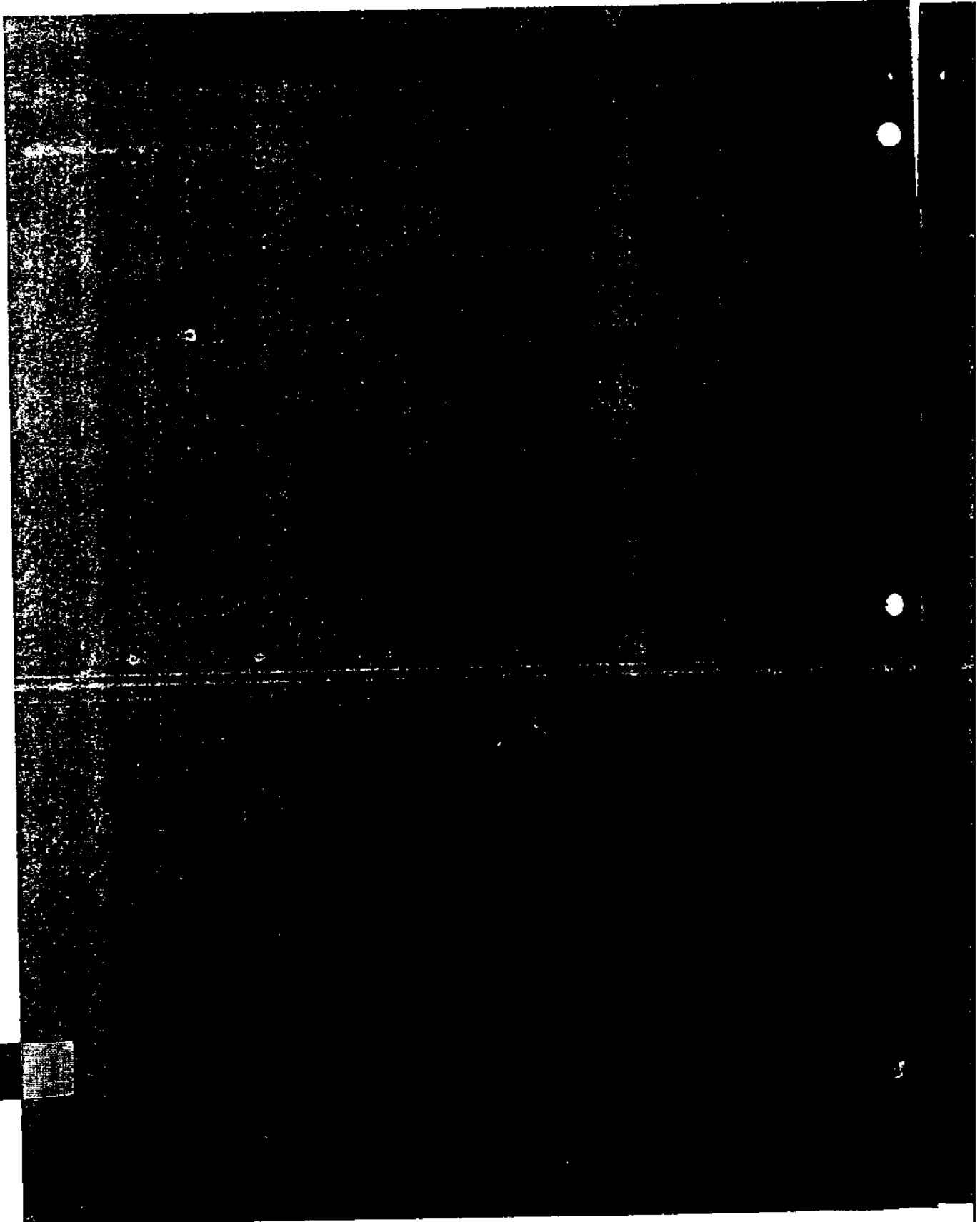


0798284-011

RTX01 0008554



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 347

CAST:

NARRATOR . . . . .	. BOB SLOANE
GEORGE SPAGNA . . . . .	. LESLIE NIELSEN
TOM REGIS . . . . .	. HAROLD HUBER
ED REEDY . . . . .	. BOBBY READICK
LOU KINCAID . . . . .	. MICHAEL O'DAY
RUDY HUBBARD . . . . .	. MICHAEL O'DAY
EDGAR CHATFIELD . . . . .	. DON KNOTTS
ALEX PIERCE . . . . .	. DON KNOTTS
ELSA MAY MCGRAW . . . . .	. BARBARA MARSHALL
GINGER MASON . . . . .	. <i>Charita Bauer</i>

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1954

ATX01 0008555

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MILD STREET NOISES AND TRAFFIC IN BG. ONE MAN'S  
FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, ON MIKE.)

REEDY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey, Pop! (THEN) Pop, wait up!

ALEX: (ON MIKE) Yes? Are you men calling me?

(TWO MORE SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, FADE IN  
AND STOP ON MIKE)

REEDY: (ON MIKE) You start hollering and I'll blow your head  
off. You got that, old man?

ALEX: ~~What?~~ Let go of me. What the....

REEDY: Grab his other arm!

LOU: I got it.

REEDY: Don't look around, Pop. Just hand over that bundle.

ALEX: My bundle? But it's nothing. What do you mean?

REEDY: Give it to us before I kill you!

ALEX: Let me go, please! I have nothing. Please, I.....

REEDY: (VIOLENTLY) I'll show you I mean business!

LOU: Hey, no! Don't!

(ONE SHOT)

ALEX: (GASPS)

(THREE MORE SHOTS, RAPIDLY)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

ANNCR: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Portland, Oregon.  
It is authentic, and offered as a tribute to the  
men and women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

ANNCR:  
(CONT'D) (PLAT) From the front pages of the Portland Oregonian,  
the story of a brutal killer who could cheat the  
gas chamber, but couldn't cheat death. Tonight, to  
George Spagna of the Portland Oregonian, for his BIG  
STORY, goes the PELL MELL \$500. AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #347  
VERSION III

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!

ANNOR:

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 UNDER)

ANNCR: Portland, Oregon. The story as it actually happened.  
George Spagna's story as he lived it.

NARR: Ever since you came west and joined the paper, George Spagna, you've been the kind of reporter who can't sit still. Maybe that's a hangover from your days in the Air Force. Maybe it's just you. But you can't wait for excitement, Spag,.....you go out and find it. That's why, on the night of January 3, you were riding in a Portland police car with Detective Lieutenant Tom Regis. Suddenly an emergency call sent you on the double to the intersection of Southwest 10th Avenue and Washington Street.

(EXCITED VOICES ON MIKE. ~~DIING WHINE OF SIRENS,~~  
IN BG...MOTORS RUNNING IN BG....TRAFFIC IN BG.)

TOM: (FADING IN) All right, let us through, please. Stand back, lady. (CALLS) Officer, get this crowd back, will you? (CALLS AGAIN) Sergeant, hold any witnesses, will you, please? (THEN NORMALLY) C'mon, Spag.

SPAG: The ambulance is responding, Tom. One of the men in the prowl car phoned in. (THEN) How is he?

TOM: Don't know. (THEN) Take it easy, old timer. There's an ambulance coming in a minute.

ALEX: (WEAK) You're....the....police?

TOM: That's right. Just save your strength, now. Let me do the talking.

ALEX: Two men.

TOM: Do you know them?

ALEX: They....they took my bag.



TOM: Bag of what? What was in the bag? (THEN) Try his pockets, will you, Spag? Maybe he's got identification.

SPAG: Sure, Tom.

ALEX: It was just....my lunch.

TOM: Your lunch!

ALEX: In the bag. My lunch and my work clothes. Nothing else. I.....I tried to tell them. (COUGHS)

TOM: Easy, now. (THEN) Do you know who the men are?

ALEX: I...I never saw them before. Two men. Young.

TOM: *Spag? What did you find, Spag?*

SPAG: His social security card's in his wallet, Tom. His name is Alex Pierce.

TOM: Mr. Pierce?

ALEX: I tried to tell him I have no money. Then he said..... (COUGHS)

TOM: He said what, Mr. Pierce?

ALEX: He said... "I'll show you I mean business!".....Then he shot. (THEN) *why?* (COUGHS)

TOM: Easy, now.

(SIREN APPROACHES, OFF)

SPAG: The ambulance is ~~here~~, Tom.

TOM: It's all right, Mr. Pierce. The ambulance is ~~here now~~. *Coming now.*

(THEN) Mr. Pierce?

ALEX: ~~why?~~ (COUGHS) Why did he shoot me?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: One thing you're sure of, George Spagna...you're a newspaper man, not an amateur detective. When a man's been shot, you don't go off on your own to track down the villain and astound the police.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You ~~and your wife, Bee,~~ have laughed at reporters like that too often in the movies. No, you stick with Lieutenant Regis, for you know that's where the story is. You ride with him in the ambulance, as Alex Pierce is rushed to Emergency Hospital. And after the old man is wheeled into the operating room, the two of you wait. And you're both thinking the same thing.

(MILD ECHO AS IN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL CALL BELL SYSTEM, OCCASIONALLY, OFF.)

SPAG: He's been in there a long time, Tom.

TOM: I know.

SPAG: Any line on him yet?

TOM: The desk gave me a little on the phone. Apparently Pierce is a janitor in a chain grocery on Fourth Avenue.

SPAG: ~~Oh?~~ What was he doing on Tenth?

TOM: He cleans up in two stores in the chain. One on Fourth and one on Tenth. Usually walks from one to the other.

SPAG: Any relatives?

TOM: A wife. One of the cars is bringing her down here.

SPAG: Tough. (THEN) Tough and crazy.

TOM: Crazy?

SPAG: An old guy like that. Six bucks in his pocket, and a bundle of lunch and work clothes. Why rob him?

TOM: They didn't even take the six dollars.

SPAG: That's what I mean. It's crazy, Tom. Senseless. I hate a story like this.

TOM: You phone it in?

SPAG: Sure I did. I don't have to like it, though. A nice old guy like that, shot down on the street, for nothing. Why?

TOM: Hold it. There's one of the doctors, coming out of the operating room. Want a statement from him?

SPAG: We've got it. Look at his face. (THEN) The old man is dead.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, OFF)

TOM: (COMING IN) Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr.....

EDGAR: Chatfield, Lieutenant. Edgar P. Chatfield.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

TOM: Sit down, Mr. Chatfield. Stick around if you want to, Spag.

SPAG: Thanks, I will.

(CHAIR SCRAPE)

EDGAR: Is the old man all right, Lieutenant?

TOM: He's dead. Mr. Spagna and I just came from the hospital.

EDGAR: Dead? But then....then it was murder.

TOM: It was. The Sergeant says you were a witness to the shooting, Mr. Chatfield.

EDGAR: Yessir, I was. I was right there on the sidewalk. My wife has her Star meeting Tuesday nights, and I was just killing time before I picked her up. Oh, I saw it, all right.

SPAG: You saw these men fire the shots, Mr. Chatfield?

EDGAR: One man. The good looking one. He did the shooting.  
TOM: And the other one?  
EDGAR: He was just sort of holding on to the old fellow. After  
the shots they both ran toward the corner and got in  
this car.  
SPAG: What car?  
EDGAR: This car that was waiting for 'em. At least, it was  
right there. A young fellow was driving it.  
TOM: Then there were three men altogether? Two on the  
street and one driving the car?  
EDGAR: That's right. A blue Dodge sedan, it was. Light blue.  
I know, because my own buggy's getting old and I've been  
kind of noticing cars lately.  
SPAG: Can I use the car, Tom?  
TOM: I don't see why not, Spag. Sure. Print it.  
SPAG: Thanks.  
TOM: You said one of the men was good looking, Mr. Chatfield.  
The one who did the actual shooting. Just how  
do you mean?  
EGAR: Well, just what I say. He was....you know, handsome.  
Almost like a movie star. You know that fellow in  
the movies? The one with the dark hair? Tall, with  
a mustache?  
SPAG: This man was tall? Dark hair? He wore a mustache?  
EDGAR: Robert Taylor! That's the movie star I mean. This  
fellow who did the shooting...he looked a lot like  
him!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've filed murder stories before, George Spagna, but this one bothers you. Even after your work is done.... after your page one story is set in type, you keep thinking of the old man. You go home, but you can't sleep, it's three in the morning, now. And you're still going over it. Alex Pierce had no enemies, no troubles, nothing. And still he was killed. Brutally killed. Why? Somebody who screamed at him and then shot him. Not once, but over and over again. Somebody mad. Somebody with a temper. Maybe that's the angle, George Spagna. Somebody with a temper! (THEN) Suddenly you get up, get dressed, and go.

(KNOCK ON DOOR, OFF)

TOM: (WEARY) Come in.

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

TOM: Yes? (THEN) Spag! I thought you went home hours ago.

SPAG: (COMING IN) I did, Tom, but I couldn't sleep. Tom, listen. I think I've got an idea.

TOM: I hope somebody has. We've had an all-points alarm out for that blue Dodge sedan, but so far, nothing.

SPAG: Look, Tom, ~~I'm no Sherlock Holmes. I leave that stuff to you.~~

TOM: Thanks. *the old man*

SPAG: But we heard Pierce tell us this killer yelled at him. Remember? He said, "I'll show you I mean business," and then he let him have it. Right?

TOM: Go on.

SPAG: Okay. Just for a minute, then, let's assume this was a guy with a temper. A bad temper, Tom.

TOM: Could be.

SPAG: All right, this is wild, I know....but I <sup>remembered</sup> ~~wrote~~ a story about a guy in this town with a bad temper. About two years ago. A young punk with the same kind of streak in him.

TOM: Remember his name?

SPAG: That's the trouble, I don't. He tried to stick up a tavern-keeper. Something like that. But I do remember he got violent and beat this guy to a pulp. And for no reason, Tom. Same as Pierce. No reason at all.

TOM: The name would be in your newspaper files, wouldn't it?

SPAG: Sure. And in your files, too. I'd know the name if I see it, Tom. Think it's worth digging up?

TOM: We'd have to check the assault cases. Two years, you said?

SPAG: About that.

TOM: Be a lot of cases.

SPAG: I'll check 'em if you'll let me.

TOM: Sure of your hunch, huh, Spag?

SPAG: Not at all. I just want to do something, that's all. I told you. I don't like a story like this. I get mad.

TOM: So do I. C'mon. Let's go through the files.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're not a hunch player, George Spagna, you're a reporter. But you're mad, and one by one, you keep going through the mug shots at Headquarters. One by one---and in the back of your mind, you still see a helpless old man, shot down on the sidewalk. Suddenly, you've got it!

SPAG: (CALLS) Tom! (THEN) Tom?

TOM: (OFF) Find it?

SPAG: This is the guy, Tom. I'm sure of it. I remember the whole story now.

TOM: (FADING IN) Let's see the entry.

SPAG: Edward Reedy. That's the one, all right. He held up this tavern-keeper. <sup>Spire's</sup> His name's there.

TOM: Yes, I see. Held up Rudolph Hubbard, tavern owner.

SPAG: See the rest of it? Hubbard only had a few dollars on him, and Reedy got mad and beat him up.

TOM: Got quite a record. Goes way back to juvenile court.

SPAG: And he's young, Tom. Look at the age. 22 at time of arrest.

TOM: Yeah.

SPAG: Read the description of the beating. Only a guy with a violent temper would do something like that.

TOM: That figures.

SPAG: Something else figures, Tom. The tavern-keeper...what's his name again?

TOM: Hubbard.

SPAG: He was beaten up on Fourth Avenue. Alex Pierce worked in a grocery store on Fourth Avenue.

TOM: It's close, Spag. Close enough for me, anyway. Let's <sup>you'll</sup> see what you've dug up.

SPAG: You'll bring Reedy in?

TOM: We might. Let's talk to this tavern-keeper first, though. Might as well be sure. Want to come?

SPAG: It's almost five in the morning.

TOM: Sleepy?

SPAG: Me?

TOM: (LAUGHING) All right, then, let's go.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

RUDY: (YAWNING) You guys sure get up early, I'll say that.

TOM: It's important, Mr. Hubbard. Now, once more. Reedy demanded your wallet. Is that right?

RUDY: It was two years ago. I can't just remember his exact wording. Yeah, I guess he said my wallet. I gave it to him, anyway.

SPAG: And then when there wasn't much in it, he grew angry. Is that it?

RUDY: He sure did. Funny, the way some guys explode. I remember I thought for a minute he was going nuts.

TOM: After he saw that you didn't have much money, Mr. Hubbard. What did he do then?

RUDY: He started beating me up. Like he was crazy or something. I was in the hospital for...(THEN) No, wait. First he said something.

SPAG: What?



RUDY: He said, "I'll show you I mean business!"

TOM: What was that again? Reedy said what?

SPAG: Those are his exact words? You're sure?

RUDY: Sure I'm sure. "I'll show you I mean business." Then he started swinging. (THEN) Why? That mean something?

SPAG: It does, Mr. Hubbard. It sure does.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #347

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)

ANNCR: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of George Spagna, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: An old man is killed....brutally murdered, and you, George Spagna, can't get it out of your mind. Is Edward Reedy the killer? You remember Reedy now -- you remember the story ~~you wrote~~ about him two years ago -- a story about a man with a violent temper. You think of this man -- of how he can scream at his victims, and then beat them unmercifully, and you can feel your own hate for such a man well up inside you. You want to see him brought in. (PAUSE) Back at Headquarters, Lieutenant Tom Regis puts out the pick-up order.

(TELETYPE IN BG., INTERMITTENTLY)

TOM: (ON PHONE) That's right, Reedy, R-a-e-d-y. I've got the folder right here on my desk. Check.

(HANG UP)

SPAG: Anything break while we were out talking to the tavern-keeper?

TOM: Plenty, Spag. For one thing, we've got the blue Dodge.

SPAG: Oh?

TOM: A prowler car ~~crew~~ found it, parked between a couple of abandoned trucks. It's being checked now.

SPAG: Probably turn out to be stolen, won't it?

TOM: Looks that way. The description matches a report on a stolen car. Came in yesterday.

SPAG: What about Reedy, Tom?

TOM: (THEN) Well, you heard me put out a pick-up order on Reedy, ~~Spag~~

SPAG: You don't sound very hopeful.

TOM: I'm not. Take a look at this mug shot of Reedy. I got it out of the file.

SPAG: Let's see.

TOM: That's Reedy, all right. Look for yourself, Spag. He's fat. Real fat.

SPAG: Yeah, I see.

TOM: Look like a movie star to you?

SPAG: No.....he sure doesn't.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(RESTAURANT INTERIOR. DISHES..CUSTOMERS' VOICES  
IN BG.)

ELSA: (COMING IN) Help you?

SPAG: Just coffee, I think. How's the pie?

ELSA: It's pie.

SPAG: Okay, bring me a hunk of apple.

ELSA: (CALLS) Slice of apple. Draw one! (THEN) Anything else?

SPAG: I guess not. (THEN) You worked here long?

ELSA: Too long. Why?

SPAG: Just wondering. To tell you the truth, I'm looking for a buddy of mine. I thought maybe you'd know him.

ELSA: Why should I?

SPAG: He hangs around down here on Fourth Street. Guy named Ed Reedy.

ELSA: Ed's a friend of yours?

SPAG: He used to be. Why, has he been in lately?

ELSA: Once in a while.

SPAG: I'd sure like to find him. (LAUGHS) Crazy guy, Ed. He still fat as a pig?

ELSA: Ed? Say, how long has it been since you seen him, anyway?

SPAG: A couple of years. I've been away.

ELSA: You must've been. He ain't fat anymore. He must've taken off 50 pounds.

SPAG: No kidding?

ELSA: Sure. None of the girls would give him a play when he was fat, so he went on a diet.

SPAG: Honest? He looks good now, huh?

ELSA: ~~Ed Reedy?~~ He sure does. Like a movie star, almost. ~~Like~~ a regular Robert Taylor.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: ~~You've played hunches before, George Spagna, but~~ when you decided to drop in at a few of the restaurants on Fourth Avenue, ~~even~~ you didn't expect this. You grab a cab and head back to Headquarters, and taking the stairs two at a time, you can feel your story closing in, feel your own excitement as these little pieces begin to fit together. In Lieutenant Regis' office, you spill it out, fast.

SPAG: The waitress handed it to me, Tom. Right in my lap!  
Ed Reedy took off 50 pounds. What's more, he's got  
sideburns and a mustache!

TOM: It looks good, Spag. Even the pick-up order falls into  
line.

SPAG: How?

TOM: Reedy's hiding out.

SPAG: That figures. It sure looks like Reedy is our boy.

TOM: Maybe. ~~But~~ the next step is to find him.

SPAG: The waitress gave me a little help there. Reedy was  
in the restaurant the night of the shooting.

TOM: Tuesday? What time?

SPAG: An hour after it happened. What's more, he took a  
cab. He changed a quarter to get a dime for the phone.  
Called the taxi right from the restaurant.

TOM: She's sure of that?

SPAG: Positive.

TOM: All right, that puts us in business, Spag.

(PICK UP PHONE)

TOM: (TO PHONE) Captain Olson, please. (THEN) Regis, I've  
got a strong lead on Reedy, Captain. I'll need a  
detail to check on a cab ride. No, sir. He called  
the cab by phone Tuesday night. Yessir, after the  
murder. (FADING) As soon as we get to the driver  
of that cab and check his report sheet, we can....

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER IN OPERATION)

GINGER: I told you, I haven't seen Ed Reedy in months. Besides you'll have to excuse me, I'm drying my hair.

TOM: Will you turn off the dryer, please, Miss Mason?

GINGER: I told you, I don't know anything about him. (THEN)  
All right.

(TURN OFF DRYER)

GINGER: Now. What do you want?

SPAG: There isn't much point in not telling the truth, Miss Mason. A cab driver says he delivered Reedy here to your house Tuesday night at ten-thirty.

GINGER: So what? Is that a crime?

TOM: We think Reedy may have committed a crime.

GINGER: What crime?

TOM: The big one. Murder.

GINGER: Murder!

SPAG: Shortly before he arrived here.

TOM: Now. Do you want to tell us about Tuesday night?

GINGER: Look, I...I didn't know anything about a murder. Ed just came here, that's all.

TOM: Go on.

GINGER: I....I've known him a long time. We were even going to get married once.

SPAG: When was that?

GINGER: About a year ago. I guess I would have, too, only I ... I...

TOM: Yes?

GINGER: I got scared of him, Lieutenant. I'm scared of him now.

SPAG: Why?

GINGER: He gets wild. You know? Everything'll be okay and then suddenly the least little thing gets him mad and he gets like a wild man. Like some kind of crazy animal almost.

TOM: So you called off the wedding?

GINGER: Do you think I want to marry a guy like that? ~~He gets shouting and screaming about how pretty he is and I get scared.~~

SPAG: How pretty he is?

TOM: What's that mean, Miss Mason?

GINGER: Ed's got that subject on the brain. When he was just a kid he was pretty. You know? Weak, I guess. Anyway, people used to make fun of him.

SPAG: Go on, please.

GINGER: He gets thinking about how kids used to laugh at him and it's like he has to prove how tough he is. He even took it out on me.

TOM: ~~How?~~

GINGER: He beat me up. He's like an animal, I tell you.

TOM: We want to find him, Miss Mason. <sup>Do you know</sup> ~~Did you see Mr. Spagna's story in today's paper?~~

GINGER: <sup>he is</sup> ~~I ain't been out.~~

SPAG: ~~I wrote that the police know who the killer is, and that they're watching all the depots and bus stations.~~

GINGER: ~~So? I don't get it.~~

TOM: ~~It's one way to smoke him out. If he avoids the normal exits from the city, he might try to hide out with a friend.~~

GINGER: His brother, maybe.

SPAG: Oh?



GINGER: He'd try to get dough from his brother, anyway. I've heard him mention it.

TOM: You mean his brother would hide him out?

GINGER: *I don't think so*  
~~Not willingly, no.~~ But that wouldn't stop Ed. I told you, he gets wild when he wants something. If he wanted his brother's dough, that's where he'd go.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CLOCK STRIKES TWO, OFF)

SPAG: That makes four hours, Tom.

TOM: You never were very patient, Spag. Give him a chance.

SPAG: Suppose the brother comes home before Reedy gets here?

TOM: The men outside will stop him. I'd rather be right here in the hall alone if he shows up.

SPAG: I've been thinking about what the girl said. Crazy world, isn't it, Tom? A guy looks<sup>902</sup> pretty when he's a kid, and he grows up into a killer.

TOM: It figures. A guy like Reedy is...(THEN) Hold it. Somebody's on the porch.

SPAG: It must be Reedy. They'd stop anybody else.

TOM: Stand back, Spag. I don't want you getting messed up.

SPAG: You know me, Tom. I'll do what I'm told.

TOM: Easy, now. He's trying the door.

(DOOR RATTLES, OFF, THEN DOOR OPENS SLOWLY. TWO STEPS IN, TO MIKE. THEN STOP. PAUSE. THEN A CLICK OF A LIGHT SWITCH)

TOM: All right, Reedy, freeze!

(SUDDEN FOOTWORK)

REEDY: Let go of me, you dirty....

(BRIEF SCUFFLE)

TOM: Freeze, I said. You make one more move and I'll let you have it! (THEN) <sup>Call</sup> ~~Hail~~ the others, will you, Spag?

SPAG: They're coming, Tom.

REEDY: What do you want? You stinking rats? Let go of me before I .....

TOM: Face the wall! C'mon, fast, with your hands behind you. Move, I said!

(FOOTWORK)

REEDY: You think you got me? You think anything can get me?

TOM: Yeah, I do, Reedy.

REEDY: What? Tell me what, you....

TOM: Sure I'll tell you. The gas chamber. (CALLS, LOUD)  
In here, Sergeant. Let's go.

(MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE)

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

TOM: (OFF, CALLING) Spag? You called in your story?

SPAG: (ON) I just filed Reedy's confession, Tom. How is he?

TOM: He's inside. ~~Beating his head against the wall of the cell.~~ I thought maybe you'd like to hear something.  
<sup>Spag, Prun</sup> (THEN, CALLS) Kincaid, <sup>in here</sup> ~~come-out-here~~, will you?

LOU: (OFF) ~~You want me?~~

TOM: ~~Yeah, over here.~~ (THEN) Lou Kincaid, Spag. One of the boys with Reedy.

SPAG: One of them?

TOM: The other one's inside. They gave themselves up. Tell him why, Lou. Go on, talk to him.

LOU: We were scared of Eddie. You don't know what he's like. (MORE)

LOU:  
(CONT'D) Me and Bob wanted to give up but we were afraid of him.

TOM: Tell Mr. Spagna about the black bag.

LOU: The old man's lunch? When we got out to the woods in this car we stole, Eddie opened up the bag. He figured the old man was a messenger or something.

TOM: He'd watched him, Spag. He had an idea he was carrying money from one store to the other.

LOU: That's what he told us. Then when he saw there wasn't nothing in it, he began banging his fists all over the place. Me and Bob got so scared we jumped out of the car. Honest, Lieutenant, we thought he'd kill us too.

SPAG: Why did you give yourself up, Lou?

LOU: When the paper came out. When we read that you knew about him, we knew he couldn't do anything to us. You won't let him near us, will you, Lieutenant? You promised.

TOM: He won't get near anyone, kid. None of you will, from now on.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from George Spagna of the Portland Oregonian, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #347

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 filer.  
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 George Spagna of the Portland Oregonian.

SPAG: Reedy's ~~two~~ accomplices ~~both~~ pleaded guilty to second degree murder, and ~~both~~ are serving life sentences. Reedy ~~was~~ sentenced to death in ~~his~~ gas chamber, but before the penalty could be paid, he died in ~~the~~ cell ~~in the penitentiary~~. Death was due to a toxic condition brought on by his diet and loss of 50 pounds. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Spagna. 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 Hartford Connecticut Courant by-line Roger Dove. The Big Story of an Easter Day and a reporter who worked a miracle.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on Television brought to you by the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes

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

BIG STORY

-27-

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 <sup>front</sup> pages of the Portland Oregonian. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Leslie Nielsen played the part of George Spagna. 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. Spagna.

(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)  
Friends, it's alarming to think that a destructive fire starts every minute of the day and night. There is no end in sight for the terrible destruction caused by these fires unless we do something about it. Here is what you can do: Check all of the electrical equipment in your home ... make certain it is safe. Don't smoke in bed. Be sure that every match, every cigarette is out before you retire for the night. Don't give fire a place to start!  
  
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0008582

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 348

CAST:

NARRATOR. . . . . BOB SLOANE  
ROGER DOVE. . . . . JOHN MCLIAM  
MRS. KENYON. . . . . EILEEN HECKERT  
MATT KENYON. . . . . CHUCK WEBSTER  
KATHY KENYON. . . . . JANET ALEXANDER  
MAX. . . . . WENDELL HOLMES  
MRS. WHITNEY. . . . . IRENE HUBBARD

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1954

ATK01 0008583

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(DOOR BELL. DOUBLE RING)

MRS. K: Mailman. I'll get it.

MATT: Must be special delivery. I picked up the regular  
mail.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR)

MRS. K: Yes? Oh, thank you.

(DOOR CLOSE)

MATT: Special?

MRS. K: Uh-huh. Now who -- (STOPS)

(TEARING OPEN OF LETTER)

MRS. K: (MUMBLES) .. "Dear Mrs. Kenyon .. we" -- (THEN  
SUDDENLY) Matt!

MATT: What's the matter?

MRS. K: Matt, read it. ~~Matt they can't.~~ (SOBBING, HIGH)  
Matt ... they can't, can they? They can't.

(MUSIC: STING, DOWN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Hartford,  
Connecticut. 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 Hartford  
Courant, the story of an Easter Day, and a reporter  
who worked a miracle. Tonight, to Roger Dove for his  
Big Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #348  
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.

(MORE)

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: Hartford, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened -- Roger Dove's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Routine. That's what makes up the greatest part of the greatest number of your days, Roger Dove. Routine stories to write up .. routine interviews to cover .. routine mail to read and to answer.

DOVE: (CALLS) Got my mail sorted yet, kid? Might as well go over it now.

NARR: You never expect a Big Story to start this way. You never dream that it will be brought to your desk some morning in a pile of letters. Open your mail, Roger Dove. That one. The grey envelope .. the slanted, painful writing. Open it. Read it.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

DOVE: For the love of ---- (CALLS) <sup>Max!</sup> ~~Max!~~ <sup>Max!</sup> ~~Max!~~ look at this.

(FOOTSTEPS AS HE GOES TO ANOTHER DESK)

MAX: Where's the fire, Rog?

DOVE: (TENSE) I just got this letter in the mail postmarked - (HE LOOKS) Tolland, Conn. Read it.

MAX: Give it to me.

DOVE: (DOING SO, BOILING) You get a pretty hard skin. You hear about a lot of things. But this beats them all,

<sup>Max!</sup> ~~Max!~~ This is the most --

MAX: Will you pipe down while I read it? (PAUSE. THEN) That's it?

