it gets dark. You know? It gets dark and cold and nobody cares. You're real scared like a little kid. You think you...(THEN)... Aw, forget it. It don't make sense.

GENE: You scared now, Bob?

BOB: Sure I am. The guy that brought me back, he says I killed Mr. Sedalia.

GENE: Did you?

BOB: No.

GENE: I see.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

BOB: Do you have to go?

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Look at me, Bob.

BOB: Yes?

GENE: Now listen to this. Listen to it hard.

BOB: All right.

GENE: Three witnesses pulled your mug out of the file. Three good decent honest people who swear you went into that tailor shop and killed Walter Sedalia.

BOB: I didn't.

GENE: Do you think I expect you to say you did? Look. You knew the place. You worked there once. And you needed dough.

BOB: Sure I did, but...

GENE: There's more. Right after the murder, you beat it out of the state. You fled, kid. You know what that means.

BOB: But...

GENE: And finally, you got a record for armed robbery. Go ahead. Add it up yourself.

BOB: I didn't kill him.

GENE: No? Why not? Where were you on the 24th? Got an answer?

BOB: I told them, I was in El Paso. I hitchhiked with a friend.

GENE: El Paso's 500 miles away. Can you prove you were there? Where in El Paso? Anybody see you? Talk to you?

BOB: In a tourist cabin. I told you, I...

GENE: You haven't told me anything, Bob.

BOB: I'm trying to. I didn't kill anybody, Mr. McLain. I got to keep saying it. Don't you understand? Doesn't anybody believe me? (THEN--AFTER PAUSE) Do you?

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right, Bob. I ought to have my head examined, but I'll go along on a hunch. I'll try to help you.

BOB: I tell you, I...

GENE: Only ~~got this awful straight~~ ^{look} son. The cops in this town play square with me, and I play that way, too. If I come up with something against you, I give that to them too. It works both ways, kid. That's the only way I want it.

BOB: That's all right.

GENE: Okay, let's go to work. Now.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You listen to this boy, Gene McLain, and you see what Captain Reed meant. Funny kind of kid. Nervous. Jumpy. And you wonder if your hunch is all wrong. But somehow, when you look at Bob Davis, you go on trying. You go back to Captain Bill Reed, and you try again...

GENE: I'm not making a big pitch for the kid, Bill. All I say is, if he did hitchhike to El Paso, let's talk to the boy who was with him.

BILL: We did.

GENE: (ASTOUNDED) What?

BILL: The FBI picked him up in Chicago, same time we landed Davis

GENE: Well, what did he say? Was he with Davis in El Paso?

BILL: In Chicago they told the boy that Davis was in trouble.

They didn't hold him. There wasn't any reason to.

By the time we got there, the friend was gone.

GENE: No.

BILL: Makes sense, doesn't it? You don't hang around when your buddy's up on a murder rap. Not when you know it's cold.

GENE: Yeah, you don't.

(CHAIR SCRAPE. FEW FOOTSTEPS)

BILL: Sorry to punch holes, Gene. But ~~I told you~~, this one's ^{cold} clammy. ~~Like you said yourself, all the D.A. has to do now is turn on the gas.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND STAYS IN BG FOR MONTAGE)

NARR: They bring Davis in to face the witnesses, Gene McLain. You sit there, listening. And you feel sunk.

MRS. WEBSTER: I was right there on the sidewalk in front of Mr. Sedalia's store. That's the man, all right. That's him right there!

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN AS IN MONTAGE)

FERGUS: Me and young Bob were friends. Sure. Him and this other lad came to my room the day Mr. Sedalia was killed and changed all their clothes. Yessir! And told me to be sure to burn 'em.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN AS IN MONTAGE)

STEWART: I heard the shots in my bar-room next door, so naturally I ran into Mr. Sedalia's shop to see what the trouble was. I bent over him and I said "Was that the guy that did it? The one who was trying on a sport jacket?" And Sedalia, he looked at me and he nodded his head, yes. ~~That's the one.~~ *That's him right there*

NARR: Hope for Bob Davis fades fast now, Gene McLain...fades with a nod from the grave. And still hopeless as it seems you go back to the boy. Why? Maybe because somehow deep down inside you, you want to believe in him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

GENE:

~~Feeling better, Bob?~~ *Hello*

BOB:

~~I guess so.~~ *Hello Mr. McLain* I was just looking out the window.

GENE:

Oh? Anything special?

BOB:

Funny, how green it is. Back home this time of year everything's all brown and cold. (THEN) You were there when all those people said I killed him?

GENE:

I was there.

BOB:

I'm sorry, Mr. McLain. They're wrong.

GENE:

All of them?

BOB:

They're all wrong.

GENE:

You don't seem very excited about it, Bob.

BOB: (CALM) I just got to keep saying it to you. I don't know how or anything, but they made a mistake. I didn't kill anybody. They're all wrong.

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) What was the name of the tourist cabin in El Paso, Bob?

BOB: The Blue Bird. I kind of know the guy that runs it.

GENE: Oh? He seen you there on the 24th?

BOB: Sure. I said I was there, didn't I?

GENE: What's ~~this friend's~~ name?

BOB: Bill. Bill Gorham. No, wait a minute. It's Jim.

GENE: Make up your mind, son.

BOB: I got mixed up for a minute. His name is Jim Gorham.

(THEN) What's the matter? Don't you believe me?

GENE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Take it easy, kid. (THEN) Jim Gorham, huh? I'll see what I can do.

(MUSIC: ... BRIDGE)

BILL: (GOOD NATUREDLY) You're sure spending a lot of time on this Davis thing, Gene.

GENE: What's a reporter got, Bill? Time and maybe a hunch.

BILL: (LAUGHS) With hunches like that, it's a good thing you don't play the horses. The D.A.'s all set to ask for first degree.

GENE: I know. Do me a favor, Bill?

BILL: Sure. If I can.

GENE: Get a check on a motel owner at El Paso. Man named Jim Gorham. Runs a tourist cabin called the Blue Bird.

BILL: Check for what?

GENE: See if he was with Davis in El Paso the day of the murder. the 24th.

wait a minute

BILL: Aw, Gene, ~~look~~. I want to be fair. You know we...
 GENE: Just a routine check. It won't be much bother.
 BILL: Look, Gene. I don't have to tell you how I operate. The way I look at it, a good cop has two jobs. He helps put the guilty in jail, sure. But it's just as much his job to protect the innocent, too.
 GENE: I know that.
 BILL: Nobody's railroading this boy, Gene. You think we ought to check this guy in El Paso, okay, we'll check him. That's no "bother" at all.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The call goes in to the El Paso authorities. And you sweat it out, Gene McLain. You wait for them to find Jim Gorham....if there is a Jim Gorham...and you wait to see what he'll say. ^{you} ~~the~~ hang on to your hunch, Gene...and then it comes.

(DOOR OPENS. CELL TYPE)

BOB: (OFF) Mr. McLain. (THEN) Oh. I thought you were alone.
 GENE: Captain Reed has something to tell you, Bob. He just let me come along.
 BOB: Yes, sir?
 BILL: They've set a date for your trial, Davis. The District Attorney's going to charge murder in the first degree.
 BOB: But you said you'd find my friend in El Paso! Jim Gorham.
 GENE: They did.
 BOB: Well, then? Didn't he tell you I was there?
 BILL: He thinks you were in El Paso around the 18th. Not the 24th. Around the 18th.
 BOB: But I was there on the 24th!

GENE: Gorham doesn't know that for sure, Bob. All he can remember is you were in El Paso around the 18th.

BILL: Which leaves you plenty of time to get back here and knock off Sedalia.

GENE: Captain Reed's right, Bob. Gorham is no alibi at all.
(THEN) You understand that?

BOB: I understand.

BILL: Well, son?

BOB: Captain...

BILL: Yes?

BOB: First degree murder. That's the...the gas chamber?

BILL: Or life imprisonment. That's right.

BOB: Captain...

BILL: What?

BOB: Suppose I plead guilty...to second degree murder?

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #324

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(METRONOME BEATS FOUR TIMES AT 120. ON BEAT #5)

HARRICE: (SPEAKS OVER SOUND -- IN RHYTHM WITH IT)

Three smokers

per minute

CHANGED to

PELLL 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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL. -- the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #324

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Gene McLain, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You get a hunch about a suspected killer, Gene McLain, and one by one, three witnesses blow your hunch to bits. You hear one of them tell how a dying man nodded his head...and you know that nod from the grave can doom the boy you believe in. His story blows up in your face, Gene...blows up when he wants to make a deal.

BOB: Why shouldn't I plead guilty, Mr. McLain? Second degree they can't send me to the gas chamber.

GENE: (A LITTLE ANGRY) Because innocent men don't try to make deals! Don't you see that?

BOB: They do if they're licked. When its dark and cold.

GENE: You still stick to your story, ~~Bob~~ You were in El Paso at that motel on the day of the murder?

BOB: I told you I was. With Jim Gorham.

GENE: And you didn't kill Sedalia.

BOB: I didn't kill anybody.

GENE: (OUT OF PATIENCE) Then why did you offer to plead guilty? Why, kid? Why?

BOB: (AFTER A PAUSE) You remember the first day you talked to me?

GENE: I do.

BOB: You asked me if I was scared. (BREAKING) I'm scared now, Mr. McLain. Awful scared.

(CHAIR SCRAPE. A FEW FOOTSTEPS. PAT ON THE BACK)

GENE: I don't know why, kid. But I believe you.

BOB: You're the only one that does.

GENE: (WHY) You're telling me. (THEN) Ever hear of a lie detector, Bob?

BOB: I read about 'em.

GENE: Would you be willing to take a lie detector test? Think before you answer. If you're lying, that machine will know it. (THEN) Well?

BOB: I'll do anything you say. If you want me to take a test, sure. I'll do it.

GENE: All right. (SIGHS) Captain Reed must be getting sick of me, but I'll try. That's all I can do, Bob. Try.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your hunch takes hold again, Gene McLain. Or maybe just your hope. Captain Reed agrees to the lie detector test and as a favor to you, Dr. Morrison, agrees to conduct it. Then you sit there, tense, listening to a boy battle a machine...for his life.

MORRISON: Do you live in Massachusetts?

BOB: No. I mean, I used to. Now I don't live anywhere.

MORRISON: Try to confine your answers, if you can. ~~Now~~ You are *you* twenty five years old?

BOB: I am.

MORRISON: You own a gun?

BOB: No. I did. I had an air rifle once. No.

MORRISON: Here's a handkerchief, son. Wipe the perspiration off
your face.

BOB: Thanks.

MORRISON: Do you own a sport jacket?

BOB: Yes. I did once, anyway. A long time ago.

MORRISON: Would you like to own a sport jacket now?

BOB: No. Well, sure I would. Anybody would.

MORRISON: Can you drive a car?

BOB: Sure. I could a long time ago. Maybe not now. Maybe
I couldn't.

MORRISON: On the afternoon of the 24th, were you in Mr. Sedalia's
tailor shop?

BOB: No. I was there before. Not then. Before. I worked
a couple days for him.

MORRISON: (FADING) Have you ever been in El Paso?

BOB: (FADING) El Paso? There's a motel there. A tourist
cabin. You know? With green grass...

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're no expert, Gene McLain. Not when it comes to
interpreting the results of a lie detector test. But
you know, even before Dr. Morrison explains...

MORRISON: That's the result, Captain Reed. Some courts will admit
it as evidence, and some won't. If you need me at the
trial, I'll be glad to appear.

BILL: I don't think the D.A. will need it, Doctor. The whole
thing was Gene's idea.

GENE: I had that agreement with Dr. Morrison, Bill. If the
test turned out wrong, you were entitled to use it if
you wanted to.

MORRISON: It certainly turned out wrong for Davis, ^F Frankly, it couldn't have been worse.

BILL: Lying all the way through?

MORRISON: The results are identical to those you'd expect when a man is lying, yes.

BILL: ~~Fair enough, Gene?~~

GENE: ~~Doctor, you said the results are the same as if Bob had been lying. Is that right?~~

MORRISON: ~~Identical.~~

GENE: But the way you answered the question. Do you mean you could get these same results if he weren't lying?

MORRISON: In special cases, yes. ^{Yes} ~~That's~~ possible. Not probable, you understand. But it is possible.

BILL: What?

GENE: Just what kind of special case, Doctor?

MORRISON: If the subject is highly neurotic, emotionally unstable. What might be described as an upset personality.

GENE: Yes.

MORRISON: Someone like that taking the test could produce answers that indicate he's lying.

GENE: Even if he were telling the truth?

MORRISON: Yes, even if he were telling the truth.

(PAUSE)

BILL: Gene, you're beating your head against a brick wall. Don't.

GENE: I'm sorry. I've got to. I don't know why.

BILL: There isn't one single factor about Davis that gives you any right to believe in him.

GENE: I know. (THEN) I know that, Bill. And still, I do.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

GENE: Come on over here by the window, Bob. ~~If you hoist~~
~~yourself up on the sill here, you can see the lawn.~~

(FOOTSTEPS. ~~THEN BOB JUMPS TO THE SILL AND SINGS~~)

BOB: I know. I've been watching that tree out there. It's
funny. It changes shape all the time. You know?

GENE: Sure is green. (THEN) Bob...let's go back to El Paso.

BOB: Again? (THEN) Sure, if you want to, Mr. McInain.

GENE: It won't hurt. The motel is called the Blue Bird. Right?
And Jim Gorham owns it.

BOB: We been through that a hundred times.

GENE: We got nothing else to do, kid. Now. The day of the
24th...the day you say you were in that motel in El
Paso. Did you see Gorham that day? That was a ~~Wednesday~~ *Saturday*.
Remember? We figured it out.

BOB: I know. That was the day he had Joan with him.

GENE: Joan who?

BOB: I don't know. Joan somebody. She was a nice girl, too.
Kind of red hair. Short.

GENE: Wait a minute. This is new. You met this Joan at the
Motel?

BOB: I told you, Jim brought her around. They were going to
get married. That's it. ~~Wednesday~~ *Wednesday* they were going to get
married. Him and this Joan.

GENE: (CONTROLLING HIS EXCITEMENT) ~~Take it slow, now. Think~~
~~before you answer. You met Jim's girl on a Wednesday.~~
~~At the motel. In El Paso.~~

BOB: ~~On Wednesday.~~

GENE: ~~The day of the murder. And they said they were going to get married the following Saturday.~~

BOB: ~~What's right?~~

GENE: You saw them together. They both saw you.

BOB: Sure. I'm sorry I forgot that. Is it important?

GENE: Anything's important now, Bob. Anything at all.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(HEAVY RAIN, EXTERIOR. KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENS)

BILL: Yes? (THEN) Gene. Come on in, boy. You'll drown on a night like this.

(SHUT DOOR. CUT RAIN. STAMP FEET)

GENE: Sorry to bother you at home, Bill. It won't take a minute. I just saw Davis again.

BILL: You're a glutton for punishment, I'll say that.

GENE: Bill, look. Davis met a girl at that motel in El Paso. A girl named Joan. She's an alibi for him,

BILL: What makes you think that?

GENE: The girl was going to marry Jim Gorham. You know. The guy that owns the motel.

BILL: The guy who can't be sure when he saw Davis.

GENE: But maybe the girl is sure. Listen, Bill. This girl was supposed to get married the ~~Saturday~~ ^{Wednesday} after the 24th. ⁴ Three days later, see?

BILL: So?

GENE: That's a big week in her life. She'd remember things. Women are like that. If she saw Davis on ~~Wednesday~~ ^{Saturday} before she got married...met him and talked to him...she might remember it.

BILL: Is that what you came out in all the rain for?

GENE: Somebody's got to go to El Paso, Bill. Find this Joan and ask her.

BILL: The somebody being me, I suppose?

GENE: That'd be official.

BILL: El Paso. Do you know a trip like...there and back, that's close to 1200 miles?

GENE: (QUIETLY) Davis is pretty close too.

BILL: Yeah. Yeah, he is. (SIGHS) I don't know what you do to me, McLain. I swear, I don't.

GENE: ~~I don't. You do it to yourself. I know why, too.~~

BILL: Huh?

GENE: Because you know a lot of silly notions people hear are wrong. Things they hear in movies, or on the radio.

BILL: Notions?

GENE: That police officers only want to see people put in jail. That they don't care about proving somebody's innocent.

BILL: It's true, Gene. If that boy's innocent, I want to prove it...~~just as much as you do.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You knew Captain Reed would make the trip Gene McLain. You knew he was that kind of a cop. And now, through the long night, and the day, and the night again, all you can do is wait. And hope.

GENE: Like I told you in the beginning, you play fair with the fellows around here, they play fair with you.

BOB: It's a pretty good town, Phoenix, if I get...if it...

GENE: Go ahead. If you get out of this, then what?

BOB: I'd kind of like to stay here. Get a job. Maybe stay right here and stop wandering around all the time.

GENE: I think that'd be a good idea, Bob.

BOB: Can I ask you something? *Mr. McLean*

GENE: Of course. Might as well talk Bob. We may have a long wait.

BOB: Those witnesses that said it was me. Why? ~~Do they hate me?~~

GENE: Nobody said they hated you.

BOB: They must. I've been thinking about it. They said they saw me and I know they couldn't have. Why else would they lie if they don't hate me?

GENE: If they are lying, Bob...and we don't know that they are, they don't know that they're lying.

BOB: I don't get it.

GENE: They're decent people. And they think they're doing what's right. What's expected of them.

BOB: ~~To say it was me when it wasn't?~~

GENE: Look. People are human, Bob. ~~The police know that.~~
~~You know it. I know it.~~ And if you're human, you can make a mistake. Especially if you're excited.

BOB: I can understand old man Fergus. We did tell him to burn our clothes. They were filthy.

GENE: And I can understand the other two. Mrs. Webster, and the bar-tender.

BOB: I sure can't. They're so sure it was me.

GENE: Before you were picked up in Chicago, Bob...before you were even suspected, these people were shown photographs of people convicted for armed robbery. You know. In the files.

BOB: And they picked out my picture.

GENE: That's right. Let's say whoever shot Sedalia looked like you. Not too much, maybe, but a little. Okay. The word goes out to pick you up.

BOB: In Chicago.

GENE: Right. In the meantime, the witnesses go on staring at your picture. A couple of days later, who do they see in the office? You. And what happens?

BOB: I know what happened. They identified me.

GENE: That's right. Because by that time your face was ~~seen~~ familiar to them. They honestly thought they saw you in Sedalia's store.

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

BOB: But if they...(THEN) Captain Reed.

(WALKS IN)

GENE: You made good time, Bill.

BILL: I drove all night. (THEN) It's all over, son.

BOB: (NOT GETTING IT) Over?

GENE: You found the girl?

BILL: I talked to her three hours. I made sure, Gene.

BOB: She remembered? She did.

BILL: She was with you in El Paso, son. On the 24th. On the day of the murder.

GENE: No.

BILL: She's a good witness, too, I made ~~sure~~ sure of that. She even remembers that tatoo on your arm.

BOB: You mean I...it...

BILL: I mean you're going free, Bob. We haven't got a case at all.

BOB: I...(BREAKING) I...don't know what to say.

BILL: Say it to Gene. (GRINS) You sure knocked a lot of my hard work for a loop.

GENE: Sorry, Bill.

BILL: Sorry? I'm not. Making sure a man goes free when he ought to that's a part of what I'm here for. (THEN) Come to think about it, Gene...

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

GENE: Yes?

BILL: That's the part you made possible.

ANNCR: In just a moment we will read a telegram from Gene McLain of the Arizona Republic with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #324

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give
you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mello tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better
it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat strach. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

ANNCR: Now we read you that telegram from Gene McLain of the Arizona Republic.

GRNE: ALL CHARGES AGAINST BOB DAVIS WERE DROPPED AND HE WAS RELEASED WITHIN AN HOUR. GLAD TO REPORT THAT HE REMAINED IN ^{Arizona} PHOENIX WHERE HE FOUND A GOOD JOB AND IS ON HIS WAY TO BECOMING A USEFUL AND RESPECTED MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. McLain. 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 pages of the Miami, Florida Herald by-line Jane Reno. The Big Story of a reporter who helped bring about a miracle in the wilderness.

(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)

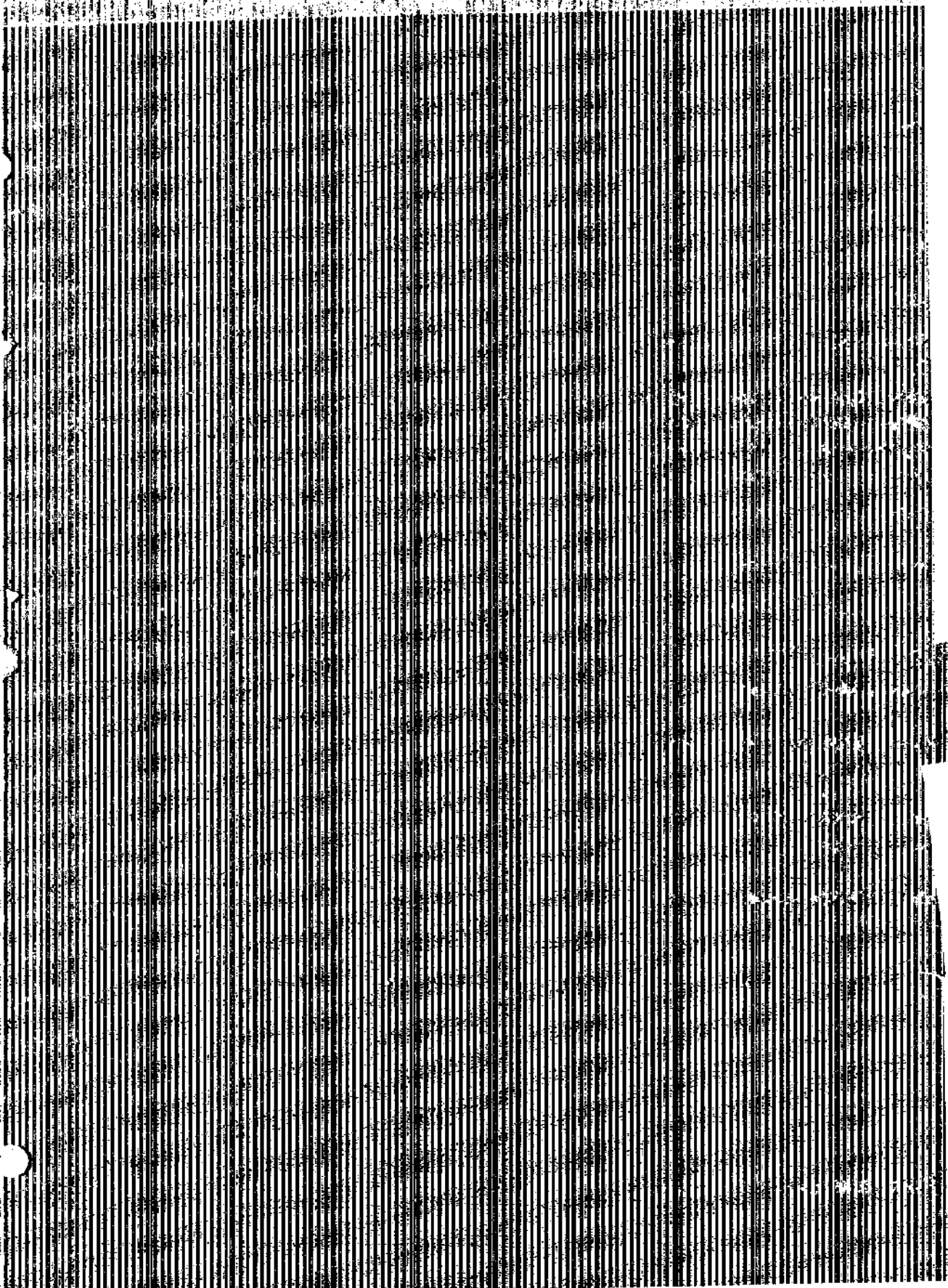
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Robert J. Shaw Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the Phoenix Arizona Republic. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Joe Helgeson played the part of Gene McLain. 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. McLain.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

HARRICE: Friends forest fires are one of our great national hazards. Today -- perhaps this very minute, a forest fire is raging because somebody was careless, somebody tossed away a lighted cigarette, forgot to put out a campfire, or was careless with matches. Forest fires ravage millions of acres of timberland, weaken America, take lives. So, please, be careful, be cautious -- don't give fire a place to start.
This is NBC -- the National Broadcasting Company.

ek/ml



NTX01 0002949

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #325

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

JANE HENO

LUCILLE WALL

SAM

DANNY ACKO

CHARLEY JOE

JOANO HERNANDEZ

VOICE I

ED FULLER

DR. JOHNSON

COURT HENSON

KADY LANDRY

BARBARA WEEKS

INDIAN MOTHER

BARBARA WEEKS

MR. WILSON

SOMER ALBERTS

VOICE II

SOMER ALBERTS

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1953

NYX01 0007950

ACT 1

CHAPPELL: FIELD, MOBILE, FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- the finest quality money
can buy, present -- THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE: DOWN UNDER)

(BABY WHINING) INDIAN MOTHER'S GROONING CHANT
TO IT.) HOLD UNDER)

DOCTOR: (HARRASSED) You'll have to move away from this bed,
madame -- please, you'll have to move away!

(WHINING CONTINUES - MOTHER GRANTS)

DOCTOR: Charley! Charley Joe!

CHARLEY: (COMING ON) Yes doctor?

DOCTOR: They've got to move away from the beds! How do they
expect me to ^{take care of} ~~take care of~~ their children if they keep sitting
around the hospital beds!

CHARLEY: They will not go away, doctor...

DOCTOR: But we're overcrowded already! This is only a
backwoodshospital --

(TRUCK STOPPING SOUND OFF)

Dr. That's a truck!

CHARLEY: Yes, doctor, and there are more children in it.

DOCTOR: More? No! No! Where have I room for more? I've
already got 21 sick Indian babies here!

(MUSIC: STING: DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in the Everglades Swamps of
Florida. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute
to the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) From the pages of the Miami Herald -- The story
of a reporter who helped bring about a miracle in the
wilderness --

(MORE)

CHAPTER: Tonight to Jane Reno, for her big story - goes the
(CONT'D) Fell McIl \$500 award -

(MUSIC: ... PANFARE)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #325

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer - and finer, too - the finest quality money can
buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better
it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Miami, Florida -- The story as it actually happened --
Jane Reno's story, as she lived it --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NAHR: Your name is Jane Reno -- you're a newspaper woman on
a vacation camping trip in the Florida Everglades --
the home of swamps -- rattlers -- panthers -- mosquitoes
-- alligators -- and the Seminole Indians -- You're
in a Swamp buggy, a converted jeep with 8 airplane tires --
-- and you're bouncing crazily through mud and water
holes with Sam Kidd, a famous guide and part-time
hardware salesman. You're worried, Jane Reno, because
it's night and you're lost right in the heart of the
celebrated Big Cypress Swamp --

(JEEP BOUNCING THRU SWAMP. SOUND OF WATER AND
MUD; UNDER) (JEEP UP * WATER SOUNDS: MUD
SUCKING, ETC.)

JANE: Sam, we've got to stop sometime --

SAM: Yeah -- but we keep on going till my headlights give
out or I find the Devil's Garden Road -- you all right?

JANE: (WORRIED) Oh, sure! Sure!

SAM: Atta girl, Jane. Hold on tight -- some of these pot
holes are bad --

JANE: It's eleven P.M. Sam --

SAM: Look, you don't have to worry.

JANE: I just don't want any water moccasins swimming onto
the floorboards.....

SAM: Not likely with all the fuss we're kicking up. You know, I still can't figure out how we got lost. I been guiding parties in these swamps for 20 years -- and --

(A SUDDEN BUMP AGAINST SOMETHING. SAM IS EXCITED)
Hey, Jane! It's the road! The Devil's Garden Road!

(GRINDING AS OF JEEP CLIMBING BANK. THEN OUT.
MOTOR IS OFF)

SAM: Well! Knew we couldn't be lost for long --

(SOUND OF TRUCK APPROACHING)

JANE: What's that?

SAM: (SURPRISED) Sounds like a truck coming this way --

JANE: (SUDDEN) It is! There's its headlights!

SAM: Well, what the devil's a truck doing on this swamp road near midnight?

(TRUCK UP LOUD: THEN BRAKES SQUAL. TRUCK STOPS. THEN SUDDENSELY A CHORUS OF STRANGE INDIAN VOICES COMING ON)

SAM: Hey, they're Seminoles!

(INDIAN VOICES UNDER)

(INDIAN VOICES LOUD ON MIKE: THEN)

CHARLEY: Sam! It is Sam Kidd!

SAM: Charley Joe! For the love of Pete!

(LAUGHTER OF PLEASURE FROM INDIANS)

SAM: Jane -- this is Charley Joe, an old Seminole Indian friend -- Charley -- this is Jane Reno --

CHARLEY: Very glad -- very glad --

SAM: How are you, Charley -- it's been three years!

CHARLEY: I'm a minister now, Sam -- preach to my people

SAM: Well, I'll be! What are you doing out here on this road at night?

(LAUGHTER: PLEASURE OUT: THERE IS SILENCE)

SAM: (ABRUPT) What's the matter? Something wrong?

CHARLEY (SLOW) Yes, very wrong. We just come from the hospital in Clewiston. We take already 25 babies there -- all sick -- more sick in the reservation, Sam. For two weeks already, every day, more babies get sick --

SAM: (SOFT) What?

CHARLEY: It's bad -- very bad. They cry or lay quiet. They get spots and their throats hurt. Not much help for them. Hospital in Clewiston is a tiny one --

SAM: For two weeks it's been going on?

CHARLEY: Yes. Nobody knows what to do any more, Sam -- nobody knows how to get help. The mothers sit in the huts, wave palmetto fans over the sick babies and sing to them. Nothing else to do without help --

SAM: Did you hear that, Jane?

JANE: (LOW) Yes --

CHARLEY: We do not wish things for nothing. We are poor, but we will work for help -- but who will we work for? Where do we go for help? Maybe you know, Sam. You're a good friend.

SAM: (SLOW) Maybe I do ~~know~~ -- maybe I do -- Jane Reno here,
JANE: What? she works for the Miami Herald -- she'll write a story
for her newspaper -- that'll make everybody help --
won't it, Jane? Won't it?

(SUDDENLY THE INDIAN VOICES BREAK OUT WITH PLEASURE AND
EXCITEMENT. AND THERE IS A SCATTERED CLAPPING OF HANDS.)

(MUSIC: STING AND DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You feel appalled, Jane Reno, at the responsibility Sam
Kidd ~~had~~ just handed on to you -- but you can't say
anything because of the way those Indian faces look at
you -- with joy -- gratitude and relief --

(MUSIC: UP FOR THIS PASSAGE THEN UNDER)

NARR: That night, you camp out and the next morning you and Sam
ride into the isolated Big Cypress Seminole Reservation --
a little frightened at what you may find --

(JEEP UP AND THEN STOPPING)

SAM: Okay, we're here -- hop out --

JANE: There's a group of Seminoles ~~writing~~ over there --

SAM: (SHARP) Wait a minute -- listen --

CHARLEY: (O.S.) We pray Lord help us in trouble --

SAM: (LOW) Charley's leading them in prayer --

CHARLEY: (O.S.) It is Charley Joe talking, Lord -- for all these
Seminole people. We live quiet, Lord. We do not lie
or steal -- in the swamp we live and we do not
complain -- help us to make our babies well. Show us the
right road to travel -- Amen --

(COMING ON) I saw you, but I could not interrupt
prayer -- You're not angry?

JANE: It's all right, Charley.

CHARLEY: Come, I'll take you to see the Camp Manager --

(WALKING: HOLD UNDER)

He is Mr. Wilson -- a good man. We hired him ourselves to help us manage the cattle -- he lives ^{here} in the wooden cottage ~~over there~~ --

(WALKING: THEN KNOCK ON DOOR: DOOR OPENS)

CHARLEY: This is Mr. Wilson.

WILSON: Charley told me you were coming. You're Jane Reno of the Miami Herald?

JANE: That's right --

WILSON: And you're Sam Kidd -- come in --

(SOUND INTO WOODEN FLOORED ROOM)

JANE: Charley told us it's pretty bad here --

WILSON: Bad? I'm at my wits end, Mrs. Reno. Half the reservation's babies are sick -- ~~and we're miles from any place -- you should see these people, sitting by their sick babies -- waiting for somebody to do something --~~

JANE: But what is it? Why are they sick?

WILSON: I don't know. Maybe it's the water they drink.

(SOUND)

~~Look -- come here --~~ look out of the window

(SOUND)

~~You see~~ that water pump?

