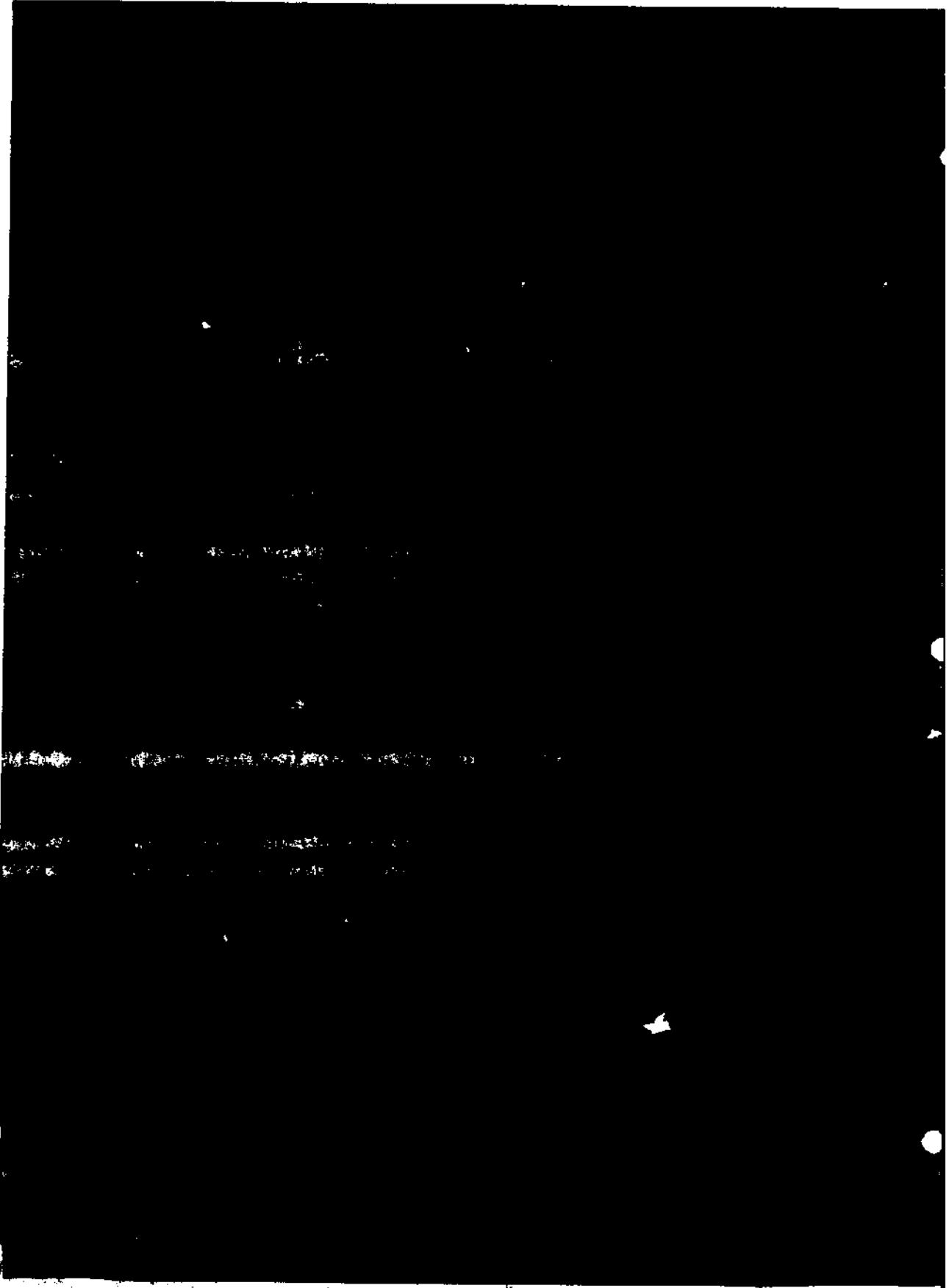


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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #331

CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

WALLY

GLEN WOODS

IRIS

JOAN LAZAR

GEORGE

FRANK SUTTON

MILLER

GUY REPP

CAPT. RYMAN

CHUCK WEBSTER

JACOB

SCOTT TENNYSON

MARY

EDLEN MOIR

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1954

THE BIG STORY

(Wallace Beene, Alexandria (La) Daily Town Talk)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE...CUP)

GEORGE: (TWENTY YEARS OLD, IS LOCKED IN A TIGHT EMBRACE, SPEAKING IN AN ALMOST HALF WHISPER)

I still can't believe it. We're married. Really married. Honey...kiss me? (BEAT) To love somebody...it's the best thing in the whole world. Iris, I love you. Love you.

IRIS: (A VERY YOUNG VOICE. SIMPLICITY) George?

GEORGE: That guy inside. He must've married hundreds of people. But nobody counts ~~except~~ <sup>but</sup> He didn't realize. He... didn't know we were different.

IRIS: George, you won't forget, will you.

GEORGE: What, honey.

IRIS: The things you promised me.

GEORGE: I meant what I said. You ~~could be~~ ~~know~~. I'm always going to take care of you. You're my wife, Iris. My wife.

IRIS: You weren't fooling about the money, were you, George?

GEORGE: No, Iris.

IRIS: But we got none now. How you going to get it.

GEORGE: ~~Somebody~~.

IRIS: ~~How?~~

GEORGE: You'll see. Don't worry. You're going to have everything. Everything you want.

(MUSIC: HITS, GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Alexandria, Louisiana. It is authentic and is offered as tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FIAT) From the pages of the Alexandria Daily Town Talk, the story of a reporter who found a self made prison, from which there was no escape. Tonight, to Wallace Beene, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #334

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 AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Alexandria, Louisiana. The story as it actually happened. Wallace Beene's story, as he lived it.

NARR: This is no story you have to dig out of the files, Wallace Beene..for this is the one you remember. Keep thinking about. And how are you ever going to forget it. When it began you didn't know about it. You weren't there. It was morning. A Tuesday. And while you sat

*She had dark hair. And she was pretty when she smiled it was nice and Mr. Miller he listened to what she was saying*  
Girl was walking into Miller's Department Store?

IRIS: I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Miller. I know you usually don't cash checks before the end of the week but I had to have an advance on my pay and Mr. Baxter, he knows we've got sickness at home so he let me have this check himself.

MILLER: It's a shame someone's sick, Miss...(APOLOGIZING)...I'm sorry but I can't make your name out too well on this check.

IRIS: Helen Wilson.

MILLER: Oh, yes. That "l" looked sort of like a "t."

IRIS: Sure would appreciate your cashing the check, Mr. Miller. It'd be a real big favor.

MILLER: You work for Mr. Baxter, that it.

IRIS: In the office. Yes sir.

MILLER: Well, I think we can manage to accommodate you.

IRIS: I always buy in your store, Mr. Miller.

MILLER: It's all right, Miss Wilson. I really don't mind helping you out. (TURNING CHECK OVER) ~~You've endorsed it already, I see.~~

IRIS: ~~Is that all right.~~

MILLER: Of course. (TO SOMEONE JUST OFF) Mr. Hanley, would you let me have the cash for this check, please. Thank you. (TO IRIS) You said someone was sick at home.

IRIS: My father.

MILLER: Not serious, I hope.

IRIS: The doctor can't tell.

(CASH REGISTER RINGS OFF)

MILLER: Well, I'm sure he'll be all right.

IRIS: He can't work anymore. He had an accident a couple of years ago.

MILLER: ~~That's too bad. (TO HIS EMPLOYEE) Thanks, Mr. Hanley.~~

Here you are, ~~Miss Miller~~. Forty one dollars and nine cents.

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

MILLER: It was my pleasure.

IRIS: Goodbye.

MILLER: (FADING OFF) Goodbye.

(IRIS WALKS THRU THE STORE AND THE REVOLVING DOOR PUSHES AS SHE EXITS TO THE STREET. WE HEAR THE STREET B.G. SHE WALKS SEVERAL FEET IN THE STREET THEN STOPS)

GEORGE: How'd you make out, Iris.

IRIS: It was so easy, George. So easy. Look, here's the money.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)



NAIGG:

The first you knew about it, Wellson Beene, was three days later when you walked into police headquarters and saw Arnold Miller. He asked directions to the office of Captain Ryman. You gave him an answer, and then, a question of your own.

BEENE:

Why do you want to see the Captain, Mr. Miller. Something to do with the store.

MILLER:

It sure has. *A girl just* someone passed a *check* check on me.

(MUSIC:

UP AND BRIDGE)

CAPT:

Well, you've got lots of company, Mr. Miller. Here are seven other checks, all passed in different stores.

MILLER:

But she was such a sweet young girl.

BEENE:

That check with the other victims, Captain Ryman.

CAPT:

Like it was a record, Wally. (REPEATING) Nicest girl you'd ever want to see.

MILLER:

Makes a man feel downright foolish, being taken by a little crook that way.

CAPT:

We're after her, Mr. Miller. You can be assured of that.

MILLER:

How much did she get, Captain?

CAPT:

These checks add up to over five hundred dollars.

MILLER:

Least I wasn't the only one. Well 'til you fellows see the girl. You'll look at that baby face and you won't believe she did it. Well, *one got to get back to the store.* nothing more I can do here.

You'll let me know what happens, won't you, Captain.

CAPT:

You'll have to identify her.

MILLER:

It'll be a pleasure. Goodbye, Mr. Beene, Captain.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

BEENE:

There goes the most surprised man in town. Captain, say I see those checks.

CAPT:

Help yourself, Wally.

BEENE: (STUDYING THEM) Wonder why she picked Baxter's name for the signature.

CAPT: That's easy. Respectable business man. Anyone would honor his signature.

BEENE: Anything in your files for this name, Helen Wilson.

CAPT: No. It's obviously a phoney. But there's one thing those checks do tell us.

BEENE: What's that.

CAPT: The girl's working with someone. The endorsements were written with a different hand than the signatures.

BEENE: Captain, may I use your phone. I'd like to call in my story.

CAPT: Afraid not, Wally.

BEENE: (IS HE KIDDING) What.

CAPT: And don't use the public phone either. These forgers may still be around. I don't want them scared off with a story in the paper.

BEENE: I thought for a minute you were on an economy drive.

CAPT: Of course I can't stop you from printing it, Wally.

BEENE: You asked me. That's enough.

CAPT: Thanks.

BEENE: What's your next step.

CAPT: Notify as many storekeepers as possible.

BEENE: Sitting on <sup>the</sup> story like this. <sup>So</sup> It's going to take patience. (Phone rings) Capt Ryman ... *I sure would like to find out now about the girl* ... *Yes ... Oh I see*

CAPT: ~~Can you wait?~~

BEENE: Only if I can do something in the meantime.

CAPT: Like what.

BEENE: ~~Helping you find them.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: This isn't cops and robbers, Wallace Beene. That's the job of the police. What you want is to find out about the girl. And the more you hear about her, the more you want to know.

(MUSIC: RISES. UNDER)

MAN: I've got a rule in my store, Mr. Beene. Only myself or the manager can approve the cashing of checks. Well, when the salesman rang for me to come over to his counter, first thing I saw was this girl. Looked like she just came from school. Nice, sweet smile. Inside of a minute I felt like I was talking to my own daughter. Said her brother was sick, that's why Mr. Baxter gave her this special check in advance. Now, how can you say no to a thing like that. All the years I've been in business no one's ever fooled me like that. How do you make sense out of it. Why would a nice girl like her do something like this? What's her reason?

(MUSIC: RISES. UNDER)

NARR: They all ask it. Every storekeeper you see. What's behind it. Why is she doing it. Maybe it's a girl whose story is true. Maybe someone in the family really is sick. They want to believe her. A girl like her. She couldn't be a thief.

(PHONE RINGS. IT IS LIFTED)

BEENE: City Room. Beene speaking.

CAPT: (FILTER) Ryman, Wally.

BEENE: Yes Captain.

CAPT: *You may get your wind Wally*  
~~Such news about the girl.~~ She just passed two more checks.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

IRIS: How much money is it now, George.

GEORGE: These last two make it seven hundred.

IRIS: I never saw no much money, George.

GEORGE: Neither did I.

IRIS: You going to make some more checks.

GEORGE: I don't know, Iris.

IRIS: But you have to, George.

GEORGE: Sweetheart, we've got all this money.

IRIS: It's not enough.

GEORGE: You just said it was more in your own hand.

IRIS: It is so easy, George. So easy to get more. The way you write all those checks. People just giving us money.

GEORGE: Iris, let's just stay here awhile. My friend Raymond rented us this room. We can live here. He real comfortable.

IRIS: You didn't promise me nothing like this, George. You said I could have everything I want.

GEORGE: You will, Iris. I swear it.

IRIS: Well, you can't do it just sitting in this old room. George, you just got to write some more checks.

GEORGE: Sweetheart, I don't want us to get in no trouble.

IRIS: How. No one ever says anything to me when I give them a check. They're as nice as can be.

GEORGE: Iris, you don't understand. We've got enough to go on for awhile. I want to stay here. With you. The two of us together. I don't want nothing else.

IRIS: It's not all I want. *No home*

GEORGE: I ain't never had a home, Iris. A real home. With you, I'm goin' to have one. Sweetheart, let's just stay here.

IRIS: George, I was going to have things. You promised.

GEORGE: I meant it.

IRIS: Then you got to show me, George. You do what you said you would.

GEORGE: Iris.

IRIS: We're doing good now. I don't want us to stop.

GEORGE: I'm just saying to wait awhile, that's all, sweetheart.  
~~wait a little while.~~

IRIS: ~~Phone said on time for that, George. We have to do a~~  
~~lot of things.~~

GEORGE: We keep runnin' all the time, something's going to happen.

IRIS: George, you never did mean all those things you said.

GEORGE: I did.

IRIS: Then you better show me, George. You show me now.

GEORGE: Iris, where you going.

IRIS: You want to know, George.

GEORGE: You're not going to leave me?

IRIS: Why shouldn't I.

GEORGE: Don't talk like that.

IRIS: Then do what you said. Now.

GEORGE: Don't ever leave me. Not even for a minute. I can't bear to be away from you. Iris, how I love you.  
(BRAT AS HE KISSES HER) I'll do anything for you.  
Anything.

IRIS: All right, George. Now you write some more of those checks. It's so easy, George.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MARY: A girl forging checks. How would I know anything about that, Mr. Beene.

WALLY: *You* Were you in Ann Lowrey's Beauty Parlor yesterday afternoon, Mary.

MARY: That's right. ~~Would you know.~~

WALLY: I saw your name in the appointment book ~~down at the~~  
~~shop.~~

MARY: ~~You've got me all mixed up, Mr. Beene.~~

WALLY: It's this way, Mary. There's a girl been going around town passing forged checks. Yesterday she passed one on Ann Lowrey, just about the time you were there. Reason I came right down here to your office is to see if you ~~could help me.~~

MARY: *Well, so*  
WALLY: *Will she pass one while you were there*  
Do you remember any other girl in the shop?

MARY: I was in the back booth, Mr. Beene. ~~Jeanie was~~  
~~for Ann, was shampooing my hair.~~ Wasn't much I could see ~~of anything.~~

WALLY: (DISAPPOINTED) ~~A see.~~ *oh*

MARY: Only one I saw in the shop was a boy I went to school with.

WALLY: No other women, eh.

MARY: Well, when I came in, I saw Ann Lowrey talking to a girl. ~~Didn't pay much attention though.~~ ~~It wasn't~~  
~~to.~~ ~~She the one who passed the check?~~

WALLY: A young girl. Dark hair.

MARY: That was her.

WALLY: (AN IDEA) ~~Now let's get this straight.~~ You say there was no one else there but this fellow you went to school with.

MARY: George Kendall. He was sitting out front. Waiting.

WALLY: For whom.

MARY: I don't know.

WALLY: ~~But if this girl was the only one there...~~

MARY: ~~You would be waiting for her.~~

WALLY: ~~Why not.~~ Look, tell me about this fellow Kendall.

What do you know about him.

MARY: I told you. He's from school. Never graduated though. Seems he was always in trouble.

WALLY: Trouble.

MARY: His folks were split up. George never did live in any one place. Everytime you saw him he was fighting someone.

WALLY: Where's he live now. You any idea.

MARY: No. Last time I talked to George, before yesterday that is, he said he was getting married.

(MUSIC: ... UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Is he the one? Is he part of this whole olever racket? Together, you and <sup>Capt.</sup> Ryan look into George Kendall's life. You find he's got a record, two years in a federal prison. Of the marriage, there's no trace. It must have taken place in another city. But when you check his school records, the big question is answered.

CAPT: He's the one we're after, Wally. The handwriting on these papers is as the same as the check signatures.

WALLY: He and the girl must be a hundred miles from here by now, Captain.

CAPT: Not quite, Wally.

WALLY: What do you mean.

CAPT: One of my men talked to an old friend of Kendall's. He knows where they're staying.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #334

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.P.)

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 #334

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 Wallace Beene, as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: You know where they are. George Kendall and his young ..pretty wife. The pair who've been flooding your city with forged checks. It won't be long now. A matter of seconds and they'll be arrested. They're in that room..just ahead of you.

CAPT: (JUST OFF) Sergeant...you and Harris cover the other end of the hall. Will, you stay here with me.

NARR: Captain Hyman deploys his men. And now...you approach the room. Slowly.....quietly.

CAPT: Better stay back, Wally.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR. BEAT. REPEAT)

WALLY: What do you think, Captain.

CAPT: The landlord gave me a key. We're going in.

(KEY IN LOCK...TURN...DOOR OPENS)

WALLY: It's empty.

CAPT: (GRIMLY) Sergeant..check the closets. See if they left anything.

WALLY: They cleaned out all right, Captain.

(DRAWERS OPENED IN BUREAU)

WALLY: We're just too late.

CAPT: ~~They may be kids but they're smart enough to run. Fine~~  
anything, Sergeant?

(MUSIC: BACKS)

NARR: They search the room. Top to bottom. Wall to wall.

CAPT: (OFF) Will, get hold of that landlord downstairs. See

~~if he knows where they've gone.~~

NARR:

~~That's where she was. And that table. They sat there, didn't they. Planned this whole stupid crime. What did they talk about. How long do they think this can go on.~~

CAPT:

Wally.

NARR:

~~Wally. This Captain Warren. He's found something.~~

CAPT:

Wally Take a look at this book match. Cover, Capt.

WALLY:

~~What did you find in~~

CAPT:

~~Wally. basket in the corner.~~

WALLY:

(READING) Club Hi-Hat, Oklahoma City.

CAPT:

Turn it over around.

WALLY:

(SURPRISED) That's George Kendall. That's his picture.

CAPT:

Yeah. But who's the girl with him.

WALLY:

His wife. This picture practically says wedding celebration. Captain, that's why we couldn't find their marriage record. It took place in Oklahoma City.

CAPT:

Not so fast, Wally. Take another look at that picture.

WALLY:

What about it.

CAPT:

This girl who's been passing the checks had dark hair, right.

WALLY:

Yeah.

CAPT:

Then how come this one's a blonde.

(MUSIC:

UP AND BRIDGE)

WALLY:

(IMPATIENT) What do you say, Mr. Miller. Is that the girl who was in your store.

MILLER:

(DON'T HE IMPATIENT) I'm looking at it, Mr. Beene.

CAPT:

~~Show it to Mr. Warren. She passed a check on him too.~~

MILLER:

~~In just a second, Captain. I'd like another chance to study it.~~

MAN: Capt,

*at this angle -18-*  
Hold it ~~this way~~, Miller. That's it...now I see it.

~~MAN:~~ (pause) Well... *What do you say now?*

WALLY:

~~It's her, Mr. Warren.~~

~~MAN:~~ *Miller*

That hair kind of throws me off. She was dark when I saw her.

CAPT:

Then you do recognize her.

~~MAN:~~ *Miller*

*yes*  
~~sure~~ I do. You can change a lot of things. But you can't change that sweet smile.

WALLY:

~~How about you, Mr. Miller.~~

MILLER:

~~Yes, that's her all right. It's Iris Warren just said.~~

~~the way she smiles... you'd just have to know her.~~

(MUSIC:

UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

That's it. The word goes out. George Kendall and bride. Wanted on fifteen counts of forgery. And in the city where they were married, the police keep a special lookout. One day goes by..and then a second. But on the morning of the third day, you get a phone call from Captain Ryman.

CAPT:

(MILLER) You can write your story all you want now, Wally. The Oklahoma City police just picked up the Kendalls. My men are going up there to bring them back.

(MUSIC:

UP AND BRIDGE)

GEORGE:

Mister, you're a reporter, aren't you. *When* ~~Well~~, you write about Iris. You write the truth.

WALLY:

The story's pretty well covered, Kendall. Especially after those storekeepers just got through identifying your wife.

GEORGE: Sure, I know she cashed those checks. I made her.  
I swear, Mister. It was all my fault.

WALLY: How.

GEORGE: I was lookin' for someone to use...so someone people'd  
trust when they looked at her. Like Iris. She didn't  
mean nothin' bad. I kept sayin' I'd hurt her if she  
didn't do like I said.

WALLY: This on the level, Kendall.

GEORGE: Every word. I just have to get Iris out of this jail.  
I promised I'd take care of her. She can't stay here.

WALLY: I don't think you'll talk the police out of it,  
Kendall. There were just too many checks. Too many  
angry people.

GEORGE: Mister, please, you just got to help me. All of my life  
I never did any of the things I said I would. Something  
always happened to stop me. It can't be that way with  
Iris. She's got to be happy. Have anything she wants.  
I <sup>promised</sup> ~~had~~ myself that.

WALLY: Kendall...

GEORGE: Listen to me, please. Try to understand. No one ever  
did before.

WALLY: I can't help you.

GEORGE: You can write in the paper that she didn't do nothin'.  
That they ought to let her go. Nothing can happen to  
her. I promised. Don't you see.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

WALLY: ~~That's Captain Ryman coming in. Have you explained to~~  
~~him.~~

GEORGE: ~~He don't believe me.~~ Captain..where's Iris...what'd  
you do with her.

CAPT: (FADE IN) She's upstairs in detention.  
GEORGE: Anybody touches her...I'll kill them.  
CAPT: Calm down, son. You didn't know it but your little  
bride is getting the break of her life.  
GEORGE: A break.  
CAPT: Do you know how old your wife really is.  
GEORGE: What do you mean, really.  
CAPT: She's sixteen years old.  
WALLY: Captain, are you sure.  
CAPT: I checked it with the birth records. She won't be  
seventeen for two weeks yet. Under the law, Kendall,  
your wife is still a juvenile. And in this state, she  
can't be tried for a felony committed while under age.  
GEORGE: (ELATED) She's goin' free. You got to let her go.  
CAPT: Not yet. The law also says she can get sixty days and  
that's just what she's getting.  
GEORGE: You can't keep her in jail. You can't.  
CAPT: I told you, Kendall. She's getting a break. Don't you  
understand.  
GEORGE: You don't. I don't want her here at all. Not even for  
a day.  
CAPT: Maybe you should have thought of that before going  
haywire with these checks.  
GEORGE: (ALMOST A MOAN) Captain...don't do this to me.  
CAPT: What's the matter with you.  
GEORGE: (SICK) I'm afraid. If you keep her here, she'll say I  
didn't keep my promise to watch out for her. Captain..  
she won't want me no more.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You leave him...and he is crying. What hold does this girl have for him. You go upstairs...where they're keeping her...you want to see. She sits there. Quite still. It's hard to believe her age. You look...and you wonder. What manner of child is this.

IRIS: I didn't ask George to promise anything. He just did. That's why I went with him. Everyone used to laugh at George. But he was nice. I liked him.

WALLY: ~~What promise did he make you?~~ <sup>Did he take care of Iris.</sup>

IRIS: ~~There is no sense in tellin'.~~

WALLY: Was it that he'd always take care of you.

IRIS: Now you know what I mean there's no sense in repeatin' everything he said.

WALLY: I don't understand.

IRIS: <sup>yes</sup> Mister, <sup>but</sup> he broke that promise, didn't he. He didn't watch out for me at all. He let us get caught.

WALLY: But you both knew what you were doing. You even dyed your hair to disguise yourself.

IRIS: (ALWAYS THE SIMPLICITY) I'm not sayin' I wasn't in on it. George said he loved me. That nothin' bad would ever happen. I believed George. (REMEMBERING) The way he held me...and kissed me...he had to mean what he said.

WALLY: He did.

IRIS: I guess we're both wrong, Mister. George never did keep that promise, did he.

WALLY: (THINKING BACK...WORRIED) He knew you'd say this.

IRIS: Soon as these sixty days are over, I'm not going to wait for George. And there's nothing he can do to stop me.



(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(DOOR OPENING)

WALLY: Captain, have you got a minute.

CAPT: Sure. Comon in, Wally.

(DOOR CLOSING)

WALLY: I saw Iris Kendall this morning.

CAPT: Nerviest kid I ever talked to in my life.

WALLY: (DISTURBED) I don't go in for hunches, Captain. They're just not practical. But there's something about those two that worries me.

CAPT: How.

WALLY: The girl might try putting on that she's all grown up but the fact is she's still a child...and she thinks like one.

CAPT: Go on, Wally.

WALLY: But George Kendall. He's different. I know..he's only twenty two but there's a lot of living packed into those years. I'm not condoning the boy..don't get me wrong, Captain. I'm only trying to understand him.

CAPT: I know, Wally. You've got an idea. Let's have it.

WALLY: Kendall is terrified at the <sup>thought</sup> idea of losing his wife. He'd do anything to keep her.

CAPT: Like what.

WALLY: That's it. I don't know. But it's liable to be something crazy. I'd sure keep an eye on him.

CAPT: I'm afraid I can't, Wally.

WALLY: Why not.

CAPT: Kendall said he wanted a chance to raise the money to pay back those storekeepers he swindled. Well, he's getting his chance. He went on bail just an hour ago.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

No one knew then what George Kendall was planning to do. They couldn't know. And you, Wallace Beene, you weren't any exception. You weren't there at the Papides Parish Jail when a car slowly drew up in back of the building.

(CAR COMES TO A QUIET STOP, DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE QUIETLY., THEN FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL) (A SLIGHT WIND)

NARR:

~~There was a wind that night. remember.~~ At home...you closed the window to keep out the chill..but at the jail... one was carefully being opened.

(WINDOW OPENS SLOWLY AND MAN GETS INTO THE BUILDING)

NARR:

Now...the man was inside. Upstairs, on the seventh floor was the cell which held his wife. How could he get her. He'd been in this jail before..and he had a plan. When the police have a prisoner to deliver at night, they signal from the ground floor and the jailer comes down on the elevator. Yes..that was the thing to do. He was frightened...nervous...but he knew he had to do it.

(BUZZER SOUNDS AWAY OFF)

He pressed the signal button once. Then a second time.

(BUZZER SOUNDS AGAIN) (A BEAT THEN WE HEAR THE) WHEELS OF THE ELEVATOR ROTATING. IT IS OLD..AND IT CREAKS SLIGHTLY)

He was coming. The jailer was coming.

(WE LISTEN TO THE ELEVATOR FOR A MOMENT)

Near.r. Nearer.

(LISTEN MORE)

Now, it was almost there. The man leaned back into the shadows. Would the jailer have a gun.,would he know something was wrong.

(THE CAR STOPS)

It had stopped. It was there.

(ELEVATOR CLANKS OPEN)

JAILER: (CURIOUS) Someone here. I...

GEORGE: (TENSE) Get back in ~~the car~~ *that elevator*

JAILER: What is this.

GEORGE: Get back in.

JAILER: Careful with that gun, boy.

GEORGE: That's up to you, Mister. We're going upstairs and we're getting my wife.

(ELEVATOR STARTS UP)

(MUSIC: BUILDS INTO THE SOUND OF THE ELEVATOR AND THEN GOES OUT AS)

(ELEVATOR RIDES A FEW SECONDS AND STOPS. GATE OPENS)

GEORGE: Where is she, Mister. (NO REPLY) I said, where is she.

JAILER: Down this way.

GEORGE: Take me to her. And don't let anything happen.

(STEPS ECHO ALONG THE CORRIDOR. THEY STOP)

GEORGE: Iris. Iris, it's me.

IRIS: George.

GEORGE: You all right, sweetheart.

IRIS: Fine, George.

GEORGE: I'm taking you out of here, Iris. (TO JAILER, SAVAGELY)

You. Open the door. Hurry.

(KEY IN LOCK, CELL DOOR OPENS)

IRIS: Let's go, George.

GEORGE: You knew I'd come, didn't you, Iris.

IRIS: I wanted you to.

GEORGE: I said you'd be out of here. I promised.

(ALARM BELL BEGINS RINGING OFF)

IRIS: George...

GEORGE: The alarm. C'mon, Iris...run, run.

(MUSIC: INTO THE ALARM BELL AND OUT FOR)

CAPT: (INTO PHONE) Sergeant, a gas station attendant two miles out of Flatwoods just called in. Says Kendall and his wife stopped by not more than five minutes ago. Get the roadblocks set up on all side roads. Right...call back soon as you can.

(HE HANGS UP)

CAPT: This is going to be rough, Wally. Kendall must be keeping to the dirt roads. We can't search them all.

WALLY: Maybe you won't have to.

CAPT: How do you figure that.

WALLY: You'll know where they are in just a few days.

CAPT: ~~I'll find them. I won't stop till I find them.~~  
*What do you mean?*

WALLY: They're going to help you. Practically give you a road map...every time they cash a check.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: And...it happens. Little Rock...Memphis...Montgomery... Mobile. They leave a trail of forged checks all over the South. But how long can it go on.....when are they going to be stopped.

(SNEAK-IN-STREET SOUNDS)

GEORGE: You get the money, Iris?

IRIS: No, George.

GEORGE: What happened.

IRIS: That grocery man said he only cashed payroll checks.

GEORGE: Did he ask for identification. (WARNING) Wait a minute..

IRIS: What is it.

GEORGE: A clerk just came out of the store. Is that the one you spoke to.

IRIS: ~~Yes. That's him.~~

GEORGE: He's coming over. Get in the car quick.

(DOOR OPENS IN CAR..SLAMS..CAR STARTS UP,SPEEDS OFF)

(MUSIC: BUILDS INTO THE CAR AND THEN OUT FOR)

(TRAIN PULLING OUT OF STATION AND PICKING UP SPEED.  
LISTEN TO IT FOR A MOMENT)

GEORGE: (RELIEVED) We're safe now, Iris. We got nothin' to worry about.

IRIS: We going to be in Florida tomorrow, George?

GEORGE: First thing in the morning.

IRIS: I never been to Florida, George. How is it there.

GEORGE: You got to see it to believe it. Sky and water...that looks like someone took it from a picture. We're going to live there, Iris. Get ourselves a small house on the beach. We're going to be like other people now.

IRIS: Yes, George.

GEORGE: No one's ever going to find us there. How I waited for this. Dreamed about it.

IRIS: (CURIOUS) George...

GEORGE: (LOST IN HIS THOUGHTS) I never even saw the house..but I know just what it looks like. A lot of windows..with the sun just pourin' through.

IRIS: George, the train...it's slowing down.

(SOUND CONFIRMS THIS)

GEORGE: Don't mean nothin'.....

IRIS: But we're out of the station.

GEORGE: Honey, what are you nervous about. We're all right now. I told you.

IRIS: (COLD) We are, eh.

GEORGE: Sure.

IRIS: Well, look in back of you, George. You got some friends.

GEORGE: (ALARMED) Captain....

CAPT: (STRAIN) Easy, Kendall. Sergeant., take his gun...  
(RELAXES) Now there'll be no more trouble.

GEORGE: (SICK) We were going away.

CAPT: That last storekeeper got your license number, Kendall.  
When the car was found at the terminal, we began spotting  
the trains. I guess you're just on the wrong one.

WALLY: When you cashed those checks, Kendall..didn't you know you  
were just asking to be caught.

GEORGE: I couldn't help it, Mr. Beene. I ~~needed money~~ <sup>promised</sup> for Iris.

IRIS: ~~For me?~~ What are you talking about, George. You didn't  
keep no promises to me. You got us caught now..and you  
said you'd keep them away from us. You lied to me,  
George. You never did nothin' right in your whole life.  
(CONTEMPT) Come on. Take me away from him.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Wallace  
Beene of the Alexandria, Louisiana, Daily Town Talk , with  
the final outcome of tonight's Big Story!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Let your throat enjoy smooth smoking -

(START E.T.)

GROUP: 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: 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 Wallace Beene of the Alexandria, Louisiana, Daily Town Talk.

WALLY: When brought to trial, George Kendall pleaded guilty to twenty five counts of forgery and aggravated jail break. He was sentenced to twenty six years in state prison. Since Iris Kendall had reached age of seventeen after her escape she was tried <sup>in subsequent</sup> ~~as an adult~~ and sent to prison for ten years. If she had not broken jail on her first arrest she would have been released in sixty days. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Beene. 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.

HARRICH: 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 San Francisco Examiner, by-line Stuart L. McClure. The story of a reporter

(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

BIG STORY - 10/7/53

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 Alexandria, La. Daily Town Talk. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Allen Woods played the part of Wally Beene. 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. Beene.

(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.

TB/SA/JK  
12-30-53

ATX01 0008237

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #335

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
BOY	MICHAEL O'DAY
FRED	DONALD BUKA
STU	PETER HOBBS
JIMMY	CARL FRANK
FATHER	CARL FRANK
SUE	CHARITA BAUER
ROSE	KIM STANLEY
JOEY	BILLY LIPTON
COP	MATT CROWLEY

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1954

ATX01 0008236

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(CLINK OF CHIPS)

BOY: Five for me.

FRED: I'll call.

BOY: Three bullets full.

FRED: ~~Let's see it.~~

BOY: ~~See it? Whaddya mean, see it?~~

FRED: ~~I mean let's see your cards.~~

BOY: Listen, I told you what I had. You think I cheat?

FRED: Look at them cards. Look at the backs of them.

BOY: What?

FRED: ~~You put those dots there. You marked them.~~

BOY: Fred...for the love of...a coupla dirt spots.

FRED: Marked. How do you expect me to win against marked  
cards.

BOY: ~~I tell you, the cards ain't marked. There's nothing~~  
wrong with the cards; there's nothing wrong with anything.  
Except you.

FRED: What do you mean by that crack?

BOY: Try anything, wouldn't you? Any excuse to get out of  
losing.

FRED: ~~The cards are marked...~~

BOY: You can't stand not winning, can you Fred? Lie, cheat...  
fake...anything to win.

FRED: I tell you ---

BOY: Why don't you relax, huh? Everybody's got to lose once  
in a while, you know. Even you, Fred.

FRED: (PAUSE, THEN A SMILE) That's where you're wrong, kid.  
I don't ever have to lose. And I don't plan to. Never.

(MUSIC: -- STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPEL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in San Francisco, California. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the San Francisco Examiner, the story of a reporter who found himself in a deadly game...and a killer who couldn't bear to lose it. Tonight, to Stuart McClure for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

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.

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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 AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Francisco, California. The story as it actually happened...Stuart McClure's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: San Francisco...fairy tale city. City of silver <sup>foggy</sup> ~~foggy~~ mornings...city of golden dusks and neon nights. There is no place here for horror and filth. No shadows walk these shining streets. Or so you thought, Stu McClure. So everybody thought.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT)

NARR: You are talking to the Examiner photographer on the phone. *Routine stuff when*

STU: ~~Jimmy, I'm down at Central Clearing. Just checking. Anything doing up there at the hospital?~~

JIMMY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Routine. Couple of minor traffic accidents. Nothing worth film.

STU: ~~Okay, give me a buzz if...~~

JIMMY: (EXCITED) Stu. Wait a minute...hold it.

STU: What's up? *Jimmy*

JIMMY: Just hold the phone...just hold it.. (PAUSE THEN) Stu get this. Cop just came into the supervisor's office <sup>at the hospital</sup> here. Asked them to send three ambulances to the Civic Center. Something's up. Something big.

STU: I'm on my way over.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It takes only a moment to get to the hospital. But it's time enough to wonder. What happened? What kind of a terrible accident? Strange...the thought of crime doesn't figure. Only accident. The hospital corridors are jammed. It takes a moment for the scene to register. And then it registers with sudden shocking clarity.

(MUSIC: OUT)

STU: Everybody here...they're all kids. A bunch of hysterical kids.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You start asking questions...trying to find out what happened...

BABS: (HYSTERICAL) It was terrible... like a nightmare...we couldn't stop it...

BOY: ~~We didn't think it would happen.~~ One minute everything was all right and the next minute it happened...

NARR: ~~The voices are high...cracking with strain. No one tells a coherent story. No one tells you what happened..~~

BABS: ~~I don't even know what happened. We were just all standing around...~~

STU: Was it an accident? How did they get hurt?

BOY: *Fred Glenn* He shot them. Five of them. Just shot them down...

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: A shooting. Somehow you never dreamed of this. A mass shooting. Of young kids. But who did it? Why..?

SUE: (TEARS) ~~I don't know why he did it...I just don't know why?~~

STU: Who? Who's he? Who was the one with the gun...?

BOY: Fred did it. Fred Glenn.

STU: Why? Where is he? Why'd he do it?

NARR: A babble of facts....a milling, hysterical group. You almost give up trying to buck the fear, the hysteria... when you see one girl...standing apart from the others. She is quiet. Very quiet. You go up to her.

STU: ~~I'm a reporter. The Examiner. I'm trying to find out~~  
*How did it* ~~what happened. All I can get is that five kids were~~  
~~shot.~~

ROSE: (FLAT) *frank* He shot five of them.

STU: Why? What happened?

ROSE: Gangs.

STU: What?

ROSE: Gangs. That's what did it. Gang wars.

STU: Gang wars?

ROSE: (SUDDENLY) Didn't you know about the gangs in San Francisco, mister? Didn't you know about the gang wars?

STU: Tell me.

ROSE: (HIGH) Sure. I'll tell you. You ought to know. You' ought to know what goes on in this city...~~the nice little games the kids play to jazz life up.~~ The nice little games that end up with blood on the sidewalk and a ride in an ambulance and -- (STOPS. GAINS CONTROL) Sure. Let me tell you about the gangs.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: She starts talking. ~~Her voice is tight...she holds it under control.~~ Desperate control. The flat, controlled voice strikes an odd note, there in the stark hospital corridor. It doesn't go with the hysteria around. It doesn't go with the tears that pour down her face.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

ROSE: Once, I didn't know about the gangs either. But that was before I met Joey. Joey Baker. He -- he's the boy I'm going to marry. (FADE) He was the one who told me...



JOEY: You mean you never heard of the gangs? Rosie, angel, where you been?

ROSE: ~~I heard of gangs of crooks...~~

JOEY: Nah... ~~nothing like that. This is more...like a club, get it? A real exclusive club.~~

ROSE: What do you do.

JOEY: (CHUCKLES) ~~Stick around and see.~~

ROSE: What?

JOEY: Beat each other up, mostly.

ROSE: Why?

JOEY: Hey, what is this? The second degree. How's about a kiss instead?

ROSE: Joey, listen... Why do you beat each other up?

JOEY: Come on angel...a kiss...

ROSE: Joey wait...(THEN) Why? What do you mean you beat each other up?

JOEY: How else you gonna prove which gang's the toughest? Besides, what other excitement is there around this burg? Now come on Rosie...how's about a little kiss?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ROSE: That was the first I heard about them. Mr. McClure but then I started dating Joey steady. And I heard more. I saw more. I saw kids fifteen years old, twenty years old, beating up other kids with blackjacks...chains... sticks...of wood...rocks...I saw them get so they hated each other more and more...beat each other up more and more...~~the gangs got bigger and rougher.~~ And after each fight, Joey talked more and more about one man... Fred Glenn.

(MUSIC: OUT)

JOEY: Glenn...you should have seen him today, angel. We really, had his gang running.

ROSE: Joey...you shouldn't tangle with him.

JOEY: How can I help it? I'm the head of my gang...he's the head of his...

ROSE: (BITTER) And you got to play every game on the schedule, is that it?

JOEY: Huh?

ROSE: These fights...the way you set them up, the way you plan to meet and beat each other up...the way you keep track of how many you hurt. You act like it's a game with rules and everything. Maybe you ought to print a schedule. Maybe you oughta have uniforms.

JOEY: Aw, come on...

ROSE: (CRYING NOW) How many points do you get for a broken nose? How much does a bloody head count? Do you win permanent if you kill someone?

JOEY: We ain't killed anyone.

ROSE: (FLARES) Maybe that comes next. (THEN, LOW) I'm afraid Joey, I'm afraid of Fred Glenn.

JOEY:Q I beat him.

ROSE: That's why I'm afraid. He's a bad loser...he won't stand to lose... *Joey... Quit the gang*

JOEY: ~~He lost. What's he gonna do?~~

ROSE: I don't know but I'm afraid. (THEN) Why do you do it, Joey? What's the point of it?

JOEY: It gets dull. You gotta do something

ROSE: Okay. I got an idea. A real good one. Let's get married

JOEY: (SOFT) ~~You know, I got the same idea.~~

ROSE: (THEN KISS, PAUSE, THEN) ~~No more gang?~~

JOEY: Rose...

ROSE: (FIRMER) No more gang?

JOEY: I don't know how to get out.