DOVE: Isn't it enough?

MAX: Enough to make you sick.

DOVE: Is it an assignment? Can I go up to Tolland and look into it?

MAX: Look into it. Find out if it's true. And if it is ---- stop it.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

MRS. K: It's true, Mr. Dove. It's true all right. I wouldn't have written you if it wasn't. ~~I wish it wasn't. But~~ it is.

DOVE: I don't doubt you Mrs. Kenyon. But it's so unbelievable

MRS. K: I don't know what to do.

DOVE: Tell me about it, Mrs. Kenyon. All the details. I have to know from the beginning.

MRS. K: The beginning goes back so far. You have to know how we felt. Matt, my husband and me. It was one afternoon really that started it. (FADE) One afternoon about four years ago, when Matt came home...

(DOOR CLOSE)

MATT: Laura? You home?

MRS. K: Oh, Matt. I'm -- in the store room. ~~I'm coming.~~

MATT: For Pete sake, what are you doing <sup>here</sup> in the store room?

MRS. K: (EVASIVE) Nothing, really. Just sorting some old things...

MATT: Hey, what's the matter? Why the guilty air?

MRS. K: It's nothing, Matt. ~~Don't go in, please. I...~~

MATT: (SURPRISED) You've got all those old boxes of toys down...from when the kids were little. All the baby clothes.

MRS. K: I...I was just being silly.

MATT: (SOFT) Sentimental pilgrimage backwards?

MRS. K: Uh-huh. (THEN SUDDENLY) They grow up so fast, don't they, Matt? (THEN) Look, ~~Sissy's first pair of party shoes. Remember?~~

MATT: (THEN) What's this?

MRS. K: The little music box we used ~~to use~~ to help <sup>Sissy</sup> them go to sleep. You lift up the cover...  
(SHE DOES. A PAINT TINKLING BEGINS)

MRS. K: (NEAR TEARS) <sup>She</sup> They wouldn't go to sleep without it. (THEN) What's the matter with me, Matt? A grown woman with two ~~almost~~ grown children and I sit here crying over ~~a pair of shoes and~~ a music box.

MATT: Laura...

MRS. K: It gets lonely, Matt. You get so used to ~~being needed~~. To wiping noses and tying shoe laces and reading stories...and then all of a sudden your children are grown up and you're glad and you wouldn't have it any other way for their sake but...sometimes the house is awfully quiet.

MATT: Nothing much you can do about it.

MRS. K: (A PAUSE, THEN) Matt...

MATT: Mmmm?

MRS. K: What would you think if we could..adopt a baby?

MATT: Adopt a *baby*

MRS. K: (CUTS IN) There must be so many who don't have homes... don't have people to love them and make them happy. But it isn't as if we didn't have children. We..

MATT: (URGENT) Matt, it's different for you. For a man. You go to work...you have a place to go each day..a job to do. My job is...raising children. Let me have the chance to give love and care to another baby who needs it.

MATT: (UNEASY) But *Laura*

MRS. K: (SOFT) Oh, Matt...please.  
(FOR A MOMENT THERE IS JUST THE FAINT TINKLE OF THE MUSIC BOX, THEN FADE IT OUT)

MRS. K: That was the beginning, Mr. Dove. I wanted it so much.  
(THEN) Matt., maybe he sensed something. He kept holding back.

DOVE: But you did go to the welfare agency, Mrs. Kenyon?

MRS. K: Yes. The state welfare agency. We met a Miss Whitney there...(FADE) She was in charge..we spoke to her...  
(FADE)

WHITNEY: My name is Whitney, Mr. Kenyon. I've been assigned to talk to you on your application for adoption.

MRS. K: ~~We can give a baby a good home, Miss whitney. I mean...~~  
~~...if you're wondering about that....~~

WHITNEY: ~~Not at all.~~ <sup>Now</sup> But there's only one child that's a possibility. A little girl.

MRS. K: Yes?

WHITNEY: She's seven months old. Healthy...normal in every way.

MRS. K: (PLEADINGLY) Matt...

WHITNEY: However, there's a slight technical complication. She isn't free for adoption quite yet. Our problem is to find a couple who will agree to take her as foster parents until she's legally adoptable.

MATT: Laura...I don't think...

MRS. K: (CUTS IN) But when she was legally adoptable...could we adopt her then?

WHITNEY: I don't see why not.

ATX01 0008591

MRS. K: ~~Then what's wrong with that? Matt?~~  
(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPEN, CLOSE)

MATT: I don't want to put you through something, Laura. I don't want you to be hurt.

MRS. K: ~~How could I be hurt?~~ Matt, please...let us look at her.

MATT: Well, sure, we can look.

MRS. K: ~~Can we miss Whitney?~~

WHITNEY: This way.  
(FOOTSTEPS. THEN)

WHITNEY: In the crib by the window. Quiet. She's asleep.  
(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP. PAUSE. THEN)

MRS. K: (CHOKED) Matt...

MATT: I forgot they were so little. (THEN) She warm enough with just that thin blanket?

MRS. K: Sure.

MATT: It doesn't look like much to me. (WORRIED) Look at the way she's sucking her fist. You think they feed her enough?

MRS. K: Of course they do. Babies always suck their fists.

MATT: But she's awful little to be all alone though. No toys or anything.

MRS. K: (SOFT) Are you arguing with someone, Matt?

MATT: (BEAT, GRIN) Not any more. (THEN) Miss Whitney when can we make out the papers?  
(BOARD FADE)



MRS. K: We made out the papers Mr. Dove as foster parents just like our own daughter. As much as Sissy and Bud are ours.

DOVE: How long ago was this, Mrs. Kenyon?

MRS. K: Three and a half years ago. We brought Kathy home...that's her name...Kathy. Sissy and Bud loved her. ~~They were as~~ happy as we were to have a baby in the house. Sissy and Bud kept after us to adopt her legally...to make her as much a Kenyon as they were.

DOVE: But you couldn't?

MRS. K: Not then. We planned on it, of course. Just as soon as ~~it was legally possible.~~ (TENSE) Everything was going right, Mr. Dove. Everything was ~~so right, too~~ perfect. Until suddenly one day...the doorbell just rang...out of the clear sky (FADE)...it just rang...

(DOORBELL RINGS)

(STEPS...DOOR OPEN)

WHITNEY: Mrs. Kenyon...

MRS. K: Yes?

WHITNEY: You don't remember me. I'm Miss Whitney from the welfare department.

MRS. K: Oh. Oh of course. Come in.

WHITNEY: ~~I won't bother you.~~ I just <sup>stopped by</sup> came with some news. Kathy is legally free for adoption. The papers have cleared.

MRS. K: Oh, Miss Whitney...

WHITNEY: And more news too. I've found the loveliest young couple who want to adopt Kathy for their very own. Isn't that nice?

(MUSIC: -- STING AND OUT)

MRS. K: Nice. That's what she said. She stood there, telling me they were going to take Kathy away from us...take ~~our child~~ away and she said..."isn't that nice."

DOVE: But what about the promise, Mrs. Kenyon? That you would be allowed to adopt Kathy?

MRS. K: It wasn't really a promise. It was -- and understanding, I guess you'd call it. ~~She said if we had any questions, we ought to ask the agency. We tried...my husband tried to talk to someone who could explain... but nobody knew anything. Sissy and Bud were heart broken and I never saw Matt so worried...so upset...He went down to the agency...he tried to talk to them in person...he was there for hours...and then, when he came home (BOARD FADE)~~

(PEEBLE KNOCK...DOOR OPEN)

MRS. K: ~~Is that you~~ <sup>Are you</sup> knocking, Matt? I thought you (STOPS) Matt!

MATT: (GASPS) It's all right....just pain in my side...

MRS. K: Lean on me....let me get you to the couch...

MATT: No.....just.....let me rest.

MRS. K: (WHISPERS) What is it, Matt?

MATT: (HOARSE) I can't get my breath Laura....(CRIES IN PAIN)  
~~Laura~~, it hurts, and I can't get my breath....Laura...  
Laura.....(FADE)

MRS. K: It seemed like a lifetime before the doctor came, Mr. Dove. I knew what he'd say. Heart attack.

DOVE: ~~Had your husband ever had a heart attack before, Mrs. Kenyon?~~

MRS. K: ~~No. The doctor~~ <sup>He</sup> said it was ~~strain~~. Strain and shock about Kathy. He said -- ~~he said~~ it might kill Matt if they took Kathy away.

DOVE: I see.

MRS. K: He told me to tell the welfare agency that. I did. I called them. I can still hear what they said....I can still hear the woman's voice:

WHITNEY: (FILTER) A heart attack? Oh that's too bad, Mrs. Kenyon. I'm terribly sorry to hear it. But, of course, that makes the issue even clearer, doesn't it? I'm afraid we couldn't possibly allow Kathy to stay in a home with an invalid father.

MRS. K: Now I've told you everything, Mr. Dove. ~~Then I wrote you. I thought maybe there was something you could do to help.~~

DOVE: Let me ask you one thing, Mrs. Kenyon. About your husband. ~~Is he well now? Will his health -- (THEN) I don't know -- quite how to say it.~~

MRS. K: (QUIETLY) ~~I do.~~ You mean...will he live a long enough ~~life~~ to take care of his children. (THEN) The doctor says he's in good shape...if he doesn't have the strain of seeing Kathy go.

DOVE: He's sure?

MRS. K: (SHARP) ~~No, he's not sure. How can you ever be sure?~~  
Do you have children Mr. Dove?

DOVE: Yes. I have two.

MRS. K: Are you sure? Do you know that you won't be hit by a truck on your way to work tomorrow? Do you know you won't get sick? Do you know you're going to live to be an old man?

DOVE: Mrs. Kenyon...

MRS. K: And if you were sick....even dying....would you give away your children?

DOVE: No, of course not.

MRS. K: (QUIETER NOW) We have insurance. We have savings. We're like any other family who puts away money just in case something happens. What about Bud and Sissy? Would you want us to give them away too? (THEN) Kathy'd be taken care of.

DOVE: (WARM) I know she would. I know she'd be taken care of very well. (THEN) And I'm going to see you have a chance to do it. Mrs. Kenyon. I'm going to fight for you to have that chance.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(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 Roger Dove, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Anger. Anger that rides with you, Roger Dove, as you drive back to Hartford. Anger, beating like a pulse as you make your plans to fight for Kathy Kenyon...to fight for the right of a child to stay with the parents who love her. Anger. Strange in this gentle springtime season...in this Easter season to cherish so much anger. But <sup>you must</sup> ~~love's not enough to~~ help Kathy now. Now is the time for anger.

DOVE: (ON PHONE) I'm warning you, I want straight answers. I'm calling about Kathy Kenyon and her foster parents. I want to find out how the case stands.

NARR: That's your first step. Talking to people at the welfare agency. Finding out what you want to know.

DOVE: I want to know how you can justify taking Kathy away from the Kenyons? Haven't they been good parents?

NARR: Your questions are blunt...pointed. The answers are evasive...uncomfortable...

DOVE: I asked you. Aren't they good parents?

NARR: They have to answer, "Yes, of course."

DOVE: Aren't they financially responsible?

NARR: "Well...yes..."

DOVE: Do you think it's good policy to take a child away from loving responsible parents and give her to strangers?

NARR: "Well, there are other factors."

DOVE: What? Name them.

NARR: And the circle goes round again. You talk to official after official...and finally...you get the truth you want...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

WHITNEY: Mr. Dove, I know you'll agree with me that this whole matter has been very unfortunate..

DOVE: That's hardly the word I'd use..

WHITNEY: The word doesn't matter. We felt we had two very fine people who wanted to adopt Kathy -- we were thinking of her.

DOVE: But ----

WHITNEY: Let me finish. We made a mistake, Mr. Dove. I admit that. If we were going to take Kathy away from the Kenyon's, we should have done it three years ago. It's too late now.

DOVE: Then you won't take her away?

WHITNEY: I can't say anything officially. But...I'm pretty sure we'll have to let the Kenyon's keep Kathy.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: So quickly. A triumph, won so quickly that the anger is still inside you. You throw yourself against a stone wall, Roger Dove, and found it wasn't there. ~~What is it you feel now? Gladness? of course. You can't put it in words.~~ But anyway....it's over. Time to turn to other things. Time to forget. Until...just before Easter....your phone rings...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(PHONE RING)

DOVE: (PICKING IT UP) Roger Dove...

MRS. K: (FILTER) (HYSTERICAL, ALMOST INCOHERENT THROUGH TEARS)

Mr. Dove...what am I going to do? They're going to  
take her away. They're coming to take <sup>Kathy</sup> her away!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR) *Tell me what can I do*

NARR: The drive to Tolland takes only a short while. <sup>Look</sup> Within  
~~a few hours~~ you stand in the Kenyon house...asking  
questions...

DOVE: What is it, Mr. Kenyon? What happened?

MATT: (TAUT) We got a letter this morning, Mr. Dove. No  
warning...nothing. Just the letter.

MRS. K: Show it to him.

MATT: Here. It says.. "This is to let you know we plan to  
move Kathy on Sunday, April 18, Easter DAY. Please  
have her things ready."

DOVE: ~~What else?~~

MATT: ~~Nothing else. That's all.~~

DOVE: ~~You mean... just those two sentences? Just like that?~~

MRS. K: ~~It came this morning... just two sentences... "We're  
going to move Kathy. Have her clothes ready."~~  
Like <sup>she</sup> it was a package had to be carted away.

DOVE: Easter Day. That doesn't give us much time to work.

DOVE: ~~You'll need a lawyer.~~

MATT: A lawyer? But I don't know --

DOVE: All right? I'll hire one for you...

MATT: ~~It's like I was frozen. I can't think....~~



MRS. K: (PANIC) What do I tell Kathy? How do I get her ready for this?

DOVE: Does she know anything about the possibility of moving, Mrs. Kenyon?

MRS. K: She doesn't even know she isn't our child.

DOVE: What?

MRS. K: We were going to tell her. We were going to wait until she was really ours, really adopted and safe and then we could tell her. I had a story all made up...about how we chose her from all the other babies in the --(BREAKS... THEN) What are we going to tell her now?

MATT: Laura...

DOVE: I've got to get back to the paper, Mrs. Kenyon. As I see it, the only plan that may work is to get the governor to order the welfare department to give Kathy to you. But before he'll do that -- before he can do that, he'll have to be convinced that it's right and that public opinion is behind you.

MATT: (DULL) How can we prove that? Who cares, except us?

DOVE: I think a lot of people will care. It's my job to make them care.

MATT: What can we do?

DOVE: For now it'll all come from my end. Except one thing.

MRS. K: What?

DOVE: (GENTLY). I think you ought to tell Kathy something -- don't you?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

MRS. K: Kathy, honey. I - I want to tell you ----a story.

KATHY: (ABOUT FOUR) ~~But Mommy, I have to play.~~

MRS. K: But this is a very important story, honey. Please.

KATHY: (PATIENT WITH ADULTS, SIGHS) All right. (EAGERLY) Is it about snakes? or cowboys?

MRS. K: No. It's about --little girls.

KATHY: Like me?

MRS. K: ~~Uh-huh.~~

KATHY: Okay. Start once upon a time.

MRS. K: Well ..this is really a story about how Mommies and Daddies sometimes get little girls to come and live with them.

KATHY: (SCORN) They don't get them. The children get born.

MRS. K: (CAREFULLY) Well, of course, the children have to get born first, honey. But ..they don't always stay in the same house where they were born.

KATHY: Why not?

MRS. K: (NEAR BREAKING POINT) Kathy ..why don't you just let me tell you the story?

KATHY: All right. But begin once upon a time..

MRS. K: Once upon a time, there was a Mommy and a Daddy. And even though they had some children, they wanted a new little girl so badly. And they had a wonderful idea. They would go to a place where they could get a little girl ..

KATHY: Like a store? A girl store?

MRS. K: Well, yes. So they went. And there, sleeping in a crib was the most beautiful little girl they ever saw in their lives and they took her home to love.

KATHY: Did they live on this street? Was the little girl like me?

MRS. K: Just exactly like you. (CRYING) In fact --her name was Kathy.

KATHY: Did her Mommy and Daddy like her?

MRS. K: They loved her. They loved her just as much as the children that were born to them --because they could pick her out from all the other little girls in the world.

KATHY: And her name was Kathy?

MRS. K: (LOW) Yes.

KATHY: (MATTER OF FACT) Gosh. I'm glad I'm not that Kathy.

MRS. K: But why, darling. I just told you *they loved*

KATHY: Oh, maybe it's all right, but I wouldn't want not to be borned to my Mommy and Daddy. Gosh, when you're not borned they can take you away. Jimmy next door told me that. But nobody can take me away because I was borned

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: How do ~~you~~ <sup>a mother</sup> find the words? How do ~~you~~ <sup>she</sup> find the words and the strength to go on to explain? You, Roger Dove, are busy looking for your own words ..setting them on paper ...for you have a story to tell too. The story of Kathy. Make it good, Roger Dove, make it strong, and true and human enough to touch hearts and cause voices to speak. You need these voices. Kathy needs them. For only the sound of many voices will reach to the right ears. (PAUSE) The story is written ..the sound of the voices begins.

MAX: (READING) "Thank you for telling us about Kathy and the incredible cruelty that faces her.

(MORE)

MAX: God bless you for trying to help. Kathy must stay with  
(CON'T) her family."

(MUSIC: STING)

DOVE: (READING) "I'm writing to ask what I can do to help.  
That little girl has got to stay home, where she belongs."

(MUSIC: STING)

MAX: "I'm telephoning the Governor. Tell others to do the  
same. We've got to help Kathy."

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT)

DOVE: Thousands of letters, <sup>Harry</sup> Max, and phone calls. And  
telegrams. And I've got word that they're flooding the  
Governor's office too.

MAX: It's what you wanted, Rog. You've done your job. Now  
it's up to the Governor. If he decides it's the thing  
to do ..he can overrule the welfare agency.

DOVE: My work isn't done until he does that. (WORRIED) And  
it all takes time, <sup>Harry</sup> Max. He'll need reports on the case  
..he'll have to move carefully. And the removal order  
is set for Easter. It's almost Easter now. It'll take  
a miracle to stop them in time.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MRS. K: I tried to tell her, Matt. I told her a story. She  
doesn't want to listen to what I'm saying. She knows I'm  
trying to tell her something, but she doesn't want to  
hear it.

MATT: She has to know, Laura. Time's running out. It's  
Easter tomorrow. Laura, we've got to tell Kathy --we've  
got to warn her a little ...

(DOOR SLAM)

KATHY: (CALLS) Mommy ...

MRS. K: In here, Kathy.

KATHY: (COMING ON, EXCITED, ALL IN ONE BREATH) Mommy, tomorrow's Easter and Jimmy next door says you have colored eggs and the Easter bunny hides candy and you find it and can I?

MATT: Kathy ....

KATHY: ~~Can I, Daddy?~~

MATT: ~~Not tomorrow, honey.~~

KATHY: ~~But tomorrow's Easter!~~

MRS. K: (SHAKILY) ~~I know.~~

KATHY: ~~Please. All the children are going to, and Cissy and Dad said they'd help me. Why can't I? (THEN A THOUGHT)~~ Wasn't I good?

MATT: Of course you were good, Kathy. It's not that.

KATHY: Then ...

MATT: (CUTS IN) Will you listen, honey?

KATHY: Are you going to tell me another story?

MATT: Well, sort of.

KATHY: (UPSET) I don't want to hear another story. I don't like those stories.

MRS. K: Kathy ..Daddy just wants to tell you that --you may have to go on a little trip tomorrow.

KATHY: Where?

MRS. K: Some people who love you very much are coming to see you.

KATHY: Do they love me more than you do?

MRS. K: Of course not. But ..

KATHY: Then don't make me go with them!

MATT: Kathy ..

KATHY: (AFRAID NOW) Jimmy next door said I wasn't yours and you were going to send me back.

MATT: Kathy ..

KATHY: (SOBBING) Please make me yours. Please don't send me back. Mommy --Daddy ...please make me yours.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Easter morning. No news. Go to the Kenyon home, Roger Dove. Wait there. Your mind is there ..your heart is there. Go and be with them. Sit with Mrs. Kenyon. Watch the steady constant clicking of her knitting needles. Glance at the silent telephone. And wait.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

MRS. K: (QUIET NOW, TENSE) Matt couldn't wait any more. He couldn't stand it. He went to Church again with Sissy and Bud.

DOVE: Where's Kathy?

MRS. K: I put her in the next room for a nap. She still wants an Easter egg hunt when she wakes up. I told her --we'd see.

(SILENCE AS KNITTING NEEDLES CLICK)

DOVE: (THEN) What're you <sup>knitting</sup> ~~making~~?

MRS. K: A sweater for Kathy. For school next year. I didn't know she --(STOPS) Maybe they'll let me send it to her.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS THE SHRILL RING OF THE TELEPHONE. SILENCE AS THEY LET IT RING, ONCE. TWICE ..)

DOVE: (GENTLE) The telephone, Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. K: (NOT MOVING) Yes.

(IT RINGS AGAIN)

MRS. K: (SIMPLY) I can't answer.

DOVE: Do you want me to?

MRS. K: (A WISPER) Please.

(STEPS TO PHONE, PHONE PICKED UP)

DOVE: Hello? (THEN) Who's calling Mrs. Kenyon, please?

(PAUSE. THEN, TO HER) It's the Welfare Agency.

MRS. K: (TAUT) Find out.

DOVE: (INTO PHONE) May I take a message for Mrs. Kenyon,  
please? (PAUSE) Yes?..... Are you absolutely sure?  
Thank you very much.

(PHONE UP)

MRS. K: Tell me.

DOVE: You can unpack Kathy's clothes, Mrs. Kenyon. You  
can finish the sweater.

MRS. K: (A CRY) Are you sure?

DOVE: There isn't any doubt. The agency didn't say it, but  
I'm sure this order comes from the Governor.

MRS. K: God bless him. And you.

DOVE: I'll take you to Church to tell your husband.

MRS. K: Let me just tell Kathy first.

(STEPS ACROSS FLOOR, DOOR OPEN, STEPS IN TO STOP)

MRS. K: Kathy?

KATHY: (SLEEPILY) Is my nap over? Can I get up?

MRS. K: Rest a little longer, sweetheart.

KATHY: But then I won't have time. You said maybe I could  
have time for an Easter egg hunt with Sissy and Bud  
before I have to go.

MRS. K: (THRU TEARS) You'll have <sup>time</sup> plenty of time, darling.  
You don't have to go anyplace.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Roger Dove of the Hartford Courant with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(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 Roger Dove of the Hartford, Connecticut Courant.

DOVE: Child in tonight's Big Story was not only allowed to remain at home, but ~~was recently adopted by foster parents~~ and is now legally and permanently member of family. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

*Harrice:*  
ANNCR:

Thank you, Mr. Dove. 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 Wichita Kansas Beacon by-line Del Carnes. The Big Story of a reporter who gambled his future against a convicts past.

(MUSIC: \_ STING)

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

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

BIG STORY

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 Hartford Courant. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and John McLiam played the part of Roger Dove. 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. Dove.

(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)

Ladies and Gentlemen, one tiny burning ember from a camp fire ... a lighted and discarded match or cigarette left to smolder or thrown from a car window can cause a frightfully destructive forest fire. So help prevent forest fires that destroy millions of acres of timberland ... cripple watersheds ... and blast our natural resources that are so urgently needed. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.

THIS IS NBC .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #349

CAST:

NARRATOR. . . . . BOB SLOANE  
DEL CARNES. . . . . BILL QUINN  
RITA. . . . . RITA LYNN  
LIEUT. SHEPARD. . . . . FRANK REUDICK  
MISS ANDERSON. . . . . ETHEL EVERETT  
NELSON, . . . . . JACK KLUGMAN  
LEVITT. . . . . JACK KLUGMAN  
MIKE. . . . . GEORGE MATTHEWS  
SAMMY. . . . . MAURICE GASFIELD

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1954

(DEL CARNES...WICHITA BEACON)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...SEQUE TO A PIANO TINKLING IN B.G.)

(NOTE: THE PIANO IS BEING PLAYED BY RITA...SHE  
NOODLES AS SHE TALKS TO CARNES)

RITA: You've got the wrong girl, Mister.

DEL: Carnes - the name is Del Carnes. Frankie says he was  
with you.

RITA: I sing for a living...play the piano.

DEL: He was identified at the scene of the hold-up.

RITA: Do you like "Where or When?"

(MUSIC: BARS OF WHERE OR WHEN IN B.G.)

DEL: If he can't prove he was with you, they'll send him  
away for good.

RITA: Someday I'm going to New York. Maybe into a Broadway  
show.

DEL: He's already got two convictions against him.

RITA: That's too bad.

DEL: Without you his alibi won't hold. Were you with him?

RITA: Me? I wouldn't be caught dead with an ex-con!

(MUSIC: STING AND BRIDGE UNDER)

ANNCR: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Wichita, Kansas. 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 Wichita Beacon...the story of a  
reporter who gambled his future against a convict's  
past. Tonight, to Del Carnes of the Wichita Beacon,  
for his BIG STORY, goes the Pell Mell \$500 award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #349  
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.

(MORE)



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: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Wichita, Kansas. The story as it actually happened.  
Del Carne's story...as he lived it!

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

NARR: You, Del Carnes, cover the crime beat. You're young enough to get a kick out of your press card but old enough not to get much of a kick out of people. The line-up, night court, and the big tank in the city jail killed a lot of your dreams. Today starts out like yesterday - you walk over to police headquarters... watch the desk sergeant cheat at solitaire...and then walk into Lieutenant Shepard's office. You walk right into your big story.

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

(DOOR OPEN)

DEL: Busy, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: Yes! (BEAT) Now, Miss Anderson, let's go over it once more.

ANDERSON: Who is he?

LIEUT: Del Carnes of the Beacon.

ANDERSON: That's different.

DEL: Some people, Lieutenant, have a proper respect for the press.

LIEUT: I'm in no mood for jokes, Del...come in and shut the door!

(DOOR CLOSES)

LIEUT: *Go ahead* ~~Miss Anderson, it's important that you tell me everything you remember about the holdup.~~

ANDERSON: Yes sir. (MORE)

ANDERSON: I was lying on the floor...tied up, of course...but not  
(CONT) blindfolded. I saw him go through the cash drawer and  
the safe...it was open at the time.

LIEUT: Why?

ANDERSON: Because I was totaling up the day's receipts.

LIEUT: Go ahead.

ANDERSON: ~~He stole over a thousand dollars.~~

LIEUT: ~~You say you got a good look at him?~~

ANDERSON: I watched him for ten minutes. I'll never forget him..  
never in a million years. He was about five feet ten..  
he weighed about one hundred and sixty. Young man...  
maybe thirty years old. ~~Land sakes...man of that age~~  
~~should have been out earning a living.~~

LIEUT: What was he wearing?

ANDERSON: A tan straw hat...horn rimmed glasses...green water  
repellant jacket and brown summer shoes. They needed  
a shine.

LIEUT: Did he have any identifying scars?

ANDERSON: None that I could see.

LIEUT: Anything outstanding about his face? Large nose? Thin  
mouth? Eyes?

ANDERSON: He had a mean face.

LIEUT: Anything else you can remember?

ANDERSON: He told me to lie still for five minutes after he left  
he told me he'd kill me if I didn't.

LIEUT: I see.

ANDERSON: I watched the clock for five minutes.

LIEUT: And then?

ANDERSON: I did what any sensible person would do...I screamed.

LIEUT: Thank you, Miss Anderson. If there's anything else you  
remember please call me.

ANDERSON: I will. *Goodbye*  
(SCRAPING OF CHAIR)

~~I expect you to catch that man, Lieutenant!~~

LIEUT: We'll do our best.  
(A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

ANDERSON: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Mister Carnes?

DEL: Yes?

ANDERSON: ~~You do know how to spell Anderson, don't you?~~

DEL: Yes, mam.  
(COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

LIEUT: I don't call that proper respect.

DEL: Mind if I use your phone?

LIEUT: Go ahead.  
(DIAL OF PHONE)

DEL: Seventh robbery in the last three weeks.

LIEUT: Your paper hasn't let us forget.

DEL: Where does she work?

LIEUT: Acme Loan Office...it's federally insured....the F.B.I.  
will handle this. *got away with better than \$1000.*

DEL: (INTO PHONE) Carnes...give me rewrite! (TO LIEUT) What  
time did it happen?

LIEUT: Six-fifteen.

DEL: (INTO PHONE) Rewrite? (BEAT) Here's your lead. ~~Still~~  
~~Open Season in Wichita!~~ *robbed* the Acme Loan office was held

~~up at~~ six fifteen...better than a thousand dollars  
stolen...a Miss Anderson (BEAT) A-N-D-E-R-S-O-N..was

Del: *Promise Quick Arrest!* *Police*

DEL: (INTO PHONE) Hold it a second. (TO LIEUT) What?

LIEUT: ~~Give us a break...take the needle out.~~

DEL: Seven robberies, remember?

LIEUT: You've been riding us pretty hard...give us a couple of days.

DEL: O.K. (TO REWRITE) On that lead...soften it...yeah... I'll be over in ten minutes with the whole story.

(HANG UP PHONE)

LIEUT: Thanks.

DEL: Don't mention it.

LIEUT: At least we've got an accurate description.

DEL: ~~All you've got to do now...is find him!~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: You go back to your office and you write the story. It's just another robbery <sup>in a series of robberies</sup> It's just another half column but two days later you get a call to rush to police headquarters....they want to see you at the line-up!

(MUSIC: OUT)

LIEUT: I didn't want you to miss this, Carnes.

DEL: I've seen a line-up, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: You remember Miss Anderson?

DEL: Sure.

ANDERSON: Isn't it wonderful, Mister Carnes...only two days.

LIEUT: (UP) Alright, Sergeant...have the four men step up on the platform!

DEL: What's the word, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: I'll let you know in a minute. (BEAT) Miss Anderson, look at those four men. Recognize any of them?

ANDERSON: Well...the one on the far right...I think I recognize him!

LIEUT: (UP) You...Frankie Nelson...say "Keep still for five minutes!"

NELSON: (OFF...A LITTLE LOW) Keep still for five minutes!

LIEUT: (UP) Louder, Nelson! So we can hear you!

NELSON: Keep still for five minutes!

ANDERSON: Yes..that certainly sounds like him.

LIEUT: Then you'd say that's the man who held you up?

ANDERSON: Yes, I think it was! (BEAT) I'm sure it was! That's the man, alright. Never forget him in a million years!

LIEUT: (UP) Sergeant, let the other three go! Book Nelson!

NELSON: (UP...OFF AND FADING) Hey, what's goin' on here...who is that dame? What has she got against...

LIEUT: ~~I said give us a couple of days, Carnes. It's exactly two days.~~

DEL: ~~I'll print it.~~

LIEUT: Miss Anderson, the district attorney's office will be in touch with you.