JANE: Yes --

WILSON: Well, it's mine -- it's the only one in the whole reservation. I tell them -- come, take your water from there -- they won't, though. They're very proud -- feel like beggars if they ^{don't} ~~come~~ -- besides, ~~the children~~ --

JANE: Chickens?

WILSON: The huts they live in -- thatched places -- damp and cold at night -- the chickees are scattered on isolated cypress hummocks for miles around. It's a long trip to this pump for them -- I don't know what to do any more. There's nobody to help them. ~~It's like they've been forgotten in the middle of all this swampland --~~ look -- you're a newspaperwoman -- go and see -- visit the huts -- Charley, take her around the reservation. Just go and see -- ~~and then decide if somebody doesn't have to do something fast!~~

(MUSIC: ... STING AND OUT)

(A BABY WHINING: MOTHER CROONING TO IT)

JANE: (SHOCK) That baby's got a fever! A very high fever --

(CROONING OUT)

CHARLEY: All the sick babies are like that Mrs. Reno --

JANE: But she ought to go to a hospital --

CHARLEY: There is already over 20 babies in the hospital ^{at} ~~at~~

^{hospital at} Clewiston. There is no more room there --

JANE: Well, that mother just can't sit there singing to the baby and waving that fan to keep the flies away --

CHARLEY: That's why we need help, Mrs. Reno. That is why --

(MUSIC: ... STING AND UNDER)

JANE: There's no one in this hut, Charley --

CHARLEY: No. Not in chickee -- but in the hospital at Clewiston, yes. Harry Ben --

JANE: Harry Ben?

CHARLEY: He is the ~~Seminole~~ who lives in this hut. Each day, he prepares and takes food to the Clewiston hospital. Fried fish -- fried birds --

JANE: To his baby?

CHARLEY: No. To his wife. She stays in the hospital next to her baby. She sleeps on the floor, watching --

SAM: You know how far that is, Jane -- to the hospital and back to here?

JANE: (LOW) No, Sam --

SAM: 75 miles. This Harry Ben travels 75 miles each day to bring his wife food -- to give her strength to watch their child --

JANE: (SICK VOICED) Charley -- Charley -- let's go to the hospital at Clewiston --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NAHR: You ride the forty miles of swamp road to Clewiston, Jane Reno. A road that's all ruts and water holes -- and you're awed at what these people ~~can~~ patiently endure --

(MUSIC: UP FOR TIME PASSAGE AND DOWN)

NAHR: You come to Clewiston. Is this a hospital, you ask yourself -- this tiny building crowded with sick babies and their mothers wearing the bright Seminole skirts and blouses! And with one ~~simple~~ overworked doctor for all?

(BABIES WHINING IN B.G.)

DOCTOR: (CRISP & OVERWORKED) Mrs. Jane Reno of the Miami Herald?

JANE: That's right, Doctor --

DOCTOR: Well, I'm certainly glad the Miami newspapers decided to send a reporter down here -- how'd they find out?

JANE: This is an accident, doctor. I'm on vacation. I just happened to run into this --

DOCTOR: You're not going to run away from it, are you?

JANE: Run away?

DOCTOR: (ALMOST BREAKING) Listen, somebody's got to do something. This is a tiny postage stamp of a hospital. I haven't got room for all these babies and their mothers -- and there'll be more coming from the reservation --

JANE: What is wrong with them? Why are they sick --

DOCTOR: Why do you think? Water! The water they drink -- it's contaminated. This'll keep going on -- sick babies and maybe sick adults until they get more pumps out there -- look -- come on into my ward -- my one room for 25 babies! And their mothers --

(STEPS: CRYING UP: CROONING)

DOCTOR: These kids are running temperatures of 105. How am I supposed to solve all this myself? We need beds here -- more space -- they need food -- blankets, pumps, mosquito netting! Look at them! These people love their kids -- you can't see it on their faces -- but they're scared, frightened -- and they're too proud to go begging for help! They just sit and wait --

JANE: For what, doctor?

DOCTOR: For what? I don't know! All I know is somebody'd better help! Somebody'd better do something.

(MORE)

DOCTOR:
(CONT'D)

You can't just sit and let these people suffer -- ~~it's~~
~~the conditions they quietly and peacefully live under --~~
somebody's got to do something about ^{this} ~~these conditions!~~

(SUDDENLY A CHILD LOUDLY CRIES AS IF IN PAIN:

HOLD UNDER)

DOCTOR: (ALARM) Excuse me. I've got to see what that is!

(STEPS HURRY OFF)

JANE: Sam -- Sam --

SAM: Yeah?

JANE: Sam -- take me back to Miami. I've got to write about
everything I've seen --

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #325

-13-

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the
finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

ATX01 0007963

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ACT II

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and
THE BIG STORY of Jane Reno as she lived it -- and wrote
it --

NARR: In the bible there are stories about how prophets were
voices crying in the wilderness -- Well, you don't think
of yourself as a prophet, Jane Reno -- and Miami is not
exactly a wilderness -- still, in a way, you have that
feeling --

(MUSIC: UP FOR TIME PASSAGE AND UNDER)

You've come back out of the Big Cypress Swamp -- and
you've written your story for your paper -- The Miami
Herald. You chose your words carefully -- you didn't
want to dress this up -- It was as though you were saying
-- "Ladies and Gentlemen of Miami -- this is what is
happening to the Seminoles in the Big Cypress Swamp --
what are you going to do about it?"

(TYPING UP)

SAM: Jane?

(TYPING OUT)

JANE: Sam!

SAM: You busy?

JANE: I've always got time for you-- come on in, Sam --

SAM: Saw your story in this morning's Herald. Like it
pretty good. Oughta do the job.

JANE: (DEPRESSED) That's what I told myself yesterday.

*Jane Reno's friend
concerned*

JANE: *Come today,* you'll see all Miami rise up like the
(CONT'D) Good Samaritan, Jane Reno -- with blankets -- netting --
food -- money -- pumps -- so much I won't have room to
move around --

SAM: And did it?

JANE: Look around you. You see anything? My telephone's
kept strictly silent on the subject all day long --

SAM: You gotta give folks time, Jane --

JANE: *Well Give them time*
Oh, we're going to keep this story on the front page till
the job is done -- you can bet on that. (SUDDENLY) Aren't
you supposed to be working today, Sam? ~~- selling hardware?~~

SAM: Oh, I ain't taking up no part time job now, Jane.
I'm keeping my swamp buggy all geared up. Maybe I'm
gonna be needed in a hurry --

(MUSIC: STING & FADE UNDER)

NARR: Another day passes, and you begin to feel sick inside,
Jane Reno. You stand at the windows of the Herald's city
room and you want to cry out "Wake Up Miami! Do Something!
There isn't much time!" Because in your mind's eye you can
see the Seminole mothers waving their palmetto fans over
their sick babies --

(BABY CRYING)

(MUSIC: SWELLS FOR FLASHBACK)

MOTHER: You take baby to hospital in Clewiston, Charley Joe --
You take him please.

CHARLEY: There is no room in Clewiston --

MOTHER: (TO BABY) Shh--sshh-- (TO CHARLEY) All night he
cries --

CHARLEY: (SAD) I know -- all night I hear --

WOMAN: The lady. When will she come back with hap? We
make promises, we do not break them. Will the lady break
her promise, Charley --

CHARLEY: No --

WOMAN: Then why don't she come back! It is almost a week
already..

CHARLEY: Pray -- that is all there is to do -- pray --

(SUDDENLY BABY IS CRYING LOUDLY)

WOMAN: (DESPERATE) Pray, Charley Joe! Pray quick--pray!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You can hear them and see them, Jane Reno -- and you're
terrified. You must bring them help -- you write a little
more desperately -- the Miami Herald keeps the story on
the front page -- and then suddenly the city wakes up--
(GAVEL RAP, SILENCE)

1ST MAN'S VOICE 3: The Miami Chamber of Commerce will contribute a load of
blankets -- food -- and money to help alleviate the plight
of the Seminole Indians in the Big Cypress Reservation!

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

2nd MAN'S:
VOICE II:

(QUIETLY) The Florida Indian Agency has called this press meeting, ladies and gentlemen, because of ~~Miss~~ ^{Mrs.} Reno's stories in the Herald. We have secured a dozen pumps and we intend to send them out into the cypress swamp along with a sanitat~~ion~~ engineer as soon as ~~Miss~~ ^{Mrs.} Reno's ready to take them --

(MUSIC: STING & UNDER)

NARR: The office of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. announced plans for the erection of a new hospital for the Seminoles in the Big Cypress Swamp --

(BEAT)

Your stories, Jane Reno, stir people from Florida to Washington, D.C. -- contributions pour in now -- you've got to get them into the swamp --

(MUSIC: OUT)

SAM: ~~We'll have to make a lot of trips to get all this stuff in --~~

JANE: I know it Sam --

SAM: Pumps -- blankets -- mosquito netting -- we ought to take that first -- it's going to be rough this time with the jeep loaded down like this --

JANE: I don't mind --

SAM: (SHOCK) You going?

JANE: Of course --

SAM: Listen, Jane, this isn't a camping trip this time. ~~We can't fool around in that swamp land. We'll have to move fast.~~

JANE: (STUBBORN) I'm going anyway.

SAM: But ---

JANE: No buts about it, Sam. I'm going with you. I want to be with those people when the stuff comes in--

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: This time, Jane, the jeep is loaded with supplies, ~~top heavy with them, maybe.~~ The cypress trees rise like gloomy, sullen giants ^{and} the black, stagnant water swishes around the hub caps of the tires -- you ~~disturb~~ alligators again -- and watch, with sudden fear, ~~poisonous water moccasins shoot by~~ Sam, though, keeps gripping the wheel, riding and buffeting his way through.--

(SOUND OF JEEP STRUGGLING IN SWAMP)

JANE: I don't recognize anything, Sam.

SAM: ~~I told you I wasn't going to fool around.~~ I'm cutting straight for the Devils Garden Road --

JANE: If they had a phone at the camp manager's -- they could meet us with a truck --

SAM: Well, they ^{have} ~~still~~ got no phone --

(A MOMENT OF SILENCE AS JEEP BOUNCES)

JANE: (LOW) Sam, you think things got worse there?

SAM: You mean the sick kids?

JANE: Uh-huh ---

SAM: ~~Ain't~~ no reason to think otherwise. Sure, it must have got worse --

(A SUDDEN HEAVY SPLASH)

SAM: ~~UH! A pot hole!~~

(GRINDING OF WHEELS)

SAM: ~~Com on -- come on baby -- pull yourself out --~~

JANE: Sam! Water's coming over the floorboards --

SAM: Pull before you settle down -- pull!

(GRINDING OF WHEELS)

JANE: We're not moving, Sam --

SAM: (DISGUST) We're stuck! Keep your feet up on the dashboard -- you'll get soaked --

JANE: Where are you going?

SAM: Out. I gotta get us out of this. I got a winch up front. Move a bit Jane -- there's a chain under here --

(RATTLE OF CHAIN)

SAM: Okay, I got it. Listen, I'm going to tie this chain around that cypress over there. Then I'm going to work the winch and pull us clear -- don't get worried --

JANE: You'll get bit by a snake, Sam --

SAM: I got bit twice before and I'm still alive -- just sit tight ---

(CHAIN RATTLE: FEET SLOGGING THROUGH WATER:
THEN CHAIN BEING HOOKED AROUND OBJECT)

SAM: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Okay. We're hitched --

(STEPS THROUGH WATER RETURNING: PERSON CLIMBING
INTO JEEP)

SAM: You all set?

JANE: Uh-huh --

SAM: Just hold tight to something. If we spill, though, let go --

JANE: (ALARMED) We mustn't turn over, Sam! All the supplies!

SAM: (GRIM) I know it. Hold on. Here goes --

(MOTOR UP, A GRINDING OF WHEELS AND CHAIN)

JANE: (VOICE-UP) Sam! Sam! We're tilting over! Sam!---

(A SUDDEN INCREASED POWER ROAR OF MOTOR:

THEN A SPLASH OF HEAVY OBJECT & MOTOR CONTINUING)

JANE: (RELIEF) You made it, Sam! You got us out!

SAM: Lady, I said I wasn't going to fool around---

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: You make the Devil's Garden Road, Jane -- From here on in, it's a bumpy run into the Reservation, and the closer you get to it, the more and more you get a tight feeling inside of you. How are things going there? Have the Seminoles lost faith in your ability to help?

WILSON: Come in!

(DOOR BIZ)

WILSON: Oh, Charley Joe -- come in --

CHARLEY: You are not busy, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: (TIRED) It's all right, Charley --

CHARLEY: (COMING ON) I come to tell you because you wish to know. Three more babies sick --

WILSON: No!

CHARLEY: In east section--

WILSON: (AROUSING) I told you they've got to stop drinking that water! I told you to get them to use my pump! Listen Charley. I tried everything I could to help to stop it!

CHARLEY: (CALM) Yes, It is not your fault, Mr. Wilson. My people do not blame you. They like you. There is no hard feeling among us.

WILSON: Look Charley. Bring the sick kids here. Use my cottage. Get them out of those huts. They can stay here by the pump --

CHARLEY: That is kind of you -- but my people will not put another man out of his house. We will not send a friend to maybe camp in the swamp.

WILSON: (EXASPERATED) What am I going to do with you?

CHARLEY: (GENTLE) Be patient with us. This is how we are --

WILSON: Yes -- better than hundreds of others I know about --
(WITH DOUBTING) Charley, there's a lot to learn from you Seminoles about fortitude and courage --

CHARLEY: We try to keep good cheer ... (THEN HESITANTLY)
The ... newspaper lady, Jane Reno ... you have heard nothing?

WILSON: (DEPRESSED) No, not a thing.

CHARLEY: (CALMLY) Well, still in my heart I am sure the kind lady tried. I must go now ... (STEPS)

WILSON: (DESPERATE) Charlie --

CHARLEY: Yes? (STEPS OUT)

WILSON: I want to beg you once more to use this cottage ...
this pump ... it'll

(ABRUPTLY THERE IS A BLARE OF AN AUTO HORN O.S.)

WILSON: (EXCITED) A car! ... AN AUTOMOBILE!

(THE HORN BLARES AGAIN ... THEN)

JANE: (O.S.) Mr. Wilson! Mr. Wilson! ... Sam and I ...
we're here!

(MUSIC: UP HARD AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~That was the first of many, many trips by jeep into the Big Cypress country, across some 35 miles of swampland, bringing in emergency supplies to the Seminoles ... Your Big Story could have ended right there, couldn't it, Jane Reno? The people and the sick children got help ... you brought blankets, food, money, and most important of all ... pumps and a sanitary ^{type} engineer to help install them ... Yes, it could have ended right there ... only, it didn't.....~~
Kaddy Landry, first U.S. woman to make a jet assisted takeoff in a plane, and a leading member of the Florida Air Pilots Association, came to see you one day

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

KADDY: Lots of Pilots have had to make force-landings in those swamps, Jane

JANE: I know. ~~My newspaper carried the stories~~

KADDY: ~~We're afraid of those swamps, believe me, and if it wasn't for the Seminoles in there, lots of us would have never gotten out. The Seminoles have helped fix our damaged planes up ... fed us ... took care of us. And we'd like to repay them for what they've done in the past~~

JANE: (CONFUSED) ~~Repay them?~~ *No*

KADDY: Christmas isn't far off, Jane. Well, we'd like to fly in some presents ~~for the parents ... for the kids ... make an airlift out of it, sort of~~

JANE: (OVERWHELMED) ~~An airlift?~~

KADDY: ~~Yes, the pilots have read your stories and want to do it. They'll give their time and their planes. It's a little enough to pay back for the help we've gotten.~~

JANE: ~~But...~~ but where ... ~~how~~ could you land in those swamps?

KADDY: That's why I'm here. I want to make a test flight. Maybe we can find a good strip of grass in there. Will you come with me, Jane? We could sort of pioneer the way.

(MUSIC: STING AND SEGUE INTO)

~~(PLANE ROAR: UP AND UNDER)~~

NARR: An airlift ... and you and Kaddy Landry pioneering the way ... an airlift of gifts and toys! Yes, your Big Story kept on going, Jane Reno. In fact, it was soaring!

(PLANE UP STRONG THEN DOWN AND HOLD UNDER)

JANE: (EXCITEMENT) There! There it is, the reservation!

KADDY: What house is that?

JANE: The camp manager's. Mr. Wilson's. I don't see any place to land ...

KADDY: (WORRIED) Neither do I ... I'll circle some ...

(PLANE UP AND THEN UNDER)

KADDY: (SHARP) There! That green strip where the cows are grazing. If it'll hold them, it'll hold us

JANE: *Be careful don't*
~~You haven't hit the cows ... they haven't got much else....~~

KADDY: I'm going to buzz them off the field.

(PLANE ROAR AND ~~DIVE~~ HOLD, ~~THEN LEVEL OFF~~)

KADDY: All right! ~~We can land now!~~

(~~PLANE UP AND ROAR DIVE ... LEVEL OFF ... HOLD~~
~~ROAR UNDER~~)

(MUSIC: ... BRIDGE)

CHARLEY: (GLAD) Jane Reno! ... Hello! Jane Reno!

JANE: (LAUGHING) Hello, Charley. This is Kaddy Landry who flew us in ... Kaddy this is Charley Joe ...

(AD LIB GREETINGS)

JANE: We were trying to find a place where lots of airplanes could land, Charley ... we didn't mean to scare the cattle ...

CHARLEY: (SURPRISE) Lots of planes? Why?

JANE: Come Christmas we ^{going} expect to have loads of presents and toys ...

CHARLEY: (LOW: MOVED) Presents? Toys?

JANE: For you ... your people ... and the children ...

(THEN SUDDEN ALARM) No! Don't kneel ... Charley ... there's no need ...

CHARLEY: (CALMLY) It is to God I kneel, Jane Reno. We say Grace ... here, on this grass, we say Grace for all the good things that have and will come ... (THEN PRAYERFULLY) We thank you, Lord, for all ... you've done.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

ANNCR: In just a moment we will read a telegram from Jane Reno, of the Miami Herald with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: ... FANFARE)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your
(GIRL SOLO) throat enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL -- the finest
quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any
length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL
MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL
MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos filters the smoke further -- and makes it
mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL
is finer -- the finest quality money can buy. Fine
tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter
smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed,
the better it filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL -- the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package -- PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes --

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And -- they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

ANNCR: Now we read you that telegram from Jane Reno of the Miami Herald.

RENO: Sixteen plane loads of gifts for Seminoles were flown into big Cypress Swamp in time for Christmas. All sick Indian babies pulled through and conditions in Cypress Swamp vastly improved. The word "Seminoles" is Indian for outsiders. My friends in the Big Swamp don't feel that way anymore. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award. My Sincere appreciation.

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

HARRICK: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Columbus Ohio Citizen by-line Paul D. Quick. The Big Story of a reporter who found that a home for the sick was in reality a house of horror.

(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)

BIG STORY - 10/7/53

-28-

REVISED

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Frockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Raphael Hayes from an actual story from the pages of the Miami Florida Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Lucille Wall played the part of Jane Reno. 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~~ ^{Mr.} Reno.

(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.

rk-gz-el-pmk
10-25-53 pm

ATX01 0007978

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #326

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
PAUL QUICK	BILL LIPTON
EDITOR	HAROLD HUBER
FLORA EVANS	HELEN SHIELDS
MACK	JACK KLUGMAN
DOCTOR	MAURICE WELLS
GEORGE WARREN	ERNEST GRAVES
BENSON	ERNEST GRAVES
AL	MAURICE WELLS
WOMAN	ELLEN MERRILL

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1953

ATX01 0007979

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE, THEN OUT FOR...)

(A DOOR SLOWLY OPENING)

WARREN: (FRIGHTENED AND WEAK) Who's there.....who is it?

MACK: It's me, Mr. Warren. Your nurse.

WARREN: Please. I want to leave. Take these straps off my arms.
I don't want to stay in bed. I'm like a prisoner.
Please.....

MACK: Guess I'll have to quiet you down again, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Don't put that in my arm.

MACK: It's going to help you, Mr. Warren. Make you rest.
That's why you're here you know. So we can take care of
you.

WARREN: Don't touch me....please...don't..(PERLS THE NEEDLE)....
(STARTS TO CRY)....I don't want to stay...why don't you
let me go...

MACK: (SLOWLY) To where. You better understand, Mr. Warren.
An old drunken bum like you. Where else can you go...
but this place.

(WE LISTEN AS WARREN'S CRYING SLOWLY TRAILS OFF
AND HE LAPSES INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS)

Sure, sleep, Mr. Warren. It won't be long...and your
troubles will be over.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Columbus, Ohio. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FIAT) From the pages of the Columbus Citizen, the story of a reporter who found that a home for the sick was in reality, a house of horror. Tonight, to Paul D. Quick, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #326

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your
(MAN SOLO) throat enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL, the cigarette
that's longer - and finer, too - the finest quality
money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL
is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine
tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter
smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed,
the better it filters the smoke on the way to your
throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Columbus, Ohio. The story as it actually happened.
Paul D. Quick's story as he lived it.

NARR: The day begins. And for you, Paul Quick, the simple
fact of it has a special meaning. For yesterday's
newspaper is now in the files, along with the rest of
the past. It's time for something new. And here in the
offices of the City Health Department, you're hoping to
supply the commodity.

DOC: What do you expect to find in these certificates, Paul.

PAUL: I never know, Doctor Arnold. Perhaps an angle for a
story. I've done it before, you know

DOC: Well, they're all yours. The death certificates for
the last five months. Have a good time.

(MUSIC: UNDER)

NARR: ~~Here, There are only a million other things you'd
rather be reading. Anything but these neat little
pieces of paper consigning so many names to eternity.
William Baxter, age, 45, died at the Morehaven Rest
Home, 19 Hill Street. Cause, heart failure. Millie
Reynolds, age, 22, died at the Municipal Hospital.
Cause, multiple hemorrhages suffered in auto accident.
There's a story. But who would really read it...keep
its lesson in mind. Go on with the names. The young,
the old. The many ways in which people die. Samuel
Wilchek, age, 50, died at the Morehaven Rest Home, 19
Hill Street, Cause, heart failure.~~

~~(IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING SPECIAL)~~

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

~~There's a coincidence. Two men dying at the same place.
..in the same way. Well, keep going through the
certificates, Paul Quick. Keep looking for your story.~~

(MUSIC: ~~RISES SLOWLY...FOR TRANSITION...THEN UNDER~~)

NARR:

~~(HIS VOICE COMING OUT OF THE MUSIC)...Bertha Wilson,
age, 64, died at 409 Mayberry Road, cause, pneumonia.
Thomas Martin, age, 46, died at the Morehaven Rest Home,
19 Hill Street, cause, heart failure. Alex Jameson, age
...say, wait a minute. That rest home...the Morehaven
Rest Home...that's about the third time you've seen
that name come up. What did this man die from...heart
failure...yes, like the others. What is this. Three
men in one month...all at the same place...all dying
from the same thing. And none of them old men either.~~

~~(THINKING IT OUT) Go through the rest of these
certificates. This really is a coincidence.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND BRIDGE~~)

DOC:

What is it, Paul. I was just about to leave for an
appointment downtown.

PAUL:

Doctor Arnold, take a look at these, will you.

DOC:

Still checking death certificates?

PAUL:

Five in particular, Doctor.

DOC:

What about them, Paul.

PAUL:

They're for five men, Doctor. Each of whom died in a
place called the Morehaven Rest Home. Five of them..
and all within three months.

DOC:

(SCANNING THEM) Yes. I see.

PAUL:

The cause of death, Doctor Arnold...in each case... was
heart failure.

DOC: (DISTURBED) They're all signed by the attending physicians, There's no irregularity.

PAUL: Yes sir. But five men...in only three months...and all dying of heart failure. How big can a coincidence get.

DOC: Well, I'll say this, Paul.

PAUL: Sir?

DOC: Five deaths in that short a time ^{its} more than we would expect from a clinic where they treat the hopelessly incurable.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

EDITOR: (FILTER) Paul, I checked on the Morehaven Rest Home right after you called me the first time. You're on to something all right...and I'm keeping you on the story.

PAUL: What did you find out about the home, Mr. Gruder.

EDITOR: It's run by a man named Roy Welby. I think you ought to go right out there...try to see him.

PAUL: You ever hear of him before.

EDITOR: No, but the government has. He was once in prison for violation of the Federal Narcotics Act.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: There it is, across the street. Go on, Paul Quick. Go up to it.

(WALKING WITH BELOW)

Looks like just a big old white frame house, doesn't it. The Morehaven Rest Home. Sounds nice. Peaceful. But what happens inside that place. Five men dead in so short a time. And the owner, convicted of having drugs. Is there any connection? You've got to find out.

(MORE)

(WALKS A FEW FEET)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

~~This sign on the door. What's it say.~~ Please ring bell. Sure.

(CHIMES SOUND DEMY INSIDE THE HOUSE, MUFFLED)

NARR:

(HE WAITS) What are you going to say to them. You just can't come out and say something's wrong. You'll have to ~~walk up that...~~ ~~(CHIMES OFF AS...)~~

(THE DOOR OPENS)

MACK:

Yes.

PAUL:

Mr. Welby, please.

MACK:

What do you want him for.

PAUL:

I'd just like to talk to him.

MACK:

Someone you know a patient here.

PAUL:

No but I...

MACK:

Sorry. Mr. Welby is very busy now.

PAUL:

Now wait a minute.

MACK:

Didn't you hear me, feller. Mr. Welby is busy.

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

(MUSIC: HITS...UNDER)

NARR:

Nice fellow. Talkative. (A LITTLE SORE) All right, you've got time. You'll sit in your car...watch this place. No matter how long it takes, you're going to find out about the Morehaven Rest Home.

(MUSIC: RISES FOR TRANSITION...UNDER)

NARR:

Three hours...and nothing unusual. A few deliveries... the postman coming up. And just a few minutes ago, a woman visitor. You're not going to learn much sitting out here this way. Try to figure another angle. You've got to find what goes on inside that house. The way it operates.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Wait a minute. That woman who went in before. She's coming out...and she's half running. What's wrong? Go on. Get out and see.

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND WE HEAR THE WOMAN RUNNING ON)

PAUL: What is it, Miss...something the matter?

FLORA: Please. I want to get away from here. I feel faint.

PAUL: What's happened?

FLORA: Can you get me a taxi?

PAUL: Well, this is my car. If you'd care to use it...

FLORA: Yes, yes, thank you.

(DOOR OPENS...THEY GET IN...DOOR CLOSES)

PAUL: Where to?

FLORA: Anywhere. Only hurry...please hurry.

(STARTER IS HEARD...AND CAR PULLS AWAY)

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(CUP AND SAUCER PUT DOWN)

FLORA: I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Quick. I guess I must have been acting sort of crazy when I ran out of the home.

PAUL: You just needed a little time to settle down, Miss Evans. ~~And this restaurant does have good coffee.~~

FLORA: Funny your being a reporter. 'Cause if there's any place people ought to know about...it's that home...and the man who runs it.

PAUL: Roy Welby.

FLORA: He ought to be in jail.

PAUL: Why'd you go there today, Miss Evans.

FLORA: George is there. The fellow I'm going to marry.

(BITTERLY) Someday.

PAUL: Is he sick?

FLORA: Yeah. Real sick.

PAUL: What's the matter with him?

FLORA: A bad sickness. The kind a person makes for himself.

(ALMOST A SLIGHT BEAT AS SHE DRAWS IN HER BREATH)

George drinks. He drinks 'til he's almost dead.

PAUL: I'm sorry.

FLORA: (DEFENDING HIM) He's a fine man, George. Really. But trouble happens...maybe lots of it...and a person can get more than mixed up. They try to make things better and instead, they only get worse.

PAUL: Why did he go to Morehaven?

FLORA: That's what the place is for. Alcoholics. The house is full of them. Everyone wanting Roy Welby to cure them.

PAUL: But he's no doctor.

FLORA: He doesn't say he is. But George thought he could help him. He wants to marry me, Mr. Quick. He wants to be well.

PAUL: Did you see him today?

FLORA: Yes, that's why I ran out the way I did.

PAUL: I don't understand.

FLORA: George was supposed to be there for five days. No more. That's what the cure is. Five days. You know how long he's been in there, Mr. Quick. Five months.

PAUL: Go on, please.

FLORA: I kept trying to see him...but they found excuses not to let me. I called a hundred times but they always said the same thing. He was resting. He shouldn't be bothered. But today, today I made up my mind. Nothing was going to stop me from seeing him.

(MUSIC: ... SNEAKS IN BEHIND... PREPARING FOR THE FLASHBACK)

FLORA: What I'm going to tell you now, Mr. Quick. It really happened. And then you help me. You help me to do something about it.

(MUSIC: ... RISES AND BEHIND)

FLORA: I went up to the front door and I pressed the button.

(WE HEAR THE CHIMES INSIDE THE HOUSE)

FLORA: I listened. And I heard someone coming.

(DOOR OPENS)

MACK: Yes.

FLORA: I told him I wanted to see George Warren.

MACK: I'm sorry but he's under a sedative. He's resting.

FLORA: I said I was his fiancee. That I wouldn't go away 'til I saw him.

MACK: But why disturb him now, Miss. Don't you want him to get well. We all have his best interests at heart.

(FADES UNDER AND IS B.G. FOR FLORA'S NEXT SPEECH) As long as he's here you have to let Mr. Welby look out for him. If Mr. Warren sees you, he's liable to become upset. ~~You'd be wise to go home now. That's my advice.~~

FLORA: I wasn't going to take any more of his soft talk. Either I saw George or I was calling the police. When he saw I meant it....

MACK:

(ALMOST A SIGH) All right, Miss. Why don't you come in and I'll call Mr. Welby himself.

(SHE WALKS IN AND THE DOOR CLOSSES)

MACK:

This way.

(THEIR STEPS ECHO IN THE CORRIDOR AND THEN STOP)
Wait here.

FLORA:

(HE TAKES A FEW STEPS...A DOOR OPEN AND CLOSSES)
I was in a hallway. And it was empty. Where was George.

In what part of the house. If I waited for the nurse or Mr. Welby to come back, they might find another excuse to stop me. In front of me was a staircase. I made up my mind. (DECISIVELY) I started up it.

(MUSIC)

FLORA:

RISES BRIEFLY AND THEN BEHIND AGAIN
There were so many doors. And how much time before they came looking for me.

(DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING WITH BELOW)
Where was he. I kept looking. Room after room. And then.....

(DOOR OPENS)

WARREN:

(WEAKLY) Flora.....

FLORA:

The room was almost dark but I could see him. Strapped into the bed. I ran to him.

WARREN:

Flora...get me out of here. I'll die if you don't. I'll die.

FLORA:

arms
His hands reached for me...and I saw the marks on them. Like hundreds of little sores.

WARREN:

Please, Flora. Help me.

MACK:

(PROJECTING OFF) She must be upstairs. Hurry.

FLORA: They were coming for me. I had to run. George didn't understand.

WARREN: Flora, where are you going...Flora.

(THE DOOR CLOSES)

MACK: (PROJECTING OFF...NEARER) I'll look for her on the second floor.

FLORA: I saw another staircase at the end of the hallway. I took it... ran downstairs to the front door and out into the street.... (STARTING TO CRY) Mr. Quick...what am I going to do.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(AN AMBULANCE BELL CLANGING ON THE SPEEDING CAR)

NARR: It had happened fast. Flora Evans had to do something to get her fiancée out of the ~~Mansfield~~ Home. And this was the way. An ambulance ^{removed} ~~that-forced~~ George Warren ^{city} ~~to~~...and sped him to the ~~municipal~~ hospital.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

PAUL: How is he, Doctor.

DOC: Not very good, Paul. He's been given enormous quantities of a drug called chloral sulphate.

PAUL: Over a period of time, that is.

DOC: Yes. Too large a dose at one time might prove fatal.

PAUL: Doctor, why would anyone give chloral sulphate to an alcoholic.

DOC: Well, temporarily it could prevent delirium tremens, or the d.t.'s, as it's commonly called.

PAUL: Just one more question. If a man were to die from an over use of this drug, would the cause of death be heart failure.

DOC: It would be hard to prove that drugs actually caused the death.

PAUL: But if they did, then the official cause would be heart failure.

DOC: Technically, yes.

PAUL: Those five death certificates, Doctor. They're sure beginning to add up.

DOC: I don't know how you can prove it.

PAUL: This fellow inside. George Warren. His testimony of what's happened to him should mean quite a lot. May I see him now?

DOC: Only for a minute.

PAUL: Thanks.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES. HE APPROACHES THE BED)

PAUL: (QUIETLY) Mr. Warren...Mr. Warren...I'm Paul Quick of the Citizen.

WARREN: (WEAKLY) Yes.