ROSE: ~~Just get out.~~

JOEY: I'm ~~the leader~~ of my gang...the leader, Rosie. I got thirty-five others behind me. What do I do now..pull out because I'm scared Fred Glenn is a lousy loser...? I can't quit.

ROSE: You've got to. Something's going to happen..

JOEY: Nothing'll happen. My gang is the toughest in the city...

ROSE: (MAD) Stop talking as if you were proud. What's there to be proud about?

JOEY: (PAUSE, THEN PUZZLED) ~~I dunno. But it was important once. Rose, honest. There was nothing <sup>else</sup> for us to do <sup>is there?</sup>~~  
~~We were looking for excitement. We found it in the gang..~~  
~~in the gang wars. It was the only way we could prove~~  
~~we were something. After you kicked another gang you~~  
~~came home feeling you'd proved something.~~

ROSE: ~~What?~~

JOEY: It just felt that way. Least, it used to.

ROSE: Not any more?

JOEY: (TENDER) I got something else now, baby. I don't need to prove anything to anybody. I don't need to go out looking for excitement. I got you.

ROSE: Joey...

JOEY: ~~Well, get married next week...okay?~~

ROSE: ~~You'll quit the gang?~~  
*You belong to me we're gonna get married*

JOEY:

Rosie, I can't quit <sup>the way</sup> while Fred Glenn is out to get me.  
~~I can't play sissy and quit after we beat him.~~

ROSE:

(FLARES) And you can't quit if he beats you either because that would make you look afraid.

JOEY:

That's right.

ROSE:

(LOW) Joey...Joey...how do you get out of it? How do you get free?

JOEY:

That's up to Fred. He's gotta quit. If he quits...I can. That's all.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ROSE:

Beginning to get the picture, mister? ~~See what goes on in this city?~~ Guys trapped into gangs because they have nothing better to do...don't know any better...and then stupid enough to stay trapped. Sure, Joey was stupid. He was stupid because he was proud. But I wasn't proud. I was too afraid to be proud. I went to see Fred Glenn...

(MUSIC: OUT)

FRED:

This is a laugh, Rosie. Coming to see me. Papa Joey know you're out?

ROSE:

~~I gotta talk to you, Fred.~~

FRED:

~~Tell~~

ROSE:

*Fred* You gotta stop this gang business.

FRED:

(PAUSE) Lucky you're a lady, Rosie. No guy says "gotta" to me without getting into trouble.

ROSE:

Everyone's going to get into trouble. Fred, please...

FRED:

I like the please...

ROSE:

I'll say it again, Fred. Please.

FRED:

(LAUGHS) Very nice. (THEN) Only -- no.

ROSE:

Why not? What do you get out of fighting?

FRED: Lemme tell you a story, Rosie. A long, sad story.  
About me. You got a handkerchief?

ROSE: What is it?

FRED: (LAUGHING AT HIMSELF) You'll die crying. It's about me  
...when I was twelve...in school. I was sick...they  
wouldn't let me play on the teams...no baseball...no  
football. (STOPS) You crying yet?

ROSE: Go on.

FRED: Just the kid on the sidelines, that was me. But I kept  
looking for the chance, see? Someday I was going to be  
on the team. Someday I was going to be the team. Okay.  
I am.

ROSE: Beating people up isn't a sport...

FRED: It is in my book. ~~It suits me fine. I'm the big shot~~  
that don't lose and -- (STOPS. LAUGHS) Like the story,  
Rosie? I'm lucky. Some guys might have to pay one of  
those brain doctors two hundred bucks to find out what  
~~makes 'em tick. I know. And I ain't quitting the~~  
team...or ~~dissolving~~ <sup>breaking</sup> it...not while I still want to play.

ROSE: The beating up you got from Joey wasn't play...

FRED: (MAD) Beating. That lousy gang of his sneaked up on us...

ROSE: ~~Too bad they didn't beat more sense into your head when~~  
~~they did.~~

FRED: They cheated us. I don't let anybody cheat me and get  
away with it.

ROSE: You mean you don't let anyone beat you and get away with  
it?

FRED: Okay. Maybe I mean that too.

ROSE:

ROSE: (LOW, LOW, AFRAID) Fred, don't. Whatever you're thinking about -- don't do it.

FRED: (A SMILE) How do you know what I'm thinking about?  
(THEN) You were right, Rosie. I don't like to lose.  
But you left something out. I never do lose. <sup>and I ain't gonna</sup> ~~Not~~ in the end.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

ROSE: It wasn't any use talking to him anymore Mr. McClure.  
It wasn't any use talking to anyone. ~~It was like a~~  
~~snowball getting bigger ..colder ..and I knew it was~~  
~~going to crash down on us someday ..I didn't know~~  
exactly what Fred was going to do ..but I knew he had  
something planned ..

(MUSIC: --- HOLD UNDER)

FRED: ~~Okay~~ <sup>hello</sup> There's the plan, Sammy. Get me that gun. Look,  
don't argue! I want a gun. And I want it to work.  
Listen ..I know what I'm doing! Just get me that gun!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND OUT)

ROSE: That brings us to <sup>what happened</sup> tonight, Mr. McClure. A dance at the  
Civic Club. I went with Joey.

(DANCE MUSIC. B G)

JOEY: I still don't get why you went to talk to Fred. I don't  
get any girl of mine going to talk with Fred Glenn.

ROSE: Joey, I told you. I was afraid.

JOEY: Well, I'm not. Not of a punk like him.

FRED: (LOW. NEAR) I heard that, Joey.

ROSE: (AFRAID) Fred!

JOEY: (COOL) Okay. So you heard it.

FRED: I'll wait for you by the steps.

JOEY: Why not?

ROSE: Joey, don't ..

FRED: My gang's waiting. Get yours.

ROSE: (FRANTIC) Joey ..you're through with this. We're going  
to get married. ~~four~~ <sup>3</sup> days now, we'll be married. Stay  
clear of this. It's not a game any more. You ..

FRED: Can't you shut her up?

JOEY: I'll meet you outside. Get ready.

(MUSIC: VERY SHORT BRIDGE)

(DANCE MUSIC CAN BE HEARD FAINTLY)

FRED: All here, Joey?

JOEY: All here.

FRED: I told you I didn't like to lose.

BOY: (SUDDENLY) Joey, watch it. He has a gun.

ROSE: (SCREAMS) Joey!

JOEY: (SHARP) Shut up. He won't use it.

FRED: I'll talk for myself.

JOEY: We don't carry guns. You know that.

FRED: And you don't make the rules. You cheat...but you don't make the rules. And you don't win. Not over me. I do the winning, Joey. Get it? And does your gang get it?

JOEY: Fred ..

FRED: You cheat. But I do the winning.

(HE SHOOTS)

JOEY: (REACTS)

(THERE IS A REACTION. ROSE SCREAMS)

ROSE: Joey!

BOY: Get his gun.

FRED: I do the winning.

(ANOTHER SHOT. AND ANOTHER) I do the winning.

(ANOTHER SHOT. AND ANOTHER) You hear me? (SOBBING

I do the winning.

(MUSIC: TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)



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)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #335

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!

1" (MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: The lights are bright in the hospital corridor. The ~~fluorescents give a flat, faintly green cast,~~ etching the scene on the negative of your mind. The jabbering, hysterical knots of young people ..the police moving from group to group ..and the blank face of the girl, Rose ..blank under the uncontrollable tears.

(MUSIC: OUT)

ROSE: He shot. Fred did. ~~He had the gun and he shot and shot and shot.~~

STU: ~~I see.~~

ROSE: One of the ones he hit was Joey. He went down. I --I don't know how bad he is ...

STU: Stay here. I'll find out for you.

ROSE: We were gonna be married. In three days. Maybe if it's too bad we won't be able to ..

STU: I'll find out.

JIMMY: (COMING ON) Stu ..I was looking for you. I'll get back to the desk with these plates. You phone the story in later?

STU: Uh---yeah. Get anything from the cops, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Five kids shot. Two gone. One critical.

STU: (LOW) What about the one called Baker? Joey Baker?

JIMMY: Baker? Let's see. Took some notes. (THEN) DOA

ROSE: (SHARP) What's that?

STU: (HURRIED) Thanks, Jimmy. See you.

ROSE: What did he mean? DOA?

STU: Look, Rose ..suppose I talk to one of the doctors for you. They --

ROSE: (HIGH) What does it mean, D.O.A? He said Joey was DOA. What does it mean?

STU: (GENTLY) It means ...Dead on arrival.

ROSE: (LONG PAUSE) That --that makes him win the game, doesn't it? Fred? He wins.

STU: I'm so terribly sorry ...

ROSE: Only what kind of a game was it? What was the point? (HYSTERICAL) We were going to get married. Joey and I were getting married in three days! Now he's dead because Fred Glenn didn't want to lose. What kind of a game was that? Tell me. Come on, tell me. What kind of a game was that?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Call a doctor. Let him do what he can for her. Except there isn't anything, really. Nothing to do for her .. or for Joey, or for the other dead boy or his family. For them ..it's too late.

(MUSIC: OUT)

NARR: The cop over there ..talk to him ..

STU: <sup>Sax</sup>~~Lieutenant~~ ..when are you going to pick that kid up?

COP: We got a stakeout on his block. We'll worry about it later.

STU: Later? He's a power crazy kid with a loaded gun. He's got to be picked up fast.

COP: We can't spare the time yet. We have to talk to these kids while it's fresh in their minds ..get the information the state'll need for a case.

STU: What about the killer? You won't have a case without him.

COP: We'll get him. Relax.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He's right. A few crazed kid won't get far away, and there are other things to do ~~frask questions. Get~~ ~~answers.~~ But the panic's got you by the throat. A panic that keeps saying ...get that kid. Get him and take his gun away from him and call the game ...call it for good. Only first ..you have to find out where he is ...

(MUSIC: OUT)

SUE: (~~ARRAID~~) How do I know where he is? I told you, Mr. McClure. I don't know where he is.

STU: You were there tonight at the dance weren't you, Sue? You saw it happen?

SUE: Sure. And I said I knew Fred Glenn. But I'm not a member of his, or any other gang, and I don't know where he is now.

STU: I talked to four other kids here, Sue. They all told me you knew Fred Glenn pretty well. That you might have an idea where he'd hang out.

SUE: I'm sorry.

STU: (~~SHARP~~) ~~Where would he hide out?~~

SUE: I don't know.

STU: (GENTLY) Don't be afraid, Sue.

SUE: Listen to you. "Don't be afraid." Five guys got shot tonight ..four of 'em just for standing around watching an argument. You want me to squeal on Fred Glenn .. give him up to the cops, only you say don't be afraid.

STU: ~~We want to catch him, Sue, so he can't do any more~~  
damage.

SUE: Maybe you won't catch him.

STU: The cops will.

SUE: I'm thinking about suppose they don't. I'm thinking about a guy with a gun who's a sore loser and thinking ~~I don't want to be on his mad list.~~

STU: I'm telling you, you're safe. Just tell me where he might be hiding out.

SUE: You can't give me protection.

STU: (FLARES) I ought to take you over my knee!

SUE: W-what?

STU: This isn't a cops and robbers movie. This is a kid .. with a gun ..loose somewhere in the city. I want to know where. Act your age and tell me where to look for Fred Glenn before a couple more kids get shot up. Now. Where does Fred Glenn hang out? Where do you think he might be now?

SUE: (SCARED) Allen Street. <sup>43</sup> Allen. *Think* It's a yellow house.

STU: (GENTLE) Okay. That's better. Thanks.

SUE: You're welcome. ~~Okay~~ (SMALL VOICED) I --I hope you get him, mister.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO)

(CAR UNDER)

STU: She wasn't sure, sergeant. But she said this was a place ~~where Fred Glenn used to stay a lot.~~ *She thought it was a yellow house* ~~Friend's~~ ~~place.~~ She thought he might head for here.

COP: Yellow house, mm? Must be that one up there.

(CAR SLOWS)

STU: We might as well --(CUTS)

COP: What?

STU: (SHARP) Cut your lights.

(SLIGHT CLICK)

COP: See something?

(CAR TO STOP)

STU: Kid ..sneaking out the back. See him?

COP: Not sure. Come on.

(THEY GET OUT OF CAR. QUIET CLOSING OF DOOR)

STU: (LOW) Think it's him? Glenn?

COP: (LOW) Anybody sneaks out of <sup>a</sup> ~~that~~ house without carrying a light ..cuts across the backyards ..it's worth investigating. I'll go around the back. Wait here.

STU: I'll take it from the other side ..we can come up on him.

COP: You stay here. If it's him he's got a gun he's not afraid to use.

STU: You can't do it alone. He may slip past. I'll take the house from the left.

COP: Look, it's my job, but you don't --

STU: (CUTS IN) Save it.

COP: (PAUSE) Keep out of sight then and be careful.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He walks away ..moving stealthily ..until the blackness of the night swallows him up. You move the other way. Quietly ..carefully.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(JUST FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: (LOW) He's probably cutting slightly to the left ..to miss that line of bushes. Probably got a car hidden out back.

(SLIGHT NOISE OF STUMBLE)

STU: (EXCLAMATION)

NARR: Easy. That was a hole in the driveway. No time to twist an ankle. Just be quiet.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: You should be able to see him now ...he should be able to see you. Careful. Keep down.

(FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: Funny. This feeling. This tightness in the throat .. the clamminess of the hands ..like playing hide and seek as a kid. ~~The excitement,~~ trying to sneak home .. ~~keep down ...keep out of sight.~~ Only not quite the same. That was a game. The kind of game you played as a kid. This kid plays games differently. This kid has a gun.

COP: (LOW) Okay.

STU: (SUDDENLY) What?



COP: (LOW) Shh. It's me, Stu. He's up there ...beyond  
that fence. I see him.

STU: Going to close in?

COP: Right now. Any shooting ..get down flat.

(FOOTSTEPS. THEN)

COP: Fred Glenn ..

FRED: (STARTLED) What the --

COP: Okay ..drop the gun. You're covered.

(SOUND. GUN DROPS)

FRED: (FLAT) I didn't see you. Don't shoot. I dropped it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

As simple as that. And the deadly game is over. After the blurry darkness of the night, you squint your eyes against the harshness of light at headquarters. You squint to take a look -- a good look at Fred Glenn -- at the kid who killed two people ..

(MUSIC: \_ \_ OUT)

COP: You killed two people, Fred. Did you know that? Joey Baker and Dick Cash. Two more are in pretty bad shape.

FRED: (FLAT) Yeah. I know.

COP: Is that all you have to say?

FRED: What do you want me to say? It doesn't do any good to be sorry. They're dead.

COP: Did you want to kill Baker? Did you aim at him?

FRED: Aim? What do you think? I hit him, didn't I?

COP: What was the point of it Fred? This fighting?

FRED: ~~I told you before, we always did it. Fighting. To prove~~  
who was tops. ~~I told him I'd get him. I did.~~

COP: ~~You sound glad.~~

FRED: ~~I never do it. I had to show him who was boss.~~

COP: (BEAT. THEN) Your father's here. He wants to talk to you.

FRED: (EMOTION NOW) I don't want to see him. Tell him, I don't want to see him.

FATHER: (QUIETLY) But I want to see you, son.

FRED: (LONG PAUSE) Pop .. forget it.

FATHER: Tell me. Just tell me why?

FRED: (BREAKS. HIGH) All of you, looking at me.. asking over and over.. why? .. why? ... Now you ask all the questions. Now I'm a big shot and you want to know all about me.. how I think ... why I do what I do. (MORE)

FRED:  
(CONT'D)  
FATHER:

You didn't ask before.

Fred ... *why*

FRED:

You let the gangs run. You didn't stop us. There  
~~wasn't anything for us except the gangs. Fighting was~~  
the only time anything mattered to us. ~~the only thing~~  
we had to get hopped up about. So we kept going and kept  
going until it was too late to back out because it wasn't  
really a game anymore .. only a trap. And when the trap  
caught us .. ~~then you come around ...~~ (BREAKS INTO SOBS)  
*Now* when you want to know *why* and am I sorry and why did it  
happen, but now it's too late. It isn't any good now  
because it's too late. *Why didn't you stop us*

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

End of the story. End of the game. There's so little  
to say .. even to Fred Glenn's father as he stumbles from  
the room. Later .. he stops you .. looks at you with  
troubled eyes .. asks you a question ..

(MUSIC: OUT)

FATHER:

Was it my fault?

STU:

Mr. Glenn ..

FATHER:

I tried to bring him up, right. ~~I didn't think he was~~  
~~any different from any other kid.~~ Maybe I didn't talk  
to him much but I always figured .. you act right yourself  
do right, set a good example, and that's all your kids  
need.

STU:

(GENTLY) Sure.

FATHER:

Tell me the truth. Was it my fault, Mr. McClure?

STU:

(PAUSE. THEN) Yes, Mr. Glenn. It was your fault. And  
my fault, and the fault of everybody who knew Fred and  
the fault of people who didn't know him too.

FATHER: Why? What did we do?

STU: Nothing. That's why it's our fault. We didn't bother to care. We let kids drift from idleness into danger and from danger into viciousness and from viciousness into murder .. because we just didn't bother to care.

FATHER: He killed two boys ..

STU: He was a sore loser. He told us that. (STRONG) But he never should have been allowed to play the game .. not that game!

FATHER: The cops ought to break up the gangs.

STU: Sure. And they will. Everybody's stirred up now. Everybody's screaming for the cops to do something. But there'll be gangs again .. killings again .. if we just shout for the cops and then sit back. We have to care.

FATHER: It's too late.

STU: For Fred. For you. For Rose and Joey and Dick. But not for the others. We've got to give them a break now. We've got to wake up. This shouldn't have happened. It mustn't happen again. If we care enough, it won't. So we've got to care.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Stuart McClure of the San Francisco Examiner with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

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 Stuart McClure of the San Francisco Examiner.

MCCLURE: Killer in tonight's case was sentenced to San Quentin Prison for life for first degree murder of one victim, second degree murder of another and for assault with intent to murder three other members of rival gang. Police broke up ten gangs operating in San Francisco as direct result of case. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. McClure. 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 Oregon Statesman by-line James Burr Miller. <sup>big</sup> The story of a reporter who made an appointment at midnight and a killer who kept it.

(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

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 San Francisco Examiner. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and *Kim Valley was Rose* *Peter Hobbs* played the part of Stuart McClure. 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. McClure.

(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.

ML/AT/TB

ATX01 0008267

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #336

## CAST

NARRATOR

BOB SLOANE

JAMES MILLER

JIM STEPHENS

TOM HARTLEY

JOHN McLIAM

AGNES HARTLEY

AGNES YOUNG

HONEY WAGNER

MADELINE SHERWOOD

KEITH MARTIN

DICK JANAVER

LON HOLTON

JOE HELEGEN

EDNA

GLADYS THORNTON

BILL SAMPSON

BEREL FIRESTONE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1954

ATX01 000B26B



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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(SOUND: NIGHT WIND IN FOREST)

HONEY: (ON MIKE, SINGING LOUD, THICK, AND OVER-EXUBERANTLY)

"I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey...

Better be ready 'bout half-past eight...

Now honey don't be late,..."

(SHE STOPS, AND THEN SHOUTS, GAILY) Don't you want to  
sing anymore? (PAUSE, THEN) Come on over here, and bring  
the bottle! (STARTS TO SING AGAIN) I'll be down to  
get you in a taxi honey...(STOPS) What's the matter?  
Afraid I'll scare all the...the little animals in the  
woods? Huh? (THEN) Come on. Laugh it up, will you?  
(THEN) I said laugh it up!

MAN: (STEPS FADING IN SLOWLY, ~~AS HIS LAUGH BUILDS~~)

HONEY: (SINGS) ~~"Now honey don't be late...~~

~~'cause we'll dance..."~~  
*Don't Don't Don't*  
(SHE STOPS SUDDENLY, PAUSES, AND THEN SCREAMS IN PURE  
TERROR)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Salem, Oregon. It is authentic,  
and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great  
American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the  
Oregon Statesman, the big story of a reporter who made a  
midnight appointment and a suspected killer---who kept it!

(MORE)

ANNCR: Tonight, to James Burr Miller of the Oregon Statesman,  
(CONT'D) for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500. AWARD.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #336

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  
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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)

ANNOR: Salem, Oregon. The story as it actually happened.

James Burr Miller's story as he lived it.

NARR: It's cold in Oregon in November, Jim Miller, and toward midnight the street outside your city room window is deserted and chill. It's a quiet night, and at your desk you rip a sheet of copy out of your typewriter, lean back for a breather, and yawn. On a night like this, it'd be good to be home in bed. (PAUSE) Then the phone rings.

(PHONE RINGS. CHAIR SCRAPE. PICK UP RECEIVER)

JIM: Statesman office. Jim Miller.

TOM: (FILTER) My name is Hartley, Mr. Miller. Tom Hartley. That mean anything to you?

JIM: Tom Hartley? No, it....(THEN) Wait a minute! From Roseburg?

TOM: That's right. Don't try to call the police on another phone, Mr. Miller. If you do I'll hang up.

JIM: All right, take it easy. Where are you now?

TOM: I'm at the diner next to the bus station. You know where I mean?

JIM: I know. (THEN) Listen, this isn't a gag, is it? If some <sup>your</sup> wise guy..

TOM: I got to talk to somebody, Mr. Miller. Will you come?

JIM: (AFTER A PAUSE) It'll take me ten minutes, Hartley. Stay there.

(MUSIC UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You know the name Tom Hartley all right, Jim Miller. You know he's a man wanted for murder---a man who's been hiding for six months. Still, the call might be somebody's idea of a joke. You shrug, jam on your hat, and take off for the diner. You know that in your business, anything can happen. It might, right now.

(SHUT CAFE DOOR. FADE IN SOUND OF DISHES IN BG. AND CASH REGISTER, OFF. FOOTSTEPS ON MIKE. THEN STOP.)

JIM: You telephone me just now?

TOM: Mr. Miller?

JIM: ~~Look~~ Yeah, you're Hartley. *all right* I checked your picture before I came over.

TOM: Look, Mr. Miller...

JIM: Take it easy. I'll sit down. (CALLS) Cup of coffee, Ernie! Black! (THEN) You want something?

TOM: This is okay. (THEN) Mr. Miller, you know about me?

JIM: I know you're wanted for murder.

TOM: I didn't kill that girl, Mr. Miller. That's why I called a newspaper instead of the cops. A guy on a paper would believe me.

JIM: Would he?

TOM: You think I'd give myself up if I killed her?

JIM: Honey Wagner was killed six months ago, Hartley. Aren't you a little late?

TOM: I was waiting to see what the other guy would say. You know. Keith Martin.

JIM: I know. I know what he says, too. The Rossburg police caught him two weeks ago.

TOM: He was with me the...the night it happened.

JIM: So he says. (THEN) He also says you killed her.

TOM: I read that in the papers. That's why I decided I had to give myself up.

(PUT DOWN COFFEE CUP)

JIM: Thanks, Ernie. (THEN) You were both with the Wagner girl the night she was murdered?

TOM: Me and Keith. Only I left 'em, Mr. Miller. You got to believe me.

JIM: I might, if you'll tell me what happened.

TOM: I want to tell you! Like I said, I called the paper because...

JIM: Yeah. (THEN) Last April, wasn't it?

TOM: When it happened? Yeah. April. I was driving a cattle truck for my Uncle.

JIM: Go on.

TOM: ~~It was about ten or eleven, I guess. Anyway, it was getting late. Then I saw this guy hitch-hiking, so I picked him up.~~

JIM: Outside of Roseburg? (THEN) Pass the sugar, will you.

TOM: Outside of the town, yeah.

JIM: Thanks.

(STIR SUGAR IN CUP)

TOM: This guy..Keith Martin, his name was..he was just out of the Navy and we got talking. I was in the Paratroops.

JIM: I know..

TOM: It was about ten or eleven, I guess. Anyway, it was getting late.  
Then I saw this guy hitch-hiking, so I stopped to pick him up.  
(TRUCK PULLS TO A STOP. OPEN DOOR)

TOM: (CALLS) How far you going?  
KEITH: (OFF) Just into Roseburg.  
TOM: (CALLS) Hop in!  
(SLAM CAR DOOR. TRUCK STARTS AGAIN)

KEITH: Thanks, buddy.  
TOM: Forget it. I did a lot of hitching myself, when I was in service.  
KEITH: Army?  
TOM: Paratroops.  
KEITH: I was in the Navy. (THEN) Hey, my name's Keith Miller.  
TOM: Tom Hartley.  
KEITH: You live around here?  
TOM: Not too far. Why?  
KEITH: Nothing. I figured maybe we could stop for a drink or something.  
I don't feel much like going home.  
TOM: I never feel like going home. Know any joints?  
KEITH: Edna's is up the road. Funny you should say that.  
TOM: Say what?  
KEITH: About not wanting to go home. I feel the same way, ever since I got  
out.  
TOM: Me too. In the army I don't think I every got to sleep. If there was  
something doing, brother, I wanted in.  
KEITH: That's Edna's place up ahead on the right. Maybe there'll be something  
doing there.

6-B

(TRUCK PADES)

(COFFEE CUPS)

JIM: Go on, Hartley. Was there anything doing at Edna's?

TOM: Not many people, Mr. Miller. First me and Keith just sat at the bar drinking.  
After a while Honey came in.

JIM: Honey Wagner?

TOM: That's right. We didn't know her, but you know how it is at a bar. After  
a while we all got talking. I remember Keith was telling stories.

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TOM: ~~After a while I pulled up at this joint on the highway,~~  
and we went in for a couple of drinks. Me and Keith.  
(FADE) Then we got kidding with this girl sitting at the  
bar. *Keith was telling her a story*

KEITH: Then I says, "Look, I don't care if you are a C.P.O.,  
you're still a jerk!"

HONEY: (LAUGHING) Wonderful! (THEN) I had a date with a Chief  
once. Brother, could he dance!

TOM: Anybody want another drink? Keith?

KEITH: Sure. How about you?

HONEY: The name's Honey. And I'd like a drink. (CALLS) Hey,  
Edna.

EDNA: (OFF) I hear you. (COMING IN) You want another round?

HONEY: Sure we do, Edna. Her name's Edna. She runs the joint.

EDNA: It'll have to be your last one. I'm closing up.

(MIX DRINKS, OFF)

HONEY: You should've seen this place during the war. Jumping  
every night.

KEITH: A lot of places were, Honey.

HONEY: Yeah. You know, it's funny. In a way, it was more fun  
when there was a war. You know? More doing.

EDNA: Who's paying for the round?

KEITH: Here, I will.

TOM: It's my turn, Keith.

KEITH: Forget it. (THEN) Anyplace stay open late around here,  
Honey?

HONEY: Not on a week-night. Wait a second. You fellows got a  
car?

TOM: I got a truck outside.

HONEY: We could get a bottle if you want to. Maybe drive out to the woods and kill it.

(CASH REGISTER, OFF)

KEITH: Suits me. Tom?

TOM: Guess so. (THEN) Sure.

(COINS ON COUNTER)

EDNA: Here's your change.

HONEY: Hey, Edna, the boys want to buy a bottle.

EDNA: You ought to go home. All of you.

KEITH: Sure. Only we still want a bottle. Sell us one?

EDNA: You want to get in trouble, it ain't my affair.

HONEY: That's for us, huh, fellows? Trouble! (LAUGHS - FADE)

You know, a night like this...it's just like old times.

(I'LL BE DOWN TO GET YOU IN A TAXI, HONEY)

(COFFEE CUPS)

JIM: Then what, Tom? Did you go to the woods? The three of you?

TOM: I swear to you, Mr. Miller, when we got to the woods I dropped them off.

JIM: OH?

TOM: I know it sounds phoney. I like a good time as much as anybody.

JIM: But you dropped Keith and Honey and drove on.

TOM: Keith insisted. After all, three's a crowd.

JIM: All right, let's say you did. Keith and Honey went into the woods to finish the bottle and you drove away.

TOM: The rest you know. Some hunter or somebody found her body in the woods weeks later.

JIM: That's right. That was all in the papers, Hartley. Why didn't you go to the police then?

TOM: I got a record.

JIM: I know. Served a year for assault, didn't you?

TOM: What chance would someone with a record have?

JIM: The cops try to get the truth. (THEN) Where did you hide out?

TOM: I've been working in a logging camp. I used another name.

JIM: And now that they have found him, you're ready to talk too. Is that about it?

TOM: I got to. I didn't kill that girl, Mr. Miller. Keith is lying.

JIM: Or you are.

TOM: Look, I'll do anything you say. If somebody like you doesn't help me, I haven't got a chance. I know that. I'll take a lie detector test. Anything. Only you got to help me!

JIM: (AFTER A PAUSE) Put on your coat, Tom. I'll go with you while you turn yourself in.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You drive Tom Hartley to the authorities in Roseburg, Jim Miller, and in the car, you don't say much to this strange young man beside you. Is he telling you the truth? Or is he smart, Jim Miller? Real smart? Clever enough to make this grand-stand play for your sympathy. You just can't be sure. (PAUSE) You stand by while he turns himself in to the Roseburg police. You say nothing as he's booked, and as they start to lead him to a cell. He turns to you, ~~then~~, and your eyes meet on a dead level.

TOM: Mr. Miller.....

JIM: Yes?

TOM: Will you...do what you can?

NARR: You stare at him, Jim Miller, wondering. Here in this same jail is another young man---about the same age, perhaps the same kind of a fellow. One of them is a killer. Which one? (PAUSE) Tom waits, and finally you answer.

JIM: I'll print your story, Tom. Then I'll do what I can.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER --)

NARR: You print Tom Hartley's story, just as he told it to you. Then the next morning early, you call at the office of Lou Holton, Assistant District Attorney in Roseburg.

(DOOR SHUTS, OFF. THEN CHAIR SCRAPE)

LOU: Sit down, Miller.

JIM: Thanks, Mr. Holton.

LOU: Sorry I wasn't here last night when you brought Hartley in. I guess it's not too late to say we appreciate the help.

JIM: It was Tom's idea. He just phoned our office first, that's all.

LOU: Not a bad idea, getting the press on your side before you go to bat.

JIM: That could have been his idea.

LOU: Think he had any other?

JIM: He might be just a guy who's scared, you know. With a prison record behind him, ~~he's got plenty to be scared about.~~

LOU: And maybe the gas chamber in front of him. ~~Yes, he has.~~

JIM: Then you think Hartley killed her?

LOU: I know one of them did. Back in a cell, I've got two young men. They were both with Honey Wagner that night. They admit that. And yet, each one swears the other one killed her.

JIM: I know.

LOU: What do you do then? She was killed six months ago. It's a cinch there isn't going to be any new evidence. Nothing just two men, calling each other a killer.

JIM: Have Hartley and Martin seen each other?

LOU: What?

JIM: Here in the jail. Have they talked to each other yet?

LOU: I don't see why not. They're both in the same cell.

JIM: What?

LOU: I don't like that anymore than you do. But we only got one cell.

JIM: Won't there be trouble?

LOU: There's a guard back there. A little something else, too. I've got a microphone in the cell with them.

JIM: Do they know it?

LOU: No, it's hidden. Of course, it's no good at a trial, but I didn't think it'd hurt to install it. (THEN) Want to listen? The speaker's right here on this tape recorder

JIM: I'd like to. Have they said anything so far?

LOU: Not much. Hartley slept until a while ago. I guess he was pretty tired when you brought him in. (THEN) Here, I'll switch it on.

(SWITCH)

JIM: This ought to make good listening.

LOU: I figured it might. (THEN) ~~Hear anything?~~

JIM: ~~Not yet.~~

TOM: (FILTER) Keith. *Keith Keith Jim talking to you.*

KEITH: (FILTER) What? *is it*

JIM: ~~They're talking!~~

LOU: ~~Yeah.~~

TOM: (FILTER) We might just as well talk, Keith. We got a long wait.

KEITH: (FILTER) Talk about what?

TOM: (FILTER) Everything.

KEITH: (FILTER) Go ahead. Talk.

TOM: (FILTER) Okay, I will. Let's get something straight right from the start.

KEITH: (FILTER) Sure.

TOM: (FILTER) *I read in that you I was* The papers <sup>^</sup>said you ~~named me as~~ the killer.

Did you? (PAUSE, THEN) Well, did you?

KEITH: (FILTER) Why not? It's the truth.

TOM: (FILTER) The truth! Why, you... (THEN)... Look, Keith. Why try it? It won't work. You must know that.

KEITH: (FILTER) You know what I know?

TOM: (FILTER) What?

KEITH: (FILTER) Just what I told the cops. I didn't kill her.  
You did.

TOM: (FILTER) That's a lie and you know it. Why, will you  
tell me? Why lie?

KEITH: (FILTER) You killed her, Hartley. And that's no lie.  
(SWITCH ON MIKE)

LOU: Get any ideas from that, Miller?

JIM: Not much. They could go on like that for weeks.

LOU: Probably will. I'm not waiting weeks, though. Feeling  
in town's running higher than a kite right now.

JIM: You're going to trial, then? Against which one?

LOU: Against the man who murdered Honey Wagner. Against  
the killer. Which one? I don't know, Miller. (THEN)  
Do you?

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #336

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.

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #336

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL (CONTD)

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 James Miller, as he lived it and wrote it

NARR: You're no crusader, Jim Miller. You're a newspaper man. But you listen to the talk in town--to the feeling the Assistant District Attorney said is running high--and you know that Tom Hartley needs a break. Since his return from the war, he's been wild. Couldn't settle down. The people know these things, Jim Miller, and you know them. Early the next morning, you ask permission to talk to Tom Hartley alone.

JIM: You know they're going ahead with a trial, Tom?

TOM: They told me. What's it mean, Mr. Miller?

JIM: A jury's going to find one of you guilty of murder.

TOM: But I didn't kill her. They can't say I did when I didn't!

JIM: Keith Martin says you did.

TOM: He's a liar.

JIM: Face it, Tom. Calling names isn't going to help you.

TOM: You mean the jury will believe him?

JIM: He hasn't got a record. You have.

TOM: But...but what can I do? <sup>Mr. Miller</sup> Jim, believe me, I didn't kill

that girl! Can't you do something?

JIM: <sup>You told me before you</sup> Would you be willing to take a lie detector test? <sup>Did you mean,</sup>

TOM: I'll do anything ~~you~~ say.

JIM: All right. I'll ask Mr. Holton if he'll arrange it.

TOM: Will you do something else?

JIM: If I can.

TOM: Go see my mother. She must be worried sick.

JIM: All right, Tom. I'll talk to her. I'll talk to anybody I can.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've talked to mothers before, Jim Miller. You've heard them plead, and beg, and swear their sons were innocent. You can't blame them. You expect something like that from Tom Hartley's mother. But on the small Oregon farm where you find her, it isn't like that at all. As she

AGNES: talks, you listen. You look at her deep-set eyes, watch the movement of her hard, strong hands, and you listen, Tom 's been in a lot of trouble, Mr. Miller. After he came back from the war especially.

JIM: I know, Mrs. Hartley.

AGNES: It seemed as if being away made him wild. Made him so he just couldn't settle down.

JIM: That happens.

AGNES: I guess it's wrong to say so--being his mother--but I know he isn't a good boy. Not all good, anyway. Like I say, I know he's been wild.

JIM: Yes, mam.

AGNES: But I know something else, Mr. Miller.

JIM: Yes? *What is it*

AGNES: I raised that boy. (PAUSE) I know he's not a killer.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(TAVERN NOISES. GLASSES. CUSTOMERS IN BG)

EDNA: Drink?

JIM: Not now, thanks. Are you the owner of this tavern?

EDNA: I'm Edna. If you're selling something, the answer is no.

JIM: I'm a reporter. I wanted to talk to you about Tom Hartley.

EDNA: What about him?

JIM: *He told me + Keith Martin*  
They met Honey Wagner here at your place, didn't they?

EDNA: So what, I don't pick my customers. You want to print something in your paper?

JIM: That's my job.

EDNA: *Then print this*  
I'm glad they caught him. The whole town is.

JIM: Even if Tom didn't kill anybody?

EDNA: He's been in jail before, hasn't he? They got him right where he belongs if you ask me.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(MILD TRAFFIC IN BG. CAR PULLS INTO SERVICE STATION. CAR STOPS. MOTOR IDLES)

BILL: (COMING IN) Regular or High Test, Mister?

JIM: It's almost full, I think. You're Bill Sampson?

BILL: That's right.

JIM: My name's Jim Miller, Bill. I'm a reporter on the Statesman. Got a minute?

BILL: A reporter? (THEN) Yeah. I got a minute.

(TURN OFF MOTOR)

JIM: Tom Hartley's mother told me you're his best friend.

BILL: We were in the paratroops together.

JIM: I know. (THEN) Tell me about Tom, will you, Bill? Was he a pretty good soldier?

BILL: Tom? Sure. (THEN) Sure he was. Only...

JIM: Only what?

BILL: You think they're going to say stuff like that at the trial? About how he was a good soldier?

JIM: I think anything they can say might help.

BILL: You don't know Tom very well, do you?

JIM: I'm trying to know him better. Why?

BILL: He wouldn't go for that.

JIM: Oh?

BILL: We don't want anybody saying how it's so tough for us to get started again. We get a break, we get it on our own. Not just because we're veterans.

JIM: I feel that way myself.

BILL: You print a story about how Tom got in trouble because he's a vet, and a lot of guys are going to resent it. Don't you know that?

JIM: I know that, Bill. And I wouldn't angle a story that way. I'd resent it too.

BILL: *That is just it*  
~~You know something?~~ So would Tom.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER...)

NAHR: Back at the District Attorney's office, Jim Miller, you stop a minute before you open the door to go in. You've learned nothing you can bring back to Tom Hartley--nothing to give him any hope. ~~Funny, how it bothers you.~~ <sup>While</sup> At first you weren't sure ~~of Tom Hartley at all.~~ <sup>Tom Hartley was innocent</sup> Now, somehow, you are <sup>beginning to feel he might be</sup> And you can't help him. (PAUSE) ~~You~~  
~~go on in.~~

LOU: (OFF) Oh, Miller. Come on in.

JIM: I just thought I'd check before I headed home, Mr. Holton. Anything new?

LOU: On the microphone? I don't think they talked more than five words all day.

JIM: I guess they haven't much more to say.

LOU: Maybe. Taking that lie detector test wasn't easy, I guess. Puts a strain on you.

JIM: You gave the test? Already?

LOU: I said I would, didn't I? Hartley took the test about noon. I got a call about an hour ago with the report.

JIM: What.....what was it?

LOU: Inconclusive.

JIM: Inconclusive!

LOU: ~~He says~~ that happens sometimes. Certain people, the result doesn't mean one thing or the other. Like Hartley. It doesn't mean a thing.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER...)

N

NARR: The days go faster now, Jim Miller. Days leading to Tom Hartley's trial. Back in your office, you try to think about other things. About your work. But it's always there...that thought of the boy who asked you to believe in him. Ten times a day you bang your fist down on the desk and wish there were something...anything you could do. Even now, late at night, you're at your desk, a half-written story in front of you. You can't work. All you can think about is a man on his way to the gas chamber. A man who asked you to be his friend.

(PHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE)

JIM: Statesman. Miller.

AGNES: (FILTER) Mr. Miller?

JIM: Yes?

AGNES: This is Agnes Hartley, Tom's mother?

JIM: Yes, Mrs. Hartley. Is anything wrong?

AGNES: I couldn't sleep, Mr. Miller. Then when I turned on the news on the radio, I...(BREAKING) Mr. Miller, why? Why did he do it?

JIM: Do what, Mrs. Hartley? What are you talking about?

AGNES: (CHOKING) I...I just can't believe it.

JIM: Mrs. Hartley, tell me. What's happened?

AGNES: The news report just now. It says Tom tried to kill himself in his cell.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've been hit hard before, Jim Miller, but not like this. This sinks deep, and realizing all that it means---all that it implies--you suddenly feel sick, and empty.

(MORE)



NARR: Slowly, like a man who's lost, you leave the office and  
(CONT'D) drive through the night to the jail. For you, there's  
nothing now--no cause, no hope, no promise.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LOU: (OFF) Come in!

(OPEN DOOR)

JIM: I just heard the news.

LOU: Come on in, Miller. I thought you'd be over. That's  
why I waited. Sit down.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

JIM: Funny the way something like this hits you. I was sold  
on Hartley.

LOU: I figured you were. Did you know I got a tape recording  
of the whole thing?

JIM: Oh?

LOU: Want to hear it?

JIM: Not...not unless I have to. After all, it's over.  
Trying to commit suicide just about cinches it with a  
jury.

LOU: I think it will. (THEN) Keith's okay, you know. Just  
a cut on the wrist.

JIM: Keith?

LOU: Yeah. Hartley stopped him before he did any real harm to  
himself.

JIM: Hartley stopped him? What...what are you talking about?

LOU: What I said. When Keith tried to kill himself, Hartley  
stopped him.

JIM: But...but it's the other way around!

LOU: You mean you heard that first report? That was all  
~~believed~~ *misled* up.

JIM: Hartley didn't? It was Keith?

LOU: Sure. The news service got it backwards. I sent out a  
correction as soon as I knew about it. Listen for  
yourself.

(FLIP SWITCH)

LOU: You look relieved.

JIM: Brother, you don't know.

LOU: Listen. It's warmed up.