ANDERSON: Man should be sent to jail threatening innocent people.. sent to jail.

LIEUT: Yes, mam. We'll be in touch with you.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING OFF)

DEL: ~~What do you think, Lieutenant?~~

LIEUT: ~~About what?~~

DEL: *You think* Nelson, ~~think~~ he did it?

LIEUT: I'm a cop, Carnes...I'm paid to catch 'em...the D.A.'s ~~earn his salary by convicting~~ *paid 50* them.

DEL: ~~Will he~~ *will he* get a conviction?

LIEUT: Think anybody will break through her identification?

DEL: No.

FRANKIE: ~~Some help I'll get. You get your story and you'll~~  
~~forget I'm alive.~~ Get this straight, Carnes...the cops  
got the wrong guy.

DEL: A lot of people figure you for a wrong guy.

FRANKIE: So what?

DEL: You've got quite a background. You seem to have made a  
career out of pushing people around.

FRANKIE: That's my business.

DEL: That's where you're wrong, Frankie...the police think  
it's their business.

FRANKIE: I can take care of myself.

DEL: That's not what the police think.

FRANKIE: I don't need anybody!

DEL: They think you need a good lawyer.

(MUSIC: STING AND THEN BRIDGE)

NARR: You leave the prison and you walk. The viciousness of  
Frankie Nelson has eaten into you. He gets his kicks  
out of inflicting pain...out of beating up people who  
can't hit back. You want to get the taste out of your  
mouth so you walk the mile and a half to your room.  
You walk and hope that the night air will help.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT...IN THE CLEAR)

(A CAR PULLS UP ALONG SIDE HIM...STOPS...THE  
MOTOR IDLES)

MIKE: (UP AND SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

DEL: Yeah?

MIKE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Come here.

DEL: What do you want?

MIKE: CLOSER.

(A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MIKE: You Del Carnes?

DEL: Yes.

DEL: Who are you?

MIKE: Grapevine says you were talking to Frankie this afternoon.

DEL: Mike Ryan...I saw you in the line-up. How come they let you go?

MIKE: That ain't a smart thing to say.

DEL: I'm tired, Ryan...if you've got anything to say, say it!

MIKE: I was with Frankie Nelson in St. <sup>Joe</sup> Joseph.

DEL: What?

MIKE: Me and Frankie...<sup>we pals</sup> we were in St. Joe when that hold-up took place.

DEL: Why don't you tell the cops?

MIKE: My word isn't exactly...a...let's say me and the cops don't see eye to eye.

DEL: Why should I believe you?

MIKE: I can prove it.

~~DEL: Why?~~

MIKE: I'm a friend of Frankie's...we were in Quentin together.

DEL: It's nice to know that Frankie's got one friend.

MIKE: You don't have to like him reporter...

DEL: He doesn't mean anything to me...just another hood.

MIKE: In all the movies I've seen...a reporter gets a chance at a story ... he jumps at it.

~~DEL: You can prove he was in St. Joe?~~



MIKE:

~~Yeah,~~ Interested?

DEL:

It's a five hour ride. *to St. Joe.*

MIKE:

We can leave tomorrow...say 4 o'clock?

DEL:

I don't like your friend, Ryan. I don't like you either.

MIKE:

Tomorrow? 4 o'clock?

DEL:

*Okay* Pick me up outside the paper.

MIKE:

~~Like I said...~~ You reporters would axe your own mother for a story.

DEL:

~~You're wrong, Ryan.~~

MIKE:

It's a five hour drive. Why you goin' to all the trouble? You got a friend in St. Joe?

DEL:

~~No...but maybe Frankie Nelson has.~~

(MUSIC: --- STING AND UNDER BRIDGE)

NARR:

You don't like Frankie Nelson and it bothers you. *Best*  
reporter isn't supposed to care one way or the other for anybody ... all that's important is the truth. So he's a heel but supposing he didn't do it? ~~The next day you watch the clock until 4...walk out on the street...get into a car...and you and Mike Ryan don't say a half a dozen words for five hours. You don't say half a dozen words until you get to a bowling alley in St. Joe.~~

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(BOWLING ALLEY SOUND PATTERN IN B.G.)

DEL:

Remember, Ryan...I'll ask the questions. You just sit and keep your mouth shut.

MIKE:

Here...we were right ~~at~~ *in* this bowling alley when the hold-up took place.

DEL: You told me that.

MIKE: Last Thursday...were right here at six-fifteen.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)

SAMMY: (FADES IN) Sorry I had to keep you waiting...phone call.

DEL: I understand.

SAMMY: Hy, Ryan...where you been the last couple of days?

MIKE: Busy.

DEL: I'm from the Wichita Beacon...name is Del Carnes.

SAMMY: Glad to meet you. I'm Sammy Charles!

DEL: ~~I see you've met Milton Ryan.~~

SAMMY: ~~Yeah.~~

DEL: Do you know a friend of <sup>Ryan's</sup> ~~his~~...Frankie Nelson?

SAMMY: Nelson? Guy about five ten...weighs ... oh...hundred and fifty...

DEL: That's close enough.

SAMMY: Yeah, I know him. (BEAT) A second. (UP) Pin boy! Alley two! (BEAT) Got the laziest kids in the world.

DEL: Do you remember seeing Frankie and Mike in here last week?

SAMMY: Last week...yeah...it was a slow week...I remember them.

MIKE: ~~You bowled us for a round of beer, remember?~~

SAMMY: ~~I said I remember.~~

DEL: ~~When?~~

SAMMY: (UP) Pin boy! Alley two! (BEAT) ~~weir~~...they were in on Wednesday....for about two hours.

DEL: Go on.

SAMMY: And then again on Friday.

MIKE: What about Thursday? We were here on Thursday!

DEL: There was a robbery in Wichita on Thursday at six  
fifteen in the evening.

SAMMY: Didn't see it in the St. Joe papers.

MIKE: He's lyin'!

DEL: Shut up, Ryan!

SAMMY: If that's all you want?

DEL: You're sure they weren't here on Thursday.

SAMMY: That's what I said.

MIKE: We bowled ya for beer!

SAMMY: Not me, Mike...I don't drink beer.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(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: UP AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You get Ryan out of there before he tears the joint apart. You get him out on the street and you lay into him. You eat him out, but good. He takes it for awhile and then starts talking fast - Talks fast enough to make you admit it was a long drive - To make you willing to drive the alibi out in the clear or just bury it. He gets behind the wheel and you head for a motel.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(CRICKETS AND NIGHT NOISES IN B.G.)

(FOOTSTEPS...A FEW ON GRASS)

DEL: (OVER ABOVE) I feel like I'm being taken, Ryan.

MIKE: This place...this is where we slept on Thursday night.

DEL: We'll see.

(OUT ON FOOTSTEPS...KNOCK ON DOOR)

MIKE: ~~The guy~~  
~~old man~~ goes to bed early.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

LEVITT: (MUFFLED) All filled up!

DEL: (UP) Mister Levitt!

LEVITT: (MUFFLED) Go away..allfilled up!

DEL: (UP) I want to talk to you!

(DOOR OPENS)

LEVITT: Young fella, don't you understand English? Said I was all filled up!

DEL: My name is Del Carnes...Wichita Beacon. I'd like to ask you a few questions.

LEVITT: Come in...come in...letting a million mosquitos in!

(DOOR CLOSSES)

LEVITT: ~~Now what is this about the Wichita Beacon? I got the~~  
(CONT'D) ~~St. Joe paper...enough for one man.~~

DEL: Do you recognize this man?

LEVITT: Him?

MIKE: You remember me, Mister Levitt...me and my pal had  
cabin two.

LEVITT: You owe me two dollars.

MIKE: We paid you.

LEVITT: Two dollars. Burned a hole in a sheet with a cigarette.  
Beer cans all over the place...cigarette butts...  
where'd you live, ~~young man~~ in a barn?

MIKE: Well, Carnes?

DEL: Mister Levitt...when were these two men here?

LEVITT: Get to you, later...how about my two dollars?

MIKE: For what?

LEVITT: For the sheet you burned! I run a respectable place  
here...expect folks to treat my cabins like their  
own home.

DEL: Here's two dollars.

LEVITT: You a friend of his?

DEL: No...

LEVITT: Must e been brought up in a barn...pig pen.

DEL: When were they here.

LEVITT: Well...checked in Wednesday afternoon...

DEL: I see...

LEVITT: Tried to sneak out Thursday morning without payin' but  
I caught 'em. Got to pay in advance. Everybody got  
to pay in advance.

DEL: Did you see them Thursday afternoon or evening?

LEVITT: ~~Go to bed at nine...don't smoke or drink!~~ Didn't see  
them until <sup>Thursday</sup> Friday morning. Made 'em pay in advance.

DEL: You'll swear that you saw them Thursday morning?

LEVITT: ~~Don't swear either.~~

DEL: ~~I mean...your word.~~

LEVITT: ~~Young man,~~ anything wrong with your hearin'? I said  
I saw 'em Thursday morning!

DEL: Thank you, Mister Levitt.

LEVITT: Got to go to bed. If you need me to testify...got to  
have a day's notice...place won't run itself.

DEL: Goodbye and thanks.

(DOOR OPEN)

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL..ON MIKE)

DEVITT: (OFF AND UP) Don't walk on the grass..just seeded it!

DEL: (UP AND ON) We won't.

MIKE: Two bucks for that lousy sheet...what a holdup.

DEL: It was well worth the price.

MIKE: Only 'cause Frankie walked off with a couple of towels.

(MUSIC: STING THEN UNDER)

NARR: ~~Frankie is the type to walk off with anything that~~  
~~doesn't belong to him...but his ability to make friends~~  
~~is no concern of yours.~~ It looks as though he was  
in St. Joe that morning...but he still could have gotten  
to Wichita in plenty of time to hold up the loan office.  
You lay it out for Ryan who has been sitting and  
thinking...thinking of anyone else who could establish  
Nelson's alibi. Then he remembers ~~Rita and the two~~  
~~of you head for~~ a nightclub and a girl singer named  
Rita. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

~~You make Ryan stay at the bar and you walk over and  
make small talk as she needles at the piano. After a  
few minutes you get to the point and her charm begins to  
wear thin.~~

RITA: Didn't you hear what I said?

DEL: Sure...but Ryan says you and your sister had drinks  
with them.

RITA: He's wrong.

DEL: He's over at the bar...care to tell him he's wrong?

RITA: I told you before, reporter...I wouldn't be caught  
dead with an ex-con.

DEL: Couldn't we go over to a booth and talk?

RITA: The boss likes me to play for the customers.

DEL: It means a lot to Frankie Nelson...if he can prove he  
was with you at nine last Thursday night.

RITA: Like to help but no dice.

DEL: Well, thanks anyway. I'll see that you get a nice  
write up.

RITA: Don't do me any favors, huh? Just forget you ever  
saw me.

DEL: Where's your husband, Rita?

RITA: You're kind of nosey!

DEL: I'll give you a big write-up! You'd like that...help

RITA: <sup>your career!</sup>  
~~no story~~ *Just no write-up* and maybe -

(STILL NOODLING AT PIANO)

DEL: Just a few answers. That's all I want.

RITA: The F.B.I. was in a couple of hours ago. I told  
them I was with Frankie Nelson...

DEL: I see.



RITA: My husband is overseas... ~~I've got a three year old girl.~~

DEL: How long did you spend with Frankie?

RITA: An hour...maybe an hour and a half. We just sat at the bar and talked. Honest, Mister...that's all that happened.

DEL: What time?

RITA: Like to say 9 but I can't - it was 11 - 11 until Midnite, maybe twelve-thirty. My husband is jealous... he hears of this he'll <sup>kill me</sup> take my kid.

DEL: No, story.

RITA: Promise?

DEL: I'm trying to clear a guy, that's all.

RITA: I didn't know Frankie Nelson was a <sup>ex-con</sup> criminal. We just sat and had some drinks. My husband's been away three years. It's no crime to talk to someone is it?

DEL: No.

RITA: 3 years. That's a long time to be alone.

(MUSIC: TAG AND UNDER)

NARR: You try to explain to Ryan that a fast car could cover the distance in four and a half hours. That in spite of the people who say they were with <sup>Nelson</sup> Frankie...he could still have pulled the job. Ryan tells you that they went to a movie in the afternoon...it was hot. Then they bowled and went to another movie until eleven. It's no alibi and you know it. It won't hold water unless they can prove Nelson was at the bowling alley. So...Ryan talks and you listen and go back and talk to the owner of the bowling alley again.

(BOWLING ALLEY IN B.G.)

SAMMY: ~~I want to help you...but I can't.~~

DEL: You're positive about the days?

SAMMY: I'm positive.

DEL: If we can place him here at the time of the robbery.

SAMMY: Look, Mister, I understand your position and I'd like to help him. I don't want to send a guy to stir.

DEL: ~~I told Ryan but he insisted they were here.~~

SAMMY: Maybe it was a different bowling alley.

DEL: How about it, Ryan?

MIKE: We were here!

SAMMY: I read <sup>your</sup> the story, Mister Carnes...~~the one you wrote.~~

~~Nice writing.~~

DEL: ~~Thanks.~~

SAMMY: Wasn't smart of this Nelson. Guy takes a big chance. buckin' the F.B.I. Too tough a mark.

DEL: We're wastin' our time, Ryan.

MIKE: Maybe.

DEL: You've been a big help, <sup>to Ryan</sup>...~~sorry~~ to have bothered you, <sup>Sammy</sup>

SAMMY: Anytime. Care to bowl a line or two?

DEL: Thanks but we've got a long drive.

SAMMY: Drop in any time you're in St. Joe. Sorry about this con but I can't alibi him.

MIKE: Now I know!

DEL: Huh?

MIKE: Now it figures. Hey, Sammy!

SAMMY: What?

MIKE: You got a record...you've done time.

SAMMY: Listen Ryan, be careful how you talk. I'm sorry I can't help your friend but that's no reason to insult a man.

MIKE: Listen to me Carnes...listen close. Remember what he said? Won't send a guy to 'stir'...called him a 'con... wouldn't 'alibi' him. Average guy calls it 'jail'... calls a man a convict...

DEL: How about it, Sammy?

SAMMY: I'm kind of busy, Mister Carnes...

MIKE: ~~We got you cold turkey!~~

DEL: Frankie Nelson is in trouble...seventy years worth.

SAMMY: It's not my fault.

MIKE: Levenworth...you did time at Levenworth!

SAMMY: O.K., so I did time...so I paid off and as far as I'm concerned that settles it.

DEL: Nobody's implicating you in anything.

SAMMY: And nobody is going to. I don't want anything to do with trials or courts or anybody's trouble.

DEL: How long did you spend in jail?

SAMMY: Enough.

DEL: Wasn't very pleasant, was it Sammy?

SAMMY: What do you want, the story of my life? You want to know how many steps up...how many across...how many times I walked that cell? Listen, Mister, all I want is to forget! That isn't askin' too much, is it?

DEL: *fxs* Going to make <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ tough sleeping nights if you ~~the cause of sending~~ <sup>would</sup> another man <sup>that</sup> to the same kind of life.

SAMMY: All I want is to be left alone. ~~I'm legitimate now... run a business...got friends...respected...I worked hard.~~

DEL: They'll put him away for ever. ~~Nobody can make you testify...~~ *it's up to you. do stop them*

SAMMY: Maybe somebody else...D.A. fluds out I got a record.. starts hammering...who's going to believe what I say?  
(BEAT) All I want is a break.

DEL: That's all Frankie Nelson wants.

SAMMY: O.K...he was here.

MIKE: What I tell you!

DEL: Can you prove it, Sammy?

SAMMY: Just my word.

DEL: Did anything happen...

SAMMY: What happens in a bowling alley? The same thing every night...night in and...wait a minute. When I beat you for beer, Ryan...who went to the bar for it?

MIKE: Frankie.

SAMMY: And he made a pass at the waitress?

MIKE: Yeah...and she slapped him and he dropped the beer.

SAMMY: She'll remember him.

DEL: Thanks.

SAMMY: Gonns print it in the paper ...

DEL: That's right.

SAMMY: I'd appreciate it if you didn't talk about me too much.

DEL: Story is going to make swell reading. So far, the only person wants publicity is Miss Anderson.

SAMMY: ~~Who is she?~~

DEL: ~~That's what my managing editor is going to ask.~~

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

NARR: You drive back to Wichita and you even began to like Mike Ryan. This is going to be a story that is going to call for a byline. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You still don't like Frankie Nelson but you're convinced he's innocent. Only one problem, Miss Anderson. Your witness' are a little reluctant to get their names in the paper and they might be a little reluctant to testify. A singer <sup>with a yellow husband</sup> ~~who doesn't want her husband to find out she spends an hour and a half at a bar...an~~ ex-con who can't fight his past...both against a woman who has ~~lived in Wichita her entire life...~~ ~~woman who~~ has a reputation like Caesar's wife...above reproach.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ OUT)

DEL: Miss Anderson, I have witness' who will swear that Frankie Nelson was in St. Joe at the time of the robbery, doesn't that mean anything to you?

ANDERSON: Means that somebody has made a mistake.

DEL: The shock of being held-up...I'm sure everyone will understand.

ANDERSON: Young man...when I say something, I mean it. The man who held me up is this Frankie Nelson. ~~Only your word against mine and I'm a lot older than you. Besides, who was held up?~~

DEL: But these people in St. Joe...

ANDERSON: Don't care much for the people in St. Joe. I've lived in Wichita all my life. Just ask anybody...ask anybody about Laura Anderson.

DEL: I think he's innocent.

ANDERSON: It isn't for me to say if the man is guilty or not. Court will decide that.

DEL: Then you are going to testify.

ANDERSON: Said I was.

DEL: Isn't there a possibility you might have made a mistake?  
That he only looks like the man who held you up?

ANDERSON: Mister Carnes, he looks exactly like the man who held  
me up!

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

~~DEL:~~ *Narr.* She won't budge and you know it. You go to your paper...  
write your story and put in a call to the state appointed  
attorney ~~whose job it is~~ *who has* to defend Nelson. You tell  
him about Miss Anderson's stand - and what you've  
found in St. Joe. ~~He spends ten minutes just thanking~~  
~~you.~~ It's eleven o'clock the following night before  
you begin to relax. You go into a diner and ~~the other~~  
~~reporters needle you about buckin' for a Pulitzer~~  
~~prize and you take the ride and enjoy it.~~ You settle  
down to your coffee and reread your story ~~for the~~  
~~tenth time~~ when Lieutenant Shepard walks over.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

LIEUT: ~~Mind if I sit down?~~

DEL: Read my story?

LIEUT: Yeah.

DEL: ~~What do you think?~~

LIEUT: The F.B.I. isn't going to file any federal charges. *Del*  
~~We checked those witnesses you found in St. Joe...~~  
~~they came through with sworn affidavits. We let him~~  
go.

DEL: He was innocent.

LIEUT: That's why we let him go.

DEL: Real tough boy, isn't he?

LIEUT: Me, I don't go for the type. But the law isn't interested in a man's personality...just his guilt or innocence. ~~He left first...Must be late.~~ He's half way to St. Joe by now.

DEL: Nice of him to stop by and say goodbye. Wonder if he saw the story?

LIEUT: He saw it.

DEL: You sure?

LIEUT: I'm sure. Before he left...he stole the newspaper off my desk.

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

ANNCR: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Del Carnes of the Wichita Beacon, with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING 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)

ANNCR: Now we read you that telegram from Del Carnes of the  
Wichita Beacon.

DEL: Nelson innocent of charge in Wichita and released would  
like to say he reformed but impossible. Within a month  
was arrested in California... *convicted and now serving*  
*time in San Quentin* ~~and at this moment awaiting~~  
~~TRIST.~~ My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL  
Award.

*Chappell*  
ANNCR:

Thank you, Mister Carnes...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 Winston  
Salem, N.C. Twin City Sentinel by-line Bill McIlwain.  
The Big Story of a reporter who ran a one man crusade  
and broke a vicious racket with one weapon...courage.

(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 David P. Harmon from an actual story from the pages of the Wichita Kansas Beacon. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Bill Quinn played the part of Del Carnes. 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. Carnes.

(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)

*Cy,*

Ladies and Gentlemen - One of our greatest national hazards is fire ... fire that destroys millions of dollars worth of property and takes thousands of lives each year. Don't let your home be a fire trap! Make certain all electrical appliances are in order. Don't smoke in bed ... Be careful with inflammables. Don't give fire a place to start.  
THIS IS NBC .... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

SA/TB

BTX01 0008642

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #350

CAST

NARRATOR  
BILL McILWAIN  
AL  
ART  
BOSS  
STEVE  
RED  
MR. TORRANCE  
GREENE

BOB SLOANE  
MICHAEL HIGGINS  
COURT BENSON  
JOE HELGESEN  
LARRY HAINES  
BOBBY READICK  
SAM RASKYN  
ELIOT SHARPE  
ELIOT SHARPE

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1954

ATX01 0008643

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(TRUCK UNDER, MOVING FAST)

RED: (TENSE) Steve!

STEVE: Yeah, Red?

RED: That police car on our tail's moving up fast. What  
are we gonna do?

STEVE: Only one thing to do. Jump outa the truck and head  
for the woods....

RED: But how... ?

STEVE: ~~See that hill ahead?~~ We'll get off at the top, <sup>of this hill</sup> and  
let the truck roll down. The cop'll follow it, and  
we can make our getaway...

RED: But there are houses ~~all~~ <sup>there</sup> down ~~that hill~~. And the  
truck'll be running wild....

STEVE: So what? We gotta look out for ourselves, don't we?  
(TENSE) Okay. Here's the top of the hill. Open the  
door...(PAUSE AND HARSH) Go on, Stupid! Open it!

(DOOR OPEN...WHINE OF WIND IN)

STEVE: All right! (YELLS) Let's go!

(TRUCK NOISE UP STEADY FOR A MOMENT. THEN IT  
STARTS TO BOUNCE IN CRAZY PATTERN. IT CAREENS AS  
IT GATHERS SPEED, BOUNCING. FINALLY, THERE IS A  
GREAT CRASH, SMASHING OF WOOD AS CAR PLOUGHS INTO  
HOUSE.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. 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 Twin City Sentinel, the story of a reporter who ran a one man crusade, and broke a vicious racket with one weapon... courage!! Tonight, to Bill McIllwain of the Winston-Salem Twin-City Sentinel, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #350  
VERSION III

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, chose 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  
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 UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The story as it actually happened. Bill McIlwain's story, as he lived it.

NARR: You're Bill McIlwain of the Winston-Salem Twin-City Sentinel. Around Forsythe County they've tabbed you as an easy-going, good natured, kind of guy. And it's true. You've got no grudge against the world, you like it as it is. Live and let live. You like a good time as well as the next man, and above all, you're no blue-nosed reformer. But right now, on this cold December morning, you're a little irritated at a particular situation. And you work it off on your editor, Al Hendryx.....

BILL: Al, let me ask you a question.

AL: Yeah?

BILL: Why is Forsythe County bone dry? Why can't they sell liquor here?

AL: Because there's a law.

BILL: But you can buy whiskey legally in <sup>plenty</sup> ~~a number~~ of counties in North Carolina.

AL: I keep telling you. There's a law.

BILL: Okay. Only the law doesn't work. You know it and I know it, and even the village idiot knows it. You can walk into any roadside joint, garage or restaurant and buy as much booze as you want. Why, in <sup>this</sup> ~~Forsythe~~ County, bootlegging's practically an honest living.

AL: So?



BILL: So if it's a bad law, why doesn't somebody repeal it? Set up legal ABC stores. We could use the tax money for better schools, better roads, better hospitals. As it is now every dime spent for whiskey goes into the pockets of the hoodlums who control the bootlegging racket. And get this. Who do you think keeps them in business?

AL: The customers.

BILL: Don't be funny. It's a lot of honest citizens, who happen to be teetotalers. Their instincts are good, but their logic is crazy. They don't realize that when they vote to keep Forsythe County dry, they're keeping a lot of crooks in blondes and Cadillacs.

AL: Okay. You're right. But what can you do about it, Bill? What can I do about it.

BILL: I don't know, I don't know. If the law worked, that's one thing. But this ---,

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

AL: Hendryx, city desk. Yes? What? Where? Okay. I'll send a man right down....

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

AL: Bill, get your hat and ~~tail~~<sup>get</sup> out of here.

BILL: Where?

AL: City hospital.

BILL: Why?

AL: A couple of runners trying to get away from a prowler car let a booze truck run wild down a hill.

BILL: And? *what happened*

AL: ~~And~~ the truck smashed through the side of a house,  
Critically injured a woman named Edna Pearson.  
Not only that, the booze runners made a clean getaway!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You see the broken body of the woman. The Doctor  
tells you she's got a 50-50 chance to live, no more.  
You come out of the room doing a slow burn, Bill  
McIllwain, and in the corridor you meet Police Captain  
Art Burgess.

BILL: Art, I don't know. I don't know. A woman sits  
in her living room, safest place in the world,  
you'd figure, and look what happens.

ART: Yeah. This time it was a truck. Next time, it'll be one  
of those souped-up cars they've been using to get past  
our patrols. Next time it'll be some poor kid playing in  
the street, or maybe you. Or me. Or anybody.

BILL: Art, I tell you something's got to be done.

ART: Yeah, but what?

BILL: It's that dry law. It's all wrong.

ART: Yeah. But I'm a cop. My business is to try and  
enforce it. Only thing that can repeal that law,  
Bill, is public opinion.

BILL: Okay. I'm a reporter. I'm gonna make it my job.

ART: ~~What are you talking about?~~

BILL: Public opinion.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

AL: Bill, I just finished reading this story you wrote.

BILL: How do you like it, Al?

AL: It's gonna raise some blisters.

BILL: You should've seen that woman, Mrs. Pearson. She had a lot worse than blisters.

AL: You sure you want us to print this?

BILL: I didn't write it for my health.

AL: It may affect your health.

BILL: How?

AL: Because you're sticking your neck out. You may get it chopped off. A lot of important parties in Forsythe County aren't going to like this.

BILL: No, maybe not. But I hope a lot of decent people will. And this is just the beginning, Al.

AL: What do you mean?

BILL: I figure on writing an article a day on this bootlegging racket. I'm going to prove that you can walk in almost anywhere and buy a bottle of booze. I'm going to name names and places. I figure that once the public realizes how ~~ineffective~~ <sup>useless</sup> this Law is, they'll get rid of it.

AL: Yeah, if somebody doesn't get rid of you first.

BILL: All I want to know is, do I get the space or don't I?

AL: (A BEAT) Okay. You get the space. <sup>But</sup> And I hope it doesn't measure 6 feet by 4 in the cemetery.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

STEVE: You wanted to see us, Boss?

BOSS: Yes.

RED: What about?

BOSS: You read that story in the Sentinel?

STEVE: Yeah, we read it.

BOSS: Did you have to ~~ditch~~ <sup>jump out</sup> that truck at the top of the hill? How stupid can you be? Didn't you realize ~~the~~ <sup>it would crash</sup> truck might've ~~smashed~~ into one of those houses and hurt somebody?

RED: We couldn't help it.

BOSS: (JEERS) You couldn't help it, you couldn't help it.

STEVE: We had to get rid of that booze, Boss.

BOSS: I don't care about the booze. There's always more where that came from. The point is, a story like this is bad for business. This reporter McIllwain's liable to wake the suckers up. That goes for the reformers and bluenoses too. And if the holler gets loud enough, we're through.

STEVE: What do you want us to do?

BOSS: I want the suckers to go back to sleep. I want them to go back to their Christams shopping and their Bowling and their Sunday Driving, and not think about us. As long as they stay asleep we'll be able to operate.

RED: What do we care what they think?

BOSS: You ~~don't understand~~ <sup>for</sup>. It's a matter of politics. Some of the best people in town are on our side. I wouldn't want them to get restless just because a couple of stupid blockheads like you two put this woman in the hospital. Understand?

STEVE: Yeah. We get it.

BOSS: All right. Tell the boys to be careful from here  
in. Very careful!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bill McIlwain, begin to name names and places.  
Places where you yourself walked in and bought a  
bottle of whiskey and no questions asked. Stories  
like this....

(TYPEWRITER CLICKING IN B.G.)

BILL: At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I walked in the  
Crossroads Garage and bought a bottle of whisky..  
I paid \$7.00 for a fifth. The whiskey proved to be  
White Liquor sometimes called "White Mule." The  
homemade mash of White Liquor often contains lye,  
bleaching agents fertilizer and just plain country dirt.  
When will this all stop? When will the citizens of  
Forsythe County realize that a bad law is worse  
than no law at all?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Place after place, name after name. And people start  
to discuss the liquor traffic on every corner, in every  
home and barbershop. And then one night, in a Diner on  
the road to Kernersville, you talk to a counterman named  
Greene....

(MUSIC: OFF AND BEHIND. JUKE BOX.)

GREENE: What'd you say your name was, Mister?

BILL: McIlwain.

GREENE: What can I do for you?

BILL: I'm interested in buying a little Rye.

GREENE: I can let you have a few bottles.

BILL: I'm talking about a few cases.

GREENE: I don't have that much in stock.

BILL: Look, Maybe you can help me out. You see, I'm a salesman and I need the stuff to hand out as Christmas presents for my customers. If you could tell me where I could pick it up....

GREENE: (DOUBTFULLY) Well, I don't know...

BILL: There's 20 Bucks in it.

GREENE: 20 Bucks?

BILL: I need that liquor bad.

GREENE: Well look, McMillain. I think maybe I can help you out. Only ~~for Pete's sake,~~ keep this under your hat. Now here's the story you go to----

(MUSIC: -- FADDED MUSIC SNEAK)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

-ATX *Carl*: Captain <sup>*Rufus*</sup> Hendryx, Headquarters.

BILL: (FILTER) <sup>*Oh*</sup> Bill McMillain. How would you like to pick up a Hundred Thousand Dollars worth of bootleg whiskey?

-ATX *Carl*: Are you crazy?

BILL: Try me and see.

ATX *Carl*: ~~But~~ what <sup>*are you talking about?*</sup>

BILL: There's a big hauling truck coming through from Roanoke loaded to the rafters. You know where the Eastern Terminal Warehouse is?

-ALX *Carl*: Yeah.

BILL: Okay. *I'll meet you <sup>-13</sup> there* ~~be~~ there. At 3 ayem tomorrow morning.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(TRUCK OFF, MOVING UP)

BILL: (LOW) Captain...

Art: Yeah.

BILL: Here comes that moving van.

Art: Uh-huh. Looks as though your tip was legitimate....  
Now stay down till he gets here.

(TRUCK SLOWS, THEN BUMPS UP DRIVEWAY AND STOPS)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT, A LITTLE OFF. WE  
HEAR STEPS ON CONCRETE, A LITTLE OFF)

BILL: (LOW) He's going to drive that truck in....

(STEPS STOP, WE HEAR GARAGE DOOR SLIDE OPEN)

Art: How many are there? Can you see?

BILL: Just one.