PAUL: When the doctor says you're strong enough to be interviewed, I'll be back. I want you to tell me the whole story of what Roy Welby does in that so-called rest home of his.

WARREN: Mr. Quick.

PAUL: Yes, Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Don't come back.

PAUL: What's that?

WARREN: Don't see me again. I...I won't talk to you.

PAUL: Now, look...

WARREN: No. Nothing happened in that place. Nothing. So don't come back. I have nothing to tell you.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #326

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(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.

CHAPPEL: , 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?

CHAPPEL: Because there is no substitute for PELL MELL. -
the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you
cooler, sweeter smoking.

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette.

PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL

MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Buy 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 Paul D. Quick, as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: He could have helped you. This man who lived for five long months in the horror known as the Morehaven Rest Home. But he won't talk. He won't help you. Why?

FLORA: Don't you see, Mr. Quick. He's afraid.

PAUL: Miss Evans, go back inside that hospital room and talk to him. Tell him what it means for us to find out just what happened to him.

FLORA: The doctor told you. He was drugged.

PAUL: That's not what I mean. Your fiancée can give me a complete picture of just what Roy Welby does in that place. He can describe, step by step, how this so called alcoholic cure works.

FLORA: I asked him, Mr. Quick. He just won't.

PAUL: Five men died in that place, Miss Evans. If you hadn't got George Warren out in time...maybe he would have made number six. George's evidence could very well help the authorities to close down the place.

FLORA: (ASHAMED OF PAUL'S FRIGHT BUT DEFENDING IT) What do you want me to do. He's sick. You can't reason with him.

PAUL: Try.

FLORA: I can't. He's too frightened of this man Welby. And I don't blame him. The things that must have happened to him.

PAUL: (DISCOURAGED BUT STILL POLITE) Yes, Miss Evans.

FLORA: You'll get your evidence somewhere. I know you will.

PAUL: Goodbye, Miss Evans. I hope things work out as you want them.

FLORA: (STOPPING HIM) Mr. Quick.

PAUL: Yes.

FLORA: (ASHAMED) Please try to understand. Men are different from each other. George...well, maybe he's not as strong as some men. A man who gets sick the way he did... you can tell he's afraid. But he doesn't want to be. He just can't help being frightened. Please. Understand.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The door to the Morehaven Rest Home had been opened for just one quick look. Now, it's been slammed shut again. Who can tell you about this place. Exactly what happens inside. How about the families of the men who died. What do they know.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

AL: My brother died there, Mr. Quick. Heart attack, they said. How's anyone ever going to know different. But as far as I'm concerned, Roy Welby is running a racket. Five day cure. You know what it is. Before every meal they used to give my brother some whiskey. Then he'd get a shot in his arm. What kind of cure you call that. That guy Welby is a first class crook...but you don't see anybody doing anything about it.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

WOMAN: Sure, I know all about that five day cure. My father went in there to take it. Five days and sixty five dollars. ~~What was the Welby special...~~

(MORE)

WOMAN:
(CONT'D)

And it worked fine...for the first four days. But always on the fifth day...Welby used to make sure that my father would "accidentally" find some whiskey around...That did it. ^{He} My father would sign up for another five day cure. You know how many he took, Mr. Quick. Twenty four of them. (SIGHT BEAT) He never came home after the last one. We buried him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

EDITOR: It's quite a story, Paul. Almost unbelievable.

PAUL: But true, Mr. Gruder. Every word of it. ~~This guy's a~~
~~concealer. He's a~~

EDITOR: These people you've seen. Why haven't they done something about it.

PAUL: A lot of reasons.

EDITOR: Just give me one.

PAUL: Well, I....I suppose they can't prove it.

EDITOR: Exactly, Paul. And we can't print any of this until we prove it. Why don't you check with the Federal Narcotics men?

PAUL: I will. But these people told the truth. This is the most heartless racket I've ever heard of.

EDITOR: Proof, Paul.

PAUL: All right, I'll get it.

EDITOR: How.

PAUL: One of the families I saw this morning told me how Roy Welby recruits customers for his rest home.

EDITOR: Oh?

PAUL: He and his stooges canvass all the bars looking for alcoholics. After he sees how much money they've got, he "invites" them to Morehaven.

EDITOR: He hasn't missed an angle.

PAUL: I'm going around to these bars myself...see what information I can pick up.

EDITOR: Good idea. And remember this, Paul. I want this story in our paper. I want it bad. Just get me the proof. That's all I ask.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(A BAR B.G.) (A QUIET PIANO OFF)

NARR: (AFTER ESTABLISHING THE B.G.) Any of these places differ except for their names. This makes the fifth one you've been in tonight. In the corner, the quiet drummer, on his face, the greatness of the world.

WARREN: (ONE BROUWERIANO: DRUM) (SO WE DON'T RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE) How about a little service...man...how about a little service.

NARR: And the usual loud mouth...having a good time, at other people's expense...Yeah, this place, like all the others. Might as well root down here. It's late now and the drinking's been going on long enough to show. Here's the bartender. Better order something.

PAUL: Just a beer, please.

(WE HEAR BEER SPURTING INTO THE GLASS AND THEN THE GLASS PUT DOWN IN FRONT OF PAUL)

PAUL: Thanks.

(A CASH REGISTER RINGS JUST OFF)

NARR: Proof that Roy Welby is running a racket. How. It has to be someone who's lived inside that house. That's the only way.

(DOOR OPENS OFF...CLOSES)

MACK:

(OFF) Hi, Jerry. Kind of slow tonight, eh. Give me a double bourbon.

NARR:

That man. The one who's just settling down at the other end of the bar. You know him. But from where....

MACK:

(HE'S DRUNK) (OFF) Welby been around tonight? Haven't seen him myself.

NARR:

The man from the Morehaven Home. ^{rest} Roy Welby's place. He's the one who wouldn't let you in. (PLANNING) Go on over near him. Go ahead.

(PAUL'S CHAIR SCRAPES BACK AND HE WALKS OVER)

MACK:

(FADING ON) I tell you, Jerry. That Welby just went too far with me. He didn't treat me right. Always said he was going to do things for me but he just never got around to doing them.... (STOPS) Hey....feller....

NARR:

He's looking at you, Paul Quick. You.

MACK:

~~I seen you someplace before.~~

NARR:

~~Did you hear what he just said about Welby. This is your chance. Take it.~~

MACK:

Where do I know you from.

PAUL:

Welby's place. That racket he's running.

MACK:

What do you know?

PAUL:

Mister, ^{I want plenty} I didn't go to the home for a treatment. I work for a newspaper. ^{I know all} We're going to give you and Welby publicity on front page. About those five men that died. About those drugs you shoot into those poor suckers strapped in their beds.

MACK:

Listen...I...I don't work there any more. I quit!

PAUL:

Why?

MACK: Because of Roy Welby, I had my fill.

PAUL: Of what?

MACK: The whole deal, He's getting all the gravy. I wind up with nothing. Is that right. Huh. Is it. (ALMOST A WHINE AS HE FEELS SORRY FOR HIMSELF IN HIS STUPOR)

PAUL: ~~Depends on how much he's making.~~

MACK: Making. It's plenty, More than you think. I worked hard. Why didn't I get my share. Welby didn't pay off like he promised. He just didn't. (AN IDEA) Listen... you're a reporter, huh.

PAUL: ~~That's right.~~

MACK: *Listen.* And you've been trying to find out about Roy Welby.

PAUL: I know a lot now. All I need is the proof.

MACK: So do the cops. They've been around. I know it. Any day they're going to crack down. Mister, I know everything How Welby brings the people to the homes and takes their money. They're drunk, all of them. They don't know what he's doing.

PAUL: Go on.

MACK: If a relative or somebody comes in and complains about the place, Welby says he's got big doctors looking after them. That's a lie. Nothing but a lie. No doctor ever comes.

PAUL: The attendants. What about them. Are they trained. Do they know what they're doing.

MACK: (LAUGHS) You kidding. Welby hires them in saloons. Yeah. Honest. Sometimes they're more drunk than the patients. And you know how Welby pays them. (LAUGHS) A bottle of whiskey to each man.

PAUL: look, ^{if you really want to get} ~~the thing to fix~~ ^{we can get him on the} ~~get~~ Welby on ~~is the use of~~ ^{the} ~~use of~~ drugs. Now, I've been in touch with the federal men.

MACK: Federal men.

PAUL: They've known about Welby and they've been digging hard for evidence. Your testimony can help. ~~Help a lot.~~ What do you say.

MACK: (THINKING IT OVER) That'd fix Welby, wouldn't it. Fix him good.

PAUL: Will you do it.

MACK: (SLIGHT BEAT) Okay. Tomorrow morning. First thing. You come to my place. Pick me up. I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~You're all set, Paul. Quiet. The long night has ended and your editor is waiting. This is it. The inside story of the Morehaven Rest Home for Alcoholics. There...right ahead of you is the apartment door of the man who once ~~lived in the home.~~ get going. Come on.~~

(KNOCKING ON DOOR...REPEAT)

MACK: (OFF MUFFLED) Easy, will you...easy.

(DOOR OPENS)

~~What are you trying to do...Break down the door.~~

PAUL: (HAPPY) ^{Good morning} ~~Sorry.~~ Well, you ~~are~~ ready?

MACK: Ready for what.

PAUL: They're waiting for you at my office. For your statement.

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

PAUL: Wait a minute. Last night. Don't you remember.

MACK: Last night... Oh... how I get it.

PAUL: Good.

MACK: (LAUGHS) *Last night* I guess I really tied one on last night. *oh*. Happens a lot to me. Maybe I ought to try one of these five day cures for myself.

PAUL: (SORE) What are you giving me? You said you'd come downtown with me...tell the whole story of what goes on in that place.

MACK: Mister, it's not your fault. Ask anyone who knows me. Go ahead. Go back to wherever you met me and ask them. When I'm drunk, I don't know what I'm doing. So about last night, I'm sorry. But I don't remember a thing.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: When do you get a break. Who else can you turn to? Where can you find the way to close that place...to end that horror once and for all.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

DOC: The Health Department has received complaints about that home but *Paul* under the law has no power to close it. The place has been thoroughly inspected but we've found no drugs and no violations of any health standards.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

EDITOR: I spoke to the State Welfare Department, Paul, and there's nothing they can do. The law says that the department can inspect a home for alcoholics and issue a license. But there's nothing in the law that gives them the right to close a place if it doesn't have one.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: What's the use. You're never going to get Roy Welby. It just isn't in the cards. And here, back in your office, the days and weeks of work...add up to exactly nothing.

(PHONE BEGINS TO RING)

Why can't somebody do something. It isn't right for it to end this way. (ANNOYED) That phone...

(GRABS IT OFF THE HOOK)

PAUL: (SORE) Hello...

(PIETER)

BENSON: Mr. Quick, please.

PAUL: Speaking

BENSON: I hope you've got a few minutes, Mr. Quick. This is John Benson, the Federal Narcotics Officer.

PAUL: (APOLOGIZING) Yes sir. What can I do for you. *There has been some action since our last talk together.*

BENSON: Did you know that the police have just raided the Morehaven Rest Home?

PAUL: No, I didn't.

BENSON: Roy Welby is a clever man. Unfortunately, the only evidence they've been able to find concerns violations of fire and housing laws.

PAUL: But that's..that's nothing. ~~His case so much more.~~

BENSON: Of course. Now you've been in touch with my office so you know we've been working on the alleged use of drugs by Roy Welby and his staff.

PAUL: It's true all right. Only where's our proof.

BENSON: We raided the place not so long ago but couldn't find a thing. Now, ^{if you'll} ~~with your~~ help, we're going to try something else...

Paul: *You bet I'll help. I'll be right over.*

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

PAUL: That's ^{W. White Chevy} Mr. Benson. Everything I've found out about Roy Welby and his so called rest home for alcoholics.

BENSON: This is extremely valuable to me, Mr. Quick. ^{with the help of}
Your interviews you've conducted with some of the patients' relatives build quite a picture. Putting it together with what my office has collected, I feel we've finally got a case.

PAUL: (ANXIOUS) You're sure, Mr. Benson.

BENSON: What do you mean

PAUL: Nothing's going to go wrong. You've...you've got the evidence?

BENSON: All we need.

PAUL: It's not that I doubt what you say but this whole story, everytime I thought I had it brought in...practically all written...something always happened to blow it up in my face. Roy Welby's got nine lives. Even the police couldn't pin anything decent on him.

BENSON: You.. er.. you have any place special to go for the next half hour?

PAUL: No. Why?

BENSON: You stay here at my desk. I've got some work to do.

PAUL: Where you going?

BENSON: Just stay here. When this phone rings...pick it up.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

Roy Welby. You've never met the man...don't even know what he looks like...but you know what he is. Will he get away with it again. What of the people whose lives ~~were touched by his evil~~ ^{he ruined} And what of those who will come after...if again he escapes his punishment. Where is justice.

(PHONE RINGS. REPEATS)

PAUL:

(HESITATING) Hello...

(FILTER)

BENSON:

I've got some news for you, Mr. Quick.

PAUL:

What?

BENSON:

Roy Welby was just arrested on a federal warrant.

(SLIGHT BEAT) Mr. Quick..did you hear me?

PAUL:

I..I heard you.

BENSON:

It's all over.

PAUL:

Except for one thing, Mr. Benson.

BENSON:

What's that?

PAUL:

(DETERMINED) Writing it. It's been a long time in coming. A very long time.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul D. Quick of the Columbus Citizen with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #326

-27-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking.

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the
finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette
of any length can give you the pleasure you get
from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette.
PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and
makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL
MELL is finer - the finest quality money can
buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for
smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better
a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the
smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette
that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0008006

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Paul D. Quick of the Columbus, Ohio, Citizen.

PAUL: Exactly four months after the start of my investigation, Roy Welby was arraigned in Federal Court. He pleaded guilty to twelve counts of violating federal narcotics statutes. Although closely questioned by the judge he refused to reveal any information on other possible crimes committed by him. He was sentenced to five years in the Federal Reformatory, but died fifteen months later. The cause of death, ironically enough, was ... heart failure. I am deeply honored by tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICK: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, World, by-line Charley McKinney. The Big Story of a reporter who preyed on a killer's mind and lured him back to the scene of his crime.

(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)

ATX01 0008007

BIG STORY - 10/1/53

-29-

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Vladimir
Seligsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Horetz
from an actual story from the pages of the Columbus
Ohio Citizen. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and
Bill Lipton played the part of Paul Quick. 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. Quick.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

bw/bmr
11/1/53

NYX01 0006008

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #327

CAST

NAHRATOR	BOB SLOAN
CHARLEY MCKINNEY	ALLEN STEVENSON
JERRY FOSTER	JAMES BRODERICK
VALERIE FOSTER	MADELINE SHERWOOD
TOM HOLCOMBE	BILL SMITH
HENRY SUMMERS	MEL RUTCK
ORREN LINDSAY	MEL RUICK
BEN STEWART	BILL KEENE
VOICE	BILL KEENE
MARTHA SUMMERS	GLADYS THORNTON
DUKE	FRANK MILANO

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1953

ATK01 0008009

ANNCR: PHIL MML FAMOUS CIGARETTES...the finest quality money
can buy...present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE...)

DUKE: (DOG BARKS REPEATEDLY, ANGRILY.)

ORREN: (SLIGHTLY THICK, LOUD, AND EMOTIONAL THROUGHOUT)
Duke, be still! (THEN) Be still, I said! (THEN) Duke!

DUKE: (SUBSIDES.) (LOW GROWL CONTINUES INTERMITTENTLY IN BG)

ORREN: (SNEERS) See? Duke's my protection. Aren't you, Duke,
boy?--Aren't you?..

DUKE: (BARKS ONCE.)

ORREN: Want to see some more protection?

(OPEN DESK DRAWER)

ORREN: See? Now I got real protection. ~~See?~~ Or maybe you
don't think this thing is loaded. Maybe you think I
wouldn't...

(SUDDEN FOOTWORK, SHUFFLE)

ORREN: Get away, you crazy....No! (WITH EFFORT) No!-----

(TWO SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION. THEN DOG BARKS.)

ORREN: (WEAK, HIT) No-----

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: The Big Story!" The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma. It is authentic, and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of Tulsa World, the story of a reporter who preyed on a killer's mind, and lured him back to the scene of his crime. Tonight, to Charley McKinney of the Tulsa World, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #327

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP:
(MAN SOLO:) Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: THEME UNDER)

ANNCR: Tulsa, Oklahoma. The story as it actually happened.
Charley McKinney's story as he lived it.

NARR: Covering a murder isn't exactly your kind of beat,
Charley McKinney, and the murder of Dr. Orren Lindsay
is one of the most brutal in Tulsa's history. But you've
got the assignment, and you're ^{at Dr. Lindsay's house,} ~~there~~ at the scene of the
crime when Chief Criminal Deputy Tom Holcombe begins to
add it up. ~~You're there in Dr. Lindsay's house, and~~
~~you listen, and even you can't stop a shudder as you hear~~
~~the details. (PAUSE) No, this kind of horror isn't~~
~~your best at all.~~

TOM: Know anything about him, Charley?

CHARLEY: Not much. I checked the city desk when the flash came
in. The usual report. Respectable dentist. Nice home,
Member of the community.

TOM: He sure isn't a member now. Hear what the Examiner said?

CHARLEY: I heard him say it must have happened last night.

TOM: Yeah. And get this, will you? He was shot twice, ~~and~~
stabbed with a knife, tied up, and then beat over the
head with that rolling pin ~~in there~~.

~~TOM:~~ Nights like this, I'd rather not be a cop. You know?

CHARLEY: I'd rather not be a reporter.

TOM: Seen the dog?

CHARLEY: ^{yes} Only when I got here. Why?

TOM: Funny thing about that dog. (CALLS) Ernie, open the
door a minute, will you?

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

TOM: (PROJECTING) The dog still in there? (THEN, CALLING)
Here fella. That's the boy, C'mere!

DUKE: (LOW GROWL)

CHARLEY: German Shepherd, huh?

TOM: Yeah. Belonged to the doc, according to the tag on his collar. (THEN) Here, boy. That's the fella.

CHARLEY: He was here in the house when you broke in, Tom?

TOM: Right in the room with the body. That's what strikes me funny.

CHARLEY: Oh?

TOM: Darned if I can see that the dog put up a fight. No sign of it at all.

CHARLEY: These boys can tear you to pieces if they want to.

TOM: Or if they're told to. Exactly. And still he didn't. See what I'm driving at?

CHARLEY: Whoever killed Lindsay knew the dog.

TOM: And knew Lindsay, too. Knew him well. (TO DOG) Am I right, boy? Huh?

DUKE: (GROWLS.)

CHARLEY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Too bad dogs can't talk.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You leave the murder house, Charley McKinney, and you stand for a moment on the quiet street. You take a deep breath of the clean night air, as if it might wash away the brutal scene inside. But you can't forget it. You know now you'll never forget it. And as you walk slowly through the neighborhood, your thoughts aren't so much of your story, but more of what man is capable of doing--to his fellow man. (PAUSE) Then, looking for a lead ---any lead---you try Ben Stewart, a neighbor next door.

BEN: Sure it was me that discovered it. ~~Well, I guess you can't say that, exactly.~~ The doc's wife phoned me from Ohio.

CHARLEY: ~~Mrs. Lindsay's away then, Mr. Stewart?~~

BEN: ~~That's right. Went to a funeral.~~

CHARLEY: ~~When?~~

BEN: ~~A long time before it happened, if that's what you're thinking. It's nothing like that, I can tell you. Doc and his wife got along fine. Lived next door for years.~~

CHARLEY: ~~You said she telephoned you?~~

BEN: Sure. Said she'd been trying to get Doc on the phone and couldn't. Asked me to go next door and see.

CHARLEY: ~~This was the night of the murder?~~

BEN: Nope. After that. Night of the murder, Doc's light was on all night long. I figured he was reading. (THEN) You care for a glass of milk or something?

CHARLEY: No, thanks. (THEN) You tried again this afternoon?

BEN: ~~That's right.~~ I saw his car was gone out of the garage, so I got kind of worried.

CHARLEY: And you called the police.

BEN: Sure. I figured Doc'd never go away and leave Duke in the house alone like that. Duke's his dog.

CHARLEY: I know. (THEN) You didn't hear anybody take the Doctor's car, did you, Mr. Stewart?

BEN: Nope, not a sound. It's gone, though. ~~Somebody must've got it.~~

CHARLEY: Any ideas? *also around the house? Anybody ever worked for him, perhaps?* ~~Somebody been giving him trouble? Someone who worked for him, perhaps?~~

BEN: Nobody worked for him. Except the young Foster boy.

CHARLEY: Who's he?

BEN: Jerry, I think his name is. Jerry Foster. Worked around the yard for Doc. Just lives up the street.

CHARLEY: He's a youngster?

BEN: Well, he's old enough to be married. Lives with his wife's folks. Summers, their name is. Can't say the boy could help you much, though. I wouldn't know.

CHARLEY: Nobody knows anything, Mr. Stewart. Not yet.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MARTHA: First the police were here, and now you, Mr. McKinney.

CHARLEY: I'm sorry to bother you Mrs. Summers. I only thought you son-in-law might be able to help.

MARTHA: Jerry doesn't know nothing about Doctor Lindsay. He only helped out in his yard, off and on. ~~Tell the man,~~
Henry?

HENRY: Martha's right. Jerry wouldn't be able to help you.

CHARLEY: Could I see him, though? It won't take long.

HENRY: He isn't here.

CHARLEY: I see. How about your daughter-in-law? Could I talk to her?

MARTHA: ~~Please leave Valeria out of this.~~

HENRY: ~~Now, Martha, the man is only trying to write up a story for the papers.~~ (THEN) Val isn't here either.

CHARLEY: Any idea when you expect them, Mr. Summers?

HENRY: Well, now, I can't say. Jerry and Val went off on a little trip.

CHARLEY: Oh? When?

HENRY: When? Let's see. Thursday night, wasn't it, Martha?

MARTHA: That's right.

CHARLEY: That's the night of the murder.

MARTHA: You think they had something to do with it? That's crazy.

CHARLEY: I don't think that at all, Mrs. Summers (THEN) Did they say where they were going on this trip?

MARTHA: The kids took off like that many times without telling anyone.

HENRY: Sure. They're good kids, too. Young, but they don't get in any trouble.

CHARLEY: Chief Holcombe says Jerry has been in trouble, Mr. Summers. Is that right?

HENRY: Jerry?

CHARLEY: He has a police record, anyway, served time in Leavenworth. Isn't that right?

MARTHA: Wait a minute Mr. McKinney. Doctor Lindsay owned a couple of houses. Rented them out. They say he was a very hard landlord. Goaded his tenants all the time.

CHARLEY: You'd have to be awfully sore at your landlord to murder him?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You start for Chief Holcombe's office ~~in the police station,~~ Charlie McKinney. And in the car, you've got a chance to think about Jerry Foster. A young man who just "happened", to leave town on the night of the murder --- and a young man with a record, too. It looks bad, perhaps -- but then you remember the murder itself, and you wonder. ~~It can't look that bad.~~ You're still wondering --- still kicking the idea of Jerry Foster around in your mind --- when you see Captain Holcombe. He's been wondering, too.

(~~WIREWORKER STANDING~~ IN BG.)

TOM: Write your story yet, Charlie?

CHARLEY: I've got another hour, Tom. I thought I'd better check with you.

TOM: If you ask me, we know who we want. Jerry Foster.

CHARLEY: You're sure?

TOM: Not sure, no. But I ~~sure~~ want to question him. That's ^a the pick-up order ~~going~~ ^{here} out on ~~the teletype~~ ^{right} now.

CHARLEY: Any idea how he's travelling?

TOM: I got a good guess. In Doc Lindsay's car.

CHARLEY: Could be. I wonder if the wife knows. She's with him, apparently.

TOM: Maybe there's nothing for her to know. Like I said, I'm not sure. (THEN) She'll read about it in your story, maybe.

CHARLEY: I'd rather not play the story that way, if it's okay with you.

TOM: Play it what way? I don't get it.

CHARLEY: I've been thinking about Foster. He's a young kid, Tom. Suppose he picks up my paper and reads he's wanted for questioning in connection with a murder.

TOM: That's just what he is.

CHARLEY: If I were the kid, a story like that'd make me run even faster.

TOM: Maybe, but...

CHARLEY: Suppose I try a little psychology on him. Just kind of hint in the story that you're looking for someone about his age.

TOM: Huh?

CHARLEY: Never say he's suspected, you understand. Just that you want to question someone who sounds like him.

TOM: What do you think that'll accomplish?

CHARLEY: If psychology works, it might convince him he could come back, explain himself, and be in no trouble at all.

TOM: It might at that.

CHARLEY: I'll try to write it that way, at least. Word it so that it builds up his confidence. Maybe build it up enough so he'll come home.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You write your story, Charley McKinney. Write it carefully and cleverly, hoping that if you do it right, Jerry Foster might read between the lines, and come home.

(MORE)

JERRY: You go in. I'm not hungry.

VAL: I don't want to go alone.

JERRY: Then why did you say let's stop?

VAL: Jerry, will you please calm down? I don't care what we do.

JERRY: All right, then, we'll get something to eat.

(CAR STOPS. TURN OFF MOTOR)

VAL: I wish I knew what's ^{bothering} eating you. Gee, a trip is supposed to be fun.

JERRY: Go ahead, will you? Get out.

(OPEN CAR DOOR. ADMIT MILD STREET NOISES. SHUT DOOR)

VAL: I am.

JERRY: Then hurry, can't you?

VAL: Look, Jerry. There's a kid with papers. Maybe he's got a Tulsa World.

JERRY: What you want a paper for?

VAL: To read, silly. If you're going to holler at me all the way I might as well ^{read} ~~finish my story~~. (MOVING OFF) Boy! Just a second!

JERRY: (PROJECTING) You don't need a paper, I told you!

VAL: (COMING IN) See, Jerry. He had a World.

(RATTLE NEWSPAPER)

Look at the headline. Golly somebody back home's been murdered. Jerry, it's Doctor Lindsay!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Then your paper hits the street, and you wait. You have no way of knowing that not too far away, just outside the city of Okmulgee, the man you're after is in a car, heading into town now, talking to his young wife, Val.

(INTERIOR OF CAR IN MOTION ON HIGHWAY. OCCASIONAL PASSING CARS IN BG)

JERRY: Light me a cigarette, will you, Val?

VAL: Godly, Jerry, that's about the tenth one in the last half hour.

JERRY: All right! Don't give me an argument. Just light it!

VAL: You don't need to yell at me. (PAUSE) Here. (PAUSE) Honestly, you've been all on edge the whole trip!

JERRY: Nobody asked you to come.

VAL: What? Why, you did, too. The whole thing was your idea.

JERRY: All right! So I felt like taking a trip!

VAL: It could be fun if you weren't so touchy. ~~After all,~~
~~it was nice of Doctor Lindsay to let you take his car.~~

JERRY: ~~Never mind about him.~~

VAL: (LAUGHS) ~~I still can't get over it. You always said he was so strict and everything.~~

JERRY: ~~Will you shut up about him?~~ (THEN) You want to stop?
There's a diner up at the corner.

VAL: If you want to, Jerry.

(CAR APPROACHES THE CORNER AND STOPS, GRADUALLY,
DURING DIALOGUE)

NARR: Put back in Captain Holcombe's office, Charles McKinney, you can only wait, and wonder. You wrote your story --- wrote it to lure a killer back to the scene of his crime --- and now you can only wonder.

TOM: See the teletype, Charlie?

CHARLES: Something on Jerry Foster?

TOM: Maybe. The Okmulgee police found Doc Lindsay's car.

CHARLES: No!

TOM: Abandoned. (THEN) I got an all-points alarm out for Foster. Now that we know where he's headed, we'll get him. Him and the wife both.

CHARLES: I keep wondering about her, Tom. Whether she knows anything.

TOM: Hard to tell.

CHARLES: I got a story to file.

TOM: (A LITTLE SARCASTIC) Another psychology story?

CHARLES: So it didn't work. Maybe another one will. This time I'll angle it toward the girl.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(OPEN-DOOR WITH KEY; SHUT IT; LOCK IT)

JERRY: We'd better get some sleep. We get to get going in the morning.

VAL: Why, Jerry?

JERRY: What do you mean by that?

VAL: Just what I said. First we left the car back in Okmulgee. Then you insisted we come here on the bus. Why? What are we running away from?

JERRY: ~~I told you, nothing.~~ (PAUSE) ~~All right, stop staring at me!~~

VAL: ~~I didn't say anything.~~

JERRY: ~~I didn't knock off Doc Indusay, I told you. I told you a hundred times!~~

Sure off that
VAL: ~~I know, Jerry, you told me!~~

JERRY: ~~I said go to bed.~~

(RATTLES NEWSPAPER)

VAL: I just want to read the Tulsa paper.

JERRY: Where'd you get that!

VAL: When we came out of the movie. Why? It's okay to read about it, isn't it? (THEN) Isn't it?

JERRY: Go to bed!

VAL: (READS) Police spread alarm for murder suspect.

JERRY: *Will you* Stop reading that!

VAL: (READS) It is believed the young man police are seeking may be able to establish an alibi.

JERRY: Did you hear me, Val?

VAL: Jerry, listen. (READS) The young man, whose name has not been disclosed, may be travelling with his wife.

JERRY: I told you.....

VAL: (READS) Police emphasized that the girl may be innocent, and that by not returning to clear his name, the youth is involving the girl in murder.

JERRY: What?

VAL: Jerry, don't you see? They're talking about me. It all fits, Jerry. The description, everything. It's you and me.

JERRY: (QUIETLY) I know it is.

VAL: But then the story is right. We've got to go back,
Jerry. Don't you see, if....(THEN) ~~Jerry? What's~~
~~the matter? (THEN) Jerry?~~

JERRY: (QUIETLY) Look, Val, I....

VAL: (AFTER A PAUSE) Jerry! What *is it?*

JERRY: I killed him.

VAL: (INDRAWN BREATH)

JERRY: (SOFT) I killed him. (THEN, VERY LOUD) Me! Me!

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY.
PROGRAM 327

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(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 F.T.)

HARRICE: Why?

CHAPPELL: Because there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL - CONTINUED)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

ANNCR: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Charley McKinney, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Your job is to write a story, Charley McKinney, ~~but in this story, you play your hunch.~~ You know the police are looking for young Jerry Foster--~~looking for him as a suspect in one of the most brutal murders in Oklahoma history--and still,~~ ^{but} you don't print that. Not exactly that, anyway. Because you think about Jerry Foster, and about his wife, Valerie. ~~You think,~~ and you write your story just for them. A story you hope will turn them in. Then you wonder if they'll see it, where they are, what ^{are} they ~~are~~ doing right now?

VOICE: (ON FILTER, AS ON A P.A. SYSTEM) The seven-ten bus now loading at platform two. Bus for Taft, Haskell, Stonebluff, Bixby, Sapulpa, and Tulsa. Platform two!
(INTERIOR OF BUS STATION. VOICES IN BG.)

VAL: Jerry! They just announced the bus!

JERRY: I know. I heard him.

VAL: Did you...(SOFTER) get rid of the gun?

JERRY: Outside.

VAL: We'd better get on.

JERRY: Val, wait..

VAL: We got to get on, Jerry. You agreed.

JERRY: What if they don't listen to me?

VAL: Darling, you read those stories in the paper. If we don't go back, it'll only be worse.

JERRY: Val, listen...

VAL: Please, Jerry.

JERRY: Val, look. I love you. You know that. No matter what happens.

VAL: You're funny. Like a little boy.

JERRY: I mean it.

VAL: I know you do. That's when I love you the most. When you look at me like that. As if you need me.

JERRY: I do need you.

VAL: We'll be all right, Jerry. I promise.

JERRY: You won't leave me?

VAL: Leave you? I love you.

JERRY: Sometimes I wonder why.

VAL: I don't. Oh, I used to. It hasn't been everything we expected, Jerry. Getting married, living with my folks, no money most of the time. But I wouldn't change it. Not ever.

JERRY: Honest?

VAL: I'm with you. That means more than anything.

JERRY: Gee, baby, I...(THEN) C'mon. Let's get on that bus.

VOICE: (AS BEFORE, ON P.A.) All aboard, the seven-ten bus for Taft, Haskell, Stonebluff, Bixby, Sapulpa, and Tulsa....

(MUSIC: IN TO COVER FOR BRIDGE)

TOM: (YAWNS) It's getting late, Charley. Want to go over to Mac's for a cup of coffee.

CHARLEY: You go, Tom. I'll stick around.

TOM: Still think your stories might pull them back here, huh?

CHARLEY: Maybe.

TOM: They might, at that. I said to myself when I read 'em, now if I were those two, and I read this, I'd take a chance and come home.

CHARLEY: I'll say one thing. You write a story like that, the waiting around isn't fun.

