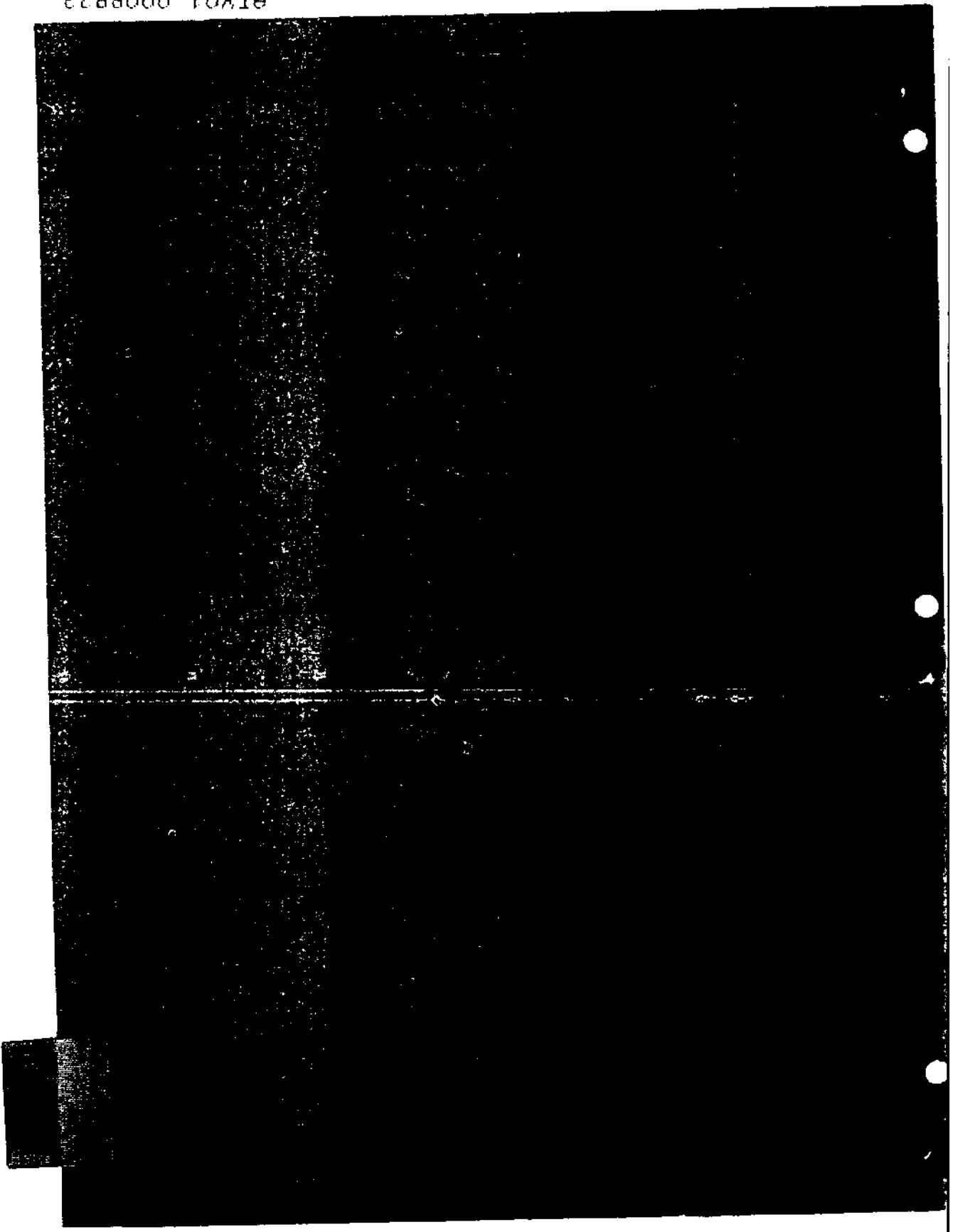


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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #356

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
LOPEZ	PHIL STERLING
GINNIE	DENISE ALEXANDER
GIRL	DENISE ALEXANDER
LINDSEY	NELSON OIMSTEAD
CLERK	NELSON OIMSTEAD <i>Bill Griffis</i>
EDDIE	BOB READICK
CORONER	HILL GRIFFIS
VOICE	HILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1954

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS UNCRANDED)

LOPEZ: Headquarters. . .

GINNIE: (ABOUT 12: FILTER) Police?

LOPEZ: That's right.

GINNIE: (FILTER) This is Ginnie Ford, 4291 West Palm.

LOPEZ: (SMILING) What's your problem, Ginnie?

GINNIE: (FILTER) I think you'd better send somebody over to our
house.

LOPEZ: Locked out, sis?

GINNIE: (FILTER) No sir. It's my mother. She --

LOPEZ: Now why don't you just put her on the phone,--

GINNIE: (FILTER) It's her I'm calling about. She's on the bed
and I can't wake her up.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR...)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Phoenix, Arizona. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (PIAT) From the
front pages of the Phoenix Gazette the story of a
reporter who added up nickels, dimes and quarters--and
paid off with a plugged half-dollar. Tonight to Gene
Lindsey for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Award!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 356
VERSION 11

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.

CHAPPEL: 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!"

HARRICK: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Phoenix, Arizona. The story as it actually happened,
Gene Lindsey's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Gene Lindsey, legman of the Gazette, are all but in
the seat of the mighty. The mighty in this case? The
Coroner, sitting on a murder inquest. Your seat? Right
next to him, where the court steno normally works. Why
there? Special permission-- so you can study the
spectators here in West Phoenix Precinct Court.

(LOW CHATTER OF SPECTATORS IN ROOM, UP, UNDER)

NARR: Crowded. ~~It isn't every day~~ a mother of three children--
and a widow, at that -- ~~is~~ murdered. There in the third
row, her family. Her two sisters, her brother, and--
sitting next to her oldest daughter, Ginnie -- her
nephew, Eddie Wallow. Nice-looking kid, with a little
portable radio in his lap. He catches your eye and
smiles. (SNEAK MUSIC) You remember the last time you
saw him. Only yesterday.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE BEHIND.)

EDDIE: ~~Is there anything else I can tell you, Mister Lindsey?~~

LINDSEY: ~~That about has it, Eddie. Just let me check a couple
of points. Nine o'clock, you said you saw her last?~~

EDDIE: ~~Yessir, to sell her the radio, yessir.~~

LINDSEY: ~~And from there you went straight to school~~

EDDIE: ~~Yessir.~~

LINDSEY: ~~Okay, fella. I appreciate your talking to me.~~

EDDIE: Is there anything else I can tell you, Mr. Lindsey?

LINDSEY: That about has it, Eddie. Just let me check a couple of points. You said you saw her last at nine o'clock?

EDDIE: Yessir.

LINDSEY: Any special reason for going over there that morning?

EDDIE: Kx Uh-huh. To sell her my radio.

LINDSEY: About that radio -- where'd you get it? I mean, was it yours to sell?

EDDIE: Sure. I made it so's I could sell it. My aunt said once she'd like a little portable she could carry around, so I made one up of parts.

LINDSEY: KX Uh-huh.

EDDIE: I meant to give it to her for a present, but then I decided she might like it enough to buy it, at least for ix what the parts cost me. But she said she couldn't afford it right then, so I kept it.

LINDSEY: And then you left?

EDDIE: Yessir.

LINDSEY: Straight for school?

EDDIE: Yessir. I just about made first period. That's how I know it was nine o'clock I saw her.

LINDSEY: Okay, fella. I appreciate your talking to me.

EDDIE: Well, I appreciate the way you didn't try to bust into the house and talk to the folks. They're so upset.

LINDSEY: Sure, kid. Ah -- you don't happen to have a picture of yourself on you, do you?

EDDIE: In my wallet, I -- say, what do you want a picture of me for?

LINDSEY: (GENTLY) Hasn't it occurred to you that you're part of the story? Or haven't you realized yet you're the last member of the family who saw your aunt alive?

EDDIE: Gee, I never did! (BRAT) Here. It's just a snapshot.

LINDSEY: It'll do. Thanks a million. I'll be seeing you.

EDDIE: Yeah. Tomorrow, probably.

LINDSEY: Oh?

EDDIE: Uh-huh. I'm going to the trial.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Trial, he said. Inquest, he meant. Trial is when you have somebody you think you can hang the crime on. Inquest is when you're just putting the facts together. Trying to decide whether person or persons known shall be bound over formally for trial. This inquest is under way now, with your friend Detective Lopez on the stand. Detective sergeant Charles Lopez, headquarters, homicide detail, I proceeded to the address given by the child and discovered the body of the deceased as des-

LOPEZ: (UP) cribed, on the bed. Clothing consisted of a slip. The body was covered by a sheet. There were bruises and abrasions about the head, a punctured wound above the left eye, and a cut on the neck. (MORE)

LOPEZ:
(CONT'D)

No weapons were found on the premises. Further search indicated a severe struggle. . .

NARR:

(COMING IN OVER DETECTIVE FADING BEHIND EARLY)

A rehash of what you got from Lopez at the scene yesterday. You and Charley Lopez are such good friends that -- as happened at the victim's house -- he frequently asks you--

LOPEZ:

What've you got, Gene?

JINDSEY:

Well, the neighbor said it was a wonder the dog didn't bark. She said the dog barked at anybody he didn't know. Could mean it was a friend that did it.

LOPEZ:

Or that the dog wasn't around.

JINDSEY:

Okay, okay. You keep that up and I won't tell you the name of the grocer who saw her alive at around eleven.

LOPEZ:

And sold her a loaf of bread, two cans of dog food, and a pack of cigarettes.

JINDSEY:

So we're even. What about the quid pro quo?

LOPEZ:

Again?

JINDSEY:

Latin for I scratched your back, now you scratch mine.

LOPEZ:

More than backs got scratched here, amigo. Look -- if I give you something hot, will you keep it on ice a while?

JINDSEY:

Since when do you have to ask me?

LOPEZ:

Okay. G'mere.

(STEPS TO STOP)

LOPEZ:

See that? Piano's been moved about two feet out from the wall. Down there, a smashed-up figurine.

JINDSEY:

Yeah.

LOPEZ:

Struggle.

LOPEZ: Well, yes. (SOFTLY) The child who discovered the body.

CORONER: Uh-hm. (UP A BIT) Miss Virginia Ford?

GINNIE: Yesir?

CORONER: Would you come sit here, please.

(A LITTLE RUSTLING OF CHAIRS)

CORONER: All right, Virginia. Do you understand the difference between the truth and a lie?

NARRATOR: This too is routine. The self-possession of a child in the aftermath of tragedy. She doesn't seem to mind at all going over the "adventure".

GINNIE: Yes sir.

CORONER: And you understand you're to tell the truth here?

GINNIE: Yes sir.

CORONER: All right, then you just tell us what happened when you came home from school that day.

GINNIE: (UP) Well, I go to the morning session, and so I come home for lunch. And Mama usually has something ready for me. But that day, there wasn't anything. And no note, either, like if she had to go out. So I went into

the bedroom and she was sleeping on

NARRATOR: Your eyes rove around the room again. Lopez is watching you. With a slight nod, you indicate Eddie, listening intently to his kid cousin. Lopez nods back slightly. He whispers to the coroner as Ginnie steps down.

the bed. I decided not to wake her up,

but then I decided I would anyway, and

when I tried -- she wouldn't. That's all.

NARR: ~~Again, you catch his eye, you indicate with a slight nod --~~
~~the kid sitting next to the little girl, Eddie.~~

LOPEZ: However, sir, the woman's nephew saw her last. Among members of the family, that is.

CORONER: His name?

LOPEZ: Eddie Wallow.

CORONER: Edward Wallow? Will you take the stand, please?

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The kid tells his story. Just as he told it to you. Straightforward, appealing. The jury -- yes, there's a jury at this inquest -- begins looking at the clock. And Eddie is allowed to wrap it up.

CORONER: When did you first find out your aunt was dead?

EDDIE: When I got out of the movies that afternoon, sir.

CORONER: Un-hm. Ah -- Did you like your aunt?

EDDIE: (SOFT) A lot.

CORONER: Even if she wouldn't buy your radio from you?

EDDIE: Even.

CORONER: Or lend you any money?

EDDIE: Even then.

CORONER: The officer says you once stole from her.

EDDIE: (VERY LOW) Yessir, I did. (UP) But that's one reason why I liked her.

CORONER: How's that?

EDDIE: Well, she caught me takin' money. Ten bucks, from her dresser, once. And she said I shouldn't of stolen it. Why didn't I just ask her, she said, why didn't I just ask and she'd of given me some.

-11-

LOPPE: Keep 'em to yourself. Hunches we don't send in to the
Grand Jury!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR CLOSING CURTAIN)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL.)

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Gene Lindsey, of the Phoenix Gazette, have just covered an inquest into the murder of a widow with three children. By person or persons unknown, the jury has found. You think different. And what you think, you've passed -- in a note-- to Charlie Lopez, detective. The note that says...

"Watch the kid. He's your boy."

(MUSIC: LIGHT ACCENT)

NARR: The kid is Eddie Wallow, the murdered woman's nephew. Now he's your boy -- to follow.

(CAR UP, BOARD FADE OUT, IN, TO STOP, FOOTSTEPS UP WALK, DOORBELL, DOOR OPENS)

LINDSEY: Hi, Eddie.

EDDIE: Hya, Mr. Lindsey.

LINDSEY: Like to take a little ride and talk a bit, Eddie?

EDDIE: Gee, I'd like to, but I'm sitting.

LINDSEY: Huh?

(LIGHT TRAFFIC CONTINUES, B.G. INTERMITTENTLY)

EDDIE: You know, with the kids. My aunt's kids. My folks are over to her house, cleaning up. You know.

LINDSEY: I see. How're they taking it -- the kids, I mean.

EDDIE: Okay. They don't realize yet.

LINDSEY: Mom.

EDDIE: You wanna come in and talk here?

LINDSEY: If you don't mind.

(DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS)

GINNIE: (COMING ON) Eddie ---

EDDIE: (LOW) That's Ginnie. She found the body. (UP) What's up Ginnie?

GINNIE: Could you fix this for me?

EDDIE: Ginnie, this is Mr. Lindsey. He's a reporter.

LINDSEY: Bye, honey. What've you got there?

GINNIE: Monnie's charm bracelet. It's broken.

LINDSEY: Where'd you get it?

GINNIE: On the floor. In the living room.

EDDIE: Lemme have it, Ginnie. I'll fix it.

GINNIE: Wouldja?

EDDIE: Sure. You go play with the kids. Mr. Lindsey and I are gonna talk.

(FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY)

LINDSEY: Eddie, after you left your aunt's house, and she turned you down on the radio, you went back to school. ---

EDDIE: Well, not exactly. Just into the school yard.

LINDSEY: Why didn't you say that on the stand?

EDDIE: Cause I got so many warnings for cutting school, I thought they'd arrest me or something.

LINDSEY: All right. You went back to the school yard. Then what?

EDDIE: I borrowed some money from some kids.

(PHONE RINGS)

EDDIE: Scuse me. It's been ringin' all afternoon.

(STEPS TO PHONE, WHICH RINGS AGAIN AND IS UNCRADLED.)

EDDIE: Hello.

No, just me.

Eddie.

Gee, I dunno. At the church, I guess

Sure. I'll tell 'em.

Huh?

GINNIE: (COMING ON OVER THIRD RESPONSE ABOVE) Mister, when are
the cops gonna give us our stuff back?

LINDSEY: What stuff, honey?

GINNIE: Mommy's television bank and my ice cream bank.

EDDIE: Could you hold it a second please? (UP) Mr. Lindsey,
could you loan me a pencil? I gotta take a message.

LINDSEY: Catch.

EDDIE: Thanks. Okay, I'm ready.

LINDSEY: TV Bank? Ice cream bank.

GINNIE: Mommie was saving
quarters for a TV,
and every time I don't
eat ice cream I get a
nickel.

LINDSEY: Oh. About how much
was in the banks, sis?

GINNIE: I had seventy five
cents and mommy had
four dollars. Exactly

EDDIE: Boy, is that phone jumpin'. People calling from
all over about the funera--- uh, Ginnie, take
off, willya please?

(FOOTSTEPS TAKE OFF)

EDDIE:
Right.

Not so fast----

How do you spell that, ma'am?

Yes ma'am, I will.

Maybe in an hour.

Sure.

Thanks. I will.

Sure. They'll appreciate
it a lot. 'Bye now.

(PHONE HUNG UP, STEPS BACK)

LINDSEY: Eddie, I don't feel right about bothering you, but if we could just rapidly go through the rest of the day --

EDDIE: Sure. I guess you're figuring on writing a story about me.

LINDSEY: To go with the picture, that's right.

EDDIE: Well, let's see. I borrowed some money, then I went downtown.

LINDSEY: Bus?

EDDIE: Uh-huh. Then --

(PHONE RINGS)

EDDIE: Gee whiz.

(STEPS OVER. PHONE UNCRADLED)

NARR: (LOW) From now on you're not so much listening as you are --adding. A total of \$4.75 missing from the bank -- and 15 cents bus fare spent so far. How did he spend the day -- and you do mean spend.

EDDIE: Hello.

No sir, just me.

Eddie

That's right.

My dad would know that, I guess.

You could try 7655R.

No sir, I wouldn't.

You're welcome. 'Bye

(PHONE HUNG UP)

EDDIE: Yikes, that phone!

LINDSEY: So what did you do downtown, Eddie?

EDDIE: Well, I ate. A hamburger and a shake...

NARR: (FASTER) Say, forty-five cents, top.

EDDIE: Then, lemme see. Yeah -- then I bought myself a pair of levis and four pairs of socks.

LINDSEY: Levis cost about three bucks, don't they?

EDDIE: Three twenty-five for the real narrows. But I got a buy on the socks. Twenty cents a pair. Seconds, they were.

NARR: (FILTER) Eighty plus three and a quarter is carry the one is four oh five. Plus forty-five plus fifteen carfare -- four sixty-five. Ten cents to go.

LINDSEY: And then?

EDDIE: Then I went to the movies. (PAUSE) Sixty cents.

(SLIGHTLY SLY) You're adding up everything I spent, aren't you?

LINDSEY: I am.

EDDIE: Why?

LINDSEY: Just figuring, that's all.

EDDIE: Figuring if you can pin it on me, Mr. Lindsey?

LINDSEY: (VERY QUIET) Frankly ---- yes.

EDDIE: And you thought I wasn't wise to you. (HE BEGINS TO RIDE) Well, lemme tell you something, nosey, I didn't do it. The last time I saw her she was alive and kickin' and that was nine o'clock in the morning. And what's more---

(PHONE RINGS)

EDDIE: Nuts!

(RAPID FOOTSTEPS. PHONE UNCRADLED ANGRILY)

EDDIE: Hello!

(PAUSE)

EDDIE: Yeah -- he's here. But he's goin' right now!

(PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

EDDIE: That was for you, wise guy. And I meant what I said. You better get outa here before my father comes home and throws you out!

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

(PEEP RAPIDLY TO PHONE. IT IS UNCRADIED)

LINDSEY: Hello! (BEAT) One moment, please. (PAUSE) Okay, Eddie-- Your turn. And listen, kid -- I --

EDDIE: (SHRIEKING) You heard me -- get outa here! Get out!

(MUSIC: UP ANGRILY AND AWAY UNDER) ...

NARR: Cheap is the word for the way you feel -- adding up small change to total murder -- on a seventeen-year-old kid. Especially since it doesn't add up. Four seventy-five taken from the widow -- and five twenty-five spent. Then again where did he get the money? The high school?

(CUT-UP AND AWAY).

NARR: A little digging finds you a student who knew him. And saw him talking to another student -- that morning.

LINDSEY: You say you did lend him money yesterday?

GIRL: Uh-huh. I was afraid not to.

LINDSEY: Why afraid?

GIRL: Golly, when a guy who got suspended last term for beating up a girl asks you to lend him money, you lend him money. He may not look it, but he's awful tough!

LINDSEY: So you lend him --

GIRL: And anyway, it wasn't so much.

LINDSEY: How much?

GIRL: Three cents.

LINDSEY: What? *3cents!*

GIRL: Uh-huh. He said he already had twelve cents, and he needed three more. For carfare, he said. To go to his aunt's

LINDSEY: To go to his aunt's. And that was around a quarter to nine?

GIRL: Oh no. That was just before second bell. Around one o'clock.

(MUSIC: ... BID AND GO)

NARR: First stop -- headquarters. Next stop -- with Sergeant Lopez beside you -- Eddie Wallow's house. His alibi for the morning shattered. His story of borrowing money for his purchases -- smashed. Your story? Practically in the bag.

(CAR PULLS UP. DOORS OPEN, FOOTSTEPS OUT
AND UP TO WALK.)

GINNIE: Hi.

LINDSEY: Hi, Ginnie. Where --

GINNIE: Look. Mommie's bracelet fixed.

LINDSEY: Later, Ginnie, later. We --

GINNIE: Only it really isn't.

LINDSEY: Ginnie, we're looking for *your cousin Eddie* (BEAT) What isn't what?

GINNIE: The charm bracelet. The memorative is gone.

LINDSEY: The what?

GINNIE: The memorative money.

LINDSEY: Com-memorative?

GINNIE: Com-memorative. A com-memorative half a dollar.

LINDSEY: Oh-oh. \$4.75 and the missing half dollar - Five-twenty-five on the nose.

GINNIE: It's gone. But nobody could of spent it. Cause it's got a hole in it for hanging.

LOPEZ: All right, honey. We'll try to find it. Right now, could we talk to your cousin Eddie?

GINNIE: Oh he's gone.

LINDSEY: Where?

GINNIE: I dunno. He just walked away. He was carrying his radio. Holding it up to his ear -- like this.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Seconds later, there is an all-points alarm out for Eddie Wallow. And a force-full of detectives checking every bank in town. Minutes later -- at headquarters --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS UNCRADLED)

LOPEZ: Homicide. Lopez.

~~VOICEM~~ (FILTER) ~~Shawley -- we found it.~~

LOPEZ: Where?

~~VOICEM~~ (FILTER) ~~First National. The teller --~~

LOPEZ: Bring him and it straight in.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

LOPEZ: We got the coin, Gene. Now you're hunching!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Ten minutes later -- a squad car picks up Eddie, wandering around twenty-eighth Drive near Pierce. Lopez sits the kid down in a chair and lets him sit. He steps outside a minute, comes back. He's flipping a coin. He flips it to you. He nods to you. You know what to say. You hope you can keep steady as you say it.

LINDSEY: (TENSE) Eddie -- have you ever seen this coin before?

EDDIE: Nope.

NARR: You hand the coin back to Lopez. Carefully, he sets it on the edge of the desk, by Eddie's elbow. You are so fascinated by a long, deep cut on the kid's forearm, by five parallel scratches on his wrist, you hardly notice Lopez leave and return. Not alone.

LOPEZ: You exchanged this coin for a good one at your window today?

CLERK: Yes. A plugged Columbian half-dollar. Uh-huh.

LOPEZ: Is this the boy who changed it?

CLERK: Uh-huh. Yes, I'd swear to it.

LOPEZ: You'll have to.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

(BUZZER)

LOPEZ: ~~(HITTING)~~ Send in a stenographer.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY TO BACK NEXT SECTION ANGUISHEDLY)

EDDIE: (LOW) She wouldn't buy my radio. She just looked at me like I was crazy or something. When I was in the hospital... seven years I was in the hospital with a busted back --- this nurse used to keep peekin' in at me. With her eyes. Eyes, they were always peekin' and starin' and peerin' at me. They gave me eye dreams all the time.

(MUSIC: UP AND DOWN)

EDDIE: And when she wouldn't buy my radio and looked at me, it was like I was having an eye dream. It was like I was only dreaming I was grabbing her and choking her and cutting her. Only I wasn't dreaming. I was really.

(MUSIC: RISES AND DESCRNDS)

EDDIE: If she'd only bought my radio, it wouldn't have happened.. if she'd only not looked at me like eyes. I didn't mean to kill her or anything. I only wanted a new pair of levis.

(MUSIC: TRAILS AWAY)

NARR: Five minutes after that, Eddie is pointing out a paper bag under some shrubbery, over by the Administration building. Thousands of people had passed it. Nobody thought to look in it. In it -- a claspknife, a butcher knife, a rolling pin. All bloody. Ten minutes later ---

LINDSEY: (OVER SOUND OF RESTAURANT) Coffee -- black.

LOPEZ: Two. Eddie?

EDDIE: T-bone steak. Rare.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Nobody in the restaurant knows you. Or the burly
detective. Or the stocky kid in brand new blue ^{Lewis} jeans.
But they will, tomorrow. When they read your Big Story.

(MUSIC: HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPEL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Gene
Lindsey ^{of the Phoenix Arizona Gazette} with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Gene Lindsey of the Phoenix, Arizona, Gazette.

LINDSEY: After psychiatrists found young killer sane, he was tried and found guilty. Sentence was -- life imprisonment. His only complaint was about prison food. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the Detroit Times -- by-line Al Kaufman. The Big Story of a reporter who deliberately gambled his life for a story that later shook the nation.

MUSIC: STING

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

MUSIC: THEME WIPE AND FADE TO E.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the Phoenix Gazette. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Nelson Olmstead played the part of Gene Lindsey. (MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

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. Lindsey

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL:

This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service.

Ernest Chappell speaking. The Big Story program was brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES Product of The American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

THIS IS NBC... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #357

CAST:

NARRATOR NORMAN ROSE
AL KAUFMAN MANDEL KRAMER
WARDEN WENDELL HOLMES
ROY LARRY HAINES
PUNCHY BILLY REDFIELD
LEO SANDY STROUSE
~~BOAR~~ ^{SAM} MAURICE GOSFIELD
KING DEAN ALMQUIST
DUNMORE DEAN ALMQUIST

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1954

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Jackson, Michigan. It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PLAT) From the front pages of the Detroit Times, the story of a reporter who deliberately gambled his life ~~for a story -- a story that shook the nation~~. Tonight, to Al Kaufman of the Detroit Times, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: PANFARE, TURNTABLE ETC.)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #357
VERSION 11

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story -
Remember it well.
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high -
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own.
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

VERSION II: (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!

(MUSIC: ... UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan. The story as it actually happened.
Al Kaufman's story, as he lived it.

NARR: It is this warm Sunday afternoon, and at the moment,
you, Al Kaufman, Capitol Editor of the Detroit Times,
are swearing roundly under your breath. At the moment
you're inching your way along the road, in company with
several million other cars, bumper to bumper, all
headed for the place where they were born... Detroit.
Now, as you crawl from Washtenaw County into Wayne, you
reflect on the weekend you've just spent in Indianapolis,
and make a solemn vow never to get caught on the
highway again....at least, not on a Sunday afternoon.
Then, your police radio starts to squawk. And suddenly,
you've forgotten all about the traffic.....

WARDEN: (OVER CAR RADIO, A LITTLE STATIC) This is Warden
Briggs at Jackson Prison. Repeat. Warden Briggs.
There has been a break here. Repeat. A large
scale break. Cellblock 15 has already been over-run by
armed prisoners, others are falling, violence spreading.
Ten guards are being held as hostages. The situation
is serious. I repeat, serious. I ask all state police
in area to report here at Jackson at once. I am asking
the governor to alert the National Guard.

(MUSIC: ... HIT UP TO BROWN ABOVE AND UNDER)

NARR: You pull the car off the highway, swing around, head
the other way, through Ypsilanti. Ann Arbor, and
finally Jackson. The place looks like an army staging
camp. Armed police converging on it from every direction.
- And as you get up to the prison....

(SCREAMING AND YELLING OFF. AN UGLY ROAR FROM PRISONERS BEHIND WALLS)

(RATTLE OF GUNFIRE)

NARR: The roar of the riot. The sound of men gone berserk. The rattle of gunfire. And finally, in Warden Briggs' office. At the moment he's on the phone,.....

(ROAR FROM PRISON OFF AND UNDER)

WARDEN: Sergeant, warn all units on the roofs and towers, hold fire. I repeat, hold fire. I've already alerted the National Guard. We should have more men coming in any moment. Right.

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

AL: Warden.

WARDEN: Oh, Kaufman. (GRIMLY) I see you've come to the party.

AL: What's the situation [?] ~~at the moment?~~

WARDEN: It's bad. Very bad. They've got complete control of the 15 Block. Not only that, they control the 5 cellblock at the south end of the yard. We're lining up every police car bumper to bumper as a barricade against the main gate in case they try to rush it.

AL: How did the riot begin?

WARDEN: ~~It was well-planned. And in advance. Went up like a firecracker.~~ George King, one of the guards, was called in to examine a sick man. The sick man's cellmate stuck a knife in his ribs. After that, they opened every door in 15.

AL: And after that?

WARDEN: ~~You can guess the rest. There must be at least~~
~~two thousand rioting prisoners in there right now.~~
Most of ^{They} ~~them~~ ^{themselves} armed with lead pipes, chains, butcher
knives and some of them with guns taken from the
guards. And we can't make a move of our own.

AL: Because of the guards they're holding.

WARDEN: That's right. Each and every one of them is a family
man, Kaufman. For the moment, the rioters have us
where they want us. These hostages give them control.

AL: Know who's heading up this riot?

WARDEN: Two men. The first is Roy Grimes. He's the brains.
Serving 15 to 30 for armed robbery. A narcotics
addict who used to pose as a physician. He's cold
and ruthless but he may be reasonable.

AL: And the other?

WARDEN: The other's Punchy Lavelle. He's the one we're
worried about. Dangerous, sadistic, mentally
unbalanced. Once knifed a state trooper acting
as the Governor's bodyguard. If he takes the
play away from Grimes, this whole thing may end in
a bloody massacre.

AL: ~~Where~~. They made any demands yet, Warden?

WARDEN: (GRIMLY) Not yet. But they know that they can
get to us over the public address system, and we
expect to hear from them any minute.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(YELLS OF MEN OFF. WE HEAR FURNITURE BREAKING,
ETC. STEPS RUNNING, ACTIVELY. THESE YELLS HAVE A
JUBILANT, WILD EFFECT.)

ROY: Leo.

LEO: Yes, Roy?

ROY: (CRISP, DELIVERING ORDERS LIKE AN OFFICER) What about the kitchen?

LEO: Under control.

ROY: The Twine Mill and Greenhouse?

LEO: Under control.

ROY: What about the barbershop?

LEO: Got every razor in the joint.

ROY: Good. Now look, Leo. I want an order issued to every stir-bug in this cage. We got a big deal pending here with the Warden and maybe the Governor, himself. I don't want a hitch in it, see? Especially when it comes to the guards. They're our blue chips. Any guy does any more than slap them around a little and he gets a shiv across his throat. Got it?

LEO: I got it.

ROY: Okay. Tell Rocky over in Block 3 that we'll try to rush it soon. I think the cops are weak there. Maybe we can take a few of them. The more of these screws we hold, the better we can negotiate.

(PHONE RING)

ROY: Take that phone call, Leo.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

LEO: Yeah. He is, eh? Okay, I'll tell him. Right.

(PHONE ON HOOK)

LEO: That was Pete calling from the North corridor, Roy. We've got trouble.

ROY: What is it?

NARR: You, Al Kaufman of the Detroit Times, continue to wait in the Warden's office. Meanwhile, reports pour in. The convicts have been running wild. They've set fires in various points in the prison, smashed furniture in the mess hall, the kitchen and the tool shops. Thousands of men trapped and yet not trapped, running berserk. But it's the guards you're worried about. The guards. And you can only wait. Wait for the leaders of the riot to communicate with you. And then, finally, over the P.A. System.....

~~(WE HEAR SUDDEN SHOUTS OF ABUSE FROM PRISONERS OVER P.A. SYSTEM, YELLING, LAUGHING, SCREAMING. AND BIDS OF ABUSE.)~~

ROY: ~~(DOMINANT, AUTHORITATIVE) Okay you guys, shut up. Kipe down.~~

(RACKET STOPS)

ROY: Warden, this is Roy Grimes. Can you hear me?

WARDEN: (GRIMLY) I hear you, Grimes.

ROY: Ready to talk business?

WARDEN: I'm ready. Only I'd like to do the talking first, Grimes.

ROY: Okay. Go ahead. We're listening.

WARDEN: Grimes, I'm asking you to stop this thing. Drop this break and order your men to go quietly back to their cells. I'm asking you to release the guards you hold. ~~You can't get away with this.~~ This prison is surrounded by hundreds of men. You can't get away with this.

ROY: Can't we?

WARDEN: I'm asking you again, Grimes. Listen to reason. You can't win. If we have to, we'll wait it out, starve you out. You can't keep your men under control forever. Now, if you do as I say, I promise you this. I'll meet you half-way. I'll be willing to hear any grievances you may want to present. But only on one condition....that this riot stops, and now,

ROY: That all, Warden?

WARDEN: That's all.

ROY: Okay. Now I'm going to say what I want to say. We got 10 guards in here, Warden. So far they're alive. I'm going to tell you what we want now. And you better come through, or else.

WARDEN: (QUIETLY) All right, Grimes. I'm listening.

ROY: The only man we want to talk to is a newspaper reporter. Get a reporter. Have him walk through the entrance to Gate 6. Understand? Gate 6 in 10 minutes. I'll meet him there myself. You hear me, Warden?

WARDEN: I hear you.

ROY: Okay. Gate 6. 10 minutes. If he isn't there, if he doesn't show, then I'm not responsible for what happens after that. That's all, Warden, ~~and signing off.~~

AL: Warden.

WARDEN: Yes, Kaufman?

AL: He asked for a newspaper reporter. That puts it up to me.

WARDEN: Look, Kaufman, I appreciate this, but I can't order you to---

AL: You don't have to order me. I'm volunteering.

WARDEN: I have to warn you, Kaufman. It's dangerous.

AL: You don't have to tell me that. I know that.

To tell you the truth, Warden. ~~with me there, too~~
I'm scared to death. But there are 10 guards in there, every one of them a family man. And I'm a family man myself.

WARDEN: All right, Kaufman. But one thing.....

AL: Yes?

WARDEN: They may insist that you walk inside to talk to them. If they do, it's only to get another hostage -- you. But you're not to go in. You're to stay in the yard. That's an order, understand?

AL: I understand.

WARDEN: All right, let's go.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go down to the yard, just inside Gate 6. You stand in the bright glare of the search lights for a moment.....

(WE HEAR YELLING OF PRISONERS OFF)

NARR: The prisoners start to roar as they see you. And as you start to walk through the Gate your blood runs cold, Al Kaufman. You stand exposed between two hostile waiting armies. And then from a door in the building you see a man emerge, Roy Grimes.

(THE SHOUTING DIES. IT IS STILL NOW)

NARR: He starts to walk toward you.

(STEPS UNDER, COMING UP. THEY STOP)

ROY: You're the reporter?

AL: That's right.

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #357

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 Al Kaufman, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: It all seems so unreal to you, Al Kaufman. Like some kind of fantasy. Standing out there in the blazing glare of the powerful searchlight beams. Standing out there in the empty yard. Alone with Roy Grimes. Looking death in the face. It is still now. You wait. You see the smile on Grimes' face. Sardonic and without humor. Sadistically enjoying your fear. You wait a little longer, soaked in your own perspiration. And then.....

ROY: Kaufman, I'll give it to you straight. This isn't an escape break. We're not planning to try to make it over the walls. We know that we wouldn't have a chance. That clear?

AL: Yes.

ROY: Okay. We've taken over for only one reason. We've got a list of demands to present.

AL: Then why don't you present them to the Warden, Grimes?

ROY: We figure we'll get nowhere with the Warden. We want to go over his head. Get official backing from the bigshot himself. From the Governor.

AL: The governor?

ROY: You heard me. We want these demands printed in your paper. Just so the public can read them and know what we want. That's why I'm talking to you. Is that clear?

AI: Go on.

ROY: Okay. Now we've drawn up 12 grievances. They're all here. On this piece of paper. Here. Take it. We want better treatment by the guards. We want the mental cases separated from the rest of the prisoners. We want a new deal on solitary. We want the Parole Board to change their rules to give us a better chance. We want the Osborne Prison Reform Committee to come here and interview us. You'll find them all there. Print 'em in your paper.

AI: All right, Grimes. I'll run them on front page.

ROY: Okay. Now as to the Governor....

AI: Yes?

ROY: I got a document for him too. Here, take it. I want you to get this to him, Kaufman. It's got the list of demands and an agreement that he'll agree to negotiate. What we want is his signature on that paper.

AI: And after that?

ROY: After that we'll countersign it. That'll make it a contract. Official, see what I mean? Then we'll surrender and go back to our cells.

AI: And that's all?

ROY: (GRIMLY) That's all, except for one thing.

AI: Yes?

ROY: I've got a lot of maniacs back there. Half of them don't believe we'll ever get any place with this. They're for killing every guard in there and rolling their bodies out in the yard.

(MORE)

ROY: I told them we'd have the Governor's signature in a few
(CONT'D) hours.

AL: A few hours? Grimes, that's impossible. Right now
the Governor's on vacation. We'll have to locate him,
then he'll have to study this list of demands, point by
point. It'll take time.

ROY: (MIRTHLESS LAUGH) That's up to you, Kaufman. If the
Governor doesn't come through in a little while, I won't
be able to hold the men. It's your baby. Better get
going.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you rush back to the Warden's office. You happen to
know, Charles Dunmore, the Governor's assistant is in
Detroit. You get him on the phone.....

DUNMORE: (FILTER) Kaufman, I don't know if it's possible. The
governor's way up in the northern part of the state.

AL: (DESPERATELY) Mr. Dunmore, it's got to be done
somehow. The lives of 10 men depend on it.

DUNMORE: We'll do everything we can, Mr. Kaufman. As soon as I
reach the Governor, I'll acquaint him with the situation.
But you understand it's got to take time. The
Governor isn't just going to sign a document blind.
He'll have to consider each one of these 12 proposals.
We've got to be careful. We can't give these rioters
everything they want until we're sure---

AL: I understand that, Mr. Dunmore. But the leader of the
break is having trouble now controlling the men. We've
got to get the governor's signature, and soon! Otherwise,
there'll be massacre.

DUNMORE: All right, Kaufman. Get that document here right away!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The demands start for Detroit by special plane. Meanwhile you phone the story to your paper. After that, you wait. An hour. Two hours. Three hours. The minutes tick by-- Meanwhile, inside the prison.....

(WILD YELLING OF MEN OFF)

PUNCHY: (LAUGHS) Hey, Roy.

ROY: What is it, Punchy?

PUNCHY: We've been waitin' a long time! Where's the Governor's signature.

ROY: (WORRIED) It'll come.

PUNCHY: It'd better come. And pretty quick now. Huh, guys?

(THERE'S A SULLEN MURMUR OF ASSENT FROM OTHERS

THERE)

ROY: ~~Let's be reasonable about this.~~ *Take it easy* We didn't give the Governor much time.

PUNCHY: We're not gonna wait forever. Get me, Roy? How do we know they aint stallin'.....

ROY: I'm tryin' to tell you...

PUNCHY: And I'm tryin' to tell you, we ain't gonna wait much longer. You thought up this deal. It was your idea. If they don't come pretty soon, we'll know they were just givin' us the run-around. After that, I'm goin' to run things here. (HE LAUGHS) My own way.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You wait, Al Kaufman, in the Warden's office. The phone rings. It's from Charles Dunmore. They located the Governor, he's flown to Detroit. Now he's studying the demands. And then, over the P.A. System.....

(YELLS AND MEN SHOUTING. THEN PUNCHY'S VOICE
TAKING OVER)

PUNCHY: (OVER P.A.) Hey, Warden.

WARDEN: Yes?

PUNCHY: This is Punchy Lavelle. Remember me?

WARDEN: I remember you.

PUNCHY: Where's the Governor's agreement?

WARDEN: Listen, Lavelle. Give us a little time. The Governor's
going over your demands right now. It'll be here any
minute.

PUNCHY: You're lying, Warden. This is just a stall. You'd
better get 10 tombstones ready.

WARDEN: Lavelle, listen. Give those men a break. Try to be
patient. I tell you, we'll have it in an hour or two.....

PUNCHY: (LAUGHS) How would you like them, Warden? With their
heads bashed in, or with their throats cut? *Please*

WARDEN: (DESPERATELY) Lavelle, listen to me. ~~Try to listen.~~
~~Do not~~ Each one of these men has a wife and kids.

PUNCHY: That so? (LAUGHS) Well, whadya know. Give my
regards to the wife and kids, will ya, Warden?

(THE CONVICTS LAUGH RAUCOUSLY IN THE P.A., AND
INTO:)

(MUSIC: ... BRIDGE)

(MURMUR OF MEN'S VOICES UNDER)

PUNCHY: Roy, I been talking to the boys.

ROY: (A BEAT) Well?

SAM: We're fed up, Roy. We've been waiting a long time.

LEO: And no petition.

ROY: Look, you guys, why spoil it now? Give it a little
more time.

PUNCHY: (LAUGHS) You heard the boys, Roy. Time's up and no petition. This means they've been stallin'. The dirty louses have been stallin'. There's no signature from the Governor and there ain't gonna be.

ROY: Sam, Leo, listen. You two guys swing a lot of weight around here. How about waitin' a little while longer? Sam, how about you?

SAM: (COID) No deal, Roy.

ROY: Leo?

LEO: Time's up, Roy. They didn't come through. We don't know if they'll ever come through. I'm with Punchy from here in.

PUNCHY: (LAUGHS) You hear, Roy? I'm runnin' this clambake from here in.

ROY: (DESPERATELY) Listen, all of you. You do this Punchy's way and we're through. Every single one of us will be through and dead before morning. If we knock off those guards they'll rush us. With Tommy guns, tear gas, everything they have. Don't you see? We'll get nothin'. What do we care about the guards? As long as we get the deal we want.

PUNCHY: You through, Roy?

ROY: (DESPERATELY) This is our big chance. Better conditions on the inside. Things we've been griping about for years. You gonna throw them all now? You gonna see this whole thing go down the drain?

LEO: It's already gone down the drain, Roy.

SAM: It's just a stall and we know it.

PUNCHY: (LAUGHS) You hear, Roy? The boys have said their little piece. You're through.
(MORE)

PUNCHY:
(CONT'D) (VOICES UP. AD LIBS: "YEAH, WE'RE WITH YOU, PUNCHY")
Okay, what are we waitin' for? Let's go get the guards.
(LAUGHS) Tell you what we'll do. We'll give the Warden
one stiff an hour. Throw a dead guard out of a window
one at a time, every hour. ~~Sub-be stretch it out,~~
~~SGA. What do you mean?~~

ROY: (SHOUTING) Listen, you guys! Listen to me! Don't
follow this maniac. Stick with me on this and I promise
you --

PUNCHY: Get out of the way, Roy. Come on, you guys.

(ROAR UP, THEN SUDDENLY OVER P.A.)

AL: (OVER P.A.) Grimes! Grimes, can you hear me?
This is Al Kaufman.

(THE NOISE OF THE MEN STOPS)

ROY: What is it, Kaufman?

AL: The Governor's agreement just came. Signed.

(MURMUR FROM MEN)

PUNCHY: (SUDDENLY, SCREAMS) It's a lie, see? It's just a
stall.

ROY: Kaufman, you're tellin' the truth?

AL: I've got the signed agreement right here in the Warden's
office, Grimes.

ROY: (TO OTHERS) Well, boys? Which way are you goin'
now? With Punchy or with me?

IMO: What about it, Sam?

SAM: (A BEAT) If he's got it, let's have a look at it.

PUNCHY: (PROTHING) I'm tryin' to tell you the whole thing
is a phony. It's a stall.

LEO: Shut up, Punchy. (TO ROY) Okay, Roy. We'll wait a little longer.

ROY: (PROJECTS) Kaufman.

AL: (OVER P.A.) Yes?

ROY: Bring the agreement out into the yard. Same place we met before. I'll take a look at it there.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Now you, Al Kaufman, take the same walk again. Through the gate and into the yard, into the glare of the same search lights. Again the perspiration breaks out on you, knowing that thousands of eyes are watching. Then the door across the courtyard opens...

(STEPS COMING UP)

NARRATOR: And it's Roy Grimes again. The whole thing like a movie you've had to sit through twice.

ROY: Okay, Kaufman. Lemme see it.

(CRACKLE OF PAPER)

AL: Here you are.

ROY: (AFTER A MOMENT) Looks legitimate.

AL: It is.

ROY: Another minute and you know what this would have been, Kaufman?

AL: Yes?

ROY: Just a scrap of paper. Just a no-good scrap of paper. They were on their way to butcher the guards when we heard from you.

AL: All right, Grimes. The Governor's gone through with his part of the bargain. Now, how about you? How about that surrender?

ROY: Before we do, there's another condition.

AL: Yes?

ROY: We got thousands of guys in there. They're all goin' to want to see a copy of this, have one for themselves.

AL: I don't understand --

ROY: What we want is a photostat, one for each man.

AL: That'll take a few hours. What we want to see is those guards released, right away.

ROY: No guards until we get the photostats.

AL: Wait a minute, Grimes. Just got an idea.

ROY: Well?

AL: I'll do better than photostats.

ROY: How?