Art: Okay. Let's go ~~in~~ and take him.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

BOSS: Steve, listen to me. You too Red.

(THEY AD LIB "Yeah, Boss")

BOSS: Either of you got any idea who tipped the cops to that big shipment we ran in?

STEVE: No.

RED Not me.

BOSS: Somebody did it. And if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to find out who. <sup>Now</sup> I want you two boys to spread the word around.

STEVE: ~~Yeah~~

BOSS: I'll pay a thousand dollars to the man who gets me the name of the stool who did this.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

BOSS: Yeah? Who is it?

STEVE: (MUFFLED) It's us, Boss. Me and <sup>Red</sup> Steve.

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS)

STEVE: Look who we brought home, Boss.

BOSS: Greene!

GREENE: Boss, listen. I didn't know. This guy came into the Diner and --

BOSS: ~~And what?~~

GREENE: He said he wanted a few cases to give out as Christmas presents. Sure I told him. I never figured who he was. When I read the papers I never notice the names of the guys who write the stories.

BOSS: (COLD) Who are you talking about, Greene?

GREENE: (TERROR) Boss, I tell you I didn't know.

BOSS: (SUDDEN FLARE OF ANGER) What was his name? Come on, Greene, spill it? What was his name?



GREENE: McIlwain.

BOSS: (A BEAT) I see. McIlwain. (HALF TO HIMSELF) I've had  
him in my hair long enough. (TO STEVE AND RED)  
Steve, Red --

(THEY AD LIB "YEAH?")

BOSS: Bring that reporter here. I don't care how you do it,  
but bring him here.

STEVE: ~~What're you going to do, Boss?~~

BOSS: (SINISTER LAUGH) Me? Why, I'm going to talk to him,  
Steve. ~~That's all I'm going to do. Just talk to him.~~

(MUSIC: --- UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #350

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 Bill McIllwain as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It is Monday night about 11 o'clock. And you, Bill McIllwain of the Winston-Salem Twin-City Sentinel, have already sent your latest article on the illegal liquor situation up to the composing room. After that, you pay a visit to Mrs. Pearson at the hospital and learn that she has passed the crisis and is out of danger. Now, as you're walking up the front steps of your porch --

(STEPS WALKING UP PORCH)

STEVE: (SUDDENLY) Hello, McIllwain.

(STEPS STOP ABRUPTLY)

NARR: You see the shadow of a man, then the shadow of another. You get set to take care of yourself.

RED: I wouldn't try it, McIllwain.

NARR: You take his advice because you see he's got a gun...

BILL: What do you want?

STEVE: A friend of ours wants to talk to you.

BILL: What friend.

STEVE: Just a friend.

BILL: He can always see me at the Sentinel tomorrow.

RED: He doesn't want to see you at the Sentinel.

STEVE: And he can't wait 'til tomorrow. He wants to see you now.

RED: All right, McIllwain. Get moving.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get moving. Who are you to argue with a gun?  
And let's face it. You're no hero. You're scared.  
Because you know that you're not dealing with the  
Ladies' Aid Society. You know that you may never come  
back. Now they pile you into a car, blindfold you.

~~(MOTOR UNDER. IT ACCELERATES INTO HIGH SPEED)~~

NARR: A souped-up job, the kind that has left every prowl  
car eating its dust. And you picture the obituary  
page of the Sentinel. Your name. Caps and bold face.

And finally --  
*Hold it a second. Check his blindfold*  
(STEPS ALONG THE CORRIDOR. THEY STOP)

STEVE: *OK it's good + right.*  
in here.

(A COUPLE OF STEPS ON FLOOR.)

BOSS: Hello, McIllwain.

BILL: Who are you?

BOSS: The name doesn't matter. Let us just say I'm a  
business man.

BILL: I imagine you're talking about the liquor business.

BOSS: I imagine.

BILL: Why did your two little playmates bring me here?

BOSS: I thought I'd like to give you a piece of advice.

BILL: I always listen to good advice.

BOSS: This is very good advice. You're going to remember  
it.

BILL: Yes?

BOSS: Yes. You see, McIllwain, I run a big business. A  
very profitable business.

BILL: I know. Breaking the law.

BOSS: I don't look at it that way. In fact I keep a law. The law of supply and demand. See what I mean, McIllwain? You can't legislate a man's appetite. A man wants a drink and he's going to get a drink. And I'm there to serve him.

BILL: In other words, you're a real public minded citizen.

BOSS: Why yes. Some of the best people in town are on my side. Or they were until you came along with your one-man crusade. All those articles in the Sentinel. What are you trying to do, McIllwain? Run for Governor?

BILL: All I'm trying to do is to make this country a safe and decent place to live in. ~~It isn't just that White~~ whisky you're peddling. One of these days one of your friends with a hot steering wheel in his hand is going to run one of those supercharged cars of yours into ~~some pedestrian or maybe through another house.~~

BOSS: McIllwain, you've already cost me a hundred thousand dollars. Nobody likes to lose that kind of money. Particularly myself. You follow me?

BILL: I get the general idea.

BOSS: You don't quite get it all. You're trying to destroy ~~some existing legislation.~~ <sup>a law</sup> I want that <sup>law</sup> legislation just where it is. You've got a long nose, McIllwain. A little too long. And I think we'd better bend it a little for you. Steve, Red....

(THEY AD LIB: "YEAH, BOSS")

BOSS: Go ahead. Work him over.

(A BLOW OF FIST. THEN ANOTHER, AND THEN ANOTHER. REIGN OF BLOWS, AND GASPS AND GRUNTS AS UNMERCIFUL BEATING STARTS. AND INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You seem to be swimming through a dark ocean of searing pain. Your head feels as though it had been caught between the jaws of a power press. Your body feels as though someone had put it through a clothes wringer. You wake up and try to focus your eyes. You see two faces. One is Al Hendryx, your editor, and the other Police Captain Art Burgess.

BILL: (WEAKLY) Where am I?

~~AL:~~ *Art* In the hospital.

BILL: Where'd you find me Captain?

ART: In a ditch on the highway just north of town.

BILL: Funny. I don't remember that part of it.

AL: You wouldn't. Do you know what you've got?

BILL: (GROANS) I don't know. But it hurts.

~~ART:~~ *Al:* Right hand broken, nose broken, four ribs caved in, multiple bruises and contusions. You're lucky to be alive.

BILL: The way I feel, I'd be luckier dead.

ART: How did it happen?

BILL: A couple of booze peddlers picked me up, brought me to somebody they called the Boss.

ART: Did you get a look at him?

BILL: No. I was blindfolded. He gave me a little lecture. And then they gave me a going over.

AL: Bill, I want to ask you a question.

BILL: Yeah?

AL: Had enough?

BILL: Enough what?

AL: Enough trying to be a one-man reform movement? The next time around you may not be as lucky.

ART: I agree with Hendryx, Bill. We appreciate your help at the Department but enough is enough. If anybody has to take chances in this booze racket, that's what we're paid for. Not you.

BILL: Art, as soon as I can walk, would you do me a favor?

ART: Sure, what is it?

BILL: (A BEAT) I'd like a permit to carry a gun.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A couple of weeks and you're up and around again, Bill McMillain. It's hard to forget a beating like that. The aches and pains still rack your body, always remind you of it. And you tell yourself if you had any brains you'd get out and stay out. But as much as you resent the law that brought on all this trouble, you resent the law of the fist and the hoodlums who applied it to you. And so you put a new ribbon on your typewriter and start all over again.

(CLACKING OF TYPEWRITER. THEN IT STOPS.  
COPY PAPER YANKED FROM TYPEWRITER ROLLER.)

BILL: Hey, Al.

AL: Yeah?

BILL: Read this.

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

AL: (READS) Yesterday I visited 5 different establishments  
At the Circle Restaurant I bought two quarts of Scotch  
At the Turnpike Inn I bought a quart of Gin and a  
fifth of Bourbon. And so it went. Nobody asked me  
any questions. All I had to do was pay the price.  
The trouble with the easy money that criminals make  
out of this illegal liquor sale in dry Forsythe  
County is that it corrupts ordinary citizens.  
Everybody is out to make a dollar out of it. This  
should convince --

(PHONE RING.)

BILL: I'll get it, Al.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK.)

BILL: McIllwain, Sentinel.

STEVE: (COLD, FILTER) We just read your last article,  
McIllwain.

BILL: Who is this?

STEVE: We just read it and we don't like it. Suckers like  
you never learn do they?

BILL: What do you mean?

STEVE: You write one more story like the last one and next  
time you'll get it for good. Next time you won't be  
wakin' up in a hospital. Next time it'll be a  
morgue.

(CLICK ON FILTER)

BILL: Hello? Hello?

(JIGGLING OF RECEIVER)

BILL: Hello?

(RECEIVER SLOWLY PUT BACK ON HOOK)



AL: Who was it Bill?

BILL: Nobody that you'd know.

AL: What was it about?

BILL: Another one of those warnings.

AL: Bill, I tell you, you're out of your mind. One of these days --

BILL: (INTERRUPTS) Al, go ahead, keep reading.

AL: But I'm trying to tell you --

BILL: Go on, read the rest.

(CRINKLE OF PAPER)

AL: (READS TENSELY) This should convince the decent citizens who voted for retaining the Dry Law that the Law, however nobly motivated, is a farce. ~~Keeping it~~ in existence means only that Forsythe County will continue to be infested by criminals who are growing fat and rich from revenues that rightly should be directed toward the maintenance of better schools ~~and roads.~~

(FADE)

BOSS: (READING) This reporter has now visited over 20 establishments of business. <sup>and</sup> in practically every place he has managed to buy at least one bottle of illicit liquor. Some is bonded liquor from other counties but more and more there has been an influx of home-made White Mule and other bootleg, thus ~~reaping the racketeers an even larger profit.~~ This paper has reliable information that the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit Authorities will move into Forsythe County and begin an investigation.

(PAPER CRUMPLED IN FIST.)

BOSS: Steve...

STEVE: Yeah, Boss?

BOSS: You called him again?

STEVE: I <sup>just</sup> called him.

BOSS: And?

STEVE: And he won't scare.

RED: Say, Boss...

BOSS: Yes?

RED: Why don't we just drop him down some sewer and be done with it?

BOSS: We can't do that. In a way he's got us over a barrel.

STEVE: How?

BOSS: The only reason we're doing business here is because of that Dry Law. If we get rid of McIlwain, we kill ourselves at the same time. People wouldn't stand for it. The law would blow up in our faces and we'd be through.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER.)

NARR: Day by day you keep at it, Bill McIllwain.  
Day by day you're glad to be alive. Article after  
article. Each front page ~~each~~ more scorching than ever.  
Evidence piled on evidence. The town is abuzz with it.  
It's the only subject of conversation. All you have to  
do is walk out on the street to find an argument. And  
then one day --

(DOOR CLOSE)

AL: Bill.

BILL: Yes, Al?

AL: Call came in for you while you were out.

BILL: Yeah? From whom?

AL: From John Torrance.

BILL: John Torrance? He's one of the leading Dry Law supporters  
Wonder what he wants?

AL: (GRINS) I don't know. But I'll save a nice big hunk  
of space on Page One.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

TORRANCE: Mr. McIllwain, I've been reading your articles. At  
first I refused to take them seriously. But then I  
began to do a little scul searching.

BILL: Yes, Mr. Torrance?

TORRANCE: Like everybody else, I hate to admit I've been wrong.  
I supported the Dry Law in the sincere belief that  
Forsythe County would be a better place in which to  
live.

BILL: I know you did, Sir.

TORRANCE: I realize now that all I've been supporting is a bunch of criminals and hoodlums. I have a whole-some respect for any law, if its a good law and if it works. But I seemm to have been mistaken about this one.

BILL: Yes?

TORRANCE: You might be interested to know that I've been approached by several reputable citizens to lead a referendum for the legalized sale of whisky and take away the rich bonanza these racketeers have been collecting. I've consented to do just that. ~~Mr.~~ Mr. Mcillwain...

BILL: ~~Yes?~~

TORRANCE: I want to congratulate you on your courage and on your public spirit. If the criminal element is driven out of our county and the streets made safe for our pedestrians, the great credit will go to you and you alone.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bill Mcillwain of the Winston Salem Twin City Sentinel with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #350

(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 Bill McIlwain of the Winston Salem Twin City Sentinel.

McILWAIN: Referendum successful and Dry Law repealed. Illicit liquor in Forsythe County wrecked forever. I was subpoenaed by prosecution and my testimony convicted all arrested. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. McIlwain. 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 Salt Lake City Tribune Telegraph - by-line Katherine McLaughlin. The Big Story of a reporter who used an old tradition to solve cold blooded murder.

(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.)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the pages of the Winston Salem Twin City Sentinel. Your narrator was Bob Sloane and Michael Higgins played the part of Bill McIlwain. 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. McIlwain.

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

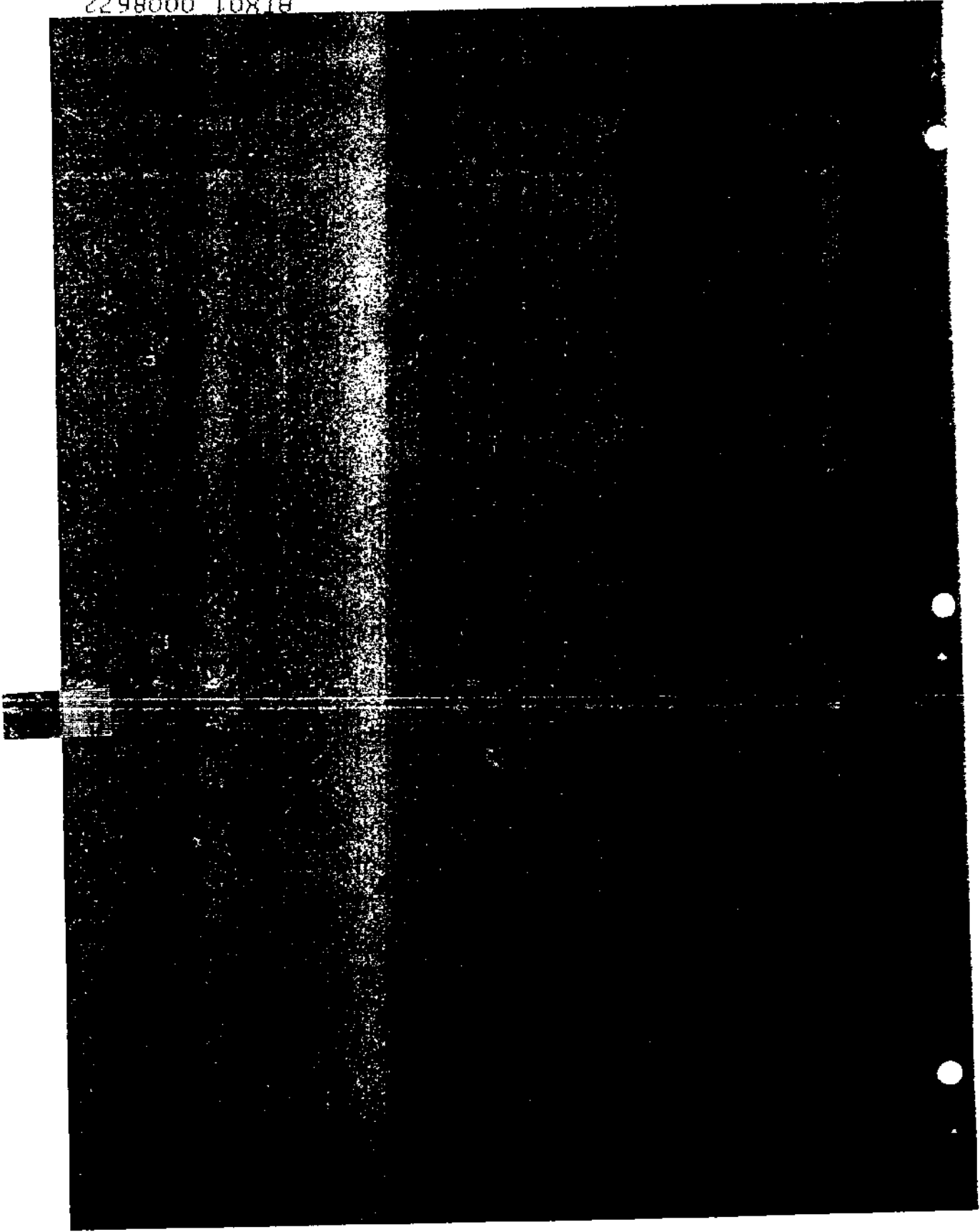
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest quality money can buy.

(PAUSE)

Friends, 90 percent of all forest fires each year are man-caused. A campfire that is almost out...a lighted match or cigarette that is tossed away could burst into hungry flames and destroy millions of acres of vitally needed timberland. So when you're in the country be absolutely sure you out every fire...every match...every cigarette -- completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RIK01 0008622





# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #351

## CAST

NARRATOR

MICHAEL SAGE

KAY

JOAN TOMPKINS

LT. SHELBY

WENDELL HOLMES

SERGEANT

DEAN ALMQUIST

WILL

DEAN ALMQUIST

STRANG

LUIS VAN ROOTEN

MILES

HAROLD HUBER

WOMAN

DORIS RICH

WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1954

ATX01 0008673

THE BIG STORY

(Katherine McLaughlin, Salt Lake ~~City~~ Tribune-Telegram)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, OUT FOR)

STRANG: (AN URGENT, LOW VOICE) There's the door, Miles. The last one.

MILES: Keep down.

STRANG: Comon. We only got ~~a~~ few seconds more.

(THE MEN SCRAMBLE DOWN A CONCRETE FLOOR)

MILES: Open it.

STRANG: (STRAIN) Can't. Door's jammed. Both of us at it. Hurry.

(WE LISTEN TO A MOMENT OF THEIR STRAINING AT THE DOOR. IT STARTS TO GIVE)

MILES: It's moving.

STRANG: More. More.

(DOOR OPENS)

MILES: The wall. I can see the wall.

STRANG: Stay close to the building. Let's go.

(THEY MOVE CAUTIOUSLY ON GRAVEL)

(SUDDENLY A SIREN OPENS UP)

MILES: Strang, they've missed us.

STRANG: <sup>Here's</sup> ~~Make for~~ the wall. <sup>over</sup> Quick.

~~(THEY RUN FURIOUSLY ON GRAVEL)~~

STRANG: Keep away from the lights.

MILES: I can't. I can't.

STRANG: ~~Just a foot more.~~ Run.

(A MACHINE GUN STARTS)

STRANG: Get over, Miles....get over.

(MACHINE GUN GOES FULL)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HITS...GOES UNDER)\_

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Ogden, Utah. 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 Salt Lake ~~City~~ Tribune-Telegram, the Big Story of a reporter who used an old tradition to solve a cold blooded murder. Tonight, to Katharine McLaughlin, for her BIG STORY, goes PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR AWARD.

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNATABLE)\_

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(START BT)

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.

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 BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Ogden, Utah. The story as it actually happened. Katherine McLaughlin's story, as she lived it.

NARR: This is it. The festival of Pioneer Days. The time you and all the people of Utah pay tribute to the pioneers who crossed the plains to build an empire in the shores of the great Salt Lake.

(SNEAK IN UNDER LAST, THE CROW AND NOISE OF A MARDIS GRAS STYLE PARADE)

There'll be rodeos, carnivals, mardis gras and ... parades. Like the one you're seeing now. Bearded men in rough hewn clothes and women in their sunbonnets and pioneer skirts.. reliving the past. You'd like to stay here, Kay McLaughlin, watch every single float go by. But you're on your way to see Police Lieutenant Shelby and the idea taking you there is too important to keep waiting.

(MUSIC: UP AND SEQUE TO)

(PARADE NOISE OUTSIDE A WINDOW)

SHELBY: Wait'll I close this window, Kay. Those cowboys down there are sure cutting loose.

(WINDOW CLOSES AND PARADE IS SHUT OUT)

Now, what's this idea you wanted to tell me about.

KAY: Lieutenant, I was on the phone to my editor in Salt Lake tonight. He says there's still no word on those two convicts who... escaped from San Quentin.

SHELBY: They'll find them.

KAY: It's three days already. They're probably out of California by now.

SHELBY: Chances are they're heading east. That'd be their best bet.

KAY: Maybe not.

SHELBY: Eh?

KAY: (A FLAME BEHIND HER IDEA) Lieutenant, suppose they were to come here.

SHELBY: Ogden.

KAY: Why not. There are thousands of people coming into town for the celebration. And those beards the men are wearing and those pioneer costumes. It would be a perfect way to hide.

SHELBY: I suppose it would. But you've forgotten one little point.

KAY: What's that?

SHELBY: How would they get this far. The whole west has been alerted for them.

KAY: Men have made good their escape before. They could have gotten through. They could be here right now.

SHELBY: Look, Kay, anything's possible. But in this case...well, maybe your idea is more wishful thinking than anything else.

KAY: (RUEFUL) I know. Hunches aren't very realistic.

SHELBY: Say, they better be careful.

KAY: Who.

SHELBY: Those cowboys down there. One of those horses jumps from the float, someone's liable to get hurt.

(WINDOW IS OPENED AGAIN, AND WE HEAR THE PARADE

NOISE BELOW)

SHELBY: Everyone's feeling so good...that's just the time something can happen.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

(TICKS AWAY THE TIME THEN BEHIND)

NARR: How long have you been lying here in the quiet of your room. Reach over. Take a look at the time.

(CLOCK TICKING FADES ON,..STAYS ON FOR A MOMENT THEN FADES OFF)

Three o'clock. What's keeping you awake. The summer night? The excitement of the festival? Tomorrow's a long day, Kay McLaughlin. Close your eyes. You've got to get some sleep.

(BEAT)

What is it now. All right. Go on. Admit it to yourself. It's your idea. The one about the escaped convicts. But why do you keep thinking about it. Well, why couldn't it happen. (REPLY) Yes...it could. But here in the darkness, reality gets twisted out of shape. Anything is possible. Anything. Those men could be in town. This very minute.

(A LOW GROWL FROM THE DOG)

What's the matter with your dog.

(ANOTHER GROWL)

What's disturbing her.

KAY: Easy, Lady. Easy. Go to sleep, girl.

NARR: Good advice. Why don't you take it.

(THE DOG BARKS SHARPLY AND RUNS TO THE WINDOW JUST OFF)

KAY: Lady. What are you doing at that window.

NARR: Better take a look, Kay McLaughlin.

(THE DOG KEEPS BARKING)

KAY: Be still, Lady. Be still.



(DOG'S BARKING FADES ON AS SHE COMES UP TO HER)

NARR: Peer out into the street. What's going on out there.  
That car down the block. Whose is it.

(CAR ENGINE STARTS UP IN DISTANCE)

(DOG BARKS ANGRILY...SNARLS)

You've never seen Lady like this before, have you.  
Hold her...hold her...or she'll go out that window.  
KAY: Quiet, Lady. Easy, girl....everything's all right.

(CAR ROARS AWAY....OFF)

NARR: Look at that car go. Is that what upset Lady. Better  
close the window...calm her down.

KAY: Come on back, Lady. Lie down now. That's a nice girl.

(THE WHIMPERS DIE)

NARR: You're too curious to go back to bed now, Kay McLaughlin.  
So go on. Get it over with. Call police headquarters.  
There's the phone. Get started.

(WE HEAR A DIALING....AND IT RINGS ON THE OTHER END)

SHELBY: (FILTER) Lieutenant Shelby.

KAY: Kay McLaughlin, Lieutenant.

SHELBY: Sorry, Kay. Can't talk to you now. There's trouble.  
Officer Denton was just killed.

KAY: What.

SHELBY: Two men shot him. They escaped in a car with California  
plates. That's all I can tell you.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(CAR PULLING UP AND STOPPING. KAY GETS OUT)

SGT: Sorry, Miss <sup>them</sup> No one allowed down this street. On...  
it's you, Miss <sup>her</sup> McLaughlin.

KAY: (AN URGENCY IN HER VOICE) Sergeant, what happened.

SGT: It's Jack Denton.

KAY: I know.

SGT: He called in on his car radio that he was about to question two men he discovered siphoning off gas from a parked car. Next thing we knew is a man called in... said he saw an officer get shot and two men in a car race away.

KAY: The car with California plates.

SGT: Yes, <sup>Num</sup> ~~Miss~~. Lieutenant Shelby's over there with the body ....if you want to see him.

KAY: Thanks, Sergeant.

(WE GO WITH HER AS SHE WALKS SEVERAL FEET AND STOPS)

LIEUT: (FADE IN WITH ABOVE) George, check with the coroner again. Tell him I don't want Denton lying here in the street. (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Poor guy didn't even know what hit him. They must have shot him pointblank.

KAY: He was a good officer.

LIEUT: Yeh.

KAY: Lieutenant.

LIEUT: (BREAKING OUT OF HIS MOOD) Nothing to report, Kay. No trace of the men.

KAY: Lieutenant, I think maybe I saw the car.

LIEUT: Where.

KAY: From my apartment.

LIEUT: Go on.

KAY: I'm only two blocks from here. My dog started barking and I went to the window. There was a car pulling away fast.

LIEUT: Did you see what color it was.

KAY: No. I didn't. But look, those license plates. Doesn't that tell you who they are.

LIEUT: They've got a lot of cars in California.

KAY: It's them, I know it. <sup>These</sup> ~~the~~ convicts. They came here,... just like I felt they would. They came to hide in the celebration.

LIEUT: (IMPATIENT) What's the point of all this now, Kay.

KAY: Chances are that only someone who came from Utah would know about Pioneer Month. Lieutenant, check on those two men. See where they come from. They might have relatives just around here.

SGT: (FADING ON) Report from the State Police, Lieutenant. All roadblocks are being maintained...but there's no sign of the car.

KAY: (MORE ENTHUSIASM) They're hiding around here. And I'll bet <sup>they're</sup> in a house of someone they know.

LIEUT: I haven't time to wire California for their records. We'll start a house to house search.

KAY: ~~Look~~, the telephone book. It's a wonderful thing. Here <sup>we</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>know</sup> the names of the two convicts. Let's check all similar names in this area. what have we got to lose.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Another cop might have told you to mind your own business~~  
but Lieutenant Shelby, he thinks you might have an angle.  
The phone book it is. The names of the two escaped  
convicts are Strang and Miles. In the immediate area  
there are five families with those names.  
LIEUT: All right, Kay. We'll take it from here.  
KAY: I'm going along.  
LIEUT: It isn't smart.  
KAY: I'll have my own personal protection.  
LIEUT: Oh?  
KAY: My dog, Lady.

(MUSIC: RISES AND SEGUE TO)

(CAR RIDING... ESTABLISH)

LIEUT: Go down Market on this next one, Sergeant.  
SGT: Yes sir.  
KAY: (UNEASILY) We've still got two names left to check,  
Lieutenant.  
LIEUT: I know, Kay. *your dog is losing interest - she's half asleep*  
KAY: It..it seemed like a good idea.  
LIEUT: I agree. What time's it, Sergeant.  
KAY: *Sgt* Four twenty. *after four*  
LIEUT: It'll be light soon. If they're still around, they'll  
have to make a move. Step it up, Sergeant. Let's get  
to this next address.

(CAR MOTOR SPEEDS UP... FADES)

(BEAT)

(FADE IN CAR PULLING UP) (CAR DOORS OPEN)

SGT: Four nineteen. This is the place, sir.

(DOG BEGINS TO GROWL)

LIEUT: What's wrong with your dog?

(DOG GROWLS AGAIN)

KAY: (LOW KEY EXCITEMENT) She's caught a scent.

LIEUT: You say she barked when you saw that car go down your street.

KAY: Yes.

LIEUT: Get her into the car, Kay. Hurry.

(DOG BARKS) (CAR DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

LIEUT: ~~Sergeant, roll up those windows.~~ I don't want that dog to be heard.

(DOG BARK IS MUFFLED)

You stay behind, Kay. <sup>me</sup>you hear. Comon, Sergeant.

(SLOW STEPS)

Get to the garage. We'll see if the car is there.

(MORE STEPS..THEY STOP)

Here it is. California plates. You were right, Kay.

KAY: They must be in the house.

LIEUT: This door leads into it. Sgt., you cover the side of the house. I'm going in. Kay, you're to stay here.

KAY: But Lieutenant...

LIEUT: I said, stay here. And I mean it. (SLIGHT BEAT) I'll be back.

(MUSIC: SNEAKS IN GENTLY BEHIND)

NARR: The knob of the door turns in his hand...and in a second..he disappears into the darkness of the house upstairs. Maybe they heard the dog bark...maybe they're waiting for him. Warn Lieutenant Shelby. But no..it's too late. You'll have to stay here. You'll have to wait.

(THE GARAGE DOOR SLIDES SLOWLY DOWN)

NARR: What's that. The garage door. It's closing. You're alone in here. Locked in.

KAY: (CALLING OUT) Who's there. Who is it.

NARR: Easy, Kay McLaughlin. You're still alone.

(A MAN'S STEPS SLOWLY COMING DOWN STAIRS)

Wait. Someone's coming down the stairs from the house. Who is it.

(STEPS GET CLOSER, THEN DOOR OPENS)

LIEUT: (LOOKING AROUND) Kay.

KAY: (RELIEVED) Lieutenant.

LIEUT: We missed them. Kay, We're too late.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 351

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 Katherine McLaughlin, as she lived it... and wrote it.

NARR: You had come close. So close to finding the two men who shot and killed Officer Jack Denton. They had been here, in this very house. Outside, the police are searching every inch of forest. But you, Kay McLaughlin, you just sit here, looking at the ~~frightened old~~ woman in front of you...and listening.

WOMAN: (LOW KEYED) He used to visit me summer vacations. The whole two months he'd stay. He was a nice boy. Got along with everyone fine.

KAY: Yes, Mrs. Strang.

WOMAN: He was more like my own...than just a cousin's child. ~~Here, this is a picture of Jason. This was the last~~ summer he was here.

KAY: He looks around fifteen here.

WOMAN: He was eighteen. Maybe that's why I wanted to take care of him. He was never big. Always seemed like he ~~needed looking after.~~

KAY: Did you know he was in San Quentin.

WOMAN: His mother sent me a letter. Poor Jason. I never told anyone but in a way I was glad.

KAY: Glad.

WOMAN: I knew him, ~~Miss McLaughlin~~. Better than anyone. I told you he was small. Almost every day there'd be a fight with someone and him trying to show he was tall and strong.

(MORE)



WOMAN:  
(CONTD)

You do that all your life...and someday, you'll find you can't stop. In prison, they'd keep him safe from himself.

KAY:

Were you in the house when he came in.

WOMAN:

Yes. Jason said I was to go away. He didn't want me around if there'd be trouble.

KAY:

Where did you go.

WOMAN:

I was going to drive to my sister's house but I turned around and came back. I wanted to talk to Jason...see if I couldn't make him go to the police. Instead, <sup>he</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>gone</sup> already here.