(PHONE RINGS)

TOM: Hold it a second.

(PICK UP PHONE)

TOM: Holcombe. (THEN) Yes, Ernie. (THEN) I'll be a.....(THEN) All right. Sure. What are you waiting for? Right now!

(HANG UP)

CHARLEY: Anything on Foster?

TOM: See for yourself..

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

TOM: (CALLS) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

JERRY: Captain Holcombe?

TOM: That's right.

JERRY: The man at the desk said to come in. (THEN) I'm Jerry Foster. This is my wife, Val.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It happens just as casually as that, Charley McKinney.

You stare at the boy and girl in the doorway for a

moment, almost as if you can't believe it. ~~And then like~~

~~a sudden wave of cold water, you realize you were right.~~

Your stories worked. ~~The one you played your hunch on has~~

~~come home.~~ (PAUSE) ~~From the calm and quiet of a moment~~

~~before, your whole world begins to hum.~~ You send ~~out your~~ *in your back*

~~flash, the office fills with people.~~ You're in business.

And then, in a little while, you're alone with Jerry's wife.

You talk to her, quietly at first...trying all the while

to really see this strange girl.. To know her.

VAL: I don't know. It's just..him, I guess. From the first time I ever looked at him. It's like something in your stomach--you see him and you feel all weak inside. ~~like you want to die, but you want to fly up in the air or something, all at the same time.~~

CHARLEY: *Just* know.

VAL: And it never changes. That's crazy, in a way. I thought maybe it would, but it's still the same. I look at him and I still get the same feeling. It doesn't matter. No matter what he's done.

CHARLEY: No matter what? You don't mean that, Val.

VAL: You think I'm lying to you? I do mean it. I do!

CHARLEY: Even if he killed a man?

VAL: Sure! It's still him! ~~What kind of guy are you, you don't see that?~~

CHARLEY: Did Jerry kill someone, Val?

VAL: What?

CHARLEY: You just said it doesn't matter. Did he kill Dr. Lindsay? (THEN) Val?

VAL: (AFTER A PAUSE) He killed him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You know this girl now, Charley McKinney. You get up, and leave her alone. You walk across the hall and into Captain Holcombe's office. You interrupt him, and speak to him just for a moment, quietly. Then you look right into the face of the boy Val says she loves. You've acting under pressure, now. Heavy pressure. And you feel it, hard.

TOM: Thanks, Charlie. (THEN) Go on, Foster. Don't stop talking.

JERRY: Where was I? I got mixed up.

TOM: You said you and Val went to a movie last Thursday night.

JERRY: That's right. We did.

TOM: Then you had a few beers and went home. You never saw Dr. Lindsay, and never went near his house.

JERRY: That's right.

TOM: You and Valerie.

JERRY: Yes. How many times do I have to tell you?

TOM: You did not kill Dr. Lindsay.

JERRY: No! I told you I didn't.

TOM: Charley....

CHARLEY: Yes, Tom?

TOM: Tell him what you just told me. This is Charley McKinney, from the World.

CHARLEY: I was just talking to Val, Jerry. Out in the other room.

JERRY: So?

CHARLEY: She just told me you killed him.

JERRY: She...told you...I did?

CHARLEY: That's right.

TOM: Well, son?

JERRY: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right, It's no good, I guess. I killed him, all right.

TOM: Tell us about it.

JERRY: Sure. Why not?

TOM: Start with Thursday night.

JERRY: Thursday?

TOM: It was raining. Remember?

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Charley McKinney of the Tulsa, Okla. World.

CHARLES: Jerry Foster was convicted and is now serving a life sentence in the state prison. His wife Valerie was not held, and some time after her husband was sentenced she divorced him. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Santa Barbara Calif. News Press by-line Chet Halcombe. The Big Story of a small boy ... and a roll of red tape

(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)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #327

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking-

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can
give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Guard against throat scratch. Discover a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

TOM: All right, let's stop for a minute.

CHARLEY: Can I ask something, Tom?

TOM: Sure, Charlie. Go ahead.

CHARLEY: Why'd you decide to come back, Jerry?

JERRY: Huh?

CHARLEY: After all, you walked in and gave yourself up. Why

JERRY: I don't know. (THEN) Yes, I do. It was those stor
in the paper.

CHARLEY: Oh?

JERRY: Val read em, and then I did. After that, it seemed
like the only thing we could do.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Charley McKinney of the Tulsa, World with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ORREN: Duke, be still! (THEN) Be still, I said! (THEN) Duke!

DUKE: (SUBSIDES, LOW GROWL CONTINUES INTERMITTENTLY IN BG.)

ORREN: (SNEERS) See? Duke's my protection. Aren't you, Duke,
~~boy? Aren't you?~~

DUKE: (BARKS ONCE)

ORREN: Want to see some more protection?
(OPENS DESK DRAWER)

ORREN: See? Now I got real protection. See? Or maybe you
don't think this thing is loaded. Maybe you think I
wouldn't...
(SUDDEN FOOTWORK, SHUFFLE)

ORREN: Get away, you crazy....No! (WITH EFFORT) No...
(TWO SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION. THE DOG
BARKS)

ORREN: (WEAK) No...
(BODY FALLS)

JERRY: (BREATHING HEAVILY) Dr. Lindsay! (FADING) Doc!
(THEN) Doc!

TOM: Go on, Jerry. Then what?

JERRY: I..I wasn't sure he was dead. I don't know. It all
happened so fast. He had the gun and then I rushed him
and then..then I knew he was shot.

TOM: And the rest of it?

JERRY: I wanted to be sure he was dead. I got the wire and
then I found a rolling pin in the kitchen.

TOM: And the knife?

JERRY: It was his. I took it out of his pocket.

TOM: Go on.

JERRY: Look, do we have to? I don't think I can tell much
more.

ORREN:

~~In the yard? Don't be absurd.~~

(POUR DRINK)

JERRY:

All I want is enough to buy my wife something.

ORREN:

I suppose you want a drink, too.

JERRY:

Sure. Why not?

ORREN:

Go ahead. I need another myself.

(POUR A DRINK)

JERRY:

Thanks.

ORREN:

(AFTER THE DRINK) Twenty dollars. You got a nerve.

You know that?

JERRY:

~~All right, forget it. Just say yes or no.~~

ORREN:

Come belly-aching around in the night for money.

JERRY:

All right! ~~I said~~ forget it.

ORREN:

Oh. Tough, are you?

JERRY:

~~I just don't like to be laughed at.~~

ORREN:

~~Don't you?~~ (LAUGHS) Twenty dollars. Go on, get out.

I wouldn't give you twenty cents.

JERRY:

You know something? You think you're... (THEN) Forget it.

ORREN:

Go on. I think I'm what? Say it!

JERRY:

What's twenty bucks to you? I could get it, all right.

ORREN:

Sure?

JERRY:

Sure! And without listening to a lot of guff!

(CHAIR SCRAPER)

ORREN:

That supposed to be a threat?

JERRY:

Take it any way you want!

ORREN:

Don't you threaten me, you little punk. (LOUD) You hear?

Don't you dare!

DUKE:

(DOG BARKS REPEATEDLY, ANGRILY)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Robert J. Shaw from an actual story from the pages of the Tulsa Okla. World. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Alan Stevenson played the part of Charley McKinney. 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. McKinney.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton.

THIS IS NBC..THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

H.K.
B.B.
C.G.

11/11/53

AS-BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #328

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LILY YEE	REGINA KWOK
STANLEY YEE	KARL SWENSON
REPORTER	DICK JANAVER
CHET HOLCOMBE	LESLIE NEILSON
BRAMBLETT	<i>Warren Parker</i> WENDELL HOLMES
KNOWLAND	FRANK BEHRENS
VOICE	FRANK BEHRENS
GIRL	EILEEN BURNS
WOMAN	EILEEN BURNS
RONNIE YEE	<i>Woody</i> RONALD WO

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1953

ATX01 0008036

ACT I

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(FOOTSTEPS)

LILY: You didn't show me the room over there. ~~What is it for?~~

YEE: ~~I---it is nothing.~~

LILY: ~~But you showed me all the others. Let me see.~~

YEE: Lily, please ..it's better not to go in ...

LILY: But why?

(~~DOOR OPEN~~)

It should be a nice room ~~here in the corner.~~ So airy and

-- (STOPS. A GASP)

YEE: I didn't want you to see. I told you...

LILY: (CRYING) Stanley. (AS IF GOING TO HIM) Oh, Stanley
...Stanley...

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Santa Barbara, California. It
is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the
pages of the Santa Barbara News-Press, the story of a small
boy ...and a roll of red tape. Tonight, to Chet Holcombe
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #328

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Santa Barbara, California. The story as it actually happened -- Chet Holcombe's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The keys of your typewriter clack noisily, Chet Holcombe. You're working against a deadline. You're always working against a deadling because your column, called "In Town Today," is a daily one. Every day, a human interest story. Every day. It's a diet to grow tough on ...to get glib on. You try not to...try to keep an open mind...and open heart .. and to follow up every lead you get..

(MUSIC: OUT)

(TYPING)

REPORTER: Hey, Chet ..got a lead for you.

(TYPING STOPS)

CHET: (WITH A SIGH) What's up, Harlan?

REPORTER: You want a good human interest yarn?

CHET: I always want a good one.

REPORTER: I was talking to a guy the other day. He mentioned your column and said for you to look up a man named Stanley Yee.

CHET: What's the story?

REPORTER: That's all he said. Just look up Stanley Yee.

CHET: Sounds great. Okay, give me the address.

REPORTER: You going to follow it up?

CHET: Sure. I'll go there, talk with him, get a fistful of nothing and come back here and stare at the typewriter.

REPORTER: If you feel that way, why go?

CHET: Because there's tomorrow.

REPORTER: Huh....

CHET: Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...creeping in their petty pace from day to day ...and by the time they've finished creeping, Holcombe's got to have another column turned out.

REPORTER: You've got the real Thanksgiving spirit.

CHET: Thanksgiving isn't until tomorrow. I've got a whole day left I can be unhappy in. Come on. Give me the address and let me get going.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

CHET: Maybe this isn't such a good time to disturb you, Mr. Yee. Maybe you and your wife have some holiday plans ...

YEE: (GENTLY) No. We --have no plans, Mr. Holcombe.

Lily:
CHET: No roast turkey and cranberry sauce?

YEE: No. ~~I we did not plan it this year.~~

CHET: (GENTLY) Nothing to give thanks for, maybe?

YEE: Oh yes. ~~A great deal to give thanks for.~~ Being back home, here in America from China ...~~our new house ...my work~~ ...having my wife here with me...a great deal to give thanks for, Mr. Holcombe. Almost everything.

CHET: But there is an "almost?"

YEE: Yes.

CHET: That's what I came to talk to you about, Mr. Yee. If you want to tell me.

YEE: (SUDDEN ANGER AND PAIN) Why do there have to be such laws? Why, in a country as big as this ..as warm as this...do there have to be such laws?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It startles you. This grave, quiet man. The courtesy with which he greets you. His careful control! And then, suddenly, the pain, the burning anguish that pours from him and makes him talk.

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

YEE: I love this country, Mr. Holcombe. I was born here. I grew up here. I was fourteen years old when I went back to China to finish my schooling. But this was my home. I wanted always to come back. But I didn't know what was going to happen. I didn't know about the law!

CHET: What law?

YEE: (A PAUSE, THEN) I should start at the beginning, shouldn't I? ~~I should tell you everything. I should tell you about going back to China, to school. And about Lily ..my~~ wife here ...meeting her in China, marrying her. I should tell you about the day we decided to come back to this country.

CHET: I wish you would.

YEE: It was two years ago ..In Hong Kong. That was really the beginning when Lily and I were saying goodbye ...

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATE AND OUT)

LILY: I don't want to say goodbye. ~~I don't want you to go.~~

YEE: Lily ...foolish one. It's not goodbye! .. You'll come to America too. You and the baby.

LILY: When?

YEE: Lily, I told you ..

LILY: (PLEADINGLY) Tell me again.

YEE: As soon as I have work ..As soon as I have a place for you to live. It won't be long.

LILY: (SOFTLY) And we will have a small white home, with a red roof and two strange trees on the grass in front ...

YEE: Palm trees ...

LILY: *Yes* Two palm trees on the grass in front. And the house will be on a green hill with the sun shining down and -- (SHE STOPS) ~~I don't want you to go!~~

YEE: Lily ..

LILY: For you it's easy, but for me...the baby... we are Chinese.

YEE: Wait until you come Lily. And the baby...~~sick now with the fever because of the crowds... the bad air in Hong Kong~~ He needs my country Lily. He needs the air and the sun to get well.

LILY: (URGENT) ~~Then send for us soon.~~

YEE: ~~I will write you a letter. It will say what I told you. "Beloved wife ...The job is good... And now you and my son Ronny must come and live with me, in my country, where the sun is shining on the white house..."~~

(SHE JOINS HIM, QUOTING SOFTLY)

YEE AND LILY: ~~"...with the red roof and the two palm trees in front~~

~~on the grass ...~~ *Then send for us* *send for us*
LILY: (SUDDENLY) ~~Let it be soon, Stanley. Please. Please let it be soon!~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

YEE: "Beloved one. This is the letter I told you I would write. For I have the job ..I have found the house ..and the sun is shining, But not so brightly as I thought, Lily. I do not know how to tell you this. I do not know how to tell you that you must come, now, but that Ronny -- that our son cannot come. It is my country but he cannot come.
(PAIN) Lily .. They will not let him come!"

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

YEE: *Well, this is* This is the house, Lily. Our home here, *in America*

LILY: (SUBDUED) ~~It is -- just the way you said it would be.~~

YEE: The red roof...and the palm trees...

LILY: (ANGUISH) Don't ... (SUDDENLY) Was it right to come?
The baby will be all right, won't he? Your mother knows how to take care of him.

YEE: Of course.

LILY: He was so thin, Stanley. The fever, eating into him ...burning...

YEE: Lily...

LILY: (SUDDENLY, DESPERATELY) ~~Show me the rest of the house,~~
You didn't Show me ~~everything~~ the room over there. ~~What is it for?~~

YEE: ~~It -- it is nothing.~~

LILY: ~~But I want to see it all.~~

(FOOTSTEPS)

YEE: Lily, please ..it's better not to go in...

LILY: But why?

(DOOR OPENS)

It should be a nice room here ~~in the corner.~~ So airy
~~and ---~~ (STOPS, A GASP)

YEE: I didn't want you to see. I told you...

LILY: (CRYING) Stanley! (GOING TO HIM) Oh, Stanley ..Stanley.
YEE: I didn't want you to see...
LILY: Even a little bed for him. And the pictures on the wall.
And toys ..How he would love such toys,
YEE: I fixed it, before I knew ..
LILY: Feel the sunlight ...the warm bright sunlight,..and he has
to stay away. He is only a little boy and sick for the
sun and air and he has to stay away ~~where there is no~~
~~fresh air or good food where he must be sick with fever~~
~~because even though all this is here they will not let~~
him come.

YEE: ~~No. They will not.~~

LILY: (~~NEIGH, ANGER AND TEARS~~) WHO are "they?" They ...they
...~~THEY!~~ These people ...this word they. Why won't
~~they let him come?~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND OUT)

YEE: (QUIETLY) Perhaps it is not a good story for the newspaper,
Mr. Holcombe. But that is all there is. ^{My wife & I} We are here
in this country. ^{But} And Ronnie ...is not. He is still in
China. And so we do not have -- so much Thanksgiving this
year.

CHET: You talk about a law, Mr. Yee. A law and the people who
won't let Ronnie come. What law?

YEE: ~~The immigration.~~

CHET: But --that doesn't apply to you. You're American born. A
citizen. That makes your wife a citizen too. And your
family.

YEE: No. My wife yes ..but not my family.

CHET: ~~But~~

YEE: ~~I am an expert on your our laws, Mr. Holcombe. Now, I have studied them. Do you know something called ..The Nationality Act?~~

CHET: ~~I'm not sure.~~

YEE: ~~The Nationality Act~~ says that a person like me, born in this country must live in America for five years after his sixteenth birthday before a child born of an alien wife can be a citizen. I left ~~there~~ for China when I was fourteen.

LILY: And I was --an alien wife. I was born Chinese.

YEE: And so our son is not an American citizen. He cannot come to our home with us.

CHET: Well, maybe not right away. But there's a quota for immigration. He can come in on the quota, can't he?

YEE: Ah yes. The quota.

CHET: Then..

YEE: Do you know the quota, Mr. Holcombe? ~~I am an expert on this also.~~ Each year, one hundred and five Chinese persons may come to this country. One hundred and five. And there are four hundred and fifty million Chinese. It is..such a small chance ..even for a small boy.

CHET: ~~I never realized.~~

YEE: We would never have left him if we knew. We kept thinking there was a chance ..that when Lily came here we could talk to someone, change things.. We tried. They were kind, yes. Very Kind. They would see. And everyone said the same thing. Wait.. Just wait.

LILY: ~~But there is not the time to wait. Not when a baby is sick~~
with the fever, worse each day, and nothing can help but
the sun and air and space that we have here and he cannot
have there.

CHET: But...but that's all wrong.

YEE: The law says it is right.

CHET: Then the law's wrong. And if it's wrong it ought to be
changed!

LILY: You cannot change the laws.

CHET: In this country you can, Why not? Laws are made for
justice, not injustice. When they don't serve the purpose
for which they were made, they're wrong. They have to go.

LILY: (WILD HOPE) Go! Stanley, I told you there would be a way!

YEE: (EXCITEMENT) Then you can do it? It is true what I told
Lily. That in a country like this, it is always
fair, always right?

CHET: Oh, now wait, I didn't say I could change it.

YEE: (A PAUSE) Oh. I am sorry.

LILY: (NEAR TEARS) I must fix the supper...

CHET: Wait a minute!

LILY:: Yes ...

CHET: I --I didn't say I could change the law. I'm only a
guy who writes for a living. But that doesn't mean it
can't be changed. (SUDDENLY SURE) And it doesn't mean
I can't try. Because I can. And I'm going to Okay?

-11-

YEE: (ANOTHER PAUSE) Mr. Holcombe, we -- (STOPS) ~~yes. Yes~~
~~please.~~ (THEN) Okay.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0008047

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #328

-12-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the
smoke further - and makes it mild.

ATX01 000804B

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #328

-13-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy 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 Chet Holcombe as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: A Thanksgiving without joy. A Thanksgiving marred by the tragedy of loneliness. This is the story you hear from Stanley Yee. This is the story that makes you, Chet Holcombe, angry and determined.

(MUSIC: OUT)

CHET: If that's the way the law reads, then the law is wrong. It's got to be changed.

REPORTER: Uh-huh. By you, I suppose.

CHET: ~~I can give the first push, Harlan.~~

REPORTER: ~~It takes a lot of pushing.~~

CHET: ~~Look at this mail. And over here. And on that table there. Know what it is?~~ ^{Did you see the} Letters on the column I wrote about the Yee family? They all say the same thing. ~~The child belongs in this country with his family.~~

REPORTER: ~~Well, sure but ...~~

CHET: ~~Over and over, the same thing. They all say it. All the letters.~~ ^{it's} If ~~that's~~ the law, that a child can't come to America with his parents just because of a technicality, then the law has got to be changed.

REPORTER: Well sure, people can say it, but the law...

CHET: All right! Who makes the laws, Harlan? Not stone images. Not hermits..not idols in ivory towers. It's people who write letters like these who make the laws and vote for them and keep them and change them. You make the laws, and I do, and Stanley Yee does. And just as soon as --(HE STOPS, REALIZING HE'S BEING CARRIED AWAY) I talk too much.

(FOOTSTEPS)

REPORTER: Where are you going?

CHET: Appointment with Representative Bramblett. Keep your eyes open, Harlan. (GRIM) This is going to be step number one in how to change a law. (THEN) I hope.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BRAMBLETT: Mr. Holcombe, I've investigated the facts you've given me on the Yee case..

CHET: I appreciate that, Mr. Bramblett. I know your schedule is crowded...

BRAMBLETT: Now then .. you speak of changing the law. That's a pretty large sized move for one small boy.

CHET: But it isn't just one child involved, sir. It's --

BRAMBLETT: I know. I know. But the boy's the immediate problem. Now, changing a law, however desirable, involves the complicated machinery of legislature. It takes time.

CHET: (A PAUSE) I see. In other words, you won't recommend it?

BRAMBLETT: (WRYLY) Isn't .. the press misquoting me?

CHET: But you said ..

BRAMBLETT: I said ^{it} takes time. And in this case, time is important. As I see it, the thing to do is to introduce a special bill to provide for Ronnie Yee being admitted to the United States. The larger issue can come later. But let's get that boy here ...home. I'll introduce the bill myself at the next session. Is that satisfactory?

CHET: Satisfactory? Mr. Bramblett --it's terrific!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

YEE: Mr. Holcombe, I ~~do~~ do not quite understand. This Mr. Bramblett ...

CHET: He's a congressman. House of Representatives.

YEE: In Washington. The Capitol?

CHET: That's right.

LILY: The Capitol!

YEE: And he is making this --this bill, in the Capitol of the United States ..for Ronnie?

CHET: That's right. Now it's up to us to get to work too, Mr. Yee. You and your wife'll have to get documents, papers, affidavits to make your case. I'll write personally to the immigration department, and the House committees...

YEE: (AWE) So many people ..so much work ...and they are doing it all for --for my son!

LILY: Will it take long, Mr. Holcombe?

CHET: We'll move as fast as we can, Mrs. Yee ..

LILY: Today again, I have a letter from the grandmother. Ronnie is so thin ..still so sick. (HIGH) It is not right for him to be sick and without us. When a child is sick he should have his parents.

CHET: (GENTLY) We'll try not to waste any time.

LILY: (LOW) ~~I am so grateful. I try to think only of that.~~
~~How grateful I am. But Ronnie is alone.~~ (CRYING) He is
only three years old and he is so very alone.

YEE: No, Lily. He is not alone.

LILY: ~~Oh, your mother is with him, yes, but...~~

YEE: ~~I do not mean my mother.~~

LILY: ~~But...~~

YEE: I went yesterday to Mr. Holcombe's office, Lily. I saw
there the letters that have been written, Hundreds.
Thousands. ~~From people in California and other places.~~
They ask for Ronnie. ~~How he is.~~ They send love. They
say ...bring him home. ~~Bring him to his family.~~

LILY: I --

YEE: When there is such love ~~..so much warmth from people..~~ ~~so~~
~~much heart in such a big land..~~ no one is ever alone.
Not even a small boy on the other side of the world.
(SOFTLY) He is ..not at all alone.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The work begins. The letters, the phone calls ...the
followup. The Ronnie Yee Bill is introduced, referred to
the House Judiciary Committee. Time drags. The lonely
Thanksgiving passes ..Christmas ...Summer comes. Slowly,
so slowly, the legislative procedure grinds on. Slowly, so
slowly the rolls of red tape are unwound.

(MUSIC: OUT)

CHET: They've done it, Mr. Yee. The House. They've passed the
Ronnie Yee Bill!

YEE: Passed?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It's out of your hands now, Chet Holcombe. It's in hands far more experienced, more powerful than yours. All you can do is wait. Wait and hope. Hope that for Ronnie Yee, this reprieve will not come too late. Hope that the wheels move swiftly. Hope ..and wait. And then ..

(MUSIC: OUT)

REPORTER: (EXCITED) Chet! Phone for you. Senator Knowland ..calling from Washington.

CHET: Give me the phone! And keep your fingers crossed! (THEN) Hello? Chet Holcombe talking.

GIRL: (FILTER) One moment please. Senator Knowland calling.
(CLICK AND SWITCH OF CALL)

KNOWLAND: (FILTER) Mr. Holcombe?

CHET: Yes Mr. Knowland?

KNOWLAND: (FILTER) I thought you'd want to know right away. The Ronnie Yee Bill was just passed by the Senate

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You can hardly answer him. You can hardly fight back the choke in your voice, the thanksgiving in your heart. Because it's over now, Chet Holcombe, or almost. There is only one more step. Only one more signature needed.

(MUSIC: OUT)

WOMAN: They wanted me to bring this to your attention right away. The Ronnie Yee Bill. For your signature.

VOICE: Ronnie Yee? That's right. The little Chinese boy.

WOMAN: He's quite ill. It's a matter of time. They want to get him here as soon as they can.

VOICE: We'll see to that right now. Pen?

WOMAN: Yes ...

(SCRABBLE OF PEN)

VOICE: That takes care of it.

WOMAN: Thank you. Thank you very much, Mr. President.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The last hurdle. The last piece of red tape, cut away
..clean with the bold strokes of a pen as it writes a
name: Harry S. Truman. And Ronnie Yee can come home.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The plane that roars in to San Francisco's Municipal
airport has come a long way. The wide-eyed little
four year old who comes hesitantly down the ramp seems
to come almost from another world.

(MUSIC: OUT)

LILY: Stanley...there! There is Ronnie!

STANLEY: Come on, Lily

(RUNNING STEPS)

LILY: Ronnie ...Ronnie ...

RONNIE: (IN CHINESE) Who are you?

LILY: (SHOCKED) Ronnie!

CHET: What is it?

YEE: He asked Lily ..who is she? He has forgotten already.

LILY: (CHINESE) It's your mother. Your mother and father.

YEE: She tells him ..it is mother and father.

RONNIE: (CHINESE) Mother? Father?

LILY: (CHINESE) Yes.

RONNIE: (CHINESE, SUDDENLY, HAPPILY) Mother! Father! Let me
stay with you.

LILY: Yes, Ronnie. Yes. (CHINESE) Yes ...always.

CHET: What did he say?

YEE: He said "Let me stay with you, Mother, and Father.
Always."

LILY: (TEARS) And I said to him, "Yes," Mr. Holcombe. I could
say it --because of what you have done.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Thanksgiving. It's only a few days before Thanksgiving.
Not the same Thanksgiving as the one two years ago when
you first went to talk to Stanley Yee. A far better one.
You go to a Thanksgiving dinner given by the Yee family.
There is no roast turkey ..no cranberry sauce. Instead
..a festive Chinese celebration menu. Bird's nest soup
..~~richiee nuts~~ ^{Roast duck} ..~~rice in shrimp sauce~~...and joy ...joy
in the utmost...

(MUSIC: OUT)

(GENERAL HUBBUB OF VOICES, THEN TINKLE OF KNIFE
ON GLASS...VOICES DIE DOWN)

YEE: (EMOTION) I --I would like to say a few words to my
friends here helping us share our happiness. I would like
~~them~~ ^{you} to hear ~~some of~~ ^{about} the telegrams that have been sent on
this day. This one ..this one is from the governor of
California. It is from Governor Earl Warren. From the
Governor ..to Ronnie. ~~listen, please.~~ "On behalf of the
~~people of California, I take pleasure in welcoming you to~~
~~our state and what is now your state.~~

(MORE)

YEE:
(CONT'D)

~~(As you grow older I know you will come to appreciate the~~
efforts of those whose hard work caused the machinery of
government to turn and make it possible for you to come
to the native land of your father. I hope you will enjoy
to the utmost the American life which has thus been opened
to you."

(YEE IS NEAR TEARS) ~~That is from the governor.~~ ^{and} There are
~~so~~ many more. From Senator Knowland and Senator Nixon,
From Representative Bramblett, ^{and} From the --the office of
the President of the United States.

(A MURMER OF WONDERMENT)

YEE:

Please. There is something I must say. Ronnie does not
understand these telegrams. He is too young ..he speaks
only Chinese. But some day he will read them. And he
will understand them well. He will understand them because
they are the kind of telegrams that can be understood well
by an American. And my son ..(PROUDLY) My son is an
American. I promise you this.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

You sit and listen, Chet Holcombe. You sit among the
crimson and gold decorations ..amid the tinkling of
Oriental music ..and you think ...this is Thanksgiving.
As much as Plymouth Rock, and the grey ^{rocked} ~~cracked~~ Pilgrims
..as much as white church spires and the frost covered
pumpkin. This is Thanksgiving. Because a child has come
home.

(MUSIC: TAG)

-23-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Chet Holcombe of the Santa Barbara News-Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 000B05B

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #328

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give
you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Chet Holcombe of the Santa Barbara News-Press.

HOLCOMBE: "As result of Ronnie Yee case, ~~now McGarran Walter~~ ^{repealed} ~~immigration law repealed~~ Nationality Act. New law now grants minor Oriental children of American citizens eligibility for non-quota immigration status just as children of American citizens of any other race are eligible. Job of equalizing things has been done. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award."

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Cheyenne Wyo.

Eagle by-line Vern Lechliter. The Big Story ^{of a reporter who} ~~put the pieces of a puzzle together and got a picture of~~ _{death.}

(MUSIC: "STING) death.

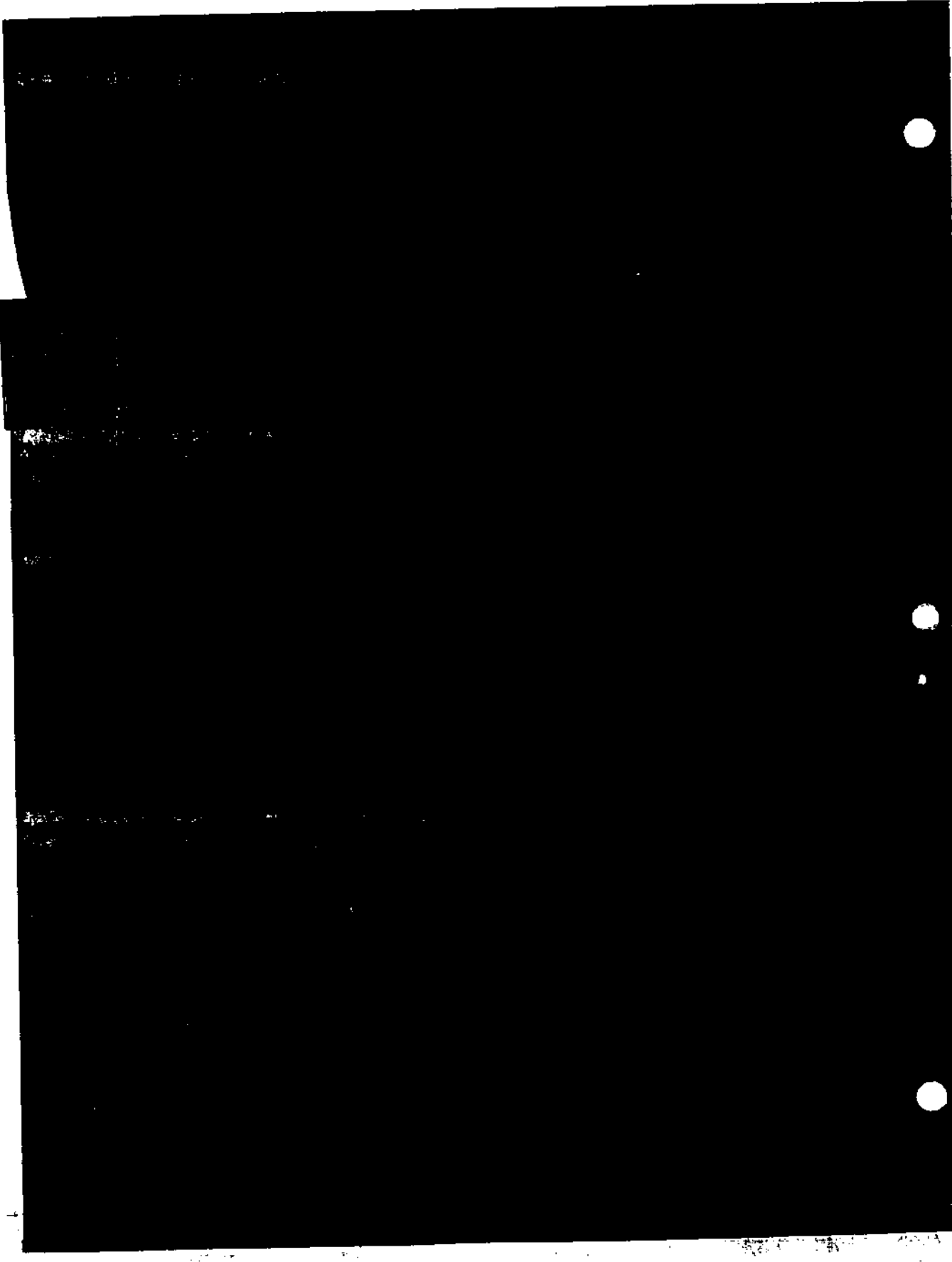
CHAPPELL: And remember -- this week you can see another different Big Story on Television.