AL: The Times has come out with an extra on this break. Right after the Governor signed, our photographer took a shot of the signed agreement. It'll be in that extra.

ROY: So?

AL: Those extras will be here any minute. I'll see that a copy is available for every one of your men. (PAUSE) Is it a deal?

ROY: (A BEAT) Okay, Kaufman. It's a deal.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: It's a deal. The extras arrive. Each man gets a copy. Then the prisoners quietly walk back to their cells and the guards come out, ten men, haggard but unhurt. And that's the story except for one little item. Sometime later, you talk to the governor's secretary and he tells you...

DUNMOIRE: Kaufman, I thought you'd be interested to know that the state of Michigan is going to conduct an official investigation of our entire penal system. We're going to see if we can get to the source of this prison discontent and if necessary, effect the necessary reforms. Meanwhile, I want to congratulate you for your part in this. What you did ~~may have eventually~~ resulted in saving the lives of those guards.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELLI: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Al Kaufman of the Detroit Times 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.)

STINGER: (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!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Al Kaufman of the Detroit Times.

KAUFMAN: Leaders of the prison riot were tried in Jackson County Court and given extra sentences for kidnapping, the term running con-currently. I sat in on the subsequent penal investigation. As a result of this study, a number of important reforms were added. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell award.

ANNOR: Thank you, Mr. Kaufman, 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.

HARRISON: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY -- A BIG STORY from the pages of the St. Louis Post Dispatch -- by-line Theodore C. Link. The Big Story of a reporter who painstakingly unraveled ^a the connection between crime and politics ^{and Link} ~~combled his life for~~ a story that ~~later~~ shook the nation.

(MUSIC: STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Bladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the pages of the Detroit Times.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Your narrator was Norman Rose and Mandel Kramer played the part of Al Kaufman.
(CONT'D)

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. Kaufman.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The Big Story program was brought to you by PEEL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, Product of The American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

1001/13

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AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #358

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
TED LINK	LES DAMON
CONSTABLE	CARL FRANK
REPORTER	CARL FRANK
MANAGING EDITOR	COURT BENSON
PREACHER	SCOTT TENNYSON
GRANBY	SCOTT TENNYSON
BIG OLLIE	BILL ZUCKERT
GUS	JACK KLUGMAN
CLUNNY	RAY JOHNSON
BARNEY	FRANK READICK

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1954

01X01 0008873

(THEODORE C. LINK, ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE AND UNDER)
(PHONE RINGS, IS UNCRADLED)

LINK: Link here.

REPORTER: (FILTER) Hold it, Ted. The managing editor wants to
talk to you. (UP A BIT) Okay, Boss. Link in
Chicago -- on three.

(SWITCHOVER)

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) Hya, Ted. The Grand Jury came out.

LINK: Swell. What'd they do?

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) Well, they whitewashed the politicoes and
indicted three people.

LINK: Anybody I know?

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) Yep. Lemme read you tonight's top line.
GRAND JURY INDICTS SHOLAN, GRANBY, AND POST DISPATCH
REPORTER LINK.

LINK: Me? They indicted me? What for!

MANAGING ED: Intimidation, conspiracy -- and kidnapping. Come
home, Ted -- come home!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

CHAPPEJJ:

The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in St. Louis, Missouri. It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (PLAT) From the front pages of the Post-Dispatch the story of a reporter who painstakingly unravelled the connections between crime and politics - and got indicted himself for his pains. Tonight, to Ted Link of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE, TURNTABLE ETC.)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #358

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.

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OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONTINUED

CHAPPEL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: St. Louis, Missouri. The story as it actually happened -
Ted Link's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: So there you are up in Chicago, minding everybody else's
business -- as a good reporter should, when the Grand Jury
down in Peoria indicts you, Ted Link of the St. Louis
Post-Dispatch, in absentia. And all because you went to
a gangster's funeral.

PREACHER: (FROM BEHIND) Out of the depths have I cried unto thee,
O Lord. Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive

NARR: It was getting to be a habit -- attending funerals in the Sholan clan. First Harley got his -- in ambush. Now brother Barney -- ditto. And now -- Big Ollie comes over to you --

to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand. But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

BIG OLLIE: Hya, Link.

LINK: Hello, Ollie.

BIG OLLIE: I know what you're thinking. The next one's gonna be mine.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

(OFF: A WOMAN BEGINS TO SOB. CROWD MURMURS)

LINK: Well....

BIG OLLIE: Listen -- I might have something for you on who killed him. You interested?

LINK: I am. Sure I am.

BIG OLLIE: Okay.

LINK: What would it be?

BIG OLLIE: Well, if you would fix it up for me and one of my boys to meet Gus Trakos, say in your hotel room tomorrow, might be you'd find out.

LINK: Gus Trakos. Can do.

BIG OLLIE: Okay. We'll call you.

LINK: (UP A BIT) Ollie -- why me?

PREACHER:
And he shall redeem Israel
from all his iniquities.

(OFF: SHOVELS BEGIN TO
TO SCRAPE, EARTH TO FALL
HOLLOWLY.)

Grant, O Lord, we beseech
thee, that whilst we lament
the departure of our brother
out of this life, we may
bear in mind that we are
most certainly to follow
him.

Give us grace to make ready
for that last hour by devout
and holy life, and protect
us against a sudden and
unprovided death.

Teach us how to watch and
pray that when Thy summons
comes, we may go forth to
meet the Bridegroom and
enter with him into life
everlasting. Amen.

Let us pray.

(LOW MURMURING ALONG WITH SOBBING CONTINUES TO
B.G.)

BIG OLLIE: Because my brother once told me if anything ever happened
to him I should call you.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR:

Not unreasonable. Because you, crime reporter for the *St. Louis*
Dispatch paper, make it your business to know what is going on in
the Missouri and Illinois underworld. And you can get
Gus Trakos up to your room. And you do. But first --
you frisk him.

GUS:

I'm clean, Ted. I wish you'd tell me what's the deal.

(DOOR OPENS)

OLLIE:

Hya, Link. Hya, Gus.

LINK:

Now you know. Let's have the cannon, Ollie. You too,
Granby.

GRANBY:

We're both clean.

LINK:

Swell. You want me to stay?

OLLIE:

Sure. This'll be short and sweet.

GUS:

Ollie, what you heard, I don't care what you heard, it
ain't true. So help me, I loved Barney, you know --

OLLIE:

Shut up, Gus. Don't start yappin' till you're hit. I
only want to know one thing.

GUS:

Sure, Ollie, sure.

OLLIE:

Did you finger Barney?

GUS:

Me? Me? Did I ---- no. No, not me.

OLLIE:

Gus, I ask you again.

GUS:

No, Ollie, why would I do a thing like that?

OLLIE:

For dough.

GUS:

Dough. After all Barney done for me, all he loaned me --

OLLIE:

All the more reason. The best way to wipe out the loans.

GRANBY:

Don't get excited, Gus. If you didn't, do you know who
killed him?

GUS:

All I know is, it was a Chicago mob.

OLLIE:

They were tied in with the politicoes, that I know. But
who, Gus --- who done it?

GUS: So help me, I don't know. I told you everything I know. And listen -- I can prove I was for Barney all the way down the line, I can prove I couldn't of done it to him.

OLLIE: So prove.

GUS: All right. Something nobody but Barney and maybe you and me and nobody else would know. He got a phone call the day before -- right?

OLLIE: Go on.

GUS: He did. I was the guy who called him. From nine hundred miles away -- right?

OLLIE: Prove it was you.

GUS: All right. I can tell you what he said. I warned him, I told him they were coming after him ----

OLLIE: (NEAR BREAK OF CONTROL) What did he say!

GUS: He said -- "When it comes, it comes, he said. It's been tried before." Am I right Ollie? Am I right?

OLLIE: Yeah. (PAUSE) All right, Gus. This time, all right.

GUS: Sure I'm all right, Ollie, sure ---

OLLIE: Gus, it's okay for you to work out of Peoria again. You can come back. I say so.

GUS: Thanks, Ollie. Can I -- can I go now?

OLLIE: Sure. You want a ride anywheres?

GUS: No -- no ride, thanks, I'll take a cab. And thanks, Ollie, thanks a million.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.)

OLLIE: Well, we didn't learn anything we didn't know.

LINK: Neither did I. I knew it was the Chicago mob, I knew they were tied in with the political crowd -- but that I can't print.

OLLIE: You need proof, huh?

LINK: And then some.

OLLIE: Okay. We come this far, we might as well go farther.

GRANBY: Uh-uh, Ollie. Uh-uh.

OLLIE: Shut up.

GRANBY: Ollie --

OLLIE: My brother said he was okay, didn't he? If we can't smoke out who killed him one way -- what good is the other way if we can't use it?

LINK: This other way, what is it, Ollie?

OLLIE: Proof.

LINK: The like of what?

OLLIE: Proof the politicoes and the hoods are workin' together. Proof the politicoes are shaking the local mobs down.

LINK: The local mobs being you.

OLLIE: Proof. If you would print it.

LINK: Ollie, have I ever been scared to print anything I could hang on you and make it stick?

OLLIE: No.

LINK: Okay, then.

OLLIE: Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

OLLIE: Give us half an hour -- then come on out to Barney's old place in Farmington.

LINK: Why don't I ride with you?

OLLIE: Accidents can happen. Half an hour.

LINK: It's a date.

OLLIE: G'mon, Granby. (PAUSE) Thanks for the use of the hall.

(DOOR CLOSSES AND)

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You take a cab out to Farmington. You pass three, five, half a dozen gambling joints -- wide open. Some of them Big Ollie's. A hundred yards from the Sholan place, your cab driver stops and tells you this is as far as he goes. He wants no trouble, he says. You make the rest of it on shank's mare... by foot.

(CRUNCH OF FEET)

NARR: Barney's place -- now Ollie's. A huge mansion.

(SNEAK CRICKETS, KATYDIDS, SNUFFLE OF HORSES.)

Thick stone walls ... the lawn and entrance floodlighted like a ball park. Anyone approaching, a perfect target for lead. Including you.

GRANBY: (OFF) Link?

LINK: Yep.

GRANBY: (COMING ON) Good.

(FEET FOR A WAYS. A DOOR OPENS, FEET ON WOOD)

GRANBY: ~~In there. See you later.~~ *In here. Let's go*

(FOOTSTEPS)

OLLIE: Hya.

LINK: Nice place you got here.

OLLIE: You know anybody wants some palomino horses, I'm gonna clear out that livestock.

LINK: I'll put an ad in the paper for you.

OLLIE: All right, let's get on it. (UP) (HUGE) Granby, you ready?

(DOOR OPENS)

GRANBY: All set.

OLLIE: Okay, plug it in and run it off.

LINK: Wait, wait. What is it?

OLLIE: Don't you know a tape recorder when you see one?

LINK: Sure. What's on the program?

OLLIE: It's like this. Barney figured, long before he was killed, he figured with the Chicago bunch moving in and owning the politicoes, the squeeze would be on ---

LINK: So he wired the house for sound. I get it.

GRANBY: I did it. It's fun.

LINK: So what did he record?

GRANBY: *Ollie* A shakedown. You remember when he got hauled in on that brawl down at the Winchester club?

LINK: Oh yeah. Assault, wasn't it?

OLLIE: Assault. At the worst, a five-bill fine. For sure, a lousy thirty days top. Okay -- now get a load of this. Let 'er rip, Granby;

GRANBY: From the beginning?

OLLIE: No, where we marked it. The meat.

LINK: Lemme get this straight. This is a recording of somebody trying to shake Barney down -- made here?

OLLIE: Right here. You'll hear. Come on, come on, Granby.

GRANBY: Here we go.

CLUNEY: (FILTERED) No bones about it, Barney. Take it or leave it.

LINK: Hey ---

OLLIE: Shhh!

BARNEY: (FILTER) For a lousy five hundred dollar rap, you're asking twenty-five thousand to kill it?

LINK: That's Barney all right. The other ---

CLUNEY: (F) Take it or leave it. For twenty five thousand, the whole thing is dropped. And you and your outfit can operate clear.

BARNEY: (FILTER) For how long, clear? Till you get hungry again

CLUNEY: (F) Oh, we'd be reasonable.

BARNEY: (F) We, huh. Who's we?

CLUNEY: (F) You ought to be able to figure that out, Barney.
When I tell you I can guarantee the charge is thrown out
of court, and there won't be any trouble from either the
Chicago mob or the State pa --

(CLICK)

OLLIE: Well? Whaddaya think?

LINK: Think. I know that blows the roof of the whole state if.

OLLIE: If?

LINK: If it's authentic,

OLLIE: It's authentic.

LINK: If it's not -- whooey. A libel suit for millions, and
I go looking for a job. The farther from St. Louis the
better.

OLLIE: Nuts. The leads you got in there, with the rest you
haven't heard yet, you could write stories till the
cows come home.

LINK: Yeah. Byline M-U-D if they don't prove out.

OLLIE: Come on, what do you say?

LINK: In the first place, I have to be sure it's authentic. In
the second place, the managing editor has to pass on
this one.

OLLIE: All right. In the first place, when you hear the rest
and start following the leads, it'll prove it's authentic.

LINK: That other voice -- who is it?

OLLIE: First you got to agree to run the story.

LINK: Now wait --

OLLIE: (BLOWS UP) Come off it, Jerk! Can't you see what this means? You run what you dig out of this and everybody's ruined! The politicians, the other mob -- and me! I'm only doing this to get even with them for killing my brothers. I can't prove it, I know I can't hang it on them for good -- so I'm taking this way of lousing them up! And I'm willing to be loused up along with them just to get even. Does that prove I'm up and up with you?

LINK: But they don't do me any good here, I tell you --

OLLIE: All right! Take it with you! Put it in your pocket and take it with you! Go on -- hit the road!

LINK: Okay.

OLLIE: Okay. Open up for him, Granby.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS ON NIGHT NOISES)

OLLIE: Reporter -- *Link*

LINK: Yeah?

OLLIE: Put the screws to them, will you? Write it up good.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO)

NARR: You hit the road with a 1200-foot reel of dynamite in your pocket. It spends the night under your pillow in the hotel. It spends the next morning in your briefcase, as you speed on the Inter-urban to St. Louis. And because the office safe is locked and the M.E. away -- it spends the next day -- Sunday -- with you at your place. But late that Sunday night ---

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LINK: Hello?

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) Ted, we just got a funny call. Fella calling himself "The first guy in your hotel room ---"

LINK: ~~Greek accent?~~ *What did he want?*

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) ~~Yeah.~~ He said to tell you "they know you got the tape." What tape, Ted? And who is "they"?

LINK: They, huh? I'll tell you when I see you.

MANAGING ED: (FILTER) Make it soon.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

(MUSIC: IN WITH DID UNDER SCENE)

NARR: So they know. So what. They don't know where you are. And nothing is going to cheat you of your day off. Then again -- maybe they do know where you ----

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

CLUNEY: (FILTER) Hello -- I'm calling Theodore C. Link ---

(PHONE CAREFULLY CRADLED)

NARR: They know.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)
(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

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.

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travel
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it
mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding ...

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Theodore Link as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: And there you sit, Ted Link -- a sitting duck, with the shakedown tapes in your possession. And the man whose voice is recorded on them knowing where you are. Not for long do you sit. You ^{beat it} ~~duck~~ out of your place and head for the solid security of the Post Dispatch city room. And again ---

(PHONE RINGS AND IS UNCRADLED)

LINK: Post Dispatch.

OLLIE: (FILTER) Ted Link?

LINK: Ollie! What're you doing, doublecrossing me? What's the idea of tipping them off about my having the recordings! You wanna get me killed?

OLLIE: (FILTER) Don't get excited. I figured I might help you make up your mind to print them --

LINK: I told you it isn't up to me ---

OLLIE: (FILTER) Well, I figured if I tipped them off, they might come through and help your boss make up his mind to print them.

LINK: They came through all right. Just now.

OLLIE: (FILTER) So go ahead and print them ~~anyway~~. And make it good. If you ever get up this way, let me know.

LINK: What for?

OLLIE: (FILTER) You're gonna need protection.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Five minutes later, you and the managing editor are waiting for someone to fetch a tape recorder from the paper's radio station, KSD, so he can hear the stuff. Spellbound, you sit, as it pours out -- nearly an hour of it -- but hot!

~~(CRICKETS, KATYDIDS, NIGHT PATTERN AS BEFORE)~~

CLUNEY: (FILTER) You might as well face it, Barney. It's you alone against the upstate mob and political backing all the way down the line.

BARNEY: (FILTER) So what?

CLUNEY: (FILTER) So we can close down your joints and keep the other open. Put you right out of business.
Link: I know that voice. I've heard it somewhere.
Think it over, Barney. Any county you name, any town you run operations in -- we can box you in between the law and the Chicago mob.

BARNEY: (FILTER) Box me in, huh? Maybe like you boxed in my brothers from ambush? Would you know about that?

CLUNEY: (FILTER) Accidents happen, Barney. Accidents happen.

(MUSIC: - - - IN WITH...)

NARR: Foot after foot the tape spins out the sorry story of political corruption, of a tie-in between gangdom and grafters. You don't have to ask the m.e. what he thinks. He's already turned a staff of stenographers loose on the tapes, transcribing them for the record. Just one thing's bothering you.

LINK: Big Ollie wouldn't tell me who the shakedown artist is. But that voice -- I know I've heard it.

MANAGING ED: Me too. Get everybody in here. See if ^{anybody else} they recognize it.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Again you run a piece of it off, with the city room gang listening.

Again that voice --

CLUNEY: (FILTER) You might as well face it, Barney. It's you alone against the upstate mob and political backing all the way down the line.

BARNEY: (FILTER) So what?

CLUNEY: (FILTER) So we can close down your joints and keep the other open. Put you right out of business.

LINK: Think it over, Barney. Any country you name, any town you run operations in -- we can box you in between the law and the Chicago mob.

BARNEY: (FILTER) Box me in, huh? Maybe like you boxed in my ~~mark~~ brother from ambush? What do you know about that?

CLUNEY: (FILTER) Accidents happen, Barney. Accidents happen. Barney, either you play ball with us, or you get run out of the league altogether.

(CLICK)

N.E.: Anybody recognize him?

(AD LIBS)

REPORTER: Yeah. What's more, I can prove it. Give me ten minutes to get over to the radio station, and find something.

(MUSIC: STING) - - - - -

NARR: ~~Again you run a piece of it off, with the city room gang listening. Again that voice ---~~

~~(CRICKETS AS BEFORE TO B.G.)~~

CLUNKY: (FILTER) Barney, either you play ball with us, or you get run out of the league altogether.

(CLICK)

M. E.: Anybody recognize him?

(AD LIBS)

REPORTER: Yeah. What's more, I can prove it. Give me ten minutes to get over to the radio station, and look for something.

~~(MUSIC: STING)~~

NARR: Schofield, who covers politics up in Springfield, Illinois, takes off -- and the m.e. lays ^{out} the campaign.

M. E.: This is how we line it up. Ted -- you go to Peoria and stay with the Sholan mob. Schofield works the State House in Springfield. Burns goes to Chicago to cover on the gang there.

LINK: Cairo's the wide-openest town of all, R.L.

M. E.: All right -- Beneker moves into Cairo. Whatever you get, check with all the other, any lead, any fact, any tie-in.

LINK: Sounds good. Wish it was a Missouri story instead of Illinois, though.

M. E.: What difference does it make? Political corruption anywhere is news everywhere.

LINK: Yeah. It's like living next to a garbage dump. The rats and the aroma come over to where you live.

M. E.: You write the news, Ted. I'll handle the editorials.

(DOOR OPENS)

M. E.: You got it, Schofield?

REPORTER: And how. I remembered a certain party made some political broadcasts last election time. KSD kept a tape.

(CLICK CLICK)

REPORTER: Here goes. Just the end is enough.

CLUNEY: (FILTER) -- (WITH A WOW) -- honest government, clean government, efficient government.

LINK: That's him!

M. E.: Shh!

CLUNEY: (FILTER) I repeat, my friends. Your vote for J.C. Long is a vote for the kind of government the citizens of Illinois deserve. I thank you.

(CLICK)

LINK: Cluney, sure!

M. E.: Who does he tie in with?

LINK: Well, on the one hand, he's defended half the Chicago mob in the courts --

REPORTER: And on the other, ~~his best friend is the Illinois State's Attorney.~~

M. E.: That'd be the "friend" he was referring to in the ~~shakedown.~~

LINK: Yep.

M. E.: ~~The best friend of the State's Attorney. An appointed official.~~ *he's one of the white haired boys within the State Attorney's office.* ^{M. E.:} You know where this lands our story?

LINK: Page one for sure.

M. E.: Page one, huh? Right on the State House front doorstep. And wait till we show the people of Illinois who's been going in the back door!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: They don't have long to wait. You and the others cover Illinois like an unfriendly blanket. And the pattern comes out in story after story, headline after headline, for days, weeks, months! Two, three stories a day from August to Election Eve!

(MUSIC: --- TO CLIMAX)

NARRATOR: And the dam breaks. The flood of truth begins to flow from the people -- frightened, before, but now, with a courageous newspaper the outlet for the facts! Up and down the state you go, asking questions, getting answers, and the Post Dispatch running it full!

LINK: Children, pastor?

PREACHER: Children, sir. Losing their lunch money in slot machines across the street from the high school.

LINK: You say you tried to stop it?

PREACHER: I did, sir. The vestry went in a body to the mayor. The mayor sent us to the county attorney. The County attorney sent us to Springfield.

LINK: Yessir.

PREACHER: And Springfield sent us back to the county attorney.

LINK: Mr. -----

PREACHER: Harvey Harper. He said there was nothing he could do. So I asked him to leave.

LINK: I don't follow you, pastor. Leave what?

PREACHER: The church. You see, he was one of our Sunday School teachers. I'm afraid I was a little -- harsh.

(MUSIC: --- STING)

LINK: Now let me get this straight, Ollie. The county fines every gambling joint --

OLLIE: Regular, Ted. They call it a fine, but it's nothing but a shakedown collection.

LINK: How much?

OLLIE: Chicken feed. Six hundred, eight hundred a month. But election year they had a special collection. I can give you the quotas for every club, club by club. The actual books.

LINK: We'll get to the election campaign --

OLLIE: They were shooting for a hundred grand.

LINK: But this local collection. Where was the money supposed to go?

OLLIE: Town school funds, according to the law. Never did.

LINK: How was it picked up?

OLLIE: By a State Cop -- in a state car.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO OUT) --

LJNK: Let me get this straight, Constable. You raided the joints --

CONSTABLE: That's right. Locked twenty thousand dollars worth of slot machines, crap tables, chuck-a-luck cages and what not in my barn.

LJNK: And two deputy sheriffs and three constables came with a court order and removed them --

CONSTABLE: And returned them.

LJNK: In a truck?

CONSTABLE: Some in a truck, some in the Sheriff's car. Tore his upholstery hauling the stuff back to the gamblers.

LJNK: And what'd you do?

CONSTABLE: Well, I got tired wearing a path up to the State House complaining. They never do a thing up there. Not a thing. We've just been praying for someone to come along and make some noises the people'll hear.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You make noise. You make the corruption ~~in~~ Illinois a stench in the nostrils of its citizens -- and your stories are picked up all over the nation -- until one day, just before election, the headline you've been waiting for:

hint: Special Grand Jury
To Study Corruption.
Will Hear Recordings.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER)

NARR: The jury sits and sits, studies and listens. They go over all the ground your paper's stories have plowed so well. You keep on working, though. And there you are in Chicago when the jury comes out. And whom do they indict? Not the officials.

M.F.: Big Ollie Sholan, Ed Granby, and you.

LJNK: (FILTER) Me? They indicted me? What for?

M.F.: Intimidation, conspiracy -- and kidnapping. As of half an hour ago, you're out on \$11,000 bond. Come home, Ted -- come home!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Fast, you come home. To find yourself charged with conspiring with Big Ollie to kidnap Gus Trakos and intimidating him in that hotel room. And fast, you find Gus Trakos.

LJNK: Gus, you know it's a phony. You know it was the other way around. With me there, they didn't dare touch you.

GUS: I know.

LJNK: So? Tell the jury.

GUS: Uh-uh. Not that jury. Not no jury anywhere in the state Not yet.

LJNK: When then?

GUS: After the election. If the ins get thrown out, fine. You got a chance of a new setup, clean.

LJNK: And if the ins stay in?

GUS: The action is six-five and pick' 'em they get thrown out. It's a gamble.

LJNK: Yeah. With the next five years of my life. Won't my stories look swell with a number for a by-line! Gus-- keep in touch, huh?

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: The days drag toward November 3. But you keep on with the series. Only once does it get squeezed off Page One. You don't mind. For the story that chases you inside says --

LJNK: NEW REGIME IN ILLINOIS

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Overnight, the new broom sweeps clean. Indictments are returned against states attorneys, sherrifs, sherrifs' deputies, state officials, city officials, county officials, hoodlums, dope pushers, vice queens, stick men, policy handlers --- the whole rotten gamut from State House to back room. And what's more-- a new special grand jury hears your case. And --- under bodyguard -- Gus Trakos.

GUS: (LIGHT ECHO) Nobody kidnapped me. I come of my own free will and discord. Or intimidated me either. Scared, I was scared, but I remember Big Ollie said I shouldn't yap before I was hurt, and nobody tried to hurt me. Why, they even offered me a ride home.

NARR: *You have* Outside the courtroom, *for a* you wait and you smoke. Surrounded by a battery of lawyers. Big Ollie is there, so is Granby, the handy man with a tape recorder.... Gus comes out.

LJNK: What're they doing, Gus?

GUS: Discussing.
OLLIE: What're you going to do now, Gus?
GUS: Me? Disappear.
LINK: How about you, Ollie?
OLLIE: If they turn us loose, you mean.
LINK: Yeah.
OLLIE: Sell the place and move where I can operate.
LINK: Vegas? New Orleans? Cuba? Mexico?
OLLIE: I'll send you a postcard. I will, I mean it.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN, RAPID FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

LINK: Hey -- what happened?
REPORTER: (OFF) They cleared you.
LINK: Swell. ~~And me without a telephone.~~ Here I am, minding
my own business -- and I get beat on my own story!

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN) ---

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Ted
Link of the St. Louis Post Dispatch with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE) ---

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE) ---

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #358

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL gives
you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it 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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0008900

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Theodore G. Link of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

LINK: Two months after charge dismissed, Big Ollie was shot from ambush. Assailant never found. Am waiting for Gus to call and tell. Ollie's tapes still rest in bank vault. But I have copies. And too many people know it. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Link, 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 Southern Pines N.C. Pilot -- by-line Valerie Nicholson. The Big Story of a man who gave up his life, and a reporter who gave it back to him.

(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 Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the St. Louis Post Dispatch. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Los Amos played the part of Ted Link.

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. Link.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL:

Ernest Chappell speaking. The Big Story program was brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, Product of The American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

THIS IS NBC... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AC/SW
9-14-54.

ATX01 0008902

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #359

CAST

NARRATOR NORMAN ROSE
VALERIE JAN MINER
NED NELSON OLMSTEAD
DOCTOR BILL SMITH
KARL EDGAR STEHLI
FRAN JOAN TOMPKINS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1954

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(CLINK OF GLASS)

DOCTOR: ~~(TENSE)~~ Slide please ... alcohol. (PAUSE) You can set
that one slide up for viewing now.

KARL: (SCARED) What are you doing now, Doc?

DOCTOR: I'll have to examine these blood samples under a
microscope.

KARL: That gadget over there?

DOCTOR: That's right.

KARL: Is that what you're doing now? Examining?

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Just sit down, Karl. It'll take a minute.

KARL: And then you'll be able to tell? You'll be able to tell
if I got it or not?

DOCTOR: That's right. Microscopic examination reveals whether
~~or not~~ (HE STOPS)

KARL: (TENSE) What is it, Doc? (THEN) You -- finished
looking?

DOCTOR: Yes.

KARL: Do you know now?

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Yes. I do, Karl.

KARL: I got it. I can tell. I got it, don't I Doc?

DOCTOR: Yes.

KARL: Am I going to die?

DOCTOR: I -- (HE STOPS)

KARL: I asked you Doc. I asked you, am I going to die?

DOCTOR: (WITH DIFFICULTY) I never had to tell anyone anything like this before, Karl. I don't know how to. It's not as simple as death. ~~It's more like -- a living death, -- a living death for the rest of your life.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Southern Pines, North Carolina. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FIAT) From the pages of The Southern Pines, North Carolina Pilot ... the story of a man who gave up his life ... and a reporter who gave it back to him. Tonight, to Valerie Nicholson, for her BIG STORY goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #359

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.

BTX01 0008906

OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONTINUED

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICK: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Southern Pines, North Carolina. The story as it actually happened -- Valerie Nicholson's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Late fall in North Carolina. Late fall and the crimson fire of turning leaves ... the smoky haze of autumn tinging the country side with glory. And hand in hand with glory, walks an invisible spectre. Hand in hand with autumn walks unseen terror. An epidemic. Polio. You see its footprints everywhere, Valerie Nicholson. You see them in the crowded hospitals. You see them in the black headlines of your paper ... in the tragedy of a phone call ... a news item ... an obituary. You make your rounds ... the hospital ... the office of Public Health ... and you ask the same fearful question each day ...

VALERIE: How's it coming? Any more cases?

NARR: And then, one day ... the answer you've been hoping for.

NED: Looks like it's licked for now, Valerie. No new cases in a week.

NARR: It's over. The terror, the tragedy ... the fear.

(MUSIC: OUT)

NED: Yup, it's over for now Valerie. And maybe soon, it'll be over for good. ~~Maybe polio's on its way to being one of those diseases you just won't hear about any more.~~

VALERIE: ~~like small-pox.~~

NED: Every year .. we win the fight a little. Every year another killer gets put on the inactive list.

VALERIE: Remember when we were kids, Ned? Typhoid was the thing to be afraid of. Now, you never even hear it mentioned.

~~But then all the panic about typhoid carriers.~~

~~Remember?~~

NED: (SHARP) What do you know about typhoid carriers?

VALERIE: Nothing. I just ~~is~~ (STOPS) ~~what's the matter?~~

NED: Have you heard anything... any talk?

VALERIE: Why should I? ~~What's the matter with you, Ned?~~

NED: Are you on the level, Valerie? You're not angling for anything, are you?

VALERIE: What are you talking about?

NED: ~~I am~~ (WHEN) ~~I am~~ sorry. ~~Forget it.~~

VALERIE: (A BEAT) ~~Uh-huh. I won't forget it now. I just touched~~
~~on something. Something big. And now I want to find~~
~~out what it is.~~

NED: It's a story, Valerie. One we've always kept quiet. Maybe we're wrong to keep it quiet.

VALERIE: Why wrong?

NED: (ABRUPTLY) You mentioned a typhoid carrier. Suppose I told you there was one ... right in this town.

VALERIE: Here? In Southern Pines?

NED: That's right.

VALERIE: But ... we haven't ever had any cases of typhoid .. not since I can remember.

NED: And we never will have. Because of one of the bravest men I've ever known. ~~He's buried himself alive so~~
~~people like you and me can say "there isn't any typhoid~~
~~here ..."~~

VALERIE: ~~Buried himself alive? What are you talking about?~~

NED: I better start at the beginning. The beginning is ten years ago. This man was tested by the public health examiner. ^{we} They found he was an active typhoid carrier. He could infect anyone -- anyone he came near. ^{we} They told him this. It was hard to tell him, Valerie. He was a farmer. He'd never been to a doctor before ... he'd never been to a hospital. He didn't understand the technical words, the medical explanations. He only understood one thing. He could give typhoid to anyone. ~~There was a killer inside him.~~ After the doctor told him, he went home to tell his family.

VALERIE: What did he tell them?

NED: I don't know. ~~I suppose no one would even know for sure.~~ But I can imagine, can't you? ~~I can imagine what happened ... how he felt ... what he said.~~ (START TO FADE) Ten years ago ... but I still think about what he must have said ... and felt

(DOOR CLOSING ON)

FRAN: (OFF, CALLS) Pop? That you?

KARL: (ON, LOW) Yeah. It's me.

FRAN: You were so long at the doctor's. I was worried.

(COMING ON) ~~It was all right wasn't it, Pop? There's nothing wrong, is there? (THEN, AFRAID) Pop... what's the matter? You --~~

KARL: (CUTS IN) ^{Keep away} ~~Don't come close.~~ Don't touch me.

FRAN: ~~What do you mean? I just --~~

KARL: (HIGH, SHARP) ~~Don't TOUCH me.~~

FRAN: (LOW) What's the matter, Pop?

KARL: ~~Typhoid.~~

FRAN: ~~Is something wrong with you? Do you have it?~~

KARL: ~~No. I don't have it. Nothing wrong with me. Nothing..~~
~~wrong with me except I can't come near anybody ... not~~
without maybe killing them.

FRAN: Pop ...

KARL: ~~Such a such a funny feeling, funny. Being healthy.~~
~~Feeling fine. And then some doctor felt looks at~~
~~me and says... I'm dirty inside. *typhoid carrier they call me*~~
~~germs. Gotta get away from people... not touch them...~~
~~not be with them. It's like I was a killer, he said.~~
~~like I could kill any one, just being near them.~~

FRAN: Pop...

KARL: Walking home, I kept seeing myself in the store window
glass. I looked the same to me. I looked just like
anyone else. I felt the same. Not sick or anything.
Not like a man who just being near could maybe kill.

FRAN: Pop ...

KARL: (SHARP) Stay away from me! Didn't you hear what I
said? ~~You gotta stay away from me.~~

FRAN: Pop! (SHE SOBS)

KARL: (AWKWARD) Don't cry.

FRAN: I -- I can't help it.

KARL: Crying's no good. Not when you're there on the other
side of the room and I'm here.

FRAN: What -- what are you going to do?

KARL: Move out of here.

FRAN: (STARTLED) Move out?

KARL: Have to. Figured on living down the road. Use the old chicken house.

FRAN: You mean ... live alone?

KARL: Sure.

FRAN: For how long?

KARL: Reckon for as long as I hang on.

FRAN: ~~You mean ... alone for the rest of your life?~~

KARL: Looks that way. They'll send a district nurse around, they said. Test me ... see if it looks any better. But ~~they said not to count on it.~~

FRAN: They can't make you ^{do that} live alone. They can't force you to bury yourself alive.

KARL: No. Guess they can't force me.

FRAN: ~~Then ... (SHE STOPS)~~

KARL: ~~Then what?~~

FRAN: (SUDDENLY) ^{then} Stay here. I'm not afraid.

KARL: Fran ...

FRAN: (WITH PASSION) ~~Those doctors ... it's so easy to say. They just tell you to bury yourself ... stop living.~~ ^{these doctors} Who do they think they are? God, that they can tell you to stop living?

KARL: No. They ain't God. (THEN) Neither am I, Franny. So I can't take nobody else's life ... not if there's a way I can stop from doing it.

FRAN: ~~You can't just go.~~

KARL: Sure I can. (THEN) ~~You got a good husband, Franny. He'll take care of you. He'll take care of the farm and all.~~

FRAN: Pop, wait ...

(DOOR CLOSSES)

FRAN: Pop, I didn't mean it. Let me tell you good-bye right.
Let me ... (SHE CUTS, SOBS) Pop ... Pop

(FADE OUT ON SOUND OF HER SOBBING)

NED: He left his house, Valerie. ~~Ten years ago!~~ Just walked
out of the door. Ten years ago. ~~But I still keep~~
~~wondering NOW~~ it must have been.

VALERIE: And he's been living by himself ever since?

NED: That's right. Once every six months the district nurse
goes out. Checks his condition. No change.

VALERIE: He's still an active carrier?

NED: Uh-huh. So he still lives alone. Completely isolated.
And because he's willing to give up all contact with
people ... with life ... there's no typhoid in Southern
Pines.

VALERIE: ~~It's~~ ~~incredible.~~

NED: ~~Think there's a story there?~~

VALERIE: ~~And how!~~ Give me his name ... maybe I can get some
pictures ...

NED: Uh-huh, Valerie. No soap.

VALERIE: But --

NED: That's one of his rights. ~~A faithful promise was made to~~
~~him:~~ No one will ever know his name as long as he's
alive. He's entitled to that kind of privacy.

VALERIE: ~~But people here ought to know who he is -- what he's~~
~~done for them.~~

NED: ~~A man who carries death inside him doesn't like to have~~
~~it known.~~

VALERIE: All right. They don't have to know his name. I can still write the story of the loneliest and bravest man I ever heard of. And I will.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You write the story. You sit in your crowded city room .. the hum of human activity around you ... and you write the story of a man buried alive. And as you write ... surrounded by the clack of the teletype ... the buzz of voices ... you feel with a physical pain what lonesomeness must be. Never to hear a human voice. Never to touch a human hand. To live alone -- forever.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The story hits print. An unsung hero is paid tribute. And then ... something else happens -- something greater than tribute.

(MUSIC: OUT.....)

(PHONE RINGS)

VALERIE: Nicholson speaking ...

DOCTOR: Miss Nicholson ... this is Doctor Bowden, County medical examiner.

VALERIE: Oh yes, doctor.

DOCTOR: I just got a call from the hospital on your story about Ka -- (CUTS) About the typhoid carrier.

VALERIE: From the hospital?

DOCTOR: They were very interested in your story. They weren't aware we had an active carrier here in Southern Pines. And they seem to think they have a new antibiotic which may work a cure.

VALERIE: ~~A euro? You mean you could help him?~~

DOCTOR: ~~There's only one way to find out. Try it.~~ I'm going right out to talk to the man.

VALERIE: ~~I'll go with you.~~

DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's out of the question. Not only because of the danger to you but because we still have to keep his identity secret. But I'll let you know what he says.

VALERIE: Is it safe for you to go out there -- to be with him? Isn't it a gamble?

DOCTOR: We may be able to give his life back to him. That's ~~worth a gamble isn't it?~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He tells you about it later, Valerie Nicholson. He tells you about it so you can see the overgrown path leading to the cabin .. the path where no one walks. He tells you so you can see the gaunt grey-haired man standing alone ... his eyes fixed on the nothing beyond the hills .. his Bible in his hands ... his voice cracking the silence.

(MUSIC: OUT . . .)

KARL: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth. (UNDER) He will not suffer thy foot to

NAHR: (OVER) How do you break in on a man living in solitude? How do you tell him there is another human beside him, when there is no bell to ring ... no door to knock upon? Only a lonely man, facing the hills, reading his Bible. he moved, he that keepeth thee will not slumber. The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand..."

KARL: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out...."

DOCTOR: (JOINING HIM) "And thy coming in from this time forth..."
(KARL BREAKS OFF, TURNING. DOCTOR FINISHES ALONE)

DOCTOR: "And even for evermore."

KARL: You know your good Book, Doc.

DOCTOR: I wondered if you'd remember me, Karl.

KARL: Wouldn't be likely to forget, now would I? ~~Nothing.~~
~~much to do here but remember.~~

DOCTOR: I came to talk to you, Karl.

KARL: (WONDER) Talk. Nobody's said that to me for ten years.
"I come to talk to you, Karl."

DOCTOR: It's about a

-15-
years ago

KARL:

(CUTS IN) Used to ~~years ago~~ All the time. Fellas down at the store. I'd go down there maybe get some food...canned goods; and they'd say ... "Sit down ... talk." And we would. About crops maybe. About anything. And voices would make a noise kind of a rumble ... ~~high-sometimes?...~~ ~~sometimes soft;~~ (THEN) But I don't hear voices any more. 'Cepting my own.

DOCTOR:

~~Listen to mine, Karl~~

KARL:

Come to talk to me, you said. No one comes to talk to me anymore. "He shall return no more to his house ... neither shall his place know him any more." That's the Bible. You. I read that a lot. ~~story of Job.~~

DOCTOR:

Karl ... I want you to make a visit with me. To the hospital.

KARL:

(RAMBLING) ~~Lot of things to remember in the Bible.~~ Nights when it gets real lonesome I read for maybe five, six hours. I -- (THEN) You said something to me didn't you Doc? I didn't pay any mind to it, did I? (LAUGHS) Got outa the habit of listening, you see. Just ramble on ... talking to myself...no one listening but me. What did you say, Doc?

DOCTOR:

I said I want you to come to the hospital with me, ~~Karl~~

KARL:

What for?

DOCTOR:

There's a drug we want to try. A new drug that might cure you. We're not sure. We can't make promises. But it's a possibility.

KARL:

What do you mean ... cure?

DOCTOR: ~~KILL the germs inside you, so you can live a normal~~
~~life again.~~

KARL: You mean ... like going back home?

DOCTOR: If you were cured.

KARL: (PAUSE) Get out, Doc.

DOCTOR: Get out? ~~But --~~

KARL: ~~Leave me alone.~~

DOCTOR: Karl, I'm talking about a possible cure..

KARL: You're talking words, Doc. I ain't used to words. They don't mean nothing. Particularly words like "possible."

DOCTOR: But there's always a chance ...

KARL: A chance ain't good enough, Doc.

DOCTOR: But --

KARL: (INTENSE) You think I've gone queer maybe, huh, Doc? Talking to myself ... turning you away. Acting stubborn, ~~Maybe I am a little queer.~~ You know what you have to do to live alone like this, Doc? You have to stop hoping. It took me a long time to stop hoping but I learned how to do it. I learned it good. I don't aim to unlearn it now.

DOCTOR: ~~Not even if there's a reason to hope.~~

KARL: (PLEADS) ~~Leave me alone, Doc. I'm asking you.~~
~~Leave me alone.~~

DOCTOR: ~~I don't want to make it hard, Karl; I want to make it easy...~~

KARL: (HIGH) ~~Then go on home, leave me alone like I belong.~~

DOCTOR: *Pause* Did you know you had a couple of grandchildren, Karl?

KARL: *Whats..*

DOCTOR: ~~Fran's children.~~ Your grandchildren. Did you know
you had grandchildren now?

KARL: I seen 'em.

DOCTOR: (SHARP) How?

KARL: The road over there. They go down that road blueberrying
sometimes. Standing here, I can see 'em. Little girl
looks like Fran seems like. And a boy youngster. Full
of the dickens. Waves sometimes when he goes by and --
(STOPS, THEN) Yeah. I seen 'em.

DOCTOR: From here.

KARL: (MAD NOW) Sure. From here. Because I got a killer
inside me. You told me that, Doc. You said ... "Keep
away from folks ... you're dirty -- you got death
inside." And now you come and try and stir things up
and talk about cure....

DOCTOR: Because maybe we can cure you. Maybe we can wipe out
the killer inside you. So you can walk up the road
and meet your grandchildren ... and take them by the
hand and walk home with them. So you can go down to
the store and talk about crops and hear voices. So you
can be clean and healthy and whole and --

KARL: (HIGH) Quit it. Quit it, Doc. (HE SOBS) Just quit it.

DOCTOR: (A PAUSE) I'm sorry Karl.

KARL: (RECOVERING) I ain't never cried before. Never in my
life. Like a woman, I am ... crying

DOCTOR: ~~I better be going.~~

KARL: You gonna take me with you? To the hospital?

DOCTOR: (STARTLED, PLEASED) ~~If you'll come with me, Herb:~~

KARI: ^{to the hospital Doc} Yeah? I'll come. I'm scared. Awful scared. But ten years is a long time to be dead, Doc. I'm -- real tired of being dead.

(MUSIC: --- HLT AND TAG)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(MID COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story -

Remember it well

About the reward

You got 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.

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.

Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak - distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful, fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!..

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Valerie Nicholson as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Ten years of loneliness. Ten years spent away from the sound of voices ... the smiles of friends ... the touch of loved ones. This is the exile one man has lived ... because he carries death within him. Typhoid. Now, after ten years, you, Valerie Nicholson, stand in the pale morning sunlight and watch this man climb the hospital steps towards a chance for a new life. You stand and watch, and suddenly the taste of compassion, of heartbreak wells up in your throat and you know you have to say something to this man whose name you don't know ... this lonely ... lonesome man.

(MUSIC: OUT)

VALERIE: I -- I just wanted to say hello. And good luck.

KARL: ~~Huh? What?~~

VALERIE: ~~I wanted to wish you good luck.~~

KARL: Do I know you, girl?

VALERIE: No. I was just ... standing over there ... and I saw you going into the hospital ... alone. I didn't want you to go in alone. *Good luck.*

KARL: ~~Get to go alone. Go everywhere alone.~~

VALERIE: (SOFTLY) I know. (THEN) Good luck...

KARL: I got good luck already. First time in ten years a pretty girl came up and smiled at me and wished me luck.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He turns and walks up the steps. You watch him go, Valerie Nicholson. And the sting at the back of your eyes must be the early hour ... or the bright sunlight .. because you're hardboiled, Valerie Nicholson. You're a reporter. And this is just another story.

~~(MUSIC: ACCENT)~~

VALERIE: I'm sorry to keep on calling you so often, Doctor. But I wondered if you had any news on ... that man. I guess I'm pestering the life out of you but -- well ... it is a story.

~~(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)~~

VALERIE: Doctor Bowden ...it's been four days. There must be some report. Well, I know but ... (CUTS) I'm not worrying. For heaven's sake, I don't know the man, I don't even know his name. I -- I just want to follow up, that's all.