KAY:

You've no idea where Jason went?

WOMAN:

No. That's the truth.

KAY:

~~Yes, Mrs. Strang~~

WOMAN:

I know one thing though. (SLIGHT BEAT) I hope they find him. And help him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR:

~~The killers have moved too quickly. There's not a trace of them in the area. Somehow...they slipped out. But how. Suppose you were in their spot...what would you do. Hide somewhere in the neighborhood? No. Too risky. Get away. Far. That would be the only thing. And there's only one way to have done it.~~

~~(CAR APPROACHES)~~

~~That's Lieutenant Shelby's car driving up. Go on. Tell him what you've thought of now.~~

~~(CAR STOPS AND SHELBY GETS OUT)~~

LIEUT:

~~Those two must have made themselves invisible.~~ *Ray*

KAY: Lieutenant, according to what his cousin ~~ing~~ told me, Strang has no more relatives in the state. Or friends, either.

LIEUT: What's coming...another idea.

KAY: If I were them I'd head for the state line. But..having no car...I'd have to steal one.

LIEUT: Which is what they've done...that it.

KAY: Why not.

LIEUT: Here...get in my car.

KAY: What for.

LIEUT: I want you to hear something.

~~(CLICK ON SWITCH,,AND RADIO HUM IS HEARD)~~

Listen to this radio.

SGT: (FILTER) The escaped men are believed to be using a stolen car, Utah license number KY294X..repeat Utah license number KY294X. All patrol units on highways leading out of Ogden are alerted. Use extreme caution. These men are armed. They are believed to be using a stolen car, Utah license number KY ~~294X~~

~~(CLICK SHUTS OFF VOICE)~~

KAY: How'd you find the license number.

LIEUT: Man on the next block from here found his car missing from the driveway. We don't know for sure...but I never did like coincidence. It's probably Miles and Strang in that car.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEQUE TO)

(PHONE RINGING..IT RINGS AGAIN, THEN IS PICKED UP)

WILL: (HALF SLEEPY) Hello....

KAY: (FILTER) Will..this is Kay McLaughlin in Ogden.

WILL: Darn it, girl. You know you woke me up.  
KAY: This is no night for a reporter to sleep. You know those two convicts who escaped from San Quentin.  
WILL: Yeah.  
KAY: They killed a policeman here and there's a chance they're heading your way out toward Brigham City on route 91. I figured you'd want to be on the lookout for them.  
WILL: Right away, Kay.  
KAY: I'm calling our other people in Morgan and Echo City. But grab a pencil and write down the car's license.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You ought to sit in your office...wait for a possible call to come in. But you can't. You don't want to stay out of it. Then there's only one thing to do, Kay McLaughlin. Go out and look for them yourself. Where are they? Miles...the man of whom you know nothing. And Strang...of whom you already know so much. How long can they stay free.

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND SEQUE INTO)

(CAR DRIVING FAST..ESTABLISH THEN UNDER)

MILES: When are we going to hit the state line, Strang.  
STRANG: When we get there.  
MILES: Don't you know any back roads.  
STRANG: Not around here.  
MILES: From the way you talked in San Q., there wasn't nothing you didn't know about the whole state of Utah.  
STRANG: Shut up, Miles.  
MILES: I must a been crazy to let you talk me into coming here.  
STRANG: Yeah.

MILES: Don't they always look for a guy where he used to live.

STRANG: I wasn't here since I was a kid. They'd a never found me...hadn't been for that cop spotting us with the gas.

MILES: We had the whole United sStates to run in. But this is where we come. Hey..that sign what'd it say.

STRANG: Five miles to Brigham City. (THINKING BACK) You know who Brigham Young was, Miles.

MILES: No.

STRANG: He was a leader of people. But not with a fist, Miles. They followed him because he wanted to be free.

MILES: (NOT EVEN LISTENING) Where's that state line, That's what I want to know.

STRANG: He was the first governor of the Territory of Utah. Every minute I was a kid...I used to hear his name like he was still a living man. (CALMLY, ALMOST DREAMILY) I broke a kid's hand once. With an iron pipe. He was a tall guy. He said that gave him the right to play Brigham Young in the game. I said Brigham Young was small.

MILES: We shouldn't a come here. It was stupid.

STRANG: I told you. I wanted to see the celebration of the Pioneers.

MILES: What for. You said you weren't back here in years.

STRANG: (GETTING MORE INTENSE) It's got nothing to do with it. I <sup>have</sup> had a right to be here. I belong...just like the rest of them. I got a right to be proud too...of Brigham Young and all the others.

MILES: (ALARM) Watch the road...

STRANG: Get your hand off the wheel.

MILES: We're going off...

(CAR SQUEALS OFF THE ROAD)

STRANG: Watch out.

(CAR RAMS INTO A TREE AND COMES TO A CRASHING  
HALT)

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

WILL: (FILTER) Kay...I've been trying to call you. Where are  
you now.

KAY: At a filling station on 91.

WILL: We found the car just outside Brigham City. It had  
smacked up against a tree.

KAY: What about Miles and Strang.

WILL: There wasn't a sign of them. They got away clean.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The same story as before. Will they ever be caught.  
How long can luck stay with them. But to the police,  
this is the break they've been looking for. The killers  
have to be somewhere around Brigham City.

LIEUT: They've got only two places to run. They can try to hide  
in the Salt Flats or go for the mountains. Which would  
you choose, Sergeant.

SGT: The mountains;

LIEUT: How about you, Kay. Want to exercise that imagination  
again.

KAY: I agree with the Sergeant. A plane could spot them too  
easily on the flats. No., they went for the mountains  
all right.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~The Wasatch Range of the Rocky Mountains. A wilderness of stone reaching across an endless horizon. And clinging to it...hiding in its vast emptiness...are the hunted.~~

~~(SNEAK IN A HELICOPTER...LISTEN TO IT FOR A MOMENT THEN TAKE IT UNDER)~~

~~This has to be the final search. Helicopters fly over the canyons...dip down low...peering into every corner.~~

~~(FADE OUT THE HELICOPTER)~~

~~Every weapon possible is being brought against them.~~

~~(FADE IN HORSES GOING OVER STONY TRAILS)~~

~~Posses enter the trails...scour the stoney sides.~~

~~Where can the killers escape to.~~

~~(FADE OUT THE HORSES)~~

~~Every hour, reinforcements arrive.~~

~~(CARS PULLING UP INTERMITTENTLY...DOORS OPENING AND CLOSING)~~

LIEUT: Key, this is one of the greatest manhunts in the history of Utah. And it won't be ended until we find Miles and Strang.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

(ESTABLISH A SLIGHT WIND THRU THE CANYON)

MILES: (FEELING THE WIND) Wind's getting sharp, Strang. We can't stay in this canyon overnight.

STRANG: Don't I see that.

MILES: I don't know this country. But you do. Get us out of here.

STRANG: We'll take this trail down. There can't be anyone in front of us yet. Comon.

(THEY BEGIN GOING DOWN A ROCK TRAIL)

Hold on to those bushes. You fall down these rocks, that'll be the end of it.

SGT: (PROJECTING OFF) Hey...you...you up there...

MILES: Strang, I hear someone.

SGT: (SAME) What are you doing up there.

MILES: I see them. Down the trail. Strang, what do we do.

SGT: (SAME) Can you hear me up there.

MILES: Let's run. Hurry.

STRANG: No.

MILES: But they're cops.

STRANG: We run now...they'll get us with those rifles.

SGT: (SAME) Who are you.

STRANG: I got an idea. You keep your mouth shut. Let me talk.  
(HE PROJECTS) We're lost up here. (LOW) Miles, throw away the gun.

MILES: No.

STRANG: They find it on you they'll know who we are. Get rid of it.  
Now.

SGT: (PROJECTING NEARER) What are your names.

STRANG: (PROJECTING) Wilson and Crothers. (TO MILES) When I was a kid people were always getting lost in these mountains. It's our only chance.

SGT: (NEAR) Comon down here. We want to take a look at you.

(THEY SCRAMBLE DOWN)

STRANG: Sure glad to see you fellows. We were scared we'd never find our way out.

SGT: (LOOKING THEM OVER) What were you doing in the canyon.

STRANG: Camping.

SGT: Where's your gear.

STRANG: Back where we left it. All we were interested in was getting out of here alive.

SGT: Got any identification on you.

STRANG: It's back with the gear.

SGT: I see.

STRANG: You got a cigarette.

SGT: Sure.

(MATCH IS STRUCK)

STRANG: (GETS A LIGHT) Thanks. It's going to be good to see civilization, again.

SGT: Okay, I'll take you down.

STRANG: Swell, say, how come you fellows are out here.

SGT: We were looking for someone. No sign of them though. Least we can say we rescued you.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

KAY: Any of the men report in by field radio, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yes but nothing doing.

KAY: Like you said, maybe they are invisible.

LIEUT: That's a small army in those mountains. They couldn't get through.

(MUFFLED BARKING OFF)

Looks like your dog's a little restless, Kay. Better take her out of that car to roam a little.

KAY: Good idea.

(WE WALK WITH HER TO CAR AND BARKING GETS CLOSER. SHE OPENS THE DOOR.)



KAY: All right, Lady. That's a good girl.

(DOG WHIMPERS GENTLY)

LIEUT: (CALLING TO HER FROM OFF) Some men coming down the road, Kay.

KAY: Right with you. (TO THE DOG...LOW) I'd better put a leash on you, Lady. Don't want you lost around here. That a girl.

(SHE WALKS UP TO LIEUT)

LIEUT: Looks like Sergeant Brandon...and he's got two men with him.

SGT: (OFF) You two fellows wait over here a moment...then I'll drive you over to the main road.

(HE WALKS ON)

(FADE ON) Only thing I flushed were those two, Lieutenant. Say they're campers. Lost. Look harmless enough, don't they.

(DOG BEGINS TO GROWL)

LIEUT: What names they give you.

SGT: Wilson and Crothers.

(DOG BARKS SHARPLY...STRAINS AT THE LEASH)

LIEUT: What's a matter with your dog.

KAY: Look at <sup>her</sup> him pulling at that leash. Lieutenant...this is the way he acted back at the house when he found the car. Remember.

LIEUT: You mean he recognizes those two men.

KAY: There's one way to make sure, isn't there.

LIEUT: Let's see if this works. (HE CALLS OUT SHARPLY) Strang. (TO HER) Neither of them turned around.

KAY: They're alert for anything, that's why. Call them over.

LIEUT: (CALLING THEM) You two men. Come here.

(THEY WALK ON)

STRANG: You calling us.

(DOG BARKS FIERCELY)

STRANG: (CALMLY) That's a bad tempered dog, Miss.

KAY: Maybe you're an old friend of his.

STRANG: (AMUSED) Don't see how I could be.

KAY: Then maybe it's the car you drove. The one with the California license plates.

MILES: (FRIGHTENED) Strang...they know who we are... Comon... run...

(HE STARTS TO RUN)

LIEUT: Get him, Sergeant.

SGT: He won't get far.

(HE RUNS AFTER HIM)

LIEUT: How about you, Strang. You want to try it.

STRANG: (BITTERLY) Lost his nerve. Couldn't trust me to bluff it out. Well, I should have known. <sup>Those</sup> ~~These~~ tall guys with all the muscle. Underneath they're nothing.

KAY: Strang...

STRANG: That's quite a dog, Miss.

KAY: Strang, why'd you come back here.

STRANG: You live in Utah, Miss.

KAY: Yes.

STRANG: Then you ought to know. (SLIGHT BEAT) I wanted to be free.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Katherine McLaughlin of the Salt Lake City Tribune-  
Telegraph

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: With the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CONT'D)

(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 the telegram from Katherine McLaughlin of the Salt Lake City Tribune-Telegraph.

KAY: Placed on trial for first degree murder, killers in tonight's Big Story pleaded self defense in that murdered policeman had drawn his gun first. Jury however, found both men guilty of manslaughter and they were sentenced to a term of ten years. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, <sup>Miss</sup> ~~Miss~~ McLaughlin, 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.

CHAPPELL: Congratulations to the winners of the PELL MELL Station Managers' Radio-Television Promotion contest. First place, C Gregg Van Camp, WTRF-TV, Wheeling, W. Va. Second place to R F McCarthy, WLN, Cincinnati, Ohio. Congratulations also to the three winners of third place: Jack Schumacher, WICU, Erie, Pa., Robert L. Cromwell, WHIZ, Zanesville, Ohio and Georgia McCarty, WVEC, Norfolk, Va.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Atlanta, Georgia Journal by-line Hugh Park. The Big Story of a reporter who walked into a dark corner of America and broke the power of a ruler whose only law was the whip.

(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

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 <sup>front</sup> pages of the Salt Lake City Tribune Telegraph. Your narrator was <sup>Michael</sup> Bob <sup>Sage</sup> Sivane and Joan Tompkins played the part of Katherine. McLoughlin. 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, <sup>Mrs.</sup> Miss McLaughlin.

(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.  
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

hd: ml  
JK/r 4/29/54am

ATX01 0008702

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #352

CAST

NARRATOR  
HUGH PARK  
RAY (GOOD SHERIFF)  
MRS. DAYTON  
ELIA  
LWE STACY  
MAN  
BRADDOCK  
JED  
SHERIFF (BAD SHERIFF)

*Michael Page*  
BILL LIPTON  
WALTER GREAZA  
RUTH YORK  
RUTH YORK  
CAMERON ANDREWS  
CAMERON ANDREWS  
ED FULLER  
JOHN MCLIAM  
BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1954

ATX01 000B703

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(POUNING ON DOOR)

STACY: (SOBBING WITH FEAR) Mrs. Dayton! Mrs. Dayton!  
Please! Let me in! Quick!

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS DAYTON: ~~Look here, Mister, what on earth...~~ (CUTS AND STARES)  
Why, ~~it's you~~, Lee...

STACY: Mrs. Dayton, where can I hide? Quick! He's after  
me...

MRS DAYTON: Who?

STACY: No time for talk now. He's been trailin' me for  
miles. Mrs. Dayton, maybe you could hide me in the  
kitchen, and ....

(DOOR SLAMS)

BRADDOCK: (CRUEL, BRUTAL, LAUGHS) Little late for that,  
ain't it, Lee?

STACY: ~~John!~~

BRADDOCK: You mangy, yaller dog. Try to run out on me, will  
you? Well, when I git through with you, you won't  
be fit for hawg bait....

(COUPLE OF SLOW STEPS)

STACY: (TERROR) No! <sup>16</sup> Don't do it!

(BLOW. GROAN. BODY THUD)

MRS DAYTON: (HIGH SCREAM) (AND INTO)

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)



CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Atlanta, Georgia. It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the Atlanta Journal, the story of a reporter who walked into a dark corner of America---and broke the power of a ruler whose only law was the whip. Tonight, to Hugh Park of the Atlanta Journal, for his Big Story, goes the Pell <sup>\$600</sup> Mell Award.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #352  
VERSION II

-4-

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  
smoking. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.  
Ask for PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0008706

(MUSIC: --- THEME)

CHAPPELL: Atlanta, Georgia. The story as it actually happened.  
Hugh Park's story as he lived it.

NARR: When anything happens anywhere in the State of Georgia  
and it is news, it is printed in the Atlanta Journal.  
And so, in a large sense, Hugh Park, your beat is the  
entire state. And every now and then you swing through  
the back-country counties to catch up with what  
goes on at the end of the dirt roads. It so happens  
that on this particular evening you're in Coweta  
County, a model county in terms of crime enforcement.  
And this reputation is in large measure due to Sheriff  
Ray Lawson, one of Georgia's finest and ablest police  
authorities. Now as you step into his office---

RAY: Well, howdy, Hugh.

HUGH: Howdy, Ray.

RAY: What brings you to Coweta County?

HUGH: News. If I can find it.

RAY: Been pretty dull around here lately.

HUGH: It's all your fault.

RAY: Yes? Why?

HUGH: You've got every crook in Coweta so scared he won't  
lift his head up. (GRINS) It's good for your  
reputation, Ray, but it's sure tough on mine. What's  
my Editor going to say when I come in empty handed?

RAY: (GRINS) I sure sympathize with you.

HUGH: I'll bet you do. Listen, Ray, haven't you got  
something? Even an item?

RAY: Well, we got a chicken thief around here day before yesterday.

HUGH: (IN CONTEMPT) A chicken thief! Wait'll <sup>my edition</sup> ~~the Journal~~ gets this.

RAY: Wal, don't take it so hard, Hugh. Maybe on your next swing through these parts --

(PHONE RING)

RAY: Oh, excuse me.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

RAY: Sheriff Lawson. Yes? Oh yes, Mrs. Dayton. What? When? What was that name? Stacy. Lee Stacy. Yes, M'am. Got it. Now you just try to pull yourself together. I'll be right over.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

HUGH: What was it this time, Ray? Somebody steal a fence rail?

RAY: Nope. This one's a kidnapping!

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

NARR: The whole thing had happened in ~~front~~ of a tourist camp lunchroom on the Turnpike. The owner, Mrs. Dayton, had witnessed the whole thing...

MRS DAYTON: Sheriff, I never saw anything like it. You see, I'd just closed the lunchroom, but there were a few customers inside.

RAY: The big man hit Stacy with a piece of lead pipe and then dragged him to the car. Another man waiting in the car helped pile Stacy in. Is that right?

MRS DAYTON: That's right. I don't wonder but maybe poor Mr. Stacy is dead, the way the big man hit him.

HUGH: Mrs. Dayton, how do you know this Lee Stacy?  
MRS DAYTON: Why, he stops by for a cup of coffee now and then.  
He's a tenant farmer on John Braddock's place.  
RAY: (A BEAT) John Braddock, eh?  
HUGH: That might explain a lot of things, Ray.  
RAY: (THOUGHTFULLY) Yeah. Might.  
HUGH: Did you know the other customers in your lunchroom,  
Mrs. Dayton. I mean, if we need more witnesses...  
MRS DAYTON: No. Can't say that I do, Mr. Park. All strangers  
to me. Just passin' through, I guess.  
RAY: About this ~~big~~ man, the man who did the <sup>beating & kidnaping</sup> job. Did  
you ever see him before?  
MRS DAYTON: No. Never saw him before in my life, Sheriff.  
RAY: Can you describe him?  
MRS DAYTON: Wall, he was built like an ox. I'd say 6 feet five.  
Pig eyes and a right mean lookin' face. Wore a straw  
hat, one of those there Panama hats, and a khaki shirt.  
RAY: (A BEAT) Hugh, you know who this sounds like?  
HUGH: I'd say it sounds like John Braddock himself.  
RAY: So would I. Let's take a little ride into Meriwether  
County and find out.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You have to know who John Braddock is. ~~For~~ here is  
a man who is a throwback to the Dark Ages, the owner  
of a 2,000 acre plantation, ruling the whole county with  
an iron fist. They call him "King Braddock", and with  
good reason. For in Meriwether <sup>County</sup> his word is the  
absolute law.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

And now as you, Hugh Park, drive toward the Braddock Estate with Sheriff Ray Lawson, you didn't know

~~and couldn't have known~~ how the dark and forbidding story began here among these cotton and corn fields.

You couldn't have known, <sup>that the story actually began etc...</sup> ~~not at this time of the~~ morning <sup>when</sup> John Braddock had come to see Lee Stacy at

his tenant shack.

BRADDOCK: Stacy, what'd you do with those two cows?

STACY: What two cows?

BRADDOCK: You stole two of my cows, you mangy thief and I want 'em back. You hear? I want 'em back.

STACY: I don't know anything about any cows, Mr. Braddock.

BRADDOCK: Don't lie to me.

STACY: But I tell you --

BRADDOCK: You don't tell me anything, Stacy. No lowdown tenant farmer of mine does. That goes for anybody and everybody in Meriwether County. Understand?

STACY: Look, Mr. Braddock, you can't walk in here just like that and call me a thief.

BRADDOCK: I can and I am.

STACY: Well I'm not going to stand for it.

BRADDOCK: Stacy you know what I do when I have a stubborn mule?

STACY:

Well- *What*

BRADDOCK: I beat him 'til he bleeds. I bend him to my will, Stacy, and as far as I'm concerned you're no different than a mule. At least a mule does a day's work. You're just a thievin', lowdown, no good, lazy tenant farmer. And I'm warnin' you. I'm either goin' to have those two cows or I'm goin' to have your blood.

STACY: ~~You can't call me a thief, Braddock. I won't stand for it.~~ <sup>You won't get away with this</sup> There's a law.

BRADDOCK: I'm the law here.

STACY: But the Sheriff --

BRADDOCK: I own the Sheriff.

STACY: I don't have to stand for this. I'm gonna git off your farm.

BRADDOCK: You're wrong, Stacy.

STACY: Am I?

BRADDOCK: I said you're wrong. Nobody ever runs out on ~~John Braddock~~ <sup>John</sup>. You git up those cows by next sundown, Stacy. And if you try to leave this here farm I'll kill you!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Thus it began as you, Hugh Park of the Atlanta Journal, learned later. ~~Thus it began, and the~~ <sup>you also learned later that</sup> next day in the office of Sheriff Roy Palmer in Manchester, seat of Meriwether County --

BRADDOCK: ~~Roy~~ <sup>John</sup>, you know Lee Stacy, one of my tenant farmers?

SHERIFF: Why yes, John.

BRADDOCK: I want you to issue a warrant for his arrest.

SHERIFF: What's the charge?

BRADDOCK: Stealing two of my <sup>Cowds</sup> Herefords?

SHERIFF: You got any proof?

BRADDOCK: Don't need any proof.

SHERIFF: Yes, but --

BRADDOCK: I say he did it. That's proof enough.

SHERIFF: (COWED) Why sure, John. Just as you say. I'll go out to the farm and pick him up.

BRADDOCK: You won't find him at the farm, <sup>Fred</sup> Roy. Fact is, that miserable whelp jumped the farm. Walked out on me after I told him to stay put. Nobody ever did that to John Braddock before and nobody ever will again.

SHERIFF: Where's he gone?

BRADDOCK: Went to stay with his kinfolk in Carroll County.

SHERIFF: Carroll County.

BRADDOCK: That's right. I want you to go up there and bring him back here.

SHERIFF: But, John, I've got no jurisdiction in Carroll County. Maybe the people up there --

BRADDOCK: (INTERRUPTS) You stop shootin' off your mouth and listen, <sup>Fred</sup> Roy. I'm tellin' you what to do. And if you don't do it, I'm gonna have me a new Sheriff around here. Now, go up there and git him. And don't come back without him.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)



-11-

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

SHERIFF: Sheriff Palmer,  
BRADDOCK: (FILTER) <sup>Fred</sup> Roy, John Braddock. You bring Stacy back?  
SHERIFF: Yes sir. Got him in the lockup now. But I don't  
know how long I can hold him,  
BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) You won't have to hold him, <sup>Fred</sup> Roy.  
SHERIFF: What d'you mean?  
BRADDOCK: I want you to let him loose just after dark.  
SHERIFF: But why --?  
BRADDOCK: Do as I say.  
SHERIFF: (A BEAT) What're you goin' to do, John?  
BRADDOCK: That's none of your business.  
SHERIFF: (WORRIED) John, listen to me. I know what you're  
thinkin', but don't. Don't do it, John. Go easy  
on the boy.  
BRADDOCK: <sup>Fred</sup> Listen, Roy, when I want your advice, I'll ask for it.  
You just bust him loose out of that cell the minute  
it gets dark. After that I'll take care of him.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(WE HEAR STEPS DOWN A CORRIDOR)

(STEPS STOP)

(KEY IN CELL DOOR TURNED)

(CELL DOOR OPENS)

SHERIFF: All right, Stacy. Come out of that cell.  
STACY: (TERRIFIED) You're lettin' me out?  
SHERIFF: That's the idea.

ATX01 0008713

STACY: (DESPERATELY) Sheriff, listen. I know this is Braddock's idea. I know what he's plannin' to do. Let me stay here, Sheriff. Please. Let me stay here.

SHERIFF: Sorry, son. I can't do it.

STACY: But if I stay here I'll be safe. I know Braddock told you to let me out. And I know why. Once he gets me outside he'll kill me. Sheriff, please --

SHERIFF: Son, I'd like to oblige but I can't.

STACY: (A BEAT) I see. You're scared, too.

SHERIFF: (HOPELESSLY) All right, son. I'm scared too. I want to stay healthy same as you. And if a man wants to stay healthy in Meriwether County, he's got to do it Braddock's way.

STACY: (HOPELESSLY) I see.

SHERIFF: Son, don't look at me like that. I know you're thinkin' I'm a dirty, yaller coward, and you're right. I ain't much of a man, but I'm an old man. An' if I lose this job, I've got nowhere else to go. Besides, you've still got a chance.

STACY: (BITTERLY) A chance? Against Braddock?

SHERIFF: (LOW) Look, boy. I brought that old pickup truck of yours around. It's waitin' behind the jail. Git in it, and light out for Coweta County. You've got a chance to make it. And once you get across that line, even John Braddock won't dare to come after you.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NAHR: It's around one ayem when you, Hugh Park, and Ray Lawson get to Braddock's place. John Braddock himself answers the door, and you note instantly that not only is he fully dressed, but he's wearing the same clothes Mrs. Dayton described on the kidnapper. Ray Lawson explains the circumstances, and then tells him...

RAY: A witness claims you kidnapped your own tenant farmer, Braddock...

BRADDOCK: (COLD) That's a lie.

RAY: (CALMLY) Maybe. But you'll have to come back with us, Braddock.

BRADDOCK: I'm not going anywhere with you, Lawson.

RAY: (QUIETLY) I'm askin' you politely, Braddock. But if I have to use force, I'll use it.

BRADDOCK: Look, Lawson. Nobody talks to ~~John Braddock~~ like that. ~~Not in Meriwether County~~. I run things here.

RAY: Sure. Only you made a little mistake.

BRADDOCK: What mistake?

RAY: Maybe you own everybody in this county, Braddock. ~~Only~~ <sup>But</sup> it so happens that tourist camp is just over the line in Coweta County. That's my county, Mister. And you don't own me!

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE 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 Hugh Park, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It is early morning, Hugh Park, when you get back to Coweta County Police Headquarters, along with Ray Lawson and <sup>John Braddock</sup> the iron boss of Meriwether County. On the ride, you really get a chance to study this man, who is a legend even in Atlanta. Here is a man who has kidnapped another man, and for all you know, may have murdered him. Yet his granite-hard face betrays nothing, his small ice blue eyes show nothing but confidence and contempt. Ray Lawson sends for Mrs. Dayton, and when she comes in.....

RAY: This the man you saw, Mrs. Dayton?

MRS. DAYTON: That's the man.

BRADDOCK: That's a lie! This woman never saw me in her life.

MRS. DAYTON: That's the man who was after Lee Stacy. He's the one who hit him and took him away.

HUGH: You're sure of that?

MRS. DAYTON: I'd swear to it.

RAY: (A BEAT) Well, Braddock?

BRADDOCK: Look, Lawson, it's a good try but you can't get away with it. That woman's crazy. She never saw me in her life. All you've got is one witness and it's her word against mine. I got a lawyer back in Meriwether County who'd break her down in five minutes.

RAY: You think so?

BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) I know so. And you know it, too. I can produce 20 witnesses who are ready to swear that I was back home mindin' my own business. And if you think you can -- (CUTS) Hold on! Park!

HUGH: Yes?

BRADDOCK: What d'you think you're doin'?

HUGH: Just takin' a picture of you for my paper.

BRADDOCK: You're not goin' to take any picture of me.

HUGH: Now wait a minute --

BRADDOCK: I said I don't want any pictures taken of me. I got my rights ~~of privacy~~ as a citizen and so far nobody's convicted me of anything. (TURNS TO LAWSON) That right, Lawson?

RAY: (A BEAT) I'm afraid he's right, Hugh.

HUGH: Yes, but --

RAY: I've got to go along with him, Hugh. Can't say that I want to, but I've got to. We administer the law fairly here and that goes for anybody and everybody. If Braddock doesn't want his picture taken right now, he's legally within his rights.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've got a reason for wanting that picture, Hugh Park. A very important reason. But there never was a good reporter who couldn't get a picture if he really needed it. You scour Meriwether County and find that John Braddock is a much photographed man. The picture you want is soon yours.

(MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You print it in the Journal and under it, ask the question: "Did anyone see this man at the Highway Tourist Camp about 9 o'clock last night?" And the paper hasn't been out on the streets an hour before --

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HUGH: Hugh Park, Journal.

MAN: (FILTER) Mr. Park, about that picture you ran in the paper --

HUGH: Yes?

MAN: My name's Sam Ware. I was in the Lunchroom at that tourist camp when this kidnapping happened. That's the man who did the job. My wife and mother-in-law were with me. They saw the whole thing too.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE . . . .)

RAY: Well, Braddock, Park here has got a lot of new witnesses to the effect that you were the man who kidnapped Lee Stacy.

BRADDOCK: (COLD AND ANGRY) He had no right to <sup>print</sup> ~~break~~ that picture of me.

RAY: ~~He did it without my knowledge.~~ ~~But~~ the fact is that it's done.

HUGH: And the question is, Braddock, what've you got to say now?

BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) Why, nothing. I got nothing to say, Park.

HUGH: But these witnesses?

BRADDOCK: Sure. Sure, you've got witnesses. But there's one thing you haven't got, Park. ~~You're a mighty smart reporter, but there's one thing you haven't got.~~

HUGH: Yes?

BRADDOCK: Lee Stacy.

HUGH: ~~Stacy?~~

BRADDOCK: ~~Yes. You were pretty big for your britches takin'~~  
~~that picture, but not big enough.~~ You can't convict  
a man of a kidnappin' charge until you find the man  
he's kidnapped.

RAY: Where is he, Braddock?

BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) How would I know?

RAY: What'd you do with him?

BRADDOCK: (SHRUG) I got a lot of tenant farmers at my place,  
Lawson. I don't keep tab on every one of 'em. For all  
I know Lee Stacy lit out to visit some of his kinfolk.  
~~Or maybe he got tired tryin' to work out a crop and~~  
~~just quit and walked off my property.~~

HUGH: ~~or~~ maybe he's dead.

BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) Maybe. If he is, Park, maybe you can find  
him. You're a smart young reporter, a real smart  
young feller. ~~You got a real big nose, maybe you can~~  
~~smell him out.~~

HUGH: Ray --

RAY: ~~Yes?~~ *Will let*

HUGH: ~~Could be~~ that Braddock here killed Stacy and buried  
him somewhere.

RAY: *Braddock* Like where?

HUGH: Somewhere on *your* ~~that~~ farm.



BRADDOCK: Now that's a ~~real~~ bright idea. Real bright. I got 2000 acres there. Most of it the meanest land you ever did see. Mostly nothing but swamp, rabbit holes, rock and underbrush you couldn't cut your way through. Maybe we'll look anyway.