(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 pages of the Santa Barbara News
Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Leslie Nelson
played the part of Chet Holcombe. 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 ^{artificially} with the exception of the
~~reporter, Mr. Holcombe.~~

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something
special for the smokers on your Christmast list. For
exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the
distinguished red Christmas carton.
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #329

CAST

NARRATOR

VERN LECHLITER

LT. LEROY

JIM BAILEY

HELEN BERRY

JOE (BARTENDER)

HOTEL CLERK

BOOKSELLER

INSPECTOR DOBBS

CORONER TULLY

BOB SLOANE

MASON ADAMS

MATT CROWLEY

CHUCK WEBSTER

FLORENCE ROBINSON

LOUIS NYE

EUGENE FRANCIS

BILL LALLY

BILL LALLY

TED OSBORN

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1953

ATX01 0008063

ACT I

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes -- the finest quality money
can buy, present -- THE BIG STORY

(MUSIC: FANFARE -- DOWN UNDER)

(TELEPHONE RINGS: SOUND, RECEIVER LIFTED)

CLERK: Hotel Western -- Desk Clerk speaking -- Yes, madam, I'll
send a boy up immediately --

(TELEPHONE HUNG UP -- DESK BELL STRUCK)

CLERK: Boy! Ice water for Room 19 right away (THEN SUDDEN
PROJECTION) Oh, Mr. Bailey! Mr. Bailey, can I see you
a moment, please --

BAILEY: (COMING) What is it? I'm in a hurry...

CLERK: ~~It's~~ -- well, you know, we rented you a single room in
this hotel, Mr. Bailey -- not a double one...

BAILEY: (CURT) So?

CLERK: Well, the manager asked me to speak to you -- I -- he
didn't see that -- er -- other person leave the hotel --
the one -- who caused all that commotion in your room
Saturday night --

BAILEY: (SHARP) There's no one in that room but me. They left.
And, tell the manager I don't like being spied on --

CLERK: (SHAR?) Mr. Bailey!

BAILEY: Yes?

CLERK: (SMOOTHLY) Can I send a maid up to your room to clean?

BAILEY: (A VIOLENCE) I don't want any maid going in that room --
you understand? You keep your ~~house~~maids out of there!

(MUSIC: STING -- DOWN & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY; The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Cheyenne, Wyoming. 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 Wyoming Eagle -- the story of a reporter who put the pieces of a puzzle together and got the picture of death. Tonight, to Vern Lechliter, for his big story goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award --

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #329

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP:
(MAN SOLO) Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Cheyenne, Wyoming -- the story as it actually happened --
Vern Lechliter's story, as he lived it --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: Here it is, Vern Lechliter, a warm summer evening, and
the paper's been put to bed. Should you go home?
You've had a tough day covering the police beat --
you got a bargain package today in assault cases,
petty larcenies and car thefts...~~a man's got to take~~
~~his mind off the seamy side of life once in a while...~~
~~a man's got to get the bad taste of it out of his~~
~~mouth sometimes~~ -- then how about a quick beer at Joe's
Bar & Grill? For an hour maybe you'll enjoy the idea
that life's all peace and a bed of roses --

(FADE IN VOICES -- A WOMAN'S LAUGHTER -- A
JUKE BOX IN BG)

NARR: You didn't know it then, Vern, but you were at the
beginning of a story you helped put an end to a month
later --

JOE: Another beer, Vern?

VERN: No -- one's enough --

(WOMAN LAUGHS LOUDLY)

You have a noisy party here tonight --

JOE: A carnival worker and her boy friend -- a female
circus barker who beats the drum even after hours --

VERN: From that two-bit carnival in town?

JOE: Uh-huh -- come on, have a beer on the house, Vern.

VERN: *Thanks*
Nope. ~~The U.S.S. Looklitenis been floated.~~ I've got to get going ~~for port.~~

(ANOTHER BURST OF LAUGHTER B.G.)

Boy they're riding high...

JOE: I know. I've given them a time limit in my head.

BAILEY: (VOICE O.S.) Hey! Barkeep!. Hey! Fill em up!

JOE: They're cutting down on their time right now---

VERN: (LAUGHS) They're having their private circus. Well, so long, Joe --

JOE: So long, Vern --

(STEPS: OUT)

BAILEY: (OS) Fill em up! Fill em up!

JOE: (DISTASTE) I'm coming -- I'm coming...

(A CLINK OF GLASSES & SIPS)

BAILEY: (COMING ON) What do you know! Lookit that. My wallet's flatter'n a pancake --

HELEN: You mean you're broke?

BAILEY: (LAUGHING) Ran out of money! How do you like that,

bartender. I ran out of money. (LAUGHS)

Helen: ~~What do you mean you out of money?~~
~~JOE: The joke's on you, mister -- no more drinks --~~

Bailey: ~~That's right no more dough~~
HELEN: (GETTING ANGRY) Nobody can make a fool out of me, Mr. Jim

Bailey -- invite a girl in for a drink and with only a couple of cartwheels in your pocket!

JOE: I guess the party's over, Mister --

BAILEY: Over! Not when I'm having a great time, no sir! Tell you what I'll do, bartender -- I'm a dealer in children's books. Sell 'em. Yes sir -- books for little brats! Scare the living daylight out of the citizens of the nursery. (LAUGHING HARD)

(MORE)

BAILEY: I'll trade you two copies of Little Red Riding Hood for
(CONT'D) drinks for me and my lady friend... I only met her tonight
and I can't give her a bad impression of Jim Bailey!

JOE: I ain't in a reading mood, mister--

HELEN: You sure talked big, Mr. Bailey -- but I ain't never been
so insulted in my life! A grifter! A cheap blowhard
shows up at the carnival. *and invites me out*

BAILEY: (LAUGHING) Ain't she something? ~~I ought to slap her face~~
~~in~~ ^{sure} BUT she gives me a laugh! Listen, come on, little
red riding hood -- I've got money in my hotel room. We'll
stock up and continue the party.

JOE: I think maybe you had enough party --

BAILEY: (SUDDENLY VICIOUS) Who asked you? (SUDDEN SHOUT) Shut
that crazy juke box off! There's too much noise --

JOE: (WORRIED) Listen, you all right, mister?

BAILEY: Everybody's making too much noise -- like a bunch of kids.
Little Red Riding Hood
Come on, let's go to my room and get some more money!

(MUSIC: HIT & DOWN)

NARR: ~~You went home, Vern Leichter -- dinner was good -- you~~
think -- tomorrow's Sunday -- my day off -- I'm gonna fish
or just loaf. Gonna forget about people and what they
can be like sometimes... For a whole day, I'm going to
make believe the world's a pleasant place all the time --
~~meanwhile~~

(SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING. RECEIVER OFF)

CLERK: ~~Hotel western~~ -- desk clerk speaking -- What? -- Room 24?
~~That's Mr. Bailey's room -- why? A quarrel? Violent? Yes,~~
of course. I'll go right up and stop it. Of course --

(RECEIVER UP. DESK BELL IS STRUCK)

CLERK: Sam, watch the desk -- I'm going up to Room 24.

(MUSIC: IN & OUT)

BAILEY: (DRUNKENLY READING) And, little Red Riding Hood, singing and skipping, went through the forest and --

HELEN: Our party! What about our party!

BAILEY: (SAVAGE) Shut up! I'm reading! I had enough noise. I'm tired!

HELEN: A good time! That's what you said -- you walk up to my booth with a big fat gold chain on your vest, looking like a judge, and invite me out. And then leave me here holding the bag. You think I'm a sucker -- a rube?

BAILEY: I changed my mind. I want to read -- about the wolf -- you understand? About the wolf! That's what happens to ourselves. Once we were nice innocent kids -- then we come across the wolf and --

HELEN: (SHOUTS) The devil with the wolf.

(A THUD)

There! How's that book look on the floor --

BAILEY: (UGLY) Pick it up --

HELEN: (MOCKING) Step up. Ladies and gentlemen! Step up -- just two bits and watch the biggest loudmouth, good-time sport and --

(KNOCK ON DOOR: AGAIN A KNOCK)

CLERK: (O.S.) Mr. Bailey! Mr. Bailey!

(THEN STEPS & DOOR OPENED)

BAILEY: Yeah?

CLERK: I'm sorry, Mr. Bailey. There's been a complaint about noise and quarreling going on in your room. It'll have to stop. You'll have to ask your visitor to leave -- if it continues, well, I'll have to ask you to check out.

BAILEY: (COLDLY) All right.

CLERK: (APOLOGETIC) I'm sorry -- but -- well -- you will take care of it, won't you?

BAILEY: (A LITTLE ANGRY) I said all right --
(DOOR SLAMMED SHUT)

HELEN: (STARTING UP AGAIN) Nobody's going to gyp me out of a good time, you hear?

BAILEY: Shut up!

HELEN: Nobody's going to treat me like --

(A SUDDEN BLOW: HELEN GASPS)

What'd you hit me for?

BAILEY: Because I told you to shut up ---

HELEN: (VOICE RISING) You think I'm no good? I'm below you? You're nothing but a big fat-faced hypocrite with a gold chain on his vest! ~~Who soaks up liquor as good as me --~~
~~who --~~

(A BLOW. SHE GASPS)

BAILEY: Dirt! Trash! You make me like this! You make me!

HELEN: (FEAR) Let me alone -- let me out of here --

BAILEY: Always! Always -- somebody like you -- I'm a decent, respectable man and you make me drink --

(A BLOW AGAIN)

HELEN: (STARTS TO SCREAM) Help! Hel-----

(CHOKED OFF -----)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER --)

NARR: You have a good time that weekend, Vern Lechliter -- On Monday, you hit your police beat. ^{and} ~~You feel great. You think, "Well, maybe there's a big story cooking around some place today. Sure -- why not? It happens to the best of reporters and you're not so bad yourself. Today you're cooking with gas and gags -- at 2:30 in the afternoon of that Monday -- the pot boils over --~~

(MUSIC: OUT)

(SOUND: VOICES: MURMURING)

VERN: Let me through, please -- Vern Lechliter of the Wyoming Eagle --

(DOOR OPENS & SHUTS)

LIEUT: (O.S.) Oh, Vern --

VERN: Didn't know you were assigned to this case, lieutenant --

LIEUT: Well, that's what I'm on the police force, for. Want to see the corpus delicti? She's on the floor.

VERN: Uh-huh.

(STEPS: THEN)

Hey, I've seen her someplace!

LIEUT: Very possible. She's a carnival worker -- with that outfit in town right now. Her name's Helen Berry. Found that information in her pocketbook.

VERN: Murder?

LIEUT: (EVADING ANSWER) Room belongs to a gent called Jim Bailey -- can't be found at the moment. I'm waiting for the desk clerk to show up. He's off duty this morning.

VERN: Is it murder, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: The coroner hasn't shown up yet, either --

VERN: (PATIENTLY) You haven't answered me, Lieutenant ---

LIEUT: You mean my opinion? That's different, Vern. I can't give out with official statements yet. (SLOWLY) Murder, huh? Well, look at the room -- no signs of a struggle -- absolutely none. Not a thing to indicate violence --

VERN: You think natural causes then?

LIEUT: (REPROACHFUL) I said I'm not the coroner, Vern. Only. Look, come over here -- on her neck -- you can just about make them out --

VERN: Bruises!

LIEUT: Uh-huh --

VERN: Then you think it is murder! That she was strangled!

LIEUT: (REPROACHFUL) Vern! I ain't ^{in no} giving out any official statements --

(DOOR OPENS: STEPS)

LIEUT: Ah -- Tully! Vern, you know our coroner, Mr. Tully?

VERN: Sure -- hello, Mr. Tully.

TULLY: Hello, young man. Where is she, lieutenant?

LIEUT: On the floor -- by the bed --

TULLY: ~~I have some of my boys outside to take her away. Can't~~
~~wait much now --~~ (CALLS) ~~George!~~

VERN: How long do you think she's been dead, Mr. Tully?

TULLY: Well, young man -- I can make a pretty good guess at that -- I'd say -- at least 48 hours --

VERN: Two days? In this room?

TULLY: ~~I doubt very much if she went out for a walk during that~~
~~time --~~ (CRISPLY) All right, ^{boys} George -- bundle her up -- take her away --

VERN: Does it look like murder, Mr. Tully? Or what? I mean, there's no signs of violence in the room and --

TULLY: ~~Tonight, maybe tonight I'll have some idea -- well, I'll~~ be running along now, lieutenant --

LIEUT: Okay -- I'll be seeing you --

(STEPS OFF: DOOR OPEN AND THEN)

CLERK: (O.S.) Police lieutenant Leroy?

TULLY: (O.S.) Back there, young man -- in the room --

(DOOR SLAMS & STEPS)

LIEUT: You want me?

CLERK: Yes sir -- I'm the hotel clerk --

LIEUT: Good. I want to talk to you. Sit down. Where's Mr. Bailey? The man who had this room.

CLERK: I -- I don't know sir. He came downstairs this morning. Said something about getting breakfast, and went out.

LIEUT: And hasn't come back since -- huh? -- Look, when did you last see this woman, Helen Berry, in the hotel --

CLERK: ~~But~~ I never saw her, sir. Never at all. She must have come in with Mr. Bailey when I was away from the desk. She must have been the woman he was quarreling with the other night -- I had a complaint and I came up and asked Mr. Bailey to stop it --

VERN: Quarreling?

CLERK: Very violently, sir. After a while, though I guess it stopped. There weren't any more complaints.

LIEUT: Listen, didn't any maid come in here to clean up and make beds during the last two days?

CLERK: Mr. Bailey refused to have any maid come in. He had a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign on the door ~~for the last few days.~~ One of the maids must have ignored it today.

VERN: (EXCITED) Bailey wouldn't let anybody in, eh?

CLERK: No sir. He even took sandwiches up to his room and --
(DEAD STOP AS IF REALIZING SOMETHING)

LIEUT: What is it?

CLERK: How -- how long has she been dead, sir?

LIEUT: Two days --

CLERK: (SLOW SHOCK) Then -- then -- he was living -- eating his meals with a -- a -- corpse in the room for -- for two whole days!

(~~A PAUSE-- THEN~~)

VERN: (FIRMLY) Listen, Lieutenant, I'll bet a week's pay that this is murder -- and that the woman was strangled!

LIEUT: (SLOWLY) ~~Yeah. Yeah. I think so, too -- only,~~

Vern: I'm not a betting man -- *but I think so, too*

(MUSIC: -- UP & OUT) --

NARR: Murder. That's what you strongly suggest in your story, Vern Lechliter -- murder -- It's got all the earmarks (It can't be anything else) -- you can add things up -- one and one makes two -- ~~this time, though, it comes out.~~

~~three --~~

(TYPEWRITER UP)

LIEUT: (O.S.) Vern?

VERN: What?

(TYPE OUT)

Oh, Lieutenant---

LIEUT: You writing your story, huh?

VERN: Yeah --

LIEUT: Tear it up.

VERN: What?

LIEUT: (HEAVILY) Tear it up. I got a preliminary report from Tully. It ^{isn't} ~~isn't~~ an official announcement yet -- but, Tully thinks the woman died of acute alcoholism!

(MUSIC: UP HARD & UNDER)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #329

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke
further - and makes it mild.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #329

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ACT II

(MUSIC: INTRO & UNDER)

HARRICK: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and THE BIG STORY of Vern Lechliter -- as he lived it -- and wrote it --

NARR: You sit there, Vern Lechliter. ~~All right, you're not typing your story anymore.~~ You're just staring at Police Lieutenant Leroy. Well, say something, Vern! Don't sit like a bump on a log. ~~You're a top police reporter.~~ You're supposed to be fast on your feet. Acute alcoholism? ~~You can't beat that! Acute alcoholism!~~

VERN: You're kidding -- it's a gag -- a rotten practical joke, Lieutenant --

LIEUT: Look, it ain't official yet, Vern. The coroner's only made a quick examination. ~~Gully told me his first impression to save unnecessary work.~~

VERN: But the bruises!...all the elements involved...a man keeping his mouth shut about a corpse in his room --

LIEUT: (SIGHS) I know -- it doesn't add up to a peaceful death, believe me.

VERN: You going to drop it?

LIEUT: I'm gonna put a want order on this Bailey guy. He's disappeared completely. I've ~~got a right~~ ^{want} to talk to him.

VERN: (STARTS TO TYPE) I'm not going to drop it --

LIEUT: You gonna write it up with a murder angle?

VERN: (STILL TYPING) You're darn tooting --

LIEUT: You and your paper are gonna look like fools, Vern, if the coroner issues an official report stating that it was alcoholism.

VERN: (TYPING OUT) Lieutenant -- you think it's murder too.
LIEUT: (SIGHS) Don't quote me, Vern. I'd be on the spot --
VERN: I'm not tearing this story up, lieutenant. I'm going to follow it all the way down the road. The coroner gave you only a quick guess. You'll see, after a detailed examination, he'll call it murder too!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't sit still waiting for that official report, Vern Lechliter. You put your paper out on a limb with that story, and you're not going to let anybody saw that branch off. You start doing leg work on your own -- ~~a smart guy can always pick up facts~~. That woman! Where'd you see her before? At the carnival? On the street -- at a -- yes! Sure -- Joe's Bar and Grill!

VERN: (COMING ON EXCITEDLY) Hey Joe! I got to see you!

JOE: Sure Vern -- want a beer or something?

VERN: No. Listen, you remember that party in the back booth the other night I was here? The noisy ones?

JOE: (SOURLY) Oh, yeah, that fat guy with the gold chain on his vest. A real loud -- big talker --

VERN: The woman -- you said she was a carnival worker --

JOE: Uh--huh --

VERN: Listen, I want you to remember what you can about them. Especially the man. It's important --

JOE: Well, she called him Bailey -- and -- they were both drunk -- higher than the ceiling -- but he was light in the pocket --

VERN: What?

JOE: Well, he ran out of dough. Tried to trade me a kid's book for drinks -- said he was a book salesman. Anyway, I can't put Red Riding Hood in the cash register -- so they got out. Something about going up to his room for more money --

VERN: They were both drunk -- the woman too?

JOE: Oh, she had the staggers good.

VERN: (DULLY) ~~Give me a beer, Joe.~~ Maybe I climbed out on a limb -- too far --

(MUSIC: UP & DOWN)

NARR: The confidence dips a little. But you don't let go. A book salesman. Okay. Somebody in Cheyenne must have bought his books. You hit the book stores in Cheyenne --

HOOK : Children's books? Of course I buy children's books for
SELLER my store --

VERN: All right. I'm trying to locate a salesman who sells them -- a big man -- fat -- wears a gold chain on his vest -- he's a big talker -- (SARCASTIC) takes a drink now and then, I'm told -- Name's Jim Bailey --

SELLER: Bailey? You've got the name wrong.

VERN: (SURPRISE) What?

SELLER: That's Mr. Harry Anderson you're describing. Deals in a line of reprints in children's books. (LAUGHS) A real big talker. Should be selling murder thrillers -- not innocent children's books --

VERN: (QUICK) What do you mean?

SELLER: A strange, peculiar man -- books for brats, he calls his stock. Gets moody and -- well, difficult, sometimes. Hard to understand him.

VERN: You sure we're talking about the same man? His name is Anderson? Harry Anderson?

SELLER: Yes, Why?

VERN: (QUICK) That's it -- why? Why does a man use a false name?

(MUSIC: STING & UNDER)

NARR: ~~You grab a cab, Vern, head for police headquarters. A fake name! Another suspicious fact to add to the choice collection you've already got. Once again, you feel yourself cooking with real gas --~~

(DOOR KNOCK)

LIEUT: Come in --

(DOOR BIZ: STEPS)

LIEUT: Oh -- Vern --

VERN: (EAGER: COMING ON) Listen, Lieutenant, I've got some interesting news for you -- about this Bailey character.

LIEUT: (DRYLY) Have you?

VERN: I checked around. He's a book salesman and his real name's Anderson -- Harry Anderson --

LIEUT: (UNIMPRESSED) ~~Good work, Vern.~~

VERN: (CHAGRIN) ~~Well, you don't look glad to know it.~~

LIEUT: ~~Naturally.~~ We already know it ~~ourselves.~~ I've been doing some checking around myself. I know something else, too.

VERN: What?

LIEUT: Read this. It's the official report of the coroner. Just got it this morning --

(PAPER CRINKLE)

VERN: (READING) Coroner's report re: Case of Helen Berry, carnival worker, found dead on August 29th -- cause of death -- acute alcoholism -- (BEAT) Is he serious?

LIEUT: Come into the next office, You ask him --
(STEPS & DOOR BIZ)

LIEUT: Tully, Vern here has some questions.

TULLY: Yes? What is it young man?

VERN: This report -- are you kidding, Mr. Tully? Acute alcoholism?

TULLY: (CRISPLY) Look here, young man, I've been reading your articles on this case -- and what they suggest --

VERN: (CUTTING IN) But there's every kind of evidence to suggest it was murder!

TULLY: (ANGRY) Is there? You examined the body, perhaps? You know the facts?

VERN: There were bruises on her neck --

TULLY: (STILL ANGRY) Which indicate what? Strangulation?

VERN: Yes! Why not!

TULLY: Do you know what happens when a person is strangled, Mr. Lechliter? All the air is forced out of the lungs. Well, there was air in Helen Berry's lungs. Air!

VERN: (SHOCK) What?

TULLY: Air! Oxygen! She could not have been strangled. But the alcohol count was ^{extremely} ~~extraordinarily~~ high! (PAUSE) What have you got to say now, young man?

VERN: (STAMMER) I -- I -- don't know. I -- well -- (THEN AROUSED) Listen, why would the killer live in the same room with ~~her~~ ^{the body} if it was an accident, and say nothing? It's obvious he was trying to hide the fact. Besides, he's completely disappeared -- isn't that suspicious? And -- he was a peculiar man, too --

TULLY: Perhaps that explains it -- he was a peculiar man. The official report is acute alcoholism!

(A PAUSE: THEN)

LIEUT: Come on, Vern --

(STEPS OUT: DOOR BIZ)

VERN: You don't believe that report, do you, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: (SOFTLY) If she was murdered, Vern, how was it done? She wasn't strangled. There was air in the lungs. How was it done, then? No violence on the body or in the room --

VERN: You think I'm barking up the wrong tree?

LIEUT: I don't know --

VERN: Are you satisfied with that report?

LIEUT: (SLOWLY) It's official. But you know something, Vern?

VERN: What?

LIEUT: I still have that want order out for Bailey -- or Anderson -- or whatever his name is ----

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: Type it up, Vern Lechliter. That's the news from the coroner's office. Give the facts in your story -- you don't believe it. You can't believe it. Still, that's your job. Write it up for page one -- acute alcoholism -- the case is closed. (BEAT)

(MORE)

NARR: A day passes -- another -- then a week. Interest in the
(CONTD) whole case wanes -- only you can't get it out of your
mind --

VERN: Anything new, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: A burglary -- car theft -- and a speeding charge against
an Easterner --

VERN: I mean about -- well, you know --

LIEUT: (SOFTLY) Not a thing on that, Vern.

VERN: You think I'm being a fool -- still watching for
something?

LIEUT: Well, if you are, Vern, then so am I --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: Like a machine, you follow your regular schedule each
day. Check the UP wire in the city room of the Eagle --
then trot down to Police Headquarters. Three weeks go by --
--and then one morning while you're checking the UP wire,
your heart jumps like mad, and this time you don't trot,
you run to ~~Police Headquarters~~ --

VERN: (BREATHING HARD) Lieutenant! Lieutenant!

LIEUT: Hey, Vern! Just in time for coffee and danish --

VERN: Look! This came over the UP wire during the night --

LIEUT: What's it say?

VERN: Listen: Oakland, California -- Lilian Anderson, age 43,
found dead in her hotel room this morning. Her husband,
a book sales man, was picked up later, drunk, one block
from the hotel. He stated that his wife probably died of
acute alcoholism following a four day drinking bout.

LIEUT: ~~Good grief!~~ It's almost the same thing as happened here
in Cheyenne!

VERN: (EXCITED) Listen, I want you to listen, Lieutenant -- there's more -- Oakland authorities announced that a preliminary laboratory test indicated that Mr. Anderson's wife, Lilian, may have been strangled. The police tend to disbelieve Anderson's statement that alcoholism was the cause of death --

LIEUT: Tully! Tully! Come in here!

VERN: Even if they don't mention Anderson's first name, I'll bet it's the same man, Lieutenant -- a book salesman -- alcoholism --

TULLY: (COMING ON) What is it?

VERN: That man ^{*Anderson*} ^{*or whoever his name was*} has committed another murder!

TULLY: What?

LIEUT: Read this -- go on. Read it!

(SOUND OF TELEPHONE RECEIVER LIFTED)

LIEUT: Hello, Lieut. Leroy speaking. I want to put in a long distance call to Oakland, California police headquarters -- Homicide Bureau. Call me when you get them.

(TELEPHONE UP)

Well, Tully. What do you say?

TULLY: (SHOCK) Where -- where did this come from?

VERN: I caught it on the UP wire this morning.

TULLY: (FIRMLY) Well, maybe he murdered out there in California --- but he didn't do it here!

VERN: The two cases are much too similar, Tully.

TULLY: Perhaps! Perhaps, young man -- but I found air in the woman's lungs. I'll stick to my report! How could she die of strangulation if there was air in her lungs?

(PHONE RINGS)

LIEUT: Maybe we'll find that out now.

(RECEIVER UP)

(MUSIC: UP & OUT)

LIEUT: Hello, Police Lieutenant Leroy of Cheyenne speaking. Who is this?

DOBBS: (FILTER) Inspector Dobbs of the Oakland Police Force. What can I do for you, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: Are you handling the Anderson case, Inspector?

DOBBS: (FILTER) ^{yes sir} ~~Anderson~~ In fact, I've got him right here in my office now. Why?

LIEUT: (EXCITED) We've got a similar killing on him here in Cheyenne, Inspector. Another woman...a carnival worker. Anderson was going under the name of Bailey...

VERN: (URGENT) Tell him to put ^{him} ~~Bailey~~ on the phone, Lieutenant. Catch him unprepared...

LIEUT: Listen, Inspector, can you put ^{him} ~~Bailey~~ on the phone? He doesn't know we've got the goods on him. Might catch him flatfooted this way...

DOBBS: (FILTER) Okay...okay...(SLIGHTLY OFF PHONE) ..Mr. Anderson, You're wanted on here...

VERN: Hit him suddenly and hard, Lieutenant...

LIEUT: Don't worry, Vern, I will...(THEN) Hello? Hello?

BAILEY: (FILTER) Who is this?

LIEUT: Police Lieutenant Leroy of Cheyenne. Hello, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: (FILTER & SUDDEN FRIGHT) What?

LIEUT: We want you here in Cheyenne, Mr. Bailey...for the death of Helen Berry. We're coming out to Oakland to get you....

BAILEY: (FILTER) You..you're.... you're crazy...

LIEUT: Are we? We'll see when we get to Oakland....

BAILEY: (MOUNTING FEAR)..Listen,..it..it was an accident....Yes..
an accident. She wouldn't keep quiet. She wouldn't stop
making noise ~~and I was tired~~....

LIEUT: (HARD) We know you killed her, Bailey....

BAILEY: (FILTER) She kept calling me names! Don't you understand?
She kept calling me names! I had to hit her..I had to
grab her by the throat....It was an accident! An accident!

(SOUND OF PHONE DROPPED)

LIEUT: Hello!.....Hello!

VERN: What happened, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: I think he dropped the phone, Vern...

DOBBS: (FILTER) Lieutenant, this is Inspector Dobbs. Your man
dropped the phone...

VERN: Ask him Lieutenant, ask him to find out what Bailey did.
Why there was air in the woman's lung....

DOBBS: (FILTER) I heard that, Lieutenant. Who's ^{that} there?

LIEUT: That was Vern Lechliter of the Wyoming Eagle. The reporter
who helped break the case...Would you ask Bailey that
question, Inspector?

DOBBS: (FILTER) Sure....(SLIGHTLY OFF) What happened to that
woman in Cheyenne, Bailey? What'd you do to her...Wait!
Say it..on the phone..say it so they can hear it...

BAILEY: (FILTER) I..I choked her a little bit...and..and she
stopped breathing..No! She wasn't going to get me into
trouble like that. I breathed into her mouth..I gave her
artificial respiration.....

VERN: (SOFTLY) So, that's how she got air in her lungs!

(MUSIC: UP FANFARE)

-26-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Vern
Lechliter of the Wyoming Eagle with the final outcome of
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0008089

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #329

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Vern Lechliter of the Wyoming Eagle.

Harry Anderson alias James Bailey was permitted to plead guilty to a lesser charge in Oakland and received a 10 year sentence. At expiration of this sentence, he will be returned to Cheyenne to stand trial for murder. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY --- A BIG STORY from the pages of the ^{Princeton New Jersey} ~~The~~ Trentonian by-line Emil Slaboda. The Big Story of a reporter who took a single hour and turned it into a lifetime.

(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)

BIG STORY - 10/7/53

REVISED

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Raphael Hayes from an actual story from the pages of the Wyoming Eagle. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Mason Adams played the part of Vern Lechliter. 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. Lechliter.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces, overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton. (PAUSE)

HARRICE: This, as many of you know, is Salvation Army Week ... our chance to salute an organization that has worked unselfishly through the years for the good of all in need - regardless of color, creed, or race. In these uncertain times, as always, the Salvation Army is our reminder that the welfare of mankind is still the goal of all humanity. THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

JK/RK

ATX01 0008092

AS-BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #330

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
EMIL SLABODA	MANDEL KRAMER
SGT. RAINEY	DON BRIGGS
MR. MILSHIN	JOHN MCLIAM
COP II	JOHN MCLIAM
THE KID	IVAN CURRY
COP I	SID PAUL
ED CARROLL	SID PAUL
SLADE	JACK KLUGMAN
THE WAITRESS	MARY PATTON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1953

ATX01 0008093

THE BIG STORY

(Emil Slaboda, The Trentonian, Trenton, N. J.)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

KID: Slade, it's me. Open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

KID: (EAGERLY) Hi ya, Slade.

SLADE: You're late, kid.

(DOOR CLOSES)

KID: (ANXIOUSLY) Don't be sore. I had to wait 'til my folks went out. To the movies.

SLADE: This is going to be a big night, kid. You want to work with me, you have to be on time. To the second.

KID: Sure, Slade, sure.

SLADE: If you expect me to teach you things, then you listen to me. You listen to everything I say.

KID: I promise. I want to be like you, Slade. Nobody else. I'll do everything you tell me.

SLADE: Okay. Just remember that. Now, let's get started.

KID: Slade...

SLADE: Yeah.

KID: You got it, haven't you. You got the gun.

SLADE: What does this look like.

KID: Can I hold it, Slade, can I.

SLADE: (LAUGHS EASILY) Easy, kid. Before tonight is finished, I may even let you use it.

(MUSIC: HITS, GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Trenton, 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 Trenton, New Jersey, Trentonian, the story of a reporter who took a single hour and turned it into a lifetime, Tonight, to Emil Slaboda, for his Big Story goes the Pell Mell Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #330

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
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cigarette offers.

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package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Trenton, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened. Emil Slaboda's story, as he lived it.

NARR: The night is quiet. And here in the city room, the time moves slowly. Very slowly. It's just a nice..lazy... night. No trouble anywhere. Not even on the police radio

COP I: (RADIO FILTER, MONOTONOUS) Abandoned vehicle is blocking right lane traffic on Waterview Place near Clinton. Car sixteen, investigate.

NARR: Big news, isn't it. Relax, Emil Slaboda. Order some coffee and get ready to sit here for the rest of the night.

COP I: (RADIO FILTER) Gately Tavern on Ninth, corner Healey, reports disturbance. Customer refuses to pay check. Car twenty-two, investigate.

NARR:

COP 1:

Maybe you should have brought along that book you've been trying to finish. This would have been a good night for it.

(RADIO FILTER) (UNDER) Repeat ~~on disturbance in Gately Tavern. Ninth Street corner Healey. Car twenty-two investigate.~~

COP I: (RADIO FILTER) (ALERT) Attention. This is a signal red. Attention. This is a signal red.

NARR: (ALSO ALERTED) That police call. *Listen closely* ~~It's an alert.~~

COP I: (RADIO FILTER) Holdup of grocery store at nine eleven Tremont Street, Hamilton Township. ~~Repeat. Holdup of store at nine eleven Tremont Street.~~ All cars in

Narr: That's an alert get going
(MUSIC: -- HITS...RIDES...AND OUT FOR) *Emil Slaboda*

NARR: Hamilton Township is over the city line, fifteen minutes from your office. You've made it here in ten. No use in questioning these excited neighbors in front of the store, Emil Slaboda. Go on in... find out exactly what happened.

(STEPS ON SIDEWALK) (SOUND OF CROWD)

The officer at the door recognizes you. He's stepping aside.