NARR: Day after day you call. Day after day you wait. And you keep telling yourself, as the panic mounts, and the tension mounts ... you don't even know this man. You only know the step of his lonesome walk ... the emptiness of his eyes ... and the warmth of his smile as he looked at you. ~~And you wait.~~

~~(MUSIC: OUT)~~

~~(PHONE RING... PICK UP)~~

VALERIE: Valerie Nicholson, talking

Miss Nicholson

DOCTOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) ~~This is~~ Doctor Bowden calling.

VALERIE: ~~What is it, Doctor? Have you got some news?~~

DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's bad news. The hospital report just came in. The drug doesn't seem to have done anything.

VALERIE: ~~Nothing at all?~~ *Is it hopeless?*

DOCTOR: ~~No. Evidently the germs are resistant to any treatment.~~

VALERIE: Then ... there isn't any hope?

DOCTOR: It doesn't look that way. Except for one thin chance.

VALERIE: ~~What kind of a chance?~~

DOCTOR: *Well* We've made a thorough examination. It seems the germs are located almost entirely in the gall bladder. The specialists at the hospital seem to think that if the gall bladder were removed, the seat of the infection might be destroyed.

VALERIE: Are they going to try?

DOCTOR: It's a major operation. And the patient isn't a young man ... or a very strong one. The chances of his surviving are -- pretty tricky.

VALERIE: I see.

DOCTOR: I'm going to talk to him now. I'm going to put it up to him. ~~It's his decision...no one else's.~~

VALERIE: (URGENT) Will you let me know what he decides? Will you let me know right away?

DOCTOR: Of course. I'll call you right away. (THEN, A SMILE)
I know how it is. You like to keep up to date on a story.

VALERIE: Yes. That's right. I just -- want to keep up to date.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. QUIET FOOTSTEPS)

DOCTOR: (SOFT) You awake, Karl?

KARL: Yeah, Doc. I'm awake.

DOCTOR: How do you feel?

KARL: Ain't that what a doctor's supposed to tell you? How you feel?

DOCTOR: ~~I guess you feel about the same, mm Karl?~~

KARL: ~~That's what I figured:~~ It didn't work, did it, Doc?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid not.

KARL: ^{There is} ~~You got something else to tell me? Looking at me that way... I can tell. Never had nobody look at me that way before but once. You ten years ago.~~

DOCTOR: (GENTLE) ~~This isn't any easier to tell you than what I had to tell you ten years ago.~~

KARL: ~~Go ahead.~~

DOCTOR: The doctors want to try an operation. They think that might do it.

KARL: What else?

DOCTOR: It's a major operation. With a major operation on a man -- past middle age, there's always a risk.

KARL: You talk like a doctor, Doc. Pussy-footing around. You trying to say it might kill me?

DOCTOR: That's about the size of it. It's up to you, Karl.

KARL: (PAUSE - THEN) You made a cure sound pretty good, Doc. You talked me into coming here.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't talk you into this. Nobody's got any right to talk a man into something like this.

KARL: You talked about Fran's kids. How I could hold them on my lap maybe.

DOCTOR: I know.

KARL: You know what I been doing lying here? Thinking about holding them on my lap -- maybe even telling stories to them. Been thinking of stories ... the kind you make up to tell kids, crazy, how you lie here and think.

DOCTOR: You don't have to decide right away, Karl?

KARL: (A PAUSE) How good a chance would I have, Doc?

DOCTOR: About even.

KARL: I've heard folks say when a man starts getting old, he don't worry none about dying. He gets kinda used to the idea. Maybe I ain't so old after all, Doc, I ain't gotten used to the idea.

DOCTOR: I don't think anyone gets used to it.

KARL: Funny, I got some real good stories in my head. Worked it all out, kinda. I'd be standing on the porch there and the kids'd go by ... berrying like they do, and I'd yell out ... come on up for a glass of milk, maybe. And they'd kinda look surprised, and then they'd say "sure ... and they'd come and sit ... maybe the girl'd sit in my lap. Boys don't go in for sitting on laps much I guess.

DOCTOR: Sure.

KARL: And we'd have milk ... and maybe crackers ... and I'd tell them stories. And then it'd get round supper time, and they'd start off for home, and maybe the girl'd look around and say, "You come too, Karl." (THEN) Only I guess she wouldn't call me Karl, now would she? I don't rightly know what she'd call me.

(MORE)

KARL:
(CONT'D) Grandpa don't sound right, but -- (STOPS, EMBARRASSED)
I talk a lot, don't I Doc? It's all in my mind, see?

~~It's been in my head so long, it's like talking to
myself, only now there's somebody listening.~~

DOCTOR: You go ahead and talk, KARL.

KARL: (PAUSE) Maybe an even chance, you said.

DOCTOR: Uh-huh.

KARL: ~~You read the BOOK 'E' 'T' Doc?~~

DOCTOR: ~~The Book?~~

KARL: ~~The Bible~~. I was reading ^{the Bible} it before you came in. Good sense, you find in there. I guess you find just about anything in there you look for.

DOCTOR: I guess so.

KARL: I learned one part when I was a kid. Guess everyone did.
"The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want." Always liked that one.

DOCTOR: It's a beautiful psalm.

KARL: Thing is, Doc ... it's hard doing anything alone. Living alone ... deciding alone ... even dying alone. Remember ~~the bit in that one, Doc?~~ "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me?" It's a good feeling having someone with you, Doc. (THEN) You go ahead with that operation. I won't be alone, see? I'll have someone with me.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

VALERIE: They said they'd call me, Ned. Just as soon as the operation was over.

NED: It doesn't help to jitter, Valerie. Take it easy.

VALERIE: I don't even know the man, Ned. I don't know anything about him except what you told me ... except for seeing him for maybe ten seconds. How can you get to care so much about a man you've never met? About someone whose name you don't even know?

NED: He doesn't know you either. He doesn't know your name. But he gave up his life to keep you safe .. and me .. everybody else in this town.

VALERIE: (SUDDENLY) Ned, I'm scared.

NED: Take it easy..

VALERIE: (TENSE) I can't. I'm scared. This isn't a story I just cover ... something that happens and I'm no part of. I made this part of the story ...

NED: He made up his own mind about the operation ...

VALERIE: It was my story that started the whole chain. He had a kind of peace, living alone. He was all right with his loneliness and his Bible and his -- (SHE BREAKS OFF) And then it all started. The hoping ... ~~and the hope-~~
~~half-dying ... and the desperation to hang on to the~~
~~hope ...~~ what else could he say except yes, after the hungeriness for people grew up in him again?

NED: Valerie....

VALERIE: It was our ^{my} fault he started hoping again. That's why I'm scared, Ned. ~~This isn't a story. It's a life I've~~
~~meddled in. I don't know this man, I don't know his~~
~~name but I've taken his peace and his life and I've~~
~~meddled in it. And I've~~ lost him his peace. Maybe I've even lost him his life.

NED: Stop it, Valerie. This isn't doing any good.

VALERIE: (HIGH. NEAR TERROR) I can't stop it.

NED: You're working yourself into hysteria....

VALERIE: I can't help it, I'm scared. Ned, I tell you --
(THE WORDS FREEZE AS THE PHONE RINGS)

NED: (PAUSE) Want me to answer it for you?

VALERIE: It's -- my story.

NED: Go ahead.

VALERIE: (A DEEP BREATH, PHONE PICKUP) Valerie Nicholson
talking. Yes?...When?...Would you, please?...Uh-huh.
I've got it. Thank you very much.

(SHE HANGS UP)

NED: Hospital?

VALERIE: They told me his name. I know his name now. Karl
Hafford. They said they could tell me his name. Because
it's over. He's all right. He's going to live.

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a week or two before you can write the full story,
Valerie Nicholson. A week or two before the final
tests are made and the report in. Karl Hafford is
pronounced cured. He can go home. And then ... you get
a message ...

(MUSIC: ... HOLD)

DOCTOR: There's someone who wants to meet you, Miss Nicholson.
Karl Hafford. He wants to talk to you. Will you come?

(MUSIC: ... IN UNDER)

NARR: He's standing on the porch as you walk up, Valerie
Nicholson. He turns as he hears you. He looks at you.
And then he smiles...

(MUSIC: ... OUT)

KARL: I saw you before.

VALERIE: I know.

KARL: Outside the hospital. A pretty girl with a smile.

VALERIE: You did have good luck, didn't you, Mr. Hafford?

KARL: I reckon I never was much at words. Even when I had
time to practice them. I didn't know how to say thanks
then. I guess I still don't know.

VALERIE: We're the ones who should say thanks. For ten years.

KARL: The doctor ... the others ... they told me it was your
story that started everything.

VALERIE: I was afraid for a while.

KARL: I was too. But not now. Now everything is -- good.

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He walks you to the gate. You know you should remember
you're a reporter. You should ask questions. You should
take notes. This is a story ... your Big Story. But
you don't feel like a reporter. You don't feel like
asking questions. You can't take notes on a miracle.

(MUSIC: ... HOLD)

KARL: You going back to town, Miss Nicholson?

VALERIE: I guess so.

KARL: Reckon I'll go with you. All right?

VALERIE: Fine. Anyplace special?

KARL: Nope. Just thought I'd walk in with someone. Get some candy for the kids maybe. (PROUD) My grandchildren.

VALERIE: Have you seen them?

KARL: Sure. You know what they call me? Gramps. They looked right at me and called me Gramps. Said they liked candy. Heckon I'll get them some candy, maybe talk to the boys down at the store for a while. Nothing special you know. Just talk. And then, I can take the candy and go home. They'll be expecting me -- back home.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Valerie Nicholson of the Pilot with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #359

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 000B932

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Valerie Nicholson of
So. Pines No. Carolina
The Pilot.

VALERIE: Although frequent checks on typhoid carrier in tonight's case are still being performed, tests show that he is totally free of any disease and is in excellent health. He is happily reunited with family and friends after long, courageous exile. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Miss Nicholson 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 Willows, California Journal - by-line Charles J. Gleason. The Big Story of a reporter who went out to cover one of nature's ugliest catastrophes and came back with something even uglier about a man.

(MUSIC: -- STING) --

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

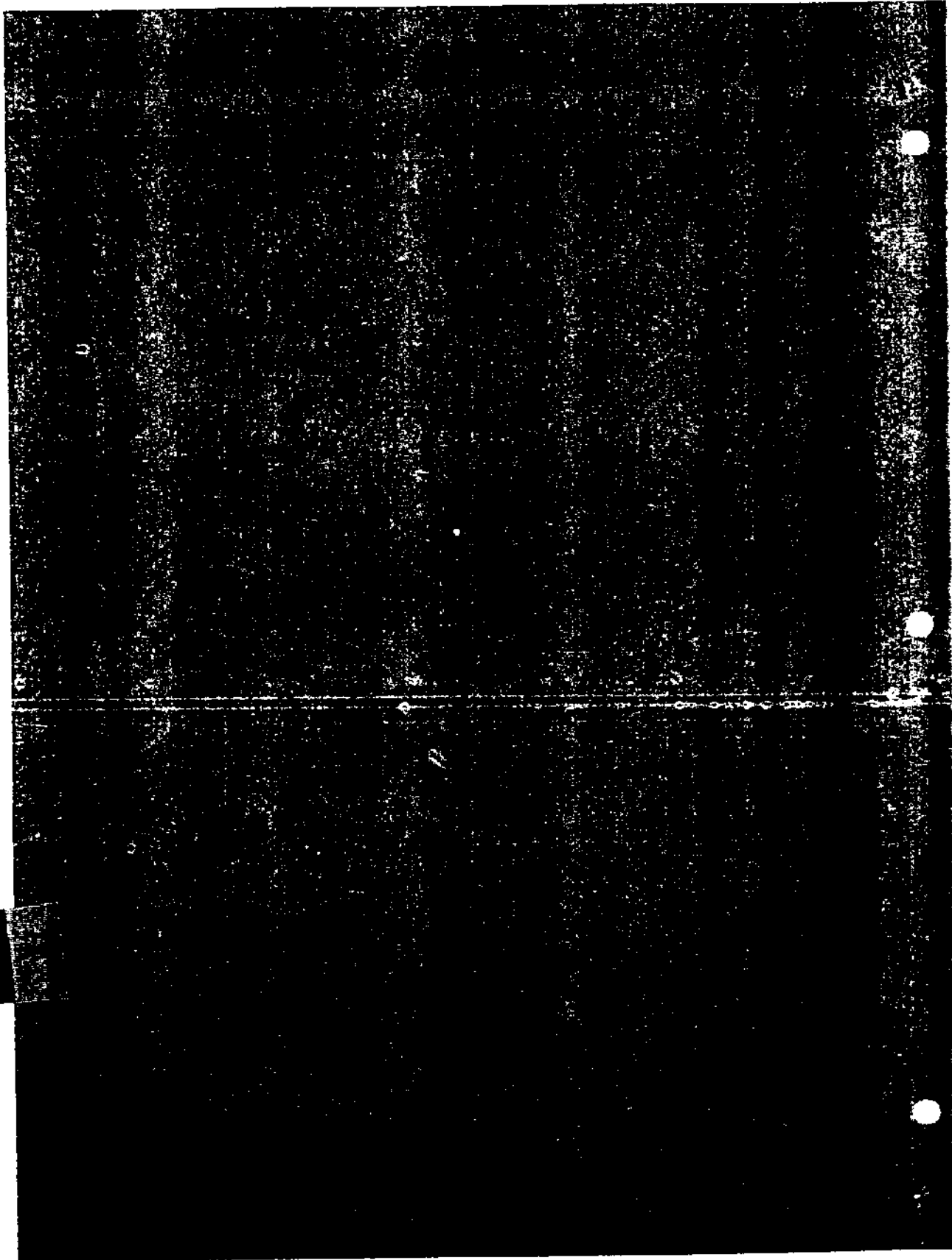
(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the ^{front} pages of the Southern Pines, N. Carolina Pilot. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Jan Miner played the part of Valerie Nicholson. 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 Nicholson.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The Big Story program was brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Product of the American Tobacco Company America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #360

CAST

NARRATOR. NORMAN ROSE
CHARLES GLEFSON. JOE HELGESON
FRANK EDWARDS. DEAN ALMQUIST
HUD HERRIN. DEAN ALMQUIST
ALAN RUSY. KARI SWENSON
JEFF CATY. EARL GEORGE
MISSIONARY. MICHAEL O'DAY
SNYDER. MICHAEL O'DAY
SHERIFF HANNA. ED FULLER
MRS. COOPER. CHARLCIE GARRETT

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1954

ATX01 0008936

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(WOODLAND SOUNDS)

NARR: The Mendocino National Forest in Northern California.
July 8th.

~~(SONG OF THE WHIPPORWILL)~~

NARR: The clear call of the whipporwill breaks the early
morning stiffness.

(SOUND OF A DEER TRODDING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

NARR: A deer crackles through the dry underbrush close to the
road. He lifts his head, freezes, alert, listening,
then bounds back into the forest.

(SOUND OF CAR)

NARR: A car is approaching.

(SOUND OF CAR APPROACHING CLOSER, THEN
STOPPING. CAR DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

NARR: The car stops and a man gets out. He looks up and down
the road. (BEAT) Nothing. He strikes a match..

(MATCH SOUND)

and applies it to the brittle underbrush which instantly
ignites. The man watches as a gentle breeze fans the
flames.

(SOUND OF FIRE STARTING. SOUND OF CAR DOOR
OPENING AND CLOSING, CAR ROARS OFF)

NARR: He jumps back into the car and drives off fast. The
fire begins to ~~spread~~ *in 30 seconds*
roar through the forest

(SOUND OF CAR DIMINISHES AS SOUND OF FIRE INCREASES.
NOW WE HEAR WHOLE BRANCHES CRACKLE AS THEY ARE
CONSUMED)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Willows, California. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the Willows Journal the story of a reporter who went out to cover one of nature's ugliest catastrophes and came back with something even uglier about a man, Tonight, to Charles J. Glegson of the Willows Journal for his Big Story, goes the PEIL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, TURNTABLE, ETC.)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 360

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.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL
MELL - ~~the~~ Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

JEFF: (FILTER) Worse than we first suspected. I've sent Stowe over there with 24 missionaries to handle it. It's more than a brush fire, Mr. Edwards, a lot more. Must've started about the same time as this one at the Springs.

EDWARDS: (ON PHONE, TROUBLED) It did, eh? That's strange. Well, have the missionaries try to hem it in from the north. I'll be with you in an hour.

(PHONE BACK ON HOOK)

GIBSON: Who are these missionaries, Frank?

EDWARDS: Fine group of men. They maintain a camp near Alder Springs for training as jungle missionaries. You know, getting used to the rugged outdoor life. They've helped us before with fires and they're good.

GIBSON: How bad is Powder Point?

EDWARDS: *Chick* Trouble, Chick. ~~Real trouble.~~

GIBSON: How do you mean?

EDWARDS: Alder Springs and Powder Point are within ten miles of each other. Two fires in the same area starting about the same time. Very peculiar. We'll be fishing all right, but not for trout.

GIBSON: (PUZZLED) What are you talking about, Frank?

EDWARDS: Arson.

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: As Edwards turns off the main highway onto a back road where the fire has begun to encroach, your feeling of boredom quickly vanishes. The smoke rising from the burning brush takes on a sinister quality.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

It could be arson. You watch the men along the road darting here and there to beat out sparks or choke off a creeping ribbon of flame. At one point Edwards slams on the brakes and shouts at you to follow.

(NOISE OF FIRE AND FIRE FIGHTERS IN BG)

EDWARDS: Come on, Chick. That man ~~over there~~. His clothes are smouldering.

(SOUND OF MEN PUTTING OUT FIRE ON MAN'S CLOTHES)

RUSK: What gives? Lemmo go. Stop it.

EDWARDS: Your clothes are on fire, man. Stand up. See if you're okay now.

RUSK: Gosh, they were? Yeah, yeah, I'm okay. Thanks a lot, Mr. ... Mr...

EDWARDS: Edwards, Forest Supervisor. What's your name?

RUSK: Rusk, Alan Rusk, sir.

EDWARDS: I used to know a Stanley Rusk. He was in the forest service for years.

RUSK: My father.

EDWARDS: He was, eh? Then you should know enough not to get sparked. Are you a regular member of the crew?

RUSK: No, sir. Temporary. Taken on this morning as a cook at Alder Springs.

EDWARDS: Then what are you doing on the fire-line?

RUSK: Helping out during my rest period, sir.

EDWARDS: (CHUCKLING WITH ADMIRATION) Your old Stan Rusk's son, all right. But for Pete's sake keep doused by the water truck when sparks are flying around like this.

RUSK: Yessir.

NARR:
(CONT'D)

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EDWARDS: Edwards. Forest Supervisor. What's your name?

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EDWARDS: (CHUCKLING WITH ADMIRATION) Your old Stan Rusk's son, all right. But for Pete's sake keep doused by the water truck when sparks are flying around like this.

RUSK: Yessir.

EDWARDS: (UP) All you men. Make sure the water truck shoots you every fifteen minutes. And watch your left flank. Don't get caught in a horseshoe. (TO CHICK) Come on, Chick, we better get up there.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

NARR: You creep along the Alder Springs road toward the heart of the blaze. Closer and closer. Flames all around you, choking smoke and the weird sound of explosions rumbling through the forest.

(SOUND OF EXPLOSION OVER HISSING AND
CRACKLING OF FLAMES)

GLEESON: What's that, Frank?

EDWARDS: They're dynamiting to set back the blaze.

GLEESON: Do you really think someone started this thing, Frank?

EDWARDS: I'll know more when we get to the control point.

GLEESON: But why? A forest fire brings profit to no one.

EDWARDS: I can tell you why a tree grows crooked. But human beings -- that's a reporter's specialty, isn't it?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You push on to the control point at Alder Springs. Here at the center, green leaves and pine needles burn like gas. Huge bulldozers, like prehistoric monsters in the ghastly glow, make clearings trying to hem in the blaze. You, Chick Gleeson, a reporter who went out on a routine assignment, stand transfixed. Chief Ranger Jeff Cary comes running over to Supervisor Edwards.

(BULDOZERS AND FIRE)

CARY: Bulldozers have her hemmed in on three sides, Mr. Edwards.

EDWARDS: How's the wind?

CARY: Duncan's just gone up a tree to check.

GLEESON: Where, Jeff? It's always a good picture.

CARY: You newspaper guys. Nothing stops you. Over there.
That big pine.

NARR: You focus your camera on the tree top. Presently a man appears in the uppermost branches among the swirling smoke and sparks. He holds out a flag. You have shot it before-- the way a veteran fire fighter gauges the wind from a tree top with his little flag. ~~But it's~~ always good stuff. You click the shutter. From where he stands Cary reads the flapping flag like a precision instrument.

CARY: Fourteen miles an hour from the southeast, sir, and dying.

EDWARDS: That's a good sign.

CARY: Unless the wind rises again after a lull. Then it'll be twice as bad.

EDWARDS: What's the situation at Powder Point, Jeff?

CARY: Stubborn spot blaze down there, sir. So far the missionaries have been holding their own.

EDWARDS: You'd better go down there yourself, Jeff. And make sure the fire doesn't get behind them.

CARY: Yessir.

GLEESON: Mind if I go along, Frank? ~~The missionary angle might~~
~~be a new slant.~~

EDWARDS: All for it. Those boys deserve a good write-up.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: ~~The missionary angle might be a new slant.~~ Those boys deserve a good write-up -- Words which come back to haunt you, Chick Gleeson, but mean little now as you set off behind Jeff for Powder Point. It's a long, gruelling hike and the only way to get through is on foot. Night falls. You're a reporter, a trained observer -- sometimes an artist -- and you can't help seeing an eerie beauty in the shades of rose, red, and orange created by the blaze, the crawling fingers of flame which catch the tops of ^{the} bigger pines, the boiling pools of fire that change with each new puff of wind. And the wind is rising again when Jeff comes to a halt.

(SOUND OF FIRE NEARBY..FOOTSTEPS IN FOREST.

FOOTSTEPS STOP)

CARY: Wait here, Gleeson. The missionaries are in a canyon 'bout a quarter of a mile away. I want to check the lay of the land first.- This new wind - I don't like it.

GLEESON: Okay. Holler if things are okay and I'll catch up.

CARY: Right. But I don't like this wind.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: And you wait. From your vantage point you can't see into the canyon but you can see black areas in the distance suddenly turning into acres of jewels. Fires are all around you but for some reason you feel safe. (BEAT) You wait. Minutes, hours -- you never will be sure. And then it starts to happen. It starts with Jeff frantically rushing back to you.

(SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

CARY: (UP) Gleeson! Gleeson!

GLEESON: Yeah.

CARY: Get out of here.

GLEESON: What's the matter?

CARY: You're in a horseshoe. Head north fast.

GLEESON: What about the missionaries?

CARY: Trapped. Fire jumped their lines and is blowing down canyon. Get going.

GLEESON: What about you?

CARY: Gotta try and help those fellas.

GLEESON: Me too.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: You, Chick Gleeson, are a reporter on a story; you're also a man and other men are in trouble. You plunge down toward the canyon behind Jeff. You lose him in the thick blinding smoke. You start to choke and sob for air. And then suddenly you're blocked by a curtain of flame behind which you see struggling shapes. You hear their anguished cries. You'll always hear them.

(SOUND OF INTENSE FIRE)

1ST MISS.: (UP) Peter, Peter. This way there's an opening....
Peter....

(SCREAMS) (BRANCHES CRASH DOWN, THE ROAR OF
THE INFERNO ENGULFS ALL AND SEQUENCES INTO MUSIC)

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: You, Chick Gleeson, are one of the lucky ones. You get back. ~~And somehow you get back with your camera. You're~~
~~lucky, yes, very lucky -- singed hair, burnt trouser leg~~
and you're Johnny-on-the-spot when the first group of surviving missionaries staggers into the control point at Alder Springs. You know your job. You do it.

GLEESON: Mind if I ask a few questions? I'm a reporter.

MISSIONARY: Go ahead.

GLEESON: Name?

MISSIONARY: George Trimble.

GLEESON: (GENTLY) Can you remember much what happened, George?

MISSIONARY: A little. We had just finished saying grace when the fire flashed into the canyon. Peter Beach and I ran together. I made the top of the ridge. I looked around. He was a human torch. His hair, his clothes--
(BREAKING DOWN) horrible, horrible.

GLEESON: Take it easy, George. Sorry to have bothered you.

MISSIONARY: No, wait a second. ~~You're a reporter.~~ Is it true? Did somebody set this fire? Are such things possible?

GLEESON: Can't say for sure -- yet.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)_

NARR: You've been a reporter for twenty-five years. Even though you know better you were beginning to hope the rough ones were all behind you, but this assignment is the roughest yet. The night was bad enough. The day is worse. The dreadful aftermath. The search for the fifteen missionaries still unaccounted for.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TO CLIMAX)_

NARR: And you find them. Where everyone expected. In the canyon. You stand on the ridge with Edwards and the rest of the search party and look down. The canyon walls are covered with a powder-like ash, studded here and there with charcoal black stumps. On the canyon floor are the black, twisted bodies of men -- fifteen of them. Burned beyond recognition. The missionaries are accounted for.

EDWARDS: Gleeson?

GLEESON: Uh huh.

EDWARDS: Got your camera?

GLEESON: Right here, Frank.

EDWARDS: (SUPPRESSED BITTERNESS) Use it. ~~Use it on everything.~~

~~In~~sight. It may be the only evidence we get.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It shatters your nerves, Chick Gleeson, it turns your stomach, but you photograph every detail. You shoot it all, sustained through the terrible hours by one thought: if the fire is the work of an arsonist, your pictures may help get him. Only when you run out of film do you quit. Edwards joins you as you stare down on the ghastly scene from a scarred hillside.

EDWARDS: All done, Chick?

GLEESON: No more film.

EDWARDS: Seven of them were married.

GLEESON: I heard.

CARY: (OFF, YELLING) Mr. Edwards. Mr. Edwards....

EDWARDS: What is it, Jeff?

CARY: Forest service investigators have picked up two suspects.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

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.

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.

Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever
been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!...

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: --- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Charles Gleeson as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: As you walk back through the burned-over forest to get a look at the two suspects, Chick Gleeson, your story begins to take shape in your mind. No matter what you've been through, you're a reporter, the only reporter in this case, and you have to meet your deadline. When you arrive at Alder Springs control point, County Sheriff Bert Hanna and Chief Ranger Jeff Carey are questioning the first suspect -- Sam Snyder, a middle-aged man with a record of petty larceny.

SHERIFF: You drive a blue Ford, that right, Snyder?

SNYDER: Blue Ford with white walls. Right over there, Sheriff.

CARY: What were you doing on the Alder Springs road at 5 a.m. yesterday morning?

SNYDER: Just driving around. *Mr. Carey*

SHERIFF: Doing what?

SNYDER: Just lookin' out the window at the scenery.

CARY: And if you'd seen any signs of smoke you'd've reported it immediately, I suppose.

SNYDER: You bet. I know my duty as a citizen.

SHERIFF: Then why didn't you? The fire was going then and you drove right past.

SNYDER: I didn't see no smoke.

SHERIFF: Maybe you didn't want to. Maybe you started it.

SNYDER: Look. Why would I start a forest fire? What's in it for me?

SHERIFF: Better tell the truth, Snyder. Fifteen men died. You're a murder suspect.

SNYDER: Murder? (BEAT) Okay, so I was there. With three other guys. We was deer huntin'. I got witnesses.

SHERIFF: Who?

SNYDER: Gus Roberts, Levi Eastman, and Sid Calhoun. They was all along. And the deer's in my meat locker.

CARY: Hunting out of season.

SNYDER: Yeah, yeah, I admit it. That's why when we seen the smoke we didn't report it. We just took off fast.

SHERIFF: (DISGUSTEDLY) If your story checks, you can go, Snyder. You'll get a summons for hunting out of season later.

SNYDER: (VAST RELIEF) Okay, but it ain't murder.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NAHR: Snyder's story checks. You, Chick Gleeson, are standing by when Sheriff Hanna takes down the report via radiophone. You're not a vengeful man but you feel a vague twinge of disappointment. Now that the forest service investigators have definitely established the fires as the work of an arsonist, you have an overwhelming compulsion to see him brought to justice. When the second suspect is brought out for questioning you are startled to see who it is --

RUSK: You've got no business holding me, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: All you have to do is answer a few questions to clear yourself, Rusk.

RUSK: Tell him how crazy it is to try and pin this forest fire on me, Mr. Cary. My father was in the forest service thirty years. You knew him.

CARY: Sheriff, this boy was brought up in the traditions of the forest service.

SHERIFF: You own a green Buick sedan, don't you, Rusk?

RUSK: Is that a crime?

SHERIFF: It was seen on the Alder Springs road early yesterday morning at the time the fires started.

RUSK: (DISDAINFULLY) I can explain that. I was squirrel hunting.

SHERIFF: Another hunter. Was anybody with you?

RUSK: No.

CARY: I can vouch for the boy's background, Sheriff. His father was the best.

SHERIFF: Thanks. Now, Rusk, your car was seen on the Alder Springs Road at 5:45 a. m. ~~We can't be positive exactly when the fire started.~~ Where were you a half hour before?

RUSK: Heck, I wasn't even on the Alder Springs road. I remember the sun was just dipping out of the canyon and I glanced at my watch.

SHERIFF: The canyon, Rusk? The canyon near Powder Point?

RUSK: (EXCITED) I didn't say that.

SHERIFF: No, you didn't, Rusk. But there's no other canyon within a half hour's drive of Alder Springs. I'm taking you in.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: You and Jeff Cary go along with the Sheriff as he drives Alan Rusk back to the County Jail at Willows. But under hours of questioning Rusk stands his ground.

RUSK: I tell you I was squirrel hunting, that's all. Just squirrel hinting.

SHERIFF: We found kitchen matches in your car.

RUSK: Then you better arrest every camper in California.

CARY: He has a point, Sheriff. Most people carry kitchen matches when they camp.

SHERIFF: (TARTLY) Thanks, Jeff.

RUSK: I was fighting the blaze on the lines myself, wasn't I? Mr. Gleeson here saw me when my clothes caught on fire and Mr. Edwards was with him.

Chick
~~CHARLIE:~~ Yes, that's true enough.

RUSK: You see, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: But that was yesterday afternoon. We're talking about yesterday morning.

RUSK: I was brought up in the forest service. I'm the last person in the world to set a fire.

SHERIFF: Your car was spotted at Alder Springs and you yourself let slip you were at Powder Point a half hour before. Those are the starting points of both fires, Rusk. And we know they were set.

RUSK: I told you I was squirrel hunting.

SHERIFF: Until you come up with something better than squirrels I'm keeping you in custody. This way, Rusk.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

RUSK: What's the charge?

SHERIFF: Suspicion. I said, come on.

~~-(FOOTSTEPS)~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Rusk has a good name and a story that's hard to crack, ~~Chick Gleeson~~, but you've noticed that beneath Rusk's ^{his} righteous indignation lies an undercurrent of fear.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You decide to dig around in ~~Rusk's~~^{his} background. After wasting time in several interviews that turn up nothing, you drive into the gas station owned by his best friend ~~Bud Howitt~~.

(CAR DRIVES INTO GAS STATION AND STOPS)

GLEESON: Fill 'er up.

BUD: Sure thing. Check your oil?

GLEESON: It's okay. You're a good friend of Alan Rusk's, aren't you?

(SOUND OF GAS PUMP BEGINS)

BUD: Yeah, terrible thing about him. They got the wrong guy for sure. Want me to drop some stuff in the tank that'll clear out your carbon?

GLEESON: No thanks. I hear you and Rusk do a lot of squirrel hunting together.

BUD: We never went squirrel hunting in our lives. Fishing. That's our sport. Say, your left ~~front~~^{rear} tire's mighty thin. You could use a new one.

GLEESON: Not today. Funny thing, but a guy told me Rusk was great for squirrel hunting.

(GAS PUMP STOPS)

BUD: Not Alan. That'll be two-sixty.

GLEESON: Here you are. You're sure Rusk doesn't go squirrel hunting?

BUD: What is this? You the squirrel's friend or somethin'? He don't hunt. Period. He's scared of guns. Won't go near one.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND AWAY)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Your narrator was Norman Rose and *J. Nelson* played the part of Charles Gleeson. 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. Gleeson.

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

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces, overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service. Ernest Chappell speaking. THE BIG STORY program was brought to you by Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes, Product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This is NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

TC/AC/SH
9/29/54 noon

ATX01 0008956

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #361

CAST

NARRATOR.NORMAN ROSE
HARDIN.JOHN LARKIN
McCUMBER.SANTOS ORTEGA
CITY EDITOR.MICHAEL SAGE
MRS. THOMAS.AGNES YOUNG
COP.CHUCK WEBSTER
TROOPER.SID PAUL
WIFE.SHIRLEY HAYES
OPERATOR.SHIRLEY HAYES
PRESS MAN.GUY SOREL
Barber
BANKER.GUY SOREL

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1954

ATX01 0008957

NARR: So Rusk lied. But you can't pin a forest fire on a man because he doesn't hunt. Besides, what would be his motive? You keep talking to people hoping to uncover a possible motive, and finally you locate his sister-in-law. She's in a laundermat, doing the family wash.

(SOUND OF WASHING MACHINE)

MRS. C: Please, Mister, no more questions. I have ^{washing} laundry to do for three kids.

GLEESON: You were saying Mrs. Rusk didn't live with her husband anymore. Why?

MRS. C: (EXASPERATED) Because she left him.

GLEESON: Why'd she leave him?

MRS. C: You have your nerve. Are all reporters so noseey?

GLEESON: They have to be to keep their jobs. Was he a drunk or something like that?

MRS. C: (QUICKLY) No, no nothing like that. You mustn't write that.

GLEESON: What was it, then?

MRS. C: He was always in debt. Always owing everyone. The car not paid for. Once they came and took the furniture. Then when he got out of work his wife couldn't stand it. Everybody dunning them. No food. Things were desperate, so she left him.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Dire financial straits. You've found a motive for lots of crimes, Chick Gleeson, but not for setting a forest fire that profits no one. Time's running out. Two days have passed since Rusk was taken into custody.

(MORE)

NARR: With no real evidence against him it's impossible to
(CONT'D) hold him in jail much longer. You're more certain than
ever, though you can't prove it, that he's guilty. You
go to Sheriff Hanna with a plan.

SHERIFF: ~~Okay, Chick, let's hear it--this great scheme to break~~
him down.

GLEESON: These pictures of the fire. I could hardly stomach
taking them but I figured they might be useful sometime.
Let me show them to Rusk. They just might shock the
truth out of him.

SHERIFF: I doubt it. He's a tough nut.

GLEESON: You haven't seen the pictures.

SHERIFF: Okay, let's try it.

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND GO OUT~~)

SHERIFF: Mr. Gleeson here wants to show you some pictures he
took at the scene of the fire, Rusk.

RUSK: Suit yourselves. I'm getting out of here today anyhow.
My lawyer says so.

GLEESON: Maybe you'll want some as souvenirs of your stay.

RUSK: (DRYLY) Thanks.

GLEESON: This first one was taken on a ridge near Powder Point.

RUSK: Burned out stumps, huh?

GLEESON: No, animals. It's hard to tell the difference, isn't
it, Rusk?

RUSK: Sort of.

GLEESON: This was taken at the Point looking down into the canyon.

RUSK: Animals again.

GLEESON: Men this time. Three men, to be exact. Here's a close-
up of one of them. His name was Lou Rutherford.

RUSK: How'd they identify him?

GLEESON: From the inscription on his wedding ring.

RUSK: Why take pictures of stuff like that? It ain't nice.

SHERIFF: Nothing's nice about a forest fire, Rusk.

GLEESON: Take a look at this one. The poor devil's trying to shield his eyes. Fire must've blinded him before he died. (BEGIN FADE) And this man, he was caught trying to scramble over to help his friend.

(MUSIC: -- COMING IN OVER GLEESON FADING)

NARR: You show the pictures for a solid hour, Chick Gleeson, one by one. You have them carefully arranged in a sequence of mounting horror. And, as you present the last and most gruesome of them, Rusk starts to show signs of cracking. You pour it on. You recall word for word the reports of the nine missionaries who lived. You describe with the precision of a good reporter what you yourself had witnessed. And the sweat breaks out on Rusk and he turns white and finally he shudders and breaks.

RUSK: (SHUDDERING) No, no I won't look at any more. You can't make me.

GLEESON: Only a few left, Rusk. This one and two others. He's trying to claw his way into the earth. And the man next to him is praying. Ever hear the Lord's Prayer shrieked in agony, Rusk? You would've if you'd been at Powder Point.

RUSK: (UP) I said stop it, stop it. I won't listen.

GLEESON: (INEXORABLY) The next to the last one, Rusk. A mummy. A man mummified by smoke and fire.

RUSK: (FRANTIC) Get it out of my sight. I won't look.

(SOUND OF SCRAPING CHAIR)

SHERIFF: Sit down, Rusk. You'll look.

RUSK: (PANTING) No, no, Sheriff. Please. Please.

SHERIFF: Show him the last picture, Chick.

RUSK: (SOBBING) All right. I set the fires but don't show me any more.

SHERIFF: Are you willing to sign a confession?

RUSK: (SOBBING) Yes, ~~yes~~, but I didn't mean for anyone to get killed, I swear.

GLEESON: (EMOTIONALLY) Why'd you do it, Rusk? Why?

RUSK: I needed work. I was broke, owed money, desperate.

GLEESON: You mean you started the fires to get a job fighting them.

RUSK: Yes, ~~yes~~. I needed a job. The Forest Service pays good. \$1.90 an hour. But I didn't think anyone would get hurt, I swear. All I wanted was a job.

GLEESON: You got your job. Fifteen men dead, 24 children fatherless, 7 women widows and a thousand acres of timber burned over, but you got your job.

SHERIFF: I'll take him out, Chick, if you don't have any more questions.

GLEESON: Just one, Sheriff. How much did you make, Rusk?

RUSK: (LOW) Thirty-six dollars and ten cents.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Charles Gleeson of the Willows Journal with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #360

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-R-L-L! Smoke longer and
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
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 Charles J. Gleeson of the Willows Journal.

GLEESON: Rusk was indicted two weeks after confession. D.A. says photos helped get conviction. Rusk found guilty on two counts and sentenced to long term at San Quentin. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Gleeson, 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 Huntington W. VA. Advertiser by-line Jack Hardin. The Big Story of a murderer who hated newspaper men and a reporter who went for a ride with him.

(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 Nelson Gidding from an actual story from the pages of the Willows Journal.

(MORE)

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

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

(CRICKETS, ETC., FOR OUTDOORS SUMMER B.G.)

HARDIN: Ford McCumber?

MCCUMBER: Uh-hm. Who're you?

HARDIN: Jack Hardin. The reporter you wanted to see.

MCCUMBER: Prove it. Prove you're a reporter.

HARDIN: (AFTER A BIT) Press card...police badge...(SMILE) Beside
anybody'd who'd come out here unarmed has to be either
crazy or a newspaperman.

MCCUMBER: (WILDLY) Don't say crazy to me!

HARDIN: I'm sorry, McCumber.

MCCUMBER: (STILL AGITATED) You're as bad as all the other reporters.
They don't care what they say, they don't care what
they write ---

HARDIN: What've you got against reporters?

MCCUMBER: Everything. The things they write, the things ^{the}
~~they~~ ^{Reporters} print about me. Crazy killer, they printed. I
hate their guts. ~~Reporters~~ (PAUSE) ~~You -- stay here!~~

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND AWAY FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Huntington, West Virginia. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the Huntington Advertiser, the story of a murderer who hated newspapermen, and a reporter who went for a ride with him. Tonight, to Jack Hardin for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Award!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #361

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)

OPENING COMMERCIAL CONT'D.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further -filters the smoke and makes it mild.
Buy PELL MELL -~~the~~ Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Huntington, West Virginia. The story as it actually happened. Jack Hardin's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Jack Hardin, police reporter for the Advertiser, are riding with a killer. An escaped convict, currently the most wanted man in the West Virginia-Kentucky-Ohio region. And you invited him for the ride; no hitch-hike he. Knowing he hates newspapermen, you invited him for the ride!

(CAR UP, UNDER)

NARR: Heading toward Huntington on Route 52 this lovely June 29th you and him. And if you go too slow..

MCCUMBER: What're ya tryin' to do -- attract attention? Git rollin'!

(PICKS UP)

NARR: And if you go too fast --

MCCUMBER: You fixin' to get picked up for speedin'? Take it easy!

(CAR SETTLES DOWN TO NORMALISH PACE UNDER)

NARR: How, how'd you get into this jam? Never mind that - how'll you get out of italive?

(CAR GOING ALONG)

MCCUMBER: That's more like it. You jest keep goin', Jack. I'll tell you when to stop.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Only yesterday, it started. Just about this time. In the city room. A hot day -- both ways. Weather and work. Riding the deadline, just the way you are now. Only yesterday, two stickups, a false alarm and an outbreak of rabies decided to happen all at once. And when, at exactly 10:35, you were up, your desk clean, and ready to make your second check of police headquarters, the city editor handed you a note.

CITY ED: Run this down, will you Jack?

HARDIN: Mrs. Thomas, 3931 River Road. What's her problem? Goats eating her wash, like the last hot one you gave me?

CITY ED: Pretty agitated woman, ~~Jack~~. Said it was a matter of a life.

HARDIN: Don't they always.

CITY ED: Yep, but the way she said it...said she wanted to talk to a reporter. Just like that -- a matter of a life. Not "life or death"..

HARDIN: Like the old gaffer that wanted me to get him some liquor -- with my money--

CITY ED: All right, all right. Run it down.

HARDIN: False alarm, probably.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: False alarm was what it looked like when you pulled up outside 3931 River, with Don Hatfield, from the sports side, driving you -- just in case. House with the blinds down --

(REPEATED RINGINGS ON DOORBELL)

NARR: House with nobody at home. So ---

HARDIN: Pull over under those trees, Don.

(CAR STARTS FROM IDLE, ROLLS A BIT --)

HARDIN: (OVER SOUND) This is good.

(CAR TO STOP)

Let's wait a spell...see what gives.

(MUSIC: SNEAK OMINOUS TO BACK)

NARR: Five, ten minutes later, something did... A sedan pulled up, a woman got out, went into the house. Naturally -- you followed.

(STEPS TO HOUSE AS MUSIC FADES)

Bell
(DOOR BUZZER, JUST ONCE, DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

HARDIN: Ah, Mrs. Thomas?

MRS. THOMAS: (TENSE) Send the other man away!

HARDIN: Oh. You were watching.

MRS. THOMAS: You're from the paper?

HARDIN: Yes, I--

MRS. THOMAS: I asked them to send one man!

HARDIN: (GENTLY) Look, ma'am. I'm a married man, and when a woman calls and asks to have a reporter sent over, the policy is to send a team--

MRS. THOMAS: (AGONY) How can you talk like that? I told your editor it concerned a life!

HARDIN: (QUIET) All right, ma'am.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, ~~DOOR OPENS~~)

HARDIN: (PROJECTING BIG) Okay, Don -- hit the road!

(CAR, OFF, TAKES OFF)

(FOOTSTEPS BACK AS DOOR CLOSES)

HARDIN: Okay, ma'am. He's gone. Now -- what was it you wanted to see ~~me~~ ^{me} about? (GENTLY) Don't be nervouse -- it can't be that bad.

MRS. THOMAS: They'll kill him, that's how bad it is, that's how much you know about it!

HARDIN: Kill who? Who's "they"?

MRS. THOMAS: The police. Do you know Ford McCumber?

HARDIN: The murderer who escaped from Weston two weeks ago?
Yeah. I know him -- but all I know is what I write in the papers. I'm glad, too. The cops've got orders to shoot on sight. ~~why?~~ ^{do} Why ask that?

MRS. THOMAS: He's my brother.

HARDIN: I'm sorry. I --- (BEAT: QUIET) It's the truth, though. Tell me, why did you---

MRS. THOMAS: He wants to talk to a reporter. I can take you to him if you want to go. (BEAT) Do you?

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY INTO)

(~~CAR UP AND UNDER AS PREVIOUSLY~~)

NARRATOR: You did. You and your big mouth that said Yes before your brain could think No -- back out gracefully and get the cops to stake her out and follow her to him. Your big mouth got you into this!
Some two miles out of Huntington ... a ramshackly, four-room one story dwelling, shabby, dirty... You'd waited in the yard out back. And out of the brush came a man. Slender, gaunt, sunken-checked, unshaven, peeling sunburn over prison-pallor..... Mean-looking.

(SNEAK CRICKETS AND OUTDOOR NOISES TO B.G.)

(STEPS ON BRUSH TO STOP)

HARDIN: Ford McCumber?

MCCUMBER: Uh-hm. Who're you?

HARDIN: Jack Hardin. The reporter you wanted to see.

MCCUMBER: Prove it. Prove you're a reporter.

HARDIN: (AFTER A BIT) Press card ..police badge..Besides, anybody who'd come out here unarmed has to be either crazy or a newspaperman.

MCCUMBER: Don't say crazy to me!