TOM: (FILTER) Keith? (THEN) Keith, what's the matter?

KEITH: (FILTER) Go to sleep.

TOM: (FILTER) What are you doing over there? (THEN) Keith?

KEITH: (FILTER) Leave me alone, will you?

TOM: (FILTER) I still want to know what you're ...(THEN) Hey.  
For the love of....

KEITH: (FILTER) Let go! Let me go, you crazy...

TOM: (FILTER, STRUGGLING) No you don't, you rat! You're  
not taking the easy way out now. I'm saving you for the  
jury!

(FLIP SWITCH)

LOU: That about does it, wouldn't you say?

JIM: It sure does. (THEN) Is Tom okay?

LOU: Ask him, if you want to. He's right in the next room.

JIM: In here?

LOU: Yeah.

*Let's go in*  
(OPEN DOOR)

JIM: Tom?

TOM: (COMING IN) Mr. Miller! Did Mr. Holton tell you? You know what happened?

JIM: Everybody knows, Tom. Things are going to be okay.

TOM: Did you tell my mother?

LOU: I called her, son.

TOM: Thanks. (THEN) I don't know what to say, Mr. Miller. A couple of times, the only thing that kept me going was...well, <sup>thinking</sup> ~~knowing~~ you believed me.

JIM: A lot of people are going to believe you, Tom From now on.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN..) --

(MUSIC: -- HIT FOR CURTAIN) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from James Burr Miller of the Salem, Oregon Statesman with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #336

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 James Burr Miller of the Salem, Oregon Statesman.

JIM: GLAD TO REPORT TOM HARTLEY WAS ACQUITTED AND FREED. IN A SEPARATE TRIAL KEITH MARTIN WAS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED FOR THE MURDER OF HONEY WAGNER. MY SINCERE APPRECIATION FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Miller. 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 momento 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 Washington D.C. Times Herald by-line Arthur Mielke. The <sup>Big</sup> story of a reporter *who uncovered the past & helped write the future*

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on Television.

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIFE 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 Robert J. Shaw from an  
actual story from the pages of the Salem, Oregon  
Statesman. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and <sup>Burr</sup> James Stephens  
played the part of James Miller. 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.  
Miller.

(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.

jk/at/rk  
1/15/54

ATX01 0008298

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #332

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ART	LYLE SUDROW
DR. ADAMS	COURT BENSON
SERGEANT	MAURICE WELLS
FLOYD	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
MARTHA	BARBARA WEEKS
MOTHER	JOAN LORRING
WOMAN	JOAN LORRING
MR. SIMMS	TED OSBORN

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1954

ATX01 0008299

THE BIG STORY

(Arthur Mielke, Washington, D.C. Times-Herald)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT)

(DOOR OPENS HURRIEDLY)

FLOYD: Martha, I've been lookin' all over for you. Better come into the nursery.

MARTHA: What are you botherin' me for, Floyd.

FLOYD: Somethin's wrong in there.

MARTHA: What.

FLOYD: One of the kids.

MARTHA: Can't you see I'm busy in here. ~~GROCERIES BEEN COSTIN' US TOO MUCH. I WANT TO CHECK IF THE STORES BEEN SENDIN' US EVERYTHING WE PAY FOR.~~

FLOYD: Martha, you better come.

MARTHA: The kid cryin'?

FLOYD: No. He's still. Awful still. I think he's sick.

MARTHA: All right. I'll take a look.

(SHE GETS UP AND WALKS WITH HIM SEVERAL FEET)

FLOYD: Well. What's wrong with him.

MARTHA: Quiet. Can't you. (SLIGHT BEAT) Floyd.

FLOYD: (SLIGHT BEAT) What is it.

MARTHA: He's dead.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are to hear actually happened. It happened in Prince Georges County, Maryland. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

ATX01 0008300



CHAPPELL: (FLAT) From the pages of the Washington, D.C. Times-Herald,  
(CONT'D) the Big Story of a reporter who uncovered the past and  
helped write the future. Tonight, to Arthur Mielke, for  
his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar  
Award.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #337

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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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 BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Prince Georges County, Maryland. The story as it actually happened. Arthur Mielke's story, as he lived it.

NARR: It was a day in Spring. April. And how well you remember. The earth was green again...and you liked your job of county reporter for the Washington Times-Herald..because it let you be here. Prince Georges County. Across the district line <sup>in Maryland</sup> You felt good that day. Real good. And when you came into the local police station there was nothing to make you recall that the world was also a place for..trouble.

(~~SWINGING DOOR PUSHES OPEN..WALKING ON FLOOR~~)

~~NARR: A few officers were around. They nodded to you. You saw a geranium plant on a table. Yeah. Spring.~~

~~SGT: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey, Art.~~

~~NARR: The desk sergeant called to you. Motioned to come on over.~~

~~SGT: You just came from the county government meeting, didn't you, Art?~~

~~ART: That's right, Sergeant.~~

~~SGT: Any of the commissioners talk about the pay increase?~~

~~ART: No, they didn't~~

~~SGT: (DISAPPOINTED) Shame. I thought they were supposed to.~~

~~ART: It's on the agenda for the next meeting.~~

~~SGT: You sure?~~

~~ART: Yeah and from what I hear, it's going through.~~

~~SGT: It is, eh. Say, that'll be good news all over the county.~~

~~ART: How's business today? Got anything I can use, Sergeant?~~

SGT: Don't think so, Art.

ART: Quiet, eh.

SGT: Just this one thing from the hospital. Child was brought in there this morning. A boy. Dead on arrival.

ART: Shame. What happened.

SGT: Don't have a report yet. Guess it'll be natural causes. Anything else, we'd have been notified.

ART: How old was the child.

SGT: Seven months.

ART: Parents must be having a rough time of it.

SGT: ~~kid dying. Everybody feels that.~~

ART: Can I use your phone, Sergeant.

SGT: Sure.

(PHONE LIFTED..DIALING WITH BELOW)

SGT: Checking with the hospital?

ART: Just routine.

SGT: You newspaper fellows don't miss a trick.

ART: (ON PHONE) Hello....this is Arthur Hielke, Times-Herald. I understand a child was brought into emergency. D.O.A. Yes..that's right...who was the doctor on the case?... May I speak to him...but why not...I just want to get the details...oh, I see...very well, thank you.

(HANGS UP)

SGT: What's a matter?

ART: The hospital won't release any information.

SGT: They say why?

ART: (THINKING IT OVER) Yeah. They've called for the county medical examiner.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

Nothing to get excited over. In cases where a patient reaches the hospital already dead, it's a matter of law that the medical examiner has to conduct an autopsy as to the cause of death. Still, the voice of the person who spoke to you from the hospital sounded a little strange Or is it just imagination. There's only one way to find out, isn't there. You know Dr. Adams, the medical examiner. ~~Call him~~ <sup>He's on his way</sup>

~~(RINGING OF PHONE ON OTHER END. IT IS PICKED UP.)~~

ADAMS:

(FILTER) (ON EDGE) Yes.

ART:

Dr. Adams...this is Arthur Mielke.

ADAMS:

Oh, hello, Art.

ART:

Sir, have you been out to the hospital yet? They said they'd called you about that child.

ADAMS:

I've just come back.

ART:

Anything unusual about the case, Doctor?

ADAMS:

(STRAINED) Art, I can't talk to you on the phone. Not about this.

ART:

Pardon.

ADAMS:

You come out here to Forestville. Now.

ART:

What for?

ADAMS:

You asked about the child, didn't you. Well, I'll tell you about it. If you can believe it. Goodbye, Art.

(HANGING UP ON OTHER END)

NARR:

No mistake now, Arthur Mielke. There was something in Dr. Adams voice. It sounded urgent...almost grim. And he's never called you to his office before, has he. Go on. ~~What are you waiting for? Get out there.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ADAMS: There was good reason for the hospital calling me in, Art. More than just the law. Here..take a look at these pictures.

ART: What are they, Doctor Adams.

ADAMS: Photographs of the child's head. (SLIGHT BEAT) Well.

ART: (A LITTLE SICK) I..I don't believe them.

ADAMS: He didn't die from natural causes. Not with these head injuries.

ART: What did this, Doctor.

ADAMS: I don't know. But one thing is certain. These injuries couldn't have been inflicted by the baby himself. There are just too many of them. The actual cause of death was intra-cranial hemorrhage.

ART: That's the medical cause but what really happened.

ADAMS: According to the woman who runs the nursery home where the child was living, he'd been striking his head against the bars of his crib.

ART: And that killed him.

ADAMS: No. It couldn't have. Not in a hundred years.

ART: I..I don't understand.

ADAMS: Can anyone? A baby with injuries such as these. I've never seen it before.

ART: (DISTURBED) Doctor, there's no possible mistake. They weren't self inflicted.

ADAMS: I told you, Art. No. It had to happen in some other way.

ART: But this woman said the child did it himself.

ADAMS: She did.

ART: Yet you say no. The only thing left is..she's lying.  
ADAMS: It's not my place to make accusations. But I'll tell you  
one thing. <sup>but</sup> I'm not closing this case until I find out  
~~what I want to know.~~ How ~~did~~ this boy died?

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NAHR: ~~Dr. Adams asked it but now, it is your question too.~~ And  
you want the answer. <sup>do</sup> Oh, how you want it. The child had  
boarded at a nursery home, you'd been told. And fifteen  
minutes later...you're out of your car and walking up to  
the door. It's a white frame house, blue shutters. And  
it needs paint. A lot of it.

(BELL SOUNDS INSIDE THE HOUSE)

The sign outside reads Park Hill Nursery Home. A real  
pretty name, isn't it. An invitation to happy hours.

(DOOR OPENS)

But this man who's just opened the door. He doesn't fit  
in the picture. He doesn't fit in at all.

FLOYD: You want someone?

ART: Mrs. Ferril, please.

FLOYD: Who are you?

ART: Arthur Mielke, Times-Herald. (SLIGHT BEAT) Mrs. Ferrill  
home?

FLOYD: I guess you better come in. (EXPLAINING) I'm Mr. Ferril.

(DOOR CLOSES)

FLOYD: Down the hall here.

(SLIGHT ECHO AS THEY WALK)

NARR: (WITH ABOVE) What kind of place is this anyway? Where are the toys...the dolls. The things that make a child's life. And it's still. So very still. Where is the sound of children?

FLOYD: Just a second.

(DOOR OPENS)

FLOYD: Martha. (SLIGHT BEAT) Martha, you better get up. Man out here wants to see you.

MARTHA: (OFF) Floyd, I'm resting. I told you never to bother me when I'm resting.

FLOYD: This man's a reporter. Times-Herald.

MARTHA: What's he want?

FLOYD: Talk to you.

MARTHA: I don't have to talk to no reporter. Tell him to go away.

FLOYD: Maybe you oughta, Martha. ~~We got nothing to hide.~~

MARTHA: He out there?

FLOYD: Right here in the hall.

MARTHA: All right. I'll talk to him.

FLOYD: She'll be right out, Mister.

ART: Thanks.

(SHE SLOWLY COMES ON)

ART: Mrs. Ferril.

MARTHA: I already told the doctors. The baby done it to himself. He was a bad sleeper. Always hurtin' himself.

ART: The medical examiner says it couldn't have happened that way, Mrs. Ferril.

MARTHA: ~~You believe Doctors?~~

ART: ~~Yes. I do.~~



MARTHA: ~~Don't see why you came down here.~~

ART: Doctor Adams says the injuries weren't self-inflicted.  
Do you know any other way it <sup>might</sup> could have happened?

MARTHA: Mister, there are a lot of children here. I can't watch every one every second.

ART: ~~Did you see how the boy was hurt, Mr Ferril?~~

FLOYD: Well, I....

MARTHA: He didn't see nothing. I ran this home. Don't I, Floyd?

FLOYD: Yes, Martha.

ART: Mrs. Ferril, when it happened, the child must have cried. You'd have known what did it, wouldn't you?

MARTHA: ~~Mister, how many times you going to ask me? I told you.~~

The boy didn't sleep good. If you really want to know, he fell out of the crib. That's how he got hurt.

ART: You told Dr. Adams he injured himself against the side of his crib.

MARTHA: It was both ways. Wasn't it, Floyd?

FLOYD: Just the way you said, Martha.

MARTHA: You better see to the children, Floyd. Maybe one of them wants something.

FLOYD: All right, Martha.

(AS HE WALKS OFF..)

NARR: ~~You look at her and you're frightened. The face is cold, empty of expression. And all you can think to yourself, now is one small question: Has this woman ever cried?~~

(DOOR CLOSES OFF AS FLOYD IS GONE)

MARTHA: Floyd don't know about the home. Sort of a handyman. Guess you wasted your time in coming down here, Mister.

ART: Have I?

MARTHA: Accidents happen. It's too bad about the boy. I figure people will just have to forget about it.

ART: There's one person who won't.

MARTHA: There is?

ART: Yes. The boy's mother.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MOTHER: (YOUNG) I thought I was doing right. A home where he'd be taken care of while I worked. Mr. Mielke, what else was I going to do. My husband was gone and there wasn't any money. Who was going to watch out for me and my baby?

ART: I understand, Mrs. Nelson.

MOTHER: He was only there a week. If I'd only known what was going to happen....

ART: No sense blaming yourself, ~~the~~ Nelson.

MOTHER: But it is my fault. Why didn't I check into that place? Why? Someone told me about it and I just didn't think. A nursery home. It had to be all right. Anyone who would take care of children...they had to love them.

ART: Yes, Mrs. Nelson.

MOTHER: I took him there and he cried. You know what that did to me. Mrs. Ferril said they all cry but they get used to it there. I didn't want to walk away but she said it would be all right.

ART: I see.

MOTHER: I went outside. On the porch. I could still hear him. She carried him upstairs. All the way home I could hear him. Crying for me.

ART: Did you go back to see him?

MOTHER: Mrs. Ferril said not to for a while. Let him get used to it, she told me. I called every day and she said he was doing fine. Only after it was too late...I went there. (BEGINS TO CRY SOFTLY) My baby. He was dead. (WE LISTEN TO HER FOR A FEW MOMENTS THEN..) Someone who'd want to take care of children...I thought they'd love them.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It was something few people had stopped to think about. The nursery homes where working mothers had to leave their children. And in trying to find out the kind of person Martha Ferril is..her qualifications for running such a home..you come across these facts.

SGT: I looked up the law on these homes, Art. The way it stands now, there's no regulation which can be used to check their fitness for the work. The only thing they have to comply with is the building and sanitation code. Anybody can run a nursery home. No matter who you are.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: All right. This much you know now. Martha Ferril is no person dedicated to the love and <sup>Care</sup> ~~help~~ of children. This was strictly business with her. But the big question is still unanswered. What really happened to the child who died. From seeing Mrs. Ferril, from talking to her, you've got a good idea. But you're afraid to say it. And yet, what Doctor Adams said...keeps coming back to you...again...and again.

ADAMS: These injuries couldn't have been inflicted by the baby himself. There are just too many of them.

NARR: Do you dare say it, Arthur Mielke. Where's the proof? Well, you won't get it sitting here in your office. From the county records you <sup>find out</sup> know that Martha Ferril once ran nursing homes in different parts of the state. Why don't you run a story on her now....see what sort of reaction it brings in.

(MUSIC: RISES...RIDES...AND GOES OUT FOR)

(PHONE RINGS...PICKS UP)

ART: Mielke speaking.

SIMMS: (FILTER) My name is Simms. I read your story about Mrs. Ferril and the boy who died in her place.

ART: Yes sir.

SIMMS: She had a nursery home up here about nine years ago.

ART: Where's that, Mr. Simms.

SIMMS: Mount Ranier.

ART: Did you know her?

SIMMS: Yeah. She used to come into my drugstore. Moved away though when everyone took their kids out of her place.

ART: Took them out?

SIMMS: On account of all the stories about her.

ART: What kind of stories, Mr. Simms?

SIMMS: Pretty nasty stuff. Hard to believe. They were all about her beating up the children.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #337

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.

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #337

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!

3. (MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You're sure of it now, aren't you. No more doubt. The child who died in the nursery home run by Martha Ferril was...and this is the only terrible way to say it...he.. was beaten to death. (IMPATIENT) Go to the police. Find out what they're waiting for.

(MUSIC: STABS, OUT)

SGT: The evidence is all circumstantial, Art. Oh, I admit it adds up all right. Perfectly. But ~~we want~~ the state's attorney <sup>has</sup> to have an air tight case.

ART: Sergeant, what else can you need. She had a reputation for mistreating the kids in her other places. And the medical examiner says the child couldn't have ~~hurt~~ <sup>killed</sup> himself. It's as plain as day.

SGT: Sure but we still have no proof. Are there any witnesses who can testify. <sup>What about her husband</sup> ~~Not a one.~~ Well, her husband maybe..if he saw anything, which I doubt. She leads him around like a poor dumb animal.

Art:

ART: What are you going to do then.

SGT: Just what the law says. Get a real case against Mrs. Ferril. You don't think she's going to get away with this, do you.

ART: (VERY TROUBLED) I don't know, Sergeant. I don't know.

(MUSIC: RISES, BEHIND)

NARR: The police can afford to be patient..cautious. That's their job. But not you, Arthur Mielke. Have you ever been so angry in your whole life. How this thing tears at you ...makes you want to do something.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONTD)

Well, there's one thing you can do, isn't there. You've got the facts..and you've got the place to show them to people. Write about the death of this child. And call it the ugly name it deserves. Call it...murder!

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(STREET SOUNDS)

MARTHA: ~~What time's it, Floyd.~~

FLOYD: Past seven, Martha.

MARTHA: Mr. Mielke works late, don't he?

FLOYD: Why don't we just go into his buildin' and see him. What do we keep waitin' out here for.

MARTHA: I want to talk to him private.

FLOYD: Sure got your name all over the paper, Martha. They put it right in front.

MARTHA: (ALERT) Floyd.

FLOYD: That him.

MARTHA: Coming down the steps with that other fellow. Ask him to come over here.

FLOYD: ~~All right, Martha.~~

(WE GO WITH FLOYD AS HE WALKS DOWN THE SIDEWALK)

ART: (JUST OFF) Good night, Harry. See you in the morning.

FLOYD: Mr. Mielke.

ART: (FADING ON) Yes, Oh...Mr. Ferril.

FLOYD: My wife's over there on the corner, Mr. Mielke. She'd like to have a few words with you.

ART: What about.

FLOYD: You come over and she'll tell you. (SLIGHT BEAT) All right, Mr. Mielke?

ART: Yeah. Yeah, sure.

FLOYD: Fine.



(THEY WALK TO WHERE SHE IS)

MARTHA: (FADING ON) Evenin', Mr. Mielke.

ART: Good evening.

MARTHA: You did a bad thing, ~~Mr. Mielke.~~

ART: Did I?

MARTHA: Writing that the boy was killed.

ART: He was.

MARTHA: They took their children out of my place. All the folks who was boardin' them. They read your paper and you scared them.

ART: They read the truth, Mrs. Ferril. And the best thing they could have done was to rescue their children as quickly as they could. You've got no right running a nursery home.

MARTHA: The boy hurt himself. I swear to it.

ART: The state's attorney will decide about that.

FLOYD: My wife didn't do nothin', Mr. Mielke. I can swear to that.

ART: I didn't say who killed him, Mr. Ferril. I only wrote how it happened.

MARTHA: Course you didn't say who did it because you don't know, do you, Mr. Mielke. ~~Only Floyd and me was in the home.~~ You wrote lies and you can't back them up.

ART: ~~People around Mount Banier said you were known for puttin'~~ your hands on the children in your place.

MARTHA: What does that say about this boy. The one who died. You know you can't do nothin' to me. Nothin'.

FLOYD: Mrs. Ferril...

MARTHA: ~~You're dunnin' in the dark, Mr. Mielke. No matter what you write, people just aren't going to believe it.~~

*Art*  
FLOYD: The ones who boarded their children with you did.

*didn't*

MARINA:

But what about all the ones who ~~don't~~. You see, Mr. Mielke, you're writin' about something that no one can ever understand happening. What human being is goin' to believe that a woman would try to hurt a <sup>baby</sup> little boy. ~~Who in the world is really goin' to say to themselves that it wasn't an accident.~~ (SLIGHT BEAT...ALMOST MOCKINGLY) ~~Who, Mr. Mielke, who?~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

You wrote the thing just as it happened. People have to see it for what it was. She can't go unpunished because it's too terrible to believe. (TRYING TO REASSURE HIMSELF) You'll get letters about this woman...and phone calls too. And they'll be on your side. Public opinion will work to bring her to justice.

(PHONE BEGINS TO RING)

They'll believe what you wrote. You'll see.

(PHONE IS LIFTED)

ART:

Mielke speaking.

WOMAN:

(FILTER) You the one who wrote that story about the nursery home.

ART:

That's right.

WOMAN:

What are you tryin' to do to that poor woman. I think it's a disgrace to try and ruin someone like that. If she did do somethin' wrong, wouldn't the police have arrested her by now. Why don't you let her alone.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES BEHIND)

NARR: (A LITTLE GRIM) ~~You started something, Arthur Mielke. And~~  
~~It's not going to be easy finishing it.~~ What you've written  
isn't enough. You have to find out more about Martha  
Ferril. Much more. Enough to convince people that she is  
responsible for the death of that child. Go back into her  
life. Find out everything about her that you can.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

SIMMS: I've been talking to a lot of people since you phoned this  
morning, Mr. Mielke. Practically everyone who's come into  
my drug store here.

ART: I appreciate your help, Mr. Simms.

SIMMS: Forget it. I wouldn't have phoned you yesterday if I  
didn't think this thing was important.

ART: Yes sir.

SIMMS: People in Mount Ranier haven't forgotten her, Mr. Mielke.  
Not by a long shot.

ART: Where was the nursery home.

SIMMS: Out on Midblaine Road. I wouldn't a kept an animal in there

ART: What I need, Mr. Simms is something specific. Names of  
people who complained about the treatment there. The  
things that happened.

SIMMS: Like I said on the phone, it was nine years ago. People  
have come and gone since then.

ART: (DOWN) Yes, Mr. Simms.

SIMMS: Found out one thing though.

ART: What's that.

SIMMS: In 1944, a baby died there.

(MUSIC: HITS FOR THE POINT)

NARR: A baby died there. Easy, Arthur Mielke. Take it slow.  
This could be nothing..just a coincidence or..it could be  
a lot. Find out the big thing. How did the baby die.

SIMMS: I don't know how it happened. I don't even know the child's  
name. Fellow in the store told me about it this morning.

ART: (THINKING IT OUT) You say it was in 1944. During the war.

SIMMS: The way I hear it.

ART: Whole county was short on ambulances then. What did you  
use here in Mount Ranier.

SIMMS: Fire Department had a "rescue squad." Why you asking, Mr.  
Mielke.

ART: Well, if the baby were taken to the hospital, this "rescue  
squad" might have carried it.

SIMMS: (STILL TRYING TO SEE THE POINT) Possible.

ART: They'd keep records, wouldn't they? Sort of a trip ticket  
schedule. Where they went and why.

SIMMS: Tell you what. It'd be easy to find out. I'm in the  
volunteer fire department. We could check down at the  
firehouse.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

SIMMS: Look at the dust on these papers. I'd better open a  
window, Mr. Mielke.

(WINDOW OPENS JUST OFF)

ART: At least they're broken down into years. Here, Mr. Simms,  
you take this half.

SIMMS: Exactly what do you want me to look for.

ART: A trip to Mrs. Ferril's home <sup>nursery</sup> to answer an emergency  
ambulance call.

3. SIMMS: *Boy* *purchase a cup of them*  
~~well, there are only a couple of thousand of these things~~  
..but here goes.

(MUSIC: TICKS AWAY UNDERNEATH)

NARR: Page after page..but nothing about a nursery home. And as you sit here..going back through the records of a distant year..you begin to wonder. What makes you do this. Why this desperation to avenge the death of a child who was *strange* unknown to you. But in that one question, you have your answer. For what child is really a stranger to any man.

SIMMS: Mr. Mielke, *look at this*

NARR: ~~Mr. Simms is holding a paper out to you. Take it.~~

ART: What is it.

SIMMS: Trip to the nursery home to pick up a sick child.

ART: (READS) Nine PM. Arrived at hospital with Ronald Deering, age, one year. Dead on arrival. Cause of death...intra cranial hemorrhage.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

ART: Here's the death certificate on the child, Dr. Adams. I got it from the bureau.

ADAMS: Intra cranial hemorrhage.

ART: The same cause of death as for the boy who was brought in here. Right.

ADAMSL: Exactly. Have the police seen this, Art.

ART: Not yet, sir.

ADAMS: Well, it's high time they did. Get it to them at once.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: But you're not through yet. You want more evidence...and you get it. Two years after the child ~~who~~ died in Mount Ranier, another had died *at the third* in/a nursery home run by Mrs. Ferril.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONTD)

The cause of death. Intra cranial hemorrhage. And in 1945 you find that she was connected with ~~that~~ a fourth death. Somehow, these cases had never been followed up. And... you know the reason..the one Mrs. Ferril herself had given you. <sup>Any human being</sup> The disbelief that ~~someone~~ could cause the death of <sup>baby</sup> a child. But with all this evidence...what are they going to say now.

SGT: I've just seen the state's attorney, Art. On what you've found, he's decided to order Mrs. Ferril's arrest. The thing that bothers him though is that no one can actually prove she touched these children.

ART: But these three other deaths, Sergeant. That says it all.

SGT: We're counting on that, Art. Now..it's up to the grand jury. If they think what you've found is enough, they'll bring in an indictment,..and she'll go to trial.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: They're behind those doors. The men and women..good and true. What are they going to decide. Will they know the truth. Will they...believe. This all can't have been for nothing. They've got to see this woman for what she is.

SGT: (OFF) Art. Art Mielke.

NARR: Hurry. It's Sergeant Ross. What's he found out.

SGT: (FADING ON) It's all over, Art.

ART: What'd they say.

SGT: Mrs. Ferril has been indicted. The charge is manslaughter. I'm going down to see her. Want to come along?

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

MARTHA: Got what you wanted, didn't you, Mr. Mielke. Well, I hope you're happy.

ART: No, Mrs. Ferril. I don't have that kind of feeling at all.

MARTHA: Why not. You were out to get me, ~~even though I'm innocent.~~

ART: I was out for the truth. Nothing else.

MARTHA: Well, why didn't you find it then.

ART: The mothers who've lost their children think I have.

MARTHA: Don't tell me about being a mother. I had my own and I raised them. I raised them proper. Things were hard and there wasn't any money but I kept them with me and I took care of them.

ART: Yes, M'am.

MARTHA: You think I wanted to work, these last years I had left. But Floyd..he never made a good living and I had to be the one to think of making it for us. So I opened these nursery homes.

ART: You didn't really want those children, did you?

MARTHA: Why should I. I had my fill of crying and them being hungry and calling you every minute of the day. I went through it with my own kids. I was finished. I'd had my share.

ART: Yes.

MARTHA: They weren't my flesh and blood. Why should I have worried about them. The way I see it, they'd have been better off not being born.

ART: But they were, Mrs. Ferril. And you forgot the only thing that really counted. (SLIGHT BEAT) They had a right to live.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Arthur  
Mielke of the Washington Times-Herald with the final  
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #337

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 Arthur Mielke of the Washington Times-Herald.

ART: Jury found Mrs. Ferril guilty of manslaughter and sentenced her to Maryland Reformatory for Women. As a result of my articles on this case, legislature has enacted new laws governing the state's nursery homes. These regulations have resulted in standards that insure the finest care for children whose working mothers are forced to board them. Our nursery homes now rank among the finest in the country. My sincerest appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Mielke. 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 Denver Colorado Post by-line Willard C. Haselbush. The <sup>Big</sup> story of a reporter. *who put up his own life against the death of a machine*

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on Television, brought to you by the makers of PALL MALL 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 Alvin Boretz from an  
actual story from the pages of the Washington, D.C. Times  
Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and *Lyle Sudrow*  
played the part of Arthur Mielke. 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.  
Mielke.

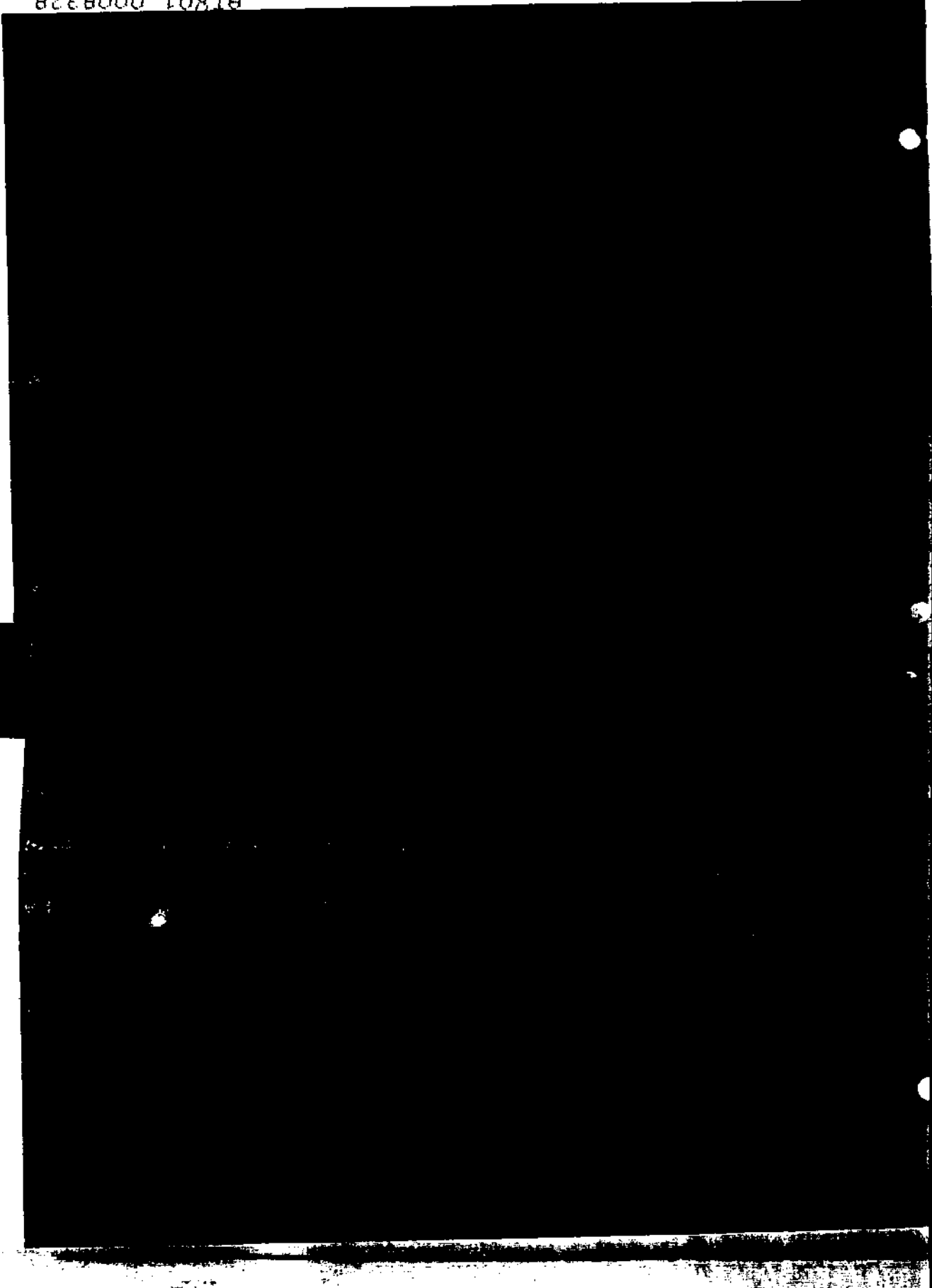
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

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.

AT/JK  
1/19/53

ATX01 0008327

RTX01 0008328



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #338

CAST

NARRATOR

WILLARD HASELBUSH

MURIEL

JOE DORRINA

JIM HOPKINS

CLYDE HOLTON

ED CAMPBELL

VAL PETERSON

*Wilson  
Ditch*

BOB SLOANE

JOHN LARKIN

HELENE DUMAS

FRANK READICK

WARREN PARKER

BURT COWLAN

SOMER ALBERG

JIM GREGORY

*Somer Alberg  
Warren Parker*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1954

ANNCR: PEEL, MRELL, FAMOUS CIGARETTES.....the finest quality money  
can buy.....present THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(SOUND: POTS, PANS, KITCHEN UTENSILS)

WILL: What's for dinner, honey? I'm starving.

MURIEL: Brook trout. I took two out of the freezer. (THEN) Oh,  
there's a letter for you. A messenger brought it about  
an hour ago.

(SOUND: RUN WATER IN TAP)

WILL: Oh? (OFF) Open it, will you, Muriel? I'll get some ice  
out.

(SOUND: ICE CUBE TRAY, OFF. OPEN LETTER ON MIKE)

MURIEL: All right. (CASUALLY) Funny messenger. He just  
handed me this envelope and ran.

WILL: (OFF) What's it say? (PAUSE, THEN) Muriel?

MURIEL: Will, it...it...

WILL: (OFF) Read it, will you, honey? My hands are wet.

(PAUSE, THEN) Muriel?

MURIEL: It says...(THEN, CHOKED UP) You are going to die!

(MUSIC: HDT AND UNDER)

ANNOUNCER: The BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Denver, Colorado. It is authentic, and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of The Denver Post, the story of a reporter who put up his own life, against the death of a machine! Tonight, to Willard C. Haselbush of the Denver Post, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL, \$500 AWARD!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #338

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  
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package - PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



(MUSIC: ... THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Denver, Colorado. The story as it actually happened.  
Willard C. Haselbush's story as he lived it.

NARR: You're no eager-eyed young reporter, Willard Haselbush.  
As state editor of the powerful Denver Post, you know  
there isn't much glamour in the newspaper business. It's  
hard work. You've been around a long time, and you know  
it. But even you can feel yourself grow tense and  
excited about one subject---feel your jaw set and your  
own heartbeat speed up a notch. For this is your baby,  
all yours. Even at home, away from the office, this is  
something you want to shout about.

WILL: Muriel, listen! Do you know where I was this afternoon?  
Over in Adams County. In Derby. Not half an hour from  
here!

MURIEL: Willard, please. Don't get so excited.

WILL: Somebody better get excited. Do you know what I saw,  
Muriel? Youngsters. High School kids. Children from  
grade schools, even. They come into the stores and pour  
their lunch money into the slot machines. I watched  
them I tell you. Nickels, dimes, quarters. Money from  
kids!

MURIEL: I know, dear. The other day I even saw slot machines in  
a gas station.

WILL: The whole state's flooded with 'em. All except the city  
of Denver, anyway. Did you ever stop to think who plays  
these slot machines?

MURIEL: Well, I...

WILL: Women with grocery money, Muriel. Kids with their lunch money. Working men with their weekly pay-checks, people who ought to be buying milk, or going to a doctor.

MURIEL: Will, please. Finish your dinner. It'll all get cold.

WILL: I'm sorry. But everytime I think about them....(HE STOPS. THEN) Well, maybe we won't have to think about them too much longer.

MURIEL: Oh? You think the state will pass a law?

WILL: If the bums behind these machines are shown up, maybe we'll get a law. And I think now <sup>they</sup> ~~the bums~~ are in for some real trouble.

MURIEL: Finish your salad.

WILL: Trouble right up to the top. Right up to Joe Dorena.

MURIEL: He's the man you think is behind them?

WILL: Think? I know. Dorena's behind anything rotten and crooked in this state, and that includes slot machines. (THEN) All right, he's big and he's tough. So are we.

MURIEL: We?

WILL: He wants a fight, maybe this time he'll get a real one.

MURIEL: Will, wait a minute. Are...are you mixed up in something again?

WILL: The Publisher had a meeting this morning. The Post is going to put heat on this mess like they've never poured it on before.

MURIEL: Good. I mean, I'm glad, of course. But won't it mean trouble?

WILL: Plenty.

MURIEL: (CASUALLY) I know you always said anyone who tangles with Joe Dorena is...(THEN SHE STOPS)..Will.

WILL: Yes?

MURIEL: Who's going to do this? This...heat you're talking about?  
(PAUSE, THEN) Will?

WILL: Me.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: When a big city newspaper starts a crusade against crime, you know what it means, Willard Haselbush. You've grinned when you've seen it done in the movies. Gun-shooting young reporters with their hats on the backs of their heads, hourly shouts of "Stop the Presses!", and a kiss for the hero in the fifth reel. You've grinned, for you know it isn't like that at all. It's work. Hour after hour...days and nights of steady, thorough, hard work. At your desk, you don't feel like a movie hero at all.

(SOUND: CITY ROOM BACKGROUND. TYPEWRITERS AND TELEPHONES IN BG. TELETYPE IN BG. VOICES IN BG.)

WILL: <sup>Frankie</sup> ~~Willard~~ Haselbush. You got a membership in the ~~Country Club?~~ Country Club? Well, get invited, then. They got seven machines going in the locker room out there. That's right. You know the attitude, if it's a private club they think it's good clean fun. Get me a story that says they're wrong.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

WILL: (CALLS) Jim, you busy?

JIM: (OFF) Right with you, Will!

WILL: (CALLS) Tommy, these photostats aren't half what we need. I want copies of everything Joe Dorena and his boys have ever done. If they look out a dog license twenty years ago, get a picture of that.

JIM: (COMING IN) Looking for me, Will?

WILL: Oh, Jimmy. Yeah. How'd the art work on that town D.A. come out?

JIM: The Legal Eagle out in Kemper? *it came out ok. of course* ~~The usual.~~ He gave Doris the usual quote. Promises to raid all joints with slots and no license. Big man of action.

WILL: Sure. He'll raid tonight and they'll be wide open again tomorrow night? (THEN) Got some film in your little black box?

JIM: Just call me Flash Gun, my friend. Are we off again?

WILL: Yeah, right now. I thought we'd drop around out at Joe Dorena's tavern.

JIM: Sure. After that, we can have lunch with the lions in the zoo. In the cage.

WILL: I'm serious. Ready to start now?

JIM: For Joe Dorena's? You? You mean it?

WILL: Why not? He knows he's in a fight. Might as well let him see who's fighting. Let's go.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(TAVERN BG. GLASSES, CUSTOMERS, AND OCCASIONAL CASH REGISTER IN BG.)

(MUSIC: (OPTIONAL.) JUKE BOX IN BG.)

WILL: (CONFIDENTIAL TONE THROUGHOUT) Look at that, will you, Jim?

JIM: What?

WILL: That woman playing the quarter machine over there. That's at least five bucks she's poured in there since we came in.

(SLOT MACHINE IN BG. THIS CONTINUES)

*Over there by*

JIM: I'm looking at something else, Will. ~~Behind~~ the bar.  
WILL: Joe Dorena? Yeah, I see him.  
JIM: What's more to the point, he sees us. He knows you by sight?  
WILL: I wouldn't be surprised. He knows where I live, anyway.  
JIM: Oh?  
WILL: One of his boys sent me a Valentine the other night. Just a friendly warning.  
JIM: No kidding?  
WILL: It scared Muriel. That's the bad part of it. (THEN) Oh, oh. Looks like we're going to get some special attention.  
JOE: (COMING IN) You're pretty far from home, aren't you, Mr.. Mr...ah...  
WILL: Haselbush.  
JOE: Of course. From the newspaper.  
WILL: The Post.  
JOE: Oh, I know. I read it every day.  
WILL: We can always use a reader.  
JOE: Me, I like the comics. You know? I like to laugh. (THEN) You boys have a drink?  
WILL: No, thanks.  
JIM: Not for me.  
JOE: The comics are fine. Other things in the paper, maybe they are not so funny.  
WILL: Any complaints?  
JOE: Maybe. Only when I got a complaint to make, I usually take care of it myself.  
WILL: I've noticed that.  
JOE: Either that, or I tell my friends. I got a lot of friends, Mr. Haselbush.

WILL: So has the paper. (THEN) You about ready, Jim?

JIM: Whenever you are.

JOE: You work for the paper too?

JIM: I'm a photographer.

JOE: So? I'm glad to see you are not taking pictures now.

JIM: Are you?

JOE: Bad for business. Some of my good customers might get annoyed.

WILL: How is business?

JOE: I don't complain, Mr. Haselbush. Oh, we got a few troubles now and then. Little things. You know?

WILL: I know.

JOE: Little troubles. They can be taken care of. You know that too?

WILL: Sure. So can the big ones.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Just before you left, you took a good long look at Joe Dorena. You know this man, Willard Haselbush. You know that he's powerful---that his connections in crime reach out from Denver to all corners of the country. You looked at him, and you weren't deceived. He's tough, and you know it. And you also know that he's your target. The man to get. It seemed strange facing him---knowing that he's the enemy. You tried to smile, but you couldn't quite make it. Because Joe Dorena knows he's your enemy, too.

(SOUND OF INTERIOR OF CAR IN MOTION ON HIGHWAY)

JIM: Anymore little visits like that, give me a day's warning, okay, Will? I'll get a good night's sleep the night before.

WILL: Kind of a cool customer, wouldn't you say, Jim?

JIM: Dorena? I say. I got your pictures, though. At least two of Dorena standing near the slot machines.

WILL: Think there was enough light?