(DOOR OPENS)

RAINEY: (FADING IN BUT STAYING JUST SLIGHTLY OFF) Better take this glass of water, Mr. Milshin. It'll help you calm down.

NARR: That's Detective Sergeant Bill Rainey. Experienced.. efficient.

RAINEY: (STILL SLIGHTLY OFF) Go on, Mr. Milshin. Drink it.

NARR: Get him to tell you about the robbery. Ask him now.

EMIL: Sergeant Rainey.

RAINEY: (FADING ON) Hello, Emil.

EMIL: This fellow the proprietor?

RAINEY: Yeah, Name's Frank Milshin. He was just about closing up when the crooks came in.

MILSHIN: I'm all right now, Sergeant. Thank you.

RAINEY: This is Mr. Slaboda. A reporter. *on the front page* Now, do you mind telling us the rest of what happened.

MILSHIN: Those bums. Rotten, miserable bums. Took every cent in the register. Even a roll of pennies.

RAINEY: Were you alone in the store?

MILSHIN: Yes. I was just turning the lock on the door when this fellow came up. I said he was too late but he needed milk he told me. For his baby. I had to let him in then, didn't I.

RAINEY: Yes sir.

MILSHIN: I came over here to the counter and opened the box to take out a bottle. When I turned around, I saw the gun.

RAINEY: Where was the second man?

MILSHIN: Man.

RAINEY: You said there were two of them, didn't you?

MILSHIN: Sure. He came in right after the first one but it wasn't any man.

RAINEY: Pardon.

MILSHIN: He was a kid. That's all. Just a kid. No more than sixteen I'd say.

EMIL: Mr. Milshin, are you sure about that. The boy's age.

MILSHIN: He wasn't any older.

EMIL: But sixteen.

MILSHIN: Look, I know what I saw. He was right here...as close to me as you are.

EMIL: But was he actually with this holdup man. I mean..maybe he was a kid who just came in to buy something.

MILSHIN: I don't think so.

EMIL: Why not.

MILSHIN: Because he was the one who stole the money from the register.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ¹⁶ A boy...and a robbery committed at the point of a gun. They don't seem to mix, do they. But it's happened. This man is telling the truth. And all you can do about it, Emil Slaboda, is to listen...and to write about it.

RAINEY: (A LITTLE OFF) How much did they get away with, Mr. Milshin.

MILSHIN: (A LITTLE OFF) A hundred and eight dollars. Now, I don't know what I'm going to do.

NARR:

Get all the details. Walk around the store. Take down its description.

NARR:

This is the counter where Mr Milshin was standing. The fellow with the gun must have been just about over here. Yes..right next to the register..where he could... hey, wait a second. There on the floor..lying next to the wall. See, it. Pick it up.

EMIL: Sergeant Rainey.

RAINEY: Yes, Emil.

EMIL: Take a look.

RAINEY: Where'd you find it.

EMIL: Right over there.

MILSHIN: What is it.

RAINEY: A thirty eight caliber bullet. ^{Mr. Milshin} It must have fallen out of the gunman's pocket.

EMIL: (GRIM) But it's not just an ordinary bullet, ~~Mr. Milshin~~

MILSHIN: I don't understand.

EMIL: It's what is known as a dum dum bullet.

RAINEY: The criminal flattens out the nose of the slug. When it enters the object it's fired at..it doesn't go straight in. But it twists..and turns. A bullet like this, Mr. Milshin...can tear a man apart.

MILSHIN:

(UNDER) I needed that money for some bills I had to pay. I didn't want to open the register but when he waved that gun at me...what was I going to do.

RAINEY:

They touch anything around here. The counter..the register anything at all.

MILSHIN:

It's hard to remember. Things happened in just a few minutes.

MILSHIN: (SICK) What sort of a person would use a thing like that.

EMIL: Only one kind, Mr. Milshin. A killer.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(NIGHT STREET SOUNDS)

RAINEY: Give you a ride back, Emil.

EMIL: No, thanks, Sergeant. My car's across the street.

RAINEY: You wrote down those descriptions, didn't you.

EMIL: Yes. Brown suede jacket...tan trousers.

RAINEY: That's for the guy with the gun. The kid's wearing blue jeans and a checkered sport shirt.

EMIL: Sounds like just any kid, doesn't he. Blue jeans...a sport shirt. But look what he's mixed up in.

RAINEY: This could be just a one shot affair, Emil. A quick thrill....something to get himself real puffed up about. When he awakes up to the chance he took....he'll probably shake like a baby.

EMIL: The point is he did it. You hear what the storekeeper said, Sergeant. No more than sixteen.

RAINEY: Yeah. But he's still young enough to be straightened out.

COP I: (RADIO FILTER) (ALERT) Signal red for Sergeant Rainey..

EMIL: Sergeant.....your radio.

COP I: (RADIO FILTER) Attempted holdup of store at six oh four Hagan Drive. Repeat, ~~Signal red for Sergeant Rainey.~~ Attempted holdup of store at six oh four Hagan Drive. Proceed at once.

(DOOR OPENS ON CAR)

RAINEY: In here, Emil. Let's go.

(DOOR CLOSES.....PULLS AWAY)

(MUSIC: INTO THE EXCITEMENT AND THEN BRIDGE)

COP II: I was close by, Sergeant so I got here before you.

RAINEY: What's the story, John.

COP II: Two of them came in....ordered some candy. When the cler turned his back, the older fellow pulled his gun.

EMIL: Older fellow.

COP II: Yeah. The clerk says the second guy was just a kid. That's why he never figured they were in on a holdup.

EMIL: John, what did these two look like. What were they wearing.

COP II: I wrote it down here. Yeah....the older one had on a brown suede jacket. And the kid.....he was wearing blue jeans and a checkered sport shirt.

RAINEY: It's them all right, Emil. I just made a bad guess about that grocery store being their only job. What happened exactly John.

COP II: Clerk refused to turn over the money and the older guy was going to shoot. Only thing that saved the clerk was a customer coming in. She screamed and the holdup fellows ran out.

RAINEY: Send their descriptions into headquarters, John.

COP II: Right sergeant.

RAINEY: Two holdups in the space of fifteen minutes says they're not going to stop. I'd sure like to know where they're going to hit next.

EMIL: Sergeant, the boy doesn't know what he's in for. If the guy with the gun tried using it in this place.....
he ^{may hell} ~~try~~ it at the next one.

RAINEY: Probably. He's put those dum dum slugs in his gun for only one reason. To use them.

EMIL: But if he kills anyone, then the boy is equally responsible.

RAINEY: I'm afraid he is.

EMIL: Crazy kid. ~~Dumb, crazy kid,~~ Why he's practically committing suicide. Sergeant, we've got to find him. We can't stop 'til we find him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

(SOUND OF COUNTRY AT NIGHT FADES IN)

NARR: The police are searching the city, trying to find them. But you, Emil Slaboda, you've come ~~out~~ here to Cedar Lane, ^a ~~the~~ quiet empty ~~outskirts of the city.~~ ^{street} Sure, this is a good place for a kid to hide but what business is it of yours. Why do you have to find him. You don't know him.....his name....where he comes from. He's just another kid. (ARGUING BACK) But that's it. That's what's important. He is a kid. With a lifetime still before him. But if suddenly he becomes part of a murder.....that lifetime is gone. (BEAT WHILE WE LISTEN TO THE NIGHT) (HAS THE CREEPS HERE) This is no place to be alone. Deserted.....frightening. (A BEAT THEN A NEW SOUND IS HEARD SOMEONE IN THE BRUSH OFF) Listen.... someone's in the brush.....just off the road.

EMIL: Who's there? Who is it.

NARR: Look.....there he is. A boy.....with a checkered shirt.....and blue jeans. It's him.

EMIL: Hey.....you.

NARR: He's running away. After him. Quick.

(RUNNING IN THE TALL GRASS)

NARR: He's too fast for you. Too fast. Wait, Emil Slaboda, wait.

(RUNNING STOPS)

NARR: Have you forgotten. The man with the gun. He must
(CONT'D) be around here too. He'll kill you. Go for the police.
It's your only chance. Go for the police.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(THE NIGHT SOUNDS)

RAINEY: He's gone, Emil. Whoever he was. My men have been all
over this place.

EMIL: (DISAPPOINTED) If only I'd been able to get him.

RAINEY: And take a chance on getting hit with one of those
dum dum bullets. Take my word for what they do, Emil.
Don't try to find out personally.

EMIL: At least there's one thing I am sure of now, Sergeant.

RAINEY: What's that.

EMIL: I got a good, close look at the boy. That storekeeper
was right. He is no more than sixteen.

RAINEY: Nothing more you can do out here, Emil. Why don't you
go on back to your office.

EMIL: (THINKING) Sergeant, what time is it.

RAINEY: Nine-thirty.

EMIL: If they're keeping to their schedule that means they're
about ready to knock off another store. The first one
was at nine.....the second at nine-fifteen.

RAINEY: This might be their last stop. (SLIGHT BEAT) If they
use that gun.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(INTERMITTENT STREET SOUNDS OFF)

SLADE: What time's it say in that store window, kid?

KID: Nine-thirty.

SLADE: Okay, time we got going again.

KID: You're not sore about that guy seeing me ~~out~~ on Cedar Lane, are you, Slade.

SLADE: I said for you to stay off the road. Reason we went ~~out~~ there was to shake anybody who followed us.

KID: I thought it was you standing there.

SLADE: All right, kid,....nothing happened so forget it. We got work to do now. Comon, get in this doorway here.

KID: What are you doing.

SLADE: Making sure this gun is loaded just right.

KID: They're funny kind of bullets, huh, Slade.

SLADE: Yeah. That last guy we worked on, just missed seeing how funny. If that dame hadn't come in.....

KID: (EXCITEMENT IS GROWING) You really going to shoot it, Slade. Are you.

SLADE: If I have to, why not?

KID: I'm no baby, Slade. I want ^{everyone to know it} ~~to show people~~. You'll let me have the gun, like you promised.

SLADE: I said I might, didn't I. Now, don't worry. Everyone's going to know about us, kid. Everyone.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #330

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the
finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

(MORE)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #330

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy 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 Emil Slaboda, as he lived it.....and wrote it.

NARR: They haven't been found yet. The two thieves who have already tried two holdups tonight. They're not going to stop, you know it. The gunman and the boy who's with him. But as you sit in the prowler car with Detective Sergeant Bill Rainey, you get an idea.

EMIL: It's thirty five minutes since that first holdup, Sergeant. Maybe they've dropped into an all night restaurant for coffee or something. Why don't we check some of the places.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: Okay. You try it. In the first restaurant, no luck. They haven't been there. The older man with the suede coat and tan trousers. And the boy....with the blue jeans and the checkered sport shirt. Where are they?

(MUSIC: RISES.....BEHIND)

NARR: You try the second place. Still no luck. But time is passing and any minute that gun with the deadly, twisted bullets can commit murder. And the boy eager for the thrills of crime....will have signed his own death warrant.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT FOR)

(B.G. OF RESTAURANT)

RAINEY: I'll check the countermen, Emil. You talk to the waitresses.

EMIL: Right.

RAINEY: (FADING) Mac, can I see you a minute.

(EMIL WALKS A FEW FEET)

EMIL: Beg your pardon, Miss.

WAITRESS: Sure.

EMIL: Have you been on duty here for awhile.

WAITRESS: Since eight o'clock. why.

EMIL: I'm looking for someone. And I wonder if you saw them.

WAITRESS: If they were in here.

EMIL: A boy in a checkered shirt....and blue jeans. There's a man with him.....wearing a brown suede coat.

WAITRESS: I saw them.

EMIL: You did.

WAITRESS: (NOT FRESH) You asked me, didn't you.

EMIL: Sergeant.....

WAITRESS: Is he a policeman.

EMIL: Yes, Miss.

WAITRESS: Listen, who are these these fellows.

RAINEY: (FADING IN) What is it, Emil.

EMIL: This waitress saw them.

RAINEY: How long ago, Miss.

WAITRESS: Maybe five minutes ago. What did they do.

RAINEY: They get into a car when they left here...?

WAITRESS: No.

RAINEY: (DISAPPOINTED) I see.

WAITRESS: They took a taxi.

RAINEY: Fine, Miss. Thank you.

WAITRESS: I didn't understand them at all.

EMIL: Understand them.

WAITRESS: They hardly touched their coffee. Just sat down at the table..looked around and walked out kind of fast.

EMIL: Too many customers here, Sergeant. They couldn't take a chance on a holdup.

WAITRESS: Holdup. You mean they...

RAINEY: Yes, Miss. Now, this taxi they took...was it one regularly stationed out front..or was it just going by.

WAITRESS: No, it's out there all the time. Ed Carroll's cab #64. Look, are you sure these are the right fellows.

EMIL: They answer the description.

WAITRESS: Sure...but I mean their being holdup men. Why the one with the checkered shirt, he's just a ~~young~~ boy.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(TAXI DRIVING..ESTABLISH..UNDER)

KID: Where's this store we're going to Slade.

SLADE: Quiet, will you.

KID: I was talking low.

SLADE: Well, no more of it. You think I want this hackie to hear.

KID: Yeah, that's right.

(A FEW BEATS OF DRIVING)

SLADE: Okay, feller, Pull it up at the corner.

(CAR PULLS UP.....THEY GET OUT)

ED: (JUST OFF) Sixty cents.

SLADE: Here you are.

(CAR PULLS AWAY)

KID: Where's the store.

SLADE: Just around the corner. You see, kid.....you have to play it smart. If we let that hack take us right up to the front door and then the place gets knocked off... he puts two and two together and we're it.

KID: Yeah, Slade. Boy, you sure know how to figure.

SLADE: ~~Let's get started.~~

(~~THEY BEGIN WALKING WITH BELOW~~)

SLADE: You got the plan, kid. You got it all straight.

KID: Yeah, Slade. I go in first and ask for a magazine. Then I give him a five dollar bill. When he goes to the register you come in and pull the gun. How's that.

SLADE: Just fine. You're learning, kid.

KID: (EAGERLY) You going to use the gun, Slade.

SLADE: I ain't carrying it around for nothing.

KID: Gee, Slade, you never get scared, do you.

SLADE: Why should I.

KID: That's why I want to be like you. You stand up to everybody. You don't let no one push you around.

SLADE: They ever try it.....they know better next time. *Conc on Lats get started*

KID: My old man. He gets pushed around plenty. But he don't say nothing.

SLADE: You're going to be different, eh, kid.

KID: I ain't going to be like my father. I'll tell you that. People are going to know who I am. (SLIGHT BEAG AS THEY WALK.....AND THEN STOP) Which store is it, Slade.

SLADE: (SORE) Of all the dirty luck.

KID: What's a matter.

SLADE: The store's closed.

KID: You sure.

SLADE: Don't you see...There....across the street. Who ever heard of a candy store closing this early.

KID: (DISAPPOINTED) What are we going to do.

SLADE: Do. I'll tell you. We're going to find another place.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEGUE TO)

(CAR DRIVING...ESTABLISH...UNDER)

EMIL: There's a cab, Sergeant, end of the block. Get close to him so I can read his number.

RAINEY: Right.

(SPEEDS UP)

RAINEY: Can you spot it.

EMIL: Ninety-six. No...that's not Carroll's taxi.

RAINEY: It's ten minutes since we've been trying to find him. More than enough time for them to hit another place.

EMIL: Maybe they held up the hackie himself.

RAINEY: Who knows. I can believe anything.

EMIL: Let's try Chambers Street. There are a lot of stores open down there.

(STATIC ON RADIO)

RAINEY: Hold it: ~~Something over the radio.~~

COP: (RADIO FILTER) Special for Sergeant Rainey. Cab sixty-four has been located. It is being held at the corner of Sedgman and Fifth Street.

EMIL: That's only a minute from here.

RAINEY: Hang on.

(CAR SPEEDS UP)

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER SOUND AND BRIDGES TO)

ED: I didn't do anything. What are these cops holding me for

RAINEY: Take it easy, Carroll. All I want is some information.

ED: On what.

RAINEY: Did you pick up two fares in front of Scotty's Restaurant tonight?

ED: Yeah. About fifteen minutes ago.

RAINEY: A man and a boy wearing a checkered sport shirt.
ED: That's right. Yeah, I had them.
RAINEY: Where'd you take them.
ED: Corner of Dane and Sanford.
RAINEY: Did you see where they went after that?
ED: No. I just pulled away. Who cared about those cruds.
RAINEY: Why do you say that?
ED: They didn't even tip me.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Again...the search goes on. It's forty^{five} minutes now...
forty five minutes since their first holdup. Will you be
too late? Will something happen before you find them

(CAR BRAKING, TO STOP)

RAINEY: All right, Emil. Dane and Sanford. They're somewhere
around here.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(THE THIEVES WALKING...THEIR STEPS ECHOING A
LITTLE HOLLOWLY ON THE NIGHT SIDEWALK. THE STEPS
STOP...)

SLADE: There's our place, kid.
KID: The diner.
SLADE: Yeah.
KID: I know that spot. They do a good business.
SLADE: ~~Don't~~ They. *Sure do*
KID: How are we going to work it, Slade?
SLADE: We'll go in, take a look.
KID: ~~Sure.~~ *Right*
SLADE: If I like the setup, maybe we'll work a score. Comon.

(THEY WALK UP TO THE DINER..OPEN THE DOOR, GO IN.
THERE IS THE SCATTERED SOUND OF CUPS. ALSO, THE
MUSIC OF A LOVE SONG ON THE JUKEBOX IN B.G.)

SLADE: Let's take that booth in the back.

(THEY WALK TO THE BOOTH...SIT DOWN)

KID: How does it look to you.

SLADE: Not bad.

(CASH REGISTER RINGS OFF)

KID: Look at the money in that register.

SLADE: You don't miss a thing, do you, kid.

KID: (PLEASED) Neither do you.

SLADE: We're going to grab this place all right but we better
wait a few minutes. Till that guy at the table finishes.
Then the counterman will be all alone. (PROJECTS) Hey,
two coffees.

KID: He's sure in for a surprise, ain't he?

SLADE: Tell you what, kid. I think maybe you ought to get a real
lesson.

KID: How, Slade.

SLADE: I got to see if you can take it.

KID: You know I can.

SLADE: Maybe it's time you felt what it's like ^{to} ~~when-you~~-hold a
gun on someone. (AN EASY LAUGH) You think you can do it,
kid?

KID: (PROTESTING) I swear I can. Honest, Slade.

SLADE: I'll bet.

KID: I can. I can.

SLADE: Okay, we'll find out. Soon as that customer clears out,
you can handle the gun.

KID: Suppose the counterman hands over the money.
SLADE: What's that got to do with it. You wanted to use my gun, didn't you? Well, I'm giving you your chance. ~~Like I~~
promised.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(NIGHT STREET SOUNDS)

SGT: No sign of them, Emil.
EMIL: Any word from the patrol cars?
SGT: Nothing.
EMIL: Let's take a walk down this way.

(WALKING WITH BELOW)

EMIL: Any stores open on that next block.
SGT: Nothing open this late.
EMIL: Sergeant.
SGT: Yeah.
EMIL: That diner at the next square.
SGT: What about it.
EMIL: We didn't check that yet, did we.
SGT: One of the patrol cars must have.
EMIL: Nothing's parked outside the place. It'd be a wide open target.
SGT: Well, we're going down that way. We'll take a look in.
EMIL: If they're anywhere around, we'd have seen them by now. Sergeant, I think we're just too late.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

~~(JUKEBOX PLAYS A FINAL FEW BARS AND DIES OUT)~~

SLADE: (AFTER THE MUSIC HAS FINISHED) You ready, kid?
KID: Any time you say, Salde.
SLADE: Put your hand under the table. I'll give you the gun.

KID: The guy looking this way?
SLADE: It's okay. Comon.
KID: (SLIGHT BEAT AND SLIGHT STRAIN AS HE REACHES) Got it.
SLADE: Now listen. I'll go up, pay the check. You stand behind me. When the guy opens the register, you show him the gun. That's straight.
KID: Right.
SLADE: (NEEDLING) Think you can handle it?
KID: (SORE) I told you I can.
SLADE: Good boy. (HARDENS) Let's go.
(DOOR OPENS OFF)
KID: Slade.
SLADE: I see them. Sit down.
KID: Two customers.
SLADE: We'll just hold off, that's all. After they leave, we'll do it then. (PROJECTING) Hey, some more coffee. (NORMAL) Easy, kid. We won't have long to wait.
KID: Why they looking at us.
SLADE: Look, if you're going to keep getting jumpy...
KID: But they are looking at us. Turn around, you'll see.
SLADE: Will you shut up.
KID: (LOUDER) Slade...they're coming over. Turn around.
SLADE: Where.
SGT: (OFF) Hold it, feller.
SLADE: Give me the gun. Quick.
SGT: (FADING ON) Nothing doing, feller. (STRAIN) Let it go.
(GUN DROPS TO THE FLOOR)
All right, stand up. Both of you. (SLIGHT BEAT) There they are Emil. The teacher and his pupil.

SLADE: (FEARFUL) I didn't do anything. Not me. Honest.

EMIL: Sergeant, the bullets in this gun. They're the same as the one dropped in the store.

SLADE: (WHINING) You're not going to do anything to me. You're not going to touch me.

KID: Slade, what are you doing.

SLADE: (PLEADING TO THE SGT) I don't want to go to jail. Give me a break, will you?

KID: Stand up to them....do what you told me. (ALMOST A HALF SCREAM) Slade.

SLADE: I can't stand it in prison. I don't want to go back, Please... (SOBS)I'll get on my knees to you...but don't send me away.

KID: (CAN'T BELIEVE IT) He's crying. He's really crying. And I...I wanted to be like him.

EMIL: Take a long look. Long enough to last you the rest of your life. ^{There's} ~~where's~~ your hero....now. ^{Look at him}

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPEL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Emil Slaboda of the Trenton, New Jersey, Trentonian, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #330

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. . Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give
you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Emil Slaboda of the Trenton, New Jersey, Trentonian.

EMIL: Tonight's Big Story which happened all within the space of sixty minutes, was climaxed by the sentencing of Slade Johnson to a term of from five to nine years in State Prison. The sixteen year old boy, whose name can not be revealed under New Jersey Law, was helped by the Juvenile Bureau. Last reports show he is making excellent progress toward rehabilitation. I am deeply honored by tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Las Cruces, New Mexico Sun-News, by-line ^{"Bud"} O.E. ^{B.G.} Rouse. The story of a killer who didn't think and a reporter who did.

(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)

BIG STORY - 10/7/53

REVISED

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 Trenton, N.J. Trentonian. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Mendel Kramer played the part of Emil Slaboda. 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. Slaboda.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton.

THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #331

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RED	LOU KRUGMAN
MAN	GLEN WOODS
ANNCR.	GLEN WOODS
HUD	PETER HOBBS
CARL	MICHAEL O'DAY
NEIL	JIM STEPHENS
SARGE	CAMERON PRUDHOMME
COP	JOE HELGESON
DOCTOR	JOE HELGESON
KEN	MICHAEL HIGGINS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1953

ATX01 0008122

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

MAN: Checked your oil, too, Red. Everything's all set.

RED: Okay, okay. Let's have my change.

MAN: Sure thing. .

(SOUND OF COINS)

MAN: There you are. Better watch the roads tonight. Traffic's be

RED: Don't worry about .. (STOPS. THEN IN A LOW RAGE) Okay,
what's the gag?

MAN: Gag? I --

RED: I gave you a five. (LOUD, FURIOUS) I ain't gonna be
short-changed by some lousy little --

MAN: (AFRAID) Red, take it easy ..

RED: (EFFORT) Give me my dough, all of it, and give it to
me fast before I --

MAN: (CHOKING) Red .. leggo. I can't breath I --

RED: I said give it to me!

MAN: Sure. Sure. For Pete's sake, I just counted wrong,
anybody can make a mistake. Here.

RED: Nobody's going to play me for a sucker. Nobody --

MAN: Okay ... okay. Will you take it easy? ^{Here's} You got your
money. (THEN) And you better hang on to your temper
too, Red. Otherwise, one of these days, it's gonna
get you in trouble. Real trouble.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Las Cruces, New Mexico.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men
(CONT'D) and women of the great American newspapers. (FIAT)
From the pages of the Las Cruces Sun-News, the story of
a killer who didn't think -- and a reporter who did.
Tonight, to O. E. Rouse, for his Big Story goes the
PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #331

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO:) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Las Cruces, New Mexico. The story as it actually happened -- Bud Rouse's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's quiet in the Sheriff's office at Las Cruces. Nothing doing. You, Bud Rouse, sit around with some of the deputies .. including your good friend, Deputy sheriff Neil Simpson ..

BUD: Come on, Neil. Tell us your story about the two horses playing checkers....

CARL: Yeah...come on Neil.

NEIL: Uh-huh. Not tonight. Quitting time for me.

BUD: Getting off early, huh? Soft life these cops have.

NEIL: Almost as soft as a reporter's.

BUD: Get him. Want to swap?

NEIL: As of right now, yes. Tomorrow's Memorial Day, ^{Bud} remember?

BUD: Hey, that's right.

NEIL: That's why I want my sleep tonight. Tomorrow I got a date with about five hundred crazy drivers,

BUD: You and Carl got highway patrol, Neil?

NEIL: All day. So, want to swap?

BUD: As if you would.

NEIL: Just for tomorrow.

BUD: You'll live through it.

NEIL: Don't take bets. Come on, Carl. Drive you home in the squad car.

CARL: I'm with you.

BUD: Good luck, tomorrow, you guys.

NEIL: Don't mention it. Tomorrow is one day I'd like to scratch right off my list.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CAR GOING ALONG)

CARL: You can drop me off at the next turnoff, Neil. No point getting off the highway.

NEIL: Okay, I --

(SOUND OF CAR WHICH HAS BEEN BEHIND THEM GETS LOUD NOW, SQUEAL OF BRAKES AS IT SWERVES, PASSES THEM)

NEIL: Will you look at that idiot!

CARL: Catch up with him.

NEIL: What's he think he's doing? Rushing the season?

(CAR MOTOR LOUDER, THEN)

NEIL: (CALLS) All right, mister, pull over. (THEN) I said pull over.

(SOUND AS CAR PULLS TO STOP, COPS GET OUT, FOOTSTEPS)

NEIL: Look, mister, this highway is signed nice and clear. The speed limit on this stretch is ~~thirty-five~~ ^{twenty}.

RED: I can read.

NEIL: Try practicing it then. You were going at least fifty.

RED: (MAD) ~~What's the matter with you guys?~~ ^{You're crazy} I was going ~~thirty-five~~ ^{twenty}. --

CARL: Let's see your registration, please.

RED: (FURIOUS) I said I was going ~~thirty-five~~ ^{twenty}. If you ain't got nothing else to do but ..

NEIL: You heard him. Registration.

RED: (A PAUSE. THEN LOW) Okay, sure.

NEIL: I'll take the license too. I --

(A SHOT RINGS OUT)

NEIL (A GROAN)

CARL: ~~All right.~~ put that gun down, I --

(HE IS CUT OFF BY ANOTHER SHOT. THEN ANOTHER
AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER. THEN CAR ROARS OFF.)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It's quiet at your home, Bud Rouse. You're in bed.....
asleep....when the quiet is broken by the shrilling of
the phone bell.

(PHONE RINGS)

BUD: (GROANS. THEN AS PHONE CONTINUES RINGING, PICKS IT UP)
Rouse talking.

NARR: You're not really awake. You don't wake up until the
staccato voice of your editor pierces through the veil
of sleep with the words "shooting"....."Out on the
highway."

BUD: Who was it? What are the details?

NARR: He doesn't know. That's up to you. He tells you to
get going. Get the details.

BUD: I'll check in at the sheriff's office. Call you in a
half hour if it's worth a replat.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(FOOTSTEPS ON STEPS. DOOR THROWN OPEN)

BUD: Sarge....I just got a tip on a shooting.

SARGE: Sit down, Bud....report's coming in on the radio now.

BUD: You got a police car out there covering?

SARGE: (QUIETLY) Yeah. We got a police car out there.

(THERE IS A RADIO CRACKLE THEN)

COP: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) This is car eight.....car eight....

BUD: Eight! That's Neil Simpson's car. He just left here a
while ago....

SARGE: Hold it. (THEN) Car eight...Any sign of the other car?

COP: Nope. You get the general call out?

SARGE: Yup.

BUD: Who's that? That's not Neil's voice on the radio.

SARGE: No, it's not Neil's voice.

BUD: Well, where is he? He was in the car. He-----

SARGE: Neil's a pal of yours isn't he, Bud?

BUD: Sure he---(THEN) What is it?

SARGE: The ambulance is on its way in now. That was the shooting, Bud. Neil and Carl both. Better get over to the hospital. Fast.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Your hands are shaking as you get in your car. Half way there....you hear the scream of the ambulance siren.....

(SIREN WAILS UP AND PAST)

NARR: The doctor is bending over Neil Simpson when you get to the hospital. Carl Locke, the other deputy ^{is on the left} ~~is slumped~~ *right next to him* in a chair.....

BUD: How does it look, doctor?

DOCTOR: He caught it in the chest.

BUD: Is he going to be all right?

DOCTOR: (FLARES) Will you leave me alone and get out of here.

I-----(STOPS)

BUD: (PAUSE) What is it? (NO ANSWER) Doc, ^{Doc} what is it? Doc!

DOCTOR: (CHOKED) Leave me alone, will you, Bud? He was a friend of mine, too.

BUD: (A PAUSE. THEN) Was?

DOCTOR: Yes. Was.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now the shaking really starts. The shaking of shock.... of loss....of rage. Who did this? Why? The doctor turns to the other deputy..... who is seriously wounded.

DOCTOR: Take it easy, Carl.....

CARL: (PAINFULLY) ^{kill's} He's gone, isn't he? Neil?

DOCTOR: Easy now.....

CARL: (GASPS) ^{the guy} He had a red mustache. We just stopped the car and----(GASPS) It was a red mustache. He had on khaki clothes.....car was a blue convertible....he just pulled a gun. No reason. He just pulled the gun and shot..... and shot.....and shot....

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

BUD: (INTO PHONE) That's all the description they've got, Ed. But it's worth a replat all right. I got it straight from Carl Locke. Red mustache, khaki clothes..... driving a blue convertible. They're covering the highway now. Thrown blocks up. I'm going out to----to where it happened. I'll keep in touch.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You drive along the darkened highway. The same highway Neil Simpson was driving along on his way home to sleep. A sick anger churns inside of you as you remember the slow easy-going big guy who was your friend. The guy who had only one worry. He wanted to scratch tomorrow off his list. And someone did. Someone scratched it off.....for good.

(MUSIC: OUT)

NARR: Near the scene of the shooting, there's an all night diner.

(SNEAK RADIO MUSIC. B.G.) (LOW TALK)

NARR: You go in. There are people there....talking in low tones....standing around the radio. ~~Cops, most of them~~ One look at their faces tells you. They've heard about Neil Simpson.

BUD: Make it a coffee....black.

NARR: The man sitting next to you stares into his coffee cup.. He doesn't look up when you talk to him.

BUD: Crowded tonight.

KEN: It's that kind of a night.

BUD: Yeah. I guess it is. (THEN) Anybody hear anything from here?

KEN: The kid who runs this place says he heard the shots.

BUD: Yeah?

KEN: Sure. It was quiet then. He was here by himself. First he thought maybe it was a car backfiring. Then the rest came. Fast. Loud. He knew it wasn't no car. Guy must have emptied his gun.

BUD: He did.

KEN: Sure must have been sore. Making sure he got them that way. What makes a guy do a thing like that? What makes him go.....

(MUSIC ON RADIO CUTS)

ANNCR: (FILTER) We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin.

BUD: Hold it.

ANNCR: (FILTER) Police have set up numerous road blocks on all main highways leading out of Las Cruces and the town of Hatch tonight in an attempt to capture the gunman who killed one deputy and wounded another. The killer is described as driving a blue convertible.

HUD: (SUDDENLY) The darn fools!

ANNCR: (FILTER) He is believed to be wearing khaki clothes and has a red mustache. We repeat, the killer is-----

BUD: (FURIOUS) Of all the fool, stupid----
(HE CLICKS RADIO OFF)

KEN: What's the matter?

BUD: Broadcasting the description that way! The killer hears that, he'll ditch that car.....change his clothes.....

KEN: Well, then, why did the police release the information?

BUD: (GRIM) They didn't.

KEN: Huh? Then who --

BUD: I did.

KEN: You?

BUD: I didn't help things much did I? But I heard the deputy.....Carl.....describing him. I phoned it into my paper as a routine. I didn't think the radio station would pick it up. They must have gotten it off the AP wire.

KEN: You-----you got the description from Carl?

BUD: That's right. The other deputy.

KEN: How is he?

BUD: Pretty bad.