HARDIN: I'm sorry, McCumber..

MCCUMBER: (AGITATED) You're as bad as all the other reporters. They don't care what they say, they don't care what they write -- Crazy killer, they printed. *Reporters* I hate their guts!

HARDIN: Well, in that case...

MCCUMBER: You, you stay here!

HARDIN: Okay. What do you want, McCumber?

MCCUMBER: I want to go to Huttonsville prison. They treat you right there.

HARDIN: ~~That's a heck of a~~ way to get a transfer -- break out. Why tell me?

MCCUMBER: Cause so far everything a reporter ever wrote down about me was lies and them lies hurt me. (HE STARTS TO GET AGITATED) They made me out crazy, and they got me sent to Weston--

HARDIN: Look fella -- you'd been up twice before, and this time for manslaughter --- they tested you, they felt they were sending you where you belonged ---

MCCUMBER: (~~RE SCREENS~~) At Weston they spend all their time takin' care of the nuts! I couldn't get a break!

HARDIN: McCumber, what do you want me to do?

MCCUMBER: Write about me. Write the truth up. I'm a sick man. I got T.B. I need good care. Listen, I could tell you stories about Weston -- ~~you could write up a whole expose, you could write yourself a real scoop,~~ and then they'd hafta listen to you. If you asked them to send me to Huttonsville, they'd hafta listen to you.

HARDIN: Look --

MCCUMBER: You gotta! You gotta!

HARDIN: (BEAT) All right. Now listen. I don't have the right to print your story, fella. Not while you're a fugitive..

MCCUMBER: Why not?

HARDIN: Because they could toss me in jail for not letting the law know I knew your whereabouts.

MCCUMBER: But you'd have ~~a scoop~~ ^{the story}

HARDIN: Yeah. Byline Prisoner 355sev--- I'm sorry, McCumber, maybe you have been pushed around, but you're going about things the wrong way. First things first, ~~fella~~ ^{MAN}. Give yourself up first. Then I'll blast.

(LIGHT STEPS IN BRUSH)

HARDIN: Ah -- I tell you what. You think it over tonight, I'll come back tomorrow -- you make up your mind by then -- and we'll see. Huh?

MCCUMBER: Give myself up.

HARDIN: Yeah. Let me bring you in.

MCCUMBER: I gotta think. I gotta think it out good.

HARDIN: That's right. Think it through. I'll come back tomorrow.

(FOOTSTEPS TO CAR, ENGINE STARTS., UNDERNEATH)

MCCUMBER: (HOLLERING) Okay -- but you better not go to the cops now and rat on me! Cause I ain't stayin' here -- and if they come, I'll know who sent them!

(MUSIC: UP AND WAY UNDER)

COP: (FILTER) Police. Frazier speaking.

HARDIN: Herman -- Jack Hardwin.

COP: (FILTER) Yeah Jack.

HARDIN: Herman -- can you meet me at the drive-in in five minutes?

COP: (FILTER) Sure -- what've you got to boy?

HARDIN: Trouble.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY AND OUT OF IT-)

HARDIN: -- said I'd come back tomorrow-- and that's where it stands now. So--

COP: Okay, we'll handle it from here on in. Where is he?

HARDIN: That's the whole point, Herman. I'm asking you not to ask me. I'm asking you not to -- well, to order me to tell you.

COP: Oh, now, that don't sound so good, boy..

HARDIN: Herman, give me a little time. I -- I want to see if I can persuade him to surrender. I want to try to bring him in on his own.

COP: Boy, this is a mean man. Criminally insane, gun-crazy--

HARDIN: I know, I know --

COP: You got a wife, you got a whole future ahead of you --

HARDIN: Come on, Herman. This once. And no staking me out and following me there....

COP: I thought you said you hadn't made up your mind to go out there?

HARDIN: I-- (PAUSE) I'm going. I know I'm going and you know I'm going. What do you say, Herman? You always played straight with me -- what do you say?

COP: (VERY VERY QUIET) ~~I say~~ ^{Look} -- here is a mean one, who, suppose he takes it into his crazy sick head to knock off a job tonight while we're sitting here talking, and maybe he cuts somebody or shoots somebody or robs somebody blind ~~and you with it on your mind~~ forever after, that you knew where he was and never told the law. (VERY VERY QUIET) To say nothing of what he might do to you, maybe use you as a front for a getaway. ~~I say~~ -----okay. If you can live with it if somebody ~~else dies, or if you thinking of your wife and your folks still want to go ahead and go through with it~~ (LONG BEAT) Okay: go ahead. God help you.

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO)

(CAR UP AND ALONG UNDER)

NARR: And now? Go faster go slower...shut up...I'll do the talkin'....I'll tell you when to stop...Keep goin'.. ..straight into town. ... don't stop till I tell you...

MCCUMBER: (TENSE) Hardin -- Hardin---

HARDIN: Yeah?

MCCUMBER: (TENSE) Comin' up behind us. Cops.

HARDIN: State cops. Just keep your mouth shut. Look different.

MCCUMBER: I'm warnin' you --- cop or no cop, you try anything and it will be your last try.

(MUSIC: UP WILDLY AND AWAY FOR)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #361

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

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.

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever
been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!....

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Jack Hardin, of the Huntington Advertiser, are chauffeuring an escaped convict, a killer, the most wanted man in three states --- trying to persuade him to turn himself in. The closer you get to town though, the jumpier he gets, the worse he acts. And then a state police car spots you and pulls up alongside...

TROOPER: Hiya, Hardin. How you makin' it?

HARDIN: Just fair. What was I doing wrong?

TROOPER: Nothin'. I just spotted you and remembered I had somethin' for you. Here, you can read it when you got time and fix it up if it needs it.

HARDIN: Sure thing.

TROOPER: Thanks. Anything I can do for you, any time, lemme know.

(FOOTSTEPS, CAR TAKES OFF. CAR WE ARE IN STARTS)

MCCUMBER: Gimme that note.

HARDIN: Look...

MCCUMBER: Gimme it!

HARDIN: Okay. Look -- are we just going to keep on driving?

MCCUMBER: Shut up.

(PAPER UNFOLDED)

HARDIN: Well -- do I get to know what it says?

MCCUMBER: Yeah. Yeah, sure. All it says is -- "Mrs. Stan Griffiths, wife of the popular State Trooper, is visiting her sister Mrs. Ray Alsdorf at her new home in Morgantown." Popular state trooper! Hardin, you're just plain fool lucky. But keep drivin'!

(CAR UP AND AWAY UNDER MUSIC)

NARR: Hardin's last ride -- that's what this is beginning to look like. Reminds you of the old wartime slogan -- Is This Trip Necessary? No. Not at all. All you had to do this very morning, this very same June A.M., was tell somebody the truth. But you didn't. Right in front of your wife, you didn't.

(DIALING ON PHONE)

WIFE: Who're you calling, Jack?

HARDIN: ~~The paper. (PAUSE) Hi. This is Jack Hardin. Lemme talk to the city editor.~~

WIFE: Tell him, Jack!

HARDIN: (AS WE HEAR PHONE RING IN FILTER THEN PICKED UP) Shhh.

CITY ED: (FILTER) City desk.

HARDIN: Hi. This is Hardin.

CITY ED: (FILTER) How'd you make out on that thing yesterday?

HARDIN: Huh?...

CITY ED: (FILTER) The matter of a lie.

HARDIN: Oh...that. False alarm.

CITY ED: (FILTER) Well, you never can tell. What's up now?

HARDIN: ~~well~~ I was talking to one of the cops last night, and he said they were expecting a break in the McCumber case--

CITY ED: (F) The fugitive? Swell.

HARDIN: So I thought I'd play close to them this morning. Come in a little late. Okay?

CITY ED: (FILTER) Sure. We'll cover police from here.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

WIFE: Jack. Why didn't you tell him?

HARDIN: Because he'd want the story. ~~Right now.~~ And I haven't got the story I want. ^{yet} The only story I want is to bring McCumber in myself.

WIFE: ~~Jack, Jack, why don't you take the police with you?~~

HARDIN: Because I promised McCumber I'd come alone. Honey. -- convict or no convict, I gave the guy my word. And I'm gonna keep it. ~~Right now.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: It seems like a lifetime ago you walked out of the house...drove out 52 with the cling of your wife's lips still sweet on your mouth, the wet of her cheeks still fresh on yours. Almost a lifetime ago, you drove into that filthy backyard.

(CAR DOOR OPENS, SIAMS. FOOTSTEPS)

HARDIN: (OVER PATTERN ON CRICKETS, ETC.) Hallo! Hello McCumber!

(SOUND PATTERN UP, DOWN FOR)

HARDIN: McCumber! Come out!

(FOOTSTEPS UP A BIT)

HARDIN: (TO HIMSELF) False alarm. Wild goose chase. Sucker!

MCCUMBER: (VERY SOFTLY) Now a man talks to himself, he's real crazy.

HARDIN: Whooo! You walk like a cat! Where were you?
MCCUMBER: Checkin' on the road to see if you was trailed.
HARDIN: I told you I'd be back. You ready?
MCCUMBER: What for?
HARDIN: To turn yourself in.
MCCUMBER: (BECOMING EXCITED) No! I ain't that crazy.
HARDIN: McCumber, all my cards are on the table. I'm willing --
I'm anxious to tell your story -- but only after you
give up.
MCCUMBER: And s'pose I don't?
HARDIN: No story. And I'm duty bound to tell the police where
you are.
MCCUMBER: Anybody know you're here?
HARDIN: Yep.
MCCUMBER: Who?
HARDIN: My wife. She doesn't know where I am, but she knows who
I've come to see. Anything happens to me, she knows who
did it. You can't get away. The cops have orders to
shoot you on sight. As a matter of fact, there's
something you ought to thing about.
MCCUMBER: What's that?
HARDIN: The only way you can get in now without getting yourself
pumped full of holes is with somebody like me. The
minute you show your face anywhere -- that's it.
MCCUMBER: One thing.
HARDIN: Yeah?
MCCUMBER: What're you lookin' at your watch for all the time?
HARDIN: What am I looking at my watch for?
MCCUMBER: Yeah. You expecting somebody?

HARDIN: No, you jerk. I'm a newspaperman and I'm riding a deadline. The sooner you get started, the sooner I can get your story rolling.

MCCUMBER: Ain't you the cool one. I still don't trust you.

HARDIN: You don't? Okay. I'll prove all I want to do is help you. Here. Catch. There're the keys to my car. You drive. But let's get going.

MCCUMBER: No. You drive.

HARDIN: Attaboy!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND AWAY INTO)

(CAR TAKES OFF AND GOES UNDER)

NARR: That was only a few miles back. And now -- you're just approaching Huntington -- with the story of a lifetime sitting next to you. If you ever get out alive to write it.

HARDIN: Say, about that story --

MCCUMBER: What about it?

HARDIN: Well, I'm going to have to sell it to my boss. So why don't you fill me in on it. We're getting close to town.

MCCUMBER: ~~The story.~~ I told you. I wanna get transferred...

HARDIN: I mean what happened to you at Weston.

MCCUMBER: Well, they were real mean. It was the kind of place like I said, a real sick person don't have a chance, ~~they~~ waste so much time on the crazy ones. But me, I had this pain in my chest all the time ... so I said...

(CAR UP TO DROWN IT, SUSTAIN A WHILE, GO UNDER)

MCCUMBER: ... ~~and~~ ^{Out} the more I hollered, the meaner they got. Till finally, they strapped me flat and chained me to the bunk. Sixty days I was chained up, till my arms swole up twice normal size..

(CAR DROWNS IT, SUSTAINS, GETS BACK UNDER)

MCCUMBER: ... so I finally decided I'd break out. ~~Nobody'd answer my letters. I wrote to the governor, but they wrote him I was crazy, so nothin' came of it. So~~ I worked up a key out of a piece of door facing I got from a buddy and I broke out..

(CAR UP AND SUSTAIN, THEN BACK UNDER)

NARR: (WITH TRAFFIC PATTERN IN B.G.) ~~You can't keep him talking.~~ It just doesn't work. You're well into Huntington -- passing familiar streets, stopping at familiar traffic lights -- even passing familiar squad cars --- but so far, no word from McCumber about turning himself in. Then, all of a sudden..

MCCUMBER: Listen..

HARDIN: I've been listening to you for half an hour, and the one thing I want to hear you haven't said. Are you or are you not going through with this?

MCCUMBER: ~~Don't get wise. I know this town. I can tell you're ziggy-zaggin', cuttin' this way, cuttin' that. I seen you pass police headquarters...~~

HARDIN: ~~Look, say your say and get it over with. Yes or no.~~
I'm getting sick of this. And I'll tell you another thing. Right up to now I've been scared stiff..

MCCUMBER: (A MEAN LAUGH) Don't you think I knowed it?

HARDIN: So you know it! But I don't care. I'm just plain sore and I don't care if you know it. I've played square with you, haven't I? Has anybody besides that state cop with the item tried to stop us? Did I try to signal him, did I try to betray you anywhere along ~~the line?~~ What're you trying to do --- play me for a sucker when I've played straight with you? Listen, he says -- listen! What do you want from me -- blood?

MCCUMBER: No sir. I just want you to stop somewheres soon.

HARDIN: What for?

MCCUMBER: A haircut. I been lookin' at myself in that mirror. I look jest awful. I sure would like to have a store haircut---

HARDIN: Swellyou'll look better in the pictures ~~when~~.

MCCUMBER: If.

HARDIN: If.?

MCCUMBER: Yeah. If I make up my mind.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Three doors from the office of the Advertiser, there is a barber shop. In the driveway of the Advertiser -- a parking place. Reserved for staff cars. You've had time to think this out -- and now it's time to act out what you've thought out. So...

(CAR TO STOP)

MCCUMBER: What're you stopping here for?

HARDIN: Nobody'll bother the car here. You want a haircut, don't you?

MCCUMBER: Yes.

HARDIN: Well -- there's a shop right up street. Lemme see if there's a chair open. That way you won't have to wait and chance being recognized.

MCCUMBER: Okay.

(MUSIC: IN WITH AND UNDER)

NARR: Before he has a chance to do any thinking himself, you take the car keys. ~~Elaborately, you leave the door unlocked, hoping the little trust he has in you will last until you can get back.~~ And you duck into the back door of the paper, buttonhole a pressman --

HARDIN: (OVER SOUND OF LINOTYPE) Mike, for the love of Pete, will you call upstairs and tell my boss --

PRESSMAN: I got more things to do than your work. Run your own errands.

HARDIN: Listen -- in my car outside I've got --

PRESSMAN: Boy, I don't care if you got the Queen of England ^{outside} ~~in a~~ hand-embroidered shawl -- I got m'work to do. Use the telephone.

(LINOTYPES UP AND DOWN FOR)

(PHONE PICKED UP, RECEIVER CLICKED LIKE MAD)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Operator --

HARDIN: Patsy, gimme the city desk, quick.

(BUSY SIGNAL)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) I'm sorry, that line is busy.

HARDIN: Nuts. Try the chief of detectives over at police.

(DIALING ON FILTER, THEN ANOTHER BUSY SIGNAL)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) That line is busy too.

(RINGING OF PHONE ON FILTER, THEN)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Ringing the city desk.

EDITOR: (FILTER) City desk.

HARDIN: At last. Listen -- call Police Captain Gartin and tell him to station a million cops around the barber shop up the street...

EDITOR: (FILTER) Hold your horses, Jack. What..

HARDIN: No time, no time. I got McCumber, you hear? I'll explain later!

(MUSIC: IN AND UNDER)

NARR: You beat it out of the shop and head for the car again. Too late. It's empty. Nothing. All that private agony for nothing. You turn to go back into the ^{Paper}shop. Then -- you remember. And you smile a wry smile. You promised the city editor, McCumber. And what are you coming in with? A personal about a popular state cop's wife. If McCumber left you that. So you go back to the car. You open the door..

MCCUMBER: (A BIT MUFFLED) *Hello Hardin* ~~Howdy, boy.~~

HARDIN: Oh for love of...

MCCUMBER: I figured it'd be best for me to duck till you come back. And I knowed you would.

HARDIN: (AFTER A LONG BEAT) Okay. Time's a wastin'.

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO)

(CLIPPING OF SCISSORS IN BARBER SHOP)

BARBER: How you want her, mister? Clippers?
 MCCUMBER: Not too short. Kinda thinned out is all.
 BARBER: Thinned out it is.

(SCISSORS BEGINS TO GO..OVER IT)

HARDIN: ...you were hollerin' for a newspaper before.. why
 don't you read it so's I don't have to watch your ugly
 face in the mirror?

BARBER: Friend of yours, Jack?

HARDIN: Sort of.

BARBER: Hmm.

HARDIN: Say, it's awful hot in here. Mind if I open the door?

BARBER: Only lets the heat in is all. Boy, what're you so
 nervous about?

HARDIN: If you were bettin' on the Dodgers, you'd be nervous
 too. ~~Robinson in a slump, Campanella with a bad hand.~~

BARBER: ~~Well now, that Alston, if he'd only take command. Say!~~
~~fellow..~~ *Say fellow have I ever cut your
 hair before?*

HARDIN: Look, I gotta get some air. It's just too doggoned hot
 in here.

NARR: You manage to check BARBER: Who you for?

the street. Nothing. MCCUMBER: Yankees.

Not a cop in sight. BARBER: Yankees. They oughta
 That could be good, or break 'em up. Bad for
 it could be bad. If baseball. It's a monopoly
~~only you could~~ *you decide to* get your on first place.

bar out of here fast! MCCUMBER: I like 'em. Always did.

BARBER: Well, you gotta grant
 they're good---but it's
 like rootin' for a
 machine.

(SCISSORS UP AND TO STOP)

BARBER: There. That oughta do it.

MCCUMBER: Yeah.

BARBER: You know, you got a bad sunburn. Where'd you get it?

HARDIN: Sittin' in the bleachers at ball games. Come on.

BARBER: You know, fellow, I could put a smidgin of lotion on that, make you feel real soothed.

MCCUMBER: Well...

HARDIN: Aw, come on. I have to get back to my desk.

BARBER: Jack, I never saw you so jumpy in my born days! The way you keep lookin' out that door, and shovin' this ^{fella} youngster around ---

HARDIN: ^{look} Barber man, did you ever see a newspaper man who was ^{Im ok} it jumpy when he was doing private business on company time? If my city editor were to walk in here now, my name'd be mud. Come on, you look pretty enough for a picture.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

(FOOTSTEPS, LIGHT TRAFFIC BEHIND)

HARDIN: (LOW) What now?

MCCUMBER: (SAME) Back in the car.

HARDIN: (LOW) Why? Why not come into my newspaper here and--

MCCUMBER: (SAME) Back in the car. I still got ridin' in my system.

HARDIN: (SAME) Yeah. Make up your mind -- make up your mind.

(MUSIC: UP AND INTO)

NARR: Round and round the downtown streets you chauffeur him. Out of the corner of your eye, and in the rear-view mirror, you watch him. Something of a -- a hungry look is in his eyes. The look of a caged tiger - even to the head lowering as he looks from side to side, peering at the streets, the people, the buildings... a look of pacing, a look of hatred for those who move about free. Then the look turns on you.

~~(CAR UP A BIT, CONTINUE, DOWN UNDER)~~

NARR: And as suddenly as a tiger must leap -- it comes.

MCCUMBER: Hardin.

HARDIN: Yeah.

MCCUMBER: I'm ready.

~~(CAR UP FAST AND SWEEP INTO)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Five minutes later, you and McCumber are at the turnkey's desk in the county jail. Calmly he turns himself in, signs his name, poses with you for pictures. They lead him away. But he turns.

MCCUMBER: (OFF: LIGHT ECHO) Don't forget my story!

NARR: You check the clock. Doggone! The son of a gun made it by deadline. And the headline? "False Alarm Is Newsman's Big Story!"

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Jack Hardin of the Huntington Advertiser with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: PANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #361

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL'S greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
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 Jack Hardin of the Huntington, West Virginia, Advertiser.

HARDIN: With McCumber's surrender as evidence of good faith, *Investigation of Prison conditions however proved his charges* authorities transferred him as he asked. ~~However,~~ *prison.* police in two counties waiting to meet him at prison gate with warrants for stickups during his free period. My sincere thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Hardin, 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 Los Angeles Examiner by-line Sid Hughes. *The Big Story of a reporter who set a trap for a killer --- with himself as bait.*

(MUSIC: --- STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the Huntington Advertiser.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Your narrator was Norman Rose and John Larkin played
(CONT'D) the part of Jack Hardin. 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. Hardin.

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

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, Product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes. (PAUSE)

W. V. ... 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! ~~Thank you~~
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #362

CAST

NARRATOR

SID HUGHES

HARRY

CAPTAIN FRANK JARRATT

STEPHEN MARGATE

SOL BARSTOW

VINCENT SLIDELL

VIOLA DUNBAR

FLOSSIE DREW

NORMAN ROSE

LESLIE NIELSEN

SAM RASKYN

PHIL STERLING

BILLY REDFIELD

MICHAEL O'DAY

MICHAEL O'DAY

PEGGY ALLENBY

MADELINE SHERWOOD

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1954

ATX01 0008993

SID HUGHES, LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

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

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE AND UNDER)

(RESTAURANT SOUNDS)

HUGHES: One more cup of coffee, Bob, and I guess I'll call it
a night. This town's deader than Pompeii.

(FOOTSTEPS: SOUND OF NICKEL INSERTED IN
JUKEBOX)

(MUSIC: -- FROM JUKE BOX... A SLOW, LUGUBRIOUS TUNE)

HUGHES: And that ^{music} don't help much.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES IN A HURRY)

HARRY: Boy, Sid, it's a lucky thing you stayed around.

HUGHES: What's the matter, Harry? They need help pulling in
the sidewalks?

HARRY: (EXCITED) A flash just came into the city room. Some
gal's been murdered on the L.A. City College campus. It's
your beat, Sid-- all yours.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Los Angeles, Calif. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the
front pages of the Los Angeles Examiner the story of a
reporter who set a trap for a killer--with himself as the
bait. Tonight, to Sid Hughes of the Los Angeles Examiner
for his Big Story goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE, TURNTABLE ETC.)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 362

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)

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! -with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL
MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes
it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Los Angeles, Calif. The story as it actually happened --
Sid Hughes' story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a seven minute drive from the Blue Diamond Cafe to
the Los Angeles City College campus on North Vermont Ave.
You, Sid Hughes, top crime reporter for the Los Angeles
Examiner, make it in five. But Captain Frank Jarratt
and the Homicide Squad are already all over the place.
Also the coroner. It's not a pretty sight. The setting's
quite romantic -- a small garden, a bench, moonlight --but
on the ground lies the crumpled body of what, a short
while before, must have been a beautiful girl. Her long
blond hair is matted with blood.

HUGHES: What happened, Frank?

JARRATT: She walked into this garden and got dead.

HUGHES: Gonna play hard to get on this one, huh, Frank?

JARRATT: Everything's hard to get on this one, Sid.

HUGHES: Looks like her skull was caved in with a crowbar.

JARRATT: Probably a board. Found some wood fibers in her hair.

HUGHES: What was her name, where's she from, what'd she do?

JARRATT: She didn't wear a sign.

HUGHES: Even the police must know that much.

JARRATT: We're waiting to read all about her in the papers.

HUGHES: You will. Under a ten point head. Police Baffled.

JARRATT: (WEARILY) Okay, Sid. I'll tell you what we know. Then
get off my back. Her name's Baba Yuri. A Russian
dancer and ex-follies girl.

(MORE)

JARRATT:
(CONT'D) We figure about 27. She was enrolled in night drama classes at the college. Had a few bit parts in movies. Approximate time of death 10:00 P.M. as she walked home from class. The killer evidently came at her out of the dark. That's all.

HUGHES: Anyone hear a scream? Anyone in the vicinity? I still say you're not talking much.

JARRATT: You flatter me. I haven't much to talk about.

HUGHES: Mind if I look around?

JARRATT: Yes, but ~~ah the power of the press.~~ Go ahead. ~~But~~ lemme warn you. Don't get your fingerprints on anything or you'll be in your own headline.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You've known Frank Jarratt a long time, ever since you were a cub reporter and he was a desk sergeant. And you know he's a nice guy who's making like a tough cop because he's in trouble. ~~Election year.~~ A brutal crime that's going to shock the city and he doesn't have a lead. You watch flash bulbs pop while the Homicide boys comb the area. You see their faces grow longer and longer. You see the body carried out and put in the wagon. You sit on the bench and light a cigarette, tossing the match over your shoulder. You know that's a mistake as soon as you do it. Your match could turn out to be a false lead for the cops. You swivel on the bench to pick it up and then you see it, ~~right where the match fell, in the soft dirt of a rose bed behind the bench.~~

HUGHES: (UP) Hey, Frank.

JARRATT: (OFF) Go home. It's past your bedtime.

HUGHES: (WHEELING) I got something for you.

JARRATT: (APPROACHING) What?

HUGHES: Look.

JARRATT: Uh oh. (UP) Smith, Anderson. Over here. Make a cast of this footprint,

HUGHES: On the small side, huh?

JARRATT: Yeah. Looks like a woman's.

HUGHES: Could be Baba's. That won't do much good.

JARRATT: We'll know more when we have the cast.

HUGHES: Remember I saw it first. I get the beat.

JARRATT: Here's a beat for you right now.

HUGHES: ~~You've been holding out on me. I thought so.~~

JARRATT: ~~We picked up two suspects in the area before you arrived.~~
~~One's the guy who discovered the body.~~ I'm going down to
the county jail ~~now~~ to question ~~them~~ *a couple of suspects*

HUGHES: ~~Want company?~~

JARRATT: No; but you could've snapped a picture of ~~that footprint~~
~~before we saw it.~~ Come on.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: ~~You're Sid Hughes, a reporter in the most competitive~~
~~field of journalism -- crime -- but you always play it~~
~~square even when you have a chance to scoop the cops.~~
~~This time it pays off.~~ You ride down to the county jail
in the number one car with Jarratt to be in on the
questioning of the two men in custody. *one of the suspects*
~~The first suspect,~~
Stephen Margate, is a 20-year-old college junior. He's in
the felony tank. You feel sorry for the kid who starts
raving hysterically as ^{you} and Jarratt enter his cell.

(SOUND OF CELL DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

STEPHEN: Please, please, Captain, I didn't do it, I swear. ~~I just~~
~~stumbled across her body. It was horrible.~~

JARRATT: What were you doing in the area, Stephen?

STEPHEN: Just strolling around.

JARRATT: Do you have any night classes?

STEPHEN: No, I'm a regular student. I never saw her before, I
swear.

JARRATT: Where do you live, Stephen?

STEPHEN: Grays Hall. ~~I'm on the Dean's list. I wouldn't do a~~
~~thing like that.~~

JARRATT: ~~Grays Hall is on the other side of the campus.~~

STEPHEN: I love the rose garden. The moonlight, the scent of
flowers. I go there all the time.

JARRATT: You didn't hear a scream, you didn't see anyone, you just
stumbled across the body, is that right?

STEPHEN: (SOBBING) ~~Yes, yes. I'm telling the truth, Captain, I~~
~~swear.~~

JARRATT: Grays Hall is a long way from the rose garden. ~~But it's~~
~~right next to Simmons Hall where Baba Yuri attended an~~
~~eight o'clock class.~~ You know what I think, Stephen?

STEPHEN: You can't think I did it, you can't.

JARRATT: I think you were following Miss Yuri. I think you
followed her into the rose garden. That's true, isn't it?

STEPHEN: No, no. I just go there because it's so lovely in the
moonlight.

JARRATT: But you weren't there before Miss Yuri got there, Stephen,
or you'd be able to tell us what happened. We know you
were in your dormitory until nine-fifteen. So you must
have been following her. Why?

(MORE)

JARRATT: Did you have some grudge against her? Is that why you
(CONT'D) carried a club with you?

STEPHEN: (UP) It's not true, it's not true. All I carried was a
book.

HUGHES: A book?

STEPHEN: Yes, she was so lovely. I watched her every evening from
my window as she came and went from class. I followed her
last night, I admit it, but all I wanted to do was recite
poetry to her in the rose garden in the moonlight.

JARRATT: (VERY PUZZLED) What?

STEPHEN: Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

HUGHES: (LOW, IN F.G.) Frank,
this boy should be in the
psychiatric ward for
observation.

JARRATT: You're right. I'll
have him transferred.

STEPHEN: (IN G.B.) And we will
~~sit upon the rocks
Seeing the shepherds
feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to
whose falls
Melodious birds sing
madrigals.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You follow Jarratt down the corridor into another cell
block that smells of disinfectant. This is the drunk
tank. The second suspect is Sol Barstow, a heavy-drinking
dormitory janitor who was found wandering close to the
scene of the murder. He lies snoring heavily on the
concrete floor, stripped of his tie, belt and shoes for
his own safety.

(SOUND OF CELL DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

(SOUND OF SNORING)

JARRATT: Wake up, man. I have some questions.

BARSTOW: (DRUNKENLY) Leggo. Lemme sleep.

JARRATT: What were you doing hanging around the rose garden, Barstow?

BARSTOW: Lookin' for buried treasure.

JARRATT: Better give me straight answers. You may be faced with a murder charge.

BARSTOW: The only thing I ever killed was a bottle.

JARRATT: Did you hear anything, see anyone as you crossed the campus?

BARSTOW: Lots of things. Lions and tigers and a forty-foot penguin.

HUGHES: He probably did at that.

BARSTOW: Sure I did. But no booze. (TRAILING OFF) Never enough booze. Lemme sleep.

JARRATT: (DISGUSTEDLY) All right, get your sleep. You'll need a clear head next time you see me.

(SOUND OF CELL DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING....

FOOTSTEPS DOWN CORRIDOR)

JARRATT: Some start, huh, Sid. A psycho and a drunk.

HUGHES: Do you think either of them did it, Frank?

JARRATT: No. Didn't you notice? They both had big feet.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND AWAY)

NARR: When you leave the jail, Sid Hughes, you decide to check Baba Yuri's background on your own. At the college registrar you discover she lived with a drama coach, a former Shakespearean actress named Viola Dunbar, ... She's out and you don't catch her home until evening.

(SOUND OF KNOCKING)

VIOLA: (INSIDE: CULTIVATED VOICE) Who is it?

HUGHES: Sid Hughes.

VIOLA: (INSIDE) I don't want any.

HUGHES: Open up, Miss Dunbar. I think you'll be interested in what I have to say.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

VIOLA: Well? *Come on*

HUGHES: ~~What's the problem?~~

VIOLA: ~~All right, provided you don't try to remove any of the furniture?~~

HUGHES: (CHUCKLING) ~~No, it's nothing like that.~~

(DOOR CLOSSES)

I'm a reporter. I want to ask a few questions about Baba Yuri.

VIOLA: The police have already been here. I have nothing to say on the subject. Please leave.

HUGHES: Play ball with me, Miss Dunbar, and you might get some publicity out of it.

VIOLA: ~~In what manner, pray?~~

HUGHES: ~~Oh, a line or two about Viola Dunbar, the well-known actress and dramatic coach.~~

VIOLA: Oh? What do you wish to know about poor Baba, Mr. Hughes?

HUGHES: Something of her background, personal habits, friends, etc.

VIOLA: ~~Although we lived together for over a year, I'm afraid I~~ can't tell you much. She was born in Russia, went to the ballet school in Moscow I believe, and came over here on some kind of student exchange. She stayed.

HUGHES: I wonder how she arranged that.

VIOLA: I have no idea.

HUGHES: ~~A beautiful girl like her~~ -- I suppose she knew a lot of men.

VIOLA: On the contrary. She seldom went out. ~~A beautiful creature of mystery.~~

HUGHES: ~~Why?~~

VIOLA: ~~She kept so much to herself. Wouldn't even share meals with me here. Preferred to eat alone in those dreadful cafeterias.~~

HUGHES: Did she seem frightened? I mean did you gather she was living in fear of something or someone?

VIOLA: Oh no. I'd say she was simply a ^{quilt} brooding Russian type.

HUGHES: ~~Brooding~~ ^{quilt} Russian type, eh? (BEAT) Well thanks a lot, Miss Dunbar.

VIOLA: (QUICKLY) Don't forget your promise, Mr. Hughes.

HUGHES: Promise?

VIOLA: Yes, the publicity you're going to give me. I made quite a name as Roxanne in Cyrano a few years back. And then I was in.....

HUGHES: You bet. Watch for the next edition.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: But for once your story in the next edition isn't the big thing on your mind, Sid Hughes. An idea has been set stirring by your interview with Viola Dunbar, an idea from left field, but it might fill in the gaps. You head straight for Captain Jarratt's office.

HUGHES: I was over to see Viola Dunbar, Frank. After your men left.

JARRATT: Yeah. She wasn't much help.

HUGHES: I'm not so sure. You know about Yuri being born in Russia and ~~training at the ballet school in Moscow.~~
~~And then she comes over here and stays. Keeps to herself,~~
~~etc.~~

JARRATT: (IMPATIENTLY) Yes, ~~yes~~. It's all on the report.

HUGHES: Here's what I'm thinking, Frank. Was Baba Yuri somehow involved in Russian politics? Did she say no to the wrong people, ~~was she mixed up in Russian espionage and possibly assassinated.~~ *Killed*

JARRATT: I must admit that's a new approach. And it helps explain the footprint.

HUGHES: How do you mean?

JARRATT: This cast here shows it to be a small shoe with a high heel. A woman's shoe. The indentation indicates she weighed 130 pounds tops. But no woman would have had the strength to bash in Baba Yuri's skull like that. Take a look at the cast yourself.

(SOUND OF CAST BEING HANDLED ON DESK)

HUGHES: I'm no bootmaker.

JARRATT: That's the very word, Sid -- boot. Certain types of Russian boots have high heels. A Russian political assassin might wear such a boot.

HUGHES: Sure. It's beginning to add up.

(PHONE RINGS... UNCRADLED)

JARRATT: Captain Jarratt speaking. (PAUSE) Yes, Eddie. (PAUSE) Where? (PAUSE) Uh huh. When? Be right over.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

JARRATT: Start subtracting, Sid.

HUGHES: Huh?

JARRATT: Another attack. Less than a mile from the first one.

~~Secretary named Flossie Drew.~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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-I PELL M-E-L-L-I

Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.

Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: There you are Sid Hughes, you and Captain Jarratt, standing in a small, dimly lit park in the Hollywood district. The too little and too late boys. While you were in Jarratt's office dreaming up theories, the killer struck again. The pattern is almost exactly the same as the first crime. Someone leaps out of the dark and for no apparent reason bashes in the skull of a tall, beautiful girl. But there's one big difference. This girl lives -- with a fractured skull. The medics load her into a city ambulance and tear for the hospital.

(SOUND OF AMBULANCE GOING DOWN STREET WITH SIREN ON)

HUGHES: Found out anything about her yet, Frank?

JARRATT: (EXASPERATED) Holy mackerel, Sid, every time I breathe you want half my air.

HUGHES: (SOFTLY) Don't chew on me. I didn't do it.

JARRATT: I know, I know. You've got your editor on your neck, I've got the D.A. -- ~~(BITTERLY) in election year.~~

HUGHES: So who is she?

JARRATT: Name's Flossie Drew. Secretary for a health foods manufacturer. She used to be a diving champ. An all-American girl.

HUGHES: There goes my Russian angle. Never had much faith in it anyhow.

JARRATT: There goes my two suspects.

HUGHES: This is the first time I ever saw a blank wall get blanker.

JARRATT: We know one thing for sure, Sid. The killer's still at large and very busy.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: The sensational case takes over the front pages of every paper in Southern California. You, Sid Hughes, get your orders from your managing editor: live with the case until it's cracked and then get an exclusive on the killer. This means hounding Captain Jarratt 24 hours a day, practically sleeping on his desk at night. You're with him when he is finally able to talk to Flossie Drew in the hospital.

JARRATT: We won't take long, Miss Drew.

FLOSSIE: (WEAKLY) As long as you need, Captain. I want to see him caught.

JARRATT: We're doing our best. How did it happen?

FLOSSIE: I worked late that night. Ate supper in the office from ~~our samples.~~ Then I walked home. ~~I always do to keep in condition.~~

JARRATT: Do you always take the same route through the park?

FLOSSIE: No. Very seldom at night - I usually stick to the lighted streets.

JARRATT: ~~Then the assailant couldn't have been waiting for you?~~

FLOSSIE: I don't think so. I heard a scuffling behind me, I half turned. Then all I remember is going numb like the time I struck the diving board doing a double gaynor. Will I ever dive again? The doctors won't say. Please tell me.

NARR:
(CONT'D)

Rachel is another tall beauty. She's lucky to get off with a severe concussion. And there you are again, Sid Hughes, in the middle of the night at the scene of another vicious attack. The same exploding flashbulbs, the same homicide boys with their carpet sweepers, the same footprints and plaster of paris casts. It's getting monotonous, monotonous like the routine in a slaughter house. Only Jarratt doesn't look bored.

(SOUND OF TRAFFIC OFF AND POLICE AD LIBS)

HUGHES: Here we go again, huh Frank?

JARRATT: Get behind the police line, Sid.

HUGHES: (PROTESTING) Now wait a minute.

JARRATT: Behind the police line. ~~You heard me.~~

HUGHES: ~~Just saw your lips moving.~~

JARRATT: I mean it. No more reporters gumming things up.

HUGHES: Why so sour? I heard you found the weapon this time.

A hunk of two-by-four timber.

JARRATT: I'm warning you, Sid. Behind the line.

HUGHES: Any fingerprints on the timber?

JARRATT: Look, you've been squirming around in my pocket for ten days now and I'm sick of it. You pop out of confidential file drawers, I go to eat a sandwich and you're between the bread. I'm sick of a lot of things but mostly it's reporters.

HUGHES: Okay, you're back's to the wall so I won't push. You're hungry, hungry for an arrest, a chief suspect, a big lead. You're desperate for something to chew on. I know it's tough. But don't use me.

JARRATT: (UP) Sergeant. Take this man across the police line and don't let him cross it again.

(MUSIC: UP ANGRILY AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: As soon as you cool off, Sid Hughes, you're sorry you had those hard words with Captain Jarratt. He's a good police officer and an old friend and you know the spot he's in. You're sitting in the Blue Diamond brooding over coffee and doughnuts when...

(SOUND OF JUKE BOX AND CAFE IN B.G.)

HARRY: Hi Sid. Mind if I sit down?

HUGHES: Go ahead, Harry.

HARRY: ~~You look mighty low. That murder case got you down?~~

HUGHES: One murder, two assaults and not the whisper of a lead.

HARRY: So what. You're not a cop. All you gotta do is write how dumb they are.

HUGHES: Yeah! That's right.

HARRY: ~~Anyhow, I'm glad it ain't hot right now, because I've been elected to make a pitch to you.~~

HUGHES: (DISINTERESTEDLY) Yeah?

HARRY: ~~Uh-huh.~~ You know our annual Press Club shindig is next month.

HUGHES: So, ~~soon?~~

HARRY: You bet. We want to put on another musical review like we did last year. *How about being a chorus girl again this year?* ~~Everyone still remembers how great you were as a chorus girl.~~

HUGHES: (MILD SARCASM) Thanks.

HARRY: ~~How's about being captain of the chorus this year and doin' a specialty number, maybe somethin' with fans or a bubble, we thought.~~

HUGHES: (PROTESTING) Oh no. I took enough ribbing last time.

HARRY: G'wan. You were sensational. ~~And this year we'll star you.~~

HUGHES: ~~No soap... not even with bubbles.~~

HARRY: ~~Be a sport.~~ You're the only one who makes up into a real gorgeous showgirl.

HUGHES: (SUDDENLY ALERT) Hey, maybe there's something in it at that.

HARRY: (EAGERLY) Then you'll do it?

HUGHES: No, but you've given me a great idea. Thanks, Harry. Thanks a million.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: Fifteen minutes later you're walking into Captain Jarratt's office.

HUGHES: ~~Hi copper.~~

JARRATT: ~~Well, the boy reporter. Sit down. I've missed seeing your nose sticking out of my trash basket.~~

HUGHES }
JARRATT } Sorry about the....

HUGHES: (~~CHUCKLING~~) ~~Let's skip it.~~ (BEAT) Frank, I just got a brainstorm that'll smoke the man with the timber out of his woodshed.

JARRATT: You'll have to get in line. We get 1500 suggestions a day and file them in alphabetical order.

HUGHES: Hold still and listen. I want to masquerade as a girl and walk the streets, a live decoy for the killer.

JARRATT: Oh no boy. Go 'way. I haven't time for bad jokes.

HUGHES: I tell you it's a logical plan. We know he goes for tall, beautiful women. And that's just how I look in female make-up. Ask anyone who saw me in the chorus at the last press club shindig.

JARRATT: This gets funnier by the hour.

HUGHES: And every hour your killer on the loose is closer to parting somebody else's skull. Look, Frank. You know the area in which he operates, all in the Hollywood district. You know the kind of gal he likes to hammer, long-stemmed beauties. Set me up as a patsy for him. Let him make his move. Then you and your boys close in.

JARRATT: Yeah, but what if he gets to you first?

HUGHES: Not likely. This time it won't be a surprise attack. I'll be on my guard every second. Besides I used to run a hundred yards under ten flat and won 30 out of 35 semi-pro fights before I became a reporter.

JARRATT: The answer is still no. I don't want your blood on my hands.

HUGHES: Losing your confidence, Frank? Don't you think you and the whole police force can protect me?

JARRATT: All right, eager beaver. We'll try it. Starting tomorrow night. I'll send you a corsage.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You, Sid Hughes, a hard-bitten crime reporter, spend the next day like a movie starlet preparing for a screen test. You do it for two reasons: to catch a killer and to help a friend. And maybe a third. There's always that exclusive story hovering in the back of your mind. You go to a friend in one of the big studios. He takes you over to the wardrobe department where they fix you up with a snappy feminine outfit. Then on to make-up, where your made up and fitted with a wig. Finally... at 9 p.m. you meet in Jarratt's office.

(MURMUR OF VOICES. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING.)

(AD LIBS: Ain't she sweet, my, my, watch out, what no perfume.)

JARRATT: (UP) All right boys, simmer down. Sid, you see this map on the wall?

HUGHES: Yes.

JARRATT: That's the area we know he works, the area we have under surveillance. You're not to go beyond it. Understand?

HUGHES: Don't worry.

JARRATT: I have men placed at strategic points. Some are hiding in cars, some are staked out in homes. I'll be ~~orbiting around~~ ^{following you} in my private car. It has a two-way radio in case we want to sector the area. Here's a gun for you, Sid.

HUGHES: No, thanks.

JARRATT: Don't be a chump.

HUGHES: Nope. I might get jumpy and use it on the wrong person. Or wing some innocent passerby with a wild shot.

JARRATT: Okay, suit yourself. Anything else?

HUGHES: One thing. If I sense someone creeping up on me, I'm going to start whistling like crazy.

JARRATT: We'll move on your first note. Let's go.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: And so you pace the streets stalking a killer, hoping that he'll stalk you. Up and down, past doorways, alleys, light streets and dark, Hollywood to Vine, Vine to Ventura, back and forth, back and forth. Good exercise but hard on the nerves.

(MUSIC: STING AND UNDER. THE MEASURED BEAT OF FOOTSTEPS)

NARR:

You walk, Mile after mile, hour after hour, night after night. Nothing happens. No one leaps from the shadows. Just mashers and jerks and two-bit operators make the usual pitch. Eight fruitless nights, Sid Hughes, you pound the pavements in your grim masquerade. Then it's Sunday a little before midnight and you're out there again. You're bored and discouraged. You wander beyond the killer's known area: You stroll down Santa Monica in the vicinity of Hollywood Cemetery. As you cross a lawn near the main gate you notice from the corner of your eye that someone is following you. You quicken your pace. The footsteps behind you also quicken. You cross into the cemetery. Then too late you remember. None of Jarratt's men are staked out there. The killer can be lurking behind any of the tombstones or monuments, ready to spring out at you. And no one is around to help. You start whistling like crazy and turn to run. Then it happens.

(SOUND OF WHISTLING. A GRUNT)

HUGHES: No, you don't.

(SOUND OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE. SOUND OF RUNNING)

JARRATT: Okay, Sid. Let him up. We got him. Are you okay?

HUGHES: (PANTING) I ... I guess so. Except maybe this six hundred dollar wig is ruined.

SLIDELL: (STUNNED) She's a man. What goes on here?

JARRATT: We'll be asking the questions. Come on, you.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: At Headquarters he gives his name as Vincent Slidell. He's just under five feet tall, but says he's a weight-lifter. This you believe. You've fought with him and he fought like a wildcat. He admits he jumped you but denies any connection with the murder of Baba Yuri or the assaults on the other two girls.

SLIDELL: Sure I jumped him. He tried to pick my pocket.

JARRATT: In a cemetery?

SLIDELL: He was followin' me. I tried to give him the slip in there.

HUGHES: You got it the wrong way round, Slidell. You were following me.

SLIDELL: Don't believe him, Captain. That's his racket. That's why he wears them screwy woman's clothes. He jostles you and picks your pocket.