JIM: Plenty. This little baby may be small, but it gets what I'm after.

WILL: I just hope I get what I'm after tomorrow.

JIM: What?

WILL: We've kept the slots on Page one for two weeks running, Jim. I think it's time to see the Governor.

JIM: All I can say is I...(THEN) Will, <sup>hang on</sup> look-~~up~~!

(ROCK HITS WINDSHIELD, SHATTERING GLASS BUT NOT BREAKING IT. SLAM ON BRAKES, HARD. TIRES SCREAM)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You didn't see who threw the rock at your windshield, Willard Haselbush. There wasn't any serious damage, and you know you'll probably never prove who tossed it. But it does something to you, just the same. After a moment, after you gain control of your car again, you get mad. It's a deep, heavy fury you feel coursing through you like a shot of adrenalin. Now you know you're in this fight for keeps. (PAUSE) The next day, in the State Capitol you listen quietly, but deep inside you, you're still mad.

ED: It won't be much longer, Will. The Governor said he'll see you at ten.

WILL: What's coming, Ed? You're his secretary. You ought to know.

ED: I know one thing: He went over every line you laid on his desk.

WILL: All of it? The material on Joe Dorena too?

ED: All that, and everything you've been printing.

WILL: I'm running a blast at Dorena tomorrow.

ED: You're naming him?

WILL: Why not? Do you think there's anybody who doesn't know what he is? Dorena isn't just a small-time local hood, Ed. His organization's tied up nation-wide. You name any crime in the books, and Dorena's got a finger in it.

ED: Yes, but...

WILL: It just starts with slot machines.

ED: But coming out and naming him, Will. ~~What about the slots?~~

WILL: We'll take our chances. Know what I dug up in our files?

ED: On Dorena? *What?*

WILL: I've got a statement by a supreme court justice, calling Dorena and his boys gangsters, hoodlums, and ex-convicts. That's a direct quote.

ED: Oh?

WILL: That's good enough for me. It's all I need. That and an order from the Governor closing down on the slots. (HE PAUSES, THEN) What's the matter? Won't I get it?

ED: You know the Governor, Will. He wants this thing cleaned up just as much as you do.

WILL: Well, then?

ED: He's got to follow *democratic* procedure, Will. You ~~allow that~~. He ~~can't~~ *can't* act until *there's been a proven break down in local law enforcement* ~~it's proven that the problem can't be~~ ~~handled locally in the counties.~~

WILL: He wants more proof of that?



ED: I think he has to have it. Put yourself in his place,  
Will. What can he do?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CLOSE SUITCASE. SNAP FASTENERS ON SUITCASE)

MURIEL: Will you be gone over the week-end, Will?

WILL: Maybe not, Muriel. It depends on what I can get from  
Val Peterson.

MURIEL: Get from him? I don't understand.

WILL: Nebraska doesn't have any slot machines. Not a one in  
the whole state.

MURIEL: I know. I read that in your story.

WILL: Okay. Who cleaned them out of the state? ~~The~~ Governor.  
Val Peterson. We ~~can't get them from a non-state state.~~ *maybe able to learn a lot from him*

MURIEL: I still wish you weren't driving.

WILL: I'll be okay.

MURIEL: Just be careful, that's all I ask. (THEN) I'll walk  
out to the garage with you.

(LIFT SUITCASE. FOOTSTEPS)

WILL: Muriel...

MURIEL: Yes?

WILL: You know I have to go on with this slot machine story,  
don't you? You understand?

MURIEL: I understand it's your job.

WILL: It's a job that has to be done. Just don't worry will  
you?

MURIEL: That's like telling me not to breathe.

(OPEN DOOR)

WILL: It's a good clear night, anyway. I'll phone you when  
I...(THEN) What's that?

MURIEL: What?

WILL: On the doorstep. (STOPPING TO PICK IT UP) Looks like a toy. Rubber or something.

MURIEL: A toy? But who'd leave a toy on our doorstep. Let's see.

WILL: It..it's nothing, Muriel. C'mon. Walk out to the car with me.

MURIEL: But I want to see it. If it's...(SHE STOPS) Will!

WILL: Muriel, please. Forget it.

MURIEL: But it's a knife! A toy dagger!

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

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.

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 Willard <sup>C</sup>Haselbush, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: When your newspaper decided to go after an organization, Willard Haselbush----when the Denver Post launched its campaign against slot machines in Colorado, you knew what kind of a job lay ahead. You knew it didn't mean one story, one big banner headline, but weeks and weeks of stories. You knew it meant digging, and waiting, and digging some more. Part of that job is your interview with Governor Val Peterson, of Nebraska. You listen to this man, learning from him, and you take hope from him.

VAL: We got rid of the slot machines in Nebraska, Mr. Haselbush. It can be done.

WILL: How, Governor?

VAL: First, I'd say, you have to get your citizens alerted. They have to know it's their fight too.

WILL: We're doing that, I think.

VAL: *You have to prove that*  
~~As for private clubs--~~ organizations that derive <sup>ing</sup> revenue from the machines ~~in the clubhouses--~~ you have to prove ~~they~~ can operate successfully without them.

WILL: Yes, sir. We can show that.

VAL: Then you need just one thing, I'd say.

WILL: Yessir?

VAL: You need a proclamation against the machines. And you have to stand behind it.



JIM: Good man?

WILL: We couldn't ask for a better man, Jim. With someone like Clyde Holton, now we'll really go to town.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(RESTAURANT BG. DISHES. COFFEE CUPS ON MIKE)

CLYDE: You newspaper people lead a strenuous life, Will. I'm not used to late hours like this.

WILL: Big day, Mr. Holton?

CLYDE: A good day, I'd say. Did you go over the report the Kefauver Committee gave us?

WILL: I saw Rudolph Halley at noon. (THEN) More coffee? I'll call the waitress.

CLYDE: This will do, thanks. (THEN) Halley confirmed everything you've said, Will. He told us ~~Joe DeLoach~~ <sup>many things</sup> ~~that our local Colorado racketeers~~

~~are linked with national syndicates. He said that if Colorado's top authorities failed to halt wide open gambling now, the state is in for part of the international Mafia.~~ <sup>Said he might even be a complete breakdown of law enforcements.</sup>

WILL: That's not news.

CLYDE: ~~It is~~ <sup>It's going to be</sup> when a grand jury hears it. As a matter of fact, we've heard enough for you to go ahead and demand ~~state~~ action.

WILL: I can print that?

CLYDE: I don't know why not. It's your story.

WILL: Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. I can tell the Governor...in print...that ~~you not have proof the local district attorney can't act?~~ <sup>there's proof that several sheriffs and authorities can't act?</sup>

CLYDE: Can't, or won't. And that, I'd say, puts it squarely up to him.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

FARKS: You run the story, Willard Baselbush. You run it big. Spelling the facts out for the Governor and the people. Then come the let down. Those few hours you've known before ... the wait, while the paper hits the street. You go home. The night drags on, and you try to relax but you can't. It's in print now. In a few hours, you'll know. You light another cigarette. The waiting is the toughest part of all.

(PHONE RINGS SEVERAL TIMES. THEY PICK UP RECEIVER)



WILL: Hello.

DICK: Is this the crusading reporter?

WILL: Hello -- who is this?

DICK: Never mind who this is I just read your story in the paper. You don't want to live long do you?

WILL: Listen you damn have had things your own way a long time and the people in this state are sick of it.

DICK: We got ways of taking care of those people. And you'll be the first to find out.

WILL: When my paper hits the streets in a few hours the people will know you for the kind of hoodlum you are and they'll get rid of you so that this will be a decent state to live in.

19B

REVISED

DUTCH: You'd better think of a way to stop those papers from hitting the streets or the next dagger you get won't be made of rubber.

(MUSIC ... STAB AND UNDER) ...

MARK: You hang up, and for the first time you feel a little scared Willard Hazellush. But there's nothing you intend to do about it because you're going to see this through no matter what. Suddenly ...

(PHONE RINGS - PICK UP)

ATX01 0008350

NARR:

~~You run the story, Willard Haselbush. You run it big. An open letter to the Governor of your state. A matter spelling it out <sup>in facts</sup> ~~clearly~~ <sup>for the governor and the people.</sup> ~~sitting the facts before the reader.~~~~

~~(PAUSE) You follow this story right through until you see it in print. Then comes the let-down. Those few hours you've known before...the wait, while the paper hits the street. You go home, but that doesn't help. It's still a wait. The night drags on, and you try to relax but you can't. It's in print now. In a few hours, you'll know. You light another cigarette. The waiting is the toughest part of all.~~

(PHONE RINGS ~~STAYS UNANSWERED~~. THEN PICK UP RECEIVER)

WILL:

Yes?

ED:

Mr. Haselbush, please.

WILL:

Speaking.

ED:

Ed Campbell, Will. I'm at my office in the Capitol. Did I wake you up?

WILL:

No, I was up. *all right.*

ED:

I thought you'd like to know, Will. The Governor has an advance copy of the Post.

WILL:

I know. I made sure of that.

ED:

You're getting what you asked for. I told you he'd act when he had the proof.

WILL:

A proclamation? He's signing an order against slot machines?

ED:

He's signing it right now. For the whole state, Will. And ~~by the way~~, he'll do what you suggested in that story.

WILL:

~~Significance?~~ *what does that mean Ed.*

ED: He isn't just signing a proclamation. He'll stand behind it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now it goes fast, Willard Haselbush. By noon the next day, the whole state's excited. There's action. The kind of action you wanted--and worked for. It feels good, too, when things begin to go your way. This is what makes the job worth while.

(CITY ROOM BACKGROUND. TYPEWRITERS, TELETYPE, VOICES)

JIM: (OFF) Will! Somebody to see you!

WILL: (CALLS) Right! (ON MIKE) Jerry, see what's holding up the lay-out, will you? And give Pete a shove on the art. <sup>and</sup> (THEN) Mr. Holton. Sorry to keep you waiting.

CLYDE: Perfectly all right, Will. I'd imagine this is a busy day.

WILL: They're all busy. Now that we've got a club over their heads, we're not quitting now.

CLYDE: You mean Joe Dorena?

WILL: Certainly. Look, Mr. Holton. Closing down the slot machines isn't going to put him out of business. He'll have something just as rotten going in a week.

CLYDE: I know that. I want the <sup>federal</sup> grand jury to know it, too.

WILL: ~~Um?~~

CLYDE: ~~You'll have to answer a question for me, Will. They~~  
~~I'll tell you what I have in mind.~~

WILL: ~~shoot.~~ That's why I came to see you. Are you sure you

CLYDE: <sup>Will</sup> Have you got the facts on Dorena? Enough solid, absolute facts to get him indicted?

WILL: I have. I've been digging into him for months.

CLYDE: What kind of facts?

WILL: Absolute proof that he lied to Federal agents, that he's filed phoney tax returns, that he sold slot machines without a license...I've got a basket-full. And they're all prison offenses.

CLYDE: All right, I believe you. Now, will you tell them *Now Joe Dorena is to testify before the federal grand jury tomorrow. Will you tell them that all the facts are all in the grand jury's hands and in the hands of the grand jury before Dorena's testimony.*

WILL: When?

CLYDE: Tomorrow. We'll have Dorena there too, right after you testify. Think, now, before you agree. He's dangerous, Will.

WILL: I know that.

CLYDE: And powerful. You've done a great deal already. Nobody would ask you to stick your neck out again.

WILL: Nobody has to.

CLYDE: All right, what's your answer?

WILL: What time tomorrow? *This is what I've been waiting for*

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(MILD ECHO THROUGHOUT, AS IN A COURT-ROOM)

(MUFFLED VOICES IN BG.)

*Wilson*  
CLYDE:

*I understand*  
(OFF) Excuse me, Mr. Haselbush. *Your explanation clears up* Will you talk directly *that fact for us* into the microphone, please, so the members of this grand jury can hear everything?

WILL:  
*Wilson*  
CLYDE:

(FILTER, AS ON P.A. SYSTEM) *Yes Sir* Sorry. Where were we? *Mr Wilson*

WILL:

Your last exhibit, I believe. Exhibit forty-four. I believe I've read sufficiently from that report to make the point clear, sir. You'll find *listings here* photostatic *take from the slot machines* copies of Joe Dorena's income tax reports for the last ten years.

*Wilson*  
CLYDE: Yes, we have those.

WILL: Exhibit forty-five consists of photostatic copies of his bank statements for the same period. You'll find the significant entries marked in red.

*Wilson*  
CLYDE: We understand.

WILL: I think it's all quite clear, sir. However, if there are anymore questions at this time...

*Wilson*  
CLYDE: I think not, Mr. Haselbush. *I'm* We've kept you here *in my office* all afternoon as it is. However, before you *leave* stop down.

WILL: Yes, sir?

*Wilson*  
CLYDE: I know the members of the jury would want me to express our appreciation. You've performed a fine service, Mr. Haselbush. We're grateful for your help.

WILL: Thank you, Mr. *Wilson* ~~Hollon~~. I think the people perform the service. Give them the facts, and they always will.

*Wilson*  
CLYDE: *I'm sure* They will. Thank you. *Goodbye Mr Haselbush*

WILL: Thank you. *Goodbye Mr. Wilson*

(CHAIR SCRAPE. ~~BACKGROUND VOICES~~ RISE. FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR. THEN OPEN DOOR. SHUT IT. ~~OUT~~ VOICES)

MURIEL: (COMING IN) Will!

WILL: Muriel, have you been waiting out here all this time?

MURIEL: It's worth waiting for. Can we go home now?

WILL: I think so. A good night's sleep will come in handy. Tomorrow's going to be a big day.

MURIEL: ~~Somebody's waving at you, Will.~~ *Does that man want to*

WILL: Huh? *talk to you*

MURIEL: That man over there. (THEN) Wait a minute. Isn't that...

WILL: It sure is. Stay here a second, will you Muriel?

(FOOTSTEPS)

JOE: (FADING IN) Well, Mr...Haselbush, isn't it?

WILL: That's right, Mr. Dorena. *Understand You're going*  
*waiting to see the grand*  
jury? *tomorrow*

JOE: Just something on their mind, I imagine. You were in *their office*  
~~there~~ a long time.

WILL: I've waited a long time for the opportunity.

JOE: My business <sup>*won't*</sup> ~~will not~~ take so long. Just a little  
misunderstanding.

WILL: I think they <sup>*ll*</sup> understand, Mr. Dorena.

JOE: So? We shall see. (THEN) Come out to my place sometime,  
Mr. Haselbush. Bring your wife.

WILL: I'd like to, but...

JOE: But of course. The evening will be on me. You will  
come?

WILL: I'm afraid I can't.

JOE: So? Why not?

WILL: I don't think you'll have a place after <sup>*tomorrow*</sup> ~~today~~, Mr.  
Dorena. <sup>*I don't think*</sup> You won't have a place at all.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Willard  
C. Haselbush of the Denver Colorado Post with the final  
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: ... PANFARE)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 338

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 Willard C. Haselbush of the Denver, Colorado Post:

HASELBUSH: *Joe* Joseph Dorena and members of his organization were subsequently tried on several counts in Federal Court, and received sentences of from seventy to one hundred and seventy years in prison. Many thanks for tonights PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Haselbush. 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 momento 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 Chicago Sun-Times by-line Virginia Marmaduke and Joseph Kordick. The *big* story of a *repenter* *that saved a life*.

(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 from an actual story from the pages of the Denver, Colorado Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and John Larkin played the part of Willard Haselbush. 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. Haselbush.

(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.

TC/EL/  
1/26/54

# AS-BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #339

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
VIRGINIA	AMZIE STRICKLAND
STAN	MANDEL KRAMER
CAROL	JAN MINER
JOE	SID PAUL
DOCTOR	GUY SOBEL
GROGER	GUY SOBEL
LYN	MADELYNE PIERCE
MRS. MASON	SHIRLEY HAYES
MRS. NEWTON	JOAN TOMPKINS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1954

ATX01 0008359

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE ..DOWN UNDER)

CAROL: (TENSE) All right. What is it?

STAN: Nothing. I just think you ought to rest and --

CAROL: (HIGH) What is it?

STAN: It isn't anything. You just have to take care of  
yourself and --

CAROL: Stop saying that! Stop saying that and not looking at  
me and lying to me.

STAN: I'm not lying ..

CAROL: Then what's the matter? (HIGH, ALMOST A SCREAM) <sup>Stan</sup> ~~Fred~~,  
what is it? What's the matter?

(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 <sup>March</sup>  
the pages of the Chicago Sun-Times, the story of a ~~kiss~~  
that saved a life. Tonight, to Virginia Marmaduke and  
Joseph Kordick for their Big Story goes the PELL MELL  
\$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #339  
VERSION 1

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

SINGER:

(Strikes chord first)

I'll tell you a story

You'll never forget.

A story about you

And your cigarette.

You switched and you changed

Till you nearly went wild.

Then you found PELL MELL

So pleasingly mild.

(Refrain)

PELL M-E-I-L! PELL M-E-I-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco

Has ever been grown

So get yourself PELL MELL

And make it your own.

Reward yourself

With this quality high.

The finest quality

Money can buy.

(Refrain)

PELL M-E-I-L! PELL M-E-I-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONTINUED

ANNOUNCER: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further.  
What's more - fine tobacco is its own best filter - and  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.  
Get PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened -- Virginia Marmaduke and Joseph Kordick's story ..as they lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Hot. Sweltering hot in the stuffy courtroom. Sit there Joe Kordick, with your camera beside you, head back and watch the angry buzzing of a fly against the dust-flecked window pane. Sit there, Virginia Marmaduke, pencil in hand, listening to the aimless drone of the court clerk's voice, calling out names. Names in divorce actions. ~~..Baker vs Baker .. Kosky vs Kosky .. Linderhof vs Linderhof..~~ And the cases themselves. The dry, matter of fact charges .. the unemotional statements that are the obituaries to a marriage. And then, suddenly ..you hear ..

(MUSIC: HOLD)

CAROL: Don't keep asking me that. Don't keep asking me if I'm sure I want a divorce. I have to have one. Don't you see? If I don't have one ..my husband .. he'll let them kill my child!

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT FAST)

VIRGINIA: Joe ..did you hear what I heard?

JOE: I sure did.

VIRGINIA: Grab you camera. This one's a story for us ..in spades!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

CAROL: (TIRED) It isn't a story. It isn't anything to talk about. Just leave me alone, please.

VIRGINIA: We heard what you said in court, Mrs. Bigley. That sounded like a story to us.

JOE: Just what did you mean ..your husband was going to let "them" kill your child.

VIRGINIA: Who did you mean by "them?"

CAROL: I know you want news. I know it's your business. But get it someplace else. Please.

VIRGINIA: (GENTLY) We're not vultures, Mrs. Bigley. The story isn't everything. We don't just want to torture you for a front page spread. Maybe we can help.

CAROL: (SUDDENLY) ~~I'm right. I'm doing it because I'm right. He says no but it's not true. Please believe me. I'm right.~~

VIRGINIA: Tell us. Please.

CAROL: (PAUSE, SIGH) Okay.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Listen to her, Virginia Marmaduke. Put your pencil away and listen. This isn't one of those stories where you have to make notes. Listen, Joe Kordick. The pictures can come later. This isn't a story for posed shots. Just listen.

CAROL: I suppose a lot of marriages go sour. Like with me and <sup>Stan</sup> Fred. That's not news. But this one was good once. We were like any two people ..in love ..

(MUSIC: OUT)

(DOOR SLAM)

CAROL: That you honey?

STAN: (FADING IN) No one else but. Who were you expecting?



CAROL: Just my husband. (SOFTLY) Hi, husband.

STAN: Hi.

(THEY KISS)

CAROL: Very nice.

STAN: (LAUGHS) Okay ..what is it?

CAROL: What do you mean, what is it?

STAN: ~~What have you got up your sleeve?~~

CAROL: ~~And just what makes you think I have something up my sleeve?~~

STAN: That look. Come on. Give.

CAROL: (PAUSE. THEN) Darn you. I had it all planned.

STAN: What?

CAROL: How I was going to tell you. After supper, on the porch ..with just candlelight.

STAN: What are you going to tell me that requires candlelight?

CAROL: I didn't say it required it. I just think it's nice for a girl to have candlelight when she tells her husband they're going to have a baby.

STAN: I don't see why you --(STOPS. THEN) You ---do you know what you just said?

CAROL: Yes. I know.

STAN: (AWED. LOW) Us. A baby.

CAROL: (A SHAKY LAUGH) Darling you don't have to look so startled. ~~It happens quite often.~~

STAN: (TENSE) ~~Did you see a doctor? Do you feel all right?~~

CAROL: ~~I feel fine. Darling, don't look so worried. Aren't you glad?~~

STAN: Glad? That's no word for it. I --(HE STOPS) Carol...

CAROL: Honey, don't look like that. I'm fine.

STAN: (NEAR TEARS) You're wonderful.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

CAROL: He made me feel wonderful, too. We were so proud.  
So happy. The baby was born. A little girl. I  
could hardly wait to see Stan ..to talk to him..

(MUSIC: OUT)

CAROL: ~~(GAY) Wasn't I good? Wasn't I smart? A little girl.~~  
Wasn't that wonderful of me?

STAN: You're all right, Carol. You're all right.

CAROL: Of course I'm all right. I'm marvelous. I feel so --  
~~so smart~~ (EXCITED) Did you see her? *Did you see our little girl*

STAN: (EVASIVE) Carol . why don't you rest?

CAROL: ~~Will you stop talking about rest and stop trying to take~~  
~~care of me?~~ I said did you see her? Did you see our  
baby?

STAN: No, I --

CAROL: You didn't? ~~why you unnatural father!~~

STAN: (UPSET) Carol, please ..(HE STOPS)

CAROL: (SILENCE. THEN) All right. What is it?

STAN: Nothing. I just think you ought to rest and --

CAROL: (HIGH) What is it?

STAN: It isn't anything. You just have to take care of  
yourself and --

CAROL: Stop saying that! Stop saying that and not looking at  
me and lying to me.

STAN: I'm not lying ..

CAROL: You're not telling me something. (THEN) They didn't let me see the baby. They said she was asleep. Stan, did you see her?

STAN: (ANGUISH) Carol ..

CAROL: What's the matter. (HIGH, ALMOST SCREAMING) Stan, what is it? What's the matter?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

CAROL: He didn't tell me. But I found out. After three days of a living nightmare I found out. A doctor told me.

(MUSIC: OUT)

DOCTOR: Mrs. Bigley...your husband thinks I better talk with you ..

CAROL: Why can't I see my baby? Stan says everything is all right. He's lying, isn't he? You're all lying.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. She's a very beautiful little girl, Mrs. Bigley. The trouble --doesn't show.

CAROL: What is it?

DOCTOR: ~~In medical parlance~~ ..it's known as an inverted bladder. ~~But the medical facts don't matter to you. What matters--~~ it's not normal.

CAROL: ~~It doesn't matter...We'll make it up to her~~

DOCTOR: ~~I'm afraid it does matter, Mrs. Bigley...Very much.~~ ~~Because~~ It means you won't have your child very long. She can't live more than a few years.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

CAROL: I don't think I knew, even then ..what it would be like. ~~The baby~~ ..Lyn ...she was still just a new baby.

(MORE)

CAROL:  
(CONT'D)

You don't get to really love a baby, until you hold it,  
~~and see its face wrinkle up when it cries ... and then~~  
~~the warm smell of milk and talcum and just baby. That's~~

~~when you start to love. When you hold it and it's yours~~  
*until you reach*  
~~and you hold out your hand and its fingers curl around~~  
your finger and hang on tight ..so tight you feel  
they'll never let go and --(SHE BREAKS, SOBS)

VIRGINIA: Mrs. Bigley...

CAROL: After that happens ..it doesn't matter what they say.  
They can talk all they want about abnormalities and  
three years to live and how you've got to resign  
yourself ..they can talk and talk, but after that it's  
yours and you love it and you can't give it up.

VIRGINIA: Of course ..

CAROL: (TRYING FOR CONTROL) It was when Lyn was about two and  
a half years old. Stan came home one night ...I was  
getting Lyn ready for bed ..

(DOOR SLAM)

STAN: (OFF) Carol ...

CAROL: In the bedroom...Lyn...Daddy's home ..

LYN: (CALLS) Daddy ..

STAN: (COMING IN) Hi, honey. ~~How's my big girl?~~

LYN: ~~I'm ready for bed ... (THEN) Story Daddy?~~

STAN: ~~Not tonight, honey...~~

CAROL: ~~But Stan, you always...~~

STAN: I have to talk to you.

CAROL: What is it?

STAN: (BARELY CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT) Put <sup>Lyn</sup> her to bed first.

CAROL: (TENSE) What is it?

STAN: I talked to a doctor today. Met him on my way to work. He sent me to the clinic. There's an operation that can cure Lyn's condition.

CAROL: (PAUSE. THEN) Get into bed, Lyn...

STAN: Honey, did you hear what I said?

CAROL: I heard.

STAN: Then ..

CAROL: Do you think I didn't take Lyn down to the clinic? ~~Do you think I didn't find out about anything that might help?~~

STAN: Why didn't you tell me?

CAROL: Tell you what? That there was an operation where the chances were 1000 to one she wouldn't pull through?

STAN: It's a chance..a chance for a normal life ..

CAROL: A fine chance .. a thousand in one ..

STAN: Isn't it worth it? Isn't anything worth it? Do you want her to --

CAROL: Be quiet. (THEN) Not here. Not now.

STAN: I told the doctor I'd call him ..

CAROL: Go ahead and call him. Call him and tell him to try his gambles on someone else's child ..

STAN: Carol ..

CAROL: (SHARP) ~~Get into bed, I said, Lyn.~~  
*Daddy I want to say my prayers*

LYN: ~~My prayers, Mommy~~

CAROL: All right <sup>Lyn</sup> say them.

LYN: Daddy listen too.

STAN: Okay, Lyn. I'm listening.

LYN: You too, Mommy. Start.

(THEY START SAYING THEM TOGETHER WITH CAROL  
PROMPTING LYN)

BOTH: Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray thee, Lord my soul  
to keep. If I --(CAROL STOPS, FAINTERS)

LYN: Come on, Mommy. I forget without you . . .

CAROL: (UNSTEADILY) If I should die . . .

(LYN JOINS HER FOR)

CAROL: Before I wake, I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take. Amen.

STAN: (HUSKY) That was fine.

LYN: Goodnight.

CAROL: (CHOKED) Goodnight darling.

STAN: (SOFTLY) Don't cry . . honey.

CAROL: (LOW. THROUGH TEARS) I'd never let them operate. There's  
so little time left. I want it all. I'd never let  
them kill her.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

CAROL: I meant what I said, Miss Marmaduke. Mr. Kordick. I  
never will let Lyn have the operation. I <sup>can't</sup> couldn't take  
the risk.

VIRGINIA: But Mrs. Bigley . . without it, you were told she'll die.

CAROL: At least she's alive now. Stan couldn't understand that.  
He didn't see how I had to hold on to her. We argued . .  
we said things . . ugly, hurting things . .

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

STAN: How can you say you love your child when you're not  
willing to give her a fighting chance for a normal life?

CAROL: ~~How can you say you love her when you want to kill her?~~

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

STAN: I never knew before how selfish you were ..selfish and  
cruel not to be willing to give her a chance ..

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

CAROL: All you want to do is hurt ...hurt Lyn ..hurt me ...  
strike out at us ..

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

STAN: All right. I won't talk about it any more. I won't  
talk about it or anything else either ..

CAROL: Good. Just be quiet. Be quiet and leave us alone and  
get out. Get out and get out for good.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

CAROL: That's all Mr. Kordick ..Miss Marmaduke. We fought ...  
~~more and more.~~ Living together got to be impossible.  
We filed for a divorce.

VIRGINIA: Just when you need each other most.

CAROL: I don't need Stan. ~~I don't want any part of him and what  
he wants to do.~~

VIRGINIA: (GENTLY) Do you still love him, Mrs. Bigley?

CAROL: He wants to kill Lyn.

VIRGINIA: Do you still love him?

CAROL: (PAUSE. THEN SOBS) Leave me alone, please. Just leave  
me alone.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It's inevitable now, Virginia Marmaduke and Joe Kordick.  
That you have to go on ..follow this story. Because it  
has you in its grip. The story of a dying marriage ..  
and a dying child. You go see the husband. Stan Bigley.

(MUSIC: OUT)

VIRGINIA: Your wife still loves you, Mr Bigley. It's easy to tell that ...

STAN: Okay! And I love her. But it's past that now. That kind of love's not enough. Miss Marmaduke, if she loves Lyn she ought to be decent enough to give her a chance to live.

*Joe:*  
VIRGINIA: *Maybe* She's afraid, Mr. Bigley.

STAN: Okay. She's afraid. I'm afraid, too. You think I don't love Lyn? That's what she said. But I do. I've seen her grow up too ...dressed her, taken her for a walk in the park, tried to --(STOPS, GETS CONTROL) I love her too.

VIRGINIA: Of course.

STAN: What's the point of this? Two people like Carol and me.. something like this to face. We ought to be able to face it together.

JOE: Why don't you try it that way?

STAN: I can't Mr. Kordick. I can't go back unless she says Lyn can have that operation. (THEN) I'm right. I know I'm right.

VIRGINIA: I think you are too, Mr. Bigley.

STAN: Thanks.

VIRGINIA: So we'll have to get Mrs. Bigley to agree to it. Right Joe?

JOE: That's how I see it.

STAN: She won't. She never will.

VIRGINIA: Give us a crack at it, huh, Mr. Bigley?



STAN: But I --

JOE: It's worth a try.

VIRGINIA: There's a marriage to save ~~Mr. Bigley~~ -- and a child.  
That's worth a gamble any day.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Big words, Virginia Marmaduke. What now, Joe Kordick?  
Where do you go from here? A story of course. Write it.  
Pictures. Get them. And then letters pour in .. letters  
from readers to Carol Bigley saying .. "agree to the  
operation. Give your child a chance." Net result ...  
nothing. Because these are letters from strangers,  
and they are only words. But then ...

(MUSIC: CUT)

{PHONE RING}

VIRGINIA: Virginia Marmaduke ..

MRS MASON: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, Miss Marmaduke .. I'm calling  
about that little girl .. the one you wrote about ..

VIRGINIA: Yes?

MRS MASON: It's the funniest thing. I showed it to my husband and  
he said ~~the same thing. It was your story, you know~~  
~~and...~~

VIRGINIA: Please, ~~if you..~~

MRS MASON: Exactly the same thing. ~~I'd swear to it~~  
*It was*

VIRGINIA: What?

MRS MASON: The same trouble as little Patty. She had ~~it, you know~~

VIRGINIA: Had ~~what?~~

MRS MASON: That operation. And she's fine now. Just fine.

VIRGINIA: You mean, you know a little girl that's fine now who had the same trouble?

MRS MASON: ~~Exactly. Like I say~~ -- *That's right*

VIRGINIA: Where is she? The little girl you're talking about?

MRS MASON: Well, she moved a year or so ago.

VIRGINIA: Where to?

MRS MASON: ~~Well now, I don't know where. But her name is Patty. Patty Newton. Seems to me they said something about moving to Morgan Park. I thought you might want to know about it. Then I was right to call, huh?~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JOE: But Virginia, listen ...if you don't know where to find the child ..

VIRGINIA: We can start looking in the Morgan Park section ..

JOE: House to house?

VIRGINIA: It's worth it isn't it? A child with the same trouble who recovered? Wouldn't that be an argument? ~~wouldn't~~ *that would* ~~that~~ maybe be the one thing to convince Mrs. Bigley to agree to Lyn's operation?

JOE: Well, sure, but ...we don't know anything but this child's name ...it's late at night ..rotten driving .. Morgan Park's jammed with houses ...

VIRGINIA: ~~So on~~ ..

JOE: ~~Isn't that enough?~~

VIRGINIA: ~~Okay. That's one side of the picture. Now listen to the other. This is the only chance. Joe: Nothing but~~ *Look* ~~seeing~~ another child *who been cured* is going to convince this mother.

JOE: Sure, but ..

VIRGINIA: And we won't find the child without looking. Sure, it's a wild goose chase. Sure, it's a rotten night ..But if we find that child ..maybe a marriage doesn't have to go smash ..maybe a little girl doesn't have to die. So I'm going. How about you?

JOE: (PAUSE) Right behind you. With my fingers crossed.

(MUSIC: ... TAG)

(MUSIC: ... TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #339

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the smoke  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own best  
filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality  
money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of  
smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with 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 Virginia Marmaduke and Joseph Kordick as they lived it and wrote it.

NARR: A summer storm rages. Bright fingers of lightening jab at the sky ... at your car. But you don't notice them. Keep going. Up one street...down the next...asking the same question...the question that may save the life of a marriage...and the life of a child.....

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND HOLD)

VIRGINIA: Do you know of a little girl living near here named Patty? Patty Newton?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The lightening highlights the faces...the puzzled looks, the blank looks...the looks that say "No..never heard of her...no..." So you keep on,

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

JOE: She's about two years old. The name's Newton.

VIRGINIA: They just moved here a little while ago...Man and wife and a little girl.....

JOE: The child had been sick. She had an operation. The name is Newton.

VIRGINIA: If you don't know yourself, is there anyone around who might? Anyone who keeps track of new residents in the neighborhood?

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT)

NARR: The answer is no. Over and over. No.

VIRGINIA: (SIGHS) I guess we better call it quits, Joe. Sorry.

JOE: We've covered just about every house in the area.

VIRGINIA: (SNAPS) I said I was ready to give up!

JOE: Steady ...

VIRGINIA: (CONTRITE) I'm sorry. No point snapping at you. I'm just -- disappointed.

JOE: Sure.

VIRGINIA: It was our only lead, Joe. Nothing else is going to convince that mother to let Lyn have an operation. And because of it we have to sit by and-- (STOPS) --Give me a cigarette.

JOE: (PAUSE. THEN) All out. I'll get some at the grocery over there. It's still open.

VIRGINIA: I'll go with you.

(CAR DOOR OPEN. CLOSE. STEPS)

VIRGINIA: Sorry for the outburst.

JOE: Forget it.

(BELL-ON-DOOR AS IT OPENS)

GROCER: Well, evening. Just in time. I was locking up.

JOE: (Won't keep you long. Pack of Pell Mell.

GROCER: Sure thing. (THEN) ) You people are strangers round here, huh?

VIRGINIA: (SIGH) Sure are.

GROCER: I can tell. Know just about every name and every face about. Good business.

VIRGINIA: (TIREDLY) You don't happen to know a little girl named Patty Newton, do you?

GROCER: No. ~~Can't say I do.~~

JOE: ~~Come on. Home for you, Virginia.~~

GROCER: Know a Newton family, ~~though. Just moved in.~~

VIRGINIA: --WHAT?

GROCCER: ~~41400~~ Block on South St. Louis. Nice woman.

JOE: Does she have a little girl?

GROCCER: ~~Not that I know. DON'T think she has any children. I--  
wait-a-minute--~~

VIRGINIA: ~~What?--~~

GROCCER: ~~Last order she gave me was for that chocolate syrup you  
put in milk. Come to think of it, ain't many grownups  
that want that, are there?--~~

VIRGINIA: Come on Joe!

(FAST STEPS)

GROCCER: Here, you got change coming to you.

JOE: Keep it... and thanks a lot.

GROCCER: For what? What did I do?

(BUT THE DOOR BANGS CLOSED)

GROCCER: (SIGHS) You never know. People.

(MUSIC: ... BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR, IMPATIENT. DOOR OPEN)

MRS N: Yes? Sorry I kept you waiting but I didn't expect ....

VIRGINIA: Excuse us for butting in this time of night, but are you  
Mrs. Newton?

MRS N: That's right.

VIRGINIA: My name's Virginia Marmaduke. Reporter for the Sun-Times.  
This is Mr. Kordick... a photographer.

MRS N: Come in.

(DOOR CLOSED. FOOTSTEPS)

VIRGINIA: Mrs. Newton... do you have a daughter who once suffered  
from an inverted bladder?

MRS N: Yes. My little girl... Patty... But she had a operation...

VIRGINIA: ~~And she's fine now, isn't she?~~

MRS N: ~~Yes.~~

VIRGINIA: ~~Mrs. Newton, I want to ask you an enormous favor. Would you be willing to bring Patty and talk to~~

MRS N: (CUTS IN) The woman in the paper. The one who won't let her daughter have the operation!

VIRGINIA: That's right. Then you know about it?

MRS N: I've been reading every word of those stories. Wanting so badly to talk to her and to tell her that she has to do it! But I didn't want to butt in ....

VIRGINIA: You wouldn't be butting in. It's so terribly important. When would you ~~do it~~. *Call to her*

MRS N: Any time you want.

VIRGINIA: Now?

MRS N: At night?

VIRGINIA: I just don't want to waste any time.

MRS N: All right. I can wake Patty.....

VIRGINIA: I'll call Mrs. Bigley,.. she's Lynn's mother...right away. I'll see what she says.

JOE: Maybe she won't want to now Virginia. It's late.

VIRGINIA: I know it's late. But somehow, -- I don't think it's-- too late. Not any more.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The meeting is arranged. A quick drive across town and two sleepy eyed children meet. Two mothers stand and watch.

LYN: Come in my room Patty, I have dolls.

VIRGINIA: Joe and I will go in with them, Mrs. Bigley. You and Mrs. Newton can talk in here alone.

(FOOTSTEPS. PAUSE. THEN)



CAROL: They look --cute together, don't they? Just about the same size and everything. Only Patty -- will grow up.

MRS N: And Lyn can too, Mrs. Bigley. Patty had the same trouble -- exactly the same.

CAROL: Was it really the same?

MRS N: Exactly. And now she's completely cured.

CAROL: It's such a chance.....

MRS N: They <sup>told me</sup> said without the operation, Patty wouldn't live.

CAROL: (A CRY) How could you decide?

MRS N: (SIMPLY) I loved her.

CAROL: Do you think I don't love Lyn?

MRS N: (TENSE) Then give her a chance! I know how you feel, Mrs Bigley. I'm the one person in the world who knows how you feel. But think how I feel now. Patty's well ...she's whole...she has her whole life in front of her. I look at her now and I don't have to say ..."how long.....how long left...."

CAROL: Don't....(SHE SOBS)

MRS N: (GENTLY) I'm sorry. So---very sorry.

(SUDDEN FOOTSTEPS)

CAROL: (GOING TO DOOR) ~~Lyn...Lyn honey come in here. Please. I~~

~~(SHE STOPS)~~

MRS N: ~~What is it? Are they playing?~~

CAROL: ~~(LOW, HUSHED) your little girl. Just now. She was looking at Lyn. And then--she kissed her.~~

JOE: ~~(COMING ON) I got a picture of that, Mrs. Bigley. I hope you don't mind. If I was writing a caption for it... I'd call it...the kiss of life.~~ Miss Marnaducke

*Uniqua!*  
CAROL: <sup>yes</sup> (PAUSE. THEN) Call my husband please.  
(MORE)

CAROL: Tell him to come here. Tell him I need him to help me take  
(CONT'D) Lyn to the hospital.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

STAN: I came as fast as I could Carol...

CAROL: Don't ever go away again ....

STAN: I never will.

CAROL: And whatever happens ... we'll have each other...the way  
it ought to be.

STAN: The way it ought to be ~~and death is so part~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You're at the hospital a week later, Joe Kordick and  
Virginia Marmaduke. You're there when they <sup>wheel the child</sup> roll little  
Lyn down the corridor towards the operating room. You're  
there when the cart stops beside Carol and Stan Bigley...

LYN: Where am I going, Mommy? Am I going to sleep?

CAROL: Yes, darling. For a while.

LYN: ~~Then I need~~ Teddy.

STAN: He's right beside you, sweetheart. Right here.

LYN: ~~Bye~~ Good-bye, Mommy.

CAROL: Good-bye, darling.

LYN: Will you wait for me to come back, Mommy? (PAUSE)  
Mommy?

STAN: Sure, baby. We'll wait -- for you to come back.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The cart is <sup>wheeled</sup> rolled away. The wait begins. The long....  
long wait. The minutes crawl by Virginia Marmaduke ...  
minutes in which you know this is more than a story now....  
this is something you can scarcely bear. More minutes.  
You look at your watch Joe Kordick. Two hours. And then..

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #339

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -  
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is  
longer, yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL's traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always  
packed just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder  
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

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Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy PELL MELL  
Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package.  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package.  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: ... TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Virginia Marmaduke and Joseph Kordick of the Chicago Sun-Times.

MARMADUKE: *Child in tonight's Big Story*  
~~Little-Iyn-Higley~~ recovered completely from the operation. When last visited by Uncle Joe and Aunt Virginia as we are called we found her roller skating and riding new bicycle. Also present were happy mother and father...and brand new baby sister. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Miss Marmaduke. 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 El Paso, Texas Times by-line William P. Montgomery. The <sup>Big</sup> story of a reporter *who proved that murder ... is never an accident*

(MUSIC: ... SWING)

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production,  
original music composed and conducted by Vladimir  
Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram  
~~show~~ from an actual story from the pages of the Chicago  
Sun-Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and *Angie Strickland*  
and *Sed Paul*  
played the parts of Virginia Marmaduke and Joseph  
Kordick. 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 reporters~~, Miss  
Marmaduke and Mr. Kordick.