KEN: (A PAUSE. THEN SOUND OF CUP BEING PUSHED BACK) Tell the kid I'll be back later to pay for the coffee. I'm going up in the hills and see if I can track down that guy before he ditches the car and those clothes.

BUD: You're pretty riled up about it too, huh?

KEN: The other deputy ... Carl Locke....he's my ~~bro~~ brother.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The coffee doesn't taste very good to you, either, Bud
Rouse. The same feeling hits you. Do something.
Anything. But do something. You head for the V in the
road where the shooting took place. A policeman meets
you.

BUD: Okay to take a few pictures? Rouse....News-Sun.

COP: Go ahead.

BUD: Thanks. (TAKES HIS SHOTS. THEN) Not much here.

COP: Skid marks. Blood. Cigar butt. The kind Neil smoked.

BUD: You knew him too?

COP: Sure. (THEN) What can you say?

BUD: I'll just get a couple more shots. Not that I--*(STOPS)
What's that?

COP: What?

BUD: I saw something catch the light over there. Come on.

(FOOTSTEPS. PAUSE. THEN)

BUD: How about that?

COP: (WHISTLES) *Hey*

BUD: Maybe we found something, hey? Maybe we found something
the killer won't be so happy we found. If you ask me...
~~I think we just did.~~

(MUSIC: TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MID COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #331

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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #331

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:(CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further -- and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy 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 Bud Rouse as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: In the night, the warm New Mexican night, the drone of traffic washes over the highway. The headlights of traveling cars pierce the blackness .. stare for a moment, and then move on. But you, Bud Rouse, don't notice these things. In this moment, all you see is a small shiny object .. lying near a pool of blood.

COP: Cartridge case. Expended.

BUD: It's a forty-five, isn't it? *Officer*

COP: That's right. Course, it could be from any one of the three guns.

BUD: Three?

COP: The killer .. Carl or Neil's. Maybe Neil and Carl had time to get their guns out.

BUD: Don't the police use 38 calibre?

COP: The regulars, sure. But Neil was a deputy. And he was a great trader. Always swapping guns.

BUD: Just the same, I'm keeping this shell case. If we find the killer and if he has a forty-five ..

COP: Sure. If. (THEN) Want to go for a ride?

BUD: Where to?

COP: Up in the hills. Back roads. Anywhere. We've got to find that guy.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(SOUND OF CAR)

COP: Don't see how he can escape being picked up. Not with the roadblocks and the cars combing the hills.

BUD: You think maybe some of the cars we passed have seen anything?

COP: They'd report through. I'd pick it up on the radio.

BUD: The killer must sure know the back roads around here like the palm of his hand.

COP: So do the guys looking for him. There's not a deputy or a cop in the area that's not out hunting.

KEN: (FILTER, SUDDENLY) Car eight ... this is car eight ..

COP: Something coming through now.

KEN: (FILTER) We're up beyond the lake in the foothills. Think we spotted the blue convertible. Some of you cops hurry up here, huh?

COP: Car five to car eight. On our way, Ken.
(SQUEAL OF BRAKES AS CAR TURNS, ROARS OFF THE OTHER WAY)

BUD: Who was that on the radio?

COP: Ken Locke. Carl's brother. He's riding with some others in Carl's car. I --

KEN: (FILTER, EXCITED) Car eight .. this is car eight. Hey hurry up you guys. I think we got a killer ~~cornered~~.

COP: Car eight from car five. Be careful. ^{Ken} Stall. We're on our way.

BUD: Are any of those guys there armed?

COP: That's what I don't know. If it is the killer and he starts getting nasty, there may be more trouble..

SARGE: (FILTER) Car five, car five. Headquarters. Get up to that lake as fast as you can. Cars two and four closing in behind you.

KEN: (FILTER) The guy's holed up in a hut. Some of the boys are going after him.

SARGE: (FILTER) Hold it ~~will you~~, Ken. Hold it for car five.

COP: I'm only a quarter of a mile away. I'll make it fast. Just hold on.

(CAR MOTOR LOUDER)

BUD: Wouldn't you know it? The place crawling with cops and it's got to be a bunch of unarmed guys who get on the trail.

COP: Just keep your fingers crossed. This may get rough. Hand me the mike.

BUD: Here.

COP: Car eight from car five. We're closing in. We --

Ken: (CUTS IN. FILTER, LACONIC) Save your tires, car ~~eight~~⁵. We just caught ourselves a killer.

COP: What?

SARGE: (FILTER) Headquarters. Car eight. You say you got the guy?

KEN: (FILTER) Sure did. He --- wait a minute.

(SILENCE)

BUD: Now what?

SARGE: Car eight ... car eight ... come in.

(SILENCE)

BUD: What happened?

KEN: (FILTER) Hello ... car eight reporting. Forget the whole thing. Man in custody doesn't answer description. No mustache at all.

COP: Oh for the love of ..

BUD: Wait a minute. Give me that mike will you?

COP: ^{Here} What is this... Amateur night? We --

BUD: Car eight ...listen that man you just picked up.
Ask him when he shaved last and ~~see if the mustache~~
~~region is not cleaner than the rest of his face~~

KEN: (FILTER) Huh? Oh, okay.

COP: You think he shaved the mustache off, Bud?

BUD: Stands to reason, doesn't it? If he heard the radio
broadcasting his description.

KEN: (FILTER) Car eight calling. Hey, thanks for the tip.
This guy shaved his mustache off clean but he didn't
touch the rest of his face. Got a day's worth of beard.
We're coming in with him now.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: A pale grey light is breaking when they bring the man
in. The light falls on the strained, watching faces
of people gathered to see a killer. These are faces
that you know, Bud Rouse ..faces of people you see
everyday. But something ..perhaps the pale grey light
..perhaps quiet rage, perhaps hatred, changes these
faces. No smiles now. No friendly greetings. Only hate.

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: The killer is taken to the hospital room where deputy
Carl Locke lies ..

Sarge:
~~COP:~~

Take a good look, Carl. Take your time. Is this the one?

CARL: (PAUSE, THEN) Sure, That's him. That's the rotten
dirty --(HE STOPS, THEN) Yeah. That's him.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: His name is Talbott. Red Talbott. That's all you can find out. That's all he'll say. No matter how many questions are thrown at him ---that's all he'll say.

SARGE: Look, Talbott ..we've got all the evidence we need against you

RED: If you've got all you need ..why bother me for more?

SARGE: Why did you do it?

(SILENCE)

SARGE: Did you know Neil Simpson? Did you have a grudge?

(NO ANSWER)

Okay come on. I asked you some questions.

RED: There's a law says I got to answer?

SARGE: Listen, Talbott, you killed a man. You almost killed two of them. *Now answer my questions* The second one is pulling through but it's no thanks to you..

RED: Is this a trial?

SARGE: No, it's not a trial but --

RED: I asked you before, there's a law I gotta talk?

SARGE: For your own good, you better.

RED: (SUDDEN RAGE) Don't you tell ^{me} what I gotta do for my own good! I'll take care of my own good myself. I ---

SARGE: (LOUD) Sit down.

RED: I ain't going to have no one telling me what to do. No one. I'll talk when I want and not when J want and I'll break your...

SARGE: Grab him!

(SCUFFLE)

RED: Let go of me before I kill --

SARGE: Shut up.

(SUDDEN SILENCE, JUST RED'S HEAVY BREATHING)

SARGE: You're in trouble now, Talbott. You want to get into more?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

Cop
SARGE: He's crazy, Bud. Acts like a crazy man.

HUD: You mean insane?

Cop
SARGE: No ..no ..nothing like that. But the rages he flies into..

HUD: Remember the shots?

Cop
SARGE: Huh?

HUD: The kid who heard the shots. He said the way they sounded ..close together. The guy emptying his gun. As if he was so mad he wasn't thinking ..

Cop
SARGE: That's it all right. (THEN, UPSET) How do you figure a thing like that? A killing, for no reason. Just a guy who gets so mad he goes out of his head and starts throwing lead around. And somebody gets it.

HUD: Did ^{they} you check that 45 shell case I gave you?

Cop
SARGE: Sent it to the FBI lab in Washington. We'll get a report. But we won't need it.

HUD: What do you mean?

Cop
SARGE: You see the faces of people around here when Talbott was brought in? You see how they looked?

HUD: Well, sure but ..

Cop
SARGE: We don't need a confession from him. We don't need ballistic reports. We know he did it. And we're sure. We'll get a conviction. The way folks here feel, it'll be easy to get.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You go home, then, Bud Rouse. Your job is over. Everything's over. The hunt ... the arrest ..and soon ..the trial. You know what the sergeant said is true ..there'll be no trouble getting a conviction here in Neil Simpson's own town. You can still see the faces in the grey light of early day ...you can still hear the voices ...

~~(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)~~

Cop
SARGE: (FILTER) We don't need a confession from him. We know he did it. And we're sore.

KEN: (FILTER) What makes a guy do a thing like that anyway ..

~~DOCTOR: (FILTER) Ned was a friend of mine too.~~

CARL: (FILTER) That's him. That's the rotten dirty --(THEN)
That's him.

Cop
SARGE: (FILTER) We don't need a confession. We're sore.

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: The voices grow inside your head, and with them an ugly nagging worry. You want this killer brought to justice ..you want to be sure he's brought to justice ..but --and then the thought lies suddenly bare before you ---you want it to be justice. Not outrage ..not revenge .. but justice. But what can you do? And then ..a few days later, you get a call. Come down to headquarters.

(MUSIC: OUT)

SARGE: Bud, I have some information for you. Any day now, you're going to get a call from the DA's office.

BUD: About what, Sarge?

SARGE: Talbott's attorney is serving a subpoena on you.

BUD: Subpoena? What for?

SARGE: He's pulling a smart trick, he thinks. He's trying to get a change of venue for the trial from this county to another one. Claims Talbott doesn't stand a chance of a fair trial here where the people are riled up.

BUD: I see.

SARGE: I have a hunch it's going to hang on you, Bud. ~~You know the temper of the people here. You're an impartial witness.~~ If you say you're sure Talbott can get a fair trial here, it'll stand. If not they'll move it.

BUD: That's putting it up to me pretty square.

SARGE: I'm counting on you, Bud.

BUD: (SLOWLY) Counting on me for what?

SARGE: You figure that one.

BUD: (SUDDENLY) ~~How did I get mixed up so deep in this?~~ I was just covering a story only I was the one who phoned the killer's description into the paper. That's how it leaked out over the air. I almost lost you your killer right then and there.

SARGE: You put the finger on him later. The clean shaved mustache region ..the forty-five shell case ..

BUD: And now it comes around to me again.

SARGE: Looks that way. If the case is tried here, we'll get a conviction. I'm sure of it. If Talbott gets a change of venue, well ..we don't have much in the way of ~~concrete evidence.~~

BUD: Meaning if I say the wrong thing, I may loose you your killer for good ^{4/2} ~~this time?~~

SARGE: You're the one saying the words.

BUD: (A PAUSE. THEN) Okay.

SARGE: Okay, what?

BUD: Okay ..then you'll have to lose him.

SARGE: Bud,

BUD: Listen nobody wants to see him convicted more than I do. But you know he can't get a fair trial here. Sarge, you know it. Hate's a tricky thing ..even when it's justified hate. You can't think through it.

SARGE: (GENTLY) Who are you arguing with, Bud?

BUD: Huh?

SARGE: Did you think I wanted you to lie and get a trial rail-roaded through in this county? Is that the answer you thought I wanted?

BUD: But this way...

SARGE: Sure. This way a killer may get off. Did you think that was more important to a cop than doing the right thing?

BUD: (SOFTLY) No, Sarge. I never had those ideas about the cops. Neil was a cop, too.

SARGE: He would have hated your guts if you hadn't done the right thing by Talbott. I would have too. (THEN) The DA will call you in a day or two. Tell it to him like you told me. And--thanks, Bud.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The D.A. calls. You testify that, in your opinion, Red Talbott could not get a fair, unbiased trial in Dona Ana county. And the change of venue is granted. And then.. weeks later..

(MUSIC: OUT)

SARGE: (FILTER) Bud ..we did it! The verdict was handed in by the jury in Chaves county. Guilty. Talbott got life.

BUD: I know Sarge. We got the flash here at the paper.

SARGE: (FILTER) Your testimony about finding the shell case at the scene of the crime didn't hurt any.

BUD: I owed you a break after all the curves I throw you. That break on the description ...

SARGE: (FILTER) Forget it. We did it anyway. The hard way. How do you feel now, hmm?

BUD: Pretty good, Sarge. (THEY) Correction. ~~Swell.~~

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CUTRAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bud Rouse of the Las Cruces Sun-News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #331

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -
(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy. No other cigarette of any
length can give you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
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other cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ... TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bud Rouse of the Las Cruces Sun-News.

ROUSE: Satisfaction of ~~helping towards~~ ^{getting} verdict of first degree murder helped mitigate ~~sense~~ ³ of loss of good friend. Added help came in seeing special fund collected to provide for widow and ~~four~~ ³ children of slain deputy. Killer now serving life term in state penitentiary at Santa Fe. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Atlantic City Press-Union, by-line John Boucher. The ^{Big} story of a reporter who spoke to the heart of a city and the city that answered with its heart.

(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 pages of the Las Cruces Sun News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Peter Hobbs played the part of Bud Rouse. 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. Rouse.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Earnest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For exceptional smoking ^{for every smoker, you know} pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the distinguished red Christmas carton.
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS-BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #332

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
JACK BOUCHER	NELSON OLMSTED
LT. STEINHART	MAURICE WELLS
MRS. JOHNSON	JAN MINER
BAKER	BILL GRIFFIS
MAN	BILL GRIFFIS
EDITOR	HAROLD HUBER
DOCTOR	MELVILLE RUICK
NURSE	ANNE MINOT
OLD WOMAN	ANNE MINOT
PRIEST	BILL SMITH

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1953

ATK01 0008150

ACT I

CHAPPELL: Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes -- The finest quality money
can buy -- present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BAKER: Hello! Bread man, Mr. Johnson! It's the bread man!
(KNOB TWISTING: DOOR OPEN: CHRISTMAS MUSIC)

BAKER: Hello! Is anybody home? Bread Man!
(STEPS ACROSS ROOM)

Mr. Johnson? Are you home, Mr. Johnson -- (THEN AS IF TO
SELF) Must've gone to the hospital to see his new baby,
I bet. (LAUGH) So excited forgot to turn off the radio --
(STEPS)

Service with a smile -- sell bread and turn off people's
radios for them -- yes sir! And --

(ABRUPT GASP: THEN RUNNING STEPS: BAKER SHOUTS)

Help! Help! Something terrible has happened ~~here~~ *Bill*

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear, actually
happened. It happened in Atlantic City, New Jersey. It
is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers -- (FLAT) From
the pages of the Atlantic City Press, the ^{Big} story of a
reporter who spoke to the heart of a city and the city
that ~~responded with a wonderful answer~~ ^{*answered with its heart*} tonight, to ~~John~~ ^{*Jack*}
Boucher of the Atlantic City Press, for his Big Story,
goes the Pell Mell \$500 award!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #332

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too - the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Atlantic City, New Jersey -- The story as it actually happened -- ^{Sack} John Boucher's story as he lived it --

NARR: Your name ^{is Sack} is Johnny Boucher -- and you're the police reporter on the nightside for the Atlantic City Press -- It's seven p.m., and here you are, half a block from police headquarters. But it's not crime stories you've got on your mind -- there's the holiday spirit in the air -- it happens to be only six days before Christmas---

(MUSIC: SALVATION ARMY: CAROL SINGING)

(MUSIC: BELL RINGS: CAROLS CONTINUE UNDER)

NARR: You're listening to a Salvation Army group and your mind is full of White Christmas trees -- holly wreathes -- and holiday joy -- in six days it will be Christmas.

(MUSIC: CAROLS UP AND UNDER: THEN)

STEINHARDT: Hi, ^{Sack} Johnny --

BOUCHER: (SURPRISE) Huh? Oh, Lieutenant Steinhardt!

STEIN: Some reporter you are -- standing on a street corner, listening to ^{the} a Salvation Army band---

BOUCHER: Well, even the police are here, I notice --

STEIN: I'm just on my way to headquarters --

BOUCHER: Okay, come on. I'll walk you --

(STEPS: MUSIC FADES)

It's a quiet night, Lieutenant -- folks are too busy wrapping up presents. They haven't got time to make news.

STEIN: Christmas is sure in the air. Cost me thirty-five bucks in presents for my nephews alone --

BOUCHER: That's what Christmas is for, Lieutenant -- for the kids --
(STEPS OUT) Say -- that's an angle -- think I'll go around
to the town clerk's office --

STEINHARDT: What's an angle?

BOUCHER: I can get a list of the babies born today through
Christmas Week -- It would make some nice stories -- you
know -- the best Christmas gift of all -- to Mr. and Mrs.
John Doe -- a rosy, bouncing baby boy --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You mean it, ^{SACK} ~~Tommy~~ Boucher -- so you go over to the town
clerk's office and you get the list -- and amongst the
names is that of William Johnston, Jr. -- seven pounds
three ounces -- born that day at one in the afternoon --

(MUSIC: OUT)

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Mrs. Johnston! Mrs. Johnston!
MRS. J: (STARTLED) What? -- Oh, doctor. I must have dozed off.
DOCTOR: HOW DO YOU FEEL?
MRS. J: A little tired. How's my baby?
DOCTOR: Young William Johnston Jr. is fine, don't you worry. I
bet he'll put on weight here in the hospital --
MRS. J: My other two children did, doctor --
DOCTOR: Healthy, lusty stock -- that's the Johnston family, huh?
Your husband been to see the baby yet?
MRS. J: He hasn't come --
DOCTOR: (SURPRISE) What?
MRS. J: I'm a little worried, too, doctor -- but, I guess it's all
right. Bill works at two jobs, you see -- at night and
during the day. Maybe he was tired and fell asleep --
DOCTOR: Well, I should think he'd be tired. Two jobs --

MRS. J: Oh, we'll straighten out, doctor -- I mean, well, we just built the house -- and then another baby -- we just didn't have enough money -- it's been hard -- Billy's had to work night and day --

DOCTOR: This should be quite a Christmas then, eh? New baby -- new home --

MRS. J: (EXCITED) Oh, it'll be a wonderful Christmas! We're going to have a big tree and presents for the children -- we're going to sing and have a turkey dinner -- and -- (SUDDENLY) Can I see my baby, doctor?

DOCTOR: Now, look, you should get your rest --

MRS. J: Please let me see my baby doctor. I can't remember. Has he golden hair? My other two, they had dark hair -- but this one, he's a Christmas baby -- I want him to have golden hair --

(MUSIC: CAROLS UP & UNDER)

NARRATOR: That's what the situation was that December 19th evening, wasn't it, ^{SAC} ~~Johnny~~ Boucher. Things happy at the hospital. Things quiet at Police Headquarters -- everybody feeling good, excited, busy with their own Christmas thoughts -- It's seven-thirty p.m. --

(TELEPHONE RINGS: RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

STEINHARDT: Lieut. Steinhardt speaking --

BAKER: (FILTER) Please -- please -- something terrible has happened! Something terrible! Come quick --

STEIN: What?

BAKER: (FILTER) A man's committed suicide!

STEIN: Who is this?

BAKER: The bread man! Please -- come quick -- a man's committed suicide --

STEIN: Where? And who is it?

BAKER: A young man! A William Johnston in Venice Park -- and his wife only today had a new baby!

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN)

(INTO CAROLS O.S.)

Boucher
STEIN: (COMING ON) Boucher: *Johnny Boucher: Atlantic City Area*

Just
BOUCHER: ~~Uh? Oh, lieutenant~~ *Jack* ~~I was listening to the carols --~~

STEIN: ~~Were you? Come on,~~ I got a call -- a suicide --

BOUCHER: What?

STEIN: Somebody by the name of William Johnston -- up in the Venice Park area -- ~~well? You coming along?~~ *want to come*

BOUCHER: William Johnston? In Venice Park?

STEIN: Yeah. Why?

BOUCHER: That -- that was one of the names on that list of new-born babies I picked up a while ago --

STEIN: (SLOW) Yeah -- come to think of it -- the one who put in the call said something about ~~his wife~~ *the guys* just having had a child --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

Jack
NARR: You ride through the city, ~~Johnny~~ Boucher -- everything's all lit up like a Christmas Tree. The store windows are bright and gay -- people are hurrying -- shopping -- and you are answering a suicide call. It seems unreal -- impossible -- but it is real -- it is possible ~~in another way~~ --

(MUSIC: OUT)

BAKER: I knocked -- no one answered -- so I came in -- I know the Johnstons well -- I always leave bread if no one's home --

BOUCHER: You went right inside?

BAKER: Yes, Mr. Boucher. I said -- he's excited -- he's gone to see his wife at the hospital and left the radio on -- so I went in to turn it off -- and he was there -- on the attic stairs -- and the other two children asleep inside --

BOUCHER: You knew the Johnstons very well, you said --

BAKER: A fine couple -- wonderful children. Why should he do that? ~~All right -- it was a struggle -- a young soldier comes home -- he gets married -- he wants children -- a home of his own -- so he works hard -- eighteen hours a day! He sells newspapers at night -- and works on a road crew for the electric company during the day -- but he is happy -- always happy -- a wonderful young man -- he builds the house -- He has the children -- then why? -- Why?~~

BOUCHER: Maybe there's something you didn't know --

BAKER: No -- no. I can tell about people -- and about him it wasn't hard -- a good ^{man} boy -- a fine husband and father --

BOUCHER: The other two children -- where are they?

BAKER: I took them to a neighbor -- (VEHEMENT) I can't understand it! Why should he commit suicide?

STEIN: (COMING ON) You're the bread man -- the one who telephoned?

BAKER: Yes.

STEIN: I'm Lieut. Steinhardt. That ^{man} boy didn't commit suicide --

BOUCHER: What?

STEINHARDT: I've been inside with the coroner. You know what killed him? A chest of drawers --

BOUCHER: A chest of drawers?

STEIN: (LOW) Yeah -- In the kitchen there was clean clothes stacked up -- as if he'd just brought them in -- he must have gone ^{up} into the attic to bring down that chest of drawers -- You know -- a new baby coming home -- you rearrange things -- (PAUSE)

BOUCHER: Well? What happened?

STEIN: It must have slipped -- the chest must have slipped when he was carrying it down -- it pinned him against an overhanging partition -- and -- and choked him to death --

BAKER: (A CRY) Ah, no!

BOUCHER: You mean it was an accident?

STEIN: Yeah --

BAKER: They were only just starting in life!

STEIN: Yeah -- three kids fatherless -- one of them a new-born babe --

BOUCHER: Somebody has to tell his wife --

STEIN: I know --

BOUCHER: You ought to get her doctor to tell her, Lieutenant --

STEIN: Yeah, I'll get him... and her Parish Priest.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

MRS. J: Nurse! Nurse!

NURSE: (COMING ON) Yes, Mrs. Johnston?

MRS. J: Please call for me --

NURSE: Now, Mrs. Johnston, I'm sure there's nothing to worry about -- a man who works eighteen hours a day --

MRS. J: But he goes to work at nine -- he should be up already --
Please call for me --

NURSE: (SIGHING) All right -- I'll do it --

(PHONE OFF HOOK)

MRS. J: The number is 4127 --

NURSE: Get me 4127 please -- that's right -- Oh, that's a pretty baby, you've got, Mrs. Johnston -- we're all crazy about him and -- Hello? This is Nurse Holloway at the hospital-- I'm calling for your wife, Mrs. Johnston. It's about -- Isn't this Mr. Johnston? -- (PAUSE) (THEN SUDDEN: SHARP)

Oh No! ~~Not~~

(SUDDENLY PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

MRS. J: (ALARMED) What is it?

NURSE: (AGITATED) Nothing, ~~Nothing~~--

MRS. J: Is something wrong?

NURSE: You -- you've got to rest, Mrs. Johnston --

(STEPS APPROACH)

I'll be back soon -- I'll --

DOCTOR: (COMING ON) No. Stay here, Nurse. We may need you. Hello, Mrs. Johnston -- Father Michaels came with me.

PRIEST: How are you Mrs. Johnston?

MRS. J: (SLOWLY) Father Michaels? What -- Why are you here?

PRIEST: We have something to tell you, my child.

MRS. J: What? (THEN SHARP) What is it? There's something wrong?

PRIEST: I saw the baby, Mrs. Johnston. He's a beautiful child -- many women would give most anything to have such a child -- to bring it up -- to see it grow --

MRS. J: (CONFUSED) Thank you Father -- thank --

PRIEST: And to be born at Christmas time -- ~~like~~ -- ~~like~~ another ~~child~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~time~~ ~~ago~~ -- It is all the more reason why you will -- why you must devote your whole life to such a child --

MRS. J: (ALMOST A WHISPER) What is it? -I don't understand
Father -- there's something wrong -- what is it?

DOCTOR: (ASIDE) Nurse -- prepare a sedative --

MRS. J: (LOUDER) What is it? Father? What is it?

PRIEST: Your husband -- Mrs. Johnston --

MRS. J: Bill? Something's happened to Bill?

PRIEST: He -- he's dead, Mrs. Johnston --

(A SCREAM)

(MUSIC: UP AND CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #332

-11-

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(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 there is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

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THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #332

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy 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 ^{SACK} John Boucher -- as he lived it -- and
wrote it --

NARR: It wasn't easy to write your spot story that night, was it
^{SACK} Johnny Boucher? And even after it was written, and you
went home to your own family, you couldn't get it out of
your mind -- three children -- fatherless -- and in less
than a week it would be Christmas Day. No. It wasn't the
kind of a story that ^{you put on} is a page one ~~sensation~~ for a single
day and then ^{forget} is forgotten. No. You went to see Mrs.
Johnston again, the very next morning --

MRS J: (TEARFULLY) ~~Things were going so good, Mr. Boucher, We--~~
we got married when Bill was in the army. ^{M. Boucher} He was on
furlough -- and then I didn't see him for three years --

BOUCHER: Everybody seems to think your husband was quite a fellow--

MRS. J: A saint -- that's what Bill was -- a saint -- what am I
going to do now without him? What? He had the whole
house fixed over for us -- that was why he worked so hard--
two jobs a day--

BOUCHER: You mean to pay it off?

MRS. J: It was nothing when we bought it two years ago -- no heat--
no plumbing -- there was no -- no second floor -- (CRYING
AGAIN) We owe the plumber \$2000 -- there's a mortgage for
\$3,000 -- for years we dreamed of our own house -- and
then we got it -- we got it -- (BREAKS DOWN)

BOUCHER: I'm sorry, Mrs. Johnston -- believe me -- I'm sorry --

MRS. J: I'll -- I'll carry on though -- that's what Bill would want -- I'll go to work -- I'll take care of the children somehow -- No boys ever had a better daddy -- he was a saint, I tell you -- a saint -- Bill was such a wonderful man -----

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Afterwards, you walk back to the paper. It's daylight -- the Christmas lights are off -- but there's still a hurry and a bustle in the streets -- Are you the only one who has time to think of Mrs. Johnston? Is this nothing but another one of those sad incidents that go unnoticed, especially in a busy time of the year like this one? True, a life left this world -- but another one came into it -- and suddenly, you're thinking about the shepherds and kings who brought gifts to a new born baby once upon a time -- But, look around, ^{SACK} Johnny Boucher, where will you find shepherds and kings now?

(MUSIC OUT: TYPING UP)

You come into the city room -- and waiting for you is your editor --

EDITOR:

^{SACK}
Johnny --

BOUCHER:

What? Oh, hello chief --

EDITOR:

Where you been?

BOUCHER:

Up to see Mrs. Johnston -- I couldn't let that story just drop --

EDITOR:

I know. You've had a visitor while you were gone -- He's left already, though --

BOUCHER:

A visitor? Who?

EDITOR: He left this envelope -- it's for you -- open it --
go on--

(PAPER CRINKLE)

BOUCHER: It's money! Two hundred dollars --

EDITOR: It's a contribution -- sit down. I've got something to
tell you. Now listen. ^{This} ~~A~~ gentleman came here -- he read
your story in ^{the} ~~this~~ morning's paper -- he came up here
with those two hundred dollars for Mrs. Johnston --
to help her along in her trouble --

BOUCHER: (EXCITED) ^{It's wonderful} ~~Let me write to him -- let me thank him --~~

EDITOR: He made a suggestion. We should all help. At this time
of the year more than any other -- we should all help
Mrs. Johnston

BOUCHER: Help? ^{But how} ~~What do you mean?~~

EDITOR: By raising some money to help her bring up her family --
by calling for contributions -- by starting the Bill
Johnston Fund -- and these two hundred dollars start it--

BOUCHER: (EXCITED) She's got a mortgage -- debts -- \$5,000 worth --
If we can help pay them off --

EDITOR: Then start writing -- I want a lead story on this --
the Atlantic City Press establishes the Bill Johnston
Fund -- from here on in ^{Jack} ~~Johnny~~ -- this is your baby --

(MUSIC: -- HIT & DOWN) --

NARR: And you started writing. On that first day -- right
alongside of your story -- your editor announced --

(MUSIC: -- OUT) --

EDITOR: The purpose of the Bill Johnston Fund is to raise money and pay off the mortgage and other debts of Bill Johnston's family -- to help them in their time of trouble -- to show that this city and the people in it will think of strangers in this season of giving -- send all contributions to ----

(MUSIC: WASH_OUT)

NARR: You told the facts in your first story on the fund, ^{Jack}~~Johnny~~ Boucher -- and you announced the first contribution -- \$200.00. On the morning the paper hit the streets, you went to see Mrs. Johnston.

BOUCHER: That's it, Mrs. Johnston. The campaign begins today.

MRS. J: And -- and it's for me -- for us?

BOUCHER: Yes.

MRS. J: I -- I don't know how to -- to thank you, Mr. Boucher --

BOUCHER: You don't have to, Mrs. Johnston -- we're doing this because we want to do it --

MRS. J: They -- the -- the children will need so many things -- ~~and every little bit will help~~ -- I'll go out to work ~~though~~ -- I used to be a cashier -- I'll find something -- I'll begin to look next week --

BOUCHER: But you've got a week old baby to look after --

MRS. J: That's why I've got to find work soon -- I know people will...will send -- but it -- it won't be much, Mr. Boucher -- It's Christmastime -- and -- and -- well -- people have their own to think of first. They're too busy to think about a stranger's trouble --

BOUCHER: (FIRMLY) I'm not so sure about that, Mrs. Johnston --

MRS. J: Believe me, I'm grateful, but I don't expect anything--
people are -- well -- wrapped up in their own affairs --
and that's only right. They -- they've got something to--
to have a holiday for -- No. Nothing much will happen,
Mr. Boucher -- and please -- please don't feel badly when
nothing does --

BOUCHER: Listen, Mrs. Johnston -- I don't believe that. You can't
get any closer to the true feelings of people than you
can at this time of the year -- they will respond, #

I'm sure of it
~~know it, I know it!~~

(MUSIC: -- UP INTO "NOEL NOEL")

NARR: But will they? Maybe Mrs. Johnston is right. People are
usually wrapped up in their own affairs. They have their
own to think of first. Yet, as you walk back to your
office you hear the carols -- and you feel in them
revealed the true heart of people -- compassion -- good
will to men -- it's all there in those songs -- it's as
if the songs are revealing the truth -- that kindness --
goodness -- and understanding is really in the world --

(MUSIC: -- OUT: TYPING UP)

You enter the city room and your editor is waiting for
you --

EDITOR: There's something for you, *Jack* ~~Johnny~~ --

BOUCHER: For me? Where?

EDITOR: On your desk -- come on over --

(STEPS: THEN THEY HALT)

BOUCHER: What is it?

EDITOR: Mail -- look at it -- a mountain of mail --

BOUCHER: Money?

EDITOR: For the Bill Johnston Fund! In just one day -- all this mail! People responded, ~~Jimmy~~ ^{Jack} --

BOUCHER: (EXCITED) How much? Has it been figured?

EDITOR: Yep -- it's been figured. You know how much came in? And this is ^{just} the first mail in answer to your story --

BOUCHER: (IMPATIENT) How much? How much?

EDITOR: Twelve hundred dollars -- no, wait a minute -- thirteen hundred -- this newspaper made a \$100 contribution --

BOUCHER: (AWED) \$1300?