JARRATT: *You're wrong Slidell this man's a reporter*
He's a decoy set out by us to catch you, ~~Slidell~~.

SLIDELL: A decoy?

JARRATT: You murdered that girl on the L.A. City College Campus, didn't you?

SLIDELL: You're nuts.

JARRATT: Those are mighty fancy boots you're wearing, ~~Slidell~~.

SLIDELL: So what? They make me taller.

JARRATT: They're going to do something else for you. They're going to walk you right into the gas chamber.

SLIDELL: What are ya talkin' about?

JARRATT: See this cast of a footprint. It's a footprint we found beside the body of Baba Yuri and the other two girls you attacked. Now watch. It fits the boot you have on perfectly.

HUGHES: Why'd you do it, Slidell?

SLIDELL: ~~Why?~~ Why? Look at me. Can't you see why? I'm a shrimp. All my life people laughed at me. Especially girls. So I became a weight-lifter. But it didn't do no good. Well, they won't laugh no more. Not them three tall beauties they won't. I beat them, I made them suffer. They found out.

HUGHES: But not you. I guess you'll never find out.

SLIDELL: Find out what?

HUGHES: That ~~is~~ isn't the height of a man that makes him lower than a snake's belly.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Sid Hughes with the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: --- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #362

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.)

HARRICK: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking
pleasure - an extra measure of cigarette goodness.
Remember, fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL
MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Sid Hughes of the Los Angeles Examiner.

HUGHES: Psychiatrists found Slidell legally sane. He was tried and found guilty of the murder of Baba Yuri and assaults on the other two girls. Sentenced to death. Executed in San Quentin Prison. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Hughes, the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL AWARD for notable services 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 Philadelphia Inquirer by-line Harry Karafin. The Big Story of a reporter who inquired into an accident and came up with two murderers

(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 Nelson Gidding from an actual story from the pages of the Los Angeles Examiner.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Your narrator was Norman Rose and Leslie Nielsen played
(CONT'D) the part of Sid Hughes. 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.
Hughes.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, Product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes. (PAUSE)
Ladies and gentlemen, one tiny burning ember from a
camp fire.. a lighted and discarded match or cigarette
left to smoulder 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! ~~Thank you.~~

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

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #363

CAST

NARRATOR

PENROSE

SNYDER

DOCTOR

KARAFIN

MRS. TABOR

COP

ARAMINGO

BLUEY

NORMAN ROSE

DEAN ALMQUIST

DEAN ALMQUIST

GLEN WOODS

JIM STEPHENS

RUTH YORK

DON BRIGGS

SID CASSELL

JACK KLUGMAN

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1954

ATX01 0009021

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

PENROSE: (COMING OUT OF GROANING) Where am I? Who're you?

DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Hospital, pop. I'm a doctor, ~~that's a nurse.~~

Take it easy. You've had a bad fall --

PENROSE: Fall nothing. I was beaten, ~~pushed~~ -- murdered,
~~robbed~~ -- lemme out of here!

DOCTOR: ~~Now calm down, pop. You've got twenty-six stitches~~
in your head ---

PENROSE: Stitches be hanged! Get me my clothes! You can't
make me stay here against my will --

DOCTOR: Look, when the X-rays come in, we'll see. But right
now ---

PENROSE: Right now I'm getting out of here! I know my rights!
~~You can't keep me in hospital against my will!~~ I tell
you I was beaten!

DOCTOR: All right, you were beaten. By forty steps --- and
you didn't miss one.

PENROSE: Steps eh? I tell you *they try to kill me*
~~I was beaten~~ --- by a soldier
and a detective! ~~Get me my clothes!~~

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear
actually happened. It happened in Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania. *its authentic and*
~~it~~ is offered as a tribute to the
men and women of the great American newspaers.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: (FLAT) From the front pages of the Philadelphia
(CONT'D) Inquirer, the story of a reporter who inquired
into an accident -- and came up with two murders
Tonight, to Harry Karafin for his Big Story, goes
the Pell Mell ^{too} Award!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #363

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)
I'll tell you a story -
Remember it well.
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high -
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! -With the pleasure of smooth smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania -- the story as it actually happened. Harry Karafin's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Friday night in Philly -- city of Brotherly Love. Yeah. Only inside Independence Hall, which is closed, and in the morgue, which is open to you -- Harry Karafin, police reporter -- is it quiet. Elsewhere, cars are hitting cars, cars are hitting people, people are hitting people -- and so far, none of it worth more than half a stick, inside. And here you are, last stop on the beat.

(PHONE RINGS HOLLOWLY)

NARR: Maybe this'll be it. While the deputy coroner's out, you answer for him.

(PHONE IS PICKED UP AFTER SECOND RING)

KARAFIN: Coroner's. Karafin speaking for the boys. *Coroner*

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Hi. Lankenau Hospital reporting a death. Got a form ready?

KARAFIN: Yep. Let 'er rip. Name?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Penrose, John W.

KARAFIN: Age?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) 63 years.

KARAFIN: Residence?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Six Three Three Two Poplar.

KARAFIN: Brought to hospital by?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Hunt Snyder, same residence.

KARAFIN: Time brought in?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) 2:30 this morning. Died, 11:47 tonight.

KARAFIN: Uh-hm. Cause of death?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Massive intracranial hemorrhage resulting from fractured skull.

KARAFIN: Fractured ----- skull. Name of reporting physician?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Verree. Double R, double E.

KARAFIN: Okay, Doctor, I'll turn it over to the boys and they'll send the wagon over. Speaking for the paper, Doctor -- any angles?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Well . . . I see by the card here he came in last week, got stitched up, had X-rays --

(PAUSE)

KARAFIN: Yes sir?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) And insisted on being discharged before the X-rays came in. Sure. This must be the old gent with the delusions.

KARAFIN: ~~Delusions?~~

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Well, he told us he was robbed and beaten by a soldier and a detective. Delirious, probably.

KARAFIN: Mmmmmmm. Did you see his injuries?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Looking at them right now.

KARAFIN: Could a beating have caused them?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) Well . . . yes. More likely the stairs, as reported here. Forty of them ---

KARAFIN: Thank you, Doctor. I gotta see those stairs.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND RUN)

NARR: The report you leave for the coroners' to pick up. The story you pick up at 6332 Poplar. You talk with the landlord, who brought Penrose to the hospital.

KARAFIN: ~~Both times, Mr. Snyder?~~

SNYDER: ~~Yes. After he fell, and after his -- well, relapse, you might call it.~~

KARAFIN: How did it happen ^{Mr. Snyder} ~~in the first place?~~

SNYDER: Well -- I was in my room -- right here, when I heard a ~~horrible thumping and bumping and then a crash.~~ ^{noise} I went out into the hall -- there -- and found Mr. Penrose at the foot of the steps. Apparently he had fallen from the very top, bounced off the first landing and continued down the last flight --

KARAFIN: ~~You say "apparently" --~~

SNYDER: Yes. I -- well, deduced that, you might call it.

KARAFIN: How, sir?

SNYDER: Blood on all the steps. Mr. Karafin, could you explain to me why Mr. Penrose was allowed to leave the hospital?

KARAFIN: Well, hospitals have no authority to retain patients against their will. It happens rather frequently... especially with emergency cases who might prefer to be treated by their family physicians.

SNYDER: I see. But Mr. Penrose had neither family nor doctor. Almost a recluse, you might call it. I believe he came from England.

KARAFIN: Getting back to his relapse, sir -- the second time you brought him to the hospital --

SNYDER: Yes. It was exactly the same as the first occasion. Again the thumping and bumping, again the crash -- again, Mr. Penrose all in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

KARAFIN: So you took him ~~back~~ to the hospital.

SNYDER: Yes. ~~They informed me that his X-rays had showed a~~
fractured skull from the first fall. Matter of fact, we
all wondered how he managed to survive that week alone --

KARAFIN: Alone?

SNYDER: Up in his room, yes. But it didn't seem unusual. We
frequently would not see him for days at a time. He
preferred to keep to himself. (PITYINGLY) But how he
took care of himself, how he fed himself..... the pain...

KARAFIN: Nobody at all went up there?

SNYDER: There would be only myself and the maid. I didn't, and
~~I'm quite sure she didn't.~~ *It's a terrible thing I suppose* (A SIGH) Ah well. He couldn't
take it with him.

KARAFIN: I beg your pardon?

SNYDER: His money.

KARAFIN: Oh?

SNYDER: Oh yes. Mr. Penrose had worked steadily for years. He
lived modestly, very modestly. Spent very little on
himself. And he was always talking about going into
business for himself -- with his savings. And the way he
spoke, I gathered they were considerable.

KARAFIN: Savings.

SNYDER: Yes. It would suit his character for him to have kept a
-- a hoard, you might call it -- right in his room.
Perhaps you'd like to see it? It's only forty ~~stairs~~ *steps*.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO ASCENDING UNDER)

NARR: You climb the forty ~~stairs~~ *steps* with Mr. Snyder accompanying
you. He points out Penrose's room at the head of the
landing. You try the door --

(DOOR RATTLES)

KARAFIN: It's locked.

SNYDER: I believe I have a key --

(RING OF KEYS BEING SHAKEN, ONE OR TWO TIERED IN
THE LOCK TO NO AVAIL.)

SNYDER: No. But I can find one very quickly. The maid I spoke
about.

(FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY, STOP. DOOR KNOCKS OFF)

NARR: (LOW) The maid's room is at the other end of the hall.
She opens her door a slit, hands out a key, closes her
door again.

(FOOTSTEPS COME TOWARD MIKE)

SNYDER: Here we are. I told her you were a reporter and might
want to speak to her, so she'll get dressed and be with
us in a moment.

KARAFIN: You're very co-operative, Mr. Snyder.

SNYDER: Well . . . it's the least we can do.

(KEY INTO LOCK, DOOR OPENED)

SNYDER: Why -- why ~~it's a shambles~~ *the place is a wreck*

KARAFIN: Thoroughly ransacked.

SNYDER: For the money, no doubt.

KARAFIN: If he ever had it --

SNYDER: Oh, he had it, I'm certain of that. ~~Tsk tsk tsk tsk...~~

KARAFIN: I wouldn't go in, sir. The police will want everything
left just as it is.

SNYDER: Of course. I should have thought.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS TO MIKE)

SNYDER: Oh, Mr. Karafin -- this is Mrs. Tabor. *How do you do*

KARAFIN: Yes ma'am. ~~very nice of you to put yourself out this way.~~

I wonder --

SNYDER: If I might interrupt you for the moment, Mr. Karafin?

KARAFIN: Yes sir?

SNYDER: I -- I just remembered something, ~~looking about the room~~
~~like this, --, shocked,~~ you might call it, into
~~recalling.~~ When I picked Mr. Penrose up ~~the first time,~~
he kept muttering something. I realize only now what he
was trying to say.

KARAFIN: What was that, sir?

SNYDER: I'm afraid he was trying to say ---- murder. ~~Yes.~~

MRS. TABOR: ^{Did die?} Is he dead?

KARAFIN: Yes ma'am. In the hospital, earlier this evening.

MRS TABOR: Poor man. They probably did it for his money.

KARAFIN: Well. It appears to be common knowledge that Mr. Penrose
had money. Or common belief.

MRS TABOR: Oh, I'm sure he did. I've been a maid for a long long
time--- and I can't remember any roomers or boarders who
were so jealous over their room, they way Mr. Penrose was.

KARAFIN: How, jealous?

MRS TABOR: ~~Well, maybe that's the wrong word, but the very first day~~
he moved in, that was years ago, he told me he never
wanted me to go in and fuss around without his say-so.

SNYDER: Oh yes, I remember that.

KARAFIN: In other words, the only way you could get in was with his
permission.

MRS TABOR: That's right.

KARAFIN: That would explain why nobody went in to see him this past
week, ~~after the first accident.~~ . . .

MRS TABOR: That's right. But you put two and two together, and when people don't want you poking around their room, why, there's probably something there they don't want you to find. I hate to think that maybe if he hadn't been so stubborn about that, we might've been able to do something for him. Well ----- you can't take it with you.

KARAFIN: Mrs. Tabor, a while back you said -- if I remember correctly -- "They must have done it for his money----"

MRS TABOR: Oh, I'm sure they did.

KARAFIN: ~~It was your use of the plural. I was reacting to.~~

Do you have any specific "they" in mind, or was it just a manner of speaking. *Mrs. Tabor*

MRS TABOR: Oh no. It must have been those two men. But was that the night he ----- now wait a minute. Thursday's my night off, and I was going out ---- (TRIUMPHANTLY) Yes. It was the same night! It must have been those two men!

KARAFIN: Could we take this a little more slowly, Mrs. Tabor? What two men --

MRS TABOR: Two men came in the door as I was going out. They went right up the stairs as if they knew where they were going---

SNYDER: Mrs. Tabor, you never mentioned this before ---

MRS TABOR: I never had reason to, sir. You see, I'd seen one of them with Mr. Penrose once before, and I just ~~automatically~~ figured they knew where they were going ---

SNYDER: But you should have told me!

MRS TABOR: Well I never connected them with the accident -----only just now, when you told me Mr. Penrose was dead.

KARAFIN: What did they look like?

MRS TABOR: Oh . . .like anybody. One taller than the other ----not too well dressed ---- in fact, one of them, the smaller one, was wearing ^{a strange} ~~the most fantastic~~ combination of civilian and army clothes I ever----

KARAFIN: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) A soldier? Why I saw those men ----
~~SNYDER:--~~

KARAFIN: Go ahead, Mr. Snyder ---

SNYDER: ~~Indeed,~~ I saw those men. I went out for the evening papers that night, and I saw --- well, at least I remember the one in uniform!

KARAFIN: A soldier's uniform?

SNYDER: Well, that was just what attracted my attention. Just bits and pieces of uniform. One of those Eisenhower jackets in dark khaki -- olive drab. I suppose it's called --- and the trousers were summer trousers, sun-tans. And black pointed shoes to top it off! I remember thinking to myself that boy will have a lot of explaining to do if the military police ever catch him ---

KARAFIN: What were they doing?

SNYDER: Oh --just lounging around a bar. At least, they were when I went out for the papers. And when I came back, they were gone.

KARAFIN: ~~Mr. Snyder, Mrs. Tabor,~~ ^{Look} I've explained that I'm just a reporter, following this up on my own. It's my job to find out all I can for my story, for my paper ---- but it's my duty to let the police step in now to do their job ---

SNYDER: Do you mean the police don't know about this?

KARAFIN: I don't know whether they do or not. After all, this is a huge city. And Mr. Penrose appears on the hospital records as a simple accident report.

SNYDER: Then we'd better go down there.

KARAFIN: That, Mr. Snyder, is exactly what I was about to suggest. And you, Mrs. Tabor?

MRS TABOR: Course I'll go. It's the least we can do.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You take them over to the police. While they tell their story, with an odd here and an end there, you phone in what you've got in time for an early lead. Then, you've got two choices. On the one hand, you can go out with the detectives---

COP: (A BIT UP) All right, you got the description. Work the late bars, the one-arm joints, the chophouses. Specially the waterfront. Chance they might be dockwallopers, . . . strong. . . husky. . . .

NARR: Or you can stay with the witnesses you've brought in. You choose to stay.

COP: Now. Mrs. Tabor. . . Mr. Snyder. On the off chance these men, one or both, may have previous records, I'd like you to examine these pictures. See if you can find the men you saw among them. Agreed?

SNYDER: I'll do my best. I don't imagine I'll get much sleep tonight as it is.

MRS TABOR: Neither will I.

COP: All right. You just make yourselves comfortable there, and go through those shots. If you see anybody you recognize --- ~~yell. Ah~~ --- speak up.

(FOOTSTEPS. FOLLOWING ON VERY CLOSE)

COP: (VERY QUIET) Harry.

KARAFIN: (SAME) Mmm?

COP: Nice going. One of those recluse cases. Don't believe in banks. Money under the pillow.

KARAFIN: Looks like.

COP: I always say, what're banks for? Well. . . .(PAUSE)
Listen, this detective angle you mentioned. From the doctor.

KARAFIN: Yeah. Seems the old fella said he was beat up by a soldier and a detective.

COP: Don't make sense.

KARAFIN: Well -- they both saw a man in uniform.

COP: Oh, come on, come on. I can account for every man on the force for that whole night. Don't make sense.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN FOR)

NARR: They go through the mug shots, the landlord and the maid. He, busily, she, dutifully. All the way.
Result?

SNYDER: Nope. A couple resembled them, but not closely enough.

COP: You, ma'am?

MRS TABOR: Neither one. No. Not there.

COP: Well. . .if the roundup turns up anything, we'll call you back. Meantime ---

(PHONE PICKED UP, DIALED THREE TIMES)

COP: Sergeant. . .couple of people coming downstairs.
Fix up some transportation, eh?

(PHONE HUNG UP)

COP: Check with the desk sergeant downstairs. He'll see you get home. Goodnight -- and thank you.

(STEPS GO OFF, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.)

COP: Got your car, Harry?

KARAFIN: Yeah. I'll stick around, though. Little gin?

COP: Cribbage.

KARAFIN: Run 'em out.

(CARDS BEING SHUFFLED. OVER IT--)

COP: Might turn something up.

KARAFIN: I dunno. If they've got any sense, they'll lie low.

COP: Yeah.

KARAFIN: C'mon. Run 'em out.

(CARDS BEING COUNTED. THEN)

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS TABOR: (VERY SOFT) Excuse me.

COP: (FORBEARING) Anything wrong, Mrs. Tabor?

MRS TABOR: Oh no. But you had me go through so many pictures for the man in uniform -- the soldier.

KARAFIN: You've seen him?

MRS TABOR: Not him, but if you come with me, I can point out the other man.

KARAFIN: The detective!

COP: Where, ma'am? Where?

MRS TABOR: Why, right outside your own office here. Let me show you!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY FOR)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #363

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly-flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Harry Karafin, of the Philadelphia Inquirer, have found and brought to the police two people who may be able to identify the possible assailants of an elderly "hoarder," killed for his money. To no avail, they've gone through the mug file -- but now, one of them returns to say she's spotted one of the suspects right here in headquarters. Right outside the detectives' office!

(DOOR OPENS, SLAMS. RAPID FOOTSTEPS UP)

COP: Where, Mrs. Tabor? One of our men?

MRS TABOR: ~~Oh no~~. Right there. Where, Mr. Snyder is.

SNYDER: (A BIT OFF) Right here -- on the wall!

(FOOTSTEPS UP, STOP)

KARAFIN: *Oh* The wanted pinups! ~~of all the~~

COP: This one? *Which picture*

SNYDER: I'll swear!

COP: Mrs. Tabor?

MRS TABOR: He's the one. I'd know him anywhere.

COP: WANTED, Patsy Aramingo, alias Mingo, alias Minago -- false paper, forgery, bad checks -- you're absolutely sure?

SNYDER: Absolutely. The other was the soldier. But that's he all right.

COP: Federal flier. Look, you folks can go now. But we're mighty grateful. You'll be called to the lineup when we find him.

KARAFIN: If.

COP: We'll find him.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: It takes only a matter of minutes for the Federals to process a request. The wheels click, the IBM's flip their cards, the right one pops up, the word comes back--

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

COP: Detectives.

(PAUSE)

COP: That's right, Aramingo.

(PAUSE)

COP: No!

(PAUSE)

COP: When?

(PAUSE)

COP: It's all right. Fits right in with this job. Listen, can you fix it up for us to see him ---

(PAUSE)

COP: Tomorrow's too late. We gotta get a line on an accomplice. Right now!

(PAUSE)

COP: Okay, I'll wait.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

COP: Found him.

KARAFIN: Swell. Where?

COP: Hold on to your hat. Moyamensing Prison. Picked up last week for forging and cashing ~~his own uncle's~~ social security check.

KARAFIN: But he was on the loose ---

COP: That night, yeah. Harry, we're in.

KARAFIN: I dunno. It doesn't figure. They knock the old man off for his ~~hands~~ ^{money} and he has to forge a social security check? ~~Uh-uh-~~

COP: It's all right. Maybe they stashed it away for a late split. Cauti~~us~~ Couple of experienced hoods---

(PHONE RINGS, IS PICKED UP)

COP: Detectives.

(SHORT PAUSE)

COP: That's me. ~~Okay?~~

(PAUSE)

COP: Nice going. We're on our way. ~~Do the same for you next time, man.~~

(PHONE HUNG UP)

COP: Here we go. Moyamensing.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Half an hour later -- full throttle all the way -- you're at Moyamensing Federal Prison, where Patsy Aramingo's been hauled out of his cell for interrogation. Needless to say, he hasn't been told why. No time to prepare a story. And the law plays it beautifully. No fooling around. Straight and true, the minute they send him down.

(IRON DOOR OPENS, CLOSES UNDER FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

COP: Aramingo, whose idea was it to rob the old man?

ARAMINGO: ~~His~~ -- what?

COP: Yours or the Soldier's? Come on.

ARAMINGO: Listen, I --

COP: We're listening. He says it was yours. What's your story?

ARAMINGO: He's lyin'. The whole thing was his -- all the way down the line!

~~(ROOTS Pacing up and down behind)~~

NARR: (LOW) The law throws you a look. You've worked prisoners before -- as an Army intelligence officer, so you know how to work in a team, to keep them off balance --

ARAMINGO: Listen, how do I know--

KARAFIN: Never mind! What's with this detective gimmick you pulled? Whose idea was that?

ARAMINGO: ~~Hah! You got it locked all right!~~

COP: ^{OK} ~~Come on~~, Mingo. Let's have it -- from the top.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Aramingo sings --his half of what turns out to be a duet of cupidity, of cowardice, of cruelty. Twisted and vile, the song comes out, a hymn of worse than hate, for here there was no emotion -- only greed

(MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT FOR)

ARAMINGO: I was flat. With a bad Army discharge and a juvenile record, I couldn't latch on to a job if I tried. They cleaned up the longshoremen, and I couldn't get a ticket. Still I hung around the waterfront

(SNEAK WATERFRONT B.G., UP A BILL)

ARAMINGO: One night, I walked in the Hook, that's that
chophouse down by the docks near Girard

(FADE OUT WATERFRONT, SNEAK IN RESTAURANT UP
AND TO B.G.)

ARAMINGO: . . .and I spot this ^{guy} kid in a crazy, mixed-up G.I.
outfit. Bluey Welsh, a ^{guy} kid I used to kick around
with . . .

(RESTAURANT UP FULL, DOWN BEHIND)

ARAMINGO: Hya, Bluey.

BLUEY: Hey, Mingo! How you makin' it?

ARAMINGO: I ain't. I ain't got the price of a beer.

BLUEY: Siddown, siddown. I got it for now.

ARAMINGO: What're you wearin' that getup for?

BLUEY: Kicks. I was workin' on something.

ARAMINGO: I would work on anything.

BLUEY: You would, huh?

ARAMINGO: Anything.

BLUEY: (SUDDENLY) Four more beers!

(MUSIC: UP ANGRILY, DOWN SUDDENLY BEHIND)

BLUEY: (FROM BEHIND MUSIC) . . . didn't go through. But
I heard the old guy was loaded. Kept a bundle
under his pillow, in the mattress somewhere, that
kind of thing, y'see?

ARAMINGO: How much?

BLUEY: Choke a horse. And always lookin' to invest it.
In some business. All this dough saved up, retired,
goin' nuts for somethin' to do.

(MORE)

BLUEY:
(CONT'D)

So I get this idea, I'm a ~~discharged~~ ^{ed} G.I. ... expert truck driver, y'see, lookin' to improve myself --

ARAMINGO:

Now I get the uniform --

BLUEY:

Sure. The idea was we'd go splits. He'd put up the dough, I'd pick up a second hand surplus G.I. truck, and I'd throw in my experience -- and we'd go into the haulin' business. With my contacts down on the docks -- a natural.

ARAMINGO:

So he ~~didn't go for it.~~ ^{and if he went for it!} If he did?

BLUEY:

I blow. With the dough.

ARAMINGO:

Somebody goof?

BLUEY:

Yeah. I couldn't show a license. And he checks up at the bureau and finds my record.

ARAMINGO:

So now?

BLUEY:

A bundle of dough underneath the pillow. Doin' nobody no good. Nobody.

ARAMINGO:

~~Now you don't mean that.~~

BLUEY:

~~No.~~ ^{Not}

ARAMINGO:

^{all right} What's the pitch now?

BLUEY:

Empty up. I'm waitin' for you. (PAUSE) FOUR MORE!

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO UNDER FOR)

... all figured out. You walk in with me. Mr. Penrose? Yes? Mr. Penrose, sir, I'm from the detectives ---

ARAMINGO:

Now wait a minute ---

BLUEY:

Listen, willya? Now Mr. Penrose, we got a report you were -- uh --- uh -- sub -- sub--

ARAMINGO:

Subjected?

ARAMINGO: Who's he gonna be talkin' to while the other lets him have it? The cop, that's who. Me. And while I'm talkin', you're workin'.

BLUEY: Yeah -yeah. That figures. (ADMIRINGLY) Say. This is gonna work out fine! You and me, huh?

ARAMINGO: When is all this gonna come off?

BLUEY: Any time you're ready. I figure tonight, toward evening.

ARAMINGO: Yeah, that's best. Less chance of identification.

BLUEY: Eye-identification, like you said. (LONG PAUSE)
Mingo boy -- you ready? It's a long walk.

ARAMINGO: Where is this pillow bank?

BLUEY: Sixty-three thirty-two Poplar. I got it all cased. We can watch from a joint down the street, see when he comes in. So -- you ready?

ARAMINGO: I could use a shot.

BLUEY: Sure. (UP) Nate! Make it two shots! (BEAT) Make that doubles!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(FEET UP STAIRS, TO STOP)

BLUEY: (WHISPER) This door. Go ahead.

ARAMINGO: (SAME) Don't forget! Try not to touch nothing!

BLUEY: (TENSE) Chicken! Knock! Knuckles don't make prints!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

PENROSE: (INSIDE) Who's there?

ARAMINGO: (UP A BIT) Police officer.

PENROSE: (LOW) Police Officer. Well!

(DOOR IS UNLOCKED, OPENED)

PENROSE: What's all this? ~~Now~~, Welsh! What --

ARAMINGO: Uh, Mr. Penrose, excuse my costume, I've been workin' the waterfront beat. We understand this punk tried to shake you down recently.

PENROSE: Punk is right. That's him. That's the one. But I made no complaint --

ARAMINGO: That don't matter, Mr. Penrose. We're investigatin'. Now if we could come inside and ask a couple of questions -- There's my identification.

PENROSE: Well, all right. I hope this doesn't take long.

(DOOR CLOSSES SLOWLY)

(QUICK SCUFFLE AND SHARP GRUNT FROM WINDRIM)

PENROSE: (CHOKED) My -- my throat --

BLUEY: (HANGING ON TO HIM, CLENCHED) Nice goin'. Start lookin'.

PENROSE: (STRUGGLING AND MAKING INARTICULATE SOUNDS AS HE IS MUGGED)

ARAMINGO: (~~FRANTIC WITH FEAR~~) Take it easy -- let him talk --
(SHARP, PANTING) The dough, mister, where's the bundle -- the money --

PENROSE: (JUST ENOUGH AIR TO SAY) Money -- no money --

BLUEY: (STILL STRUGGLING) You got a bundle, where you keep it.

PENROSE: No. Not -- here -- ah --

BLUEY: This ain't gettin' us noplace.

(WHOP)

BLUEY: There!

(WHOP-WHOP)

ARAMINGO: Bluey --

(THUD. WHOP WHOP WHOP)

ARAMINGO: (FRANTIC) Bluey -- don't kill 'em!

BLUEY: ~~Shut up!~~ Start lookin'! Come on!

(DRAWERS PULLED OUT, CLOSETS OPENED, PILLOWS THUMPED)

BLUEY: Take his watch. The pocket. Come on, Chicken, move! I m gettin' noplacel Gimme a hand with this mattress!

(MATTRESS HOISTED, SPRINGS TWANG. THEN SILENCE BUT FOR HARD BREATHING)

ARAMINGO: I'm gettin' out of here!

BLUEY: (SNARLING) Stick around! I tell you it's here!

Go through his pockets, he's got it on him!

ARAMINGO: That dame ^{we saw going} ~~in the door,~~ comin' out, she might come back --

BLUEY: All right! Chicken, ~~chicken!~~ Let's blow!

ARAMINGO: Watch it -- check the hall --- not yet--

BLUEY: Stay, go, stay, go --- come on!

(~~DOOR OPENS SLOWLY, CLOSSES CAREFULLY~~)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

ARAMINGO: (NORMAL TONE: LIGHT ECHO OF PRISON ROOM AGAIN)

That's the way it was. ~~Level.~~ *Copper*

COP: You never touched Penrose?

ARAMINGO: Never. It was all Bluey Welsh. ~~How'd you get on to him -- that uniform, that crazy uniform?~~

KARAFIN: ~~Sure.~~

ARAMINGO: ~~I knew it, I knew it.~~

COP: Where was this chophouse again?

ARAMINGO: The Hook, down by the ~~----(LONG PAUSE) say, say,~~

(DEADLY) You ain't got Welsh. Have you?

COP: We'll get him.

ARAMINGO: ~~Why you~~ --- aah, who cares. A lousy assault rap.

COP: Sure. Any idea where we might find him?

ARAMINGO: Why should I tell you?

COP: Why should you take the rap by yourself?

ARAMINGO: (AFTER A PAUSE) ~~Yeah, yeah, why should I?~~ Okay. But you gotta promise me one thing.

COP: ~~No deals.~~

ARAMINGO: ~~No?~~

COP: ~~Uh, uh, where is he?~~

ARAMINGO: ~~I'll tell you. But if you don't promise, still, I ask. Don't let on to him.~~ Don't let him get near me ~~anyhow~~, don't ~~swim-bance~~ put us in the same cell.

KARAFIN: Scared?

ARAMINGO: If you seen him with that blackjack ^{like} ~~---~~ an animal ~~so help me, an animal.~~

COP: All right. Where is he?

ARAMINGO: Try the Hook. If not, the Docker's Rest. Then there's the freight terminal, he works there, odd jobs. That's the best I can do.

COP: Okay. Not that ^{it helps much.} ~~it's pinpointing it.~~

ARAMINGO: ^{Did give you now} ~~So help me, I would.~~ If I could. Why shouldn't I, huh? For all ~~I~~ ^I got out of it, ~~for all I drew,~~ why should I take the whole rap?

COP: ~~I was coming to that.~~ What was the haul? ~~And where'd you find it?~~ Did he split?

ARAMINGO: Sure we split. The watch, we pawned --

KARAFIN: How much did you get on it?

ARAMINGO: ~~Ten was no, the watch, that was six.~~ Six bucks
on the watch, ~~the~~ ten was cash. And some change,
That's sixteen and some, we split eight bucks
apiece and he kept the change. ~~Yeah. That's right.~~

COP: (VERY VERY QUIET) You sure?

ARAMINGO: Sure, why? (LONG PAUSE) ~~Sure, two into sixteen~~
is eight. You guys'll check the hockshops, you
can prove it about the watch. Listen, would I
~~be in here for a check job if I got a big haul?~~
Eight bucks is all I ----- (PAUSE) Why? Why're
you lookin' at me like that? What's the matter? ~~Ha!~~
(LONG SILENCE. THEN)

KARAFIN: Eight dollars.

ARAMINGO: Yeah. So what?

KARAFIN: He died.

(MUSIC: -- HIT HARD AND GO FOR)

NARR: The law and half your staff cover the waterfront and
its joints the way a cargo net covers a load. And
the net brings in a detail here, a detail there.
And -- not very long thereafter -- Bluey Welsh.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

COP: Okay, Bluey. Let's hear the story.

BLUEY: Sure. Once upon a time there was this fairy prince.

COP: Come on, Bluey. Here's the pawn ticket for the watch.

BLUEY: Ticky tock, ticky tock.

COP: The pawnbroker picked you out of the lineup.

BLUEY: The mouse run up the clock.

COP: The bartender down at the Hook swears he saw you
lift the blackjack.

BLUEY: Blackjack? Who knows from a blackjack.

COP: There's the two people from the boarding house
identified you.

BLUEY: Gimme a cigarette, willya? It was two other guys.

KARAFIN: (EASY) Bluey.

BLUEY: Whadda you want?

KARAFIN: Aramingo says you held the old man and sapped him.

BLUEY: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) Aramingo.

KARAFIN: That's right.

BLUEY: (LOW) Aramingo. (LONG PAUSE) He's lyin. It was the other
way around. (RIDING) The whole thing was his idea!

COP: Zat so?

BLUEY: Sure! Listen -- I'll tell you the whole story. But you
gotta promise something.

COP: Nope. No deal.

BLUEY: Please!

KARAFIN: Promise what, Bluey?

BLUEY: I'll give it to you straight. No curves. But don't let
on to him. Don't let him near me, the same cell, like that.

KARAFIN: You scared, Bluey?

BLUEY: Of him? The way he used that blackjack? Whop whop whop,
like you'd beat a dog! So help me, it was like he was an
animal himself, a real wild animal!

COP: All right. We'll get to that. Let's have the story;

KARAFIN: Well, ~~anyhow~~, one of ~~them~~'s lying, huh? *you is a pretty big liar*

BLUEY: Aaaah, go peddle your papers.

KARAFIN: Sure, Bluey. I guarantee you page one.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR:

~~Two of a kind, you think, as you begin to shape your lead
for the story. Mr. Inside -- inside Moyamensing, that is
-- and Mr. Outside: Bluey Welsh. On second thought, no.
Mister is wrong. Mister is a term applied to men, to
human beings.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harry
Karafin of the Philadelphia Inquirer with the final
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #363

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure -
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Harry Karafin of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

KARAFIN: Two ~~young~~ killers pleaded guilty, were sentenced to life imprisonment. Each stuck to his story that the other had delivered fatal blows. P.S. There never was any hoard. Just \$300 in a bank. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Karafin, 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 San Francisco Call-Bulletin by-line Bernard Auerbuch. The Big Story of a reporter who traded a headline for a woman's life.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the Philadelphia, Inquirer.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Your narrator was Norman Rose and *James Stewart* played the part of Harry Karafin. 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. Karafin.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

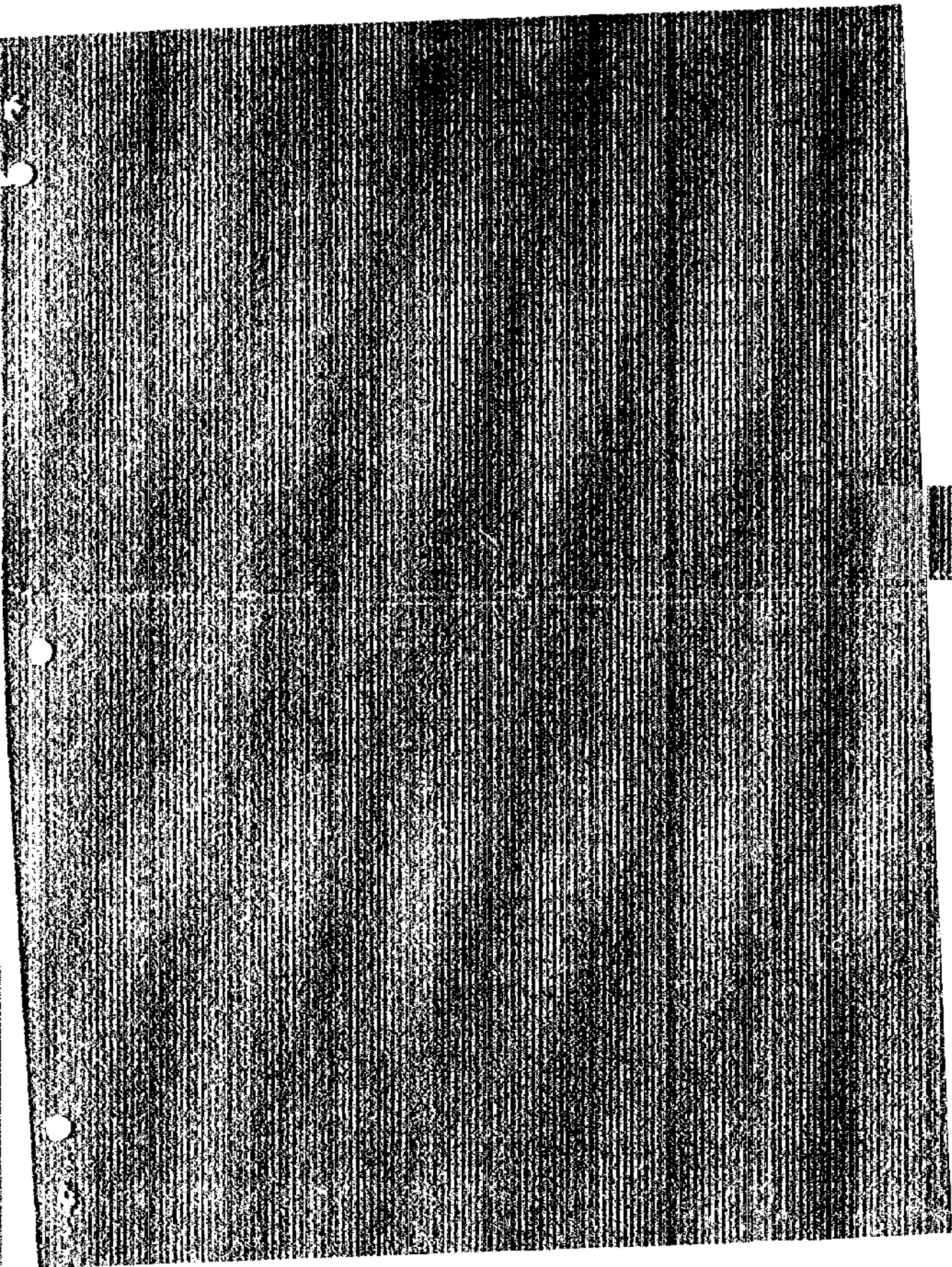
CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. (PAUSE)

Ladies and gentlemen, here's a very important announcement. It deals with one of our greatest national hazards...fire. Fire 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.
~~Thank you.~~

This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

'betty'

10/19/2:00pm



ATK01 0009054

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #364

CAST

NARRATOR

NORMAN ROSE

KAY

JOAN TOMPKINS

BERNARD AVERBUCH

ALEXANDER SCOURBY

COP

HAROLD HUBER

MAN

CARL FRANK

FERRIS

CARL FRANK

DOCTOR

MICHAEL SAGE

REPORTER

MASCH ADAMS

STAN

NELSON OLMSTEAD

CLERK

SHIRLEY HAYES

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1954

RTX01 0009055

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...DOWN UNDER)

MAN: ~~(SINGING TO SELF, BREAKS OFF TO CALL) Hey Pete... look
up those pumps out front, huh? I'll check the register.
(CONTINUES SINGING AS....)
(HE CLANGS OPEN REGISTER)
(THEN BREAKS OFF AS:)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

MAN: Who's that...?

KAY: (OFF A LITTLE...WEAK) Please.....

MAN: Sorry lady. Closing time.

KAY: (REPEATS) Please.....

MAN: Look, I got the lights out. Didn't you see I already
got the lights out?

KAY: Please.....help.

(AND THERE IS A SOUND AS SHE CRUMPLES TO THE
FLOOR)

MAN: What the--(CALLS) Pete.....Pete come here. Get some
water. Woman almost passed out. She's sick or something.
(THEN) What's the matter, lady? What is it?

KAY: Please. Get help. (GASPS, ALMOST A CHOKED SCREAM) Get
police!

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in San Francisco^{Cal.} It is authentic
and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the
great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of
the San Francisco Call-Bulletin.....

(MORE)

2: (CONT'D)

TO YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
er length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it

Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes.

standing!"

- they are mild!

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #364

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 0009059

OPENING COMMERCIAL: (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it
mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Francisco, California. The story as it actually happened --Bernard Averbuch's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This is not the first time, Bernard Averbuch, you have stood in a hospital receiving room, waiting for the facts on a story. You have stood here before, in the brilliant whiteness --in the antiseptic light and recorded birth.... and tragedy....and death. But never before... anything like this. Never a case like this.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

KAY: (MOANS) Get helpplease ...help.

COP: What kind of help, lady? Look ladytry to tell us... what kind of help?

KAY: Help..... police.

COP: This is the police, lady. What is it? What's the matter?

KAY: (JUST A WEAK MOAN)

COP: Can't you bring her out of it, Doc? So she can tell us what she wants?

DOCTOR: She's just barely conscious, Sergeant. Malnutrition.... shocklooks like. There's nothing we can do but wait.

COP: There isn't time to wait. She must have seen something... she must know something.

BERNIE: Can you give me any information, Sergeant? Averbuch. Call-Bulletin.

COP: Information is what I'm trying to get myself, Averbuch.... all we know is that she collapsed at a gas station. Keeps asking for the police.

(MORE)

COP: ~~For help. Okay.... the police are here. Only we don't~~
(CONT'D) ~~know what for. She can't say.~~

BERNIE: Who is she? Where's she from?

COP: You tell us.

KAY: (A LITTLE LOUDER) Pleasehelp.... need help. For him.

COP: For him? Who? Who are you talking about?

(THERE IS NO ANSWER)

DOCTOR: Unconscious.

COP: Can you bring her to?

DOCTOR: Not now. It may be hours.

COP: Then how do we find out what---

BERNIE: (SUDDENLY) What's that in her hand? She's got something
in her hand....crumpled up.

COP: Let me see. (PAUSE) A piece of paper.

BERNIE: It's a leaflet. Some kind of printed thing.

COP: "The Valley Shrine ...EnterRestPray."

BERNIE: Valley Shrine! That's that little church up near Nob
Hill.

COP: Okay. We better get up there. I don't know what kind
of trouble there'd be in a church but we better get up
there and find out.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The siren screams its eerie solo as a police car cuts
through the night, up the hills to the peaceful church
called the Valley Shrine. The doors are open to the
night...to the troubled soul.. Inside the dim interior,
candles flicker gently. Here is peace... here is comfort
...here is -- what else?

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

COP: Nothing here. Just an empty church.
BERNIE: But she had the leaflet in her hand... she was hanging on to it... as if it was something important.
COP: Okay... look for yourself, Averbuch. Nothing here. ~~Not a soul in here.~~
BERNIE: Yeah.
COP: Let's go.

(START TWO PAIR OF FOOTSTEPS. THEY ECHO HOLLOWLY)

NARR: (LOW) Nothing here. Not a soul. Just you and a policeman... incongruous in this peaceful setting. Just the two of you, walking down the darkened nave....your footsteps big... resounding ... in the quiet place. And then.....

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

COP: (LOW) Averbuch.
BERNIE: What?
COP: Over there. In the shadow.
BERNIE: Come on.

(FAST STEPS TO STOP. PAUSE. THEN)

COP: It's here all right. Trouble.
BERNIE: Is he dead?
COP: Better get a doctor. I don't know.
BERNIE: He's got a pulse! He's breathing!
COP: You stay here. I'll send out a call for an ambulance.
BERNIE: Sergetake a look at this next to him.
COP: Sleeping pills. Half a bottle.
BERNIE: Yeah. And the other half in him most likely.
COP: That's a nice one for you. Suicide. Suicide...in a church.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: This is the stuff that makes headlines. A mystery woman. A mystery man. An attempted suicide. The small room at headquarters seethes with reporters from every paper in town. Questions fly back and forth

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BIZ FROM
CAST:

(AD LIBS FROM CAST) "What are the facts, Serge?" "Yeah come on... give us a break." "What's her name?" "What about him?"

COP:

(RIDING OVER THESE) Okay....okay, will you pipe down?
(THEN AS HE GETS SOME SILENCE) I'm trying to give you a break. You can have all we know and it isn't much. The man's name is Ferris. Jay Ferris. F-E-R-R-I-S- From stuff in his wallet all we know is he was staying at the Woodbridge Hotel here in town. Look up the address yourself. You gotta do something to earn your pay.

REPORTER: What about the woman?

COP: Nothing on her yet. She's still unconscious.

REPORTER: Is it suicide all right, Serge?

COP: Attempted suicide. He's at the hospital. They don't know if he'll pull through or not.

REPORTER: Okay, Serge. How about the meat of it? What's the connection between the man and the woman?

COP: (PAUSE) No comment.

REPORTER: Ah, come on. Are they married?

COP: (SIGHS) Okay. Here it is. He's married. Found that out from his papers. Only ... not to her.

BIZ FROM
CAST:

(EXCITED BUZZ FROM CAST)

REPORTER: Okay... let me out, boys. I'm working on a deadline. That's enough to phone in right there.

BERNIE: Hoy, now, wait a minute.... give them a break, guys.

REPORTER: What d'ya mean, break, Averbuch? This guy tried to commit suicide. There's a law against that.

BERNIE: Okay...he did. She didn't.

REPORTER: Only because she lost her nerve.

BERNIE: How do you know that?

REPORTER: ~~Averbuch, for the love of Pate, use your head. Two people married... only not to each other. A suicide pact ... only she pulls out at the last moment and goes for help to save him. It fits, doesn't it?~~

BERNIE: ~~There isn't proof.~~

REPORTER: What do you want. A notary public? It's the police version, isn't it, Serge?