(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.

at/'betty'...2/3/54/

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #340

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MONTY	KARL SWENSON
TYLER	GRAHAM DENTON
STRAWN	ED FULLER
SAM	BILL TALLY
ANDY	ERNEST GRAVES
ROSS	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
MRS. GREENE	MARGARET BURLIN
DEPUTY	HAROLD MCGEE

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1954

ATX01 0008387

THE BIG STORY

(William P. Montgomery, El Paso Times)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT)

(ESTABLISH THE RIVER AND THE MAN FISHING  
BY A LITTLE SPLASHING)

STRAWN: How's the fishin', Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: Oh, didn't see you come up, Officer. Not goin' too  
good. Fish must be sleepin' on the river bottom.

STRAWN: Summer day like this, we ought to be doin' the same  
thing.

TYLER: Sun feels good though. Not too hot. Just right.

STRAWN: Well, hope you have a little luck.

TYLER: Thanks. Don't really care if I do. ~~I just like~~  
~~sittin' in the sun this way.~~ I... (NOTE OF CONCERN)...  
hey...

STRAWN: What's the matter.

TYLER: Somethin' in the water, floatin' down this way. You  
see it.

STRAWN: (PEERING FOR IT) Yeah. Yeah, I do.

TYLER: ~~Can you make it out?~~

STRAWN: ~~Current's turning it away from us. Wait a minute...~~

~~It's twisting this way now.~~ (SLIGHT BEAT THEN  
SURPRISE) Mr. Tyler, I'm not seein' things, am I?

TYLER: (A LITTLE GRIM) I'm afraid not. You're seein' right.  
It's the body of a man.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)



CHAPPELL: 'THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in El Paso, 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 El Paso Times, the Big Story of a reporter who proved that murder.....is never an accident. Tonight, to William P. Montgomery, for his BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #340  
VERSION II

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER:

(STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story -

Remember it well.

About the reward

You get from PELL MELL

Reward yourself

With this quality high -

The finest quality

Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco

Has ever been grown

So get yourself PELL MELL.

And make it your own.

Enjoy smoother smoking

The easiest way

Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

VERSION #2

CHAPPELL: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL.  
America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.  
REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Enjoy the finest quality money can buy. Ask for  
PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: El Paso, Texas. The story as it actually happened.  
William P. Montgomery's story, as he lived it.

NARR: Police reporter. That's your job. And it covers a lot  
of places. The dark corners of a people's existence.  
Crime, violence, and sudden death. These, are the  
trademarks of your work. If the unhappy proof of it  
is needed, then take a look, Bill Montgomery. Take a  
look at the dead man lying in this room here in the  
Talbot Funeral Home.

DEPUTY: (BEAT) Pretty bad shape, ain't he.

NARR: The deputy from the Sheriff's office is beside you.  
His face carries but one expression. He's seen all  
this before.

DEPUTY: Can't make out much of who he is Monty.

MONTY: (ALMOST DRAWING IN HIS BREATH) Yeah.

DEPUTY: Coroner says body was in the river too long.

MONTY: (IT'S NOT VERY NICE TO SEE) What are those wounds  
around his head and back.

DEPUTY: Don't know what made them yet.

MONTY: You say you have no idea who he is.

DEPUTY: Well, there was nothin' on him. No papers...not even  
initials on the clothes.

MONTY: ~~How about the missing persons list. He might tie up to~~  
one of them. Especially if he's been dead awhile.

DEPUTY: A couple of people are guessin' who he is but nobody  
can prove it for sure.

MONTY: Whom do they say.

DEPUTY: ~~Oh, a lot of names. Don't even pay for me to tell you.~~

MONTY: (A LITTLE THIS SIDE OF BEING SICK) Sure took a beating poor fellow.

DEPUTY: Yeah.

MONTY: The Sheriff any idea who killed him.

DEPUTY: Killed him.

MONTY: Yes. Any suspects.

DEPUTY: You're a little mixed up, aren't you. No one said this was a murder.

MONTY: But just look at him.

DEPUTY: Coroner's gone over him. He says...accident. And as of now, that's how the feller died. An accident.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(B.G. OF CITY ROOM)

MONTY: It couldn't have been an accident, Sam. They've made a mistake.

SAM: Just a second, Monty. Boy..get this copy down to composing. And tell them to set it up fast.

MONTY: I checked the coroner's report, Sam..just like you told me. They found it was death by drowning.

SAM: Go on.

MONTY: Now does it sound reasonable for a man to go swimming in the Rio Grande with all his clothes on.

SAM: What else did you find.

MONTY: These wounds on his head practically give a picture of what happened. Someone hit him, knocked him out and then threw his body into the river.

SAM: How does the doctor explain the head injuries.

MONTY: Collision with rocks while floating in the water.

SAM: How long was the body immersed.

MONTY: Eight days.

SAM: No wonder they can't identify him.

MONTY: What do you think, Sam. Do I make any sense. 'Couldn't this have been a murder.

SAM: It's possible, Monty. Very possible. And I'll tell you one way to find out.

MONTY: Yes?

SAM: Check ~~on~~ the missing <sup>persons list</sup> people. ~~If there was something~~ in one of their lives .. something that could have ended in a killing. you see if you can dig it out. A ~~man couldn't want a better story than that.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Who was he. That's your first problem. How to go~~ about it. Well, look at the coroner's report again. ~~Dead, eight days. Now,~~ <sup>Ready</sup> get hold of the missing persons list and check people ~~missing that length of time.~~ <sup>all you find are one woman & two</sup> One woman and two men. This is simpler than you thought. The first man was sixty years old but the body in the river..he was a much younger man. Is it this other man on the list. Ross Norman. Is it him?

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT FOR)

(PRAIRIE SOUNDS B.G.)

TYLER: If anybody ought to know, I guess it's me, Mr. Montgomery. Ross Norman and me we used to hunt together together right here in the valley.

MONTY: Can't you identify him, Mr. Tyler??

TYLER: I right honestly can't. ~~Lord knows I tried. A dead~~ ~~man's got to be known. His friends have to pay~~ ~~respect.~~ I stood there in that funeral home and I tried to say it was Ross Norman. But in good conscience, I couldn't.

MONTY: ~~Norman's been missing eight days, exactly the time the~~  
body was in the water.

TYLER: A body can travel a long way in that time. It could  
~~have come over from the New Mexico side. Hard to tell.~~

MONTY: Mr. Tyler, did Ross Norman have any enemies. Anyone  
who'd have a reason to kill him. Was he hated.

TYLER: Ross. (SADLY) Mr. Montgomery, you didn't know him  
so maybe it's hard to understand. Ross Norman was  
loved. That's pure and simple. He was loved like no  
man I ever saw in my whole life.

MONTY: Suppose this dead man is Norman. How do you explain  
his death.

TYLER: I don't know. I just don't know. I told you. There  
wasn't anyone in the valley who didn't look up to him.  
He was kind. Too kind, if you ask me.

MONTY: What do you mean...too kind.

TYLER: Well, you know how it is. You give some people a  
hand, they're liable to take your whole arm.

MONTY: (WAITING) Yes.

TYLER: Like that night Ross and me were out here in the  
valley doin' some huntin'. (START A SLOW FADE) If  
I'd had my way, I'd have known what to do. But Ross,  
well, his ideas were always different.

(BEAT. THEN FADE IN WALKING IN THE BRUSH)

(ESTABLISH)

ROSS: Watch that limb, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: Never mind about me, Ross. You just don't go stepping  
into any traps.

ROSS: (A SOFT LAUGH) Just the same, watch out for that  
limb.

TYLER: (ALERT) Ross, at the foot of that tree...something's lying there. Stand back..I'll get it.

ROSS: Don't shoot. Can't you see. It's a man. Comon.

(HURRYING THROUGH BRUSH)

ANDY: (FADING ON...WHIMPERING) Don't shoot me. I wasn't do nothin'. I didn't know this was private property. I was just sleepin', that's all. Just sleepin'.

TYLER: Yeah. And almost for good. If this man hadn't stopped me, I'd have shot you by mistake. You owe him your life.

ANDY: I didn't mean no trouble. No trouble at all.

ROSS: (KINDLY) It's all right, feller.

TYLER: We don't like tramps in this valley so you better get goin'.

ANDY: All right, Mister. Anything you say.

Just a minute. (AS ANDY STOPS) What's your name.

ANDY: Andy.

ROSS: When's the last time you ate.

ANDY: Yesterday. A woman in El Paso put somethin' through a window for me.

ROSS: Where you headin' now.

ANDY: Any place. (FRIGHTENED) Mister, don't do nothin' to me. Please.

ROSS: Don't be scared, Andy. Mr. Tyler here. He don't mean you no harm. We don't turn away a human bein' from a chance to eat and a place to rest himself.

TYLER: Now look, Ross.

ROSS: Mr. Tyler..can I see you a minute. Over here, please.

(WALKING IN THE BRUSH. THEY STOP.)



TYLER: Ross, what are you tryin' to do.

ROSS: Didn't mean to embarrass you none, Mr. Tyler but this poor feller's scared half to death.

TYLER: Don't make me out to be a hard old man, Ross. But I know bums like that better than you. Best thing to do is get rid of them fast.

ROSS: I expect you're right but least I can do is bed him down for the night. Give him some food,

TYLER: Where.

ROSS: My place.

TYLER: Do what you want, Ross. But I don't like this fellow's looks. Be careful.

ROSS: Sure, Mr. Tyler.

(ROSS WALKS BACK TO HIM)

ROSS: You come with me, Andy.

ANDY: Mister.

ROSS: Yeah.

ANDY: I heard what you said. I'm...I'm grateful to you. First time a man's put out his hand to me for a long, long while.

ROSS: Forget it. We'll go home now.

(THEY WALK INTO THE BRUSH AND FADE OUT)

(BEAT)

TYLER: (FADE IN) He did more than just take him home, Mr. Montgomery. Why, this fellow Andy moved in with him. I told Ross he was takin' advantage of his good nature but he just smiled in that quiet way he had. Every man needs a friend, he said. Sure, some friend Andy turned out to be.

MONTY: How do you mean.

TYLER: With Ross Norman disappearing like he did you'd think Andy would have stayed around to help try and find him.

MONTY: Stayed around?

TYLER: Yeah. Andy ain't been seen around here for over a week.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It seems so simple. But it can't be the answer. You couldn't find it so suddenly, so quickly. Two men missing...and one body found. It would be easy to say.. case solved. Just like that. Instead, you go to more people who knew Ross Norman and the story of his new friendship comes back again and again. And you wish now..you wish with all your heart ..that it doesn't end with the story you started out to find. A story of murder.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT FOR)

(THE RIVER. CURRENT IS RUNNING SLIGHTLY,  
TO ESTABLISH IT)

STRAWN: I've been a border patrolmen here along the river for sixteen years, Mr. Montgomery. I know it like it was part of myself.

MONTY: You saw the body after it was taken from the water.

STRAWN: (A TOUCH OF GRIMNESS) I saw it.

MONTY: The authorities say the wounds on the head were caused by sharp rocks in the water. What do you think.

STRAWN: I don't see how.

MONTY: Why not.

STRAWN: You see how slow the current's runnin' now. Well, this is fast compared to how it's been for the whole month. And another thing. That river bottom is pure mud. The body couldn't a been cut or marked up in the water. It happened before he was thrown in. No, you came up ~~with~~ with the right answer. He was murdered.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: All right? Satisfied, Bill Montgomery? The truth is there and you can't change it. It's murder. But there's still a chance the dead man isn't Ross Norman. It's a long shot, sure, but the fact that he and Andy are both missing...maybe it's just a coincidence. Why not. It could happen. ~~You haven't found anything wrong in their relationship.~~ They were friends, weren't they. Everyone says so. Prove there was nothing wrong. Find out more about them. Go ahead.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

TYLER: Reason I come up to your office, Mr. Montgomery is because of something I remembered.

MONTY: Yes, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: It's about that tramp Ross Norman tried to help. Andy.

MONTY: What about him.

TYLER: ~~Ross didn't like to talk about him much but I knew a few things about him.~~

MONTY: (TRYING TO BE PATIENT) Like what, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER: I went down to Ross' cottage once. To see if he'd go into El Paso with me to get some supplies for a huntin' trip.

MONTY: And.

TYLER: When I got to the cottage I saw Andy in there through the window. He was going through Ross' trunk. I even saw him put something in his pocket.

MONTY: What.

TYLER: I couldn't see that good. But I told Ross about it later. He said nothing was missing.

MONTY: Maybe there wasn't.

TYLER: No, son. I know Ross. He was coverin' up for that Andy..tryin' to make me think only good about him. But he was stealin'. I didn't want to say it before but let the Sheriff find Andy. I'll bet he can tell about Ross Norman bein' missing.

(PHONE RINGS)

MONTY: Excuse me.

(PHONE LIFTED)

MONTY: Hello...yes, speaking...what was that...I see...when ~~did it happen~~...yes, yes, thank you for letting me know.

(PHONE HUNG UP SLOWLY)

MONTY: (DISLIKES WHAT HE HAS TO SAY) The Sheriff's office. They located some ex-ray plates of Ross Norman from an army hospital.

TYLER: Well.

MONTY: They compared them with some taken of the dead man.

TYLER: ~~Go on. Don't stop.~~

MONTY: There's no more doubt. It's Ross Norman.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #340

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!  
CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!  
(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer  
finer and milder PELL MELL.  
(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL Amer:  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.  
CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is onl  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!  
CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!  
CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gi  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own  
filter and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest que  
money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleas  
smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no ot  
cigarette of any length can offer you.  
CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: It's settled. No more wondering. No more hesitating. The murdered man is Ross Norman. The way it adds up, there seems to be only one suspect. It's a man Norman befriended. He's gone. Missing from the valley. Trouble is, it doesn't seem to make sense. And why should it. Can a man kill his own best friend.

(MUSIC: HITS...OUT)

MRS G: (MOTHERLY..MIDDLE AGED) I don't know, Mr. Montgomery. I keep asking myself that same question but I don't find an answer.

MONTY: Mr. Tyler says you sort of kept an eye on Ross Norman. Did his laundry. Cooked a special Sunday meal. You'd know about him and Andy, Mrs. Greene. You'd have had plenty of chances to see how they got along.

MRS G: I did. And everything was fine. Least it seemed that way.

MONTY: What do you mean...seemed that way.

MRS G: Once on a Sunday I went out to the cottage extra early. I had a lot I wanted to do there. I came up the road in back of the place and there was Ross, sittin' up in front...talking to Andy. (START SLOW FADE)  
When I got closer...I could hear what ~~Ross was sayin'~~ *them talking*.  
~~He was readin' the bible.~~

(BEAT)

ROSS: ~~(FADE IN) This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,~~  
and saved him out of all his troubles. Keep thy tongue  
from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Owe no  
man anything but to love one another. The night is  
far spent, the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast  
off the works of darkness and let us put on the armor  
of light.

ANDY: Ross.

ROSS: Yes, Andy.

ANDY: I'm sorry about our fight last night.

ROSS: It's all right, Andy.

ANDY: Those things I took from you. I only borrowed them,  
that's all. I would a put them back even if you didn't  
know they was missin'.

ROSS: I believe you.

ANDY: (UNSURE) You're sure. You're just not sayin' it.

ROSS: Why would you lie to me. You're my friend.

ANDY: I never met no one like you. In my whole life.  
Took me in. Shared what you had with me.

ROSS: I had enough for both of us, Andy.

ANDY: But me. Why'd you decide it was me you had to help.

ROSS: I didn't decide, Andy. This prairie's a big place for a  
man to wander around in...alone. Maybe it was meant for  
you to come into this valley...and for me to find you.

MRS G: (PROJECTING JUST OFF) Mornin', Ross.

ROSS: (CALLING BACK) Hi there, Mrs. Greene.

MRS G: (FADING ON) And how are you, Andy.

ANDY: Fine, thank you, Ma'am.

ROSS: Andy, think you have some time to check those gates on  
the north side.

ANDY: Anything you say, Ross. (STARTING TO FADE OFF) See you later ~~I hope, Mrs. Greene.~~

(WALKS OFF ON GRAVEL)

MRS G: ~~Puts on like he's a real gentleman; don't he?~~

ROSS: He's had a long run of hard luck. Takes a fellow a little while to get used to the other kind. For people to be nice to him.

MRS G: Well, he sure found good luck with you. (PLEASED) I'm goin' to make you a fine Sunday dinner, Ross. I'd better ~~get started.~~

ROSS: (STOPPING HER) Mrs. Greene.

MRS G: ~~Yes.~~

ROSS: Wonder if you'd mind doin' me a little favor.

MRS G: 'Course not.

ROSS: I've got a hundred thirty dollars here. I wonder if you'd mind keeping it for me.

MRS G: All that money.

ROSS: Just for a little while.

MRS G: But why, Ross.

ROSS: Well...I..I just don't want it around.

MRS G: (UNDERSTANDING IT) Oh, I see. Because of Andy.

ROSS: I didn't say that, Mrs. Greene.

MRS G: If you don't trust him, why don't you make him leave.

ROSS: I trust him.

MRS G: Only you don't want your money in the same house with him.

ROSS: I've got no right not to trust him. What makes me better than him. It's just that he's traveled a hard road and he's tryin' to change. Tryin' hard. This money could be a temptation. There's no reason to put it in his way.



MRS G:

I still don't understand. He's just sponging on you. Everybody can see that. Everybody but you, Ross.

ROSS:

(UPSET) Please, Mrs. Greene. I know you mean only good but I can't turn my back on Andy. He's dependin' on me to be his friend. The Bible's more than just a book. A man has to live by what it says. (START FADE) I believe that, Mrs. Greene. And no matter what people say, I've got to do it.

(BEAT)

MRS G:

(FADE IN) I still got that money, Mr. Montgomery. All ~~hundred and thirty dollars of it.~~ I kept hopin' against hope that the dead man wasn't Ross. That he'd come back. (SADLY) But someone made sure he wouldn't, didn't they. What do you think, Mrs. Greene. Was it Andy.

MONTY:

It might have been but I could never say it.

MRS G:

Why not.

MONTY:

Same reason you couldn't. The friend Ross Norman was to him...how could Andy ever hurt him.

MRS G:

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

MONTY:

Good question, isn't it. But more and more the answer keeps building. No one else fits but Andy. All right. There's the direction you have to follow now. You know a lot about Ross Norman. Now find out about Andy. What do people really know about him.

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND OUT)

DEPUTY:

His full name is Andy Crawford. Since these stories of yours, seems there's a hundred people who know him.

MONTY:

What have you found out, Deputy.

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DEPUTY: He's got quite a hospital record. As an alcoholic,

12 MONTY: Where was this.

DEPUTY: El Paso. We checked our records, found he'd been arrested on a drunk charge. Highway patrol chased him ten miles one night. He was goin' fast enough to fly.

MONTY: How about a criminal record.

DEPUTY: He's got that too. Prison, three times. Guess we've all the same idea ~~about~~ now, Monty.

MONTY: Yes?

DEPUTY: *The* Sheriff <sup>*obviously*</sup> put out a warrant for Andy Crawford. He's wanted for Ross Norman's murder.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Everybody says it. Everybody's sure...but can they prove it. And in the next two days, the answers begin to come.

SAM: Monty, this just came in over the wire. A gas station attendant out on Route 80 bought a thirty nine Ford over a week ago. It's Ross Norman's car. Guy who sold it to him matched the description of Andy Crawford.

(MUSIC: RISES...BEHIND)

STRAWN: (FILTER) This is Officer Strawn...border patrol down on the river. I just located two people who ~~gave me some~~ <sup>*told me*</sup> pretty interesting information. Seems they were fishing down here on the day that Ross Norman disappeared. They tell me they saw him and Andy Crawford walking down here...together.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

TYLER: ~~I told you everything I know about Andy Crawford. He's~~  
~~Montgomery. If I'd remember anything else, I'd a come~~  
~~by your office.~~

MONTY: All the evidence is in, Mr. Tyler. There's proof now  
that Andy killed him.

TYLER: If only Ross had listened to me...he'd be alive now.

MONTY: I've come to you because you might be able to tell me  
where Andy Crawford is hiding.

TYLER: What.

MONTY: ~~I don't mean that you actually know he's there but I'd~~  
a place you might have heard him mention.

TYLER: I don't know what you're talking about. If I knew  
~~anything like that I'd a told about it long ago.~~

MONTY: Look, let me explain. You and everyone else have given  
me a picture of Andy Crawford. The kind of man he is.  
What makes him <sup>tick</sup> go around.

TYLER: He's just a lowdown bum.

MONTY: Sure but that's just a label. ~~I know everyone thinks~~  
he was just sponging off Ross Norman, getting out of  
~~with what he could. But~~ no man is that simple and Andy's  
no exception.

TYLER: What are you drivin' at.

MONTY: <sup>Look</sup> that Andy had a need for a place where he could feel he  
belonged. Where he was wanted. Ross Norman gave him  
that <sup>place</sup> chance.

TYLER: He sure did.

MONTY: I think he was really Ross Norman's friend. ~~That he~~  
respected him. You remember what you heard Andy say  
that night you found him sleeping in the valley.  
(REPEATING IT) This is the first time a man's put out  
his hand to me for a long, long while.

TYLER: All right. ~~suppose I agree he wanted a place..and a~~  
~~friend. Howls that tell where he is now.~~

MONTY: *Now* Andy's in trouble, the worst a man can have. Where  
would he run but a place where he could feel safe.  
Someone who could take care of him..just the way Ross  
Norman did.

TYLER: Maybe there isn't such a place.

MONTY: There has to be. We all start from somewhere, Mr. Tyler.  
Andy felt protected in Ross Norman's house. It was  
important to him...a shield against the world. He needs  
that same kind of shield now. He's there...wherever it  
is.

TYLER: (THINKING BACK) Yeah...yeah...I can see that he might do  
that. You know...I can remember back to something else  
now. Something Ross told me about one day. I didn't  
think it meant anythin'. But now..maybe it's the thing  
you're looking for.

MONTY: Tell me about it, please.

TYLER: It happened here..right in the valley...at a spot where  
you can look down on the river.(START FADE) Andy and  
Ross were lying in the grass...doin' nothin' but  
feelin' lazy.

(BEAT...THEN FADE IN PLEASANT SUMMER SOUNDS)

ANDY: Pretty here, ain't it, Ross.

ROSS: The best, Andy.

ANDY: (SLIGHT BEAT) Ain't felt so peaceful since nine years ago.

ROSS: That's a long time.

ANDY: It was back home.

ROSS: Where was that, Andy.

ANDY: South Carolina. Greenville. (SLIGHT BEAT) ~~You been~~  
~~there.~~

ROSS: Don't think so.

ANDY: ~~You'd know if you were there. It's like here. Looks~~  
~~good, smells good.~~

ROSS: ~~A man ought'n a leave a place like that. Especially~~  
~~with all the people looking for one like it.~~

ANDY: I was a kid when <sup>left there</sup> ~~I did it.~~ I lived with my aunt. One night I came in drunk...didn't act too good. She threw me out. Said don't come back til I could act like a man. (SLIGHT BEAT) Guess I just never made it.

ROSS: You'll go back.

ANDY: I don't have to now..do I, Ross.

ROSS: That's up to you, Andy.

ANDY: I mean I found my place, Ross. Here, with you. Best friend I ever had.

ROSS: You stay, Andy. Long as you want.

ANDY: (SLIGHT BEAT) Ross.

ROSS: Yeah.

ANDY: Rest of my life I'll only be able to say one thing to you. (HESITATES) I thank you.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Greenville, South Carolina. The local police department receives a phone call. If Andy Crawford is in your city please arrest. He is wanted for murder. And that night, the news comes into your city room.

SAM: Guess you've been waiting for this, Monty. The Greenville police just picked up Andy Crawford. He was sound asleep. Not a care in the world.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ANDY: (DULLY) There isn't much more to tell. I knew Ross would be coming home around five o'clock. He took the route down by the river. I waited behind a tree. ~~There were a lot of rocks .. all over the place.~~

~~NARR: He sits there. A confessed murderer telling all the details. But you're not interested. You want him to hurry..to get finished with the necessary routine. For all you want is the answer to one, single question.~~

ANDY: I picked up one that I knew was just right. ~~Not too heavy, not too light. I didn't want to hurt him. It had to be over with quick. Maybe someone would come along. I had to be fast.~~

ANDY: ~~Then I heard him. Walking along the bank:~~ Just as he passed me, I stepped out in back of him. He didn't make a sound. After he fell I picked him up and put <sup>him</sup> ~~the body~~ in the river. I watched for about a minute..then it finally sank..and I didn't see <sup>him</sup> ~~it~~ anymore.

DEPUTY: (SLIGHT BEAT) We'll get that typed up and then you can sign it. (GOES OFF SLIGHTLY) Fred, see if you can't get it done right now.

MONTY: Andy.

ANDY: Yeah.

MONTY: There's just one more thing you haven't told.

ANDY: What.

MONTY: Why you killed him.

ANDY: (THINKS FOR A MOMENT) I don't think anybody would understand.

MONTY: Try.

ANDY: ~~He was good to me. My friend. But how could I ever~~  
come up to him. I'd done too many things. The bad was all over me. I tried to be what he expected. But I couldn't. I stole some of his things..sold them for money. He never said a word. You believe that.

MONTY: Yes.

ANDY: I started drinking. Heavy. He didn't complain. I knew I was going to do something real wrong. It was like an explosion inside of me that I knew had to happen. I was going to let him down...disappoint him..and I couldn't stop myself. And I knew just how he would ~~look at me..and the words he'd never say.~~

MONTY: (QUIETLY) Go on.

ANDY: (DESPERATELY) It wasn't natural for a man to be that good. The world isn't like that. He was like a kid believing in the things you hear in church. He had no right to expect me to be that way. No right.

(MORE)



ANDY:  
(CONT'D) I had to be free of what he wanted..to get away from  
him. (SLIGHT BEAT....DEAD HIMSELF) No one can touch  
him now. No one can bring him trouble. Mister, you  
want to hear something crazy.

MONTY: What, Andy.

ANDY: I killed him. But the way I feel....I killed myself.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
William P. Montgomery of the El Paso Times with the  
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #340

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer  
and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -  
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is  
longer, yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always  
packed just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder  
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can  
buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy  
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red  
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William P. Montgomery of the El Paso Times.

MONTY: Killer in tonight's Big Story was found guilty of second degree murder. He was sentenced to a term of from twenty to forty years in the state penitentiary. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNOR: Thank you, Mr. Montgomery. 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 Detroit Michigan Free Press, by-line Kin McCormick. The <sup>big</sup> story of a reporter. *who dug into the Post and discovered a man who lost 9 years of his life*

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on Television.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the El Paso Texas Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Karl Severson. \_\_\_\_\_ played the part of William <sup>P</sup>Montgomery. 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. Montgomery.

(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.

tc/mtf/bl  
2/9/54pm.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #341

CAST

NARRATOR.....BOB SLOANE  
KEN McCORMICK.....CARL FRANK  
JOHNNY BATES.....HARRY DAVIS  
HENRY JONES.....MICHAEL O'DAY  
MR. BURGETT.....MICHAEL O'DAY  
SAM SIMPSON.....HAROLD STONE  
MR. MOSHER.....MIKE SAGE  
MRS. GARFIELD.....PEGGY ALLENBY  
JUDGE.....PEGGY ALLENBY  
WARDEN.....RAY JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1954

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ACT I

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE: DOWN UNDER)

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN QUIET STREET: ECHOING)

BERTHA: Now, mother, you've got to stop worrying about being  
out so late at night. We'll be home in 15 minutes.

~~It was you who wanted to go visiting tonight --~~

(IMPATIENT) ~~Mother, will you stop hurrying.~~ Nothing  
will happen and -- (ABRUPT GASP & FEET OUT..)

BERTHA: Who...who are you?

SAM: Just keep quiet ladies, ~~and nothing'll happen to you...~~

BERTHA: What...what do you want? My mother and I are just  
going home, and --

SAM: This is a stick-up ...hand over your purses.

(SCREAM)

I don't want any cops --

(STILL SCREAMS)

Shut up. Shut up.

(GUN ROARS: ~~FEET RUNNING OFF~~)

BERTHA: ~~Mama! Mama!~~ (SCREAMS)

(MUSIC: STING: DOWN & UNDER)

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Detroit, Michigan. It's authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers... from the pages of the Detroit Free Press -- the story of a reporter who dug into the past and discovered a man who lost 9 years of his life. Tonight to Pulitzer Prize winner Ken McCormick, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 award...

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

AMERICAN CIGARETTE & CIGAR CO., INC.  
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

VERSION 3  
RECORDED 1/4/54

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story  
You'll never forget.

A story about you and  
Your cigarette.

Enjoy smoother smoking,

Choose wisely, choose well -

Smoke longer and finer

And milder PELL MELL.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

It's finer tobacco

That filters smoke best

No wonder PELL MELL

Steals the show

From the rest.

Reward yourself

With this quality high

The finest quality

Money can buy!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!



AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
PALL MALL CIGARETTES

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL -- America's most successful, most imitated cigarette - gives you smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette of any length can offer. REWARD YOURSELF! -- with the pleasure of smooth smoking. Ask for PELL MELL -- Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding. --

HARRICE: And they are mild.

(MUSIC: THEME UP & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan -- the story as it actually happened --  
Ken McCormick's story as he lived it ...

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's forgotten -- nobody remembers it -- an attempted  
robbery and killing nine years ago...., somebody was  
convicted -- somebody went to jail for it -- the case  
is closed. There's a 9 year layer of dust on the file --

(FADE IN VOICES IN PRISON YARD)

But now it is nine years later ... a bright July day ...  
and you, Ken McCormick, are walking in the state prison  
yard. ~~You're up here because a prisoner wrote you ...~~  
*with the warden*  
~~"I haven't done that murder they gave me life for. I'm  
innocent"...~~

(VOICES UP & UNDER)

KEN: ~~Oh, hello warden.~~ *So you think this fellow's innocent?* *Warden*

WARDEN: ~~Did you talk to the fellow, Ken?~~  
*yes I do*

KEN: ~~I did.~~ You know something? In 23 years as a newspaperman  
I must have ~~followed up some~~ *checked on* 50 cries of "They framed Me."  
~~Just like this one...~~

WARDEN: And?

KEN: I haven't been convinced yet. ~~This fellow's no different.~~  
If you ever find a fellow in this jail who says he's  
guilty, let me know. He shouldn't be in here with all  
these innocent guys...!

WARDEN: (LAUGHS) ~~That's a deal~~ *Believe me Ken this man's*  
*innocent*

KEN: ~~When they start to howl and protest good and loud, I--  
start getting suspicious -- what's the matter, Warden?~~

WARDEN:

~~I'm looking for someone in the yard (THEN SUDDENLY)~~  
Johnny. Johnny. Come over here. ~~Yes, I want you --~~  
(THEN TO KEN) When I heard you were coming out here,  
~~Ken, I decided to talk to you about this fellow -- a~~  
~~prisoner --~~ <sup>He's</sup> but one of the nicest kids I've ever met --

JOHNNY:

(COMING ON) Yessir, Mr. Warden?

WARDEN:

Johnny, I want you to meet Ken McCormick. He's a  
reporter. Ken, this is Johnny... <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~... (AD LIB  
GREETINGS) How are things, Johnny?

JOHNNY:

Peaceful, Mr. Warden. Sun shining...and I done seen a  
brown thrush on the walls. (LAUGHS) A fellow needs a  
hunk of bread big as a mountain for them birds...

WARDEN:

Okay, Johnny...you go on back to feeding your birds.

JOHNNY:

Glad to meet you, Mr. McCormick.

(STEPS AWAY)

WARDEN:

He's in for life, Ken...for a killing 9 years ago...but,  
I'm sure the boy's innocent -- do me a favor -- look  
into this --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER...)

NARRATOR:

You get interested -- why? There's something about this  
Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~. The way he stood there. The way he smiled  
-- and the slow, almost gentle way he talked -- you look  
through the prison files ... Born in Alabama...third  
grade schooling -- an orphan when very young -- fourteen  
when he came to Detroit -- Prison record perfect -- a  
trusty liked by officials and inmates alike --

WARDEN:

He was sentenced to life after a one-day trial, Ken.  
Without benefit of jury -- and he was in jail 13 months  
before he was tried ---

KEN:

What happened?

WARDEN:

Nine years ago, a Detroit woman was killed in a holdup murder. The woman's daughter, a Mrs. Garfield, was with her. Well, Mrs. Garfield said two young men did the killing. Dozens of fellows were picked up and let go -- finally two months later, the cops picked up a young fifteen year old boy who gave them the names of two fellows -- one was Sam Simpson, who said he fired the shot -- and the other was Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~. But I'm almost positive Johnny wasn't involved, even though he was named and identified. Talk to him, Ken. Just speak to him...

KEN:

Okay...

WARDEN:

He's right outside. I'll send him in --

(STEPS OUT. DOOR OPEN)

WARDEN:

(OFF MIKE) Johnny, come in here --

(STEPS APPROACH)

Ken, I'll wait outside -- go on in, Johnny...

(STEPS COME CLOSE TO MIKE AND HALT)

KEN:

Johany -- the warden thinks you're innocent of that holdup murder nine years ago ---

JOHNNY:

That's the truest thing there is, sir.

KEN:

The fellow who was supposed to be your partner -- Simpson -- he admitted firing the gun and also that you were with him...

JOHNNY:

That fellow Sam Simpson -- and that little kid, Henry. The cops made 'em say those things, mister -- they was scared...

KEN:

And the woman? The daughter of the woman who was killed?

JOHNNY: ~~I ain't mad at that lady, mister.~~ She got all mixed up. She seen her mama killed -- so she got all excited -- you know what I mean? I ain't good with words -- I can't explain it good -- but she was excited -- mixed up....

KEN: How come you gave up a trial by jury when they brought you in?

JOHNNY: I don't know nothing about trials and things like that. I listen to the gentleman who was my lawyer -- the judge said he was my lawyer -- so sure I listen to him ---

KEN: Johnny -- what about the night of the killing? Where were you, ~~if you weren't involved?~~

JOHNNY: Mister, that's what I've been trying to remember for nine years. I don't know. They picked me up two months after the shooting. I don't remember then what I was doing two months before that. I can't remember, so good. Not even that first time when they took me to -- what do you call it?

KEN: Examination?

JOHNNY: (EAGER) Yeah. That's it -- before the trial -- I couldn't remember. (THEN EXCITED) And that woman -- you know what she said there?

KEN: At the first examination?

JOHNNY: Yeah. She said she recognized the jacket I was wearing. -- but I'd just borrowed that jacket from another guy at the jail, just before I come in. She was all mixed up --

KEN: Uh-huh -- Simpson, he was supposed to be your partner in the shooting?

JOHNNY: That's what they said....

KEN: And that fifteen year old kid, his name was Henry?  
JOHNNY: Henry Jones -- he's right in this jail, mister...armed robbery. Poor kid. First time I saw him in the yard he said, "Johnny, I got scared. Didn't want no trouble. So I said your name"...I ain't never done no shooting, mister. I ain't like that...

KEN: (SLOWLY) Johnny, I can't promise you anything. But, I will follow this up. I've spoken to a lot of guys who said they were innocent. It always turned out ~~differently, though.~~ *They were lying*

JOHNNY: Mister, I ain't smart enough to tell a good lie --

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARRATOR: You could believe that, Ken McCormick -- still you're a top, prize winning reporter -- you're careful -- you're thorough -- you don't form opinions until you've got facts -- you know justice usually doesn't miscarry -- still, maybe it could happen. You ask the warden to let you speak to Henry Jones --

(MUSIC: OUT)

HENRY: I been trying to get somebody to listen to me for a long time, Mr. McCormick. I didn't do right by Johnny <sup>Burr</sup> Bates. I...I lied --

KEN: At the trial you testified that you saw Johnny and this Simpson together in a movie house, and they had a gun and they talked about having just done something --

HENRY: I know -- listen, I was a kid...I was only 15 years old -- I was picked up for larceny and I was slated to go to a juvenile home because of it --

KEN: What's the connection?

HENRY: I thought maybe the cops'd go easy on me if I helped them out --

KEN: ~~But why Johnny Bates? Why mention him?~~

HENRY: The cops came to me -- they said they got hold of a jacket that had my name in it -- they said the killer had worn that jacket. They wanted to know who I loaned it to --

KEN: You said you loaned it to Simpson?

HENRY: That's right. Then the cops started asking who his partner was -- ~~two guys had done the killing --~~

KEN: And to get off easy and out of trouble, you gave them a name *Johnny Burns name*

HENRY: That's it -- I knew Johnny was a friend of Simpson's so I just said it -- and made up the rest --

KEN: And it was all a lie? You didn't see them together? You didn't see any gun or hear them talk?

HENRY: No. I was scared.

KEN: You got him a life sentence by lying -- you realize that?

HENRY: Afterwards I tried to do what's right.

KEN: How?

HENRY: Look go see my folks -- four months after that trial when Johnny got sent up I told my pa I'd lied -- he'll tell you I said it. But he told me "Keep quiet -- you'll only get into worse trouble" -- go see my old man --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And it turns out to be true -- you learn that eight years before Henry Jones had confessed to his father that it was all a lie.

(MORE)

NARR: You're beginning to feel more certain now that maybe  
(CONT'D) Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ got a raw deal. But there are others yet to  
see -- Simpson -- the man who was supposed to be Bate's  
partner --

(MUSIC: OUT)

(SOUND OF GATES CLANGING SHUT)

NARR: Simpson -- who also got life -- who confessed to firing  
the murder shot -- is in Marquette Prison --

(STEPS COME & THEN HALT)

KEN: Sam Simpson?

SAM: That's right --

KEN: I'm Ken McCormick -- Detroit Free Press -- you don't have to  
talk to me, if you don't want to --

SAM: About what?

KEN: About Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ -- Johnny tells me he's innocent -- of  
that killing nine years ago. Is he?

SAM: (FLATLY) Sure he is. I said that nine years ago just  
before the judge sent us up. I said it to the judge --

KEN: What?

SAM: Told him <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ was innocent -- they wouldn't listen to me,  
though.

KEN: But at the trial itself, you said he was with you at the  
shooting -- you tied him in solid.

SAM: That's right. I said the words against him -- and I want to  
get it straightened out -- I tried to then -- Maybe I can  
do it now --

KEN: If Johnny wasn't with you -- why did you say he was?

SAM: ~~(TIGHT) Cause they beat me -- them cops beat me.~~



KEN: ~~You made a detailed confession -- a very detailed...~~

SAM: (SHRILL) I told you they beat me! You say anything to stop getting beat up.

KEN: Why'd you pick on Johnny Bates? Why'd you say he was your ~~partner?~~

SAM: Because they kept saying -- "Henry Jones saw you with him -- we got a witness you were together" and ~~they'd slap me --~~ so I said yeah, it's Johnny who was along -- yeah -- just to stop them -- how old do you think I was when it happened? Nineteen!

KEN: Will you swear to all this?

SAM: Sure I'll swear, I'm in here for life. What can they do to me? Besides, I tried to straighten it out once before, didn't I? But it was a quick one-day trial and no one was gonna waste any time on us... Did you know we got a one-day trial?

KEN: Yes...I know...

SAM: And that woman--the daughter--I don't recollect her name...

KEN: Mrs. Garfield...

SAM: Did you know she kept changing her mind about everything? I don't think she remembered what happened anymore. They held us and didn't give us no trial for thirteen months -- you can't remember everything clear after so long....

KEN: But you remember that you lied about Johnny <sup>Burris</sup> ~~Bates~~...

SAM: Mister -- that's one lie I don't forget --

(MUSIC: UP & DOWN)

(DOOR BIZ: STEPS IN & OUT)

KEN: Hello, Warden --

*Burns*

WARDEN: Hello, Ken -- I have Johnny ~~Bates~~ outside, as you asked me to --

KEN: Good. Send him in, will you, Warden?

(BUZZER SOUND)

*Burns*

WARDEN: ~~Warden Sloan~~ -- send Johnny ~~Bates~~ in now -- Well, Ken, what is it? What have you decided to do about Johnny?

KEN: I've spoken to Henry Jones and to Sam Simpson -- It's not unusual for one person to take back his story -- but when two of them do it --

(DOOR BIZ: STEPS ENTER)

KEN: Hello, Johnny --

JOHNNY: Hello, Mister McCormick --

WARDEN: Sit down, Johnny --

JOHNNY: No sir, Mr. Warden. He's gonna talk, Mr. McCormick, he's gonna say something, ain't he?

KEN: That's right, Johnny ....

JOHNNY: I can't bear to do no sitting then. Gotta feeling like I gotta walk up and down -- up and down -- like something is running inside of me -- (THEN SHARP) You still think I'm lying, Mr. McCormick?

KEN: (QUIETLY) No -- I'm sold, Johnny -- I'm sold on you --

JOHNNY: (SLOWLY) You...you mean...something is going to happen? Get me...get me...what's the word, Mr. Warden? What's the word?

WARDEN: Released?

JOHNNY: Sure! Sure! That's the word!