EDITOR: And that's only the beginning, ~~Jimmy~~ ^{Jack} -- only the beginning --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Yes -- that was only the beginning -- what you had felt in the Christmas songs -- that spirit of goodness -- was true. Money began to pour into the Bill Johnston Fund -- from all over New Jersey -- and other states -- even from as far away as Texas. People were moved by your stories about Bill Johnston's family -- each day brought more mail -- each day verified your belief in the true feelings of people --

OLD WOMAN: Here is ten dollars for your fund -- I feel that I have eased my heart by doing a little for the Johnstons. When I read about it, I cried as if I knew them. I am a ~~grand~~ grandmother of four -- I have a crib and a mattress in the house - If Mrs. Johnston needs a crib she can gladly have ours --

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

MAN: Dear Sirs--during lunch time a group of us down here in the Coast Guard Repair Shop got together and raised some money for Bill Johnston's family. Here's what we collected -- \$18 ----

NARR: From individuals, businessmen, civic clubs, political organizations, sport clubs -- the mail pours in -- people think only of their own first? Not according to the letters that arrived at the Atlantic City Press --

BOUCHER: (COUNTING) Eight thousand and ten -- eleven -- twelve -- thirteen -- Eight thousand and thirteen dollars to date!

EDITOR: There's another mail due this afternoon -- it'll hit over nine thousand before the day's over, ^{Jack} ~~Tommy~~ --

BOUCHER: And Mrs. Johnston didn't expect much! Look this fund is climbing. We've been functioning as collectors of this money -- but I think it's about time a regular board was set up to administer it --

EDITOR: Like a trust fund?

BOUCHER: Uh-huh. I've done a little inquiring. I spoke to our local bank, they'll handle and administer the money gladly --

EDITOR: Gratis?

BOUCHER: Of course -- they'll be able to clear up that mortgage and those other bills for her --

EDITOR: And there'll be money left over besides -- to give her a monthly income --

BOUCHER: (EXCITED) I've got to tell her -- I've got to get over there and tell her --

(MUSIC: -- UP & OUT)

NARR: You get off the bus and walk toward the Johnston house --
a small stucco building -- looking very quiet. ^{But} How are
you going to tell her all of what's happened? The baby
won't know about it -- the two young children won't
understand what's happening -- maybe years from now they
will -- right now, only their young mother will
understand -- no -- you can't blame her if she cries --
As you stand at her door You've got a lump in your throat, ^{Jack} Johnny Boucher --

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS. J: Oh, Mr. Boucher --

BOUCHER:Q Hello, Mrs. Johnston -- may I come in?

MRS. J: Of course --

(STEPS: DOOR SHUT)

MRS. J: Won't you sit down, ~~Mr.~~ Boucher?

BOUCHER: Sure -- thanks -- how's the baby?

MRS. J: Fine --

BOUCHER: I've got some news for you, Mrs. Johnston -- about the
fund --

MRS. J: (DEPRESSED) Oh. Can -- can I make you a cup of coffee,
~~Mr. Boucher~~ --

BOUCHER: Don't you want to hear what I have to say, first?

MRS. J: (STAMMER) I...I told you not to -- to feel bad, Mr.
~~Boucher~~ -- that it -- it was all right about me -- I can
make ends meet somehow -- I know you tried and I'm
grateful -- (ABRUPT STOP: THEN HOPELESS) I could have
used the money, Mr. Boucher -- I'll admit it -- I could
have used it -- and I don't know what to do now -- I don't-

BOUCHER: Listen -- you don't understand --

MRS. J: I -- I won't forget what you tried to do -- I won't ----

BOUCHER: (BURSTING OUT) Listen, you've got almost nine thousand dollars already!

MRS. J: (WHISPER) What?

BOUCHER: Yes! Nearly nine thousand from all over -- and more is coming in. The bank will handle the money. They'll pay off the mortgage -- and the debts -- people did respond, Mrs. Johnston -- they did find time to think of a stranger! You'll be able to take care of your family now ^{you see} -- people did respond!

(MUSIC: UP & SEQUE INTO CAROLS)

STEINHARDT: (COMING ON) Hello Boucher --

BOUCHER: Oh, Lieut. Steinhardt -- just listening to the carols --

STEINHARDT: They sound any better?

BOUCHER: Much better -- you know, they sound -- well -- newer -- a little different than before -- (LAUGHS) It's as if I never really heard them before --

STEINHARDT: (CURIOUS) You even talk a little different that I've heard you before --

BOUCHER: Maybe that's because I got a special kind of Christmas this year --

STEINHARDT: Oh?

BOUCHER: People -- lieutenant -- people -- You know something? They're pretty good -- in fact, ~~maybe~~ they're wonderful --

STEINHARDT: Uh-huh. How's your campaign going? Is it over?

BOUCHER: Oh no -- it's going on until the Johnstons really become secure -- (THEN SLOWER) Yeah -- people! From me and Mrs. Johnston -- Merry Christmas to ^{them} you -- God bless ^{them} you all!

(CAROL COMES UP STRONG TO)

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from
Jack
John Boucher of the Atlantic City Press with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story --

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #332

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL,

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give
you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL,

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ----- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jack Boucher of the Atlantic City Press.

BOUCHER: Over \$13,000 was contributed to Bill Johnston Fund, mortgage and other outstanding bills were paid off in full and balance of the money made it possible for Mrs. Johnston to draw, along with social security payments sum of \$240 a month for herself and her three small sons. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PALL MALL award.

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

CHAPPELL: At this time, the makers of PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES would like to congratulate Ray Girardin of the Detroit Times for his work in having helped capture three of the thirteen convicts who staged a mass break from the prison at Jackson, Michigan. Mr. Girardin who has already won the PALL MALL Award has again performed a great public service.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes will present another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the Philadelphia Daily News, byline Trudy Prokop. The story of a reporter who lived another woman's life and endangered her own.

(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)

REVISED

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production,
original music composed and conducted by Vladimir
Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by ^{Rafael} ~~Gail~~
^{Nancy} ~~Ingram~~ from an actual story from the pages of the Atlantic
City Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and ^{Dad} ~~Nelson Olmstead~~
played the part of ~~Tom~~ Boucher. 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. Boucher.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Earnest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- This year do something
special for the smokers on your Christmas list. For
exceptional smoking pleasure give them PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy, in the
distinguished red Christmas carton.
And now the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, wish
all of you a very Merry Christmas.
This is NBC...the National Broadcasting Company.

JK/JC
12-16-53

ATK01 0008175

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #333

CAST

NARRATOR

TRUDY

LT. SANDERS

MR. VERNON

GIRL

ANNE

MARTHA WELBY

ROY GRANT

BOB SLOANE

JOAN TOMPKINS

BILL QUINN

COURT BENSON

BRYNA RAEBURN

BRYNA RAEBURN

RUTH YORKE

BILL ZUCKERT

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1953

ATX01 0008176

THE BIG STORY

(Trudy Prokop, Philadelphia Daily News)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT)

VERNON: (~~WELTER~~) (A LITTLE TIRED) And the dresses in our Junior Miss department were especially designed for our store by Caroline Wicker of New York. That's about all the fashion news I have for your column, Trudy.

TRUDY: Thanks, Mr. Vernon. It'll do just fine. I'll have it in tomorrow. *Goodbye*

VERNON: (BEFORE SHE CAN HANG UP) Oh, Trudy.

TRUDY: Yes.

VERNON: (THINKING IT OUT) *Why don't you write* How ~~could you like to do~~ a different type of story than just women's news. A crime story.

TRUDY: Crime story.

VERNON: (WARMING UP TO IT) Yes. All about a racket that few people ever bother to think about but it's big, Trudy. Bigger than anyone imagines.

TRUDY: Sounds interesting.

VERNON: It's more than that. It's important. Trudy, this racket costs the city of Philadelphia over six million dollars a year. And throughout the country..it runs to over a billion. What do you say, Trudy. You think there's a story in it?

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Philadelphia Daily News, the Big Story of a reporter who lived another woman's life and endangered her own. Tonight, to Trudy Prokop, for her Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #333

OPENING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking --

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(MAN
SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL the cigarette that's
longer and finer, too -- the finest quality money can buy.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further -- and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
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CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
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HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding".

HARRICE: And - they are mild.

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Trudy Prokop's story, as she lived it.

NAR: It began out of nowhere. All you'd done, Trudy Prokop, was to ask a department store manager for some fashion news to write ^{about} in your column. But the really important thing he'd given you was a riddle. What racket costs the city of Philadelphia six million dollars a year and throughout the country, over a billion. You haven't wasted time in going after the answer ~~for~~ here, in the office of Detective Lieutenant Will Sanders, you've found a man who knows ^{it} them.

WILL: It's the ~~straight~~ truth all right. That's just what the shoplifting racket hauls in every year.

TRUDY: It seems incredible, Lieutenant. I always thought of a shoplifter as...well...just a small time thief.

WILL: That's just one type, Trudy. People who steal merchandise from stores fall into a great many categories. ~~If you begin at the top, you run into the large well organized gangs. They've got this thing down to a science. They develop systems to avoid being caught...they design clothes that hide most anything you can swipe off a counter.~~

TRUDY: But ^{why can't the} police ~~can~~ watch ~~for~~ them...arrest them?

WILL: It's not that simple. Arresting a shoplifter can be one of the toughest jobs we have.

TRUDY: Why.

WILL: You've got to be a hundred and fifty percent sure ~~that the~~
~~person you're arresting is really a shoplifter.~~ That they
took something with the definite intention of not paying
for it.

TRUDY: But if they've got the merchandise on them...

WILL: Well, if they're still in the store they can claim they
were going to buy it. Then the store winds up with a
lawsuit for false arrest. (A LITTLE ANGRY) That's the
main trouble. People feel they're going to get away with
it...so they go right on doing it. ~~So called nice people~~
~~A woman in for a day of shopping. She sees something on a~~
~~counter, no one is looking, and a second later it's in~~
~~her pocket.~~

TRUDY: That can't happen too often.

WILL: More than you think. ~~But the worst part of the whole~~
~~problem are the kids. Boys and girls in their teens.~~
~~They drift through the stores helping themselves to~~
~~everything in sight. And people are always ready to buy~~
~~what the kids peddle. Some more of our so called nice,~~
~~respectable people. Trudy, it's a rat race. The kids~~
~~see they're getting away with it so they come back for~~
~~more.~~

TRUDEY: (DISTURBED) ~~If they find it so easy, why can't they go on~~
~~to bigger things. More serious crimes.~~

WILL: They often do. Too often. (TIRED) I don't know, Trudy.
You ever see a brush fire. You put out one part of it ..
~~then it starts up someplace else. This whole shoplifting~~
Everybody is mixed up in it.
~~market is like that. Professional crooks...housewives...~~
kids. ~~They're all mixed up in it.~~

(MORE)

WILL: ~~People ought to know about it.~~ *It's a* What a dirty business ~~it is~~
(CONT'D) how it corrupts and hurts everyone it touches. ~~Yeah~~

It
Trudy: People ought to know. ~~About it~~
(MUSIC: *Yes* UP AND SEGUE TO) *People ought to know!*

(DEPT STORE B.G...ESTABLISH THEN UNDER)

VERNON: ~~You won't be wasting your time. Trudy. Just keep walking~~
~~around the store with me. You'll see a shoplifter in action.~~ *Trudy*
~~Unfortunately, I can practically guarantee it.~~ *Yes Mr. Vernon*

TRUDY: ~~I have to see for myself, Mr. Vernon. It can't be as bad as~~
it sounds.

VERNON: You haven't been living with the problem. Not the way I
have...or anyone else who runs a store in this city. And
I don't just mean a big place like this one. Small
merchants take five times the loss we do. People don't have
scruples when it comes to shoplifting. They don't care whom
they put it over on. (WARNING) Trudy.

TRUDY: ~~What is it?~~

VERNON: *Watch* Those two men and that woman. ~~See them.~~ *The ones* Near the coat
racks.

TRUDY: ~~Yes.~~

VERNON: ~~Watch them.~~

TRUDY: You mean...you mean they're shoplifters.

VERNON: Oldtimers too.

TRUDY: But they're no more than twenty...anyone of them.

VERNON: Just keep your eye on them.

TRUDY: What are they going to do.

VERNON: Those are ladies coats...so the girl will do the actual
stealing.

TRUDY: And the boys.

VERNON: They're the shields. It's their job to look out for the store detectives. Here, let's get behind these racks.

TRUDY: But we can't see them now.

VERNON: Yes, we can. There....see her feet beneath the coats on the rack.

TRUDY: What's she doing.

VERNON: Any second now she'll lean down and put one of our coats under her own. (TENSE) Watch her now...

TRUDY: She's doing it.

VERNON: (WARNING) Trudy....Don't walk out in the aisle.

TRUDY: What's the matter.

VERNON: It's too late. They've seen you. Comon.

(THEY WALK QUICKLY)

GIRL: (FADING ON) I don't think I like these coats, Harold. Let's go see if we can't buy something else.

VERNON: Excuse me, Miss.

GIRL: What is it.

VERNON: If you're interested in these coats, perhaps I can help you.

GIRL: I don't think so. I was just telling my fiancee and my brother that I don't like these styles. I really came in for a sweater.

VERNON: That's in the next aisle, Miss.

GIRL: Thank you. Comon, fellows.

(~~THEY WALK OFF~~)

TRUDY: ~~Mr. Vernon. I'm sorry. If they hadn't seen me watching, you'd have caught them with the coat.~~

VERNON: ~~I'm not too sure, Trudy. The minute one of our people had spotted them, they'd have gotten rid of the evidence.~~

TRUDY: ~~But you'd better watch them. They're liable to steal something else.~~

VERNON: Not on this trip. As a matter of fact, they're going to behave like our very best customers. Look at them now.

TRUDY: They're talking to the salesgirl at the sweater counter.

VERNON: And as you see, they're actually buying one. Trying to show they're really customers. Trudy, they've got enough nerve for twenty people. Everytime they think they'd gotten away with it, they'll try to steal more and more. They're not doing our business any good but the real things they're ~~ruining...are their own lives~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You go to other stores, Trudy Prokop, and everywhere the picture is the same. Thousands of people are involved. This calls for a story. Not just one article to be read and then forgotten in the rush of the day's news. This, is an entire series...For you've got to expose the whole ugly racket. Who's in it...how it operates. And as you think about it...you know there's only one way you can really write this story.

~~(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)~~

WILL: What do you want that information for, Trudy.

TRUDY: Oh, it's just my way of doing a story, Lieutenant.

WILL: An interview with a reformed shoplifter, that it.

TRUDY: Exactly.

WILL: That all you have in mind?

TRUDAY: What do you mean.

WILL: I'm not quite sure. But I've known you long enough to tell if you're holding something back.

TRUDY: All I want the woman for is to tell me the inside on the racket. ~~How it doesn't pay, and how people could take a lesson from her.~~

WILL: It sounds all right, Trudy but don't let it go any further than that.

TRUDY: I don't understand.

WILL: Don't have her take you into a store and give you a demonstration.

TRUDY: How could I do a thing like that.

WILL: You're a pretty persuasive girl, Trudy. And you've proved it right now.

TRUDY: You'll give me the name of someone?

WILL: I don't think this woman will object. She's ~~rather penitent~~ ^{sorry} about her past. When I first met her she was a ~~fabulously~~ ^{very} successful shoplifter. But after she was caught and went to prison...she came out a different person. ~~She'll do a great deal to make amends.~~

TRUDY: I'll see her right away.

WILL: Here's her name and address. And Trudy.

TRUDY: Yes, Lieutenant.

WILL: Don't try anything foolish.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Does he really know what you're going to do. No. He can't. Otherwise he'd have stopped you. But you've made up your mind. Go on. Get started. See this woman and get ready to answer her when she asks...

MARPHA: ~~What do you want from me, Miss Prokop?~~

(MUSIC: HITS...OUT)

MARTHA: Well, what did you come to see me about. *Miss Prokop*

TRUDY: This is going to sound crazy, Mrs. Welby but I'm not playing a joke on you or anything.

MARTHA: I've read your column, ~~Miss Prokop~~. I can't understand what you would want with me.

TRUDY: I need your help, Mrs. Welby.

MARTHA: Help.

TRUDY: Yes, In a series I'm going to write. (SLIGHT BEAT, STRONGER) Mrs. Welby, I want you to help me become a shoplifter.

MARTHA: ~~Miss Prokop~~. *Are you crazy?*

TRUDY: I mean it. *Just* The only way I can really tell people about this whole racket is to learn it from the inside. To try to feel the way a shoplifter does...why he does it. And to learn his tricks. You can show me how to do it.

MARTHA: (ANGRY) No. I won't.. I'm through with the whole thing. You've no right coming here.

TRUDY: I'm not asking you to go with me...or do anything. Just to tell me things...to teach me.

MARTHA: You are crazy.

TRUDY: Mrs. Welby, I went through a few stores yesterday, I saw a little of what goes on. It's important for people to know about it. And I want to do it the best way I know how.

MARTHA: But why me. I had enough. I'm trying to forget it.

TRUDY: But you can help...~~and I know you want to.~~

MARTHA: I went to jail, Miss Prokop. And I had to leave my *kids* ~~children~~. You know what that means. It killed me. I cried a hundred nights before I made up my mind I still had a chance to do right by them. I want nothing to do with it anymore...not even to talk about it. So don't ask me...don't ask me again.

TRUDY: How many other people are like you once were. Thinking they ^{we can help them} could get away with it. We can get to them, Mrs. Welby? You and me. Teach me enough to get me into the racket. That's all I ask. Please. Will you.

MARTHA: (SLIGHT BEAT) I don't know. I just don't know.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The idea was wild. You knew it the second it came into your mind. But you had to try it. To become a criminal yourself. How better to do a story...than to be what you write about. Well...you tried...and that was something.

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

Your office phone. Pick it up.

TRUDY: Hello.

MARTHA: (FILTER) Miss Prokop.

TRUDY: Yes. (ALERT) Is this Mrs. Welby.

MARTHA: I won't help you, Miss Prokop. I just can't have anything to do with it anymore. Please understand.

TRUDY: (DOWN) Sure. But thanks anyway.

MARTHA: I...I have an idea for you though. If you'd want to hear it.

TRUDY: Of course.

MARTHA: If you really want to get into it like you say..

TRUDY: I do...

MARTHA: I know a booster who's in jail on the coast. His wife's out there, too.

TRUDY: Yes.

MARTHA: My idea was you could act as this fellow's wife.

TRUDY: His wife.

MARTHA: That's right. So happens you look like her. You could go to a fence I know...tell him you're this ^{fellow's wife} girl and say you want to work into the racket. You might get away with it. If you do...you'd have yourself that story. It's up to you, though.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You wanted to think about it...but you couldn't. Either you were in this or you weren't. Result? You were...and now, you're outside the apartment door of the man Mrs. Welby said was a fence. You've changed your hair style, your clothes. You're ready to take on another woman's life.

(DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS)

It's too late now. Almost by reflex, you pressed the buzzer. Got it all straight. You sure. The whole story. Your name ...where you come from. Mrs. Welby briefed you on all the details. Don't forget them or....

(DOOR OPENS)

GRANT: Yeah.

TRUDY: You Roy Grant.

GRANT: (LIKES HER LOOKS) I could be.

TRUDY: I'm Helen Moore.

GRANT: So.

TRUDY: Eddie Moore's wife.

GRANT: (SLIGHT BEAT. SIZING HER UP) Comon in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

GRANT: How is Eddie

TRUDY: He'd like to move.

GRANT: How much longer's he got.

TRUDY: Two years.

GRANT: And you've got nothin' to do 'til then. Big shame.

TRUDY: In the meantime I need some money in the register. I lifted some furs.

GRANT: Why tell me.

TRUDY: You're goin' to buy them.

GRANT: I am?

TRUDY: All of a sudden you went out of business?

GRANT: Who told you about me.

TRUDY: I said I was Eddie Moore's wife, didn't I.

GRANT: Are you.

TRUDY: Don't you hear all right.

GRANT: Maybe you're married to Eddie Moore and maybe you're not.

I don't know myself. I never met the lady.

TRUDY: I've got some furs to sell. You want to buy them or do I get off at another station.

GRANT: Sit down, darling. We'll make a deal. First I want to make a phone call.

TRUDY: I'm in a hurry.

GRANT: But this phone call is important. I want to make sure you're who you say you are. Now, this fellow, he knows what Helen Moore looks like. Suppose I ask him.

(BEGINS TO DIAL)

You don't mind, do you, darling.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMM)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(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 there's no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest
quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Because this longer, finer cigarette gives you cooler,
sweeter smoking.

(MORE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL CONTINUED

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking. Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: You'll discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Buy 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 Trudy Prokop, as she lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: You've taken the big step, and now there's no turning back. Here, in the apartment of Roy Grant, a receiver of stolen goods, you're posing as the wife of a man in jail. But he's made a phone call to check up on you. What's going to happen.

GRANT: Yeah, Harry. She's a blonde. Kind of a small doll... uh huh, I see. What else you know about her. Go on... I'm listening.

NARR: What's that fellow telling him. You'd better run...run now. But he's next to the door. He can stop you. Nothing you can do now. Nothing.

GRAN: All right, Harry. I appreciate what you told me. I'm goin' to be able to use it. I'll see you.

(HANGS UP AND WALKS A FEW SLOW STEPS)

GRANT: (SLIGHT BEAT) My friend Harry. He says I should treat you right. You're a nice girl, darling. Harry told me.

TRUDY: You think you've wasted enough time now.

GRAN: Where's your hurry.

TRUDY: I'm broke and I want to sell those furs.

GRANT: Where are they.

TRUDY: A friend's apartment.

GRAN: Okay, I'll be around.

TRUDY: Can't you come now.

GRANT: I said I'll be around. If you want to wait..okay. If not, find yourself another boy.

TRUDY: I'll wait. But if you could make it today...

GRANT: You're rushing me, darling. And that gets me nervous. You want to live long then you have to live easy. You go on home now. I'll be there.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: But will he. Will he come here to your apartment. Maybe he has caught on that you're not really Helen Moore. This is just his way of easing you out of the picture. Your opening to break into the shoplifting racket is closing up fast.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Listen.

(KNOCKING REPEATS)

What are you waiting for. Answer it.

(STEPS TO DOOR, OPENS)

GRANT: Hello, darling.

(DOOR CLOSES)

GRANT: Your friend home?

TRUDY: She's out of town.

GRANT: Okay, let's do business. Where are the furs.

TRUDY: In the closet. Over here.

(STEPS TO DOOR...IT OPENS)

TRUDY: Go on. Take a look.

NARR: These are your own things but he can't possibly know that. The beaver coat, the sable scarf, the mink stoll. Your pride and joy.

GRANT: Quite a collection, darling. Let's take them out into the light.

NARR: You can't really sell them. You worked years to save enough money to buy them. (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D) Yet, that's why you asked him here...to sell the furs.
How do you get out of this one.

GRANT: Yeah, I can take these off your hands. How about a
hundred and twenty five dollars.

TRUDY: Are you kidding.

GRANT: A hundred and twenty five.

TRUDY: They're worth at least fifteen hundred dollars.

GRANT: How do you know.

TRUDY: I...I saw the price tags, didn't I.

GRANT: Well...since the old man's doing time, I'll give you a
break. Another fifty dollars.

TRUDY: That's still not enough.

GRANT: You said you were broke, didn't you.

TRUDY: I could get more with a tin cup.

GRANT: (LAUGHS) Maybe you could.

TRUDY: Raise the ante.

GRANT: You've got my price. Like they say...take it or leave it.
(SLIGHT BEAT) Well.

TRUDY: I'll try another place. If I don't get more, you can
fence it for me.

GRANT: Darling, I'll tell you something.

TRUDY: What.

GRANT: You're goin' to see me again.

TRUDY: Am I.

GRANT: Sure. Your husband's away and he's stayin' for a long
time. You need somebody. And you like me, darling. Don't
you. You like me a lot.

(PHONE RINGS)

GRANT: Great time for a phone call. Don't answer it.

TRUDY: I'd better.

(LIFTS IT)

TRUDY: Hello...

VERNON: (FILTER) Trudy...

TRUDY: Yes.

VERNON: Fred Vernon. Say, I've been trying to get you at the office. You're not sick or anything, are you.

TRUDY: No.

VERNON: I picked up some fashion news in New York this morning. Thought you'd like to hear what I've got.

TRUDY: I'm, I'm sorry...but I'm awfully busy now. I'll speak to you some other time.

VERNON: (TAKEN ABACK) It'll only take a second.

GRANT: Who is it.

TRUDY: Please excuse me.

VERNON: You sure you're all right, Trudy.

TRUDY: Yes, yes fine. Thank you. ~~Really, I have to leave now.~~
~~I'm sorry.~~ Goodbye.

(HANGS UP)

GRANT: When are you comin' over to see me.

TRUDY: Soon.

GRANT: I can do a lot for you, *Trudy* ~~darling.~~ ~~Keep me in mind.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You try to live two lives, they're bound to collide. Stay away from your apartment, Trudy Prokop. If Roy Grant comes back here...if he meets someone who knows you're with a newspaper...your inside story is out the window. And worse what will Roy Grant do to you. But there's no room for argument. You're Helen Moore...no one else. So go to Roy Grant and be what you say you are. A criminal.

(MUSIC: HITS AND OUT)

GRANT: How'd you make out with the furs.

TRUDY: I unloaded the sable and the mink for a hundred and seventy five.

GRANT: And the beaver coat.

TRUDY: I'm keeping that. It's getting cold and I can use it.

GRANT: You're what.

TRUDY: Keeping it. For myself.

GRANT: Listen, didn't your husband teach you anything. Never wear something you lift ~~up~~... It's an invitation to the cops. You steal something...it's hot...get rid of it. (CURIOSLY) How'd you get those furs anyway.

TRUDY: I just put them over my arm and walked out.

GRANT: Darling, next time I go to the track, you stand next to me. Your last name's luck. Put them over your arm and walked out. I never heard of that.

TRUDY: What was I going to do. I told you I needed money.

GRANT: You need lesons. Startin' with kindergarten.

TRUDY: Who's going to teach me.

GRANT: You know Anna Simpson.

TRUDY: No.

GRANT: She makes things disapppear better than a magician. Comon. I want you to meet her.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

GRANT: Well, what do you think, Anna. Can she do it?

ANNA: She's got a pair of hands, hasn't she?

GRANT: Nice ones.

TRUDY: Roy says you're the best in the business, Anna. He says you can teach me better than anyone he knows.

ANNA: I could.

GRANT: A favor to me, Ana. Besides, she can come in real handy.
A new face in the stores. She could go for plenty.

ANNA: (STUDYING HER) Eddie Moore's wife, eh.

TRUDY: That's right.

ANNA: I knew Eddie. Didn't hear he got married.

GRANT: I ran a check on her, Anna. She's in the crowd.

TRUDY: I can use the ^{dough} racket. I'm down to my last dime.

ANNA: Grant.

GRANT: Yeah.

ANNA: Over here a second.

GRANT: Sure.

(WALKING OFF A FEW FEET. ANNA AND GRANT'S
MURMURED CONVERSATION IS JUST INAUDIBLE. WE
STRAIN TO HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING BUT IT IS
JUST A LOW PITCHED MURMUR)

NARR: How many doors have to open before you get to the real part
of the story. The way the shoplifting racket works. You
need details, tricks, schemes...everything that goes into it.
This woman is a professional, one of the really skilled ones.
If only she'll accept you. Careful. (GUARDED) They're
coming back. What's she going to say.

(STEPS COME BACK ON)

ANNA: (BRIEFLY) I'll teach you.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

ANNA: If it's a store that hasn't had much trouble, you can walk
in with an empty suitcase and fill it as you go through
the place. Sometimes, nerve does pay off. But ^{here} ~~these~~ are
some of the things that are always safe.

(more)

ANNA:
(CONT'D)

Like these stockings with elastic tops. Be surprised what you can stuff in there. A day when it's cloudy you can always take along an umbrella like this one. Just hang it from your arm and shove something into it quick... like this. Go on...let me see you practice. This is a counter and these are bottles of perfume. Walk up to it.. and get five bottles into the umbrella. Go on now.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

ANNA: This is what I had the dressmaker fit you up ^{with} for.

TRUDY: What is it.

ANNA: It's a trick skirt with hidden pockets. Spread it out. Take a look at it.

TRUDY: It opens up like an accordion.

ANNA: That skirt will let you walk out of a store with hundreds of dollars worth of merchandise. Coats, dresses...you just name it. This skirt will hide them all.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: It's a profession ^{better} ~~more well~~ organized than you ever could have imagined. Devices and tricks to prove that the hand is quicker than the eye. Now, the second course begins. Methods of operation.

(MUSIC: ~~RISES AND OUT~~)

ANNA: To work it out real good, you need two people. One is called the shield. He screens the whole job. Talks to the clerk or gets in his way. Anything to give the booster...the one who swipes the stuff...the time he needs to pick it up. This is going to take a lot of practice so we'll get Grant to make out he's a salesman...and you and me can work a pair, switching off as booster and shield. You're going to do all right.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It goes on for almost a week. Dozens of rehearsals. And through it all, you know one sure fact. They're going to take you on a job...make you commit an actual crime. What will you do then. Well, the answer isn't that difficult, Trudy Prokop. You know what you'll have to do. Tell the police. No sense in waiting any longer either. ~~Soon as you leave your hotel here, get into a phone booth and call Lieutenant Sanders.~~ ^{better} Let him know about Anna ^{and Roy} Grant. When they take you on a job, he'll be able to arrest them.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Who could that be? Betty answers it.
~~Must be the bellhop with your morning paper.~~

(STEPS TO DOOR) (DOOR OPENS)

GRANT: Hello, Darling.
 TRUDY: Grant.
 GRANT: How nice you look this morning.
 TRUDY: What are you doing here.
 GRANT: I'm all ready for the big day.
 TRUDY: I don't ~~understand~~ ^{get it}.
 GRANT: This is it, darling. You're going on your first job.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ANNA: You explained the whole setup to her, didn't you, Grant.
 GRANT: All the way back here to my place.
 ANNA: She looks a little nervous.
 TRUDY: I feel all right.
 ANNA: You know more now than half the boosters in the business.

TRUDY: We have to go today?
GRANT: I told you.
TRUDY: But I promised to see some people.
GRANT: See them tomorrow.
ANNA: Its now or never. ~~I've wasted enough time teaching you
all this week.~~
GRANT: Let's get started.
(DOOR BUZZER)
ANNA: Who's here this early.
GRANT: (ANNOYED) I don't know. Some stupid booster. I must be
fencing for half the characters in town.
ANNA: Well, get rid of him. We've got a whole day's work to do.
GRANT: All right, Anna.
(DOOR OPENS)
WILL: Police. You Roy Grant.
GRANT: What is this.
WILL: You're under arrest. You too, Miss Simpson.
ANNA: For what.
WILL: I imagine all that merchandise in there will be enough
reason. You all right, Trudy.
TRUDY: Fine, Lieutenant, (RELIEVED) Now especially.
GRANT: Trudy. Her name's Helen Moore.
WILL: I'm afraid not, Grant. She's Trudy Prokop of the Daily
News.
ANNA: Her.
GRANT: What a swindle.
TRUDY: Remember when I made that phone call in the hotel lobby.
I said I had to break an appointment at the beauty parlor.
I really called the Lieutenant here.

GRANT: I don't believe it. I still don't believe it.

WILL: She's quite an actress.

GRANT: That's the whole trouble.

TRUDY: Trouble?

GRANT: (WISTFUL) Yeah, As a shoplifter ... *Baby* ~~Darling~~ you would have been wonderful. Just wonderful.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Trudy Prokop of the Philadelphia Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMM)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking. Let your throat
(GIRL SOLO) enjoy PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: There is no substitute for PELL MELL - the finest quality
money can buy. No other cigarette of any length can give
you the pleasure you get from PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Compare PELL MELL with any short cigarette. PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos
filters the smoke further - and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Compare PELL MELL with any long cigarette. PELL MELL is
finer - the finest quality money can buy. Fine tobacco
is its own best filter for smoother, sweeter smoking.
Moreover, the better a cigarette is packed, the better it
filters the smoke on the way to your throat.

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy PELL MELL - the cigarette that
changed America's smoking habits.

HARRICE: Discover a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers.

CHAPPELL: Get the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now, we read you that telegram from Trudy Prokop of the Philadelphia Daily News.

TRUDY: Evidence found in Roy Grant's apartment resulted in the conviction of several shoplifters and destroyed the gang. My series of articles helped focus attention on terrible cost of entire racket. In cooperation with Better Business Bureau, merchants ^{are} organized ^{ing} a Stores Protective Association. Public indignation also resulted in bill now pending before State Legislature to facilitate arrests for shoplifting. Thank you very much for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Alexandria, La. Town Talk, by-line Wallace Beene. The ^{big} story of a reporter ^{who} found a self-made prison from which there was

no escape.

(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 Alvin
Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the
Philadelphia Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and
Joan Tompkins played the part of Trudy Prokop. 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 Prokop.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Earnest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PHIL. MELL. FAMOUS CIGARETTES -- *the finest quality money can buy.*
all a Very Happy New Year. ~~and~~ wishing you one and
This is NBC...The National Broadcasting Company.

Margo/Peggy