*Ray*  
HUGH: BRADDOCK: (LAUGHS) You want to look, go ahead. But the only thing you'll ever get are sore feet.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Ray Lawson go into Meriwether County. And first, you question every one of Braddock's tenant farmers. Did they see anything suspicious on the night Lee Stacy was kidnapped? Do they have any idea what happened to Lee Stacy? And you get answers like this from a bedridden tenant farmer named Jed Gill and his wife --

JED: (GROAN OF PAIN) Lee Stacy? Don't know a thing about him, Sheriff. Don't know what happened to him. Wouldn't have any idea.

RAY: What about you, Mrs. Gill?

ELLA: Can't tell you a thing, Sheriff. Stacy minds his business, we mind ours. Ain't seen hide nor hair of him for a week. Wouldn't know where he is now.

HUGH: Mr. Gill, maybe if you'd --

ELLA: (INTERRUPTS) Why don't you let my husband alone? Can't you see he's been hurt? The mule that kicked him near done him in. Can't you see it's hard for him even to talk? Why don't you let us ~~out~~ alone?

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Everywhere it's the same. A solid wall of fear. Fear <sup>of</sup> ~~against~~ Braddock, fear of retaliation with a fist or a whip. And now you both talk to Sheriff <sup>Red-</sup> Roy Palmer --

RAY: Palmer, we're figurin' on searchin' John Braddock's farm.

SHERIFF: Are you Lawson? Why?

RAY: We think that maybe Braddock murdered Stacy and buried him somewhere out there.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Well, what d'ya want me to do?

HUGH: Sheriff <sup>Palmer</sup> ~~it's this way~~. That's a big farm. It's gonna take a lot of men to do the job right.

RAY: And we thought you'd lend us some men who know the area.

SHERIFF: You thought wrong, Lawson.

RAY: What do you mean?

SHERIFF: I'm not goin' to give you a man.

HUGH: But Sheriff Palmer --

SHERIFF: I said not a man. I'm Sheriff here in Meriwether County and you're not comin' in from Coweta and tryin' to tell me what I ought to do.

RAY: All we want is your cooperation.

SHERIFF: Well you're not gettin' any, Lawson. I don't take to outsiders buttin' in to this here county.

RAY: You mean you're afraid.

SHERIFF: Not wait a minute.

RAY: (QUIETLY) I'll say it again. You're afraid. Of John Braddock. He's got you and everybody else in this section under his thumb. You're scared to death of his shadow and you might as well admit it. ~~And it's police authorities like you who give the law a black eye in the State of Georgia.~~

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Look, Lawson, you take care of Coweta County, I'll take care of Meriwether. And I'm tellin' ~~you again~~ and for the last time, I'm not sendin' any men of mine to tromp over John Braddock's place.

RAY: All right, Palmer. If you won't cooperate, I'll call in the State Police to help us out.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The search begins with the help of the State Police. Acre after acre, through brambles and bushes, caves and thick forest, swamps and underbrush that can't even be penetrated. Nothing. The tenant farmers are again asked the same questions. And again there is nothing but the wall, the wall of fear. And then, two days later, going over the ground again in a kind of despair, you, Hugh Park, working alone, knock on the door of a tenant shack.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(SQUEALING WOODEN DOOR OPENS)

HUGH: Hello, Mrs. Gill.

ELLA: (A BEAT) Oh, it's you again.

JED: (OFF) Who is it, Ella?

ELIA: That reporter feller from the Atlantic Journal.  
JED: (WITH A KIND OF GROAN) Tell him to go away.  
NARR: ~~You see Jed GILL is sitting up in bed glaring hostilely~~  
at you. You remember he told you why he was in bed.  
~~But what you see now is something different.~~  
HUGH: Mr. Gill.  
JED: Well?  
HUGH: I thought you said you were kicked by a mule.  
JED: That's right.  
HUGH: (A BEAT) Those red welts across your arms and back  
were never made by a mule.  
JED: Look here, mister, what're you drivin' at anyway?  
HUGH: Somebody gave you a beating, Gill. Was it Braddock?  
JED: (A BEAT) Get outa here.  
HUGH: It was Braddock, wasn't it, Gill? ~~He's got that kind~~  
~~of reputation:~~ Why did he do it? As a warning? Just  
to keep you from talking?  
ELIA: Mr. Park, please, let us alone.  
HUGH: Mrs. Gill, listen. Everybody knows what John Braddock's  
done around here. ~~The whole State knows it. He~~  
~~even boasts about it.~~ He owns you all body and soul,  
treats you like animals. You're not even free to  
say what you want, do what you want, ~~go where you~~  
~~please.~~ How long are you going to stand for that?  
JED: Get outa here, Mister. Get out, ~~get out!~~

HUGH: Mrs. Gill, I'm appealing to you. How can you stand there and see your husband beaten like a dog and be silent? How long are you going to be afraid? If you know anything, anything at all about what happened to Lee Stacy and you speak up now, that'll be the end of John Braddock. And you'll be free ~~again~~ and never have to be afraid again.

JED: I told you for the last time --

ELLA: (INTERRUPTS) Jed, wait a minute.

JED: Ella, what --

ELLA: Tell him what you know.

JED: But I can't!

ELLA: You tell him. It's time someone stopped bending a back to John Braddock. It's time someone had the gumption to stand on his own two feet. Men like John Braddock are rattlesnakes, always have been, always will be. You see a rattlesnake, you kill him afore he kills you.

JED: Ella --

ELLA: Be a man, Jed. Tell him what you know.

HUGH: (A PAUSE) Well, Mr. Gill?

JED: All right. The night Lee Stacy was kidnapped, John Braddock came here, woke me and Ella up. He was with a friend of his, a man named Dexter. He said he wanted me to help him bury some carrion.

HUGH: And the carrion turned out to be Lee Stacy?

JED: That's right. First he made me burn the body so that there wasn't enough left to put in a match box. Then he made me bury the remains. After that he went over me with a bull whip just to give me a taste of what'd happen if I ever talked.

HUGH: (A PAUSE AND THEN QUIETLY) Gill, can you take me to the spot where the remains are buried?

JED: Any time you're ready, Mr. Park. Any time you're ready.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You meet John Braddock once more before they take him away and he tries to lunge at you, but the guards pull him <sup>back</sup> away.

*Lays*  
BRADDOCK: (WITH HATE) *Stand still Braddock* I'll get you for this, Park. If it hadn't been for you...they'd never get me.

HUGH: (QUIETLY) You're wrong, Braddock.

BRADDOCK: What do you mean?

HUGH: I'm not the one who was really responsible. It was Ella Gill. You thought that fear was enough to hold Meriwether County in your fist forever. But the trouble is....you didn't know people, Braddock. There's always someone who gets tired of being pushed around. Always one voice that comes to shout out the truth. That's when men like you are through. Because people just won't stay afraid forever.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's your Big Story, Hugh Park of the Atlanta Journal. That's how a dark corner of America was made light again and a dictatorship broken. All it took was one man to speak and the great wall of fear came tumbling down.

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Hugh Park of the Atlanta Journal with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TAG)

(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 a telegram from Hugh Park of the Atlanta Journal.

BRADDOCK: JOHN BRADDOCK FOUND GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER AND SENTENCED TO DIE IN ELECTRIC CHAIR. ~~HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.~~ SHERIFF PALMER INDICTED AS AN ACCESSORY BUT NEVER BROUGHT TO TRIAL SINCE HE WAS DYING OF HEART DISEASE. MY COVERAGE OF CASE WON ASSOCIATED PRESS AWARD FOR BEST NEWS REPORTING OF YEAR IN GEORGIA. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Park, 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 Pittsburgh Sun - by-line Matty Ruman. The Big Story of a reporter who caught a little man in <sup>the</sup> a big crime... *murder*

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING \_ \_ \_ \_ .)

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEM'S TUBE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUR)

BIG STORY

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlick from an actual story from the pages of the Atlanta Georgia Journal. Your narrator was Michael Sage and Bill Lipton played the part of Hugh Park. 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. Park.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PILL MEIL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality money can buy.  
THIS IS NBC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #353

CAST

NARRATOR

NORMAN ROSE

MATTY

MAURICE WELLS

HERB

LOUIS NYE

OTTO

CARL SWENSON

WOMAN

ELINOR PHELPS

FOREMAN

CHUCK WEBSTER

SAM

PHIL STERLING

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1951

(MATTY RUMIN...PITTSBURGH-SUN-TELEGRAPH)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT)

NARR: It's quiet on Pittsburgh's Beaker Street at a quarter of  
three in the morning as Mister Peterson's ~~new~~ Cadillac  
turns into his driveway, pulls into a garage, and stops.  
Is this unusual? No... Mister Peterson works the night  
shift.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

He walks back down the driveway...mounts the steps and  
enters his home.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES SOFTLY)

OTTO: (SOFTLY) Helen?...Helen?

NARR: Quietly...in case she's asleep. Is this unusual? No...  
for Helen Peterson often goes to sleep if her husband is  
later than usual. He walks down the hall and enters his  
bedroom.

OTTO: (SOFTLY) Helen? I'm home, dear.

NARR: He takes off his jacket...slips it over the back of a  
chair...walks to his wife's side to give her a good-night  
kiss...and what happens then...is very unusual.

OTTO: Help! Help! Something terrible has happened.

(MUSIC: STING AND BRIDGE UNDER)

ANNCH: THE BIG STORY! The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It  
is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and  
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From  
the pages of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph...the story of  
a reporter who caught a little man in a big crime--  
Murder. (MORE)

*For his  
Big  
Story*

ANNCH:  
(CONT'D)

Tonight, to Matty Rumin of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph,  
goes the Pell Mell \$500 award!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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.

VERSION III

ANNCH: 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: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPEL: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Matty Rumin's story....as he lived it!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Matty Rumin, are a veteran. You've been with the Sun-Telegraph for over twenty years...and when a story has to be written in blood...it's given <sup>to</sup> you. Mine cave-ins, train wrecks, tornados, murders...they've all carried your by-line. You know every cop in town and every trooper at the State Police Barracks. They like you because you hold back a story when you're told... you give a cop a fair break in your paper...and you play a very bad game of gin rummy. Captain Sam Julian, of the Pennsylvania State Troopers, likes nothing better than to have you as his very own pigeon.

(MUSIC: OUT)

SAM: And that little old seven of spades, Matty, is gin!

MATTY: But how? It's impossible!

SAM: Right between the six and eight. (BEAT) Matty....why don't you just give up this game.

MATTY: Deal, while I add up the score.

SAM: Want to send out for some coffee?

MATTY: Stop stalling, Sam....deal the cards.

SAM: (SIGHS) Just trying to save you a few bucks.

(SHUFFLING OF CARDS)

MATTY: It's almost three A.M.

SAM: I'm on duty - I've got to stay up. Don't reporters ever sleep?



MATTY: I'll play a couple more games and I'll ...

(PHONE RINGS)

(PICKS UP PHONE)

SAM: Captain Julian....State Police! (BEAT) Yes, sir....a little slower, sir. (BEAT) Hand me that pencil, Matty.

MATTY: Here.

SAM: (INTO PHONE) One...one...seven....Becker! (BEAT) Yes, sir...we'll be there in a few minutes!

(HANGS UP PHONE)

MATTY: We got a game to finish...I'm a loser!

SAM: The guy who just called ~~he's~~ a loser, too...someone killed his wife!

(MUSIC: ... STING AND BRIDGE)

NARR: The Captain grabs a phone and alerts the coroners office and the lab boys. You grab the other phone and call your paper. You tell them to send a photographer out to one one seven Becker and to keep a rewrite man handy for a page one story. You leave headquarters in a squad car. It's three in the morning and you don't need a siren because the streets are almost deserted. Everybody's asleep....You've got yourself a big, fat exclusive. ~~A woman's been killed....sure....but you're a reporter and the story comes first.~~ You get to the house and the Captain makes you and your photographer stay in the hall while he looks at the body.

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

MATTY: You get a picture of the front of the house, Herb?

HERB: You think I'm an amateur?

MATTY: Did you get a picture of the cops walking through the flowers?

HERB: Do you think I'm blind or something?

MATTY: Herb, do you have to answer every question with a question?

HERB: Do I do that?

(DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY OFF)

SAM: Matty?

MATTY: I'm still here, Sam.

SAM: Do you want to see the body now?

MATTY: Come on, Herb.

HERB: You think I wasn't comin'?

(FOOTSTEPS...ON MIKE....OUT)

SAM: On the bed.

MATTY: Really worked her over, ~~didn't they?~~

SAM: Strangled with an electric wire...stabbed about seventeen times. Been dead about three or four hours.. coroner can't tell the exact cause of death yet.

MATTY: Does it make much difference?

SAM: Not to her.....

HERB: You got to stand in the way, Matty?

MATTY: Sorry. (BEAT) Whole room is a mess.

SAM: Looks like Robbery...dresser drawers on the floor... closets pulled apart. This is the only room that was torn apart. Rest of the house is OK.

MATTY: They think she put up much of a struggle?

SAM: No. Doc says she was sleeping. (BEAT) Sergeant, go tell Kelly I want him to see if he can lift any prints off this window. (BEAT) I'm going to talk to the husband  
....come on, Matty.

MATTY: Finish up here, Herb and then come in the next room.

HERB: You think I was goin' to a movie?

(FOOTSTEPS....STAY WITH HIM)

MATTY: That guy'll drive me nuts, Sam.

SAM: The husband is lying down in here. Hope he's gotten a grip on himself.

MATTY: Quite a shock....finding your wife like that.

SAM: Yeah...Somebody really worked her over.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

OTTO: (MUFFLED) Come in.

(DOOR OPEN)

SAM: Mister Peterson...I'm Captain Julian...I wonder if you'd be able to answer a few questions.

OTTO: I'll try, Captain.

SAM: Can you tell me the exact time you discovered your wife's body?

OTTO: Three o'clock...(BEAT) Who could have done this to Helen? She was such a wonderful woman...everyone loved her.

SAM: ~~Yes...she~~

OTTO: Who?

SAM: That's what we're trying to find out.

OTTO: I got home later than usual tonight...you see, I work the night shift at Anesta Trucking - I'm a master mechanic. If only I'd gotten home at my usual time.

SAM: What held you up?

OTTO: Car stopped - distribution trouble- took me almost two hours to get it fixed.

SAM: Did your wife have any enemies?

OTTO: Oh, no...everyone loved Helen. We were married for twenty-six years...wonderful woman.

SAM: When you got home...did you see anyone prowling around?

OTTO: *Did he?*  
~~No, sir.~~ (BEAT) Got a spot on my trousers...looks like coffee.

SAM: *Did you see any prowling around?*  
~~Have you been bothered with prowlers...I mean, in the past.~~

OTTO: I don't remember drinking coffee.

SAM: Mister Peterson?

OTTO: Sir?

SAM: I was asking if you'd been bothered with prowlers?

OTTO: No, sir...this is a nice neighborhood.

HERB: (OFF) Matty?

MATTY: *Just* A second <sup>Herb</sup> Captain?

SAM: What?

MATTY: Will you be going back to headquarters?

SAM: In about ten minutes. (BEAT) We'll want you to come to headquarters Mister Peterson?

OTTO: Oh, yes sir...I'll do anything to help.

MATTY: Herb's got his car...I'll drive with him. Come on Herb.

(FOOTSTEPS...STAY WITH THEM)

HERB: Where we goin'?

MATTY: Out to the garage. (BEAT) Can't make him out.

HERB: How's he takin' it?

MATTY: Huh? - pretty good. He's a mechanic for Anesta Trucking works the night shift. (BEAT) We're going back to the garage, Sergeant.

(DOOR OPEN)

(NIGHT NOISES...CRICKETS)

HERB: Crickets?

MATTY: When I was a kid they used to keep me awake half the night...we lived on the edge of town.

(FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT)

Garage is open. Wish I knew what there was about him bothers me.

HERB: (LOW WHISTLE) *Boy look at* ~~You see~~ that car?

MATTY: ~~Now~~ Caddy...hold it a second, I want to open the hood.

HERB: Think I'll ever be able to afford a car like this?

MATTY: Your bookmaker can.

HERB: On my two dollar bets?

(A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)

MATTY: Get me a picture of the motor.

HERB: Why?

MATTY: Snap it!

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

HERB: Now...where's the distributor?  
*You're right* That's it, isn't it?

MATTY: That's it. Peterson said he had trouble with his distributor...it's covered with grease but no fingerprints.

HERB: So?

MATTY: That distributor wasn't touched tonight.

HERB: Maybe it was the carbirator or something?

MATTY: You know the difference between a lens and a reflector don't you?

HERB: Are you kiddin'? Cameras are my business, ~~aren't they?~~

MATTY: Motor's are his business.

(MUSIC: STING AND BRIDGE)

NARR: You and Herb drive down to Captain Julian's office and the Sergeant lets you go in. You stand in a corner and wait for a chance to break in. You listen to Peterson give all the right answers and then he asks for a drink of water and while he's <sup>getting a</sup> ~~drinking~~ you tell the Captain about the distributor.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MATTY: (SOTTO) What do you say, Sam?

SAM: (SOTTO) Maybe he made a mistake.

MATTY: (SOTTO) That's what Herb said...

SAM: (SOTTO) His wife was murdered, remember?

MATTY: (SOTTO) ~~Wow~~...I thought you ought to know.

SAM: (SOTTO) Thanks. (UP) You feel better, Mister Peterson?

OTTO: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Much better, thanks. We can continue now.

SAM: Fine.

(A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS)  
MATTY: (SOTTO) <sup>Herb</sup> as soon as the Captain finishes, <sup>well</sup> get a picture of Peterson.

SAM: (ON MIKE) Now...about your neighbors....

OTTO: I got along fine...Helen, well...she wasn't too friendly, I'm afraid. Like to stay close to her home.

SAM: I see.

OTTO: Why would anyone want to rob us? We never kept much money around and Helen didn't care for jewels. I always wanted to buy her some but she said no. (HEAT) A good woman...wonderful woman.

SAM: You didn't notice anything missing, did you?

OTTO: I'm afraid I didn't look.

SAM: I understand.

OTTO: I'm rather tired, Captain...if I could lay down?

SAM: Of course. We can finish tomorrow.

OTTO: Thank you.

(CHAIR SCRAPING BACK)

MATTY: Mister Peterson!

OTTO: Yes?

MATTY: Will you hold still for a moment? We'd like to get a picture.

OTTO: No picture! I don't want my picture taken!

MATTY: It'll only take a moment.

OTTO: I'm in trouble enough now!

MATTY: Nobody's accused you of anything, Mister Peterson, yet.

(MUSIC: STING AND BRIDGE)

NARR: You put the needle into him and you know it and you're sorry. While you're trying to get to sleep that night you wonder why you did it? What makes you think he's lying? Because the distributor was untouched? Because he worried about a spot of coffee on his trousers, when his wife has been murdered. You don't hang a man on that kind of evidence. You don't even accuse him of anything. The next day you start talking to people. A couple of guys at his union...the grocer where he shops. and the woman who lives next door.

(MUSIC: OUT)

WOMAN: Terrible thing...just a terrible thing.

MATTY: Yes, ~~she~~ Mrs. Brian

WOMAN: Such a nice woman...nervous type...but a nice woman.

MATTY: Were you very friendly with her?

WOMAN: (UP) Alvin! Keep practicing!

(IN B.G. A VIOLIN PLAYING THE SCALES)

That's my son, Alvin. He loves the violin.

MATTY: Yes, mam. Did you see a lot of Mrs. Peterson?

WOMAN: Well... no. Those big trees they planted around the house -- Sort of told folks they didn't want friends.

MATTY: I understand Mister Peterson was well liked.

WOMAN: (UP) Louder, Alvin! (HEAT) What was that you said?

MATTY: Mister Peterson...everyone in the neighborhood liked him.

WOMAN: Mister Rumin...I don't like to run anybody down... especially at a time like this..

MATTY: I understand.

WOMAN: There's a five foot fence around that house..he put it up himself.

(MUSIC: ... STRING AND BRIDGE...)

NARR: You're a newspaper reporter, Matty Rumin, and you don't settle on just one version of a story. You keep walking and keep interviewing people. Finally, you put in a phone call to your paper and one to Captain Julian... and then go back to asking questions. You finish by four-thirty in the afternoon and you go to headquarters and lay it out for the Captain.

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

MATTY: You want more, Sam?

SAM: I want everything.



MATTY: Not one person, Sam...not one had a good word for him.

SAM: That doesn't make him a killer, Matty.

MATTY: I know..and it bothers me. He just doesn't seem to be the type...mild...self-controlled....(BEAT) Why is it, Sam, you don't figure a guy who wears glasses to be a murderer?

SAM: Movies, I guess....

MATTY: Did he fight it when you asked him to take a lie detector test?

SAM: On the contrary...he was happy to. Said he wanted to do everything he could to help.

MATTY: I didn't figure that.

SAM: Why not? He insists he had nothing to do with it.

MATTY: How long before we get the result?

SAM: Any minute.

MATTY: You think I've just got a crazy hunch, Sam?

SAM: A woman's been murdered, Matty...I'll follow through<sup>up</sup> anything to get the answer...even if it is a crazy hunch.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MATTY: Went me to get it?

SAM: I'll get it.

(A FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS)

(OFF) Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MATTY: The result of the lie detector test?

SAM: Yeah.

MATTY: Well?

SAM: We asked him twenty-eight questions. First his name - then his address - occupation.

MATTY: Get to it!

SAM: On the next twenty-five -- he lied.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(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: UP AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You've been a reporter for well over twenty years, Matty Rumin, but you still get a kick out of scooping the town. You still get a boot out of seeing your story spread across the whole front page. Late the next afternoon you go over to Captain Julian's office to see if Otto Peterson has confessed. You've got a great big smile across your face as you walk in..and the Captain wipes it off for you.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MATTY: Say that again.

SAM: We let him go.

MATTY: You're being funny, huh Sam? You're pulling my leg.

SAM: If you're looking for a story, Matty, there it is. We let Otto Peterson go.

MATTY: But that's impossible. The lie detector test...he blew it, remember?

SAM: A lie detector test is not admissible in evidence in the Pennsylvania courts.

MATTY: What about those people I interviewed?

SAM: You can't convict a man because people don't like him.

MATTY: But he lied!

SAM: Would you like to base a case on that?

MATTY: No.

SAM: We're working on another angle. Print that, huh?

MATTY: Sure.

SAM: Thanks for the help, Matty...appreciate it.

MATTY: Not so fast, Sam.

SAM: I'd give you more time, Matty, but I've got a million things to do.

MATTY: The distributor, Sam ... how about that?

SAM: He said he made a mistake.

MATTY: A lot of mistakes were made, Sam ... I think you made the biggest one.

SAM: How come?

MATTY: You let him go.

(MUSIC: STING AND BRIDGE)

NARR: You leave police headquarters and you sit in your car. It just doesn't add up. You'd have given a hundred to one that Peterson was guilty but the police let him go. Well, you're a reporter and not the district attorney ... if the police let him go ... he's a free man. Nothing you can do but to find out he feels being a free man. You start your car and drive to his home.

(CAR DRIVES UP TO A CURB AND STOPS)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS...A FEW)

WOMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Nobody home there, Mister. (FADES IN) Oh, hello ... I didn't know it was you.

MATTY: Hello, Mrs. Brian.

WOMAN: No sense in ringing that bell ... Mister Peterson isn't home.

MATTY: Any idea when he'll be back?

WOMAN: He was never in a habit of confiding in his neighbors.

MATTY: Well, I'll wait for awhile.

WOMAN: There hasn't been a light in that house since the night of the ... the accident.

MATTY: It was a murder ... a cold blooded killing.

WOMAN: This used to be a very respectable neighborhood. Understand me, Mister Rumin, I'm not condemning Mister Peterson. ~~I've always said that a person is entitled to~~ <sup>his attitude</sup> ~~privacy...~~ but in a friendly neighborhood like this<sup>1</sup>... it <sup>wasn't</sup> just ~~isn't~~ natural.

MATTY: Yes, mam. The police released him this morning...I thought he might come here.

WOMAN: You'd think we were a bunch of snoopers the way that man carried on with that fence and those trees.

MATTY: Maybe he just liked privacy.

WOMAN: Well, if that's what he wants in life then let him have it.

MATTY: Going to be a little tough now.

WOMAN: What do you mean?

MATTY: When a murder's committed in your bedroom ... the right to privacy goes out the window.

(MUSIC: STING...BRIDGE)

NARR: He doesn't figure to disappear -- but he has. Like he stepped off the edge of the world. You stop at a couple of bars ... at a bowling alley Peterson might be in ... at his sister-in-laws... but you can't find a person who has

19 (Rev)  
188-

seen him. Not one person who has passed him in the  
street...talked to him on the phone. You keep <sup>checking</sup> ~~working~~  
and end up at the shop where he works.

(MUSIC: OUT)

(MACHINES IN B.G.)

MATTY: (UP) A little loud ...

FOREMAN: (UP) Be quieter over in the corner.

MATTY: (UP) O.K.

(FOOTSTEPS ON)

(FADE THE MACHINE...KEEP IN B.G.)

This is better.

FOREMAN: What'd you say your name was?

MATTY: Matty Rumin...Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

FOREMAN:: Suppose you want to know about Otto. Saw you talking to  
the other boys.

MATTY: Anything you can tell me?

FOREMAN: He was a good mechanic...the best.

MATTY: Get along well with the men?

FOREMAN: He never fought with anybody if that's what you mean...  
kept pretty much to himself.

MATTY: Have you seen him?

FOREMAN: Since the murder? No.

MATTY: Know of anyone who has?

FOREMAN: Not around here.

MATTY: That isn't what I asked. Has anybody seen him anyplace?

FOREMAN: Otto kept pretty much to himself. By the way - my  
name's Charlie Green.

MATTY: What kind of a guy was he? I've talked to him...but  
he's got me puzzled. I couldn't figure him out.

FOREMAN: That's the kind of a guy he was. You'd never figure  
him ~~to be deep or anything~~ to have secrets or anything,  
would you?

MATTY: No.

FOREMAN: It's those quiet kind...you never can tell about them.

MATTY: ~~Then maybe somebody does know where he is.~~

FOREMAN: Maybe. The quiet kind ~~just goes to show you~~. Could  
a knocked me over with a feather when he told me.  
Didn't mean to, I guess - we were having a couple of  
beers -- you know how it is. How his wife nagged -  
how he met this other woman -- accident, of course.

MATTY: Of course. I don't suppose you'd know the address of  
this "friend".

FOREMAN: Know Pittsburgh pretty well?

MATTY: Yeah.

FOREMAN: That big Cadillac of his...you might find it parked  
outside of two hundred nine Wilson Street.



MATTY: Thanks, Mister...I appreciate it.

FOREMAN: Don't mention it. Doesn't figure, does it...quiet guy like Otto...if I pulled something like that my wife would kill me.

MATTY: Yeah...somebody's bound to get killed.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You break a couple of city ordinances getting to the address. This could answer all the why's that have been bothering you. You pull up...you ring the bell..and a kindly neighbor comes over and tells you you're wasting your time. The lady in question has been out of town for two day. You pull in your ego and go back to see if Captain Julian has come up with anything.

(MUSIC: OUT)

MATTY: At least give me the straight answers, Sam

SAM: I haven't ducked any questions yet, have I Matty?

MATTY: No. I'm just kicking an idea around...care to listen?

SAM: Sure.

MATTY: He drives a ~~new~~ Cadillac and owns his own house.

SAM: Go ahead.

MATTY: Now...I've got a friend at the bank.

SAM: So have we, Matty. He worked hard and saved his money. Overtime...double time...he had two luxuries. The car and the house.

MATTY: He had three.

SAM: So you found out about ~~his~~ <sup>the other woman</sup> friend? ~~2.~~

MATTY: Yeah. I didn't talk to her though...she's out of town.

SAM: We talked to her...she thought he was a widower.

MATTY: He's turning out to be quite a guy, isn't he, ~~Sam?~~  
There's your motive. *Sam*

SAM: You had questions to ask.

MATTY: I talked to the man at his shop...he's got a perfect alibi for the night of the murder...Too perfect.

SAM: Coroner puts the time of death between eleven and eleven thirty.

MATTY: He was at work. He's got twenty witnesses put him eighteen miles from the murder.

SAM: You're kicking holes in your own case.

MATTY: I'll get to that in a minute. Sam...I spent all day long chasing him down.

SAM: Why?

MATTY: I wanted to talk to him. Now, I couldn't find him... follow me?

SAM: Go ahead.

MATTY: I wanted to talk to him and I couldn't find him... I figure someone doesn't want him talked to...

SAM: Your mind is working a million miles a minute.

MATTY: I figure it's you...and I figure Peterson is still in custody. Am I right?

SAM: (BEAT) You're right.

MATTY: Like me to tell you why?

SAM: I don't think I can stop you.

MATTY: He didn't kill her -- he hired someone to do it! (BEAT) Well?

SAM: O.K. Matty ...that's exactly what he did---

MATTY: Mind if I use your phone?

SAM: But don't print it!

MATTY: Sam...this is a terrific story! You can't hold this back!

SAM: I can if I give you a better one.

MATTY: I'm listening.

SAM: He paid 'em half before the job -- promised to pay the rest when she was dead.

MATTY: How do you know all this?

SAM: When he saw the result of the lie detector test...he confessed.

MATTY: And you didn't tell me! You let me go chasin' my tail all...

SAM: Will you let me finish!

MATTY: ~~Somebody.~~

SAM: We needed your story in the paper - to make them think he was in the clear. He called them this afternoon. The pay-off is for eight-thirty tonight.

MATTY: It's only six now.

SAM: You want to come along?

MATTY: Yeah...

SAM: It might get a little rough, Matty.

MATTY: I'm kind of curious. *do you see what he's going to do?*  
~~what's the polite thing to do?~~  
Do you just say thanks - or do you shake hands with the guy who killed your wife?

(MUSIC: ... STING AND UNDER)

NARR: You ride with the Captain. You don't do too much talking. The car you're riding in is a plain car... like any other on the road. The only difference is, it has a police radio. You pull up about seventy feet from the corner of Chestnut and Fillmore. You look at your watch.

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

MATTY: Got about five minutes yet.

SAM: Yeah.

MATTY: You still haven't told me what's going to happen.

SAM: See that guy sitting on the porch...across the street.

MATTY: I see him.

SAM: He's a cop...the guy changing the tire...he's a cop. Down at the end of the block...the blue Hudson parked near the corner...two cops.

MATTY: You came prepared.

SAM: These men are killers, Matty.

MATTY: That Cadillac coming toward us...it look's like Peterson.

SAM: It is. He's going to park...there...turn off the motor, and look at a road map. So far so good.

MATTY: How come you trusted him to drive alone.

SAM: He's a man of character, Matty...besides...under a blanket on the back floor...two <sup>of his car</sup> <sup>more</sup> cops.

MATTY: Figures.

SAM: This may be it...that Nash driving slowly....no....

MATTY: Going to get complicated if there's too much traffic.

SAM: Or too much shooting.

MATTY: Sam!