KEN: I don't know about a release, Johnny...but I'll fight for you -- I'm going to fight to get you a new trial --

(MUSIC: UP AND THEME --

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)  
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM # 341

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only half  
the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the smoke  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own best  
filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money  
can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth  
smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ACT TWO

(MUSIC: INTRO & UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Ken McCormick -- as he lived it -- and wrote it --

NARR: Two out of three witnesses take their stories back -- Good! Great! But you still haven't written a word of your story Ken McCormick. Why? You can't, not before you've made a detailed investigation of all the facts. The most damaging testimony against Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Dates~~ came from the third witness -- Mrs. Bertha Garfield, daughter of the woman killed nine years ago. You go to the trial records now -- the first examination records. You study them -- and then you go to the District Attorney -----

(MUSIC: OUT)

MOSHER: What's your interest in this case, Ken?

KEN: Just a matter of simple justice, Mr. Mosher -- that's all.

MOSHER: I see. And both Simpson and this Jones boy recanted their original stories?

KEN: Right. As for the third party -- Mrs. Garfield ~~this is what the records show -- I've gone through them -- studied them carefully --~~

MOSHER: Go on -- ~~I'm listening~~ --

KEN: Well, one day after that shooting nine years ago - police records show that <sup>she</sup> ~~Mrs. Garfield~~ picked two men out of the lineup as the ones who did the shooting -- they had airtight alibis and they were released --

MOSHER: Yes!

KEN: A couple of months later, Mrs. Garfield picked Sam Simpson out of a lineup as the man who did the shooting. He was the only one she pointed out -- there were four others in that particular lineup -- you know who was among them?

MOSHER: ~~Of course, not --~~ *No*

KEN: Johnny ~~Bates~~ *Burns*. But Mrs. Garfield failed completely to identify Johnny at that time. But one year later at the trial, she said Johnny ~~Bates~~ *Burns* was the other man. If she had a poor memory at the beginning, is it logical to expect that her memory improved with time?

MOSHER: All this is in the record?

KEN: Absolutely. ~~In fact, the records show that Mrs. Garfield was at three or four lineups for identification purposes. Also, she identified a jacket Bates was wearing -- but Bates had borrowed that jacket about an hour before from another prisoner, while Bates was waiting for the examination.....~~

MOSHER: (QUIETLY) Look, Ken, if this Johnny ~~Bates~~ *Burns* is innocent, I'll do everything in my power to help.....

KEN: Then, will you come with me, now?

MOSHER: Where to?

KEN: Mrs. Bertha Garfield. ~~I want to talk to her. and I think it'd be good if you were there -----will you come?~~

MOSHER: ~~Of course -- let's go.~~

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: ~~The third witness she saw she saw the two men who~~  
 nine years ago crossed the street to her and her mother --  
 she saw the gun -- she heard the shot -- and held her dying  
 mother in her arms -- Mrs. Bertha Garfield -- to whom the  
~~nightmare had happened~~

(MUSIC: OUT)

BERTHA: If -- if anyone is...is innocent, Mr. Mosher -- he...he  
 shouldn't be in prison -- I...I don't want it on my  
 conscience --

MOSHER: Ken McCormick here thinks that Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ is innocent --

BERTHA: Oh no -- no -- I'm sure he's the man who was there --  
 I'll never change my mind -- (THEN SUDDENLY AGITATED)

Look. I'm a busy woman -- I've got to prepare supper for  
 my husband --

KEN: We won't keep you long, Mrs. Garfield. The records show  
 that at first you picked Sam Simpson -- but you didn't  
 pick <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~. Why?

BERTHA: (GETTING EXCITED) The...the police...they didn't tell  
 me about this...this <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~...only about Simpson...I...I  
 don't know why you're asking me these questions, anyway.

~~You're trying to trick me, aren't you? You've you've~~  
~~got some scheme--well, I'll never change my mind about it --~~  
~~never --~~

KEN: Please, Mrs. Garfield. There's no need to get excited --

MOSHER: ~~We're not trying to trick you --~~

BERTHA: I'm ... I'm, not well -- ~~I'm nervous and I shouldn't be~~  
 excited

KEN: ~~Well, answer this then.~~ You testified at a preliminary  
 hearing, didn't you ~~at the first line-up and~~ ----

BERTHA: No! I never testified at a preliminary hearing -- only at the trial. That was when those two men were sentenced. I was only at one hearing --

KEN: One? The record shows that you were at three of four ....

BERTHA: No! I wasn't! If I was I'd remember!

MOSHER: Mrs. Garfield, an innocent man may be in jail--and--

BERTHA: Lord knows, I wouldn't want an innocent man to suffer for something he didn't do -- but I remember only one hearing when they were sentenced. I mean that, Mr. Attorney -- I'm not telling any lie. The record must be wrong if it says anything else....

MOSHER: These records can't be wrong, Mrs. Garfield -- you failed to identify Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> Bates at a number of hearings -- and

BERTHA: I never was there! I never was!

MOSHER: (SIGHS) Very well, Mrs. Garfield. I guess we'd better go, Ken. Come on...

(MUSIC: UP & OUT)

KEN: What do you think?

MOSHER: She's a very <sup>Confused</sup> excitable woman...

KEN: ~~Yeah...how would you like to serve a life sentence on the testimony of Mrs. Garfield? Still...I feel sorry for her...~~

MOSHER: ~~Me too--~~

KEN: She had quite a shock--her mother dying in her arms -- ~~what are you going to do now, Mr. Mosher?~~

MOSHER: ~~Investigate! Maybe there is something here --~~

KEN: And me -- I think I'm ready to start writing --

MOSHER: With what purpose?

KEN: ~~To try and get Johnny a new trial --~~

MOSHER: Look, Ken -- I'm all for getting an innocent man out of jail -- but there's one crucial point you haven't been able to get....

KEN: What point?

MOSHER: An alibi. Where was Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ on the night of the crime? ~~How can you definitely prove that he wasn't there?~~

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: In spite of this, you write, Ken McCormick. You've got enough facts -- you start a whole series of articles -- "Is Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ a Murderer or a Victim?" But, you're a Pulitzer prize reporter -- you do things a little differently -- you start your series with an address to the citizens of Detroit --

(MUSIC: OUT)

KEN: I want you, my readers, to be the jury in this case. I will present the facts to you -- step by step I will present the results of my investigation to you, the great jury of public opinion. You decide if Johnny Bates is guilty or whether he was convicted wrongfully and deserves a new trial ....

(MUSIC: UP & UNDER)

NARR: This is the approach you use, Ken McCormick-- your words let your jury see Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ -- For seven straight days, your articles appear on Page One of the Detroit Free Press.. and the jury of public opinion comes to a decision---

KEN: Mr. Mosher.....look at these...

MOSHER: What is it?



KEN: Mail. This is what's been coming across my desk at the paper -- mail. There are around 300 letters here. Besides them, I've gotten several thousand telephone calls-- and do you know how many were opposed to a new trial for

Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ <sup>How many</sup>  
MOSHER: ~~Go on.... Elm-listening...~~

KEN: Only three...

MOSHER: I hear lawyers have been contacting you -

KEN: That's right -- sixteen of them, to be exact, and each one volunteering to take the case free of charge...

MOSHER: Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> ~~Bates~~ is a lucky man to have gotten you interested..

KEN: Perhaps. But the point is -- does he get a new trial?

MOSHER: Why? Because of the response?

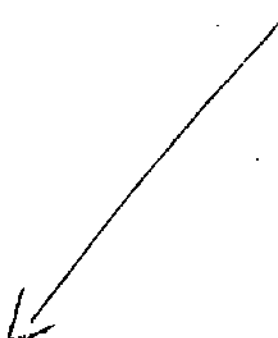
KEN: And the facts.

MOSHER: Listen, Ken. I'll tell you something -- Even if the response had been the opposite -- that is..three for a new trial and thousands against -- it wouldn't have affected my decision --

KEN: What do you mean?

MOSHER: Merely that on the basis of the facts, I'd try to get that boy a new trial --

KEN: Then you'll move for one?



MOSHER: Oh, yes... ~~I'll move for a new trial. Did you doubt that?~~

KEN: ~~I didn't think that any doubt could enter into this  
at all...~~

MOSHER: ~~No. Listen, the burden of the proof of this man's  
innocence will be on him.~~ *But* and the one crucial point  
is still missing -- where was Johnny on the night  
of the crime?

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN)

KEN: Listen to me, Johnny. Try to remember. Where were  
you?

JOHNNY: Honest, Mr. McCormick -- I don't know. What -- what  
does a fellow do nights? Bum around. Know what I  
mean?

KEN: You were working then, weren't you?

JOHNNY: Sure -- in some restaurant -- but ~~this is at night~~  
~~I don't know~~ -- (UNHAPPY) I ain't got no brains for  
remembering things --

KEN: It's important, Johnny --

JOHNNY: (DEPRESSED) Sure -- sure -- always I get mixed up  
when it's important things. I ain't even got the  
words to...to remember things by...but, honest, Mr.  
McCormick, I wasn't in no shooting...!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Where? Where was Johnny? It's a big city. Where  
does a man leave his mark in it on a crucial evening?  
In bars? In movie houses? In the streets? Alleyways?  
Where? A big city -- and the answer can only come  
out of that city --

(MUSIC: OUT)

(TYPEWRITER GOING)

BURGETT: Mr. McCormick? --

(TYPEWRITER OUT)

KEN: Yes?

BURGETT: My name is Larry Burgett. Maybe you heard of me?  
Burgett's Haven? The place on Willow Street?

KEN: No... what is it... a hotel?

BURGETT: Oh no, Mr. McCormick. It's a restaurant -- a good  
place to eat -- we serve businessmen lunches and....

KEN: Look, I'm busy right now. I haven't got time to  
talk about....

BURGETT: Oh, but I came to see you about Johnny <sup>Burns</sup> Bates -- not  
about....

KEN: <sup>Burns</sup>  
Bates?

BURGETT: That's right, Mr. McCormick. Johnny worked for me  
nine years ago....

KEN: (SUDDEN) The restaurant! Of course! That's right!

BURGETT: I been reading your articles in the paper, Mr.  
McCormick, and a funny thing happened.

KEN: What?

BURGETT: Well, the night of that killing -- nine years ago --  
September 15th, to be exact, Johnny was working for  
me.....

KEN: Is that the truth?

BURGETT: Oh sure! It's right in my books -- my employment  
records -- ~~it's funny.~~

(MORE)

BURGESS:  
(CONT'D)

~~I began to read about Johnny Bates in your stories -- and then I remembered -- I never knew what had happened to Johnny -- he worked for me and then -- poof! I never saw him again -- now I know why -- he should a told the police about working for me that night -- I'd a proved it --~~

KEN:

By the time they picked Johnny up it was two months after the shooting -- he couldn't remember -- Johnny wasn't good at remembering anyway --

BURGESS:

~~Anyway I looked it up in my records -- and it's there -- paid to Johnny Bates, \$3.00 for kitchen help on the night shift -- it's there -- black and white -- for September 15, 1944 -- how could that poor kid kill anyone when he was in my kitchen all the time?~~

(MUSIC: UP HARD AND OUT)

(A GAVEL RAPS VIGOROUSLY)

MOSHER:

Your Honor, may I speak to the court?

NARR:

It is November 30th, and DA Mosher stands in Judge Helen Wilson's Court --

(GAVEL RAPS AGAIN)

MOSHER:

Your honor, as you know, my office has moved for a new trial for Johnny ~~Bates~~ <sup>Burns</sup> on the basis of new evidence, and as you know, trial date has been set for tomorrow-- December 1st. I should like to make a motion regarding tomorrow's trial.....

(VOICES UP BUZZING: GAVEL RAP. BUZZ OUT)

MOSHER:

Thank you, your honor -- (A SLIGHT PAUSE) Johnny ~~Bates~~ <sup>Burns</sup> has served nine years in prison.

(MORE)

MOSHER:  
(CONT'D)

*Burns*  
 Johnny ~~Bates~~ received a life term -- evidence produced by  
 a well-known reporter in this city has come to light  
 which casts doubt on the correctness of that sentence nine  
 years ago -- justice is perhaps our most precious  
 possession in this nation, your honor. ~~Perhaps it is~~ *It maybe*  
 slow in working its way to the truth at times --  
 but the thing is -- it works its way! The District  
 Attorney's office wishes to ask your honor to dismiss  
 all charges against Johnny ~~Bates~~ *Burns* on the basis of the  
 new evidence uncovered. We wish to ask this court that  
 it permit Johnny ~~Bates~~ *Burns* to go free!

(GAVEL RAP ABOVE BUZZ OF VOICES)

JUDGE: (AS GAVEL RAPS) Motion granted!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND FADE UNDER)

KEN: You're free, Johnny -- you're free --

JOHNNY: (STUNNED) I....I....don't know what to say, Mr.  
McCormick -- I don't know what to say --

KEN: You don't have to say anything....

JOHNNY: I gotta shake your hand -- ~~and you too, Mr. Attorney...~~

MOSHER: ~~Ken's the man you should be thanking....~~

JOHNNY: (CLOSE TO TEARS) Maybe I can do something for you,  
Mr. McCormick....I gotta do something for you....

KEN: No, you don't. ~~You have any money, Johnny?~~

JOHNNY: ~~No....~~ *Look Johnny*

KEN: A group of people here in Detroit, members of the  
Crisis Club, got up a hundred and fifty dollars for  
you, Johnny -- here -- take it!

JOHNNY: Money? Money for me? People done got together to give money to me?

KEN: That's right, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (SOBS)

KEN: Now, look. You stop that.

JOHNNY: I can't help it, Mr. McCormick -- I can't help..... my crying.....

KEN: Cut it out, Johnny... ~~You're only 27 years old...~~ you've got a whole life-time ahead of you -- and you're free! ~~And, I'm going to help you find a job...~~

JOHNNY: I.... I ain't never gonna forget you, Mr. McCormick.... never.....

KEN: ~~And I won't ever forget you, Johnny -- (SOFTLY AS IF ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Justice has been served.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO THEME)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ken McCormick of the Detroit Free Press with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #341

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer  
and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END. E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -  
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is  
longer, yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always  
packed just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder  
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can  
buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy  
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red  
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ken McCormick of the Detroit Free Press.

McCORMICK: Johnny <sup>Buras</sup> Sales, now a free man in State of Michigan with bright prospects for wonderful new life. My Sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. McCormick. 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 Miami, Florida Daily News by-line Milt Sosin. The Big Story of a near tragedy and a reporter who turned it into a triumph.

(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...)



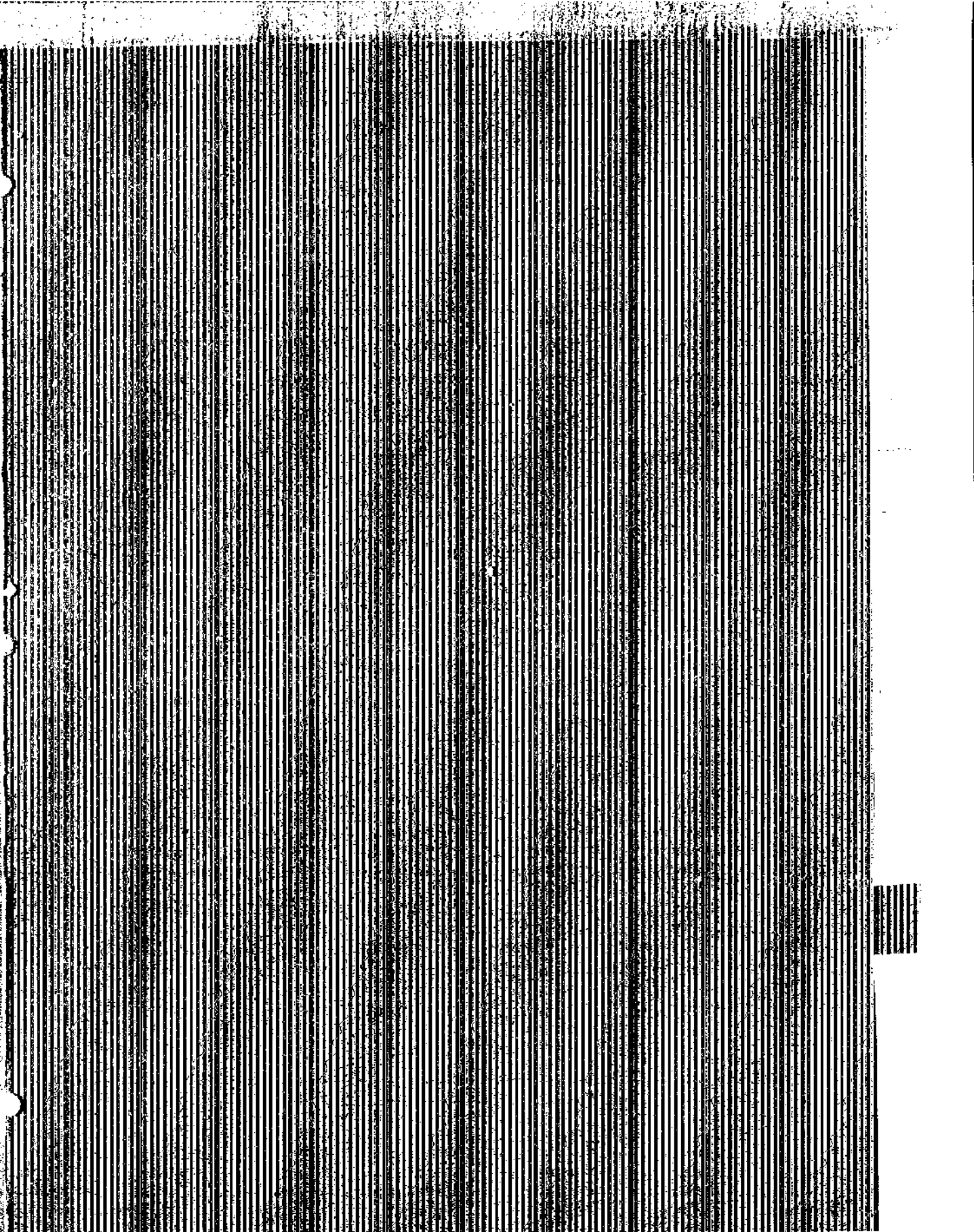
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Raphael Hayes from an actual story from the pages of the Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Carl Fre played the part of Ken McCormick. 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. McCormick.

(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.

rk/ml  
'betty'...rp...2/18/54/



RTX01 000B446

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #342

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR.....BOB SLOANE  
CABBIE.....SANDY STROUSE  
WOMAN.....MARY CARROLL  
LOIS.....MARY CARROLL  
MILT.....NAT POLEN  
CLIFF.....DICK JANAVER  
NETTIE.....NELL HARRISON  
TED.....COURT BENSON  
CHARLIE.....GENE LEONARD  
MAN.....BILL GRIFFIS  
VOICE.....BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1954

ATX01 0008447

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

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

(CAR COMING TO STOP. DOOR OPENED)

GABBIE: (CALLS) Taxi, lady?

WOMAN: (COMING ON) Thank you.

(GETS IN. DOOR SLAM)

WOMAN: Fairmount Hotel, please.

GABBIE: Fairmount? Did you say Fairmount, lady?

WOMAN: Yes. I just got in town. I have a reservation there.

GABBIE: Look. I'm sorry. I can take you to a nice hotel...

WOMAN: I want to go to the Fairmount. Please ..

GABBIE: Look, lady ..I'm only trying to be helpful. You can't go  
there. The place burned down a week ago.

WOMAN: (A GASP) Burned down. I --- I -- (A CHOKE ..GASP)

GABBIE: Lady! Lady! What's the matter?

WOMAN: (CHOKES) Heart ...get ...doctor ...

GABBIE: Yeah. Sure, but ..

WOMAN: My husband ...my husband was at the Fairmount.

(MUSIC: -- STING. -- DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Miami, 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 Daily News, the story of a near tragedy .. and a  
reporter who turned it into a triumph. Tonight, to Milt  
Sosin for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #342  
VERSION I

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (Strikes chord first)  
I'll tell you a story  
You'll never forget.  
A story about you  
And your cigarette.  
You switched and you changed  
Till you nearly went wild  
Then you found PELL MELL  
So pleasingly mild.

(Refrain)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco  
Has ever been grown  
So get yourself PELL MELL  
And make it your own.  
Reward yourself  
With this quality high.  
The finest quality  
Money can buy.

(Refrain)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

Y/ OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

ANNCR: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further.  
What's more - fine tobacco is its own best filter - and  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.  
Get PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Miami, Florida. The story as it actually happened --  
Milt Sosin's story .. as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This is your town's big time <sup>year</sup> Milt Sosin. The winter  
sun is warm in Miami. It sparkles on the Atlantic's blue  
waters ..warms the glistening white sands of the beaches.  
The trains that pull into Miami's stations are crowded  
with visitors hungry for the warmth, the gaiety, the  
excitement your city offers. For Miami in the winter has  
many <sup>pleasures</sup> ~~things~~, Milt Sosin. And now --- you find out--it has  
something else.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

MILT: A racket? What kind of a racket are you talking about,  
Ted?

TED: Right here in Miami, Milt. I'm assigning you to do some  
investigating on it. The turkey money racket.

MILT: Turkey money?

TED: That's what they call it. It's money that hotels -- the  
unscrupulous hotels -- are paying to cab drivers to steer  
<sup>customers</sup> ~~passengers~~ to them.

MILT: Oh, sure. I've heard of that. Cabbies pick up people at  
the station and tell them to try such and such a hotel --  
it's better than the one they're going to.

TED: That's one angle.

MILT: Mmm. It's not going to be easy to write much of a story  
on that, Ted. Who's going to get excited?

TED: ~~The cab drivers are being paid for this Milt. Stealing  
business from reputable hotels.~~

MILT:

So what? (THEN) I don't mean it's right, Ted, and I can see where it upsets the decent hotels. But as a newspaper story, it doesn't pack any punch. The reading public isn't going to shed tears over hotels losing money. They'll figure if people are dopes enough to listen to a cab driver and change hotels, that's their lookout.

TED:

Look, Milt. I told you. It's an assignment.

MILT:

Okay, You told me. And I told you. If I have to write a story, I want an angle. How'm I going to make people care?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

He doesn't answer that one. Never mind, Milt Sosin. Take the memoes on the story, go back to your desk. Study them. You don't really argue with an editor when you get an assignment. You just wish. Wish you could get an angle ..an approach.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

NARR:

There is an angle. There is something about this turkey money racket that will make people care. There is a story here ..a good one. It's starting right now --in another part of Miami. You don't know it, Milt Sosin. Not yet. But it's happening.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(CAR TRYING TO START. NOT CATCHING. TRY AGAIN)

LOIS:

Cliff, it won't start. The car just won't start. I'm sorry to drag you away from your house but I thought maybe you could do something.

CLIFF:

Gosh, this has me stumped, Lois.

LOIS:

(FRANTIC) But I've got to get down there. Maybe I better get a cab.



CLIFF: You won't get one for fifteen minutes or so.  
 LOIS: That'll be too late! Cliff, what am I going to do?  
 CLIFF: ~~Trying to start it again.~~  
 (~~SOUND OF CAR ENGINE TRYING TO GOSSNIT-GRASH~~)  
 LOIS: ~~It won't start. Cliff, I've just got to get home.~~  
 CLIFF: What time does the train get in?  
 LOIS: It must be in by now. My mother and Dad will be there,  
 waiting for me to call for them.  
 CLIFF: Now take it easy. You'll get there.  
 LOIS: But they're such babies. ~~And they get so scared at things~~  
~~don't go right.~~ I don't want anything to happen to them.  
 CLIFF: Nothing's going to happen. When they see you're not at  
 the station, they'll just sit down and wait.  
 LOIS: ~~In I hope so. If they'll just stay there and wait.~~  
 CLIFF: ~~Lois, why wouldn't they?~~  
 LOIS: I -- I guess they will. I -- (THEN) Oh why doesn't this  
 car start?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CROWD, B.G. SOUND OF TRAIN)

NETTIE: (ELDERLY WOMAN) Do you see her, Charlie? Do you see  
 Lois?  
 CHARLIE: (ELDERLY) Not yet...  
 NETTIE: My, isn't this a lovely place? Feel how nice and warm,  
 Charlie. We're going to have just a grand time here.  
 CHARLIE: (WORRIED) I don't see Lois.  
 NETTIE: ~~But she said she'd be here. Right at the station, she~~  
 said she'd be.  
 CHARLIE: She's not, Nettie. Everybody's gone. I don't see anyone  
 here.  
 NETTIE: (UNSURE) Well ..then we'll just wait for her.

CHARLIE: You think anything happened?

NETTIE: Can't a body be late? Now stop fretting. ~~Just~~  
on that bench and put them valises down where we can keep  
an eye on them. Lois'll be along.

CHARLIE: She did say to wait, didn't she?

NETTIE: Of course she did. (THEN, DOUBTFULLY) You don't have the  
letter she sent, do you?

CHARLIE: Left it home.

NETTIE: She must have said to wait. (THEN) Anyway, what's all  
~~this worrying about?~~ If we can't trust our own daughter  
to meet her folks...

CHARLIE: She's not here, Nettie.

NETTIE: (SNAPS) I know she's not here. I got eyes. (THEN,  
SOFTLY) I--I'm sorry, Charlie. I didn't mean to talk like  
that. I--I guess I'm a little --(SHE STOPS)

CHARLIE: Scared, Nettie?

NETTIE: Now why should I be scared? Lois'll be here. We'll just  
wait.

CABBIE: (COMING UP) Taxi, folks? Going to the hotel? (ON) Taxi?

NETTIE: Oh, you mean us? No, thank you.

CABBIE: Aren't you going to the hotel?

NETTIE: No. We're waiting right here. My daughter is calling for  
us in her car.

CABBIE: Well, doesn't look as if she'll be along. I can take you  
right up to the hotel.

NETTIE: No thank you, young man. We'll wait right here for her..

CHARLIE: (TIMID) It is all right to wait here, ain't it?

CABBIE: Mmm? (THEN) Well now, mister, that's just it. You can't  
really wait here..

NETTIE: Why not?

CABBIE: Well, station's about to close. You know your daughter's address?

NETTIE: No. She just said to wait here. (WORRIED) You mean we can't? Charlie, what'll we do?

CHARLIE: (SCARED) I --I don't know.

NETTIE: (A CRY) Charlie!

CABBIE: Now look, don't you get excited ..

NETTIE: But if they're going to close the station, where can we go?

CABBIE: The best hotel in Miami.

NETTIE: But Lois said ..

CABBIE: Now look, don't you worry. People like you shouldn't be sitting here alone in a closed-up station. I'll take you to a nice comfortable hotel and you can wait there.

NETTIE: But we have to find Lois. Her name's not in the telephone book and we don't know her address.

CABBIE: I'll find her for you. ~~You just give me her name and as soon as I get you to the hotel, I'll find her.~~

NETTIE: You will?

CABBIE: Sure. Come on now.

NETTIE: ~~Help me find -- source -- fine.~~ That's awfully nice of you. Isn't it Charlie?

CHARLIE: Yes. Real nice. (A LITTLE LAUGH) I guess this is just like home, Nettie. A real friendly town.

CABBIE: Okay folks. In the cab.

(MUSIC: -- SHORT BRIDGE)

LOIS: Cliff ...they're not here. I've been from one end of the platform to another. My mother and Dad just aren't here!

CLIFF: ~~Enclosed in the station. Not in there either.~~

LOIS: ~~But where could they go? Where could they be?~~

CLIFF: Maybe they took a taxi to your house.

LOIS: I didn't give them the address. I didn't want to bother them with details. (STARTS TO SOB) Oh, Cliff ...

CLIFF: Now take it easy.

LOIS: How can I find them? Where are they?

CLIFF: Lois, look. Don't get excited. (HESITANT) A man in the station said he saw two people that sounded like your ~~mother~~ <sup>mother</sup> ~~and father~~ <sup>and father</sup> get into a taxi and drive off.

LOIS: Drive off! To where?

CLIFF: I don't know.

LOIS: Then I've got to find out. Maybe they went to a hotel... a boarding house. Come on. I've got to find out.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Miami is a big, busy city. Big enough, busy enough for two frightened elderly people to disappear into completely A city of over 400 hotels ..hundreds more boarding houses and apartments. Where do you look for two old people? How do you even start?

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

LOIS: Sunset Arms? Can you tell me if you have an elderly couple registered with you? A Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seely?

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

CLIFF: No Seely registered at the Windor? Well, can you give me the names of any more boarding houses in the city?

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT)

LOIS: Traveler's Aid? I want to inquire about my mother and father. They got off the train at the ..

(MUSIC: -- WIPES AND UNDER FOR)

CLIFF:

.... and they weren't there so I was told to check with you at the police station. Nothing reported? Well, thanks. I better check further. And if you get any information, will you.....

(MUSIC: WIPE AND UNDER)

LOIS: Mercy Hospital? I'm inquiring if you had any accident cases brought in today. An elderly man or woman. The name is Seely.

(MUSIC: UP TO PEAK AND UNDER)

NARR: Miami is a big city. A busy city. Two people can disappear so quickly. So completely. ~~especially~~ <sup>especially</sup> if they are old.....and afraid.

(MUSIC: OUT)

NETTIE: ~~Charlie~~....I'm afraid. <sup>Charlie</sup> ~~Seely~~

CHARLIE: Now, Nettie.....

NETTIE: He didn't mean a word of it, that cab driver. He didn't even try to find Lois.

CHARLIE: ~~Nettie~~

NETTIE: And ~~she~~ ~~isn't~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~find~~ ~~us~~ ~~because~~ ~~she~~ ~~doesn't~~ ~~know~~ ~~where~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~ ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~can't~~ ~~find~~ ~~out~~ ~~where~~ ~~we~~ ~~are~~

CHARLIE: (WITHOUT CONFIDENCE) Lois is smart. She'll find us.

NETTIE: Charlie...we don't have any more money for another day here at the hotel. We don't even have money for anymore food. ~~Lois was going to pay for that. Now we don't have any money left.~~ (CRIES NOW) Oh, Charlie..... what are we going to do?

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

LOIS: (CRYING) I don't know what to do. My neighbor and I looked everywhere.....called everywhere. And then.... he suggested.I come here to the Daily News. He said the paper might be able to help us.

TED: I don't see why not. How about it, Milt?

MILT: We'll sure try.

TED: Mr. Sosin here is one of our experts at finding lost people, Miss Seely. If anyone can locate your parents, I'm sure he can.

LOIS: I'd be so grateful. They haven't any money...they're just like two children. I know I've babied them but they're so helpless....I'm not in the phone book so there's no way of them finding me.

MILT: Do you have a picture of them, Miss Seely?

LOIS: Not with me. At home. I can get it --

MILT: Never mind it for now, then. I want to get a story in today's paper. If that doesn't bring results, we'll run another one tomorrow with a picture.

LOIS: Will --- will it help?

MILT: A lot of people read the paper, Miss Seely. One of those people might very well see your parents. Let's hope so.

LOIS: ~~I don't see how I can get a picture of them. I don't have one.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The morning edition hits the newstand. Countless copies are bought, read and discarded. And somewhere in Miami...an elderly, frightened, lost woman, walks up and down street after street.

NETTIE: Excuse me, Could you help me? I'm looking for my daughter?

Y/ (MUSIC: BRIEF ACCENT)

NETTIE: Excuse me. My daughter's name is Seely, Miss Lois  
Seely. She was supposed to meet me at the station.....  
the railway station.....

(MUSIC: BRIEF ACCENT...BUILDING IN TEMPO)

NETTIE: (CRYING NOW) Please.....can't you help me? My  
daughter....I have to find my daughter...we ~~have to~~  
~~have to find her~~.....

(MUSIC: BRIEF ACCENT...FASTER)

NETTIE: I have to find her. I told Charlie I'd find her. If  
I just keep walking.....

(CAR OFF, COMING NEARER)

MAN: (SHOUTS) Hey lady, look out! Don't cross the street  
with the light against you. Hey lady, look out!

(CAR COMES NEARER, VIOLENT SCREECH OF BRAKES)

MAN: Lady, look out!

(MUSIC: UP FOR TAG)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #342

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth  
smoking. Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer  
and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL  
America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the  
smoke further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give  
you richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its  
own best filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest  
quality money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the  
pleasure of smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with 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 Milt Sosin as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: A frantic daughter looking for her parents. And the parents .....lost.....bewildered in a strange city. Your story, Milt Sosin.....your plea to find them is in the paper. But the lost frightened woman doesn't know this. She doesn't know anything except that she has to find her daughter. She has to keep going. And her eyes are too full of tears to see where she's going.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MAN: (SHOUTS) Hey, lady, look out! Don't cross the street with the light against you. Hey lady...look out!

(CAR COMES NEARER. VIOLENT SCREECH OF BRAKES)

MAN: Lady, look out!

(FINAL SCREECH AS CAR SWERVES AND GOES INTO DISTANCE. RUNNING STEPS)

MAN: Lady, are you all right?

NETTIE: I --- I didn't see it coming. ~~I wasn't looking.~~

MAN: Look, you better sit down for a minute.

NETTIE: No. I can't. I have to keep on looking. You're a mailman maybe you can help me find her.

MAN: ~~(GENTLY) I don't know what it is you want to find but you're not going to find anything but trouble this way. Let me take you home.~~

NETTIE: ~~But I don't know where home is. I have to find my daughter.~~

MAN: Your daughter! Are you the woman in the paper?

NETTIE: In the paper?

MAN: Seely. A Mrs. Seely. You and your husband.....  
NETTIE: Yes! Yes! How did you know? Where's my daughter?  
MAN: I don't know exactly. But they do at the paper. At  
the Daily News.  
NETTIE: (CRYING) Oh dear God. Thank you.  
MAN: Easy....(THEN) Let's go get your husband. Then I'll  
take you ~~home~~ *to the newspaper*.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MILT: Your parents are right in here, Miss Seely. They're  
here and they're fine.

(DOOR OPEN)

LOIS: Mom. Dad.

NETTIE: Lois!

LOIS: (TEARS) Oh Mom....Mom.....Dad.....

(THERE IS A GENERAL BABBLE OF GREETING) (QUESTIONS)

NARR: (OVER) A reunion...A happy, tearful reunion. And  
then -- the questions.

LOIS: Why didn't you wait? I told you to wait at the  
station....Or why didn't you go to the police?

NARR: And the answers....the explanations....

NETTIE: It was the taxi driver. He said he'd find you...but  
he didn't....We never thought of calling the police...

NARR: And then....the big question. The one that's been in  
the back of your mind all the time, Milt Sosin...

LOIS: But why? Why did the taxi driver do it? Why did he  
lie? Why did he want to take you to a hotel?

NARR: And the answer.

MILT: Turkey money. The turkey money racket.

LOIS: The what?

Y/ MILT:

~~It's ~~supposed~~ here in Miami, Miss Seelye. It's~~  
we're proud of. Taxi drivers paid to steer people to  
certain hotels. I was working on it, ...as a story.  
I wasn't too heated up. I figured if people wanted  
to be suckers and listen...that was their problem.  
I didn't see any real harm in it, I do now.

NETTIE:

We -- we can't thank you enough, Mr. Sosin. Helping  
us find Lois.

MILT:

I'm the one who's grateful, Mrs. Seelye. You've opened  
my eyes. The Turkey money racket isn't just a dull  
story to me anymore. It's something I'm mad at.  
Something I'm going to stamp out -- if I can. And  
~~I'm certainly going to try.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

No stalling now, Milt Sosin. No looking for an angle  
that'll make people take notice of the Turkey money  
racket. You have it. And you're angry. Angry at  
yourself for not seeing it before. Angry at a racket  
that strikes viciously at anyone....anyone helpless...  
alone....gullible.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR:

Do a little investigating. Ask questions. Poke  
around. Listen to the chorus of voices. Listen to  
the sound of the Turkey money racket.

(MUSIC: OUT)

CABBIE:

The Meridian Hotel? Lady, I can't take you there.  
That's been booked up for weeks. Biggest convention  
in town. Tell you what. They got nice cheap rooms  
at the ~~Eden~~ <sup>Slan</sup> ~~Eden~~.

VOICE: (MORE ECHO, VIBRATTO ) You must have that reservation all wrong, Ma'am. That hotel burned down a week ago.

CABBIE: (OVERLAPPING, BLURRING NOW) No good lady. All full up. *It don't matter if you have a reservation...*

VOICE: I'll give you a break. I know a place... *doesn't even know get you in there*

CABBIE: (THE VOICES HAVE BECOME A SOLID BABBLE NOW) *Filled up. I know a place.*  
(MUSIC: STAB IN AND WIPE... THEN CUT COLD)

MILT: That's the way they operate, Ted. Lies, evasions... anything. ~~And the trouble it's causing doesn't just hurt the hotels. Now I know, it hurts people, too.~~  
Last week, a cab driver told a woman passenger the hotel she wanted to go to just burned to the ground. She had a heart attack in the cab. She hadn't heard from her husband in a week and he was staying at that hotel. She was sure he was killed in the fire.

TED: Now you see a story there, mmm, Milt?

MILT: ~~I see more than a story. I see a job.~~ I'm going to expose these racketeers, Ted. I'm going to put every visitor to Miami on the alert. And I'm going to run the crooks out of town. ~~Great?~~

TED: ~~Forget you did the assignment, remember Mike?~~ Go to it. And good luck.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Good luck. You're going to need it, Milt Sosin. You find that out right away. You find it out when you talk to the taxi driver who took Mr. and Mrs. Seely away from the railroad station.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MILT: It was <sup>part of the</sup> racket wasn't it, cabbie? How much did you get paid off for getting two people lost?

CABBIE: There ain't no law <sup>against</sup> driving people around town. I didn't force them into the cab.

MILT: You lied to them.

CABBIE: Prove it. (THEN) What are you up to, Sosin?

MILT: I'm going to break the Turkey money racket.

CABBIE: And I'm gonna give you a little advice. We got a good thing here. The hotels are paying fine..the ones that need the steering. They like what we do. We like what we do. And we don't want anybody lousing up the set-up.

MILT: Is that a threat?

CABBIE: It sure is. Leave us alone, Sosin. Quit asking questions and quit making trouble. The racket's gonna go on. But if you keep stirring things up.....you ain't going to go on. You'll be stopped. Permanent.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MILT: Here's the first set of stories, Ted. Interviews with the hotel association....pictures of some taxi drivers in action. I've got a list of the hotels that seem to be the worst offenders. Look the stuff over, huh?

TED: ~~You've done a lot in a hurry, Milt.~~

MILT: ~~I was just when I was mad.~~

TED: It's good stuff. I'd like to print it.

MILT: That's why I wrote it.

TED: Can I print it, Milt?

MILT: What do you mean, can you? What's got into you, Ted?  
TED: You work fast, Milt, but so do the crooks here in town. I've gotten a couple of anonymous letters already. Phone calls too. You're in trouble if you try to buck this racket. ~~Personal trouble.~~ <sup>maybe</sup>

MILT: Aw, those phony threats.....

TED: Don't laugh it off, Milt... This racket means big money. People don't give up a chance at big money easily. They fight back. And they fight back dirty.

MILT: (A SIGH) Yeah. I suppose they do.

TED: A lot of things can happen to a guy. A car coming too close at a busy intersection. An accident on a ~~back street.~~

MILT: ~~You think it's as tough as that?~~ *you make it sound bad*

TED: I wouldn't print these stories, Milt. Not without warning you that it's a risk..... ~~a big one.~~

MILT: I appreciate that, Ted.

TED: So?

MILT: (MAD) So print them! And print them with my name on them.

TED: But....

MILT: And no buts. This is only a starter, Ted. I'll have more stories and fast. And I want to see them in print.

TED: You mean this doesn't scare you?

MILT: Correction. It scares me, all right. It scares me good. ~~But it doesn't stop me.~~ ~~Do~~ get those stories printed, will you? I'm going after more.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It takes legwork to get followup stories. Legwork  
and courage.

(MUSIC: STING...OUT)

MILT: (LOW) See if you can get a picture of that, Sam.  
Cab driver over there is pitching at a fare right now.  
The shot'll go swell with the story.

CABBIE: (COMING ON) Sosin....I told you to keep away...

MILT: What's the matter, Cabbie? Don't you want your  
picture in the paper?

CABBIE: Give me that film!

MILT: Sorry.

CABBIE: I said give it to me.

(STRUGGLE)

MILT: (EFFORT) What the---let go of that camera.....

(CRASH AS CAMERA IS SMASHED)

CABBIE: (BREATHING HARD) The next thing that gets smashed  
up, Sosin. It might not be just a camera.

(MUSIC: STING...OUT)

(CAR BEING DRIVEN)

MILT: I'll drop you off home, Ted. Then I want to go  
back to the paper.....

TED: How about quitting for the day, Milt?

MILT: I have some notes on the stuff I got today. I want  
to type them up, and --

TED: (SUDDENLY) Milt, look out!

(CRASH. BROKEN GLASS)

TED: A rock! Right through the windshield.

MILT: They really mean business, don't they?

TED: Milt...you better quit. Isn't this enough to scare  
you?

MILT: I'm not the only one who's scaring, Ted. So are they.

(MUSIC: STING, OUT)

(PHONE RING)

MILT: (SLEEPILY) What the -- (FUMBLES FOR PHONE)

(PICK UP)

MILT: Hello, Sosin talking.

VOICE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) (QUIET) Hello Milt.

MILT: (GROANS) Ted, give me a break. I worked all night.  
I'm sleepy.