COP: You can't quote me, ^{Eddie} ~~Sammy~~. But it sure looks that way.

REPORTER: Okay... it looks that way to me too.....and it'll sell a lot of papers.

(HE GOES OFF AS DO OTHERS, AD LIBBING)

COP: (PAUSE) What's the matter, Averbuch? You don't like eating steady?

BERNIE: Huh?

COP: Every other paper in town's going to run that story. I don't see you going for a phone.

BERNIE: (SLOWLY) No.

COP: Makes a good story.

BERNIE: If true.

COP: Sure looks that way, doesn't it?

BERNIE: Yeah.

COP: Okay. So you don't phone it in and it's true. You got an understanding editor?

BERNIE: No editor is that understanding. Only.....

COP: Only what? How long you been in this business, Averbuch?
BERNIE: Long enough.
COP: Okay ...so you still believe in Santa Claus? So you find a married man crawling into a church with a bottle of sleeping pills and trying to knock himself off, and a dame who comes running to the police to save him...and you think there's no connection there? ~~You think maybe she just happened in....good fairies sent her or something?~~

BERNIE: ~~It could happen.~~

COP: ~~Sure. And it could rain frogs tomorrow.~~

BERNIE: ~~Okay. I'm nuts. And maybe tomorrow I'm unemployed.~~
Look
But this guy's got a wife and a kid. The woman.... maybe she's got a husband. I'm not phoning in any stories about mutual suicide pacts ...about them being --involved with each other...unless I know more about it.

COP: Okay, Galahad... how are you going to find out more about it?

BERNIE: Wait for the woman to come out of it. Wait until she can talk.

COP: And suppose the paper's on the street by then?

BERNIE: Then it's on the street. I can gamble, can't I?

COP: Sure. ~~Only that's what you're doing, all right.~~ *but why* Gambling.
The hard way.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: He doesn't have to tell you that, Bernard Averbuch. You know the chance you're taking. You're in a hole already. Every other paper is ahead of you. But you've got to play the long shot. ~~You've got to get down to the hospital and hope the woman is conscious,~~
(MORE)

NARR: ~~Hope she can talk and tell you the truth.~~ And when you
(CONT'D) get to the hospital.... it looks good. *She won't talk to me*

~~(MUSIC: --- HOLD)~~

DOCTOR: She just regained consciousness, Mr. Averbuch.

BERNIE: Can I talk to her?

DOCTOR: Well

NARR: You talk fast then. You explain. It takes persuading.
But then.....

~~DOCTOR: All right. But for just a moment...~~

~~(MUSIC: --- OUT)~~

BERNIE: (GENTLY) The doctor said I could talk to you ...just for
a moment.

KAY: (LOW, FRIGHTENED) Who ---who are you?

BERNIE: My name's Averbuch. I'm a reporter.

KAY: (TIRED, WEAK) ~~So many people... talking... asking questions,
Policeman... they said. A reporter.~~

BERNIE: I just want to get the true story from you.

KAY: Story?

BERNIE: About you...and the man in the church.

KAY: That's what the others said. The man ...in the church.
What man are they talking about?

BERNIE: ~~The man who tried to commit suicide. The man you sent
the police after.~~

KAY: ~~I --- I was running. Running and running. And then I was
here.~~

BERNIE: You don't remember the man? ~~The man in the church?~~

KAY: No.

BERNIE: His name is Ferris. Jay Ferris. Did you know him?

KAY: Leave me alone.....why don't you leave me alone?

BERNIE: Look, please...I'm just trying to help. The papers are printing the story that you were in a suicide pact with him. That you were ...involved with him. Is it true?

KAY: I --I don't know.

BERNIE: Don't know? (THEN) Look, who are you? What's your name?

KAY: I --I don't know. Why don't you believe me when I tell you? I don't know. I don't know anything about the man.

(HIGH) I don't know who I am. I don't know!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Okay. There it goes, Bernard Averbuch. There goes your last chance to get the truth before your deadline. Okay. What now?

BERNIE: I --I don't know.

NARR: Still going to sit on the fence? Still going to hold back on the story?

BERNIE: Look, he's got a wife. Maybe she's got a husband. What's a story like this going to do to them if it isn't true?

NARR: And if it is true...what's it going to do to you..... You've got a job to do. You're a reporter....

BERNIE: ~~I have to find out first...I have to find out who she is...what she is?~~

NARR: ~~How?~~

BERNIE: They're going to try truth serum on her. I'll wait for that. Maybe that'll give me a lead. I'm too late for anything else now. I have to wait for the truth.

(MUSIC: OUT)

DOCTOR: I've just given you an injection of sodium pentatol. It's taking hold now. You'^{ll} be all right. Just very drowsy....
~~drowsy and relaxed.~~

KAY: I ----I feel so tired.

DOCTOR: Of course. Just a few questions. ~~Just a few questions.~~

~~That's all.~~

KAY: ~~They asked everybody. Everybody asked questions. I~~
don't remember.

DOCTOR: Do you remember ^a ~~the~~ ^{man} ~~man?~~ ~~Do you remember~~ Jay Ferris?

KAY: (MOANS) No.

DOCTOR: He was in the church. The Valley Shrine. Do you remember
the church?

KAY: No... I keep telling youI don't remember.

DOCTOR: The man's name is Ferris. Jay Ferris.

KAY: (HIGHER) I don't remember.

DOCTOR: What is your name? Try to remember. Your name...

KAY: (HIGHER) No.....

DOCTOR: Your name... remember your name.

KAY: (IT BURSTS OUT, MECHANICALLY) My name is Kay Danvers.
I live in Glendale. My telephone number is 2-4483.

DOCTOR: (SHARP) Did you get that, Sergeant?

COP: Got it.

KAY: (REPEATING MECHANICALLY) My name is Kay Danvers. I live
in Glendale. My telephone number is 2-4483.

COP: I'll get in touch with her home. Thanks, Doc. I'll
call in later.

KAY: My name is Kay Danvers.... I live in Glendale.....(SHE
STARTS TO SOB QUIETLY) My telephone number is 2-4483.
My name is Kay Danvers.....

DOCTOR: It's all right, Mrs. Danvers. Just relax. Try to relax
and sleep.

KAY: I can't. (SOB) That's all I can remember. My name is
Kay Danvers. I live in Glendale...my telephone number
is....(BUT THE REST IS LOST IN SOBBING)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

COP: Hello. I'm calling Glendale 2-4483. Is this 2-4483.

STAN: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) That's right. Who is this?

COP: This is San Francisco Police calling. Is this Mr. Danvers?

STAN: Police? What's the matter? Is it about Kay? ~~Did you find Kay?~~

COP: Is this Mr. Danvers?

STAN: Yes. What is it? Is it about my wife?

COP: Mr. Danvers....a woman who says her name is Kay Danvers is here in the hospital in San Francisco.

STAN: Hospital!

COP: She's all right. She's been ill but she's going to be all right. Didn't you know she was here in San Francisco?

STAN: No. I didn't know where she was. She disappeared nine days ago. Just walked out of the house and disappeared. I've been going crazy. I've been here with the baby going crazy, wondering what happened. You're sure she's all right? What happened?

COP: I think I better tell you in person, Mr. Danvers. Can you get to San Francisco tonight?

STAN: I'll get there as soon as I can.

COP: Police headquarters, Ask for Sergeant Lansing. Room 4A.

STAN: Sure. I ----I'll get there as soon as I can.

(PHONE UP)

COP: You hear that, Averbuch?

BERNIE: Yeah. I heard.

COP: (TIREDLY) So she's got a husband and a baby. Only she was mixed up with some guy in a suicide deal. Nice, huh? Nice...when I start having to tell him that.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

STAN: You don't have to tell me anything, Sergeant. I read the papers. About the --suicide thing. About her and a married man.

COP: I'm sorry I couldn't tell it to you myself, Mr. Danvers.

STAN: But it's a mistake, don't you see? That woman ...she couldn't be my wife.

COP: What do you mean?

STAN: This woman... ^{the one who} ~~she~~ couldn't remember her name at first. Somehow she must've just thought of my wife's name..... a coincidence, maybe.

COP: Now wait a minute, Mr. Danvers.....

STAN: No, you wait. You sit there telling me my wife was involved in a suicide pact with some guy. All right, you listen to me. Not my wife. ~~You don't understand. We've been married five years. We have a new baby. We're not that kind of people.~~ My wife's not that kind...getting mixed up with another man. Don't you see? It can't be my wife!

COP: Okay. One way to prove that.

STAN: What?

COP: Go to the hospital and see her.

STAN: (PAUSE) Sure. Only it's a waste of time. I tell you it couldn't be my wife.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

COP: The doctor says it's okay to go in now, Mr. Danvers.

STAN: I don't have to see ^{the woman} her. I tell you I know. It's not my wife.

COP: Go on in.... please. In there.

* STAN: You don't understand. My wife...I love her. She loves me. We have a new baby. It couldn't be my wife.

COP: (GENTLY) Right in there. It won't take a minute.

STAN: But I....(STOPS) Okay.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPEN, PAUSE)

KAY: (LOW) Who is it?

(FOOTSTEPS CLOSER. THEN STOP)

KAY: (HIGHER) Who is it?

STAN: Kay!

KAY: (LOW) ^WStan. (THEN) ~~Oh, Stan.... Stan....~~

COP: You know this man, lady?

KAY: ~~Know him?~~ Of course I know him. He's my husband.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #364

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

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.

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever
been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette -- every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and The Big Story of Bernard Averbuch as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: A reunion. A reunion in a hospital room. You, Bernard Averbuch stand and watch. The woman liessick.... exhausted. The man stands...stunned. And between themnine forgotten days. Between them --a story that has hit the headlines of every paper but yours. A story about this woman and another man...not her husband... And then....

STAN: I read the stories...Kay. About you-- and him.....

KAY: I don't remember, Stan. I don't know.

STAN: (GENTLY) You don't have to know. Whatever it looks likewhatever they say.... it's not true. You don't have to know. Because I do.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

STAN: I didn't say that just for her, Mr. Averbuch. I said it because I know I'm right. At first I didn't see how it could be Kay mixed up in this... I thought there was some mistake. All right... it is Kay. But it's not what it looks like. I know it.

BERNIE: I'd like to prove that, Mr. Danvers. For your sake and hers.... I have to prove it.

STAN: Why don't they ask the man? He could prove it.

BERNIE: He's not conscious. He may not pull through.

STAN: I know it's hard to believe ~~I know the way it looks.~~
I can't expect people who don't know Kay to think she just ~~got~~ got mixed up in this by some accident. But I ~~know that's the way it is.~~

BERNIE: ~~That's what we have to prove, Mr. Danvers.~~ That there's
no connection...that they didn't know one another at all.

STAN: ~~Do you believe that?~~ *But its true.*

BERNIE: ~~I think I do.~~

STAN: (HUSKY) ~~Thanks.~~

BERNIE: (A PAUSE. THEN) Your wife's been ill, you say, Mr.
Danvers?

STAN: Ever since the baby was born, she's been....kind of
nervous. Then, nine days ago she just disappeared. She
can't remember anything since then. She must have been
half crazy. She must have gone to that church and seen
the man dying, and gone for help. That's all it was.
I know that's all it was.

BERNIE: The police are questioning her again, Mr. Danvers.
They're trying to get her to remember where she stayed
here in San Francisco for the last nine days.

STAN: What good will that do?

BERNIE: If they can find out that she was no where near this man
Ferris until she found him in the church....that ought
to clear her. I mean....if there was-- anything between
them... they'd have been together. They'd have been
staying at the same hotel or something like that.

STAN: I tell you they weren't!

BERNIE: ~~I believe you. But that's not enough. We have to have
~~proof.~~~~

(PHONE RINGS)

Excuse me.

(PHONE UP)

Averbuch talking. Oh, yeah, Sergeant(PAUSE) What?
...Wait a minute, are you sure of that?

STAN: What is it. Is it about her?

BERNIE: Look, are you sure that... (CUTS) Well, I'm just asking.
Okay, okay. Thanks for calling.

(PHONE UP)

STAN: Who was it?

BERNIE: Headquarters. They ---they just got word from the
~~hospital.~~ Your wife remembered the hotel where she was.

STAN: ~~Okay. I'll go there. I'll talk to them. They'll be~~
able to prove she didn't know this man. They --

BERNIE: Hold it, Mr. Danvers.

STAN: ~~What's the matter?~~

BERNIE: (QUEERLY) *She says it's the Woodbridge*
~~Your wife says...the hotel she stayed at was~~
the Woodbridge Hotel.

STAN: What does that mean?

BERNIE: The Woodbridge --was the hotel where Jay Ferris was
staying ~~too.~~

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

KAY: Everything I sayeverything I remember...it makes it
worse. But it was the Woodbridge. I remember that.
Stan... I remember that!

STAN: Honey...look!.. I checked the Woodbridge. They say
there was no Mrs. Danvers there.

KAY: You don't want to have to believe that do you? You don't
want to believe anything bad?

STAN: (DOGGED) You weren't registered there.

KAY: Ask Mr. Averbuch. He knows.

STAN: Knows what?

KAY: Why that doesn't matter. That I wasn't registered. He
knows the answer to that, don't you, Mr. Averbuch?

BERNIE: I --I guess so.

STAN: What are you talking about?

BERNIE: What your wife means, Mr. Danvers, is that -- she naturally wouldn't be registered at the Woodbridge under her right name. She couldn't remember her right name.

KAY: (MONOTONOUS) Mr. Averbuch knows. Now ask him what else he knows. Ask him how it all fits together. It...it fits together so well it can't be anything but true. (SOBS) I was with him, Stan. At that hotel. I went to the church with him.

STAN: Do you remember that?

KAY: I don't remember anything! But how else could it be? I was there...at the hotel. I know the name... it keeps going around inside of my head...Woodbridge. Hotel Woodbridge. Where he stayed. A big building. I can see it. ~~I can't see him but I see it.~~ A big yellow ~~hotel...~~ *building*

BERNIE: (SUDDENLY) What did you say, Mrs. Danvers?

KAY: What does it matter what I say anymore.....

BERNIE: You said a big yellow ~~hotel!~~ *building*

KAY: What difference does it make?

BERNIE: It makes a difference all right. Because I went to the Hotel Woodbridge to check the register. And it's not a yellow building at all. It's made of red brick.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you have something to work on, Bernard Averbuch. Something more than faith...than hope...than a hunch. You go back to your office and grab the San Francisco directory.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You turn to hotels...scan the columns. There it is...
Hotel Woodbridge... and below it....just below it...
another name. Hotel Woodbury! Hotel Woodbury...on the
other side of town...miles from the Woodbridge. Maybe
this is it. Maybe a sick mind confused the two names and
this is where Kay Danvers was staying...maybe this is the
big yellow hotel she remembered. Maybe. Just maybe.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC)

NARR: The traffic is heavy. Your car seems to crawl. You
want to get out and push ...you want to get there fast
...to know. And finally ... you turn the corner and see
the Hotel Woodbury. And excitement goes through you
like a shining knife.

BERNIE: Yellow! A big yellow building!

(MUSIC: STING AND OUT)

CLERK: (WOMAN) I'm sorry, Mr. Averbuch. I'd like to help. But
we don't have any Mrs. Kay Danvers registered here at
the Woodbury.

BERNIE: I told you ...she wouldn't be registered under that name.
I'm just trying to ask you if you don't remember a woman
who stayed here about nine days and then just left *without*
~~without checking out.~~

CLERK: ~~No, you can look at the register for yourself. All our~~
guests are accounted for. Either they're still here or
they did check out.

BERNIE: What about a woman who checked out then? Small, thin....
~~she would have left about two days ago? Dark hair...?~~

STAN: That does prove it then, doesn't it, Mr. Averbuch? ~~if~~
~~Kay stayed in her room all the time she was here in town,~~
she couldn't have known this man, couldn't have been
seeing him.

BERNIE: It looks that way, Mr. Danvers. It looks as though maybe
it's just been an incredible coincidence. That your wife
just went to church saw Ferris dying and went for
help.

STAN: You hear that, Kay? It's all right. We can prove it's
all right.

KAY: Will they say that in the papers, Mr. Averbuch? Will
they say that, instead of the other.

BERNIE: Mrs. Danvers... people believe what they read in print.
~~It's hard to make them forget or change their minds.~~
We've got to give them more proof than the word of one
hotel clerk who ~~thinks it was you she's describing.~~ We
need ^{your wife's} ~~your~~ word -- or the man's.

KAY: I can't give you my word. I don't know.

BERNIE: Then it'll have to be his.

STAN: And how do you get that? When he can't talk? When he
may die any minute.

BERNIE: ^{she said} I talked to the doctor. ^{Ferris} ~~He's~~ recovered consciousness.

KAY: Is -- is he going to live?

BERNIE: He's got a chance now. Would you come and see him, Mrs.
Danvers? Now? ~~Are you strong enough?~~

KAY: I -- I don't know.

STAN: You have to, honey. To clear it all up.

KAY: Stan I'm afraid.

STAN: But ---

KAY: ~~Suppose he looks at me? Suppose he says something to~~
~~me that'll~~ (CUTS. THEN) Suppose he knows me?

STAN: He won't.

KAY: You're so sure. I was sick.....I didn't know what I was
doing. Suppose... just suppose he was kind and I didn't
know what I was doing and...(SOBS) Stan.....why can't
I remember?

BERNIE: Go in to him, Mrs. Danvers. Go in and let him see you.
Let him tell you. You have to know. We all have to
know, and this is the only way. Will you?

KAY: (A LONG PAUSE) I have to, don't I? (THEN) But I'm
afraid. I'm so afraid.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DOCTOR: He's right in there, ~~Mrs. Danvers~~ ^{Honey} I'll take your arm.

STAN: No, I'll go with her. ~~It's all right, Kay.~~ I'll go with
you.

KAY: You've gone with me all the way, haven't you, Stan? No
matter what it looked like, you've gone with me.

STAN: Come on, ~~honey~~.

KAY: No. You can't do this with me. I have to do this alone.

(DOOR OPEN. FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

KAY: (LOW, AFRAID) Mr. Ferris?

FERRIS: (PAUSE) Why did you do it?

KAY: Do it?

FERRIS: They told me you went for help. Why didn't you let me
alone? Why didn't you let me die?

KAY: (SCARED) How -- how ^{do} ~~did~~ you know ~~it was~~ me?

FERRIS: You bent over me ...there ...in the church. You were
calling to me~~calling to me~~....

KAY: Why? Why did I call you? Why did I care?

PERRIS: (PAUSE) I ought to ask you that. Why did you care? ~~was nothing to you.~~ You'd never seen me before in your life.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bernard Averbuch of the Call-Bulletin with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bernard Averbuch of the Call-Bulletin.

BERNIE: Woman in tonight's case returned home with husband for medical care and attention that would restore health and memory. Man in case also recovered thanks to her quickness in summoning help. After recovery he had change of heart and was glad suicide attempt had failed.~~Better reward than any newsbeat was satisfaction of having had part in saving reputations of two unfortunate people.~~

ANNCR: My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award. Thank you, Mr. Averbuch, 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 Lubbock Texas Avalanche Journal by-line Jack Coats. The Big Story of a reporter who thought a lie detector was wrong....and proved it.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CHAPPELL: And remember, this week you can see another different Big Story on television brought to you by the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the San Francisco Call Bulletin. Your narrator was Norman Rose and *Alfred Searby* played the part of Bernard Averbuch. 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. Averbuch.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This program is heard by members of the Armed Forces, overseas, through the facilities of the Armed Forces Radio Service, Ernest Chappell speaking. THE BIG STORY program was brought to you by Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes, Product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. (PAUSE) Ladies and gentlemen, 90 per cent 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 put out every fire ... every match ... every cigarette - completely out. Remember, only you can prevent forest fires. Thank you. This NBC ... The National Broadcasting Company.

BR
10/27/54 am

AS PRODUCTION

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #365

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
MRS. HALSTEAD	ELINOR PHELPS
JIMMY HALSTEAD	MICHAEL O'DAY
PETE	MICHAEL O'DAY
SHERIFF	WALTER GREAZA
JACK COATS	MANDEL KRAMER
CLAUDE MONTROSE	DONALD BUKA
PROFESSOR GERLACH	TED OSBORN
MR. WILSON	TED OSBORN
CLIFF KNOX	IVAN CURRY
MRS. COATS	MARGARET BURLIN

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1954

ATX01 0009084

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

MRS. HAIRSTEAD: (TENSELY) Jimmy, wake up.
JIMMY: (COMING OUT OF DEEP SLEEP) Wha...wha....what's the
matter?

MRS. H: ~~Your sister's gone.~~

JIMMY: (ONLY HALF AWAKE) ~~What?~~

MRS. H: Susan's not in her room.

JIMMY: Take it easy, Ma, she's probably out with Claude.

MRS. H: No, no. He was here this evening and went back to
school early.

JIMMY: Then she's spending the night with some girl friend,
one of them pajama parties.

MRS. H: I've phoned everywhere. (BREAKING) Oh, Jimmy, I'm so
worried. She was acting strange all evening. I'm
afraid something terrible has happened.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Lubbock, Texas. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From
the front pages of the Lubbock Avalanche-Journal the
story of a newspaper man who thought a lie detector was
wrong and proved it. Tonight to Jack Coats for his
Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, TURNTABLE, ETC.)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 365

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

SINGER: (STRICKES CHORD FIRST)
I'll tell you a story
Remember it well,
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

-2-

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONTINUED

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it
mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes.

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Lubbock, Texas. The story as it actually happened.
Jack Coats' story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Jack Coats, top crime reporter for the Lubbock
Avalanche-Journal, are sitting in the sheriff's office
the morning of January 9th, when a phone call comes in.
It's a nervous mother reporting that her daughter is
missing. The girl's name is Susan, 18 years old,
5 feet 5, 115 pounds, blonde, violet eyes.
Sheriff Ken Boswell decides to run out there and calm
Mrs. Halstead down until Susan turns up with her excuse.
And you accompany him as much for the ride as anything
else.

MRS. H: It isn't like Susan to stay away so long without letting
me know, Sheriff. Something was troubling her yesterday.

SHERIFF: What was it, Mrs. Halstead?

MRS. H: She didn't tell me but she was nervous and upset all day.

SHERIFF: What did Susan do last night?

MRS. H. Nothing special. Her boy friend came over, I had a headache and went to bed. I heard their voices in the living room until he went home early. I saw him walk off the front porch and get in the car. ~~Then I heard Susan's footsteps in her bedroom.~~ *Later* I went to her room to see her. She was gone.

Jack
SHERIFF: ~~Uhuh.~~ ^{is} Who's her boy friend? *Mrs. Halstead*

MRS. H: Claude Montrose.

Jack
SHERIFF: What does he do?

MRS. H: He's a chemistry student here at Pittcairn Institute. They say he's a genius.

SHERIFF: Phone him and ask him to drop over.

MRS. H: Oh dear, I ~~didn't~~ ^{can't} mean to cast suspicion on Claude. I told you he went home early. Why involve the boy?

SHERIFF: He was the last person to see Susan. Please, m'am, phone him up.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: As you wait for Claude Montrose to arrive, you feel a sense of impending tragedy. Small things give it to you, a photo of Susan on the mantlepiece, the kind of sweet young face that appears so often beneath the banner headline, the dead calm of Mrs. Halstead hiding behind it her terror, the way young Jimmy is sent over to his aunt's for lunch. Sheriff Boswell goes over the premises with a fine tooth comb.

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

SHERIFF: Well, she didn't sneak out the back way, that's a cinch.

MRS. H: Oh, but she must've. Otherwise I would've seen her from my bedroom as she stepped off the porch.

SHERIFF: Your back door leads out to a dirt alley, Mrs. Halstead. And there are no footprints.

COATS: Can I take this picture on the mantle, Mrs. Halstead? To run in the paper.

MRS. H: That's my favorite picture of Susan. She gave it to me last Christmas.

COATS: I'll return it. A cut of her on the front page might get some results.

MRS. H: Yes, yes. Take it.

(DOORBELL RINGS. DOOR OPENS)

CLAUDE: Hi, Mrs. Halstead. What did you want to see me about?

MRS. H: Come in, Claude.

(DOOR CLOSES)

SHERIFF: Claude Montrose?

CLAUDE: Yes?

SHERIFF: I'm Sheriff Boswell. This is Jack Coats of the Avalanche-Journal.

CLAUDE: Sheriff? Newspaperman? ~~This is an unusual gathering, isn't it?~~

SHERIFF: We want to ask you a few questions.

CLAUDE: Has something happened? ~~Tell me, Mrs. Halstead, I have a right to know.~~

MRS. H: Susan disappeared last night. She's missing, Claude.

CLAUDE: (PAINED) No!

SHERIFF: I'm afraid it's true, so maybe you can help us by answering a few questions.

CLAUDE: Of course, I'll do anything I can to find her.

SHERIFF: Good. Now exactly where were you between the time you left this house last night and eleven this morning when Mrs. Halstead phoned us?

CLAUDE: Well, I left here a few minutes past ten and went directly to the lab at school where I completed an experiment ~~on dichtyostelium.~~

COATS: That's a jaw breaker.

CLAUDE: I beg to differ. Dichtyostelium is a slime mould.

SHERIFF: (CHUCKLING) A newspaper guy like you Jack better not ~~tangle with a cop's.~~ Tell me something, Claude. Do you often go to the lab at night?

CLAUDE: Quite often. Professor Gerlach has given me special permission.

SHERIFF: Did anyone see you there?

CLAUDE: Not last night. No one was around.

SHERIFF: Uh huh. Then what'd you do?

CLAUDE: I returned to the dorm around twelve and went to bed. My roommate Cliff Knox was there and several other fellows. This morning I had classes at nine and ten and now I'm here. Q.E.D.

COATS: Not quite Q.E.D., Claude. ~~There's one big hole in your story.~~ How do we know you were at the lab? No one was around, no one saw you.

CLAUDE: Because I kept a log of the experiment. And the results are in the lab right now. Professor Gerlach is going over them today. I'm sure he'll tell you the work took a good two hours.

MRS. H: I can't understand how Susan left the house without my knowing it. I didn't sleep a wink.

CLAUDE: It's simple. She ^{probably} sneaked out the back way. ~~Look~~

(SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

CLAUDE: She stepped into the alley there. Maybe to meet someone. ~~Maybe just to get a breath of air when something happened.~~

SHERIFF: You're wrong, Claude. She couldn't've. It's a dirt alley and there are no footprints.

CLAUDE: (AIRILY) Oh, that's easily explained.

SHERIFF: How?

CLAUDE: Well when I went by here this morning I saw a road grader leveling the surface.

COATS: (ACIDLY) You have an answer to everything, don't you, Claude?

CLAUDE: Only because, as science teaches one, there is an answer to everything. All one has to do is find it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: As you leave the Halstead home to file your story, Jack Coats, an odd little jingle comes to mind. I do not like you Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell, But this I know and know full well, I do not like you Dr. Fell. Montrose probably could have told you who wrote it, where, when, and why.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

All you know is that you don't like him. You decide to check on those ~~mysterious~~ two hours Montrose claims he spent at the lab. You hustle over there to talk to Professor Gerlach.

(SOUND OF BUBBLING LIQUID IN A BEAKER WHICH CONTINUES UNDER SCENE)

COATS: May I disturb you a moment, Professor?

GERLACH: (SLIGHT GERMAN ACCENT, IMPATIENTLY) What is it?

COATS: I'm a reporter.

GERLACH: No time for reporters.

COATS: I won't take long. Claude Montrose is a student of yours, isn't he?

GERLACH: My best student. ~~Hold this beaker, please.~~

COATS: ~~Sure.~~ I understand Claude worked in the lab last night.

GERLACH: Yes, I am checking the results of his experiment right now. ~~Keep your hand steady while I pour.~~

(SOUND OF POURING)

COATS: How long would you say this experiment took him?

GERLACH: For Claude, who knows?

(SOUND OF HISSING)

~~Aha. You see his catalyst works.~~

COATS: Well how long would it take an ordinary student?

GERLACH: Maybe eight hours, ten hours.

COATS: But he's supposed to be a genius. Maybe he did it in half an hour, is that possible?

GERLACH: Hardly. It would take me a good two hours with an assistant. (UP) ~~Watch out. You're tilting the beaker.~~

COATS: ~~Sorry.~~

GERLACH: Why are you so interested in Claude?

COATS: We're thinking of doing a story on him.

GERLACH: Why?

COATS: I've heard rumors he's a genius.

GERLACH: Genius is difficult to define. But evidently you consider him a genius?

COATS: Why do you say that, Professor?

GERLACH: Because you are hostile to him.

COATS: I don't follow you.

GERLACH: When a genius appears among us, you can always tell him by one sign.

COATS: Whats that Professor?

GERLACH: All the dunces are against him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: So far you're batting zero, Jack Coats. But what can you expect? You're batting against a genius. You consider yourself lucky in one respect. You don't need a sixteen cylinder brain to turn over facts, check and recheck. Just a strong pair of legs and a streak of stubbornness. Next you go over to the Lubbock Road Department.

COATS: Hi, Pete.

PETE: What can we do for you, Jack?

COATS: Gimme a little information. How many road graders did you send out on jobs this morning?

PETE: All of 'em.

COATS: Any of your road graders work on the alley behind Ralston Street?

PETE: Not today.

COATS: Well, last night?

PETE: No. Since when do we work nights?

COATS: Just asking. Are you sure, Pete?

PETE: Absolutely. All the road graders have been tied up for a week on that bad stretch we're ^{fixing} repairing along Route 43. We ain't got time for alleys.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

NARR: So ~~you know~~ Montrose was lying. But why? If he wishes to cover Susan's disappearance for some reason, or, in fact, is responsible for it, he must have a motive. In digging around for his motive, you go to Montrose's roommate, Cliff Knox. You pick 10 a.m. the following day when you know Montrose will be in class.

~~(KNOCK ON DOOR)~~

COATS: My name is Coats, a reporter for the Avalanche-Journal. I want to ask you a few questions, Cliff, about your roommate, Claude Montrose.

CLIFF: Silly creep. Gettin' mixed up with a girl who disappears.

COATS: So he's told you.

CLIFF: The mad genius tells me everything.

COATS: Was he very much in love with Susan?

CLIFF: Nuts.

COATS: Why do you say that?

CLIFF: No guy who's in love keeps two girls on a string, does he?

COATS: Two girls?

CLIFF: Sure, he's got another one over in Paris. A French model.

COATS: How long has he known the French girl?

CLIFF: Since last summer when he went to Europe. Says he's going to marry her, but his folks won't send him back there until he graduates.

COATS: He has it pretty bad for her, huh?

CLIFF: Yeah, she's the big lump in his throat. Can't blame him. Keeps a picture of her in this drawer. Wanna see it?

(SOUND OF DRAWER OPENING)

Some dish, huh?

COATS: Very nice. What's this?

(SOUND OF PILLS RATTLING IN BOTTLE)

CLIFF: Sleeping Pills. He had it so bad for her at the beginning of the term he couldn't sleep. ~~All night~~ long (MIMICKING) Yvette-cherie. (GROAN, GROAN) Je vous aime. (GROAN, GROAN) Why I got stuck with ~~him for a roommate I'll never know. Nuts.~~

COATS: How come a college student gets his hands on such a lot of sleeping pills?

CLIFF: He made 'em himself in the lab. Remember, he's a genius.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: ~~You've got what you wanted, Jack Coats. Now you know~~
there are two women in the life of Claude Montrose.
That could be a possible motive for getting rid of one
~~of them.~~ You go to Sheriff Boswell with the information
you've gathered. He admits Montrose is a suspect, but
not a likely one -- if -- and there's no evidence yet--
Susan Halstead has met with foul play. You persuade the
sheriff to ask Montrose to take a lie detector test.
He agrees to take the test -- but not until the next day.
So at nine the next morning you meet at the sheriff's
office.

COATS: Have a bad night, Claude?

CLAUDE: I was in the lab until 4 a.m., Mr. Coats.

SHERIFF: You can get some sleep and take the test later today, if
you want.

CLAUDE: No thanks, Sheriff. I want to get it over with.

SHERIFF: Okay. Now you understand how the test works. You
must only answer yes or no because...

CLAUDE: Please, Sheriff. When I was fourteen I built a lie
detector ~~of the psychogalvanic type. Today they're~~
~~called pathometers and I personally have more faith in~~
~~them than this polygraph you're using.~~

SHERIFF: You understand, Claude, that you cannot be compelled to
submit to a lie detector test ~~and that any statement~~
~~you make may be used against you.~~

CLAUDE: ~~Respectfully, Sheriff.~~ You may proceed. Hook up the pressure cuffs and the pneumograph tube.

SHERIFF: (ACIDLY) I'll do that.

(SOUND OF APPARATUS BEING ATTACHED TO MONTROSE)

SHERIFF: Steady. Here we go.

(CLICK. SCRATCHING OF POLYGRAPH NEEDLE)

SHERIFF: Is your name Claude Montrose?

CLAUDE: Yes.

SHERIFF: Are you a student at Pittcairn Institute?

CLAUDE: Yes.

SHERIFF: Do you know Susan Halstead?

CLAUDE: Yes.

SHERIFF: Were you with her in her house until around 10 p.m. the night of January 8th?

CLAUDE: Yes.

SHERIFF: Have you seen her at any time since then?

CLAUDE: No.

SHERIFF: Do you know where she is now?

CLAUDE: No.

SHERIFF: Do you know of anybody who has seen her or been in contact with her in any way since the night of January 8th?

CLAUDE: No.

SHERIFF: Is it a fact that you saw a road grader working in the alley behind the Halstead house on the morning of January 9th?

CLAUDE: YES.

(CLICK)

SHERIFF: That's all, Montrose. I'll unhook you.

CLAUDE: (BRIGHTLY) Well, how'd I make out, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Do you have to ask? You know what's the truth and what isn't.

CLAUDE: Yes, of course. May I go?

SHERIFF: Uhhuh. I'll send for you if I want you again.

(FOOTSTEPS. SOUND OF DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

COATS: ~~What'd you let him go for, Ken. Are you crazy?~~

SHERIFF: Take a look at the graph, Jack. He's telling the truth.

COATS: What about the question of the road grader? Didn't that register a lie?

SHERIFF: No.

COATS: Then throw out the fool thing. It's way off beam.

SHERIFF: A lie detector only indicates when a man is lying deliberately. It's possible Montrose mistook some other vehicle in the alley for a road grader.

COATS: A genius doesn't make a simple mistake like that.

SHERIFF: Holy mackerel, Jack, get off the poor kid's neck. His record is excellent, morally and academically. His alibi checks. He denies knowing anything about the girl since he saw her Friday night. What's more, the lie detector says he's telling the truth.

COATS: Your lie detector's wrong, Ken, and I'm going to prove it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO)

MUSIC: (TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM 365

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: Lubbock is up in arms over the disappearance of Susan Halstead. Every police agency in Texas is working on the case, search parties of private citizens have been organized, a nation-wide alarm has been sent out. After eleven days no trace of Susan has been found. You hound the footsteps of Claude Montrose, the last person to see her alive. You check his smallest actions. On the thirteenth day you discover him in a post office mailing a package home to his family.

CLAUDE: Thirty-eight cents. Here you are.

(SOUND OF MONEY ON COUNTER)

COATS: Hi, Montrose. What's in the package?

CLAUDE: My shadow. I don't need it since you've been following me around. What have you got against me, Mr. Coats?

COATS: Not very much, but I'm looking hard.

CLAUDE: Don't you think I'm more concerned about Susan than you? I loved her. She was my fiancée.

COATS: You're using the past tense, Claude. I'm gonna mark that down in my little ~~black~~-book.

CLAUDE: Look, I'm sick and tired of your using me to play Sherlock Holmes.

COATS: Say, that's pretty heavy cord you've used on your package. Sash cord, isn't it?

CLAUDE: I don't know what kind it is.

COATS: You know everything else.

CLAUDE: I got it from my roommate this morning. Please,
you're blocking my ~~passage~~. *way*

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You're convinced Montrose is lying so, you stick to
the strategy you've devised, Jack Coats. You use your
legs against his brains. You start covering every
store
shop in Lubbock that's likely to sell sash cord. But
after your first fourteen calls turn up nothing, you
abandon the strategy or rather your legs start
abandoning you. Wearily you sink onto a park bench.
Then you get an idea and head for the Pittcairn Institute
Labs.

COATS: I'm told you're in charge of the supply room here, Mr.
Wilson.

WILSON: That's right, young fella. Started off as the janitor
forty years ago.

COATS: Do you have any sash cord?

WILSON: Plenty. ~~They just fixed up all the windows last month.~~
If you're sellin' it you're wasting your time here.

COATS: No, I'm a reporter.

WILSON: Oh, a reporter? Well, there's lots of stories I can
tell you. The time Professor Kelso blew himself up
in Room 302.

COATS: I'll send our feature editor over someday. Do a series
~~on you.~~ Tell me, do you know a student named Claude
Montrose?

WILSON: Can't say as I do. There was a time I knew every boy in the building but my memory's slipping.

COATS: He's Professor Gerlach's star pupil. Works here nights a lot.

WILSON: Oh, that one. Yessir, I know him. Always botherin' me for the darndest things. ~~But they say he's a genius.~~

COATS: Did he get any sash cord from you a couple of weeks ago?

WILSON: Yessir, he did. *Just let me check.* January 7th. He got six feet of sash cord, some ~~strontium~~ and a ~~claisen~~ flask.

COATS: ~~I thought you said your memory was slipping.~~

WILSON: ~~It is compared to what it used to be.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Again you've caught Montrose in a lie. But why should he lie about such a trifle as the sash cord? Could he have used it to truss up Susan or strangle her? You go to Sheriff Boswell with this as a possible theory.

SHERIFF: See here, Jack, you can't expect me to arrest a man for tying a package with sash cord.

COATS: But Mr. Wilson says he took it out January 7th, the day before Susan disappeared. And then he lies to me about it and says he got it from his roommate yesterday. A piece of sash cord could be the murder weapon.

SHERIFF: Murder weapon? There's no evidence the Halstead girl is dead. What are you talking about?

COATS: ~~I don't know, Ken. It just slipped out. Yes, I do know.~~ The more I see of Montrose the more I become convinced he killed her.

SHERIFF: You're crazy. There isn't a shred of evidence. She could have amnesia. She could be down in Mexico on some harebrained romantic adventure.

COATS: Yeah and she could've sprouted wings and flown to the moon, but I don't think she did.

SHERIFF: Simmer down, ^{Jack} Ken. Get yourself another assignment. This one has you frothing at the mouth.

COATS: All right, Ken, I won't push it now, but do me one favor. Let me take the lie detector home for the weekend.

SHERIFF: What?

COATS: If you need it any time between now and Monday I guarantee to have it in your office within fifteen minutes.

SHERIFF: Brother, you are going off the deep end.

COATS: Supposing Montrose has discovered some way of fooling the lie detector?

SHERIFF: Impossible. Besides how could you prove it?

COATS: Let me take it home for the weekend, Ken. Maybe I'll have the answer for you Monday.

SHERIFF: Okay. ~~I'd rather have you playing with a lie detector than cutting out paper dolls.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You load the apparatus into your car and stop off at the library to take out every book on lie detectors. Then home where you begin a series of experiments with the help of your mother. Eighteen hours a day. Click it on. Click it off. Pour over the books. Back to the detector. Questions, answers. Lies, truth. All day and all night.

COATS: Okay, Ma, we'll try the card experiment again. Are you ready?

(CLICK, SOUND OF POLYGRAPH NEEDLES)

COATS: Did you pick 4?

MRS. C: No.

COATS: Did you pick 7?

MRS. C: No.

COATS: Did you pick 10?

MRS. C: No.

COATS: Did you pick 5?

MRS. C: No.

COATS: Did you pick 9?

MRS. C: No.

COATS: Are you sure it wasn't 5?

MRS. C: Yes.

(CLICK. MACHINE STOPS)

COATS: It was 5, wasn't it, Ma?

MRS. C: Yes. You're getting to be an expert.

COATS: After two solid days I should be.

~~MRS. C: How'd you do it?~~

(SOUND OF TEARING PAPER)

COATS: It's all on this inked graph made by the needles. Notice on the chart that your breathing and blood pressure were uneven as the numbers were called. You were anticipating the correct number. Then comes the jump the pens made when you lied. And here's further proof you were lying. See how your breathing and pulse become regular after number 5 was passed? The graph jumps again at the last question because you weren't expecting it.

MRS. C: My emotions always give me away.

COATS: (THINKING) But if you could control your emotions you could fool the machine.

~~MRS. C: How's that again?~~

COATS: *Okay* Go back to bed, Ma. The next experiment is going to be the big one. I'll call you.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MRS. C: Honestly, Jack. Getting a person up at dawn for this foolishness. And you, you're out on your feet.

COATS: (HIS VOICE IS SLIGHTLY SLURRED) I'm all right. Ask the questions.

MRS. C: Very well. But no more after this. You've been up 22 solid hours.

COATS: Sure, Ma. Turn 'er on.

(CLICK. SOUND OF SCRATCHING NEEDLES)

MRS. C: Is your name Jack Coats?

COATS: Yes.

MRS. C: Are you married?

COATS: No.

MRS. C: Do you live in Lubbock, Texas?

COATS: No.

MRS. C: Do you know where Susan Halstead is?

COATS: Yes.

MRS. C: Do you work for the Avalanche-Journal?

COATS: No.

MRS. C: Have you answered all the questions truthfully?

COATS: Yes.

MRS. C: That's all. (CLICK) Now go to bed.

COATS: Hey, not so fast, Ma. I've got to look at the graph.

(SOUND OF PAPER TORN)

COATS: (EXCITED) Ma, look, It worked.

MRS. C: What worked?

COATS: You can't tell I was lying. I've got him, Ma. I've got Montrose.

(MUSIC: ... STING AND UNDER)

COATS: Ken, I know how Montrose was able to fool the lie detector.

SHERIFF: ~~Thomas Alva Edison, move over.~~

COATS: It's simpler than you think. You'll admit that if a person can control his emotions he can beat the lie detector. The books mention several cases of hardened criminals who did it.

SHERIFF: But Montrose isn't a hardened criminal.

COATS: He's much smarter than most of them. He knows all about lie detectors. So he slowed down his reactions before he took the test.

SHERIFF: How?

COATS: By taking some home-made sedative which he concocted in the lab. I almost fooled the machine myself by taking a sedative. And he's an expert chemist -- a genius, in fact. The polygraph needles never registered sufficient emotional disturbance to indicate he was lying, because he had his biological processes slowed down.

SHERIFF: Sounds like something you read in a textbook.

COATS: What do I have to do to make you see the light, Ken?
His roommate told me he made some sleeping pills for himself once. We know he's got another girl in France, we know he lied about the road grader and the sash cord, and we know he was the last person to see Susan Halstead alive.

SHERIFF: There you go again assuming she's dead.

COATS: I think he killed her.

SHERIFF: You haven't a shred of proof.

COATS: Put him on the lie detector again, only this time don't give him a day's headstart to get ready.

SHERIFF: We can't force him to take the test.

COATS: If he refuses, that's practically an admission he lied before. Either way he's in a trap.

SHERIFF: Okay, Jack, I'll bring him in.

(MUSIC: ... HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: At first Montrose refuses to take the test. But you point out he should have nothing to fear if he's telling the truth. A lie detector protects the innocent. He realizes his predicament and finally agrees to the test. As the detector clicks on you wonder what your blood pressure and respiration are at this point. Will the genius trump you and the machine again?

(SCRATCHING OF POLYGRAPH)

SHERIFF: Did you see Susan Halstead after 10 p.m. January 8th?

CLAUDE: No.

SHERIFF: Do you know what has happened to her?

CLAUDE: No.

SHERIFF: *No you know*
~~Are you aware~~ whether she's alive or dead?

CLAUDE: No.

(CLICK. MACHINE STOPS)

SHERIFF: You're lying, Claude. The graph shows you've been lying for ten minutes.

CLAUDE: Nonsense. A lie detector is only as good as the man who interprets it. And I should judge you completely incompetent.

SHERIFF: (SIGHING) Okay. Let's go around the track again, Claude.

(CLICK. SCRATCHING OF NEEDLES)

SHERIFF: Did you (PADE) get a piece of sash cord from...

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE BEHIND)

NARR: For two solid hours the sheriff questions Montrose on the lie detector. There is no change in his cool, detached attitude. But the detector registers two solid hours of lies. And then quite suddenly....

(SCRATCHING OF POLYGRAPH)

CLAUDE: Turn the thing off, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: What?

CLAUDE: From your questions I can tell you've learned how I fooled it the first time.

COATS: The *you* ~~genius~~ is finally getting smart.

(CLICK: THE MACHINE STOPS)

CLAUDE: I just wanted to see if I had sufficient control over my emotions to do it again, Mr. Coats.

SHERIFF: You've flopped without the catnip.

CLAUDE: That's a crude way of putting it, Sheriff but I wouldn't expect anything better from you.

COATS: You ready to tell us the truth now Montrose?

CLAUDE: (AIRILY) Yes, Mr. Coats. I suppose you'd like some biographical background on me for your story. I was born in....