SAM: I see 'em.

MATTY: They're parking their car...both of them getting out.

SAM: I told Peterson to just hand them the money.

MATTY: ~~I wish I could read lips...~~

SAM: ~~Why?~~

MATTY: ~~To see if he's thanking them.~~

SAM: ~~That all you can think of?~~

MATTY: <sup>a</sup> ~~Handing them the package...~~ <sup>Handing them <sup>a</sup> the package...</sup> they're talking...

SAM: Soon as they leave the car...got to keep Peterson out of the line of fire!

MATTY: ~~They're moving, Sam.~~ <sup>going back to their car.</sup>

SAM: Take care of yourself, Matty!

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

MATTY: Same to you.

SAM: (UP) You two! Stand where you are!

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(A SHOT)

SAM: (UP) Head them off, Kelly!

(TWO SHOTS)

SAM: (UP AND SLIGHTLY OFF) Grab the other one! I got this one!

(A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MATTY: Nice going, Sam.

SAM: Thanks, (UP) Kelly, put cuffs on them and get them out of here!

MATTY: Any of your boys hit?

SAM: No...one of the killers got it in the leg.

MATTY: Mind if I have a word with Peterson before you take him off?

SAM: Hurry it up!

(A FEW FOOTSTEPS)

MATTY: Hello, Mister Peterson.

OTTO: Hello, Mister Rumin.

MATTY: Quite a show your friends just put on.

OTTO: Foolish of them...police all around...they didn't have a chance.

MATTY: You should have thought of that before you decided to kill your wife.

OTTO: What do you mean?

MATTY: The police are always around..you didn't have a chance.

(MUSIC: UP TO CURTAIN)

ANNCR: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Matty Rumin of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, with the final outcome of tonight's big story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

hd/mm/ac

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #353

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)

ANNCH: Now we read you that telegram from Matty Rumin of the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. *Peterson's defense based on years of nagging wife drove him to desperation and insanity. Plea not regarded valid by jury.*

MATPY: Peterson and two accomplices charged with murder. All three sentenced to life imprisonment. My sincerest appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

ANNCH: Thank you, Mr. Rumin, 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 Houston, Texas Chronicle-- by-line Martin Dreyer. The Big Story of a boy who made a mistake... and a reporter who didn't.

(MUSIC: STING.....)

CHAPPELLI: 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 David P.  
Harmon, from an actual story from the pages of the  
Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph. Your narrator was Bernard Rose

and Maurice Wells

played the part of Matty Rumin. 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. Rumin.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND PADE 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.

ac/hd/'betty'/

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM 354

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
SARA	MILDRED DUNNOCK
RAY	DEAN AIMQUIST
D.A.	DEAN AIMQUIST
EDITOR	LOU HALL
ATTENDANT	LOU HALL
MARTIN	NELSON OLMSTEAD
JIMMY	BILLY REDFIELD
CHICK	GEORGE MATTHEWS
SAM	FRANK READICK

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1954

ATX01 0008762

CHAPPELL: PELL MELI. FAMOUS CIGARETTES, the finest quality  
money can buy, present The Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)

(DOOR CLOSE)

SARA: (TENSE) Roy? That you? Did you find him?

ROY: Sara ...

SARA: Something's the matter. It's not like Jimmy, not  
being on time for supper.

ROY: Sara, listen .. I -- I found his bicycle .. by --  
the river.

SARA: The river!

ROY: Yeah. His cap too.

SARA: (PAUSE ... THEN) He knows his way around. He wouldn't  
do anything foolish. (THEN) Isn't that right, Roy?  
He wouldn't go near enough to the river for anything  
to happen, would he, Roy?

(NO ANSWER)

SARA: (ALMOST A SCREAM) Roy! Nothing would happen, would it?  
(THEN, SOBS) Why don't you answer me? Why don't you  
tell me nothing would happen?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Houston, Texas. It is  
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and  
women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: From the pages of the Houston Texas Chronicle, the  
(CONT'D) story of a boy who made a mistake . . . and a reporter  
who didn't. Tonight, to Martin Dreyer for his Big  
Story goes the Pell Mell \$500 award.

(MUSIC: . . . FANFARE)

(MUSIC: . . . TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

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.

(MORE)

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: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Now the story as it actually happened -- Martin Dreyer's story as he lived it.

NARRATOR: The dispatch is dropped on your desk, Martin Dreyer and you know right away, here is your story. It's all there -- all the desperation, the hope, the suspense that makes the big headlines. Your editor watches you as you read. Then ...

EDITOR: What do you think of it, Martin?

MARTIN: It's terrific. *So see*

EDITOR: Follow it up. *Call the woman first. Talk to her.*

MARTIN: I'll get on it right away.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The story concerns an Iowa farm couple. A man and his wife. *You talk to the wife. You try to* telephone them. *Get the details straight from them. her*

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

MARTIN: ~~I wanted to check the story with you, Mrs. Nichol ... I wanted to be sure the dispatch was correct.~~

SARA: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) You mean what they put in the newspapers here in Iowa? Yes, that's right, Mr. Dreyer.

MARTIN: (PROMPTING) You got a letter ... *There aren't any details really Mrs. Dreyer*

SARA: *Just* I got a letter from this man. Asking all sorts of questions. About me and my husband ... and the dogs ... how the crops were doing ... the kind of a letter some relative might write, don't you know?

MARTIN: But it was signed with a strange name?

SARA: Fred Wheeler it was signed. I never heard of any Fred Wheeler. But it was just the kind of a letter a relative would write, Mr. Dreyer; just the kind of letter Jimmy, my son, would write.

MARTIN: You think the letter might be from him?

SARA: (UPSET) ~~I don't know what to think.~~ Everyone here, they keep saying no. They keep saying Jimmy is dead.

MARTIN: How long since you you've seen him?

SARA: Two years. Last I seen him he was only thirteen. Just thirteen years old. A good boy. Helped with the chores. He was head of the Four H here. A real good boy he was. He -- (HER VOICE BREAKS)

MARTIN: Please go on, Mrs. Nichol.

SARA: Didn't come home for supper one night. Roy ... his Dad, found his cap and bike by the river bank. ~~Everybody..~~ ~~said the same thing.~~ Everybody said he must've gone swimming and the current -- (SHE STOPS)

MARTIN: ~~The body was never found?~~

SARA: No. What else could ~~have happened,~~ though? He was a ~~good boy. Why would he run away?~~

MARTIN: And yet you think this letter you've received may be from your son Jimmy, is that right, Mrs. Nichol?

SARA: It asks about the dogs ... the letter does. Duke and Brownie. Jimmy's dogs. ~~(THINK) I don't know.~~ ~~But I got to find out.~~

MARTIN: Where is the letter postmarked, Mrs. Nichol?

SARA: A place down ~~there~~ in Texas. Called Sugar Land.

MARTIN: Sugar Land!



SARA: That's right.

MARTIN: (WITH DIFFICULTY) Mrs. Nichol, I don't know if you -- (HE STOPS)

SARA: (STEADILY) Yeah. I know, Mr. Dreyer. They told ~~me that first off, a lot of folks did.~~ Sugar Land's <sup>when a</sup> the prison farm <sup>in Texas</sup> down there. The man who wrote this letter is in jail.

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: There isn't much more to say. You have the story now, Martin Dreyer. Her story. But she tells you one more thing. One thing to remember.

SARA: (FIGHTING TEARS) I want to find out if it's Jimmy. If he's alive. If he is, I gotta tell him something. I got to tell him it doesn't matter he ran away. It doesn't matter anything except -- ~~I know~~ he's a good boy. He ought to be at home.

(MUSIC: ... ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's up to you to follow this up, Martin Dreyer. You do. You go to the Central Prison Farm at Sugar Land. You get permission to talk to the man who calls himself Fred Wheeler. That part is easy. But when you meet him face to face ... then it isn't so easy ...

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

JIMMY: (TOUGH) Look, I told you twice now. My name is Wheeler. What do you want, an affidavit?

MARTIN: How old are you, Wheeler?

JIMMY: (BELLIGERENT) I'm <sup>18</sup>nineteen.

MARTIN: (MILD) Why the issue? I just asked. <sup>18</sup>Nineteen, huh?

JIMMY: Look, I don't know why you want to talk to me. I --

MARTIN: Why did you write that letter to Mrs. Nichol?

JIMMY: I tell you I didn't. It was a gag. Somebody signed my name ....

MARTIN: Why?

JIMMY: Look, will you leave me alone? I don't know any Jimmy Nichol.

MARTIN: (PAUSE ... THEN) Sure. Sorry. I was anxious to find Nichol, that's all I had a message for him from his mother.

JIMMY: His -- mother?

MARTIN: Yeah, you see, Nichol's just a kid. His folks are anxious to find out about him. They want to see him, tell him the news from home.

JIMMY: What news? *Kind of message*

MARTIN: ~~What's it to you?~~ Just stuff for him, you know. Like about his dogs. *news*

JIMMY: What about them?

MARTIN: What do you care? Guess I better be going. So long. Sorry for the mistake.

(STEPS TO DOOR)

JIMMY: (PAUSE ... THEN CHOKED) Wait!

MARTIN: What for?

JIMMY: (TEARS) Tell me about Mom. Tell me how she is. Tell me about the dogs. Don't go away. Don't go away and leave me alone.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Fifteen years old. A prisoner. In jail. Fifteen. Not eighteen. Not Fred Wheeler. Jimmy Nichol. Fifteen years old. Not too old to be homesick and scared. Not too old to cry.

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

JIMMY: (THROUGH TEARS) Honest ... she's all right? She gets real sick in the winter sometimes, Mom does. She's all right?

MARTIN: They thought you were dead, Jimmy. For two years, they've thought you were dead.

JIMMY: Tell me about them. Tell me how they are.

MARTIN: They're fine.

JIMMY: And the dogs? You wouldn't kid me? Duke's getting pretty old. Is he okay, honest?

MARTIN: Sure. (THEN) What's it all about, Jimmy? Why did you run away, change your name? How did you end up here in jail?

JIMMY: (TIGHTENS) Never mind.

MARTIN: But you've got to tell me. You don't belong in jail ...

JIMMY: (FLARES) I belong where I am.

MARTIN: Why Jimmy? How did you get in jail?

JIMMY: You wouldn't understand ...

MARTIN: Try me.

JIMMY: (PAUSE ... THEN) Don't tell my Mom? Don't tell her you talked to me? Don't tell her anything I tell you?

MARTIN: Why not?

JIMMY: (TIGHT) ~~Okay. Listen.~~ I'll tell you what happened. Then you'll know why not. Then you'll know why you gotta promise to tell them I'm dead.

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: He starts talking ... a big rawboned kid ... twisting his clumsy sunburned hands. A kid, fighting tears ...

JIMMY: I guess maybe every kid sometimes gets the feeling he wants to get away from home ... see things. I was like that. It was swell being at home... I wasn't unhappy or nothing ... but I just wanted to get away. It was only gonna be for a little while. I had that planned. First ... I'd ride the rails into Kansas City. I had it planned, but I was scared. I remember how scared I was ... that night when I sneaked into a freight car ... hiding in a corner. That was the beginning. That was the night I ran away ...

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(TRAIN MOVING ALONG ... INTERIOR)

CHICK: (FIFTIES ... GRUFF) Okay, kid ... come out of there. I see you.

JIMMY: (SCARED) Look, mister, I --

CHICK: ~~Sneaking a ride, huh?~~

JIMMY: ~~Please, mister, look, I didn't mean anything. I just --~~

CHICK: You know it's a criminal offense, bumming a ride on the railroad?

JIMMY: (SCARED) Look, don't turn me in. As soon as the train slows down, I'll get off. I -- (STOPS AS)

CHICK: (A COARSE, LOUD LAUGH) Boy, you sure do back down fast.

JIMMY: What?

CHICK: ~~Catch me backing down like that when I was your age.~~  
What's the matter with you yellow bellies today?  
No spunk.

JIMMY: ~~But you said ...~~

CHICK: ~~I know~~ what I said. (THEN) Look at me. Do I look  
like a railroad cop?

JIMMY: Aren't you?

CHICK: I'm in the same boat with you. Just bumming  
a ride to Kansas City.

JIMMY: Gee, you sure scared me.

CHICK: Running away, huh, kid?

JIMMY: Not exactly. I just want to ---

CHICK: (CUTS IN) See the world, I know. Never was a kid  
who didn't want to. Most of them don't have the guts  
to stand up to their folks though.

JIMMY: I pretended I drowned. I left my bike and my cap  
on the river bank. That way I figured they wouldn't  
get sore. And they wouldn't look for me.

CHICK: You a farm boy?

JIMMY: Yeah. Not much doing on a farm. Only nights I could  
hear the train whistles ... this train ... and the  
streamliner that goes clear across the country.

CHICK: Felt like it was calling to you, ~~didn't it now?~~ <sup>I suppose</sup>

JIMMY: Gosh, how did you know? ~~It was just that way. The~~  
~~way the whistle sounded ... like it was saying "Come~~  
~~on ... lots of places to see ... lots of things to do."~~  
~~And I just had to come.~~

CHICK: ~~So you wanna see big things, kid?~~

JIMMY: ~~Gosh, yes.~~

CHICK: Stick with me, then. I can show you plenty. I can  
teach you plenty too. ~~We oughta be quite a team. Me,~~  
~~who knows all the angles, and a kid who doesn't~~  
~~scare easy.~~

JIMMY: You mean it?

CHICK: Why not? The name's Chick. Shake on it.

JIMMY: Gee, thanks. Mine's Jimmy.

CHICK: Okay Jimmy. We're going places. All kinds of places.

(TRAIN WHISTLE UP AND THEN FADE TRAIN OUT....

PAUSE)

JIMMY: We went places all right, Mr. Dreyer. This Chick, he knew his way around. Kansas City first. All kinds of places to see ... shows ... bars ...

(JUKE BOX, D.G.)

CHICK: Take a look around, kid. One of the roughest bars in K.C. Ain't a man in here's ever earned money honest .... (LAUGHS)

JIMMY: What do you think, Chick? Maybe we ought to move on...

CHICK: Sure ... sure ... we'll keep moving kid. We'll move out of this state and into another. Long as the money holds out ... we'll just keep moving ...

(JUKE BOX FADE OUT)

JIMMY: The money was mine, Mr. Dreyer. I made what I could picking up odd jobs. Chick ... he didn't work ... he said he didn't believe in it. He made it sound like a joke. He just would sit around, drinking ... lots of times singing when he felt good ... (FADE)

CHICK: (FADE ON SINGING) "Now you take a silver dollar and drop it on the ground and it will roll ... because it's round ...."

JIMMY: Chick ...

CHICK: "A woman never knows what a good man she's got until .."

JIMMY: Chick ... listen ... I gotta talk to you.

CHICK: ~~Okay, kid, as a special favor to you ... I'll~~  
~~listen.~~

JIMMY: We don't have any more money.

CHICK: So.

JIMMY: I tried to get a job. But the way we're spending  
money on bars and shows and everything, ~~nothing I~~  
~~can pick up here in town is enough.~~

CHICK: ~~Oh?~~

JIMMY: Look, Chick ... I -- I kinda think I oughta go home.

CHICK: Home?

JIMMY: Yeah. I mean, I seen a lot. Missouri and Texas now  
and I've been away from home a long time ...

CHICK: (INTERRUPTS WITH A LAUGH)

JIMMY: ~~What's funny?~~

CHICK: You, ~~No money~~ so you want to run back to Mama.

JIMMY: It's not that ...

CHICK: ~~No? You said you wanted to go home...~~

JIMMY: ~~Maybe I'm tired of working and making dough while~~  
~~you spend it.~~

CHICK: Okay. Go home. Crawl back. As if you could.

JIMMY: Huh?

CHICK: Your folks think you're dead, don't they? ~~Isn't~~  
~~that what you said.~~

JIMMY: Well, sure, but ...

CHICK: ~~You think they're waiting for you to come home?~~

JIMMY: Well, no but ...

CHICK: You pull a trick like that ... have everybody  
thinking you're dead ... five months now they think  
you're dead ... you still figure you can crawl home?

JIMMY: Well, they might be sore but ...

CHICK: ~~Sore?~~ <sup>OK</sup> ~~What do you think? Sure...~~ go on ... go home. Tell them how you made saps out of them ... tell them how you just broke their hearts pretending to be dead ~~so you could see the rights~~. Tell them how you spent five months at carnivals and shows and in bars while they cried for you thinking you was dead and when you got tired of having a good time you decided to turn up alive again. (PAUSE) Well, go on. Get out. Go home.

JIMMY: (NEAR TEARS) You mean I can't ever go home!

CHICK: You figure it out.

JIMMY: But I can't make enough money to live on here, Chick.

CHICK: So? And old saying ... if you can't make enough money ... don't make it. Take it.

JIMMY: Steal?

CHICK: Why not?

JIMMY: Chick, I couldn't do that.

CHICK: You'll do what I tell you!

JIMMY: No, look, I can get a job ...

CHICK: Is that why you ran away? To come to some dump and work and save your dough and never stick your nose out of some smelly room? Is that why you left your folks and can't never go back ...?

JIMMY: Let me alone ...

CHICK: It's easy, kid, if you're not yellow ...

JIMMY: (HIGH) I'm not yellow.

CHICK: (TOPPING HIM) Prove you're not. Big talk, that's you. Lots of wind, but when the chips are down you start crying for Mama ....



JIMMY: I ain't crying for Mama ...

CHICK: (SHOUTING) Yellow. Too yellow to pull an easy job ...

JIMMY: (TOPPING HIM) I can't pull a job without a gun.

CHICK: (SOFTLY) Oh. That's what's worrying you, kid? What's the matter? You think your pal Chick would let you down? I got a gun. Here. (CLATTER OF GUN ACROSS TABLE) Take it. Unless you're yellow.

JIMMY: (TAUT) I'm not yellow!

CHICK: Prove it, kid.

JIMMY: (A LONG BREATH) Okay.

(MUSIC: ... CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: ... JOINTABLE)

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 Martin Dreyer as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: Jail. That's where you find the boy you're looking for, Martin Dreyer. Fifteen years old. Scared ... fighting tears. And in jail. How did he get there? What did he do? He tells you ...

(MUSIC: OUT)

JIMMY: He called me yellow, Mr. Dreyer. Chick did. I wasn't yellow. Maybe I wanted to go home and I couldn't but that didn't mean I was yellow.

MARTIN: What did you do, Jimmy?

JIMMY: He said ... stealing a car was easy. He said to try that first ... stealing a car. (FADE) I was scared, Mr. Dreyer. ~~That first time,~~ I was awful scared.

(TRAFFIC B.G. ... STEPS)

CHICK: (LOW) There's one made to order for you, kid. Keys right in the ignition.

JIMMY: Look, maybe if we waited until later ....

CHICK: You do it now. You do what I tell you and you do it now. <sup>ON</sup> Now move.

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT)

CHICK: (LAUGHS) Well, how about it, huh, kid? What'd I tell you? Pretty easy?

JIMMY: (A LITTLE PLEASED) Yeah. It wasn't bad at all.

CHICK: Okay. Better lay off the cars next time. Try a service station. All you got to do is pick one outside of town. One guy on duty. Reading the paper or something. Like as not ... he'll have the radio going ... that covers up noise ... You go out there ...  
(FADE)

(FADE IN RADIO PLAYING POP TUNE ... FADES STEPS ON)

ATTENDANT: Sorry, kid, just closing up the station. There's another one down the road but -- (HE STOPS)

JIMMY: Okay. You never saw a gun before? Open up the cash register.

ATTENDANT: Now, wait, kid ...

JIMMY: I said, open it up.

(PAUSE ... STEPS ... CASH REGISTER BELL AS DRAWER IS OPENED)

JIMMY: Clear it out.

(RUSTLE OF BILLS)

Okay. Hand them over. (THEN) This all there is?

ATTENDANT: Forty bucks.

JIMMY: Is that all?

ATTENDANT: (MAD NOW) I'm lucky I got forty. You don't want it I can use it. I got a wife and two kids.

JIMMY: You -- you own this place?

ATTENDANT: Look, I don't ...

JIMMY: (CUTS IN) You own this place? Is this your money?

ATTENDANT: It was. Now it's yours, remember?

JIMMY: Here.

ATTENDANT: What the ---?

JIMMY: I only need about ten. Just enough for a little while. You keep the rest.

ATTENDANT: (PUZZLED) Look, what kind of a --

JIMMY: (ALMOST CRYING) You do what I say. I say keep the rest.

(MUSIC: -- SHORT TAG)

JIMMY: Chick laughed at me when he found out about that, Mr. Dreyer. He laughed and told me to go out and get some real money. He made it like a game .... sort of a game I couldn't stop. I tried holding up a newspaper store. The man who owned it knew there was a cop right near. He signalled to him. I got caught.

MARTIN: What happened then, Jimmy?

JIMMY: They took me down to the police station ... booked me. I was due for a hearing next morning.

MARTIN: I still don't get how you ended up in jail. You're only fifteen. You're a legal minor. Didn't you ...

JIMMY: (CUTS IN) Let me tell it my way, Mr. Dreyer. Let me tell you what happened that night ... when I was in jail ... before I saw the judge. (FADE) It was just a two cell deal, you know. Small town ... there was another guy in jail too ....

SAM: Well, will you take a look at baby face. What did you do to land up in here, kid? Steal lollypops?

JIMMY: Shut up.

SAM: Ever been in the coop before?

JIMMY: No.

SAM: What's this for?

JIMMY: Stealing.

SAM: How much?

JIMMY: Three four jobs. A car.

SAM: (WHISTLES) They can give you a lot of years for that, kid. Ten maybe.

JIMMY: Ten years!

SAM: Hey, look, kid. On the level. How old are you?

JIMMY: What difference does that make?

SAM: Plenty. You're seeing the judge tomorrow, huh. If you ain't eighteen years old, they can't throw you in the jug, you know. You can get off.

JIMMY: Get off?

SAM: Sure. Maybe not clean, you know. But no jail. You gotta be eighteen before they can sentence you in jail.

JIMMY: You do?

SAM: Sure. With a kid's face like yours, you could pass for fifteen, sixteen easy. Why be a chump? Why serve time when you can get out of it.

JIMMY: Gosh. I didn't know that --

SAM: Sure. Maybe they'll even send you home.

JIMMY: Home?

SAM: They call your folks see? With a first offense, maybe they just put you in custody of your folks.

JIMMY: Do they tell my folks what I done?

SAM: Sure. So then you---

JIMMY: (VIOLENTLY) I'm eighteen.

SAM: Look, kid....

JIMMY: (HIGH) I'm eighteen. My folks are -- my folks are dead. I don't have no folks. I'm eighteen.

SAM: Look, you--

JIMMY: I'm eighteen. I told you that already. I'm eighteen and my folks are dead!

(MUSIC: ... ACCENT AND OUT...)

JIMMY: (TIRED) That's what I told the judge, Mr. Dreyer. I had to.

MARTIN: Jimmy, let me get this streight. You changed your name and lied about your age and took a sentence of ten years.. just so your folks wouldn't know you were in jail?

JIMMY: It'd like to kill them, Mr. Dreyer. (THEN) I had to find out if they were all right. That's why I wrote that letter. But you gotta tell my Mom you're sure I'm dead. There isn't no Jimmy Nichol. I'm Fred Wheeler. You got to tell her that.

MARTIN: But she wants to see you.

JIMMY: She doesn't know I'm in jail.

MARTIN: Of course she does.

JIMMY: What?

MARTIN: The envelope you sent. It was postmarked Sugar Land. She knows what Sugar Land means.

JIMMY: No!

MARTIN: I told you I had a message from your mother, Jimmy. She said, "Tell Jimmy it doesn't matter he ran away. Tell him it doesn't matter anything except -- ~~he's~~ he's a good boy. He ought to be at home."

JIMMY: (TIGHT) Get out of here, will you ...

MARTIN: (GENTLE) Why don't you stop being so tough, Jimmy? You don't have to be tough.

(PAUSE, THEN A SOB FROM JIMMY. AND THEN HE STARTS CRYING, NOT AS A MAN BUT AS A CHILD)

MARTIN: Jimmy ...

JIMMY: (THROUGH SOBS) I want to go home. I want to go home to my folks.

MARTIN: (A PAUSE. THEN, AS JIMMY CONTINUES TO SOB) ~~Sure, kid... We'll see what we can do.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: A kid. A frightened, fifteen year old kid. No more tough guy, No more pretending. Just a fifteen year old kid who chose to go to jail rather than let his parents know he committed a crime. Just a kid -- who wants to go home. What can you do about it, Martin Dreyer?

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You can talk to the DA who prosecuted Jimmy Nichol. Who sent him to jail. You can give him the real facts. You do. He can't believe them.

(MUSIC: OUT)

D.A. I can't believe it. You mean to say that boy is only fifteen years old?

MARTIN: That's right. Fifteen years old and in prison with hardened criminals...most of them twice his age.

D.A. But then -- jail's no place for a kid <sup>15</sup> ~~fourteen~~.

MARTIN: That's why I came to see you, sir. To get him out.

D.A. That's not so easy, Mr. Dreyer.

MARTIN: But he's a legal minor. He ~~can't~~ <sup>shouldn't have</sup> be sent to jail.

D.A. Unfortunately, he is in jail. Even if he lied about his age...the point is...There's no way of remanding his sentence except to secure a full pardon.

MARTIN: How do we do that?



D.A. Every interested party has to agree to it. All the victims of Jimmy's holdups...the prosecuting attorney... the pardon board...

MARTIN: But that would take months...

D.A. Certainly months, <sup>Mr.</sup> Dr. Dreyer. Perhaps years.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

SARA: (UPSET) But we can't let it take years, Mr. Dreyer. He's only a <sup>good</sup> boy ~~still~~. Just a boy who made a bad mistake. But what's going to happen to him if he stays in jail with criminals? With those men who can teach him all those things he oughtn't to know? What kind of a boy is he going to be then?

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

MARTIN: We're working on a pardon for you, Jimmy. Your Mother and Dad ... the D.A. -- everyone. Just hold tight. And one thing ... your mother just told me. She and your Dad are paying back every cent you stole. They're squaring you with everyone you held up.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

EDITOR: Progress, Martin?

MARTIN: Looks that way, chief. No one's opposed the pardon yet. But it takes so long.

EDITOR: Any way to push it?

MARTIN: I've got an idea.

EDITOR: Shoot.

MARTIN: Think Governor Shivers has seen any of my stories? Think he's <sup>interested in this case</sup> ~~seen any of the response, any of the letters~~ published from people asking us to see that Jimmy gets ~~a~~ <sup>pardon</sup>.

EDITOR: Why don't you call him up and ask him?

MARTIN: I'm glad you suggested it chief. Because that's just what I was going to do -- ~~anyway~~ --

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You call the governor. You give his office the details. You get a promise. They'll look into it. Then the waiting time begins. You've done all you can. There's nothing to do but wait.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The men at the Prison Farm in Sugar Land are used to waiting. They go about their jobs, day after day..year after year, waiting. Jimmy Nichol's job is hoeing potatoes in the fields. Hoeing and waiting. And then, one day you, Martin Dreyer, bring a message to Jimmy Nichol.

JIMMY: A message for me? What message?

MARTIN: ~~Lay down your hoe, Jimmy~~ and tell everybody goodbye. Your Ma's here, waiting to take you home.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

MARTIN: Jimmy'll be here in a moment, Mrs. Nichol. You'll see him in just a moment.

SARA: (NOT BELIEVING) <sup>How the hell</sup> They're gonna let him out? They're really going to let him out?

MARTIN: He's got his pardon.

SARA: He was thirteen last I seen him. Only thirteen years old.

(DOOR OPENS)

MARTIN: He's coming now, Mrs. Nichol.

SARA: (SHARP) Where?

MARTIN: Easy.....

(FOOTSTEPS COME IN SLOWLY. KEEP THEM IN CLEAR ALONE AS THEY COME ON SLOWLY. THEN STOP THEM.

A PAUSE)

SARA: (LOW) Jimmy ...

JIMMY: Mom?

SARA: (CHOKED) ~~Don't you remember, Jimmy?~~

JIMMY: ~~Sure, I remember.~~

SARA: (PAUSE. A WHISPER) You're big. So much bigger.

JIMMY: Yeah. I guess so.

SARA: I was gonna put my arms around you, like I used to.

JIMMY: I guess -- I'm too big. (THEN) Are you mad, Mom?

SARA: (A CRY NOW) Oh, Jimmy ... Jimmy ...

(FOOTSTEPS AS THEY GO TO EACH OTHER)

JIMMY: (CRYING) I was afraid you'd be mad, Mom. I was just afraid you'd be mad.

SARA: Jimmy .... (THEN, CHOKING BACK TEARS) (I was wrong,) wasn't I? I got my arms around you. You're not too big at all.

JIMMY: Take me home, Mom. *Come on, let's go home.* ~~I'll be good. Please take me home for keeps.~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT FOR CURTAIN) --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Martin Dreyer with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(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-I-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 Martin Dreyer of the Houston Chronicle with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

DREYER: Mother and son in tonight's Big Story flew back ~~to~~ home <sup>to</sup> Iowa immediately after pardon. I like to remember boy's last words as he left for home. Quote. I'll make Mom and Pop proud of me from now on, I promise. Unquote. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Dreyer, 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 Indianapolis Indiana News -- by-line Donna Mikels. The Big Story of *a killer who was afraid to prove, and a reporter who made the decision for him.*

(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 CUR)

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 Houston Chronicle. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Nelson Olmstead played the part of Martin Dreyer. 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. Dreyer.