VOICE: This isn't Ted.

MILT: Who is it?

VOICE: That doesn't matter, does it? Just a guy with a tip.

MILT: What kind of a tip?

VOICE: You've been warned, Sosin. Lay off. ~~The warnings--~~  
~~stop now. Either you stop or things start~~  
~~happening. All kinds of things.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

MILT: They said you wanted to see me, Ted.

TED: Yes, Milt. About the racket stories. You're a pretty  
stubborn guy. How many threats do you need before you  
stop?

MILT: I only need one thing to make me stop, Ted. The news  
that the Turkey Money racket has been licked.

TED: You can start relaxing now.

MILT: I haven't made a dent in it!

TED: That is what you think. Milt, you've got the thing  
on the run. I got a call from the major taxi company  
in Miami this morning. They wanted to tell us about  
a new directive for all drivers.



MILT: What?  
TED: Any driver who recommends any hotel to a passenger is going to be fired. Period.  
MILT: They really said that?  
TED: They sure did. When the drivers find out their jobs are at stake, it's going to put quite a crimp in the racket.  
MILT: It's wonderful...but it's only one end of it. There's still the shady hotels to worry about. If they can't work through the drivers they may try some other scheme. I can't quit until they admit they're licked.  
TED: Milt, listen you -- (CUTS AS PHONE RINGS)  
(PHONE RING)  
TED: Hold it a minute.  
(PHONE UP)  
City desk. Yeah. Oh, yes sir....I see....Uh-huh.....  
(THEN) Thank you sir. I appreciate your calling and I'll tell Mr. Sosin.  
MILT: Tell me what? If this is another threat.....  
TED: Yes, surely. All right, sir. Goodbye (HANG UP)  
MILT: All right. Tell me what?  
TED: Milt, that was a representative of the Hotel Association. He said their phone's been jammed all morning with calls from the hotels that were in on the turkey money racket. They've given up....they're trying to get bona fide membership in the association....promising to go by the rules from now on.  
MILT: Then that's the other side! They've quit too.

TED: And how ~~the hotels quit because they lost the support~~ of the taxi drivers, and the taxi drivers had to quit because the company forced them too, and the company forced them to because their eyes were opened by some stories in our paper, ~~written by a pair of meddling reporters.~~

MILT: (NOT QUITE BELIEVING IT) ~~then...~~ it's cleaned up. ~~really cleaned up.~~

TED: Nice work, Milt.

MILT: I'm kind of grateful to <sup>that old</sup> couple ~~of reporters~~ for getting me on to this story, ~~Mr. and Mrs. Soely.~~

TED: They had a hand in it. But in the long run....looks to me like it came down to a guy named Sosin who was too stubborn ~~and honest~~ --- or maybe just --- too honest to be scared.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Milt Sosin of the Miami Daily News with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STO  
PROGRAM #34

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -  
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is  
longer yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always  
packed just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder  
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PELL  
MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy PELL  
MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package -  
"Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Milt Sosin of the Miami Daily News.

SOSIN: With tourist season at height in Miami and Miami Beach, city officials report that Turkey money racket is virtually suppressed. Officials are grateful for magnificent cooperation given me and paper by Miami Beach Hotel Association and member hotels who were anxious as we to stamp out racket. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Sosin. 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 Chattanooga, Tennessee News and Free Press by-line Thomas F. Gilliland. The Big Story of a reporter who proved that a killer's worst enemy.....is himself.

(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...)

Y. 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 Miami Florida Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Nat Polen played the part of Milt Sosin. 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. Sosin.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by the 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)

(32 SECONDS)

CROSBY: This is Bing Crosby reminding you to -

CHORUS: (SPEAKING) Answer the call! Join the Red Cross!

(MUSIC: IN, AND UNDER)

SOLO: (SPEAKING) I'll tell you what it is - the American Red Cross....(SINGING) From skyscraper tower,  
To little village steeple,  
The Red Cross is people -  
People helping people!

(MUSIC: UP FOR TAG)

THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

JK & MTA

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #343

CAST

NARRATOR ..... BOB SLOANE  
TOM ..... NELSON OLMSTED  
PAUL ..... *Don Buggs*  
BILL ..... CHUCK WEBSTER  
AINSLEY ..... MICHAEL HIGGINS  
MR. SIMMS ..... JACK KLUGMAN  
HADLEY ..... JACK KLUGMAN  
CHARLIE ..... JOHN MC LIAM  
MILLIE ..... CONNIE LIMCHEKE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1954

ATX01 0008474

THE BIG STORY

(Thomas F. Gilliland, Chattanooga, Tenn., News-Free Press)

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

(MUSIC: ... FANFARE ... OUT FOR)

(A ROCKING CHAIR ON A PORCH GOING BACK AND FORTH  
STEADILY. WE LISTEN TO IT FOR A MOMENT, THEN ...)

NARR: He sits here every night. An old man. Rocking on the front porch. He lives alone and sitting here, outside the small house ... it's his only pleasure.

(BELOW, ON THE HIGHWAY, A CAR APPROACHES ... PASSES  
BY AND FADES IN THE DISTANCE)

Below him is the highway. And it's nice to watch the cars pass by. Wondering about the people inside. Who they are. Where they're going. <sup>But</sup> But it's ten o'clock now. Late. Time to go inside, old man.

(ROCKING STOPS. OLD MAN GETS UP ... WALKS SLOWLY  
ACROSS THE PORCH ... A BOARD CREAKS ... HE OPENS  
THE DOOR AND ENTERS)

(NARRATOR IN ALARM) But wait. There's someone in the room. A man, hiding in the corner. Don't you see him, old man. Watch out. He's coming up behind you. (PLEADING)  
~~Old man~~, turn around. Turn around. There's a wrench in his hand. A heavy, iron wrench. (AS THE BLOW IS ABOUT TO DESCEND) ~~old man~~ look out!

(BUT THE BLOW IS STRUCK. THE BODY FALLS SLOWLY  
TO THE FLOOR)

(NARRATOR, SADLY) He didn't even make a sound. The old man is dead ....

(MUSIC: ... HITS ... GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Chattanooga, Tennessee. 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 Chattanooga, News-Free Press, the Big Story of a reporter who proved that a killer's worst enemy ... is himself. Tonight, to Thomas F. Gilliland, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story -

Remember it well.

About the reward

You get from PELL MELL

Reward yourself

With this quality high -

The finest quality

Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco

Has ever been grown

So get yourself PELL MELL

And make it your own.

Enjoy smoother smoking

The easiest way

Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL -- (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL  
America's most successful and most imitated cigarette  
REWARD YOURSELF! -- with the pleasure of smooth smoke  
Enjoy the finest quality money can buy. Ask for  
PELL MELL -- famous cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICH: And -- they are mild!

TOM: What's his name, Bill.  
BILL: Ainsley. Arthur P. Ainsley.  
TOM: He have any relatives?  
BILL: Just one, Tom. A son. We're trying to locate him.  
PAUL: Nothing more we can do around here, Bill.  
BILL: Better check the car radio, Paul. Maybe there's something on the son.  
PAUL: Right.

(HE WALKS OFF)

BILL: Paul said it all about this one.  
TOM: What?  
BILL: It looks like a rough one.  
TOM: Yeah. Til you get the answer to the first question.  
BILL: Which one's that, Tom?  
TOM: Why would anyone want to kill an old man?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The puzzle won't last much longer. Because your detective friends are real pros ... know what they're doing. And they prove it by finding the son. A man ... who stands quietly beside you ... and looks down at the face of his dead father.

AINSLEY: (EMPTY) I was coming over tonight. I was going to take him out for dinner. We had a date.

TOM: (TRYING TO BREAK THE FLOW OF THOUGH) Mr. Ainsley ... may I talk to you for a minute.

AINSLEY: (UNHEARING) I always wanted him to live with me. He wouldn't do it. Had to be independent. That was my father. Strong.

TOM: You tell the police anything, Mr. Ainsley?

AINSLEY: What was that, Mr. Gilliland.

TOM: Were you able to help the police. Maybe give them a motive for the killing.

AINSLEY: Soon as I heard, I knew what it was.

TOM: ~~The motive.~~

AINSLEY: ~~Could only be one thing. My father's friends were dead. I was about the only kin he had. No one had a personal reason to hurt him.~~

TOM: ~~(ALMOST ANXIOUSLY) Go on, Mr. Ainsley.~~

AINSLEY: I always told my father. Watch out for the money. Now, it's gone. Every cent he had.

TOM: Where did he keep it?

AINSLEY: In his wallet.

TOM: You mean everything he owned. He had it in one wallet.

AINSLEY: ~~That couldn't have been very much.~~  
*seven thousand dollars*  
He had it in one thousand dollar bills. Seven of them. Someone must have found out.

TOM: But how, Mr. Ainsley. He wouldn't have told anyone.

AINSLEY: Guess not.

TOM: Then there are no clues to this murder. None at all.

AINSLEY: I know. (SLIGHT BEAT) (IT'S HOPELESS) That's just what those two detectives said.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

BILL: ~~My partner's out checking a few of the bars in town Tom. Maybe someone's been drinking too much and talking right along with it.~~

TOM: You know, I've been thinking about the old man, Bill. Maybe, without realizing it, he did leave a clue.

BILL: How do you mean.

TOM: Well, in the kind of person he was. Living alone, hardly getting any visitors. Rumors can spread about a man like that.

BILL: Like the fact that perhaps he kept a lot of money in the house. That it.

TOM: How's it sound.

BILL: Good enough for my partner and me to be working on it. <sup>Yeah</sup> We figured this for a neighborhood job, Tom. Someone who listened to those rumors you just mentioned.

TOM: Yeah but there are hundreds of people <sup>in this neighborhood</sup> ~~living around~~ ~~here.~~

BILL: Whoever grabbed those one thousand dollar bills can't spend too many of them around here. Out of town is the place for him. Let's see if anyone has suddenly dropped out of sight.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~The streets of the neighborhood seem endless. For you and the detectives have been walking them for hours now, asking the same questions .... over and over ...~~

BILL: Police department, sir. Wonder if you'd mind telling me if one of your employees hasn't shown up for work these last few days. Anyone who didn't call in that they were sick.

(MUSIC: RISES ... BEHIND)

PAUL: Police, Mrs. Sorrell. Would you know if one of your tenants hasn't been around since Tuesday. Anyone who suddenly packed up and left.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

TOM: Excuse me. I'm from the News-Free Press. Anyone around here you know of who's been gone for the past several days. Maybe someone who comes in steady here at your gas station.

SIMMS: Well, there's no customer missing but the garage fellow across the street. He closed up three days ago. Did all my body work for me. Shut his doors without even telling me and moved away.

(MUSIC: STABS ... OUT)

NARR: Easy, Tom Gilliland. It's just a normal, simple statement of fact. But the time of the disappearance does coincide with the time of the murder. Ask more questions. Find out about this man.

TOM: Where did he go, you any idea.

SIMMS: No. That's what makes me so sore. I promised one of my customers a body job on his car for Saturday. Now I'll never get it delivered in time. I thought Charley was just sick or something. But three days closed up. I phoned his house, no answer. Then I drove by on my way home and the place was empty.

TOM: Maybe he was away visiting. Forgot to tell you.

SIMMS: He's not visiting. He moved out all his furniture. Just like that.

TOM: What did you say his name was?

SIMMS: Charley Wilson. (CURIOSLY) I've been so sore at him, I forgot to ask you. Why you wanting to know about people who've been gone for a few days.

TOM: Just an investigation.

SIMMS: Well, there's nothing to worry about with Charley Wilson. He's just crazy. That's all. Fellow gets an inheritance, you'd think he'd stay around, tell all his friends. Least buy a round of drinks.

TOM: He received an inheritance.

SIMMS: Told one of his neighbors that. Oh, I believe him all right.

TOM: Why.

SIMMS: Car dealer down the street says Charlie bought a new half ton truck the morning he moved. Paid fifteen hundred dollars for it. Cash. Now where would he get that kind of money unless he inherited it.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO:)

(CAR PULLING UP AND STOPPING ... DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE)

BILL: Four Nineteen Central. Comon, Tom, this is Wilson's house.

(WALKING ON GRAVEL)

TOM: Funny how you found out about him just when I did, Bill.

BILL: Dealer who sold him the truck told me. Easy going up these steps... kind of rickety.

(GOING UP WOODEN STEPS ... THEN ONTO PORCH)

TOM: See anything through the window, Bill.

BILL: (PEERING) Empty all right. I'll try the door.

(A FEW STEPS THEN ...)

BILL: ~~(ALERT) Tom take a look at this door knob.~~

TOM: What's that stain.

BILL: I'll take a scraping for the lab but I'll give you the answer now .... It's blood.

TOM: ~~This thing snaps up better every second. Charley  
Wilson fits every answer.~~

BILL: ~~Murder weapon could have been his. Man who runs an auto  
body place has a dozen tools that can kill a man.~~

TOM: ~~What are you doing, Bill.~~

BILL: ~~(SLIGHT STRAIN) Might be able to slip the lock on this  
window. Yeah. there it is.~~

~~(WINDOW SLIDES UP)~~

~~Watch yourself on that sill.~~

~~(THEY CLIMB IN)~~

TOM: ~~Looks like he moved <sup>on</sup> everything but the walls.~~

~~(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)~~

BILL: ~~Nothing in the closets.~~

TOM: ~~(ALERT) Bill.~~

BILL: ~~Yeah.~~

TOM: ~~Someone's on the porch.~~

BILL: ~~Against the wall...quick.~~

~~(FAST WALKING THEN SILENCE)~~

TOM: ~~(WHISPER) See anything.~~

BILL: ~~A man near the door. Quiet now.~~

~~(DOOR SLOWLY OPENS. THEN STEPS IN)~~

SIMMS: ~~Anyone here.~~

BILL: ~~Who are you, Mister.~~

TOM: ~~(DISAPPOINTED) It's all right, Bill. I know him. It's  
Mr. Simms. Fellow from the gas station. He's the one  
who told me about Wilson.~~

SIMMS: ~~Sam Parker, the car dealer, said the police were there.  
I came by to see if there was anything else I could do.~~



BILL: I don't think so, Mr. Simms.

SIMMS: You really think Charley Wilson killed that old man?

BILL: It's possible.

SIMMS: Just because he disappeared so sudden like.

TOM: That's one of the things, Mr. Simms.

SIMMS: Well, excuse me for saying so, but if that's what you're figuring on then you better arrest someone else too.

BILL: What's that.

SIMMS: I know someone else who's been missing. His uncle came by my station this afternoon. Mentioned it to me. Fellow by the name of Roy Hadley. He's been gone ever since the murder. Same as Charley Wilson.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

PAUL: *now as Charley*  
I know about Roy Hadley, Bill. *as soon as you*  
~~I've been waiting for~~  
*called me*  
~~you and Tom to come back to headquarters so I could~~  
~~tell you what I found out.~~

BILL: *did you find out*  
What about him, Paul.

PAUL: He works in his uncle's upholstery shop. Didn't show up for work for three days. Uncle went over to see him yesterday. Landlady said he'd moved out.

TOM: He didn't leave a message of any kind?

PAUL: Nothing at all, Tom. But wait...here's the payoff. I checked back on ~~Roy Hadley~~. Took a look at his background.

BILL: Yeah?

PAUL: He's thirty four years old. Half of that time he's been in prison. Armed robbery, assault, auto theft. The book.

TOM: But how does that tie him up to the old man. At least, with Charley Wilson, there's the fact about the money.

PAUL: Looks like a tie score then. Hadley left a thousand dollars in cash with his brother. He said he was in trouble. That he'd be back for it in a few months.

TOM: Roy Hadley and Charley Wilson. Now there's only one problem. Which one of them did it.

PAUL: I've got an answer.

TOM: Yeah.

PAUL: Both of them. ~~They were in it together.~~

~~(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)~~

*Curtain*

~~NARR: It's happened fast. Like a whirlwind. The police work has paid off. Back at your office, you write your story and you wait. Wait for the phone call that will give you the go ahead to print it.~~

~~(PHONE RINGS)~~

~~There it is. Right on schedule. Pick it up.~~

~~(PHONE OFF HOOK)~~

~~TOM: Gilliland speaking.~~

~~PAUL: (FILTER) Paul Miles, Tom.~~

~~TOM: Did the Sheriff sign the warrant for Hadley and Wilson's arrest?~~

~~PAUL: No, Tom. He didn't.~~

~~TOM: (CHAGRINED) But why not? You gave him your evidence.~~

~~PAUL: He said it wasn't enough and I don't blame him. Everything we found is all circumstantial.~~

~~TOM: What are you and Bill going to do?~~

PAUL: Well, you know we're convinced we've got the right men,  
so the Sheriff gave me permission to sign the warrant.  
I just did. Go ahead and print your story, Tom.

TOM: But you and Bill are way out on a limb now.

PAUL: Guess you believe it's these fellows too. Otherwise  
you wouldn't have written that story.

TOM: It's a long way to the ground, Paul. If we don't want  
to learn just how far...then we have to find Wilson and  
Hadley. And then somehow...we have to prove their guilt.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the smoke  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally find, mellow tobaccos give you  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own best  
filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality  
money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of  
smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with 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 Thomas F. Gilliland, as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: The search begins. Wanted for murder....Charley Wilson and Roy Hadley. Their pictures go into the Chattanooga News-Free Press. But will the right person see it. The one who can tell you where the killers are in hiding. Time passes. And all you <sup>of the police</sup> can do.....is wait.

(MUSIC: STABS...OUT)

PAUL: ~~Looks to me like the two men split up. It'd have to be that way. Wilson's got a family with him. But Hadley's a loner.~~

BILL: ~~State police have a description of Wilson's truck. Even the license plate number. But those three days gave him time to halfway across the country.~~

PAUL: ~~Hadley's a different story. Seems to me a fellow like him'd still be in the state somewhere. He was never in one place long enough to have friends anywhere else but here.~~

BILL: ~~Well, something better happen soon. Grand jury indicted on the strength of the warrant Paul signed. We're all going to look kind of small if we don't find them. Especially if there's talk we're after the wrong men.~~

(MUSIC: BEHIND)

NARR: Yes, the police are worried. And why not. You're part of this case and you understand.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

~~The violence of it...the sight of sudden death on an old man's face...have helped make it more than just an assignment. But maybe that's the trap. In wanting to get justice for the old man....maybe you have picked the wrong men.~~

(PHONE RINGS... PICKED UP)

PAUL: Detective Miles speaking. Oh yes, Chief...sure..fine.  
...when was this..... good. We'll be down this  
afternoon. Thanks a lot. G'bye.

(HANGS UP)

Well, we'll soon find out if we got this thing pegged right. That was the police chief down state in Huntland. He recognized a newspaper picture and arrested the man.

TOM: Which one's he got.

PAUL: Roy Hadley.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: They're bringing him in. Look at him closely, Tom Gilliland. Is this a murderer. What do you expect to see on his face.

BILL: (JUST OFF) Sit there, Hadley.

(A CHAIR SCRAPES JUST OFF)

NARR: He's quiet. Unmoved. If this man is guilty, there's not a single sign to show it. Listen....they're about to question him. Get closer.

BILL: Want to tell us about it, Hadley.

HADLEY: (QUIETLY) My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old. I live in Alabama.

BILL: We know all that. Thing we'd like to talk to you about is the killing over at Mr. Ainsley's house.

HADLEY: My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old. I live in Alabama.

BILL: Where'd you get that thousand dollars you left with your brother for safekeeping.

HADLEY: My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old. I live in Alabama.

PAUL: ~~You can turn off the record, Hadley. We get the point. Now, why'd you leave town four days ago. Why so suddenly, without telling anyone.~~

HADLEY: My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old...

PAUL: Cut it out.

HADLEY: (FINISHING UP) I live in Alabama.

PAUL: Bill....over here. You too, Tom.

(THEY WALK A FEW STEPS....STOP)

PAUL: (GUARDED TONES) What do you think, Bill.

BILL: He's iron. We'll never even make a dent.

PAUL: You, Tom.

TOM: Knows his lesson too good. Those years in prison wised him up.

PAUL: Yeah. But the fact he dummies up shows he's our guy. No other reason for him to do it.

BILL: Let's try him again.

(THEY WALK BACK)

BILL: You want to be a phonograph, that's all right with us, Hadley. We can listen a long, long time. The fact of the matter is you killed the old man. We've got enough on you to make it stick. So why waste your time and ours. Let's get a stenographer in here and finish things up. ~~What do you say.~~

HADLEY: My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old.  
I live in Alabama.

BILL: This is your last chance. Where did you get the money  
you gave your brother.

HADLEY: My name is Roy Hadley. I'm thirty four years old. I  
live in Alabama.

BILL: (BEAT) Get him out of here.

(CHAIR SCRAPES BACK...MEN WALK ACROSS THE FLOOR.  
DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

BILL: Bum.

PAUL: ~~You see that smile on his face just now. Like he was  
saying you're detectives. Okay...do a job.~~

TOM: There must be some way to pin the proof on him.

BILL: How, Tom. We never found the weapon and our only  
evidence is circumstantial.

TOM: But he did it.

BILL: Sure.. We all know ~~it now~~ <sup>that</sup>. Trouble is Hadley knows we  
need a confession.

TOM: We've still got an ace, Bill. Charley Wilson.

(MUSIC: HITS...BEHIND)

NARR: ~~The second of the two suspected murderers. What kind of  
man is he. Hard...like Roy Hadley. Unyielding. Can  
he be reached. Moved by remorse and conscience. Where  
is Charley Wilson now. Where.~~

(MUSIC: RISES AND DRIFTS OUT FOR)

(SMALL TRUCK RIDING. LISTEN TO IT...THEN IT  
PULLS UP AND STOPS)

CHARLEY: (TIRED) We're here, Millie. We come half across the  
country but we're home.



MILLIE: Draggin' kids around in a truck like this, it wasn't right, Charley.

CHARLEY: I'm tired, Millie. I don't want to fight no more.

MILLIE: The baby's sick. I know she is. Look at her.

CHARLEY: She'll be all right.

MILLIE: We better get her in the house.

CHARLEY: I'll take her. Commere, baby. That's the girl.

(DOOR OPENS TO TRUCK)

You go on ahead, Millie. Tell your folks we're here.

(WALKING WITH BELOW ON GRAVEL)

(HE'S TALKING TO THE BABY) Got nothin' to worry about now, little one. We're stayin' here. This is where you're goin' to live. Grow up. ~~You~~ don't have to be scared no more.

MILLIE: (FADING ON) Charley....they're not home.

CHARLEY: You sure. Knock on the door again.

MILLIE: It's locked. They wouldn't do that if they were home. Now where we going to go.

CHARLEY: We'll find a place.

MILLIE: I said we should write but you wouldn't listen.

CHARLEY: There wasn't time.

MILLIE: Why. Why'd we have to leave in such a hurry.

CHARLEY: You'll wake up the kid.

MILLIE: I knew I couldn't trust Mrs. Cummings to do a simple little thing like sendin' a post card.

CHARLEY: What's that.

MILLIE: Before we left I went down the street to Mrs. Cummings' house. Gave her my folks address and asked her to send a card we were comin,'

CHARLEY: You gave her our address. Here.

MILLIE: But she didn't write. You can see that. My folks would a been home if she did. (ANNOYED) Ask a neighbor for a favor, you'd think you were askin' them for their life.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The neighbor with the Wilson's new address had been away for three days. When she came back, the police had found her. Minutes later, the police chief in Atlantic, Iowa was searching for Charley Wilson. He found him quickly. A frightened, cowering man who protested his innocence all the long way back to the Chattanooga jail.

CHARLEY: No, not me. Honest. I didn't touch that old man. And I don't know Roy Hadley. You've got the wrong feller. I swear it.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

PAUL: He's scared, Tom. Most scared man I ever saw.

TOM: Then why won't he confess.

PAUL: Because he's no fool. He's like Roy Hadley. He knows we can't bring him to trial without that confession.

BILL: Paul and I have both talked to him. It's a stone wall.

TOM: Then what are you going to do.

BILL: What can we do. We've got the right men but we can't make it stick.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: It can't happen. ~~There has to be a way to make them talk. But how. The police have questioned them for hours. Neither Hadley or Wilson will admit to a thing.~~

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

~~Yet,~~ there has to be an angle. One of them must have a weak point....something you work on. Which one. Hadley is the tougher of the two. Nothing would break him down. All right then... how about Charley Wilson. He's a man who stumbles. Push him in the right direction and you might get something. (DECISION) That's it. Learn about him. See if there is a weakness. Go on. Now.

(MUSIC: RISES...RIDES...OUT)

BILL: Sure. You can talk to Wilson, Tom. We're willing to try anything.

TOM: I've just come from his neighborhood. Got sort of a biography on him.

BILL: Oh.

TOM: Nothing exciting. Just a picture of the kind of man he is.

BILL: (DISAPPOINTED) I see. Well, if you can pull a rabbit out of the hat...make him confess.

TOM: I don't know if I can, Bill. I've just got an idea. That's all.

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

PAUL: (OFF) In here, Wilson.

(STEPS ON)

PAUL: Wilson, this is Tom Gilliland, a reporter. He'd like to talk with you. Any objections.

CHARLEY: No. I don't care.

PAUL: We'll be outside. Call us when you're finished, Tom.

TOM: Thanks.

PAUL: Let's go, Bill.

(THE MEN WALK OUT...CLOSE THE DOOR)

TOM: Sure you don't mind talking to me, Wilson.

CHARLEY: No. Not at all. But I can tell you right off. I had nothin' to do with that killin'.

TOM: I didn't say you did.

CHARLEY: But those detectives, they say it. And I've been tryin' to tell them. It wasn't me.

TOM: Look, whether you did it or not. I don't care. I'm not a policeman. It's their headache to get the killer. I just write the news. Nothin' else. You forget about that murder with me. I want to do a story on you. That's all.

CHARLEY: I didn't do it though.

TOM: I told you. You don't have to convince me.

CHARLEY: Yeah but they keep sayin' I'm the one. Me and Roy Hadley.

TOM: *Look* if you're innocent, *you've got nothing to worry about* ~~what have you got to worry about?~~

Now all I want to do is ask some questions. Like...how old are you.

CHARLEY: Twenty seven.

TOM: (WRITING) Twenty seven. Where do you come from.

CHARLEY: Iowa. Oh, you mean where was I born. Dayton, Washington.

TOM: Nice country.

CHARLEY: You know it.

TOM: Went to the far west on my honeymoon. Never had a chance to go back. Not since my family started up.

CHARLEY: (SLOWLY RELAXING) I know what you mean all right.

TOM: Oh, I'm not complaining. I wouldn't want to be without the kids for anything but just the same, there's no denying they sort of put a lock on you.

CHARLEY: (AGREEING BUT NOT SORE) They sure do.

TOM: Now, I like to take trips in the car. Long ones. Spend my vacation that way. Two weeks on the road. My wife'll have none of it. She says the kids would have nothing to do on the trip. Wouldn't be fair to them. So...what do I do. Stay home.

CHARLEY: Same thing with me. But I got used to it. <sup>But</sup> A man brings children into the world he's got to stay close to them. Take care of them. (ALMOST BITTER) At least....try to.

TOM: How many children do you have.

CHARLEY: Four.

TOM: Well, you're one ahead of me. I've got two girls and a boy. You.

CHARLEY: Three boys and a girl. She's the baby.

TOM: How old.

CHARLEY: Not even six months. She was born June 17th.

TOM: June 17th. That's my baby's birthday.

CHARLEY: No kidding.

TOM: She was born in Erlanger Hospital.

CHARLEY: Mine too. Hey...figure that. I must have passed you in the hall a dozen times that day...not even seen you.

TOM: You got any pictures.

CHARLEY: (STARTING TO TAPER OFF THE WARMNESS. DEPRESSED) No. (SLIGHT BEAT) Guess I never got around to it.

TOM: I understand. A man gets busy. Puts things off. Like me. I get wound up with making a living. Same as anyone else. You and I aren't much different.

CHARLEY: Aren't we.

TOM: We're both family men.

CHARLEY: (IMPULSIVELY) Sure. Only you didn't go out and...  
(STOPS)

TOM: Go out and what.

CHARLEY: Never mind.

TOM: What's your baby's name.

CHARLEY: Joannie.

TOM: Pretty.

CHARLEY: She favors me more than my wife. And she's good. Hardly ever cries. (FEELING LOW) Sure would like to see her. Didn't know when I was well off. (SORE) That Roy Hadley. I wish he was ~~dead~~. *I'd never seen him* ~~Dead, Dead, Dead.~~ (HITS THE TABLE WITH EACH REPETITION OF THE WORD)

TOM: (QUIETLY) He do harm to you?

CHARLEY: Harm. Just ruined everything...that's all. Look, I don't want to talk about it.

TOM: Okay, Wilson. I appreciate this little interview anyway. Thanks.

(CHAIR SCRAPES BACK)

See you again maybe.

CHARLEY: Mister.

TOM: Yeah.

CHARLEY: (BREAKING) Don't go. Please. Someone has to listen. Someone has to understand. (SLIGHT BEAT) It was like you said.

(MORE)

CHARLEY:  
(CONT'D)

A man has a family, he's locked in. Can't move. Go places. Do all the things he dreamed about. You have to work. Hard. Make sure they're all right. And I didn't mind. Honest. I love them. I do love them. You believe that.

TOM:

Yes. Your neighbors all spoke about it.

CHARLEY:

I was happy in that house but sometimes I just felt I *it would be* had to break out. That's how I met Roy Hadley. Going *was dead,* around town. In the bars. He told me about the old man...*He* said it would be easy to rob him.

TOM:

Who killed him.

CHARLEY:

Hadley. I drove him there but I got scared. Drove away. Later, he came to my house...said he'd killed Mr. Ainsley. He gave me some of the money and said I was to shut up. That's it, Mister. I swear. That's the truth.

TOM:

You *will* repeat this to the police?

CHARLEY:

Why not. I'm finished anyway. How long could I have lived with this. Mister.....

TOM:

Yes.

CHARLEY:

You were telling the truth about our kids bein' born the same day.....weren't you.

TOM:

It's true.

CHARLEY:

With your kid though... there's a difference. He's going to see you again.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Thomas F. Gilliland of the Chattanooga News-Free Press,  
with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)



CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -  
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is  
longer, yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,  
mellow tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always  
packed just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder  
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy  
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red  
package - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Thomas F. Gilliland of the Chattanooga News-Free Press!

TOM: Charley Wilson's confession led to recovery of the murder weapon used by Roy Hadley along with bloodstained clothing that had been thrown into nearby ~~river~~ <sup>lake</sup>. Brought to trial in First Division Criminal Court in Chattanooga, Hadley was sentenced to 99 years while Wilson was given a thirty year term. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr Gilliland. 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 Newark, New Jersey Star Ledger, by-line John R. McDowell. The Big Story of a reporter who was asked to pay an old and forgotten debt....a debt of life itself.

(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 Chattanooga  
News-Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and  
Nelson Olmsted played the part of Thomas Gilliland. 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. Gilliland.

(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)

(32 SECONDS)

CROSBY: This is Bing Crosby reminding you to -

CHORUS: (SPEAKING) Answer the call! Join the Red Cross!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SOLO: (SPEAKING) I'll tell you what it is - the American Red  
Cross....(SINGING) From skyscraper tower,  
To little village steeple,  
The Red Cross is people -  
People helping people!

(MUSIC: UP FOR TAG)

THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

pmk/at/'betty'  
3/2/54

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #344

CAST:

NARRATOR . . . . .	BOB SLOANE
JOHN McDOWELL . . . . .	JIM STEVENS
KHIN MAY WIN . . . . .	MARGARET DRAPER
BYRON . . . . .	JOHN McLEAN
MYA MYA TINT. . . . .	JOHN LORRING
GENERAL MERRILL . . . . .	BILL SMITH
SOLDIER . . . . .	GLEN WOODS
CONGRESSMAN RODENO. . . . .	<i>Lee Astorn</i>
CONGRESSMAN CELLAR. . . . .	JOHN McLEAN

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1954

ATX01 0008504

THE BIG STORY

(John R. McDowell, Newark (N.J.) Star Ledger)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, OUT FOR)

(DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

KHIN: (CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT) Mya, here is the letter. They just gave it to me.

MYA: Open it, Khin. What does it say.

KHIN: I am afraid. Here! ... You see.

MYA: ~~Very well.~~

(LETTER IS TORN OPEN)

KHIN: ~~Hurry, Mya~~

MYA: ~~I must take it from the envelope FIRST.....here.~~

KHIN: (SLIGHT BEAT) Well.

MYA: (DEAD) You had better read it for yourself.

KHIN: Mya, tell me.

MYA: I cannot.

KHIN: Give it to me.

(RUSTLING OF PAPER) *Mya*

KHIN: (SICK) Mya.

MYA: It is true. Khin.....we are going to die.

(MUSIC: HITS...GOES UNDER)

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

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: (FIAT) From the pages of the Newark Star-Ledger, the  
(CONT'D) Big Story of a reporter who was asked to pay an old and  
forgotten debt. A debt...of life itself. Tonight, to  
John. R. McDowell, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL  
Five Hundred Dollar Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #344  
VERSION III

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)  
I'll tell you a story  
You'll never forget.  
A story about you and  
Your cigarette.  
Enjoy smother smoking,  
Choose wisely, choose well-  
Smoke longer and finer  
And milder PELL MELL.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

It's finer tobacco  
That filters smoke best  
No wonder PELL MELL  
Steals the show.  
From the rest.  
Reward yourself  
With this quality high  
The finest quality  
Money can buy!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #344  
VERSION III (CONT'D)

ANNCR: PELL MELL - America's most successful, most imitated  
cigarette - gives you smoothness, mildness and  
satisfaction no other cigarette of any length can offer.  
REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Ask for PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



(MUSIC: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Newark, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened.  
John R. McDowell's story...as he lived it.

NARR: A hospital room. It's here, in the cold, impersonal  
quiet...that your story begins. If you were in the room,  
you would have seen it all, John McDowell. The two  
frightened girls..... with the whiteness of their  
nurses' clothes showing in their faces. And a man with  
a brief case full of important looking papers. He talks  
quietly but his words seem loud in the stillness.

BYRON: I'm sorry but there's nothing else to be done. I've tried  
everything I know.

KHIN: ~~You told them Mr. Byron?~~ You told them all about us. *Mr. Byron*

BYRON: Yes, Miss Win. I explained the whole situation about you  
and Miss Tint.

KHIN: But we can't go back to Burma.

MYA: We'll be killed.

KHIN: Mya is right, Mr. Byron. The tribes of North Burma are in  
revolt. If we return, it is certain death.

BYRON: The immigration authorities are proceeding according to  
law. ~~As your attorney, I've made several appeals but~~  
they've turned me down.

MYA: It is difficult, Mr. Byron. Difficult to believe they  
will not listen.

BYRON: The Bureau is just going according to the facts, Miss  
~~Tint.~~ You both entered this country on a student's visa.  
Now...those visas have expired.

KHIN: ~~We came here to study in this great hospital. Our people need the training we can bring them. But if we go back to die.....~~

BYRON: ~~I asked for an extension of six months but we've been refused.~~

MYA: Mr. Byron has been very kind to us. We should not burden him any longer, Khin.

KHIN: Yes. We are most grateful, Mr. Byron. You are a stranger but you have been our friend.

BYRON: If only I could have helped you.

MYA: ~~It is the law that we must leave your country. And we must do as it commands us.~~

BYRON: I talked myself blue in the face but it was like hitting ~~nothing. (SIGH) (SOUND EFFECT) I'm sorry.~~

KHIN: How much time, Mr. Byron. When must we go.

BYRON: (HATING TO TELL THEM) You've got 72 hours.

(MUSIC: UP... RIDES... THEN BEHIND)

NARR: The way you learn about it...it's just luck. An inch of space on the A.P. wire. It's mixed in with a load of other copy and your eye catches it but briefly. Two Burmese nurses ordered to leave the country. You read their names. Khin May Win....and Mya Mya Tint. (Nice sounding names)...and for a second, it's like looking at something you've seen before. But the moment passes and the news clips coming in over the city desk crowd the names from your mind.

(MUSIC: RISES... BEHIND)

NARR: You continue working but now...something's bothering you, isn't it, John McDowell. A memory keeps trying to come to the surface of your mind but it's still too far away to recognize. Try, try and remember back to that part of your life which knew that strange Burma country and names like Khin May Win...and Mya Mya Tint....

(MUSIC: DRIFTS UP...UNDER)

NARR: You were Sergeant McDowell then...attached to the famous combat group known as...Merrill's Maurauders. (THE MEMORY BEGINS TO EXCITE HIM SLIGHTLY) It was ten years ago... ten long years...but you can't really forget...can you. How could anyone forget...what happened there.

(MUSIC: CRASHES IN...RIDES AND THEN GOES OUT INTO THE...)

(RAIN OF THE MONSOON. WE LISTEN TO IT FOR A MOMENT THEN IT FADES UNDER)

SOLDIER: Hey, McDowell.....

JOHN: Yeah.

SOLDIER: I got a question.

JOHN: What.

SOLDIER: Which is worse. The monsoon....or the jungle.

JOHN: You're spoiled, soldier.

SOLDIER: Yeah? How?

JOHN: You used to sleep in a bed.

SOLDIER: What's a bed.

(ARTILLERY IS HEARD OFF)

(THEY LISTEN FOR A MOMENT)

~~SOLDIER: I can't feel funny no more.~~

*Sooner Sound*

JOHN: Jeep coming up the road / Scotty. On your feet.

SOLDIER: See who it is?

JOHN: Yeah. It's the General.

(JEEP PULLS UP)

MERRILL: At ease.

SOLDIER: Kind of quiet in this sector, sir.

MERRILL: Well, the Jap knows he's in for a siege. He's regrouping his forces.

JOHN: How far are we from Myitkana, sir.

MERRILL: About ten miles. ~~The Jap won't give up the town without a fight. Well, we didn't cross this jungle line anything different.~~ (GRIMLY) But we'll take it. We left too many men along the way, not to. Where's the company commander.

SOLDIER: ~~Checking our patrols, sir.~~

MERRILL: <sup>well</sup> You men will be moving up to the airstrip tonight. I've told you all before...but I'll say it again. The enemy knows this jungle. There's nothing he won't throw at us to make sure we don't leave it alive. All of you. Be ready for anything.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(THE JUNGLE AT NIGHT...WE LISTEN TO ITS SOUNDS...  
BERIE...PENETRATING)

SOLDIER: McDowell...what time's it.

JOHN: Little after midnight.

SOLDIER: (SLIGHT BEAT) You hear the quiet.

JOHN: I don't ever remember listening for it before.

SOLDIER: (UNEASILY) Why's it so quiet, this a war...or isn't it.

JOHN: We'll find out.

*Beat is this*

SOLDIER: (SLIGHT BEAT) Trees are so thick, you can't see the sky.  
Like sitting in a dark room.

JOHN: Well, one thing anyway.

SOLDIER: Yeah?

JOHN: Enemy's not much better off.

(RUSTLING IN BUSHES)

SOLDIER: (ALERT) Mac....

JOHN: I hear....

SOLDIER: Up there...in the trees....

JOHN: Where.

SOLDIER: To your left. I'll get him.

JOHN: Careful.

(TWO SHOTS FIRE ALMOST ON TOP OF HIS WARNING)

(A BIRD SCREECHES AND FLIES OFF)

JOHN: (AMUSED) Yeah. It really is dark.

SOLDIER: Someday, when this thing is over, I'm coming back here  
with a hunting license and shoot every ~~fool-loudmouth~~  
bird I see.

(THE SOFT WHINE OF AN APPROACHING MORTAR SHELL IS  
HEARD) ( WITH ABOVE )

JOHN: Get down...quick....

(THE SHELL EXPLODES NEARBY)

JOHN: That's a mortar.

(ANOTHER WHINE IS HEARD)

SOLDIER: They're right on top of us.

(SHELL EXPLODES A LITTLE NEARER)

JOHN: They've spotted our position.

(ANOTHER WHINE APPROACHES)

SOLDIER: Mac....keep down...

(SHELL EXPLODES ALMOST ON TOP OF THEM)  
(A WHINE BEGINS)

*Sounded*

*More  
Voice*

SOLDIER: Mac....you okay....(DESPERATE) .....Mac.....

(A SHELL EXPLODES...COVERING MOST OF THE SOLDIER'S  
LAST DESPERATE CRY)

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: In that part of your life, John McDowell, there are lost  
minutes of time. For after the roaring noise that  
suddenly burst upon you, there was only...an empty  
blackness. But don't stop now. For the memory  
begins again. You do remember, don't you. The small tent  
near the front lines. And before you opened your eyes...  
the voice that talked so gently to you.....

*More  
Bob*

MYA: Is there something I can get you. (SLIGHT BEAT) Here...  
take this water. I'll help you.

(HE DRINKS) (DISTANT BOMBARDMENT IS HEARD)

JOHN: Thank you.

MYA: You will be all right, don't worry.

JOHN: Where is this.

MYA: You are safe. They will ~~evacuate~~ *take you* you to the rear very  
soon now.

JOHN: My ~~friend~~ *brother*. The soldier who was with me. Where is he.

MYA: He was not wounded. He is outside. ~~Waiting to see you.~~

*More  
Voice*

KHIN: (FADING IN) Come quickly. Some more litter cases have  
been carried in. The doctor is calling for you.