COATS: Never mind that... Where's Susan?

CLAUDE: Dead. If she hadn't made me promise to marry her that night, it never would have happened.

COATS: You mean the night of January 8th?

CLAUDE: Yes. She insisted we elope to New Mexico and get married. At first I really meant to go through with it. I returned for her at eleven and she slipped out the front door. She crawled on her hands and knees so her mother wouldn't see her. *I changed my mind and* As we drove along I tried to argue her out of marriage. I stopped the car when the argument grew violent. I told her I really loved another girl in Paris. She started to say terrible things about Yvette, things no gentleman would stand for. I reached onto the backseat, picked up the sash cord and wrapped it around her throat to quiet her. ~~Then my mind went blank. When my senses returned,~~ I drove to a cotton field about a mile away ~~where pipes were being laid.~~

(MORE)

CLAUDE
CONT'D:

I buried Susan ~~in one of the pipe ditches~~ and
camouflaged ^{her grave} ~~it~~ by punching cotton stalks above the
ground. If it weren't for you Mr. Coats, that grave
would have kept my secret.

COATS: That's where you made your mistake Montrose, a murder
is never a secret.

CLAUDE: No one knew about this murder. Not a soul.

COATS: There was one person....you.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Jack Coats of the Lubbock Avalanche-Journal with the
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 365

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
- an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember,
fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jack Coats of the
Lubbock Avalanche-Journal.

COATS: Body of girl found in lonely cotton patch.
Montrose was tried and convicted of murder with malice
aforethought. Sentenced to death in electric chair.
~~Huntsville Prison officials say Montrose scored highest~~
~~1.2 of any inmate ever in prison system. Executed~~
~~September 1, 1954.~~ Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL
Award.

ANNOR: Thank you, Mr. Coats, 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 Omaha *World Herald*
by-line. *Tom Allan* The Big Story of a reporter who made a
strange peace treaty and stopped a one-man war.

(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
Sclinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Nelson
Gidding from an actual story from the pages of the
Lubbock, Texas Avalanche-Journal.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Your narrator was Norman Rose and Mandel Kramer played the part of Jack Coats. 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. Coats.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. THE BIG STORY program was brought to you by Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes, Product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.
This is NBC.....The National Broadcasting Company.

CH
11/2/54 pm

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #366

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
TOM ALLAN	BILL LIPTON
EDITOR FRANK	COURT BENSON
HENRY	ERNEST GRAVES
SHERIFF AUBURN	ED FULLER
CAPT. BAYARD	MATT CROMLEY
EMILY	MARTEA GREENHOUSE
MRS. SPENCER	CHARLOTTE MANSON
LIEUT. SPENCER	ALAN HEWITT.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1954

ATX01 0009115

CHAPPEL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES...the finest quality money
can buy...present The Big Story.

MUSIC: - ACCENT

NARRATOR: The place was the little town of St. Paul, Nebraska,
130 miles west of Omaha. It was night and the house was
dark, its windows looking like sightless eyes. But the
police who surrounded it knew that behind one of those
windows lurked sudden death.

BAYARD: Sheriff.

AUBURN: Yes, Captain Bayard?

BAYARD: I was thinking we might rush the house.

AUBURN: If we do, someone's going to get hurt. The killer can
see us in the moonlight but we can't see him.

BAYARD: Maybe he won't shoot. Maybe he's bluffing.

AUBURN: Maybe. Let's see if he is. (YELLS, PROJECTS) All
right, you. We know you're in that house. We're going
to give you a chance to walk out alive before we go in
and get you.

EMERSON: (OFF, LAUGHS BERICLY) Come ahead, Sheriff. Come ahead
and get me.

(SUDDEN BLASTING OF TOMMY GUN UP.)

AUBURN: (YELLS) Look out everybody. Get down!

(TOMMY GUN CONTINUES.)

(MUSIC: - HIT UP AND OUT.)

CHAPPEL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually
happened..it happened in Omaha, Nebraska.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL
(CONT'D)

It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
From the front pages of the Omaha World-Herald, the story of a reporter who made a strange peace treaty and stopped a one-man war. Tonight to Tom Allan, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE.)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story
Remember it well.
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it
mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPEL: Omaha, Nebraska. The story as it actually happened.
Tom Allan's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: Every paper has a 'Letters To the Editor' column, and the Omaha World-Herald is no different. In your paper, Tom Allan, the column is called 'The Public Pulse' and as a Police Reporter who's been around, it's always intrigued you to read it. For here is a place for people to blow off steam. Some of them with legitimate causes and gripes, some of them crackpots, ~~some of them~~ regulars, one or two letters a week, all banging away at the same thing. People are human, they need ~~self-expression, they want to be heard.~~ Take this particular October morning...you're sitting in the City Room with your Editor, Frank Sherman, and one of these letters catches your eye...

TOM: Frank.

FRANK: Yeah?

TOM: He's in The Pulse again,

FRANK: Who?

TOM: That dentist, Dr. Henry Emerson.

FRANK: Oh. The oracle of St. Paul, eh? The olympus of the dentist chair. What's he write this time?

TOM: The usual. Listen to this. (READS) I hate uniforms. Any kind of uniforms. They are the symbol of war. War! The filthy raiment of ugly and leering Mars. I say disband the Army, disband the Navy, bury every gun and atom bomb. ~~Let us set the example, the Iron Curtain~~ countries would not dare to attack us then. They would fear our moral wrath. Let us use the chariots of war for firewood. Too long have the soft woolly lambs of Australia been sheared to make uniforms. This is blasphemy. Let the riches of their coats be converted to the coats of many colors written in the Bible. The coat that Joseph wore. The coat of peace and ~~humility and love.~~ I ask the people of the world to rally to me. I alone shall and will lead them for I am a man dedicated. Sincerely, Henry Emerson, DDS.
(TO FRANK) Well, Frank, how do you like this one?

FRANK: I'll tell you the truth, Tom. It sends shivers up my back. ^{You know} He's getting weirder ^{Chapin, every day} all the time.

TOM: He hasn't got a bad idea, I mean being against war.

FRANK: Sure, I'm against war. You're against war. I don't know of a single person in this world with a brain in his head who isn't against it. I'm against beating my mother too, or blowing up Lincoln's Monument. The trouble is the wrong people take up the good causes, the crackpots try to run things.

TOM: (THOUGHTFULLY) You're right. You know, Frank, given the right circumstances, people like this Henry Emerson could be dangerous.

FRANK: ~~Sure they can. All you have to do is read recent~~ history. (PAUSE) Henry Emerson, D.D.S.

TOM: Well, on the basis of this letter, one thing's sure. ~~He's no relative of Ralph Waldo~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(CLINK OF BREAKFAST DISHES.)

HENRY: Emily.

EMILY: Yes, Henry?

HENRY: (WITH SUPPRESSED ANGER) Did you read this item in the World-Herald? The one about the number of men in the Army today?

EMILY: (NERVOUSLY) Eat your breakfast, Henry.

HENRY: (RISING) All these thousands of young men wearing these ridiculous uniforms. ~~Millions of Mars, pawns against~~ ~~peace.~~ It's an outrage, Emily, I tell you. An outrage!

EMILY: Henry, please. Lower your voice.

HENRY: Lower my voice? Why should I? ~~What I have to say should~~ ~~be shouted from the mountain tops. Would you still~~ ~~my voice, Emily? I warn you, don't try.~~ Because my voice is the conscience of the world.

EMILY: (ANXIOUS) But, Henry, there are patients in the waiting room. They'll hear you.

HENRY: Let them! ~~Here I am trying to pull the teeth of the~~
~~bounds of war and you ask me to worry about a few~~
~~patients in my waiting room~~

EMILY: (DISTRESSED) Henry, I don't understand why you stopped
going to that psychiatrist. He was doing you so much
good. You ought to go back and see him

HENRY: That idiot? I'll never go back and see him, Emily. You
know what I found out about him? He was in the Army.
~~I hate the Army, I despise it.~~ The very sight, the very
thought of any kind of any military uniform nauseates me.

EMILY: Henry, please. Try to calm down. Finish your coffee.

HENRY: Emily, I feel as though I'm in chains, crushed, hemmed
in. ~~I have so much to say, such a great message to~~
~~bring to the world, but I am only one voice.~~

EMILY: ~~Henry???~~

HENRY: What I need is publicity. Yes, that's it. Publicity.
The conviction of my immortal soul, spread in headlines
from coast to coast. Yes, and in every language around
the world. Publicity. That's the magic word, Emily. To
be heard, to be known. To make the millions understand.

EMILY: ~~But that's impossible, Henry. You must see that.~~

HENRY: Impossible? No. I've done some thinking about it, Emily.
I must make a start somewhere. I'm going to do it today,
now.

EMILY: How?

HENRY: I'm going to see somebody at the Omaha World-Herald, ~~well~~ ^{this morning}
~~them what's in my mind. The letters aren't enough.~~
I must talk to them personally. They'll become
converts to my cause. I know they will. In fact,
Emily, I'm going to Omaha ~~this~~ very morning.

EMILY: But the waiting room is full of patients.

HENRY: Tell them to go home. I can't be concerned with the
cavities in people's mouths. What I must fix are the
~~cavities in people's heads.~~

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You, Tom Allan, walk into the office one morning and
you get a surprise. A surprise in the person of Henry
Emerson. The minute you see his eyes you understand his
letters and you know you have to be careful with this man.
Very careful. ~~He talks to you, but your Editor, Frank
Sherman, is at a nearby desk, listening and taking it all
in.~~

HENRY: Mr. Allan, I'm delighted to know you've read all my letters
in The Public Pulse. Too few people do, you know. That,
of course, is their loss.

TOM: (CAREFULLY) I'm sure it is, ^{Dr.} ~~Mr.~~ Emerson.

HENRY: You know, I like you, Mr. Allan. You've got an
intelligent face. You're a sensitive man, I can see
that. A good man. A man with a social conscience.

TOM: Thank you, sir.

HENRY: I assume, like myself, that you hate war.

TOM: Nobody likes war, ^{Dr.} ~~Mr.~~ Emerson.

HENRY: Precisely, but nobody's doing anything to prevent it,
~~I'm the only one who's really doing anything about it.~~
~~But~~ I need your help, Mr. Allan, the help of your paper.
I need publicity.

TOM: (CAUTIOUSLY) Publicity?

HENRY: Yes. I have something to say, the importance of which
can stagger the world. ~~But I need a forum, a rostrum,~~
~~a stage on which to say it. A balcony overlooking the~~
~~ocean, so to speak.~~ Let me have your front page,
Mr. Allan, and I'll show you what I can do.

TOM: (CAREFULLY) That's a pretty big request, Mr. Emerson.

HENRY: True. But I've got a pretty big message.

TOM: ~~Mr. Emerson, I'm afraid it's against the policy of the~~
paper to print opinions from individuals. Now, if you
had some kind of established organization...

HENRY: ~~That's all I do.~~ ^{happen to be} I am the leader of the N.M.W.A.

TOM: N.M.W.A.?

HENRY: Yes. The No More War Association.

TOM: That's interesting. Can't say I ever heard of it before.

HENRY: Everybody will hear of it one day.

TOM: How many members do you have ~~in the N.M.W.A.~~ ^{Do.} Mr. Emerson?

HENRY: One.

TOM: One?

HENRY: Why yes, I'm the only paid member. We have 26 other members.

TOM: (CAREFULLY) I see. Can you tell me who some of them are?

HENRY: I'd rather not. Not yet, Mr. Allan. Not until the time is ripe. You see, I selected them myself. They don't even know they belong yet.

TOME: I see.

HENRY: You'll grant my request then? About the front page, I mean?

TOM: I'll discuss it with my editors, ^{DA.} Mr. Emerson.

HENRY: ~~Good, good. Now we're getting somewhere. I like you,~~
Mr. Allan. I know you're sympathetic. Oh, before I leave, one thing...

TOM: Yes?

HENRY: Were you ever in the Army?

TOM: Why, I... (A BEAT) Why no, Mr. Emerson.

HENRY: Good, good. I hate the Army and everybody connected with it. I am sure we can work together. Goodbye, Mr. Allan.

TOM: ~~Goodbye.~~

(DOOR CLOSED.)

TOM: ~~Frank.~~

FRANK: Yeah?

TOM: You heard him?

FRANK: I heard him.

TOM: What do you think?

FRANK: Brother! This man's a maniac!

TOM: A man like that ought to be locked up somewhere.

FRANK: I go along with you on that. One thing though. You put in 5 years with the Army, Tom. You're a Major with the National Guard now. Why didn't you tell him?

TOM: ~~(A BEAT) Why do you think?~~

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ BRIDGE)

(DOORBELL RING)

(DOOR OPENED)

MRS. SPENCER: Is Doctor Emerson in?

EMILY: I'm sorry, the doctor's been in Omaha but I expect him in very shortly.

MRS. SPENCER: You're Mrs. Emerson?

EMILY: Yes.

MRS. SPENCER: Mrs. Emerson, I've got a terrible toothache, it's simply driving me frantic. I must get some relief. My husband and I are strangers here, we're just passing through. My husband's down at the garage getting the car fixed. We had some trouble on the road but he'll be here shortly. But this tooth is killing me.

EMILY: Please come in. I'll tell the doctor the moment he gets in. It shouldn't be long.

(MUSIC: ~~-----~~ BRIDGE)

HENRY: All right, Mrs. Spencer, just sit back and relax now. Let's have a look.

MRS. SPENCER: (NERVOUS, JITTERY) Do you think it'll hurt, Doctor?

HENRY: Now don't you worry. Just open your mouth now and let me see... (A PAUSE) Hmm.

MRS. SPENCER: (WITH DIFFICULTY, WITH MOUTH OBSTRUCTED) What is it, Doctor?

HENRY: Wisdom tooth.

(INSTRUMENT TAPPING ON TOOTH.)

HENRY: In pretty bad shape too. ~~I'm afraid we'll have to~~
~~extract~~

(KNOCK ON DOOR.)

HENRY: Yes?

(DOOR OPENS.)

LIEUT: How's that tooth, Madeline?

MRS. SPENCER: Oh, John. The Doctor says he'll have to pull it.
I'm so glad you're here with me now. You know
how frightened I always get. ~~(TO HENRY)~~ Oh,

Doctor, this is my husband, Lieutenant Spencer.

HENRY: (COLD) So I see. ~~Lieutenant Spencer, eh?~~

LIEUT: Doctor, I hope that tooth--

HENRY: Get out.

LIEUT: What?

HENRY: I said get out. Get out of my office and stay out!
~~I'll have nothing to do with the Army, do you hear?~~
~~Nothing to do with it!~~

MRS. SPENCER: (STARES) Doctor, what on earth--

HENRY: Get out of that chair, Mrs. Spencer. ~~Take your~~
~~tooth to some other dentist.~~

LIEUT: Look here, Doctor Emerson, what's wrong with you?
What the devil--

(DRAWER OPENED.)

HENRY: How many times do I have to tell you. Get out!

MRS. SPENCER: John! He's got a gun. ~~he just took a gun from~~
~~that drawer.~~

HENRY: Yes. ~~And if you're not out of here in 30 seconds, I'll use it.~~ ^{and} If I had my way, I'd ~~kill~~ ^{use it on} every man who wore a uniform. Now get out of here, both of you ~~while there's still time.~~

LIEUT: All right, we will. (FADING) ^{Come} Come on, Madeline.

HENRY: (MUTTERING) ~~I should've killed him. I should've~~ killed him right where he stood, uniform and all.
(DOOR OPENS OFF.)

EMILY: Henry.

HENRY: What is it, Emily?

EMILY: I heard what you did.

HENRY: Well, what of it?

EMILY: I've had all I can stand. And I want to tell you now, Henry, that I'm leaving too.

HENRY: You're leaving me Emily?

EMILY: Yes, I'm taking the children and going to my sister's at Dannebrog. I can't live with you any more, Henry.

~~If I stay here I'll go as mad as you are.~~

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE.)

LIEUT: Sheriff Auburn, my wife and I both want to issue a complaint against Dr. Emerson. ~~We just told you why.~~

AUBURN: So he's at it again, eh?

MRS. SPENCER: At it again?

AUBURN: This isn't the first complaint we've got. ~~The Doctor's been acting mighty peculiar lately.~~

LIEUT: ~~Mighty peculiar?~~ The man's a maniac, Sheriff. He ought to be locked up.

AUBURN: You can't just lock a man up on somebody else's say so. ~~Just~~ if you're willing to make a formal complaint, I can go up there with the permission of the county attorney and take the doctor into custody. Then we can ask him to take an examination before the county ~~medical~~ ^{Sanitary} board.

LIEUT: That's all right with us, Sheriff. We're complaining formally here and now.

MRS. SPENCER: ~~Before you go, Sheriff Auburn, can you recommend another dentist here in St. Paul?~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(STEPS COMING UP PORCH. THEY STOP.)

(WE HEAR THE MUFFLED RING OF A DOORBELL WITHIN.)

(A PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS.)

HENRY: Yes?

AUBURN: Hello, Doctor.

HENRY: Oh, it's you, Sheriff. What do you want?

AUBURN: (MILDLY) Better come along with me.

HENRY: What is it?

AUBURN: There's been another complaint. From that Army Lieutenant and his wife.

HENRY: Well?

AUBURN: The County Attorney and I think that maybe you ought to appear before the County ~~Mental~~ ^{Sanitary} Board.

HENRY: Not on your life, Sheriff. ~~I'm not going to submit to such an indignity.~~ I'm not crazy. The rest of the world is.

AUBURN: Maybe you're right, Doctor. But you'll still have to come along with me.

HENRY: Get out.

AUBURN: Look here, Doctor...

HENRY: Get out. Get out before I blow your head off, Sheriff.

AUBURN: Take my advice, Doctor. Put down that gun. You'll be charged with resisting an officer...

HENRY: You can charge me with anything you want. But get out.

AUBURN: I'll be back, Doctor, and this time with help.

HENRY: You come back, Sheriff, and I'll kill you and every other uniformed fool you bring. The minute any one of you steps on my property again he'll get a bullet through his head. Now get out!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And- they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- (INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and The Big Story of Tom Allan, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: Funny how things happen. When the call came in from the World-Herald's St. Paul correspondent that Doctor Emerson had threatened to kill the Sheriff, where were you? You were at the Armory working out with your National Guard Unit, the 34th Infantry, Red Bull Division. You get a quick go-ahead from the C.O., fling your topcoat over your uniform, jump in your car and burn the road for St. Paul. And when you get there, you find that the Doctor is barricaded in his house and the street swarming with highway patrol cars under the command of Captain Jim Bayard. And with him is Sheriff Auburn. They've already set up headquarters in a neighbor's garage directly across the street. And you ask...

TOM: What's the situation, Sheriff?

AUBURN: Ticklish, Allan. He's in there and somehow we've got to get him out.

TOM: House looks dark. You sure he's in there?

AUBURN:

TOM:

BAYARD:

House looks dark. You sure he's in there?
Positive. *He is in there all alone. His wife took the kids left him a couple of hours ago.*
Have you tried to talk to him
I'll say we ~~are~~ *yes* we tried to yell him out but he answered us with a tommy gun.

TOM: A tommy gun?

AUBURN: That's right. We found out that he's not just armed with a revolver, Allan. That makes it all the harder.

TOM: In other words, if you rush the house--

BAYARD: It might be murder, ~~This man's a maniac and he'll~~
shoot to kill. Thing is, the moon's out. If we try
to rush the house, a lot of my men may get hurt, some
~~of them killed. I don't want that to happen.~~

TOM: *Have* You tried phoning him?

AUBURN: We tried. He just laughed at us.

TOM: Then what are you going to do from here in?

BAYARD: We don't know. We figured maybe we'll wait until
morning or even longer. Maybe long enough to starve
him out. But for all we know he may have provisions
for six months.

AUBURN: ~~And that isn't all, Alton. Anything could happen. He~~
might burn down the house. A backfire from one of the
cars may set him off. ~~We don't know. We're dealing~~
~~with a real looney here. You never can figure a looney.~~

TOM: (AFTER A PAUSE) Sheriff, I've got an idea.

AUBURN: Yes?

TOM: I know this Doctor Emerson. Talked to him at the paper
once. Maybe I could reason with him on the phone. He
seemed sort of friendly.

AUBURN: What do you think, Captain?

BAYARD: Worth a try, Sheriff. Come on. We'll go into the house
next door and use the phone there.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

HENRY: (OVER FILTER) Hello?

TOM: ~~OK~~ (INTO MOUTHPIECE) Hello, Doctor. This is Tom Allan.

HENRY: (PHONE FILTER) Tom Allan?

TOM: Yes, you remember. The reporter from the Omaha Herald.

HENRY: (SUDDENLY CORDIAL) Well! Mr. Allan. Of course I remember you. ~~You were sympathetic, very sympathetic. How are you anyway?~~ What are you doing up here?

TOM: Listen, Doctor, how about coming out of there and giving yourself up?

HENRY: Why should I?

TOM: But there's no use trying to resist. Sooner or later, Doctor, they'll come in and get you.

HENRY: Let them come. I'm willing to die, Allan. But before I do, I'll take a lot of those uniformed robots with me. Maybe this is the way to get publicity for my cause. To die a martyr. ~~There would be headlines then, wouldn't there, Allan? People would talk about me then, wouldn't they? They'd talk about my No More War Association.~~

TOM: Doctor, maybe if I could come up to the house alone, maybe if we could talk this thing over--

HENRY: Glad to have you, Allan. Come right up to the house, ~~I'll let you in. Getting mighty lonesome sitting~~ around here in the dark. ~~Waiting, just waiting.~~ Fellow like me likes to have someone to talk to. Whiles ~~away the time, you know.~~

TOM: (A BEAT) You mean you'd let me in?

HENRY: ~~Told you so, didn't I? Come ahead, Allan, come ahead,~~
~~as long as you come alone. I'll be waiting for you.~~
(UGLY LAUGH) Yes sir, I'll ~~certainly~~ be waiting for you.
(CLICK ON FILTER.)

TOM: ~~Doctor! Doctor Emerson!~~
(SIGGING OF RECEIVER.)
(PHONE ON HOOK.)

TOM: ~~He hung up.~~

AUBURN: Listen, Allan, you're not serious. I mean about going
into that house alone?

TOM: Why not? Sheriff? Maybe I can talk him into coming out.

BAYARD: ~~And maybe you'll end up with 10 or 20 bullet holes in~~
you.

TOM: It's worth a try. And what a story it would be.

AUBURN: The Captain and I aren't interested in the story, Allan.
We're interested in getting this maniac out of this
house with as little bloodshed as possible. This is
a job for the police and not for a private citizen.

TOM: Sheriff, if I don't try it alone, how else are you
~~going to get him out of there without bloodshed?~~

AUBURN: (A BEAT) Captain Bayard, what do you think?

BAYARD: Sheriff, I don't know. ~~If Allan here is crazy enough~~
~~to try it and volunteer on his own~~ he might have a
chance. Only thing we can do is cover him and hope for
the best. (TO TOM) Allan, you sure you want to go
through with this? The man's clean out of his mind, no
telling what he'll do.

TOM: Look, ^{Captain} Sheriff, ~~I'm no hero, I'm just a reporter,~~
~~but~~ I've got a feeling that maybe I can do it. Just
maybe.

DAYARD: All right, Allan, it's up to you. If you want to
stick your neck out, go ahead.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER.)

(THE SLOW WALKING OF A MAN ON PAVEMENT UNDER.)

NARRATOR: You start to walk toward the house. Now it seems like
a long, long walk. The longest you've ever taken. And
now the sweat breaks out all over you, you're bathed
in it and your heart bangs away like some giant dynamo.
Now you're scared, Tom Allan. In that house may be
death. And you ask over and over, could you be wrong?
Who can figure a lunatic? Is this some kind of trick?
Does he really intend to kill you? Does he? You
brace your body for the shock of bullets but there is
nothing. Nothing but silence. Finally you reach the
door.

(STEPS STOP.)

(KNOCK ON DOOR.)

(SILENCE)

(ANOTHER KNOCK ON DOOR.)

(SILENCE)

(ANOTHER KNOCK ON DOOR.)

TOM: (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Doctor! Doctor Emerson, it's I,
Tom Allan.

NARRATOR: ~~You wait. There is no answer. You try again.~~

TOM: ~~Doctor Emerson, I'm outside your door. Let me in.~~

NARRATOR: Still nothing. Nothing but that deadly silence. Now you're caught by panic, Tom Allan. Why hasn't the Doctor opened the door? What kind of trick is this? Does he intend to shoot you in the back when you leave? You don't know.

TOM: (PROJECTS) Doctor, you said you were going to let me in. Why don't you open the door?

(NOTHING BUT SILENCE)

(WE HEAR STEPS START DOWN PORCH STEPS.)

NARRATOR: You start back, waiting for the bullets in your back, ~~Tom Allan. Waiting for your life to end. And then...~~

(DOOR OPENS.)
Hello Mr.

HENRY: (CALLING) ~~Come in, Allan. Come in.~~

TOM: (A BEAT) Why didn't you open the door, Doctor?

HENRY: I was watching through the window. Just wanted to make sure it was you. Come in. Don't stand out there in the cold.

NARRATOR: He stands there holding a tommy gun in the crook of his arm, smiling at you. You follow him in. He leads you into the living room and what you see is--

HENRY: (CHUCKLES) Yes sir, Allan, knew you'd be surprised. I've got a whole arsenal here. Enough guns to blast all of them out there to kingdom come.

TOM: But why, Doctor? Why did you collect all these guns?

HENRY: For the day. For the day when talk wouldn't do any good. When the time comes, a leader has to be ready. I'm not a violent man myself, you understand, Mr. Allan, but if I have to shoot everybody into a peace movement, I'm prepared to do it.

TOM: Doctor, I think you've got the wrong idea there.

HENRY: Yes? Why?

TOM: If you're for peace, isn't it wrong to set up your own one-man war?

HENRY: Sometimes you have to pay a price for peace, Allan. I don't propose to kill everybody, just the fools I see in uniform. They're the ones I'm after. Oh, sit down, Allan. Make yourself to home.

TOM: Thanks.

HENRY: Might be warm in here. Why don't you take off your coat?

TOM: (A BEAT) No thanks, Doctor. I'd rather not.

HENRY: ~~Why not? Only a fool would wear a coat in a house, Allan. Why not?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ACCENT,)

NARRATOR: You really sweat now and it's not because the coat is warm. It's because your National Guard uniform is underneath the coat and this maniac hasn't taken his eyes off you for a second. He's still got the gun pointed at you. And he makes ^{sure} ~~it a point~~ to stand between you and the other guns. And now you're on a spot, Tom Allan. If you don't come up with the right answer, you're dead. And he asks you again..

HENRY: Why don't you take off your coat, Allan?

TOM: Well, you see, I've got a cold.

HENRY: A cold?

TOM: That's right. Best thing for me to do is sweat it out.
That's why I'm keeping my coat on.

HENRY: Oh. Sorry to hear that, Allan. Cold's a nasty thing.
Subject to them myself. By the way, you hungry?

TOM: Well, I--

HENRY: Got some watermelon in the refrigerator, some nice cold
watermelon. Suppose you and I eat watermelon, and
while we eat it, we can talk.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: It's like some kind of fantasy. 3 o'clock ^{on a} ~~in the~~ morning ^{in Oct.}
and you're eating watermelon with a maniac. A maniac who
holds onto his gun and never takes the barrel very far
from your head. Now you try a little gentle persuasion.

TOM: Doctor, don't you think it'll be wise to give yourself up?

HENRY: Let them come and get me.

TOM: But if they do they'll have to kill you.

HENRY: I told you over the phone, I don't mind. You know I'm
willing to die for the cause. And think of all the
publicity I'll get.

TOM: But it's the wrong way to get publicity.

HENRY: Is it?

TOM: Doctor, I've got an idea. I can get you all the
publicity you want.

HENRY: How?

TOM: Well, look. This is a dramatic thing. I mean you ⁱⁿ and your house here, bravely defying the world for your principles. That's something that'll touch the public heart, Doctor. It'll arouse interest in your No More War Association as nothing else ever would. I can write the story for you here and now.

HENRY: (INTERESTED) You can?

TOM: I sure can. And it'll break in every paper in the United States. The press associations and wire services will be sure to pick it up.

HENRY: Allan, that's a wonderful idea. I knew you were sympathetic, I knew it. Now, let me tell you about myself. I was in the army once, ^{and} they called me a trouble-maker and ~~gave me an Intermediate Discharge.~~ Me a trouble-maker, just because I told the soldiers not to do any soldiering...

TOM: Doctor, it's all well and good to have the story but we need more than that. We need pictures.

HENRY: Pictures? Where are we going to get pictures?

TOM: Well, I've got my cameraman outside from the World-Herald. I could go out and get him, bring him back--

HENRY: (A BEAT) You sure he's outside?

TOM: He drove up with me.

HENRY: This wouldn't be some kind of trick, would it, Allan?

TOM: I wouldn't try to play any trick on you, Doctor. I'm on your side, remember. And if you don't want the cameraman in here, why that's all right with me.

HENRY: Go get him and bring him back.

TOM: You mean that?

HENRY: If we need pictures with my story, we're going to have them. Always wanted my picture in the paper anyway. Go get him.

TOM: All right. I'll be right back, Doctor.

HENRY: You do that, Allan. (WITH MENACE) But just be sure you come back with the cameraman and nobody else.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: You take the long walk back, your idea is to get somebody else in the house with you. Maybe between the two of you, you can jump the doctor when he's off guard. You talk it over with the Sheriff and Captain Bayard--

AUBURN: Good idea, Allan. But who'll we get to go in with you? I can't do it. He knows who I am.

TOM: Captain Bayard, does he know you?

BAYARD: No. ~~Never had the pleasure of meeting the doctor.~~ But I'm looking forward to meeting him now. Let's go, Allan.

TOM: Okay, I've got a camera in the car. Ever handle one?

BAYARD: I've had some experience. I think I can make a show of getting by.

TOM: Oh, one more thing, Captain.

BAYARD: Yes?

TOM: Better get out of that uniform, and change into civilian clothes. And for the love of Pete, don't mention the army.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER.)

NARRATOR: ^a The neighbor lends Bayard a suit of clothes. You and the Captain ~~take the long walk back.~~ ^{walk up to the house} The doctor admits you both. Bayard goes through the act of taking the doctor's picture.

BAYARD: Now, Doctor, if you'd put down that gun while I take this picture.

HENRY: I'd rather hang onto it, if you don't mind.

TOM: But if you're representing the No More War Association--

HENRY: I'm defending the rights of all peace-loving citizens. Put it that way. Now go ahead and take the picture.

BAYARD: Well, if you'd move over to this side of the room...

HENRY: (SHREWDLY) No sir, I'd rather stand right here.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: He still doesn't trust you because he's standing between you and the weapons on the table. And now night breaks into early morning and again you try to persuade Emerson to give up. You talk yourself hoarse--

HENRY: No sir, I'm staying here until they come and get me. I'm going to die like I said I would. It'll make bigger headlines all over.

(MUSIC: _ _ ACCENT)

NARRATOR: It's then that you get the idea, Tom Allan. The idea hits you right between the eyes and you figure you'll try it. Maybe, just maybe, it'll work!

TOM: ^{I just got an idea or an inspiration look} Doctor, if you give up peacefully ~~to the Sheriff and his men outside,~~ nothing will happen to you. You'll just go to jail.

HENRY: ^{But} I don't want to go to jail.

TOM: You don't understand, Doctor. ~~I just got it. An~~
~~idea, an inspiration.~~ If you go to jail, you can
make the No More War Association a byword throughout
the world. Everybody will talk about it, everybody will
join it, and you'll still live to lead them.

HENRY: (INTERESTED) I don't understand, Allan. How?

TOM: Ever hear of Mahatma Ghandi?

HENRY: Of course.

TOM: Mahatma Ghandi went to jail. He was sent there by the
British. But the whole thing backfired. Because
Ghandi went on a hunger strike and it got him more
publicity than anything else in the world. Millions
of people watched him and suffered with him.

HENRY: Hmmm. Hunger strike, eh?

TOM: Sure. Talk about dramatic publicity? This is the most
dramatic publicity you can get. Remember the Irish
Patriots? They went to jail, too, and went on a
hunger strike. That's the way they got all that
publicity.

HENRY: (GETTING EXCITED) By heaven, Allan, I believe you're
right. You're right!

TOM: (SELLING HARD) You can do it yourself, Doctor Emerson.
You can say the militarists put you there. You can
strike a dramatic blow for the No More War Association.
Why, they'll beat down the door rallying to your cause.
You'll be famous, a celebrity.

HENRY: (DREAMING) ^{DA.} Henry Emerson, the savior of mankind.

TOM:

(BUILDING HENRY'S DREAM) ^{Dr.} Henry Emerson, the martyr.
A man willing to go to jail and suffer for his cause.
Don't you see it, Doctor? Don't you see it? The front
page of the Omaha World-Herald. The front page of
every newspaper in every language throughout the world.
This is your chance, your big chance. Take it while
you can.

HENRY:

Don't say any more, Allan. Just go out and tell the
Sheriff ~~I'm ready to give myself up.~~ *that Dr. Henry Emerson is ready to give himself up*

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Tom Allan of the Omaha Nebraska World-Herald 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-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer
and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking
pleasure - an extra measure of cigarette goodness.
Remember, fine tobacco is its own best filter and
PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the
smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Tom Allan of the Omaha Nebraska World Herald.

TOM: Doctor in tonight's story went to jail. Shortly afterward, the Howard County Sanity Board held a hearing. The Doctor was judged insane and ~~on the 7th of October~~ ~~he was~~ committed to the State Mental Hospital at Hastings. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Allan, 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 Minneapolis Minnesota Tribune by-line Victor Cohn. The Big Story of a reporter who opened a golden door.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Proskter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimier Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the pages of the Omaha World Herald. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Bill Lipton played the part of Tom Allan. 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. Allan.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

This is NBC ... the National Broadcasting Company.

c.j.h.
11/4/54

ATK01 0009148

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #367

CAST

NARRATOR

NORMAN ROSE

OFFICER

CARL FRANK

GOVERNOR

CARL FRANK

EMMA

VILMA KURER

JOSEF

E.A. KRUMSCHMIDT

VICTOR COHN

JOHN LARKIN

EDITOR

COURT BENSON

PRISONER

THEO GOETZ

KAY

PEGGY ALLENBY

WOMAN

VIRGINIA PAYNE

Doctor

Michael Sage

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1954

ATX01 0009149

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE AND OUT)

NARR: (COLD) This is a story for Thanksgiving. ~~Even though~~
~~the beginning may not sound like it.~~ Even though the
beginning is not in this country but in Poland. Poland
under the Nazis .. a starless night ... and the sound
of heavy footsteps on a cobbled street.

(FOOTSTEPS, BRISK, MILITARY. COME TO STOP. A
HEAVY POUNDING ON A DOOR. PAUSE. REPEAT POUNDING.
A MOMENT AND DOOR OPENS.)

EMMA: (ACCENT. FRIGHTENED) ^{Yes} What is it? (~~THEN AN INTAKE OF~~
~~BREATH~~).

OFFICER: (ACCENTED) Call Dr. Klauscheck.

EMMA: (FRANTIC) No, please. There is no reason! Please,
you cannot come and --

OFFICER: (CUTS IN) Call Dr. Klauscheck.

EMMA: (ALMOST A SCREAM) In the name of God, you must not ---

OFFICER: Call him!

JOSEF: (OFF A LITTLE. QUIET. ALSO AN ACCENT) There is no
need to call. I am here.

OFFICER: Your coat, doctor.

JOSEF: ~~I am ready to go. I was expecting you.~~

EMMA: Josef...no! Please...

OFFICER: Go inside. Be quiet. (THEN SNAPS) Heil Hitler.

EMMA: (SCREAMS) Josef...

(DOOR SLAMMED ON HER SOBBING. TWO SETS OF
FOOTSTEPS GOING)

NARR: A knock on a door...a woman's scream...and footsteps
in a darkened street. Even from things like these...a
Thanksgiving story is made.

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear
actually happened. It happened in Minneapolis,
Minnesota. It is authentic and is offered as a
tribute to the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PLAT) From the pages of the Minneapolis
Tribune, the story of a reporter who opened a golden
door. Tonight, to Victor Cohn for his Big Story goes
the PELL NELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 367

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.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and
PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further -- filters the
smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous
Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And -- they are mild!

(MUSIC: --- THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Minneapolis, Minnesota. The story as it actually happened. Victor Cohn's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The city room. Two days before Thanksgiving. You stand, Victor Cohn in the syncopated clatter of typewriters, teletypes and shrilling telephones -- and the anger you feel is a tight knot in your chest. And then you turn, taking the story you hold, the anger you hold...and walk to your city editor's desk. You stand in his doorway...barely hearing his voice as he talks into the telephone...

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

EDITOR: (INTO PHONE) Look, Eddie, that's an assignment. ~~Don't give me the bats and hows.~~ I want a feature story with a Thanksgiving pitch. (PAUSE) ~~No, I don't want a layout on free turkey dinners at the Old Folks' Shelter! If I'd settle for that we could drag out the clips from last year or the year before or the year 1961.~~ (PAUSE) Look, don't ask me what ~~I want~~. You pull down a paycheck too. ~~Thanksgiving. Turkeys. Chestnut dressing. pumpkin pies.~~ (PAUSE)...I know you don't have ^{a story} ~~one~~. Get it -- phone it in.

(HANGS UP PHONE)

~~The questions I get around here, you'd think I was running a school of journalism.~~ (SNAPS) Okay, Cohn, what's your problem?

COHN: (TAUT) You want a Thanksgiving story?

EDITOR: (ACID) Now why would I want a Thanksgiving story? It's only two days before Thanksgiving. ~~I'm going to give two columns to Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn.~~ (THEN ROARS) What do you think I want two days before Thanksgiving? Jingle Bells?

COHN: I've got one for you.

EDITOR: One what?

COHN: Thanksgiving story. Only in reverse.

EDITOR: What does that mean?

COHN: ~~Look, you want something to get really mad about!~~

EDITOR: (CATCHES HIS MOOD NOW) ~~Hey, what set you boiling?~~

COHN: I caught this item in an out-of-town paper. I did some research on it. ~~And get madder.~~

EDITOR: Give it to me. ~~The who, where and when.~~ Only make it fast.

COHN: I can't make it fast. But it's worth listening to. ~~From the beginning.~~

EDITOR: Okay. Your way. What's the beginning?

COHN: The beginning goes back a long way. ~~Five six years.~~
use it to A prison camp in Poland.

EDITOR: I'm listening.

COHN: The way I got the facts...the story began in a labor camp...run by the Nazis...I don't have to tell you what a place ~~like that~~ *that* was like...it was winter...
(HE HAS FADED NOW) there was a man there...a doctor..

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SNEAK)

LOUDSPEAKER: Dr. Klauscheck. Dr. Josef Klauscheck. Report to room 3A. Dr. Klauscheck. Room three A. At once. Dr. Klauscheck...

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

JOSEF: (QUIET) Dr. Klauscheck here, Herr Lieutenant.

(MUSIC: --- CUT)

OFFICER: (SAME VOICE AS ON LOUDSPEAKER) About time, doctor.

JOSEF: I was with a patient. 629...Shock. He was...

OFFICER: I did not ask for excuses. You will do as you are told and give explanations when asked.

JOSEF: As you say, Herr Lieutenant.

OFFICER: There is a prisoner. Number 65423. Application for medical attention. See to it. Now.

JOSEF: Herr Lieutenant, there is nothing I --

OFFICER: (SNAPS) See to it. Heil Hitler!

JOSEF: (RESIGNED, QUIET) Heil Hitler.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

PRISONER: (ACCENT. VERY WEAK) Who is it?

JOSEF: The doctor. Lie still.

PRISONER: So efficient. These people. So efficient with the applications. The forms. A man is dying..you fill out the form. The doctor comes. Efficiency.

JOSEF: I will do what I can.

PRISONER: And what is that, doctor?

JOSEF: (GENTLY) Nothing much.

PRISONER: No. Nothing much. ^{but} You will give me the treatment you can. ~~The needle filled with the right drugs. Not~~ enough of the right drugs because there is not enough. Not in time...because there is not enough time. But you will do it...

JOSEF: Easy.....~~not~~....

PRISONER: And then, afterwards, when I am dead--the form can be completed. It will be stamped. "Received; Medical Attention. Deceased." And then the folder can be filed away. With efficiency. (THEN) ~~You mind I talk this way, Doctor?~~

JOSEF:

~~I do not mind.~~ *Easy my friend*

PRISONER:

~~This is the fine thing about prison camps. Nobody minds. I do not mind that I am dying. You do not mind that you cannot save me.~~

JOSEF:

~~I did not say that, my friend.~~

PRISONER:

(LOW PASSION) What are you doing here, Doctor? Why are you wasting your time here trying to shoot life into dead men?

JOSEF:

I am following orders.

PRISONER:

A prisoner?

JOSEF:

Like you.

PRISONER:

Do you still hope, Doctor?

JOSEF:

Yes.

PRISONER:

Then you are not dead...not quite dead. ~~We are only dead when there is no hope...no tomorrow for us.~~

JOSEF:

~~Rest now. The drug will give you rest.~~

PRISONER:

(LOW) Get out of here doctor.

JOSEF:

Gently, my friend.

PRISONER:

Get out of here while there is still tomorrow for you. Go where there are live men who need you, not dead men waiting to die. ~~Where you can come to a bed and look at a man and say "I will give you something to make you walk"~~

(MORE)

PRISONER:
(CON'T)

~~I have the medicine. And you must have fresh air...
free air...and food... good food...and you will take
these things and you will get well and you will
live...." (VERY WEAK) Is this your tomorrow, Doctor?~~

JOSEF: I pray it.

PRISONER: (DYING) I pray it comes for you.

JOSEF: May God have mercy on your soul.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

OFFICER: Finished, Doctor?

JOSEF: Finished. He is dead.

OFFICER: Report to camp 30. Prisoner number 45673. Medical
attention required. Heil Hitler.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

COHN: You could call that chapter one, Les. Chapter one in
your Thanksgiving story. The prison camp. Then there's
chapter 2, Not a prison camp this time. A few years later.
Displaced Person's camp. The beginning of -- tomorrow.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

EMMA: I cannot look further than today, Josef. Today...at
least we are together again. No matter if there is no
place to go. We are alive and we are together.

JOSEF: (EXCITED) But I tell you, it is better than that, Emma.
I have gotten the word. From this welfare agency.
They are making arrangements for us to go to America.

EMMA: America?

JOSEF: There is need for doctors there. I can work there. I
can practice. It may be weeks, months..but the letter
says they can arrange for us to go.

EMMA: (PAUSE) Do not ask me to believe. There has been so much...too much.

JOSEF: I do not ask you to believe. I ask you only to wait. And you will see. ~~It will not be long. We will go to America.~~ We will begin to live again.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

(BOAT WHISTLE)

JOSEF: Over there! Look Emma...there -- through the fog.

EMMA: (A WHISPER) Is it true? Is it really true?

JOSEF: America.

EMMA: The buildings. So tall.

JOSEF: ~~Do you believe now?~~

EMMA: All these years. Like this. With the fog around, so that we could see nothing. Nothing but ourselves ~~and the fog.~~

JOSEF: ~~Over. I promise you, and over?~~ (THEN) Look for it. We will see it soon.

EMMA: Where will it be?

JOSEF: We pass to the ^{right} ~~left~~. I asked the Captain.

EMMA: To the ^{right} ~~left~~...

(A PAUSE AS THE BOAT WHISTLES. THEN)

JOSEF: (SUDDEN EXCITEMENT) There! Over there! Look!

EMMA: Yes. (THEN) Does everyone feel this way? As if she were standing there...waiting just for them?

JOSEF: I think so.

EMMA: Say the words for me.

JOSEF: (RECITES SLOWLY) "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

EMMA: (SOBS)

JOSEF: This is not the time for tears ^{Emma} ~~any more~~. It is over now. This is tomorrow.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

COHN: They really thought of it that way, Les. The beginning of a new life after a nightmare. A couple of war torn pilgrims catching sight of a golden promised land.

EDITOR: Swell. Great. Write it just that way, Vic. Modern pilgrims on a modern Mayflower. That's your lead.

COHN: You haven't heard it all. That's not the end.

EDITOR: Keep going. Give me the rest of it.

COHN: The rest of it was the rest of the trip. To a small town in Minnesota. The welfare agency had set it up. Dr. Klauscheck and his wife were put on a train. They traveled across half the country...they got a good look at this "land of liberty." And then...the train pulled into the station....

(MUSIC: OUT)

(TRAIN NOISE UNDER. PUFFING. ETC.)

JOSEF: Emma...the bags...do not forget the little satchel. I have the rest...

EMMA: I am so excited I do not know what I am doing. Look, Josef...the houses...the snow all around. Like a card for Christmas.

JOSEF: Careful down the steps. You cannot fall and break your leg now.

EMMA: (LAUGHING) Why not? With a doctor to take care of me.

JOSEF: The doctor must get his license first.