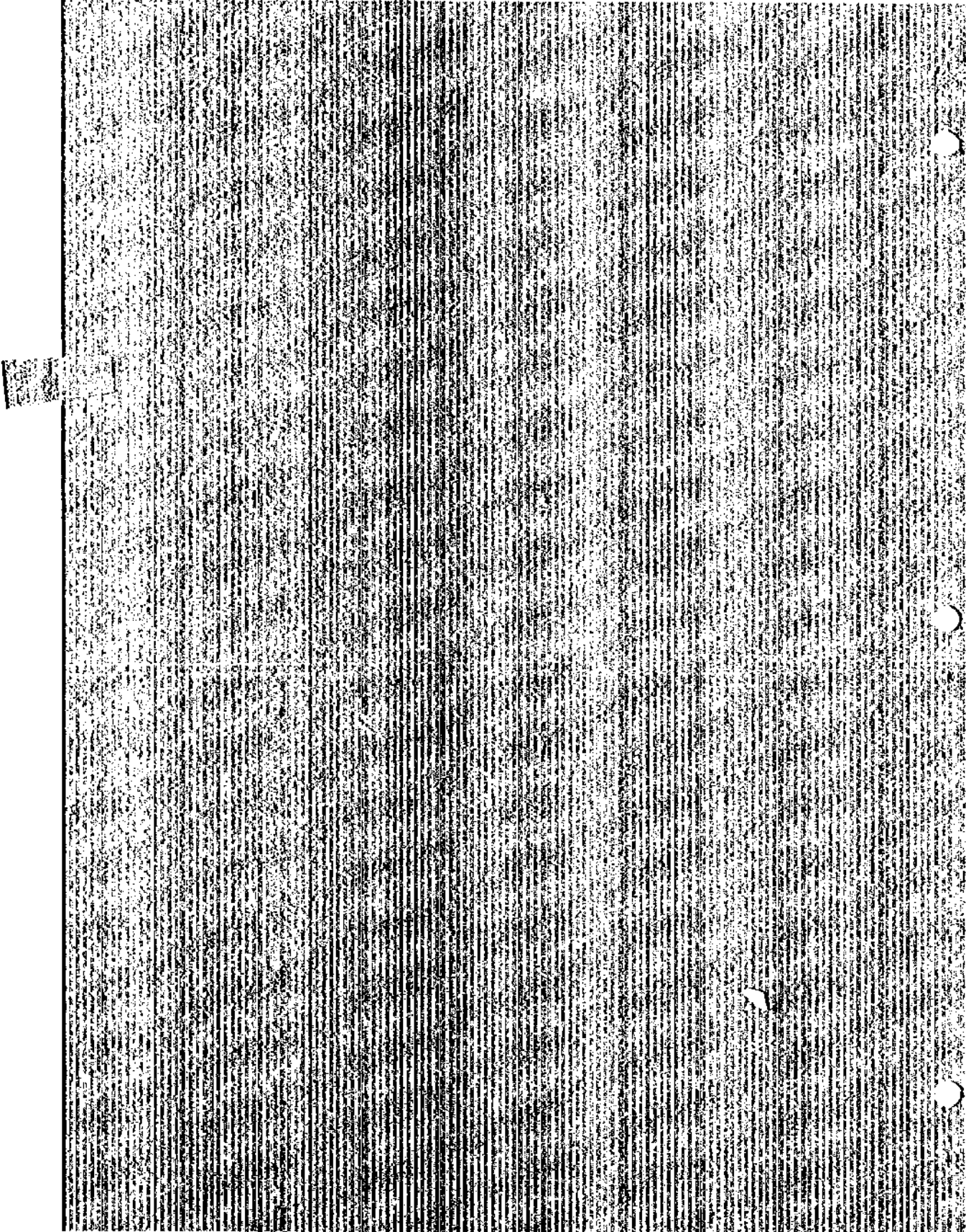
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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.

pmk-bj  
5/19/54 pm



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #355

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
DONNA	JAY MEREDITH
HOWMAN	WENDELL HOLMES
LACEY	CARL FRANK
BRIDGES	CARL FRANK
IMMIE	DONALD BUKA
DOCTOR	SID PAUL
LIEUTENANT	SID PAUL
BILLEN	BRYNA RAEBURN

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1954

ATK01 0008792



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

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(WE HEAR STEPS COMING UP SIDEWALK, THEN ON  
WOODEN PORCH. THEY ARE ERRATIC, DRUNKEN.  
WE HEAR A MAN GASPING AND GROANING, AS THOUGH  
IN PAIN.)

(THEN POUNDING ON DOOR WITH FIST)

LENNY: (YELLING) Open the door! Please, somebody! Open the  
door!

(POUNDING CONTINUES)

(WE HEAR A WINDOW RAISED OFF, FROM SECOND  
FLOOR PERSPECTIVE, IF POSSIBLE)

BRIDGES: (A LITTLE OFF, ANGRILY) Who's down there?

LENNY: Mister, open the door! Let me in!

BRIDGES: (ANGRILY) You think I'm crazy? Waking a man up like  
this, three o'clock in the morning. Who are you?  
What do you want?

LENNY: (GASPING) Please, Mister. Let me in. I'm hurt!

BRIDGES: Hurt?

LENNY: I chased a thief. He...he just shot me. Mister,  
~~please, you've gotta let me in, call a doctor!~~  
Can't you see? I'm bleeding to death!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Indianapolis, Indiana. 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 Indianapolis Times the story of a killer who was afraid to live <sup>afraid to</sup> or die and a <sup>until</sup> reporter ~~who~~ made up his mind for him. Tonight, to Donna Mikels of the Indianapolis Times, for her big story, goes the Pell Mell Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 355  
VERSION I1

-3-

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.

ATX01 0008795

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 355  
VERSION II

-4-

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

CHAPPEL: Your appreciation of quality has made PELL MELI  
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 MELI - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Indianapolis, Indiana. The story as it actually happened. Donna Mikels story as she lived it.

NARR: They say it's a man's world. To this, you, Donna Mikels of the Indianapolis Times, reluctantly say "amen." It'd be different if you were reporting the woman's page. But you're a police reporter, which is slightly out of focus for anyone on the distaff side. Still, you do the best you can, because you love it. But to get to the story... the way it began. You'll never forget a single moment of it. It was about 3 a.m. on this hot and humid morning, the 23rd of July to be exact, when the call came through your desk.

(PHONE RING)  
(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

DONNA: Donna Mikels, Times.

BOWMAN: (FILTER, TIGHT AND TENSE) Donna, Inspector Bowman, Headquarters.

DONNA: Yes, Inspector?

BOWMAN: A murder just came in.

DONNA: Yes..

BOWMAN: (GRIMLY) Only this one was a different kind-- a little special.

DONNA: What do you mean?

BOWMAN: A thief just killed one of my patrolmen in his own home!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The name of the policeman is John Lacey. The house is on Stanton Avenue.

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You get up there in practically nothing flat. And you get to work. Not as a reporter, but as a woman. For now you meet Ellen Lacey, the patrolman's wife, and your heart goes out to her. Now she's a widow with two small children. You try to comfort her. Soothe her. And finally, she's able to talk. To you, and to Inspector Harry Bowman.....

ELLEN: (DUMBLY, NUMBLY) I don't know. What can I say now? What difference does it make? Johnny's dead. He's gone...

BOWMAN: (GENTLY) Mrs. Lacey, I know how you feel. Believe me, I know how you feel. And there isn't anything any of us can do now. Except get the man who killed John... *and put him away for good.*

ELLEN: *Johnny's* He's dead. It's so strange. You say the words over and over, and *get* you understand *can't believe them* how silly they sound. I don't know. The children. What am I going to tell them when they wake up? (BREAKS) How can I tell them? What words do I use, what do I say?

DONNA: (GENTLY) Mrs. Lacey.

ELLEN: (DULLY) Yes.

DONNA: If you want to talk about it a little later...

ELLEN: No. I'll tell you everything I know. ~~The whole thing. It's like a dream. A bad dream you remember~~ I guess it was about eleven o'clock, when Johnny was on night duty, (FADING) he always called me about that time...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

ELLEN: (A LITTLE SLEEPY) Hello?

LACEY: (FILTER) Hi, honey. ~~Nope. I didn't wake you.~~

ELLEN: Oh. <sup>He</sup> ~~No~~, Johnny.

LACEY: Everything all right?

ELLEN: Yes. All right.

LACEY: <sup>How, are the</sup> Kids?

ELLEN: Well, the baby's a little fretful. You know, the fever she's had...

LACEY: Sure. Look...you sound tired. Why don't you go to bed?

ELLEN: No, Johnny. I'll just take a little nap till you come home...

LACEY: Yeah, but...

ELLEN: I'll fix you a snack, ~~some sandwiches and coffee~~, and we'll talk a little.

LACEY: You're kind of lonesome, huh?

ELLEN: <sup>It's not that</sup> ~~I don't know~~, darling. ~~It isn't that I'm really~~ ~~scared to be alone.~~ It's just that when you're on the beat nights....

LACEY: Sure. I know. Look. Ellen...

ELLEN: Yes?

LACEY: You go ahead. Take a nap. Mac, ~~the bus driver~~, always lets me off in the middle of the block. He'll blow his horn, the way he always does, so you'll know I'm home.

ELLEN: All right, Johnny.

LACEY: See you.

ELLEN: Bye.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(BEAT)

ELLEN: (FADING IN, NARRATING) After that, I turned out all the lights, and dozed off on the couch. I don't know how long I slept. But suddenly I heard someone moving around. And I thought, it must be Johnny, he's home...

BOWMAN: (QUIETLY) This was in the living room, Mrs. Lacey?

ELLEN: That's right, Inspector.

DONNA: Only the man wasn't Johnny...

ELLEN: No. As I said, Miss Mikels, I thought it was. I came out of the sleep, opened my eyes, and I saw a man standing over me. It was dark in the room, and I couldn't tell the difference. I guess I must have said 'Johnny'. (FADING) But instead of my husband's voice...

(A BEAT)

LENNY: (COLD) You got the wrong guy, Sister.

ELLEN: (GASP, AND SLIGHT SCREAM)

LENNY: Don't open your mouth. You do, and I'll shut it for good!

ELLEN: Who...who are you?

LENNY: Never mind who I am. Where's the money?

ELLEN: Money?

LENNY: (LOW AND SAVAGE) Don't play dumb with me. There's money in this house. Where is it?

ELLEN: I...we haven't any.

LENNY: (STRANGELY) I asked you once, didn't I?

ELLEN: (TERRIFIED) Don't touch me! (WITH PAIN) Please! You're hurting my arm....



LENNY: (LAUGHS) Is that so? Well, what do you know? (SUDDEN CHANGE TO LOW, SAVAGE INTENSITY AGAIN) Lemme tell you somethin', Lady. ~~A long time ago,~~ a dirty, low-down cop grabbed my arm like this. Twisted it till it hurt. Sent me to reform school. Six years ago ~~it was, see?~~ And you know what his name was?

ELLEN: I...I...

LENNY: Lacey. That was the flatfoot's name. Lacey. Your husband. Way back when I was a kid, I remembered him. All these years, I thought of him. I thought, some day I'll get back at him. The first cop who sent me up for a stretch, and I figured some day he'd be sorry he did it. Now he's gonna be sorry.

ELLEN: It...it's not my husband you're talking about.

LENNY: No?

ELLEN: No. It...it couldn't be. John's only been with the force five years.

LENNY: Don't lie to me. You're a cop's wife. You're no different than they are. Liars. Low, down, conniving liars. (INTENSE) I hate 'em see? Cops, I hate 'em, the whole bunch of 'em. And your husband's the first name on my book. (A BEAT) Now...where's the money?

ELLEN: Please, I told you, I swear to you there isn't any... (CRY OF PAIN)

LENNY: For the last time, I'm askin' you...

(WE HEAR HORN BLOW OUTSIDE)

LENNY: (STARTLED) Who's that?

ELLEN: It...it's my husband. That's his bus...

LENNY: (RISING) What's he doing home now? (DESPERATE AND INTENSE) I thought he worked all night.

ELLEN: I...I don't know...

LENNY: (LIKE CORNERED RAT) Okay, let him come! Let him come. I aint afraid, see.

ELLEN: What are you going to do?

LENNY: Never mind what I'm goin' to do. Only I'm warning you of this. When he walks through that door, you keep your mouth shut, see? You open your mouth just once, and you'll get a bullet through...

(WE HEAR STEPS OUTSIDE. A KEY TURNS IN LOCK.)

ELLEN: (TERRIFIED) No! Please, no, don't...

LENNY: (FIERCELY) Shut up! You hear me? Shut up...

(DOOR OPENS)

LACEY: Oh, Ellen. I thought I heard...

ELLEN: (SCREAMS) Johnny! Look out!

LACEY: What?

LENNY: (HYSTERICALLY) I've been savin' this for you, Lacey!

(SHOT)

LACEY: (GROAN)

~~(WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF)~~

LACEY: (WITH PAIN) Ellen! *Get down* ~~Get out of the way.~~ Want... to...get a shot...at him....

(SHOT. THEN ANOTHER SHOT.)

LACEY: Ellen...I think I....(SIGHS AND DIES)

(CRASH OF BODY TO FLOOR)

ELLEN: (SCREAMS) Johnny!

(A PAUSE)

ELLEN: (FADING IN, NARRATING) I don't know, it all happened so fast, and in the dark. He shot Johnny, and Johnny staggered. Then the thief started to run into the bedroom. Johnny was wearing his civilian clothes, but he always carries his gun home. He managed to shoot back at the man, and I think he hit him as he was crawling through the window.

(MORE)

ELLEN:  
(CONT'D)  
BOWMAN: After that, Johnny...died. (QUIET SOBING UNDER)  
(QUIETLY) He hit him all right, Mrs. Lacey.  
There are fresh blood stains around the window-sill.

DONNA: Inspector.

BOWMAN: Yes, Donna?

DONNA: Do you have an alarm out?

BOWMAN: Every man on the night shift is looking for this  
man now. We're waking the day men, and starting  
to double patrols. (COLD AND ANGRY) And I'll tell  
you this, Donna. This killer's going to get special  
attention from us. We're going to find him if we  
have to look in every rathole in Indianapolis.  
And when we find him...

(PHONE RING)

BOWMAN: Oh. I'll take it...

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BOWMAN: Inspector Bowman. Oh, yes, Sergeant? What? Where?  
Right. Could be. Be right down.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

DONNA: What is it, Inspector?

BOWMAN: We may be in luck.

DONNA: Yes?

BOWMAN: A man wounded by a gunshot showed up at a house about  
a half-mile from here, begged a man named Bridges,  
the owner, to get a doctor. Ambulance picked him  
up at Bridges' house and he's at General Hospital  
now. Let's get going!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRY: The man's name is Lenny Maddox. You meet the surgeon  
in the hospital corridor...

DONNA: How is he, Doctor?

DOCTOR: ~~Well, Miss Mikels,~~ I'd say his condition's critical.  
There's a bullet imbedded somewhere around the lung  
area. Lost a lot of blood, too. Can't tell for  
sure until we study the X-rays. But I'm pretty  
sure an operation's his only chance...

BOWMAN: Can we talk to him now, Doctor Stewart?

DOCTOR: Just for a minute.  
(FEW STEPS)  
(DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR: In here...  
(WOMAN AND MAN'S FOOTSTEPS IN AND STOP. WE  
HEAR LENNY'S LABORED BREATHING UP.)

BOWMAN: Hello, Maddox.

LENNY: (IN PAIN, LABORED BREATHING) Hello, Inspector.

BOWMAN: (COLD) Let's have it, Maddox. And let's have it  
straight. Did you kill John Lacey?

LENNY: No! No, Inspector. Honest! I didn't...kill him!

BOWMAN: Then how do you explain this wound?

LENNY: Well, I...was walking...down the street...see?  
I saw this cop get off..the bus...and go into...  
his house. . . I...I...

BOWMAN: Yes?

LENNY: A...a second later...I heard shots. Then...then I  
saw a man...crawl out of the...back window, and  
run to the front sidewalk. I...I figured he was...  
some kind of crook...

-13-

BOWMAN: (EVENLY) Go on.

LENNY: I...I began to chase him. Chased him...up the street  
a ways. Then he turned around... and shot me!

(MUSIC: ----- CURTAIN) -----  
(COMMERCIAL)

RTX01 000B05

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 Donna Mikels, as she lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Donna Mikels of the Indianapolis Times, have a memory for a face. You have what they call an index mind in which you file, but never forget. The wounded man lapses into a coma and Inspector Bowman waits around the hospital in the hope that he'll be able to talk again. But you leave for your office and all the way there the face of Lenny Maddox haunts you. Where have you see him before? Where? And as any good reporter would do, you finally decide to go to the files. And <sup>10 minutes later</sup> ~~then~~ ~~Engel~~ You call Inspector Bowman at the hospital.....

DONNA: Inspector, I've got something.

BOWMAN: (FILTER) Yes, Donna?

DONNA: I know you haven't had time to check your records, but I've checked mine and I've got a surprise package for you.

BOWMAN: Yes?

DONNA: Lenny Maddox <sup>has</sup> ~~happens to have~~ a record.

BOWMAN: He does?

DONNA: He sure does. I remembered seeing him in Juvenile Court. He started out with bicycle thefts and petty larceny. And he was just recently released from Indiana Boys' School. Another thing, inspector

BOWMAN: Yes?

DONNA: ~~It so happens that~~ the arresting officer, who picked him up for the first time was a patrolman named Joseph Lacey.

BOWMAN: That explains a lot of things, Donna. ~~He's got a story~~ all right, but now it smells a little bad. As soon as he can talk, <sup>I'm going in</sup> I've got a few questions to ask him.

DONNA: So have I. <sup>I'll be right out</sup>

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get back to the hospital and when you arrive Lenny Maddox is conscious and able to talk. The surgeon is in the room with Inspector Bowman when you walk in.

DOCTOR: How do you feel, Maddox?

LENNY: (ALMOST CHEERFUL) A little better, Doc.

BOWMAN: Doctor Stewart, would it be all right if Miss Mikels and I ask Maddox here a few questions?

DOCTOR: Just for a minute or two. ~~You see,~~ we've made a study of the X-rays and we'll have to operate right away to get that bullet out. That is, if it's all right with you, Maddox.

LENNY: Sure. Anything you say, Doc. If that's what it takes, I'm for it.

DOCTOR: All right, son. We'll take you up in a couple of minutes. (FADING) Don't overtax him, Inspector. Just a few minutes.

LENNY: (CHEERFUL AND CONFIDENT) Okay you two. What d'ya want to know?

BOWMAN: Maddox, how did it happen that you were in that particular neighborhood at two o'clock in the morning.



LENNY: I was bowling. After that I went out for a sandwich with a coupla friends of mine. Started to walk home, and that's how I got there.

DONNA: Where do you live?

LENNY: Over on Northwood Street.

BOWMAN: Then what were you doing on Stanton Avenue?

LENNY: Well, the fact is, Inspector, I got lost.

DONNA: That's pretty hard to do. The main avenues are well lit and the streetsigns are clear. The street where Lacey lives is pretty dark and off the beaten path.

LENNY: (TOUCH OF ALARM) I'm telling you, I got lost.

BOWMAN: Even if you were lost you'd stay on the sidewalks, wouldn't you?

LENNY: What d'ya mean?

BOWMAN: I checked your shoes while you were unconscious. There's red mud on them. How'd that happen?

LENNY: I told you I got lost. I crossed a field.

DONNA: Where? What field?

LENNY: I dunno. It was dark, I forget.

BOWMAN: There was red mud in John Lacey's backyard. That mean anything to you?

LENNY: (DESPERATELY, NOW CATCHES IDEA) Hey! That's right. When I chased this crook and ran after him through the backyard, well, that's where I got the mud on my shoes.

BOWMAN: Only you told us the first time that you chased this killer up the sidewalk.

LENNY: I don't remember now.

DONNA: Maddox.

LENNY: (CAREFUL, ALERT) Yeah?

DONNA: You said you saw this policeman get off the bus in front of his house, then you heard shots a few moments later.

LENNY: (TIGHT) That's right.

DONNA: How'd you know Lacey was a policeman?

LENNY: Look, I know a cop when I see one.

DONNA: Even when he isn't dressed like one? Even when he's wearing civilian clothes?

LENNY: (CONFUSED) Why, I -- I--

BOWMAN: ~~It so happens, Maddox, that Lacey was wearing civilian clothes when he got off the bus. Moreover, the street was dark. Yet you tell us he was a patrolman. How do you know that?~~

LENNY: (BEGINNING TO CRACK) I dunno. I dunno. I must've just figured it. I passed the house a couple times. I knew there was a cop living there.

BOWMAN: If you passed the house a couple of times, how could you be lost in that neighborhood?

LENNY: (CAUGHT) I--I told you it was dark.

DONNA: You said you chased this thief after you heard the shots

LENNY: Yeah, yeah.

DONNA: Then he turned around and shot you.

LENNY: I told you, didn't I? That's what happened.

DONNA: Just where did this happen, Maddox?

LENNY: Why, right near Haven Avenue.

DONNA: Funny. A man fires a gun in the middle of a thickly settled street, somebody's bound to hear the shot, somebody's bound to report it. Only nobody did.

BOWMAN: And another thing, Maddox. Funny that John Lacey was the man who was killed.

LENNY: (DESPERATE) Why? What's so funny about it?

BOWMAN: Because the first officer who arrested you was named Lacey. Only it was Joseph Lacey, not John. You shot the wrong man.

LENNY: I didn't shoot anybody.

BOWMAN: Come on, Maddox. Who do you think you're kidding? Your story's a phony. We know it and you know it. Now, where's the gun?

LENNY: I never had any gun.

BOWMAN: The gun, Maddox.

LENNY: There wasn't any gun I tell you. I've got nothing to say. And I ain't gonna talk, see? Not another word. You can keep askin' me all the questions you want, but you're not gonna get another word out of me.

BOWMAN: (COLD) Look, Maddox, John Lacey had a family, a wife and two kids. ~~You made the mother a widow and the children fatherless.~~ <sup>He</sup> Lacey was a good policeman. And before I'm through with you, you're going to sign a confession. You're going to get what's coming to you if it's the last thing I ever --

DOCTOR: (COMING IN) All right, son. We're ready to take you to the Operating Room.

LENNY: (A BEAT) I've changed my mind, Doc.

DOCTOR: What?

LENNY: I said I've changed my mind. I don't want any operation.

DOCTOR: But you've got a bullet in you. If we don't operate you may die.

LENNY: Let that bullet stay where it is. I don't want any operation and nobody can make me take one.

BOWMAN: What about that, Doctor? Can you force a patient to undergo an operation?

DOCTOR: No. ~~I don't know what's going on here, Inspector, but~~ if Maddox won't give his consent, there's nothing we can do. ~~According to a Supreme Court ruling, no~~ patient can be operated upon against his will.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's obvious why Lenny Maddox doesn't want the surgeon to take that bullet out of him. <sup>because</sup> ~~Because it could be~~ ballistically-proved to have come from Patrolman John Lacey's service revolver. The thing you need

*otherwise, the case is merely circumstantial since no witness can be found who*  
now is the killer's gun for the final and certain <sup>is able to</sup> evidence. Inspector Bowman and a squad start combing <sup>positively</sup> the area around John Lacey's house on the theory that <sup>identify</sup> Lenny Maddox must've <sup>thrown away</sup> ~~frung~~ the gun away in his flight. <sup>Maddox</sup>  
And the result of the search...?

BOWMAN: Nothing, Donna. Not a trace of that gun anywhere. We even checked every sewer within a half mile area of Lacey's house.

DONNA: Inspector, I wonder.

BOWMAN: About what?

DONNA: It just struck me that maybe Maddox carried the gun as long as possible just to protect himself. He asked for help finally at the house of this man named Bridges, <sup>1/2</sup> mile away from the Lacey home.

BOWMAN: Well?

DONNA: Well, maybe he threw the gun away somewhere around there

BOWMAN: ~~I doubt it, somehow it doesn't hit me as an answer~~

DONNA: Mind if I check it ~~on my own?~~

BOWMAN: No. Go ahead. But how are you going to go about it?

DONNA: The first thing I'm going to do is to talk to Bridges.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DONNA: ~~Mr. Bridges, there's a possibility that the murder gun is somewhere around the outside of this house.~~

BRIDGES: Yes?

DONNA: Well, I thought if you and I could look around your property and maybe get a few kids from the neighborhood to help us.

BRIDGES: 'Fraid it wouldn't do much good, Miss Mikels.

DONNA: No? Why?

BRIDGES: Take a good look at my property. It's pretty rough, rocks, heavy underbrush, thick woods. If this kid, Maddox, threw the gun somewhere in there, it'd be a pretty hard job to find.

DONNA: (A BEAT) Wait a minute, I just got an idea.

BRIDGES: Yes?

DONNA: Camp Attebury is the nearest Army Camp around here, isn't it?

BRIDGES: That's right.

DONNA: ~~All right. That's where I'm going.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BIG STORY  
6-2-54

-21A-

(REVISED)

DONNA:

Mr. Bridges, you didn't see this boy <sup>Madoff</sup> ~~Simox~~ before he came to your door. What I mean is, you don't know from what direction he approached your house.

BRIDGES:

No, Miss Mikels. I'm sorry, but I don't. For all I know, he might have come up the front walk ... or approached the house from the back. Why?

DONNA:

Well, I've got a feeling that he threw away his gun just before he knocked on your door.

BRIDGES:

Yes?

DONNA:

And I thought that if we started some kind of search, we could find it?

BRIDGES:

Just how do you figure you'd go about it, Miss Mikels?

DONNA:

Well, frankly, I don't know. I thought perhaps if you and I looked around your property, and maybe got a few kids from the neighborhood to help us, why maybe we could ....

BRIDGES:

(INTERRUPTS) I'd forget it if I were you.

DONNA:

~~Yes?~~ Why?

BRIDGES:

You take a good look at my property?

DONNA:

Why, no.

BRIDGES:

We wouldn't have a chance. It's pretty rough. Rocks, heavy underbrush, thick woods. You could look for months and never find anything. Take my word for it, Miss Mikels. You'd need an army to find <sup>it</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>Madoff</sup> ~~gun~~, if ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> kid <sup>around here</sup> ~~threw~~ <sup>threw</sup> it away. ~~And you're not even sure of that.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

ATX01 0008814

BIG STORY  
6-2-54

-21B-

(REVISED)

NARR: Now, you, Donna Mikels, start back for the office. And you're pretty darned discouraged. Suppose that gun is there. Suppose it is. It could rust there, in some hidden spot away from prying eyes, and never be found. And as long as it did, Lenny Maddox could laugh at you and the law. You rack your brains looking for a way to search that area. But each time you come back to what Bridges told you: You'd need an army to find that gun. And then, ~~as though it were sent from heaven,~~ <sup>suddenly</sup> you see a sign on a road. And it says Camp Atterbury. And the thought hits you, the part about needing an army. And you turn the car down the road and tell yourself ....

DONNA: Camp Atterbury. Why not? ~~Why not?~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DONNA: Lieutenant Wright, as I told you, I think that gun's somewhere on that property.

LIEUT: Well, Miss Mikels, your story's very interesting. But it seems to be a police matter. Where would we come in?

DONNA: Lieutenant Wright, do you have a mine detector unit here at Atterbury?

LIEUT: Why, yes. As a matter of fact we do.

DONNA: I know this must sound like a silly question. But just how does a mine detector work?

ATX01 0008815

BIG STORY  
6-2-54

-210-

(REVISED)

LIEUT: Well, ~~of course~~ there are two types, ~~the~~ radar ~~type~~ and the induction coil. We use the induction type here. You see, we do a sweep not more than three inches from the ground, and when metal is encountered, it causes a change in the electrical potential and .. (CUTS) Hey, wait a minute, Miss Mikels. What have you got in your mind?

DONNA: Lieutenant Wright, if the mine detector comes close to an object like a gun, you'd know it immediately, wouldn't you?

LIEUT: Of course. We'd get a signal right away.

DONNA: In that case, Lieutenant, maybe we could find that gun if you could have your Detector Squad come over for a few hours and sweep the area.

LIEUT: (A BEAT, SMILE) So that's what you had in your mind, eh?

DONNA: (SMILES BACK) If you could arrange it, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Well, Miss Mikels .. It's a very unusual request. I'll have to clear the project first, of course. And if I get an okay, we'll be glad to do anything we can.

82  
6/2/54 pm

RTX01 0008816



BIG STORY 6/2/54

(22) Revised

DONNA: ~~Lieutenant Wright, I know this is a very unusual request,~~  
but I've just got a feeling that the gun is somewhere on  
that property.

LIEUT: (SMILE) Woman's intuition, eh?

DONNA: Maybe. But I thought that if you could have one of your  
Mine Detector Units come over just for a few hours, maybe  
we could find that gun.

LIEUT: Well, Miss Mikels, I'll have to clear the project first,  
of course. And if I get an okay, we'll be glad to do  
~~anything we can.~~

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

NARR: Lieutenant Wright gets the okay, takes charge of the  
project himself. Hour after hour he and two corporals  
sweep the rough area around Bridges' house. Nothing.  
They keep on going, hour after hour ...

LIEUT: Still nothing, Miss Mikels.

DONNA: (DISCOURAGED) Well, I guess I was wrong. I guess it was  
just a silly idea. I'm sorry I wasted your time, Lieut.

LIEUT: That's all right. It was worth a try. We'll sweep the  
area a couple of more minutes and then quit.

NARR: A couple of more minutes. The men steadily sweep their  
Mine Detectors back and forth. Still nothing. And then,  
suddenly, ~~one of the Mine Detectors goes~~

*At: Over here Miss Mikels I think we've got something*  
(PING OF MINE DETECTOR. PING. PING.)  
(MUSIC: ~~UP AND UNDER~~)

ATX01 000817

NARR: It is a few hours later. And now, once again, you and Inspector Harry Bowman pay a sick call on a patient...Lenny Maddox. And again, the Inspector asks ...

BOWMAN: You sure you don't want that operation, Maddox?

LENNY: You heard me say so, didn't you?

BOWMAN: Afraid we'll check that bullet in your body with John Lacey's gun. Is that it?

LENNY: (CHUCKLE) Why, no, Inspector. That isn't it at all. I just don't like operations, see? The minute I get a whiff of ether, I run a mile. Give me one look at a surgeon's knife, and I go pale. Just one of those things. Every guy in this world is afraid of something. With me, it's the idea of gettin' carved up.

BOWMAN: Okay, Maddox. Then we'll have to do it another way.

LENNY: Do what? What other way?

BOWMAN: Ever see this gun?

SOUND: CLANK OF GUN ON TABLE

LENNY: (STARES) Why, it...it's...

BOWMAN: That's right, <sup>Maddox</sup> ~~Lenny~~ <sup>like</sup> Your gun. Miss Mikels got the army to go in with mine detectors. They picked it up outside of Bridge's house.

LENNY: Yeah? Well, you can't ....

BOWMAN: (INTERRUPTS, COLD) We can. And we have. We made a ballistic check of the gun, against the bullets in John Lacey's body. They matched. And that does it, Maddox. That's the solid evidence we need. (A BEAT) Got anything to say now?

LENNY: (AFTER A BEAT) ~~Only~~ one thing.

BOWMAN: Yes?

LENNY: I guess I might as well have that operation after all. ~~What've I got to lose now?~~

MUSIC: CURTAIN

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #355

*Chappell: In just a moment we will read you a telegram  
from Donna Nikals of the Indianapolis Times with  
the final outcome of tonight's Big Story*

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 - and  
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 Donna Mikels of the Indianapolis Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

MIKELS: YOUNG MURDERER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY WAS TRIED ON A FIRST DEGREE MURDER CHARGE AND FOUND GUILTY. HE WAS FINALLY SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT. HE DID NOT APPEAL AND IS NOW SERVING THAT TERM IN MICHIGAN CITY STATE PRISON. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Miss Mikels, 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.

(MUSIC: STING)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen the producers of BIG STORY are going to take a summer's vacation to return again after 13 weeks at this same time over this same station. Meanwhile, be sure to watch the BIG STORY on television.

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

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Erlick from an actual story from the pages of the Indianapolis Times. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Jay Meredith played the part of Donna Mikels. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Miss Mikels.

(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.

HD/MM/JK