MYA: I am coming. Good luck, Sergeant. (WEAKENS) I will call  
your friend. Excuse me. I did not mean to stumble.

*Sounded?*

JOHN: Hey, you're not well yourself. Nurse...she's sick.  
MYA: No. I am all right. A little tired but that is all.  
KHIN: Since the fighting there has been no sleep for any of  
us. Hurry, they are waiting. We are needed.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

SOLDIER: I thought you were gone for sure, Mac. Doctor patched  
you up real good.

JOHN: Thanks for everything, Scotty.

SOLDIER: Listen, everybody's doing something in this outfit. Look  
at those two nurses. A guy outside was telling me they've  
been with Merrill's Mauraunders ever since we got started.  
They've come all through the jungle.

JOHN: (INTERESTED) ~~The whole campaign~~

SOLDIER: Every inch of it for ~~three~~ years. Without them we  
wouldn't have had a nurse to help our guys. ~~Doctor calls~~  
~~them his five-foot heroes.~~

JOHN: They're Burmese, aren't they?

SOLDIER: Yeah. That's the <sup>wonderful</sup> big thing about them.

JOHN: What do you mean.

SOLDIER: They didn't have to fight this war. Guy says they could  
have holed up in North Burma and sat the whole thing out.  
Guess they kind of believe in what we're trying to do.

~~Everyone of them:~~

JOHN: I'd like to do a story on them for the C.B.I. Roundup.  
You find out their names?

SOLDIER: Kind of hard for me to pronounce them.

JOHN: Well, try.

SOLDIER: One's called...Mya Mya Tint...and the other one's....  
Khin May Win. Sure sound pretty....don't they?

*more Bell cut*

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You're up to date now...aren't you, John McDowell.  
 These names on the A.P. dispatch about the two nurses  
 being forced to leave the country. The names are the ones  
 you remember. Too many pieces fit together for this to be  
 just a coincidence. These have to be the same nurses you  
 knew back in the jungles of Burma. Well, there's one way  
 to make sure. Go see them, <sup>at the hospital</sup> now.

*Drop sound*  
*Just door opens + closes*

(STEPS COME UP TO HIM AND STOP)

KHIN: You wish to see us.

JOHN: Yes, I'm Mr. McDowell. *Sgt. McDowell. Do you remember me?*

MYA: ~~Khin. I know this man.~~

KHIN: I do not remember.

MYA: Yes. Yes, I <sup>seem to</sup> know him.

JOHN: Maybe this will help. A hospital tent outside Myitkina.

KHIN: We were there. Mya and I.

MYA: I remember. You were wounded. And your friend...he brought you to us. You...you were a sergeant.

JOHN: Yes. But now I work on a newspaper and I want to help both of you.

KHIN: If only you can.

MYA: The authorities have ordered us to leave.

JOHN: I understand that but after what you two did, we can't allow this deportation to happen.

KHIN: But we have tried everything.

JOHN: There has to be a way.

MYA: We have only two and a half days left. If there is a way....it will have to be a miracle.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)  
(COMMERCIAL)



MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the smoke  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own best  
filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality  
money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of  
smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with 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 John R. McDowell, as he lived it..and wrote it.

NARR: It's hard to believe..but it's really happened. These two Burmese nurses about to be deported from the United States are the same two girls you met in an army field hospital in the jungles of Burma. You and thousands of other American soldiers owe them a tremendous debt. And now, the time has come to pay them back. The question is.. can you?

(MUSIC: HITS AND OUT)

BYRON: I thought I knew something about immigration law when I took their case, Mr. McDowell...but now I'm really an expert. There isn't an angle I didn't try..

JOHN: Don't the authorities know who these girls are, Mr. Byron?

BYRON: They simply know what their visas say. Miss Win and Miss Tint were sent here to learn modern obstetric ~~techniques~~ so they could return to Burma and then teach what they knew.

JOHN: Okay, then they need more time here. Let the hospital file an affidavit..asking for an extension of the visas.

BYRON: That's been done. The extension was refused. ~~Now, there'd~~ be no question of the girls going back if ~~the political~~ ~~trouble hadn't~~ started up while they were over here. When the British gave Burma its independence, different factions began fighting ~~for~~ control. Right now, the part of the country where the girls come from is having a rough time. ~~Friends have~~ written them they'd be killed if they came ~~back~~.

*And we got to*

JOHN:

~~ret~~ they sail in two days.

BYRON:

I'm afraid there's nothing else they can do. It's hopeless.

(MUSIC: ---

UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

Is it? Well, you're going to find out for yourself. You've got a newspaper to fight with. And back at your office, you let go with every piece of ammunition you've got. Who these girls are, what they did. You let the people know. Public opinion is a big weapon. And you're going to get it on your side. Okay..that's step number one. Now, move on to the next one. Get hold of Pete Rodino... Congressman from New Jersey's tenth district. World War Two veteran...a man who received his commission on the battlefields of Italy. He'll understand.

RODINO:

I read your story, John. Sounds like you wrote it with a machine gun.

JOHN:

And I'm still sore, Congressman.

*Merrill is*

RODINO:

Were these two girls actually with General ~~Stillwell~~ during ~~his retreat from~~ Burma?

JOHN:

~~Yes, sir.~~

RODINO:

~~That thing was a nightmare. Hundreds of thousands of people died getting away from the Japanese.~~

JOHN:

I wonder how many ~~my~~ two nurses saved.

RODINO:

~~According to your story they trained with General Merrill and then marched back into Burma.~~

JOHN:

That's how I met them. When we attacked the enemy outside a Burmese border town.

RODINO:

It's an amazing story, John.

JOHN:

We can't let them go back, Congressman.

RODINO:

(THINKING IT OVER) I couldn't think of anything worse.

JOHN: Isn't there something you can do?

RODINO: I'll try my best, John. I can't promise more.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

~~KHIN: It is good of you to come and see us, Mr. McDowell.~~

MYA: We saw the newspaper. You have done much to help us. Sgt.

~~JOHN: I'm not sure, Miss Win.~~

~~KHIN: Do not feel bad, Mr. McDowell. We know we must leave and we are ready.~~

~~MYA: People have been kind.~~

JOHN: We're not through yet. This Congressman I went to is an old army man himself.

KHIN: From the C.B.I.?

JOHN: No, Miss Win. He was with the Fifth Army.

MYA: General Merrill and General Stillwell. Their men were very brave.

JOHN: (CAN'T HELP SMILING) Still sticking up for your old outfit, eh.

~~KHIN: They were good soldiers. You know, Sergeant...excuse me...  
Mr. McDowell.~~

JOHN: It's all right. Maybe it's good to hear it again.

MYA: We never forget the war, Mr. McDowell. Look, I will show you something. General Merrill gave these to us. We are very proud of them.

JOHN: (SLIGHT BEAT) The Bronze Star.

KHIN: We have shown them only to you because we were all together...and you understand the honor they have brought us.

JOHN: (ALMOST HALF ALOUD) The Bronze Star..and they're trying to kick you out. Why, what this country owes you...

KHIN: No, Mr. McDowell. We are not owed anything. We did... what had to be done. If we were not there...someone else would have done the work.

(PHONE RINGS)

JOHN: Mind if I take that? I left this number for a call I'm expecting.

(PHONE IS LIFTED)

JOHN: Hello.

RODINO: (FILTER) John...this is Pete Rodino.

JOHN: Yes, Congressman.

RODINO: I've been in touch with the immigration people. They've agreed to let the girls stay.

JOHN: That's wonderful.

RODINO: But it's only temporary, John. Under the existing law it's the best I could do.

JOHN: How long can they stay?

RODINO: Just a few months.

JOHN: What are we doing..just postponing the inevitable.

RODINO: Easy, John. We've <sup>got</sup> the big thing we wanted ~~now~~ Time. Now you get on down to my office. We'll talk over what we have to do next.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

JOHN: ~~Okay, this morning I would have said a few months extension of those visas was fine. But it's got to be more than that, Congressman. We have to let those girls stay here until it's safe for them to go back to their own country.~~

RODINO: ~~I've gone over the immigration laws myself. There's not a single change in them we can make.~~

*how he begins*

JOHN: ~~There has to be a way.~~

RODINO: (AS HE FIGURES IT) ~~There is one thing we can try.~~

JOHN: ~~Look John the only way to keep these girls here permanently is to~~

RODINO: Get Congress to pass a law.

JOHN: Okay, let's do it.

RODINO: Wait a minute. I said ~~get Congress to pass a law~~ You know what that means?

JOHN: ~~Look, whether a man sits in Congress or in a barber chair,~~

he's still a man, isn't he? He can be told about these nurses..what they've done. And then..he'll know what to

RODINO: It's not that simple, John. ~~Every Senator and Congressman~~

~~is overwhelmed with prospective legislation.~~ Getting a bill through committee and then to the floor <sup>of the house</sup> is a complex job.

JOHN: ~~What would the bill say?~~

RODINO: ~~Well, I'd have to frame the exact wording but it would be something to the effect that these two girls are granted permanent residence in the United States. Once such a bill is passed and the President signs it...they'll be safe here. For the rest of their lives, if they want.~~

JOHN: ~~What's it then? That's what he got then, how do we go about it?~~

*when I*

RODINO: I'll introduce such a bill ~~upon my~~ return to Washington this week. I'll talk to as many men in Congress as possible. But now..here's where you come in.

JOHN: Go on.

RODINO: Passage of a bill like this is very rare. The evidence in favor of your two nurses will have to be overwhelming.

JOHN: There are thousands of men who can tell about them. Everyone who served under General Stillwell..or General Merrill.

RODINO: You'd have to run all over the country to find these ex-G.I.'s. If I were on the Judiciary Committee that'll consider my bill, I'd be impressed by the most important people you could locate. That's what you have to do, John. Line up every ~~I.P.~~ I.P. you can reach.

(MUSIC: UP AND NARR)

NARR: There's your job, John McDowell. But where are these ~~men~~ <sup>important</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>General</sup> you need? Stillwell is dead. But General Merrill.. commander of the Mauraunders. Where is he? And if you find him...will he remember the two little Burmese nurses?

(MUSIC: HITS..OUT FOR)

(COUNTRY SOUNDS) (WE HEAR A CAR APPROACHING OFF)

MERRILL: Better get the engineers back on this highway, Sam. They'll have to lay out a clover leaf system to carry the traffic from over on <sup>the alternate</sup> ~~Route~~ ~~conty~~

(CAR COMES UP AND STOPS JUST OFF. WE HEAR CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE WITH BELOW)

That new resort area down near the lake is going to triple the load we have to carry.

(STEPS ON)

JOHN: (FADING ON WITH STEPS) I beg your pardon. You're General Merrill aren't you, sir?

MERRILL: That's right.

JOHN: I'm John McDowell, sir. I was a sergeant with the C.B.I. Roundup.

MERRILL: Yes. Yes, I remember you. How are you, McDowell?

JOHN: Fine, thank you, sir. I checked with the Pentagon. They told me you were State Highway Commissioner here in New Hampshire.

MERRILL: Yes. Now I'm up against cars..instead of tanks. What brings you by, McDowell?

JOHN: General, do you remember two Burmese nurses attached to our field hospital? Their names were Khin May Win and Mya Mya Tint.

MERRILL: Nurses.

JOHN: Yes sir. They were with you and General Stillwell for four years.

MERRILL: Wait a minute...yes, of course...they were awarded the Bronze Star, weren't they?

JOHN: Those are the ones.

MERRILL: Forgive me. It's so long since I've thought of those days. But I shouldn't be slow in remembering them. Not in the way they served. (CURIOUSLY) Why do you ask me about them?

(MUSIC: ~~IN AND BEHIND~~)

NARR: You tell him. Every single thing that's happened. And as you talk..his anger grows. This is the General you knew. A man quick to size up a tactical situation. A man quick to act.

MERRILL: Has everybody gone crazy? They're not going to send those girls anywhere. I'm going to get hold of my Senator and then I'm going to Washington myself.

(MUSIC: RISES..BEHIND)



*important*

NARR:

All right...you've got the first ~~big~~ man. Now, hit the phone and get hold of General Lewis Pick, the man who built the famous Ledo Road...the lifeline from India to China. You find him in Washington...and you repeat the story. He too remembers...and lines up with General Merrill. He'll do everything he can. But you...you're not satisfied. You want more people.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

RODINO: You've done quite a job, John. Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas is backing us now. How'd you manage to reach him.

JOHN: I got hold of Boyd Sinclair, Congressman. He was editor of the army paper in the C.B.I., the Roundup. He knows the girls even better than I do. Well, Boyd's a newspaperman down in Texas now and he got through to Rayburn quick.

RODINO: Here's someone else you'll be glad to hear about. Mary Norton's been representing Jersey City in Congress for twenty five years. She's agreed to co-sponsor the bill with me.

JOHN: When's it going to be introduced.

RODINO: Tomorrow morning. [That in itself will give the girls the right to remain in this country until Congress decides on the bill...one way or the other.]

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Congressman Rodino introduces the bill. The huge machinery of the House of Representatives grinds slowly but finally, the bill to admit the nurses to this country is scheduled for a hearing before the House ~~of~~ Judiciary Committee, ~~where~~ ~~Honorable Emanuel Celler~~ presiding.

(GAVEL RAP)

CELLAR: Call the first witness, please. Miss Khin May Win.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

KHIN: (SIMPLY) We ask but for a chance to do our work. To study and learn the ways of healing the sick. Someday we will use this knowledge to teach others. Until that day, we ask if we may stay here...so that we may live.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

MERRILL: These two nurses were in my command and I know what they have done for us. The United States would be guilty of betrayal if it should deport these two girls who served us so faithfully and fearlessly in battle.

(MUSIC: RISES...RIDES...)

NARR: Witness after witness comes before the committee. They hear the evidence. Then..it is the time of decision.

CELIAR: Gentlemen, are there any more questions. (SLIGHT BEAT) The committee will proceed to a vote. All in favor of reporting this bill out of committee please signify in the usual manner. (SLIGHT MANNER) The vote is unanimous. Bill is approved. The Chair would like however, to say this... on behalf of the committee. For America to have turned its back on these girls, would have been an unthinkable act of ingratitude.

NARR: No voice is raised against the bill in either house. Now, there is only one step left. And on a morning in the clear, warm light of early summer...a small sound is heard in a large room.

(SOMEONE IS WRITING ON PARCHMENT. WE LISTEN TO THE WHOLE THING.)

In his office in the White House, the President of the United States has signed the bill. To Khin May Win and to Mya Mya Tint. Welcome,

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

-23-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from John R. McDowell of the Newark Star-Ledger with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0008527

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #344

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure - an  
extra measure of cigarette goodness. PELL MELL is longer  
yes, but greater length is only half the story.

CHAPPELL: Your big reward is in PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow  
tobaccos blended to a peak of flavor - and always packed  
just right to give you cooler, sweeter, milder smoking.  
Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PELL MELL  
tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette. PELL MELL  
gives you fresh, new smoking satisfaction no other cigarette  
of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL. Buy PELL MELL  
Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red package -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from John R. McDowell of the Newark Star - Ledger

JOHN: At present both Burmese nurses are continuing their studies in advanced fields of nursing, secure in the knowledge that America will defend them as once, they defended us. I am deeply honored by tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. McDowell. 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 Vegas Review Journal, by-line John F. Cahlan. The Big Story of a reporter who was *a witness to a drama of violence* caught up in a violent drama of love and death.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on Television.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky.

Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the Newark N.J. Star-Ledger. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Jim Stevens played the part of John McDowell. In order to protect the names of people

actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, <sup>Some of the</sup> ~~the~~ names of all characters in the dramatization were changed, with the exception of the reporter, Mr. McDowell.

(MUSIC: THEME AND 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) (32 SECONDS)

CROSBY: This is Bing Crosby reminding you to -

CHORUS: (SPEAKING) Answer the call! Join the Red Cross!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

SOLO: (SPEAKING) I'll tell you what it is - the American Red  
Cross...(SINGING) From skyscraper tower,  
To little village steeple,  
The Red Cross is people -  
People helping people!

(MUSIC: UP FOR TAG)

THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AT/BR/SA

ATX01 0008530

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #345

## CAST

NARRATOR

JOHNNY CAHLEN

CHIEF WARREN

MRS. MERRIT

FLOYD FARNOL

CLAUDIA FARNOL

SCOTT WITTY

MAN

BARTENDER

BOB SLOANE

MICHAEL O'DAY

ED. BEGLEY

BRYNA RAEBURN

DANNY OCKO

RITA LYNN

GILBERT MACK

GILBERT MACK

BILLY GREY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1954

ATX01 0008531

THE BIG STORY

(John Cahlan, Las Vegas Review Journal)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes, the finest quality money  
can buy -- present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE: FADE UNDER)

(SOUND OF CAR: HOLD UNDER)

CLAUDIA: Where are we?

FLOYD: (COLDLY) Just outside of town---

CLAUDIA: (A LITTLE FRIGHTENED) I want to go home, -- let's  
go home--

(ABRUPTLY SQUEAL OF BRAKES: CAR STOPPING)

CLAUDIA: What are you stopping for?

FLOYD: I'm going to let you out -- for good!  
You're not going any further --

CLAUDIA: (TERROR) What are you doing?

FLOYD: (SHOUTS) Putting an end to your two-timing -- to your  
cheating ...

CLAUDIA: (SCREAMS)

(GUN ROARS)

(MUSIC: -- STING: DOWN & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Las Vegas, Nevada.  
It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men  
and women of the great American newspapers-- from  
the pages of the Las Vegas Review-Journal -- the story  
of a reporter who was a witness to a drama of violence and  
death -- tonight, to reporter John Cahlan, for his Big  
Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 award --

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #345  
VERSION 1

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story

You'll never forget.

A story about you

And your cigarette.

You switched and you changed

Till you nearly went wild

Then you found PELL MELL

So pleasingly mild.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco

Has ever been grown

So get yourself PELL MELL

And make it your own

Reward yourself

With this quality high

The finest quality

Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

THE BIG STORY  
OPENING COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

ANNCR: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further.  
What's more - fine tobacco is its own best filter - and  
PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy.  
Get PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Las Vegas, Nevada -- the story as it actually happened. John Cahlan's story as he lived it --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a hot morning in Las Vegas. Outside of Police Headquarters, you, Johnny Cahlan, took a quick look at the thermometer -- <sup>(10)</sup>9 degrees -- you can feel the baked air coming in from the Nevada deserts -- inside of Police Chief Warren's Office -- you can feel the heat -- even with the electric fan going --

~~(RECEIVER LIFTS UP AND UNDER)~~

WARREN: Why don't you go home -- sit in an ice-bath? It's too hot to work, Johnny --

JOHNNY: Got to make my daily check, Chief -- any car thefts, assaults, drunk drivers -- or something maybe different for a change?

WARREN: There's the charge book -- got a shop lifter last night -- (SIGHS) I gotta lose some weight, Johnny -- in this heat, it's too much -- well, maybe it'll rain and cool off some --

(PHONE RINGS)

WARREN: That's trouble --

JOHNNY: Why?

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

WARREN: Phone ringing in the morning is always trouble --

(RECEIVER LIFTS)

Hello -- Chief Warren speaking -----(A PAUSE: THEN TENSE)  
What? Okay -- I've got it -- hold everything. I'm coming right out ---

(RECEIVER UP)

JOHNNY: What's up?

WARREN: A redhead -- some woman -- dead on the outskirts of the city --

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You find her in a black sedan -- you and Police Chief Warren -- a red-headed woman -- Shot dead on the back seat -- Who is she? No purse -- No wallet - Nothing to identify her. All you have is the license of the car.

*And you check it -- ~~to find out who owns it~~*

WARREN: Scott Witty -- that's the owner -- Age thirty-one -- Six feet one, weight 175 -- eyes blue --hair blond --

JOHNNY: Sounds like a pretty boy --

WARREN: He's pretty, all right. Checked his address, too, from the license records -- clerk at his hotel says he was the handsome type --

JOHNNY: Hotel? What hotel?

WARREN: A flea bag on the south side --

JOHNNY: It's his car?

WARREN: Yup.

JOHNNY: ~~Also, check~~

WARREN: ~~Don't shoot them questions at me so fast, Johnny. I'm hot and tired.~~

JOHNNY: Look. I'll buy you a smoke, chief -- a real cold one --

WARREN: I'll just sit still if you don't mind -- ~~with it, would~~

JOHNNY: (PRESSING IT) Did you get <sup>him</sup> ~~this Scott witty, chief?~~

WARREN: Nope. Hotel clerk tells me ~~this Scott~~ <sup>it</sup> drove away alone last night. Hasn't seen him since. ~~Asked him if he knew a red-headed woman. He said he'd seen her,~~ he said.

JOHNNY: You figure ~~this Scott~~ Witty beat it?

WARREN: Looks like that -- I got an alarm out on him with ~~detectors~~ ~~detectors~~

JOHNNY: (PUZZLED) I don't get it. If he beat it, why should he ~~abandon~~ <sup>cut</sup> his own car? What was he going to do? Walk across the desert? ~~Why would he leave the woman and the~~

WARREN: He could have gotten himself a lift --

JOHNNY: Still it doesn't make sense --

WARREN: ~~It~~. Killing never makes sense --

JOHNNY: You think he did it, chief?

WARREN: Well, a good-looking guy and a ~~beautiful~~ ~~beautiful~~ woman -- maybe she was ~~timing~~ ~~timing~~ him -- or walking out --

JOHNNY: Maybe. But abandoning his own car on the edge of the ~~desert~~

WARREN: *I don't know - first we gotta find out who this woman is. Don't you go making any guesses. Scott Witty. Then I'll have my answer. Is this woman? And where's this Scott Witty? Outside of this - I'll bet it's the usual sordid killing as done in a ~~ambulance~~ --*

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~It's all right?~~ All the way back to your office, you ask yourself ~~that~~ Johnny Cahlan -- ~~the usual~~ ~~what about that car?~~

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

Why <sup>ditch</sup> ~~beat~~ it, leaving a clue ~~as big as that?~~ as big as that?  
It's nothing to trace the ownership of a car. Was Scott  
Witty just dumb? You can ask questions -- but you can't  
find the answers -- You sit at your desk in the city room  
of the Review Journal and begin to write your story --  
when --

(SOUND OF TYPING)

(PHONE RINGS: RECEIVER UP)

JOHNNY: Hello --

WARREN: (FILTER) This is Chief Warren, Johnny. Listen, get  
down to the Union Pacific Railroad station -- right  
away --

JOHNNY: Why? What's up?

WARREN: We've got another dead one --

JOHNNY: (GAIWANIZED) What?

WARREN: (FILTER) A man. He's just been shot dead.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Two killings in one day! In a town of 8500. Jackpot!  
You rush out, thinking of the banner headline you'll  
be writing -- and suddenly half-way to the railroad  
station -- it pops into your head. Scott Witty? Is  
it Scott Witty?

(SOUND UP: TRAFFIC: VOICES IN B.G.)

(OUTSIDE THE R.R. STATION: THERE'S A CROWD)

JOHNNY: ~~I can't get through, please -- the press -- The Review Journal~~  
~~isn't through, correct? Chief, Warren, Warren!~~

WARREN: (OFF MIKE) ~~let him through, there --~~

JOHNNY: (COMING ON) Is it him, chief?

WARREN: Who?

JOHNNY: Scott Witty?

WARREN: Scott? No. It's a locomotive fireman named Joe Merritt -- shot by a fellow named Floyd Farnol. What gave you the idea it was this Witty?

JOHNNY: I don't know -- just a guess --

WARREN: In broad daylight this happened. ~~At about 10:30 AM,~~  
~~this Merritt and Farnol were walking down the street~~  
~~together -- talking --~~ <sup>They</sup> ~~had a sudden stop -- they~~  
~~suddenly they stop -- they~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>the next thing</sup>  
people see is Farnol whipping out a gun and firing  
point blank at Merritt. ~~Look, you can see the powder~~  
~~clouds --~~

JOHNNY: Where's Farnol now?

WARREN: He ran they tell me. He's wearing a white shirt and brown pants -- ~~(THEN PROJECTING HIS VOICE) BACK UP! YOU FOLKS!~~  
~~It's hot enough without all this crowding in a tight~~  
up! Back up!

(VOICES IN B.G.)

WARREN: (COMING ON) These folks don't care if they get sunstroke standing in this sun --

JOHNNY: This Farnol guy, chief -- what's he do?

WARREN: A brakeman in the railroad yards. A quiet fellow, they tell me -- yeah, quiet. He don't talk. He uses a gun --  
(THEN IN VEXATION) I don't get it! They were talking  
~~like old-time~~

MAN: (OFF) Chief! Chief Warren!

WARREN: What?

MAN: (COMING ON) I got something to tell you --

WARREN: Who are you?

MAN: (EXCITED) I work in the railroad yards -- Listen, I just saw Floyd Farnol -- I know where he is --

WARREN: (SHARP) Where?

MAN: I followed him after the shooting. He ran into a bar on Fremont Street!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Fremont Street. The main thoroughfare in Las Vegas -- traffic is heavy -- people shopping -- the ordinary events of the day go on for them -- but nothing's ordinary for you, today, Johnny Cahlan. You move swiftly and silently toward the bar with Chief Warren and the man who followed Farnol --

(SOUND OF BUSY STREET... FOOTSTEPS)

WARREN: Better stay outside, Johnny -- this ain't part of your job --

JOHNNY: I want to go in with you --

WARREN: There might be trouble. He has a gun --

JOHNNY: I want to go in with you chief, but I'll be careful -- I promise -- (MORE STEPS)

MAN: This is it, chief. This is the bar. I saw him go in --

WARREN: Okay, mister, thanks. Johnny...you'll keep in back of me, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Okay. I promise --

WARREN: ~~Look at that! My hand is aching from carrying a gun!~~  
*See. Right*  
Or come on -- Let's go in --

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: From bright sunlight into a dimly lit bar. You're almost blinded as you step inside. You can hear a juke box playing -- but you can't see a thing --

(MORE)



NARR:  
(CONT'D)

Your blood chills realizing that you're a target for the  
killer who's in here -- but -- only the juke box booms --  
there is no roar of a gun --

(JUKE BOX)

JOHNNY: (DESPERATE) I can't see, chief --

WARREN: Wait a second -- your eyes'll get adjusted --

WARREN: (SHARP) Farnol?

(THERE IS NO ANSWER)

WARREN: (SHARPER) Is your name Floyd Farnol?

FLOYD: (OFF MIKE) What about it?

WARREN: You killed a man, mister -- a Joe Merritt --

FLOYD: (STILL OFF) Did I?

WARREN: You were seen -- come along quiet, mister -- I'm  
police --

FLOYD: (OFF) I ain't finished my drink --

(STEPS FORWARD)

WARREN: Another time, maybe -- right now you come along --

FLOYD: (HARD) A man's got a right to finish his drink first.  
That's the least a man's got a right to do -- you got  
to do things proper and I always do things proper --

WARREN: You got a gun on you --

FLOYD: I need it, mister -- I'm all finished, but I still need  
it --

WARREN: (SHARP) Give it up!

FLOYD: You got a gun too, I see -

WARREN: Yeah, I got a gun -- now give me yours -- ~~no weapons at~~

~~-----~~  
FLOYD: ~~-----~~

WARREN: ~~listen~~. Don't try anything funny. Throw it on the bar --

FLOYD: ~~Look, I can hold my gun just like you do yours -- and~~  
it don't scare me -- look what I can do!

JOHNNY: (SCARED) He -- he's putting it to his temple!

FLOYD: That's right mister -- but first I'm gonna finish my

WARREN: Put that gun down!

FLOYD: *Why* So I can keep on living? What for mister? What for?  
I had enough of it! ~~men~~ men -- women -- and wives -- I  
~~don't want to be a~~ -- here's mud in your  
eye -- !

WARREN: (EFFORT) Give me that gun!

(AND A GUN ROARS! THERE'S A MOMENT OF SILENCE:  
THEN:)

JOHNNY: (STUNNED) Killed himself -- ~~himself~~ --

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A THUNDER CLAP)

WARREN: (STARTLED) What's that?

JOHNNY: What?

(AGAIN THE THUNDER)

JOHNNY: That that's just thunder chief --

(ANOTHER THUNDER CLAP)

JOHNNY: Three of them! -- One for each corpse on your hands --

(MUSIC: -- UP AND THEME)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #345  
MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

(START E.T.)

SINGER: (GUITAR) PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and  
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END. E.T.)

HARRICE: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELL America's  
most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL is longer, yes - but greater length is only  
half the story. PELL MELL is finer and milder too.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL - always packed just right - travels the smoke  
further - makes it cool and sweet and mild.

HARRICE: REWARD YOURSELF!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos give you  
richly flavorful smoke. Fine tobacco is its own best  
filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality  
money can buy. REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of  
smooth smoking.

HARRICE: Get a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF with 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 Johnny Cahlan -- as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Three corpses in one day -- a red-headed woman and two men who only a short time before were walking along like friends. Three corpses. Plus a missing man named Scott Witty. How many big stories drop into a newspaperman's lap in one day? Or is it only one story -- You contact your desk, Johnny Cahlan, and, then along with Chief Warren you go to inform the two widows -- You visit Mrs. Merrit first --

MRS. M: (CRYING) I can't believe it -- I can't --

WARREN: It's true, Mrs. Merrit -- I'm sorry -- Floyd Farnol shot your husband --

MRS. M: But he was here -- early this morning Floyd came in. He had breakfast with us -- then he and my husband walked downtown --

JOHNNY: Was <sup>there</sup> anything wrong between them?

MRS. M: No!

WARREN: What'd they talk about?

MRS. M: About -- about railroad matters -- He, Floyd, he was going to quit his job -- take his wife back to ~~Portland~~ -- Idaho --

WARREN: There was no trouble between them? Are you sure of that?

MRS. M: (A LITTLE SHRILL) No! There wasn't! There was no reason for Floyd to kill my husband!

JOHNNY: Or kill himself?

WARREN: Look, Mrs. Merrit. It don't make sense -- there must have been something between them -- a man doesn't use a gun the way Floyd Farnol did without a reason -- maybe it was money -- maybe your husband owed him money?

MRS. M: (DEFENSIVE) He had a good job, my husband. He made good money -- he wasn't in ~~no~~ debt to anybody --

JOHNNY: (QUIETLY) Maybe it was over some woman?

MRS. M: (A GASP) What?

JOHNNY: I don't like to say things like this, Mrs. Merrit. I mean I don't like to hurt anybody's feelings -- but could it be trouble over a woman?

MRS. M: Joe had nothing to do with Mrs. Farnol! My husband wouldn't have ~~nothing~~ <sup>any thing</sup> to do with that kind of woman! You have a nerve suggesting it. We were good, respectable people! You've got nerve -- trying to shame the dead -- You get out of here!

WARREN: Now, wait a minute, Mrs. Merrit. There's no cause to get excited. We got to ask questions.

MRS. M: Look she was no good! No good! All right! Yes! I know she ran around with lots of men, but not with my husband -- ~~anybody else, I guess, because she was~~ ~~telling a lie!~~

WARREN: You haven't got much of an opinion of Mrs. Farnol.

MRS. M: Why should I? Have you seen her? Have you told her?

JOHNNY: We came here first, Mrs. Merrit...

MRS. M: She'll be glad, you'll see -- glad that Floyd is dead! Floyd would go away and she'd run around with everybody and ~~anybody~~ <sup>only</sup> working in the railroad yards -- she and her red hair -- ~~and she'd be~~

WARREN: (QUICK) Her what?  
MRS. M: Red hair! And it fit her because Claudia Farnol <sup>is</sup> was no good!

WARREN: (SOFTLY) A red-head, Johnny -- a red-head --

JOHNNY: Yeah --

WARREN: Mrs. Merrit, You come on downtown with us -- ~~just~~  
~~to the morgue -- to have a red-headed lady -- there who~~  
~~she's --~~

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT BRIDGE)

MRS. M: (TENSE) That's her -- that's Claudia Farnol -- what -- what happened to her -- ?

WARREN: Shot dead, ~~was~~ Found her this morning. You know anyone who owns a black sedan?

MRS. M: No -- he -- Floyd -- he...he shot her too?

WARREN: Don't know <sup>Yes</sup> ~~I ain't any wares sure. Court is another.~~  
You sure this is Caludia Farnol? Floyd's wife?

MRS. M: I'm sure. That's her -- (THEN QUICK) Wait, don't cover her yet, ~~Mr. Merrit~~ -- (PAUSE: THEN) She's not so pretty now, is she?

WARREN: ~~Guess not~~ -- <sup>Why?</sup>

MRS. M: I never liked her -- but -- but, poor woman! I'm sorry for her now -- good or bad, <sup>it's a terrible</sup> ~~it's a terrible~~  
<sup>way to die</sup> ~~person to be sad for~~ --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But, they're <sup>are</sup> dead. And suddenly, there's a mob of questions to answer. You write your story, Johnny Cahlan, naming all the three persons who died today -- and then you go down to Police Headquarters. This thing is still definitely a mystery.

JOHNNY: Where is this Scott Witty, chief? What's he got to do with it?

WARREN: I don't know, Johnny -- I've got no answer yet to that state wide alarm --

JOHNNY: Who killed Claudia Farnol?

WARREN: Why don't you just set down and cool off a bit?

JOHNNY: And Joe Merit. Was there anything between him and Claudia?

WARREN: You sure got a million questions, Johnny!

JOHNNY: Well, why not? Haven't you? I mean, is everything simple and straight in your mind?

WARREN: Look I've been a cop a long time. I've learned patience -- I've got a quiet, patient mind, and I ain't got no newspaper deadline to meet, Johnny. Nothing right now is either simple <sup>pk straight</sup> or ~~complicated~~ to me. Why? Because I don't know. When I get my facts, I'll decide -- I'll tell you one thing, though --

JOHNNY: What?

WARREN: The fact I'm waiting for is Scott Witty -- I think he's got all the answers --

JOHNNY: I wonder. ~~I think he's got the answers.~~ Maybe the more we learn about Claudia Farnol, the more pieces of this puzzle will come together --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Where could you learn more about Claudia Farnol? Johnny Cahlan where? You remember, something that Mrs. Merrit said --

MRS. M: (ECHO EFFECT) She'd run around with everyone and anyone in the railroad yards --

NARR: The Yards! The Union Pacific Railroad Yards. You make your way down there fast and you start to ask around --

(RR YARD NOISES IN B.G. ENGINES PUFF ETC.)

MAN: You're that reporter, ain'tcha? The one who was around when Joe Merrit got shot --

JOHNNY: That's right.

MAN: Don't you remember me? I'm the guy who told you where Floyd Farnol was -- in that bar --

JOHNNY: Oh. Yeah!

MAN: Guess when I'm all greased up and in overalls like this I ain't good for recognizing --

JOHNNY: You knew both of them pretty well, huh?

MAN: Sure -- worked with Joe on short hauls.

JOHNNY: You knew Claudia Farnol -- (PAUSE) Well, did you?

MAN: Look. I don't like to say things bad about anybody, mister -- especially when they're dead --

JOHNNY: ~~You don't want to say anything about her~~ (PAUSE) Listen, all I'm trying to do is dig up facts. I'm not interested in gossip. Why was Claudia killed -- who killed her -- that's what I'm trying to find out --

MAN: (AFTER A MOMENT) Okay -- what do you want to know --

JOHNNY: Was there anything between Claudia and Joe Merrit?

MAN: (GRIM) They went on dates together.

JOHNNY: Did Floyd Farnol know?

MAN: (GRIM) I ain't spreading gossip --

JOHNNY: Listen -- three people are dead -- one man is missing --

MAN: ~~(QUICK)~~ Missing? Who?

JOHNNY: A fellow named Scott Witty --



MAN: Scott? Why I saw him two nights ago --

JOHNNY: (EAGER) You know him?

MAN: Sure I know him -- (THEN TIGHT) He ~~also~~ had dates with  
Claudia <sup>too</sup> (THEN GIVING IN) All right. All right -- He's  
another -- I guess everybody had dates with her -- I saw  
Scott Witty two nights ago in the Sage Brush Cafe -- he  
was there with Claudia -- the funny part of it is, though  
-- Floyd was there too --

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Sage Brush Cafe is a mile out of town -- an adobe  
building -- built on the edge of the desert -- you drive  
out fast, Johnny Cahlan, feeling excited -- the three of  
them together -- two nights ago! And yesterday morning,  
Claudia was found dead -- and in the afternoon, another  
death and a suicide -- Maybe Chief Warren is right --  
Find Scott Witty and the mystery comes clear -- Only the  
bartender is in the cafe -- it's early afternoon -- it's  
hot -- business will pick up when it gets cool -- right  
now, it's a perfect time for questions --

BARTENDER: Johnny Cahlan?

JOHNNY: Of the Las Vegas Review-Journal--

BARTENDER: A reporter, huh?

JOHNNY: Yeah -- and I've got some questions about a group of  
people who were out here two nights ago -- two men and a  
woman -- the woman was a red-head--

BARTENDER: Uh-uh! I remember them! They in trouble? If they are  
I'm not surprised.

JOHNNY: Haven't you seen the papers today?

BARTENDER: Nope -- not yet --

JOHNNY: Yeah, they're in trouble all right -- Look, what do you remember about them?

BARTENDER: They acted -- funny -- all right, three people sit down for beers -- they're friendly -- they laugh -- have a good time -- not these three. And I was sure surprised when the older guy called the red-head his wife. I was sure she and the handsome young guy -- would be the ones who were hooked -- they sat at that table there -- by the bar (START FADE) and it wasn't so hard for me to hear.

(VOICES UP) (JUKE BOX)

FLOYD: (COLD: GRIM) Another beer for me and my wife -- you cin have one, too, Scott. You cin live off me, too --

CLAUDIA: Let's go home, Floyd --

FLOYD: We're having a party. Don't you like parties?

CLAUDIA: You're getting drunk --

FLOYD: Yep. A quiet, slow, careful drunk -- you ain't drinking, Scott?

SCOTT: I've had enough --

FLOYD: Why? Because I'm back home? I ain't running any freights somewhere into Arizona tonight?

SCOTT: Look I didn't want to come out in the first place --

FLOYD: We're all friends, ain't we? And I wanted fun -- and you got a car -- it's a favor you're doing me -- taking me and my wife out for a time. (THEN COLD) How come you've got no woman of your own, Scott?

SCOTT: Look, Floyd, how about cutting it out.

FLOYD: If I wasn't so dead certain about Claudia here loving me ~~and only me~~ -- I think she'd fall for you. Oh, but she's the faithful kind....

CLAUDIA: Shut up, Floyd -- Come on take me home.

FLOYD: (QUIETLY) Yeah -- okay-- you're going home -- we're all going home. ~~last night~~

CLAUDIA: Are you okay, Floyd?

FLOYD: (MOCK AMAZEMENT) Hey, Scott, ain't she a real ever -loving wife! Look how she's concerned about me! (THEN HARD)  
Okay -- come one -- let's go home --

~~(MUSIC UP FOR A MOMENT AND THEN FADE)~~

BARTENDER: They walked out of this place after that without a word -- and then come the funny part --

JOHNNY: Funny part?

BARTENDER: Yeah -- an hour later he came back -- walked in here again--

JOHNNY: Alone?

BARTENDER: No -- he had the red-head with him -- and you know somethin -- he'd changed his shirt --

JOHNNY: Wait a minute -- one thing at a time -- he came back with his wife? Wasn't this Scott with them?

BARTENDER: No. They were alone --

JOHNNY: And he changed his shirt?

BARTENDER: Yeah -- he had a green sport shirt on the first time -- when he came back he was wearing a white one --

JOHNNY: What happened then?

BARTENDER: Nothing. They just sat for a couple of hours -- talking and drinking -- oh yeah -- the red-head was very nervous -- finally, they went out -- I saw 'em drive off in a black sedan --

JOHNNY: (EXCITED) A black one? They drove away in a black sedan?

BARTENDER: Yeah -- why?

JOHNNY: Buy tomorrow's paper. And you'll see why!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

WARREN: This bartender told you all this, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Uh-huh. And it begins to bring the pieces together --  
it's beginning to make sense --

WARREN: How?

JOHNNY: I'll bet Farnol killed his wife. And why? Jealousy --

WARREN: Well, I got a ballistics report. The same gun killed the  
red-head -- Joe Merrit - and Floyd Farnol.

JOHNNY: (TRIUMPHANT) You see!

WARREN: But where's Scott Witty?

JOHNNY: ~~How?~~

WARREN: ~~Look. Be the only man who kills his~~  
wife -- another man -- and then himself. Why? Jealousy,  
we say - and we're saying right for my money. But, that's  
the hook, jealousy! Passion! When it comes to acts of  
passion, nothing happens logically -- everything sort of  
explodes in a couple places at once --

JOHNNY: What are you trying to get at?

WARREN: Crazy acts of passion or revenge don't make sense until  
you can account for all the folks involved. Scott Witty  
~~had some hand in these killings --~~

JOHNNY: I don't think you'll find Scott Witty, chief. For my  
money, I'll bet Scott Witty is dead --

WARREN: Now, don't you go theorizing on me, Johnny --

JOHNNY: I think it was all carefully planned --

WARREN: Careful -- you're going out on a limb, boy --