BIZ: (OFF) EXCITEMENT. CALLS OF "THERE HE IS." "IT'S THE DOCTOR" "THE ONE IN THE BROWN COAT."

EMMA: Josef...look. So many people at the station. Like a parade or a meeting.

JOSEF: There must be someone important on the train.

EMMA: I did not see anyone....

WOMAN: (COMING ON. WARM. FOLKSY) You don't have to tell me. I knew right off. You're the doctor.

JOSEF: I beg your pardon...

WOMAN: And this must be your wife. Well, we certainly are glad you're here. Now you just drop those bags. You must be dead beat from coming all this way, but we'll have you fixed up in a jiffy.

JOSEF: A -- jiffy?

WOMAN: Look here, you're just going to have to excuse me. I had a little speech of welcome all written out and I'm so excited. I just plain forgot every word of it.

JOSEF: A speech of welcome? For us?

WOMAN: Well, who else? ~~Doctor, you just don't know how~~ happy we are to have you here. A real enough doctor... going to be right here in our own town.

JOSEF: ~~It is my pleasure. But I do not understand...~~

WOMAN: My lands, didn't they tell you? You're going to be the only doctor here. There isn't one except in the next town and that's over twenty miles away. You're a real Thanksgiving present to us, Doctor...(THEN) Oh, I just wish I could remember that speech of welcome. Worked on it all last night.

JOSEF: (NEAR TEARS) You have given us the finest welcome we could wish for, Madame...

WOMAN: Mrs. Clark. Amy Clark. And my lands..I don't even know your names.

JOSEF: Allow me. My wife. Mrs. Klauscheck, Emma. And I am Doctor Josef Klauscheck.

WOMAN: Klausch----(STOPS)

JOSEF: Klauscheck. Josef Klauscheck.

KAY: (COMING ON) ~~Well, my goodness, Amy. Are you going to keep the doctor and his wife standing there all day? How's about letting the rest of us meet him and his wife?~~

WOMAN: Well, come on and meet him. (CALLS) Everybody...this is our new doctor..Dr. Josef Klaus...(SHE FUMBLES)

JOSEF: (LAUGHING) ~~Klauscheck.~~ I think this name is going to be hard for you, yes?

KAY: *Woman* We're not going to let a little thing like a name stump us, Doctor. We'll do it the easy way. The first name was Joseph, ~~wasn't it?~~

JOSEF: Josef. Yes.

KAY: *Woman* (CALLS) All right, everybody. Here he is. Meet our Thanksgiving present. This is Doctor Joe!

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

COHN: That's really a story in itself, Les. A small town without a doctor...and a doctor who got here just a few days ago. Just in time for Thanksgiving.

EDITOR: Okay, boy. You got yourself a feature layout. Write it up. Two sticks.

COHN: It's still not the story you're looking for, Les.

EDITOR: What do you mean it's not? It's there to a T. Modern Pilgrims...leaving another country because of oppression. ~~Coming here~~...starting a new life with new people. It couldn't be better if I made it up myself.

COHN: Only you still haven't heard the end. I told you it was a Thanksgiving story in reverse.

EDITOR: What else is there?

COHN: Just one final touch. One final little twist.

(MUSIC: --- SNEAK AND UNDER)

COHN: It happened today. Just in time for the holiday. It happened when a woman went to pay a call on -- Doctor Joe.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(KNOCK ON DOOR. FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPEN)

EMMA:

Ja?

My name Mrs Longkins

KAY:

Well, hello. Is the doctor in?

EMMA:

My husband is in. Come.

KAY:

Thanks.

(DOOR CLOSE)

KAY: I hate to butt in on you folks this way...I know you're just getting settled but I guess maybe a doctor is used to that, mm?

EMMA: Excuse me. I -- I will call my husband.
(FOOTSTEPS)

EMMA: Josef...

JOSEF: (OFF A LITTLE) Yes, Emma.

EMMA: A lady is here.
(FOOTSTEPS TO ROOM)

JOSEF: You are looking for me?

KAY: Looks like I'm going to have the distinction of having your first patient for you, Doctor. ~~Nothing really bad. It's just that my Timmy has a bad chest cold.~~ I was going to take him over to the city, but then I said to myself, "Kay Tompkins...you're getting feeble in the head. Why take that poor child on that long drive when you got a doctor sure enough right here in your own town, ~~praise be~~ Go see Doctor Joe." ~~So here I am. Can you drop over? Any time?~~

JOSEF: (SLOWLY) I am afraid, ~~I cannot, Mrs. Tompkins.~~ You must take your Timmy on the long drive.

KAY: But...

JOSEF: Today, I have the new job in your town. A painter of houses.

KAY: What on earth are you talking about?

JOSEF: I have been today to the medical board in the city. There was news. Because I am not the citizen..because I am a displaced person...I cannot have the license to practice. There can be no -- Doctor Joe in your town.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND OUT)

COHN: That's it. That's the whole story, Les. A story for Thanksgiving.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND TAG)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE) (MID COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the finest
quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been
grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak - distinctively
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and
The Big Story of Victor Cohn as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Anger. This is the emotion that churns inside you,
Victor Cohn, at the story you have just told. Anger that
a law stands between the dream of a man to practice
medicine .. and the dream of the town that needs him.
And the anger boils over as you stand, looking at your
city editor ...

(MUSIC: -- HOLD)

COHN: It's the wrong ending, isn't it, Les? See what I mean
now? A Thanksgiving story in reverse?

EDITOR: (TERSE) Write it. Write it the way you told it to me.
And then go to work.

COHN: To work?

EDITOR: To give it a new ending. The right one.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all you need. The go ahead. And you swing into
action.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

COHN: Doctor Wilson ... I'm not asking you to speak officially.
I'm just in the process of collecting facts right now
... of trying to see what I can do about this case of
~~Doctor Klauscheck?~~

DOCTOR: I realize that, Mr. Cohn. But as far as I can see .
there's nothing you can do. That's the way the law
stands. To practice, a man must be a citizen and a
graduate of an accredited American medical school.

COHN: It takes five years to become a citizen!

DOCTOR: And another five to go through medical school and serve an internship here.

COHN: Ten years! You mean it will take ten years for Dr. Klauscheck and other displaced persons like him to be able to practice medicine even if they're qualified now?

DOCTOR: That's about the size of it.

COHN: Do you like the size of it?

DOCTOR: No, Mr. Cohn, I don't. ~~There are reasons for the law~~ of course.

COHN: What reasons?

DOCTOR: Trying to maintain the highest possible standard of medicine in this country. The law was designed to protect people against doctors who may have received training that doesn't measure up to the strict requirements in this country. But obviously, there are displaced persons highly skilled, highly trained. Your Dr. Klauscheck may be one of them. Unfortunately ... the law still applies ~~to him.~~

COHN: (ANGER) But you'll just sit back and let it go at that?

DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) I'm not sitting back, Mr. Cohn. No doctor in this state is sitting back. Take a look at my appointment pad. And there are dozens --- scores of other patients I should see today that I can't. Minnesota is doctor-poor. We need every physician we can get. There isn't time to sit back. There are people to take care of. But they're my responsibility. Not laws.

COHN: Somebody's got to take care of the laws too.

DOCTOR: I agree. And I make a nomination right now. Why don't you do something about it, Mr. Cohn?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't need the challenge, Victor Cohn. You're on your way...the anger inside you driving you. First step. The law books. And you discover a startling fact.

(MUSIC: -- CUT)

COHN: Listen to this one Les. I've been checking the state laws all over the country. The same regulation...the same ban against displaced persons' getting a license to practice medicine applies in forty-one states. Forty-one of the forty-eight states!

EDITOR: We really picked ourselves a big mouthful to chew. ~~I hope you've got a good plan of action mapped out.~~

COHN: I don't have any. I've got to do my homework first.

EDITOR: Homework?

COHN: Find out everything I can about this regulation. Who ~~enforced it, why, when it came into being.~~

EDITOR: How about an interview with Klauscheck?

COHN: I don't want that, Les.

EDITOR: Good copy.

COHN: I'm not interested in copy. ~~I'm interested in action.~~

Sure, Dr. Klauscheck started me on this. It was his story. But it's more than that now. It's the problem of all displaced persons who are doctors, and their right to practice where they're needed. If I tie it in too close to the personal angle, I'll lose perspective. The story will lose its punch.

EDITOR: ~~Do it your way.~~

COHN: ~~Thanks~~ (THEN) It's not easy though. I keep wondering.

EDITOR: About him?

COHN: Yeah. About him...what he's doing. About what he thinks of this country...and the lamp beside the golden door.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

JOSEF: I will finish the trim by tonight, Mrs. Clark. Then tomorrow I can paint the rest of the outside of the house.

WOMAN: Sure seems funny, having you doing the housepainting, Doctor Joe, I mean...

JOSEF: *Even if I can not practice*
~~I know what it is you mean, but~~ I like this--this Doctor Joe name.

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

JOSEF: (FORCED CHEER) You have let the patient stay sick too long, Mrs. Clark. I diagnose him to be very ill. Severe case of peeling of the paint...blistering of the --how you call it--undercoat and also critical discoloration of the window sill.

WOMAN: Nothing's happened to your sense of humor, has it?

JOSEF: ~~It has had long practice.~~ *Well* (THEN) So, you see. This is not so far from doctoring. First we prepare the patient.

(SOUND OF SANDPAPER)

JOSEF: Careful sandpapering...so the area is smooth. Of course I have the white gown and cap. Not sterile but still ----- and I stand back ... look everything over...and I say (CLIPPED, MEDICAL) Brush...turpentine. Paint. And the operation begins.

WOMAN: (GENTLY) And nobody is fooled about the heartbreak.
What do you think of our country now, Doctor? What do
you think about our fine laws?

JOSEF: It is not for me to criticize or question.

WOMAN: Well, it is for me. And I have a lot of questions.
Beginning with...who made this law? Who in the name of
heaven made a law like this?

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

COHN: (EXCITED) ~~Yes, take a look at this, will you? Just take
a look at this!~~

EDITOR: ~~Okey, Vic, what's the excitement?~~

COHN: *Yes* Do you know who made this law...about the licensing of
doctors in this state? Do you know who made it?

EDITOR: ~~What's up?~~ *What are you talking about?*

COHN: It's not a law at all!

EDITOR: What?

COHN: It's not on the books. It was never put to vote. It's
only a regulation of the state medical examining board.

EDITOR: The State medical board?

COHN: Right. Seven men. Seven appointed men under the governor.
They made this regulation, and you know what that means!
It means they can change it!

EDITOR: Hey, that makes a difference!

COHN: Not a whole state to buck. Not an established law to
change. Just seven men. Seven men who have to change
their minds. Who I've got to make change their minds.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

COHN: I've checked and re-checked ~~the data~~, Governor. ~~And~~
~~there is no possible doubt.~~ Even though everyone's
assumed otherwise, foreign-trained doctors are not
barred by the state law...merely by the administrative
rules of your board of examiners.

GOVERNOR: Mr. Cohn..I'd like you to turn over to me your full
file of newspaper stories plus any other data you've
gathered on this matter.

COHN: Turn them over? What for?

GOVERNOR: There's something wrong with the set-up, isn't there?
We'll have to fix it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: As simple as that. Fix it. You wait, Victor Cohn.
You wait while the governor and his staff screen the
information you have given them. You wait while the
board of medical examiners meet to consider this
regulation they have made. You wait for the phone to ring
...with the outcome.

(MUSIC: OUT)

COHN: (INTO PHONE) Have you got news for me, Governor?

GOVERNOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mr. Cohn, I've talked with the
board of examiners. ~~More than that, I've discussed the~~
~~matter with officials of the state medical association~~
~~and the medical school at the State University.~~

COHN: What's the result, may I ask, Sir?

GOVERNOR: You have to realize, Mr. Cohn, that we must be careful
not to lower our medical standards. (MORE)

GOVERNOR: This regulation, whatever its faults, was made to
(CONT'D) protect ourselves against foreign-born doctors with
inadequate medical training.

COHN: (ANGRY) Is this a polite way of telling me the answer
is no, Governor?

GOVERNOR: It's a way of telling you that we shall insist that
foreign born doctors ~~coming to this country~~ have at
least one year internship at an American hospital before
they get their license. (THEN) But that's all, Mr.
Cohn. No other bars. The door is open to your doctor.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you have only one more thing to do, Victor Cohn.
One thing you dared not do before. You want to meet
Dr. Klauscheck. All through the long fight, you
avoided meeting him..not wanting to confuse the fight
for a principle with emotion for one man. But now you
can meet...Dr. Joe.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

JOSEF: I have known you a long time, Mr. Cohn. I have known
you in your newspaper stories...in your kindness and
justice ~~to doctors~~--to people...like me.

COHN: People like you are worth fighting for, Doctor. (THEN)
Next Thanksgiving will be a better one for you.

JOSEF: May I tell you about your Thanksgiving holiday, Mr. Cohn?
This day you celebrate? My wife and I -- we saw much
of your country--what will some day be our country, when
we came here on the train. We saw your amber fields of
grain..the purple mountain's majesty...these things of
which the words are so beautiful. (MORE)

JOSEF:
(CONT'D)

But in you, in people like you, we have seen something even more precious. We have seen a land where there could be injustice. And then we saw people with enough hope and enough faith and enough ^{Courage} ~~power~~ to fight against this injustice and change it to justice. When you have this in your land, Mr. Cohn...you have tomorrow in your land. (ALMOST BREAKING WITH EMOTION) And when you have tomorrow...it is always Thanksgiving.

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Victor Cohn of the Minneapolis Tribune with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 367

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
- an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
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 Victor Cohn of the Minneapolis Tribune.

COHN: Since new ruling, seventy-two foreign-born physicians have been licensed in Minnesota and sixty-two are practicing within the state. Five are at Mayo clinic in Rochester. Doctor in tonight's case is practicing in town which needed him and is well-loved and popular figure there. My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the pages of the Denver Colorado Post. By-line Bernard Kelly. The Big Story of a reporter who *found a murderer in a Police Station* ~~proved that a simple robbery was actually complicated murder.~~

(MUSIC: ... STING) --

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimier Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the Minneapolis Minnesota Tribune. Your narrator was Norman Rose and John Sarkis played the part of Victor Cohn. 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. Cohn.

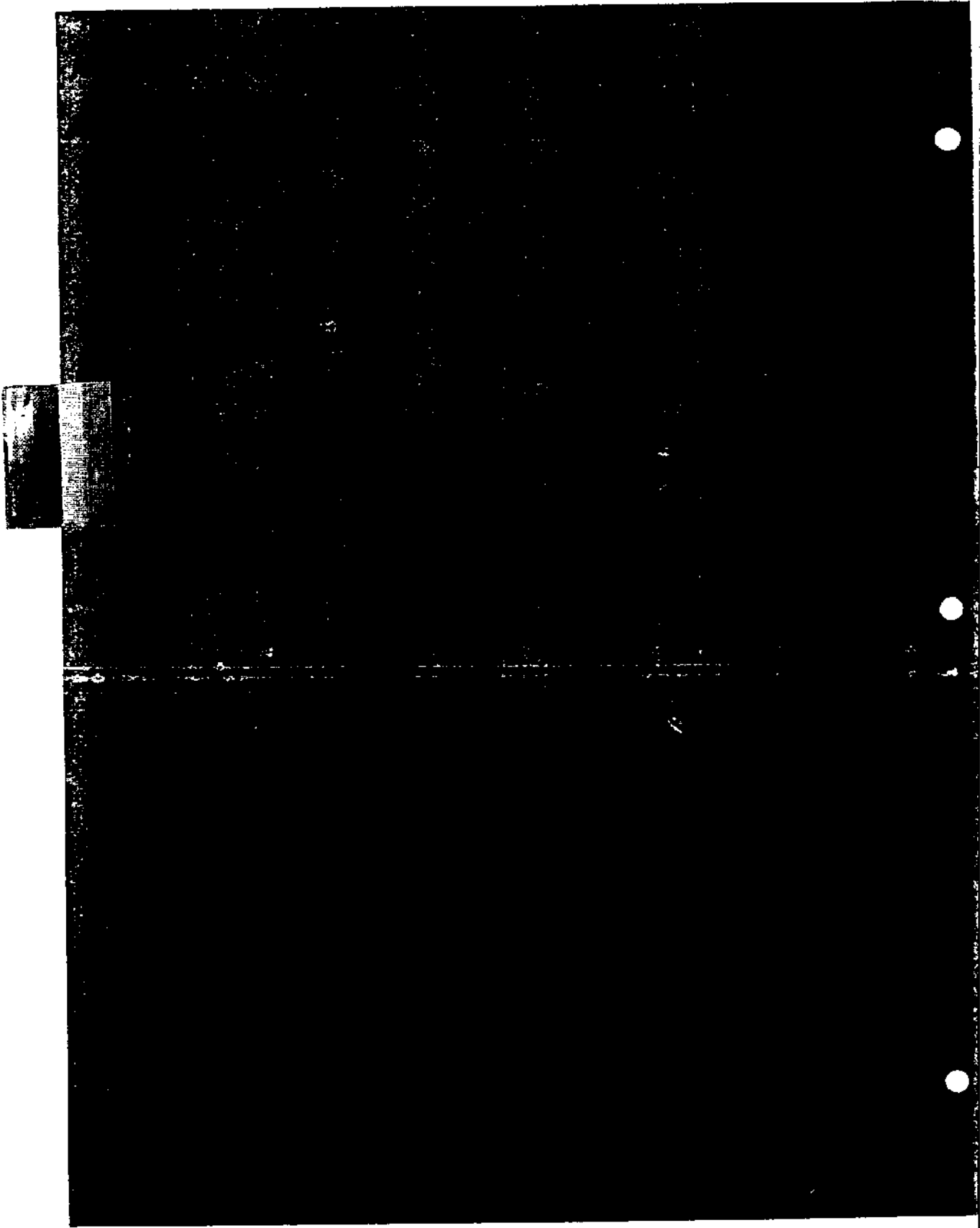
(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was brought to you by PELL MELI, FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.

This is NBC...the National Broadcasting Company.

CH 11/15/54
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AS
COMPLETELY REVISED

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #368

CAST

NARRATOR

NORMAN ROSE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1954

ATX01 000917B

NBC

THE BIG STORY

#368 - REVISED

() ()

DECEMBER 1, 1954

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: _ _ PANFARE)

(HUM OF POLICE RADIO CARRIER WAVE, CONTINUING)

COP: (FILTER) Car three. Go to Associated Auto over in
East Denver. Man breaking in. Over.

(CARRIER HUM CONTINUES A WHILE)

COP: (FILTER) Cars eight and nine. Go to Associated Auto.
Man is inside. Over.

(CARRIER HUM CONTINUES A WHILE AGAIN)

COP: (FILTER) Cars two, five, six and ten. Go to Associated
Auto. Man appears armed. Over.

(CARRIER HUM CONTINUES A WHILE AGAIN)

COP: (FILTER) All cars, repeat, all cars, go to Associated
Associated Auto. That is all cars to Associated Auto!

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Denver, Colorado. It is *authentic & is*
offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great
American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of
the Denver Post, the story of a reporter who found a
murder *in a police station* ~~suspect the police didn't know they had~~. Tonight,
to Bernard Kelly for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL ^{* 500}
Award!

(MUSIC: _ _ PANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story
Remember it well
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.
Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Denver, Colorado. The story as it actually happened.
Bernard Kelly's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: There's the day side, and there's the night side.
And there's the inside, and the outside. You, Bernard
Kelly, work the Denver Post's day side -- inside.
Rewrite. Your friend, Joe ^{Brown} ~~Beck~~ works police. ^{his outside} So when
one of those in-between-the-day-side-and-the-night-side
things turns up in the a.m. memos ---

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Outside line please. ^{Brown} Beck at headquarters.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP ON FILTER)

^{Brown}
BECK:

(FILTER) Stop beefing. I was just gonna call in.

KELLY: (WARM, FRIENDLY) Hya, Joe. This all-car alarm at
Associated Auto last night. Anything to it?

BECK: (FILTER) Worth maybe a paragraph with the picture ---

KELLY: Pictures, pictures, who's got pictures?

BECK: (FILTER) They'll be coming through. Meantime, the
only angle so far is fifteen prowler cars to catch one
burglar. They got him -- he got nothing.

KELLY: What's with this army angle it mentions here?

BECK: (FILTER) That's right. The cops say he says he's
a lieutenant. You better say "claims to be." Soon
as I get a formal charge on him I'll shoot it to you.

KELLY: This address I got correct? Lyle ^{Hooker} ~~Hooker~~, St. Paul,
Minnesota?

BECK: (FILTER) That's it. No street address as yet.
Claims he's a salesman, lives in hotels. Anything else
on your mind?

KELLY: Yeah. What's an eight letter word for quote armored animal unquote?

BECK: (FILTER) Soft touch you got, doing crosswords while I do the work. Armadillo.

KELLY: Doesn't fit. Call me back.

BECK: (FILTER) Yes dear.

(MUSIC: UP JOCOSELY AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside, handling the stories between you like a team. If he can't get 'em -- they ain't there. But it isn't all crosswords while you wait. There's the art to go through and caption. Among it, a picture of the guy, this self-styled lieutenant ^{Becker} Hecker. In uniform. (BEAT) Oh-oh.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Outside line, please. ^{Beck} Beck at headquarters.

(PHONE RINGS ON FILTER AND IS PICKED UP)

BECK: (FILTER) Try pangolin, p-a-n-g-o-l-i-n.

KELLY: Yeah, yeah. Joe, are you sure the guy told the cops he was a lieutenant?

BECK: (FILTER) Why?

KELLY: I take it you're sure.

BECK: (FILTER) What're you doing, trying to make something out of nothing?

KELLY: Look, in this picture the night side left for us he's wearing a field jacket with two bars on the shoulder we can see. In my book that makes him a captain.

BECK: (FILTER) I'll check it, Bernie. But lieutenant was what he said. I --

~~VOICE: (OFF MIKE, JABBERING INDISTINGUISHABLY ON FILTER)~~

BECK: (FILTER) Bernie, that was the motor vehicle guys.
They just found ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker's~~ car. Call you back.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)

NARR: So far, the story is still worth only a paragraph under
the picture, once you get ^{Hagen's} ~~Hooker's~~ claimed rank squared
away. You put a lot of routine stuff through. . .
plenty of time till home edition deadline. Then ---

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

BECK: (FILTER) Bernie --

KELLY: Pangolin was right.

BECK: (FILTER) Any time. Listen, I got some more on
^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~. The cops aren't turning anything loose on
his car yet, but on that lieutenant-captain angle,
you might go to work on this.

KELLY: Go ahead.

BECK: (FILTER) In the first place, he sticks to his story.
He says he forgot his promotion cause he's been AWOL
from Fort Campbell, Kentucky, for over two years.

KELLY: Yeah-yeah. What's with that home address?

BECK: (FILTER) Still no go.

KELLY: Joe, did the cops get an army serial number out of
him?

BECK: (FILTER) If they had, I'd have given it to you.

KELLY: I know, Joe. How's this smell to you?

BECK: (FILTER) Same as it does to you. Six letter word
for impostor. P-H-O-N-E-Y. Call you back.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You and Joe both know this is one that has to be played safe. Little as it may appear right now, there might be a real Lieutenant Lyle ^{Anger} ~~Hooker~~ somewhere who might object to his name being used in a newspaper story about a burglar. Well -- time's creeping up on you, so you might as well start working the wires on the thing.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Honey, I want to talk person to person to the commandant of military police at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. (PAUSE) Like the soup. Yeah. Will you call me back?

(PHONE HUNG UP)

NARR: Come to think of it, there's one more thing you can do while you're waiting. And it isn't the crossword puzzle.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Look, while you're waiting on Kentucky, see if you can get me the motor vehicle bureau of Minnesota. And if they both come in at once, don't worry. I'll use my other head.

(PHONE DOWN)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

BECK: (FILTER) Bernie, we're getting someplace.

KELLY: Good. I've been spending the company's money on toll calls. What've you got?

BECK: (FILTER) The serial number. I needed the cops for believing his story when he said he forgot it. Told 'em where to look.

KELLY: (~~ON HOLDING~~) Inside his watch pocket?

BECK: (FILTER) That's my boy. He's an officer all right.
0-366745.

KELLY: Oh-366745. That's a help.

BECK: (FILTER) Yeah. If they're his trousers.
(ANOTHER PHONE RINGS)

KELLY: Joe, I got an outside call coming in. You want to
hang on a minute?

(HE PICKS UP PHONE TO OTHER PHONE) Hello.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Minnesota Motor Vehicle Bureau.

KELLY: Motor Bureau, this is the Denver Post.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Yes sir.

KELLY: I've got a story working here. . . can you give
me a home address for a licensed car owner?

MOTORS: (FILTER) If we have the license number, sure.

KELLY: Hang on a minute, sir.

(TO OTHER PHONE)

Joe. . .

BECK: (FILTER) Yep.

KELLY: Gimme the license number of ^{Hagen} ~~Hecker's~~ car.

BECK: (FILTER) Sure. So far that's all I got. Minnesota
556-632.

KELLY: Okay, Joe. See if you can get something more on
the car. . . contents, stuff like that.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

KELLY: Motor Vehicles? Still there?

MOTORS: (FILTER) Yes sir.

KELLY: That license number is Minnesota 556-632. The
name is ^{Hagen} ~~Hecker~~, L-Y-L-E-^{Hagen} ~~Hecker~~,

MOTORS: (F) 556-632. I'll have to call you back.

KELLY: Okay. Make it collect, Denver Post, ask for ^{Bernie}~~Bernard~~ Kelly. The faster the better.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Try my best.
(PHONE IS HUNG UP. ANOTHER PHONE RINGS IMMEDIATELY AND IS PICKED UP)

KELLY: Joe?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) No sir. I have your Kentucky call now.

KELLY: Swell. Put them on.
(CLICK)

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Go ahead, Fort Campbell.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Military Police. Commandant Shaw speaking.

KELLY: Commandant, this is the Denver Post. ^{Bernie}~~Bernard~~ Kelly speaking.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Yes, Mr. Kelly.

KELLY: (SMILE) Used to be Captain Kelly, ninetieth infantry.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) What can we do for you, Captain?

KELLY: Sir, we've got a ticklish story working here. A would-be burglar claiming he's an Army Officer. He says he went AWOL from your post about two years ago. Could you give me a check on him?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) AWOL, huh? Have you got his name and serial number?

KELLY: ^{Hagan}Hecker, Lyle. L-Y-L-E. 0-366745. And if you could give me a home address and description, I'd appreciate that too, sir.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) I suppose you want it fast.

KELLY: Half an hour ago, sir.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) I'll check. Call you back.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

tb

NARR: So far, the only one making anything out of this one is the telephone company. But that's Mr. Inside's job, that's rewrite. Trying to flesh out the skelton Mr. Outside sends in. Sometimes it takes hours just to get a paragraph -- The point is --- to get it right.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

Beck
JOE:

(FILTER) Bernie.

KELLY: How you coming?

JOE: (FILTER) Well, he still won't come through with an address.

KELLY: I've got the Minnesota Motor Vehicle Bureau working on it. Go ahead.

JOE: (FILTER) The cops've gone through his car. And things are beginning to get complicated.

KELLY: What'd they find?

JOE: (FILTER) Well, number one, a T-shirt with the same serial number in it. Then there was another shirt, a regular army shirt --

KELLY: Come again?

JOE: (FILTER) You know. Without shoulder tabs. An enlisted man's shirt has no tabs, an officer's shirt has tabs. And the serial number in this shirt ---

(PHONE RINGS)

KELLY: Hold it, Joe --

(HE PICKS UP PHONE)

BECK: (FILTER) Wait, Bernie, this is important --

KELLY: Hang on, willya? Long distance coming in.

(TO PHONE) Hello? Denver Post.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Mr. Kelly?

KELLY: Yes?

MOTORS: (FILTER) This is the Minnesota Motor Vehicle Bureau.
About that license.

KELLY: Yes.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Was that Captain Lyle ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~?

KELLY: That's the one, yes.

MOTORS: (FILTER) The address we have is Fort Campbell, Kentucky.
Is that any help?

KELLY: Well, no. I was hoping you'd have a local address. How
do you make that out?

MOTORS: (FILTER) Well, some states have an option. A service
man can either register his car on the post, or get his
home license plate. Kind of a sentimental thing, I guess.

KELLY: Yeah. Well, thanks just the same.

MOTORS: (FILTER) Any time.

(PHONE IS PUT DOWN)

KELLY: (TO OTHER PHONE) Sorry, Joe. Just a wild goose chase.
Ended up right where I started. But from here it looks
as though he's Captain ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~ all right --

BECK: (FILTER) Bernie, that's what I was trying to tell you.
According to the cops --

(PHONE RINGS)

KELLY: Hang on, Joe. The other horns blowing again --

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Denver Post, Kelly speaking --

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Captain Kelly.

KELLY: Yes, Commandant.

(THE FOLLOWING IS HEARD SIMULTANEOUSLY)

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) I've got a line
on Captain Hooker for you.

KELLY: Yessir! Excuse me a
moment sir.

(TO OTHER PHONE)
Look, Joe, hold your
horses a minute will
you? I've got Fort
Campbell on the line!
Yes, Commandant!

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Lyle ^{Hager} ~~Hooker~~,
Captain, paratroops --

KELLY: Yessir -- excuse me, sir
this place is a madhouse.

BECK: (FILTER)

Bernie, willya listen
to me for ten seconds!

For Pete's sake, Bernie,
this is important! Hey,
Bernie!

BECK:

Listen, Bernie, you're
on a wrong steer.

Bernie, don't hang up on
them until you ---

(SOUND OF PHONE CUTTING OFF BECK)

KELLY: Now what were you saying, sir?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Well, according to our records, Captain ^{Hager} ~~Hooker~~
never was AWOL in his life. Absolutely perfect record.

KELLY: Go on, sir.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) I have his 201 file before me. According to this,
he was discharged from duty to separation October third --

KELLY: Just three weeks ago.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) That's correct.

KELLY: Do you have a home address on him?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Yes. Seven two five one Curfew, St. Paul.

KELLY: That's Curfew as in fire?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Right.

KELLY: Commandant, just one or two --

(TELEPHONE RINGS OFF AND IS PICKED UP)

VOICE: (OFF) Kelly!

KELLY: You have to excuse me again, Commandant. (UP) Whatddaya want?

VOICE: (FILTER) ^{Brown} Joe Beck at Headquarters says for the love of Mike pick up your phone before you hang up on the army!

KELLY: Okay. Okay. (DOWN) With you in a moment, Commandant.

(OTHER PHONE IS PICKED UP) What is it, Joe? Make it fast!

BECK: (FILTER) I've been trying to tell you about that other shirt. It had a different serial number inside.

KELLY: Let's have it !

BECK: (FILTER) Thirty-two-oh-five---sixty-eight-eighty two.

KELLY: Enlisted man! Joe, I'll call you back!

(PHONE PUT DOWN)

KELLY: Commandant --

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Still here.

KELLY: Can you pull a check on a serial number from there?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) If the man ever passed through this station.

What's the number?

KELLY: Thirty-two-oh-five--sixty-eight-eighty-two.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) We'll check it. Do you want me to call you back?

KELLY: No sir. I'll hold the line open. I'm riding a deadline right now.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) I'll check personnel. Hang on.

(MUSIC: SPING)

NARR: No time for crossword puzzles now. There's a bigger puzzle working. A double. Who is 32-5-6882 -- and who is the man the police are holding. Is he ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~? If not, where is ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Captain Kelly?

KELLY: Yessir.

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) You're lucky! We got your thirty-two-oh-five.

KELLY: Who is he?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) A real AWOL from 'way back. Name's Waley, Hugo. W-A-L-E-Y. Private first class when he took off.

KELLY: That was quick work, sir. Have you got a home address on him?

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) No home address.

KELLY: Oh well..

KENTUCKY: (FILTER) Just R.F.D. One, St. Paul.

KELLY: Good enough, Commandant, good enough. I'm grateful to you, sir.

(PHONE HUNG UP. OTHER PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Outside line, please. ^{Brown} Beck at headquarters.

(PHONE RINGS ON FILTER, IS PICKED UP)

KELLY: Joe -- what's the opposition got on this one?

BECK: (FILTER) Nothing but the dope off the blotter.

KELLY: Good. Then we can skip an edition. Let them serve rehash. We'll have steak.

BECK: (FILTER) Translation?

KELLY: We got this joker's real name. Hold on to your hat. Papa's coming over to headquarters!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO - TURNTABLE)
(COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL:

Reward Yourself!

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.

CHAPPELL:

Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and
PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE:

But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown -- and it's blended to a flavor
peak - distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL:

It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself!
Smoke PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE:

And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: So. The Denver police are playing cosy on info about a burglar they've picked up who claims to be an army captain. You know different. He's not even an officer. But before you leg it over to headquarters, you've got to start the wires working to find the captain he claims to be. So ---

(PHONE PICKED UP)

KELLY: Honey, how're the circuits to St. Paul?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) I'll see, Mr. Kelly. (PAUSE) We're tied up.

KELLY: Okay. Do me a favor, will you? Give me time to get over to headquarters, then get me -- person-to-person, Captain Lyle Hooker, seven two five one Curfew street.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) And if he's not there?

KELLY: That's the point, baby. I'm trying to get a fix on him. If you can get another number where I can reach him -- fine. If not -- I'll talk to anybody at the house. Wife, mother, father, Aunt Fanny -- okay?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Sure. Where'll you be at headquarters?

KELLY: Just on a hunch..

OPERATOR: ~~(FILTER) Yes~~

KELLY: Try homicide.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: Now you roll -- checking in first with the desk. They know there must be something cooking when you, Mr. Inside, horn in on Mr. Outside's story. But now it belongs to both of you. So --

BECK: Hugo Waley, huh. Where'd you get it?

KELLY: Had Fort Campbell check the serial number from the other shirt.

BECK: The cops're gonna love you.

KELLY: What's the matter?

BECK: They've got laundry marks checking it through. Come on. Let's spring it on them.

KELLY: On him, you mean. On him.

(MUSIC: -- QUICK BRIDGE) --

NARR: When you and Joe ease into the interrogating room the cops are playing the old game of asking the burglar what he had or might have had to do with practically everything that's been lost, strayed or stolen in Denver for the last couple of weeks.

COP: (FROM BEHIND) ...three breaks with larceny over at the big housing project. You wouldn't know anything about them...

WALEY: Same answer as before.. Never heard of it.

COP: All right, let's try this one. (BEHIND) Where've you been staying in Denver.

NARR: A chunky character, crew cut, plenty of beef, the suspect's pretty cocky. Calm. unworried -- until you hand the cops a weapon with which they hit him right between the eyes -- his right name.

WALEY: In the car. Like I told you.

COP: That's all right, You'll get tired before we will.

COP: Okay, ~~HUGO~~, let's stop kidding around. Suppose you start right from the beginning and explain what Captain ^{has} ~~Hooker~~'s uniform is doing on a guy named Hugo Waley.
(LONG PAUSE) Come on, come on.

WALEY: All right. So my name is Waley. So what?

COP: You want me to draw you a diagram? Where'd you get ~~Hooker's~~ ^{has} car and clothes?

WALEY: All right, so I stole 'em.

COP: Let's have it.

WALEY: It was in Las Vegas.

COP: What were two Minnesota boys doing in Las Vegas.

WALEY: UH---that's a long story.

COP: We've got plenty of time. Let's have it.

WALEY: The story of ^{has} ~~HOOKER~~, huh? That louse.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: He starts in St. Paul, October Fourth. The day after Captain ^{has} ~~Hooker~~ left Fort Campbell for home. He starts in a downtown bar -- with two ex-soldiers...making friends over a drink.

(SNEAK BAR TO B.G. AND MAINTAIN BEHIND)

NARR: And continues with too many drinks wiping out the barrier between stripes and bars. Buying each other beers, buying each other whiskies, buying each other boilermakers, until ---

WALEY: Capt'n...Cap'n ^{has} ~~Hooker~~.

HOCKER: Hm...um?

WALEY: Come on, Cap'n. Wake up. Time to go home.

HOOKER: Home? What for?

WALEY: They're closin' the joint. Come on.

HOOKER: Who're you orderin' around?

WALEY: Look I'm your pal, remember?

HOOKER: Thass' right. But I'm not goin' home. That's an order.

WALEY: Yes sir. Come on, I'll getcha a taxi or somethin'.

HOOKER: Got m'car outside somewhere. Don't need a taxi.

WALEY: You better let me have the keys. You can't drive.

HOOKER: I got 'em somewhere. Get'm in my pocket somewhere.

(CLINK OF KEYS ON TABLE)

HOOKER: There y'are.

WALEY: Hey. You don't wanna throw that wad of money around like that.

HOOKER: That's nothin'. Got a jillion dollars more in m'money belt. You want it? I got plenty.

WALEY: Come on, Captain. Put it back. You hadn't oughta carry it around like that.

HOOKER: At's m'whole discharge pay, that's what it is. whooooee, am I loaded!

WALEY: You ain't just kiddin'. Come on, Captain. Home.

HOOKER: Home? Who's gotta home. Not me. You know something? This is my first night home. What do you think of that? First night home and look at me. I got no home any more. All kasted up. Dig fight. Yadda-yadda-yadda-yadda-ya --- drives me crazy ---

WALEY: Come on, Captain --

HOOKER: So there's nothin' left to do but get fried.

Let's you'n me go somewhere'n get real fried, whaddaya say, hey? That's an order.

WALEY: We had enough. I'll pour some coffee in you and drive you home.

HOOKER: Coffee. That's a good idea.

(KNOCKING OF CHAIRS, CRASH OF GLASSES)

HOOKER: Woops! At ease, men!

WALEY: Plenty of coffee.

HOOKER: All right. Anything you say, pal. But not home, y'hear? (BIGGER) Never goin' home! I'll show 'er who's what!

WALEY: Yeah, you'll show her, Captain. Uh-hon. Ten-hut!

HOOKER: Rrrright!

WALEY: Forrrrrrd -- hutch!

HOOKER: Hup, toop, threep, fup, (FADING INTO MUSIC) hup, toop, threep, fup....

(MUSIC: MARCHES IT AWAY AND AWAY BEHIND)

WALEY: So there he was, fried to the ears, and carryin' all that discharge money. Tryin' to give it away everywhere we went. But home he wouldn't go --

COP: He ever tell you where he lived?

WALEY: Later, yeah. Look, you gonna let me tell this?

COP: Go ahead.

WALEY: All right. So I get him in the car, I pour about a gallon of coffee in him -- and first thing you know he's found a bottle in the car. So naturally, we started drinkin' again.

COP: Then what?

WALEY: We kept drivin', that's all. Kept right on drivin'.

(CAR UP AND BEHIND AND MAINTAIN UNDER)

Captain. It's gettin' on toward morning.

HOOKER: Keep drivin'.

WALEY: Your wife's gonna have your hide.

HOOKER: She ain't gonna have nothin! That's what! Where're we heading?

WALEY: West.

HOOKER: Then we're going to keep heading West. Just gonna follow the sun. Reno, Las Vegas, Phoenix, soldier -- we're gonna live it up!

(CAR UP AND AWAY UNDER, FADING)

~~WALEY: That's how we met, that's how we got started. And that~~
was just the beginning. Drinking and driving, driving and drinking.

COP: Where'd you go?

WALEY: All over the map. Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California --

COP: And the money never gave out?

WALEY: Uh-Uh. All we spend was ^{drinking} food-money

COP: Where'd you sleep?

WALEY: Sleep? Listen, we'd drink all night and sleep it off by day in the car.

COP: Gas and oil?

WALEY: His credit card. That's how come I was in the auto place -- -

COP: Later. Take us up to the point where you stole his car.
WALEY: Well, like I said, we hit all the high spots. Then, in
Las Vegas --

(PHONE RINGS)

COP: Hold it.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

COP: Headquarters.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Is Mr. ~~Bernard~~ Kelly there?

COP: ~~Mister Bernard Kelly.~~ ^{My name} You want to take it here, Bernie?

KELLY: If you can hold up the questioning, yeah.

COP: Take your call.

KELLY: Thanks. Hello?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Mr. Kelly, on your call to St. Paul.

KELLY: Yeah,

OPERATOR: (FILTER) They don't answer. Shall I keep trying?

KELLY: Please.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) All right.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

KELLY: Okay now. Thanks.

COP: All right. Let's go back a little. Let's see
if you can remember all the places you were at.

WALEY: Well, if I still had ~~Hooker's~~ ^{Harper's} credit book, I could tell
you exactly --

COP: How'd you get hold of it?

WALEY: I started to explain before, but you wouldn't let me --

COP: Never mind. Let's see how well you remember without it.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: The cops are taking their own good time, playing their own game with Waley, leading him on, cutting him off -- sure. They have all the time in the world to listen to his rambling. They know they can check later. But later is not a word in your book. Deadline is. But at last, Waley comes up with something that will make a lead. The inevitable. The bustup.

~~(MUSIC) STING)~~

WALEY: Y'see, ^{Hagen} ~~Hooker~~ was a poker man. And they practically cleaned him out at Vegas. Now me, I'm a crapshooter from 'way back, and I was sure I could recoup --

COP: With his dough.

WALEY: What else? He was down to four hundred. He gave me two hundred to work with. Now me, I never roll. Always with the side bets -- with the house, against the shooter.

COP: With his dough what could you lose. Go on.

WALEY: I guaranteed to come out ahead. And I ran the two hundred back up to twelve. Twelve hundred.

COP: And?

WALEY: And when I got back to the car, he was waitin' for me. Ugly drunk, this time. I showed him how I'd done, I showed him the money -- and he made a grab for it. Wait a minute, I says, how about my percentage. Oh no, says he. You played with my money, what's mine is mine. Well, I still felt like I rated a percentage --

COP: ~~What'd you need with money? You were doing all right with him staking you~~

WALEY: ~~Aah, by that time I was sick of him and sick of his stories and his wife and his captain's bars, so I held out for my percentage.~~

COP: You get it?

WALEY: ~~Beans I got.~~

COP: So what he wouldn't give you, you took.

WALEY: That's right. Sooner or later I knew he'd pass out on me. So when he did, I stopped the car, and rolled him out by the side of the road.

COP: But first you rolled him.

WALEY: Just for the original two hundred. That much I figured I had coming, ~~at least.~~

COP: And the car.

WALEY: Well, yeah.

COP: And his clothes.

WALEY: Well, those were in the trunk of the car.

COP: Now about this credit card --

WALEY: That was in the glove compartment. The minute I seen it, I figured here was an easy way to keep going. So I put on his uniform and kept on traveling.

COP: Where'd you go?

WALEY: Just kept going, that's all. I backtracked some.

COP: How long did the two hundred dollars last?

WALEY: Not long. But I wasn't in no trouble. The credit card, I'd fill the tank on credit in one town, buy like ten quarts of oil, a new tire, signing his name, then in the next town I'd sell it for half price. And so on. Buy here, sell there.

COP: So now, What were you doing in Associated Auto?
WALEY: The credit card ran out. I figured I could grab a handful of them there.
COP: Where's the credit card now?
WALEY: Lylin' in the road somewhere. I threw it out.
COP: Like you did with ~~Hooker~~.
WALEY: No, him I didn't throw. It was more like dragged.
COP: So for all you know he's still lying by the road in Reno.
WALEY: Las Vegas. Don't worry. He made out all right. Probably woke up with a head and either started up all over again or changed his mind and went home.
COP: All right, Waley. I tell you what we're gonna' do now.
WALEY: Yeah?
COP: Yeah. We're gonna start right at the beginning and go through it all over again. Word by word, day by day -- from the top.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY --)

NARR: You and Joe exchange a look. You know this is going to go on and on, until the cops get a significant contradiction, addition, or omission they can start hammering at. But none of it is getting you a story to go with. So it looks as though you'll have to settle for the paragraph under the picture with some line about "Admits Theft of Officer's Car and Name." Joe picks up the phone.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

JOE: Lemme have the city desk, please.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Is Mr. Kelly still there?

JOE: Yeah, Bernie.

KELLY: Who is it?

JOE: Your girl friend.

KELLY: Hello?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Mr. Kelly, I've got St. Paul for you. *Go ahead*
~~Want to~~
~~hold on?~~

KELLY: ~~sure.~~ *Hello.*

~~(FILTER PHONE RINGS, OFF, ONCE OR TWICE, THEN~~
~~IS PICKED UP)~~

WOMAN: (FILTER) Hello?

KELLY: Hello, I'm calling from Denver Police Headquarters. Who
is this?

WOMAN: (FILTER) This is Mrs. *Hagen* ~~Hooker.~~

KELLY: Mrs. *Hagen* ~~Lyle Hooker?~~

WOMAN: (FILTER) Yes.

KELLY: Mrs. *Hagen* ~~Hooker~~, the police here have picked up a man
claiming to be Captain ~~Hooker~~ *Hagen*.

WOMAN: (FILTER) ~~Oh not~~ *He couldn't be*

KELLY: *He says he is Hagen* ~~Yes~~ Mrs. ~~Hooker.~~ He was arrested for breaking into -- *a store*

WOMAN: (FILTER) ~~Tell them to hold him!~~ ~~Tell them not to~~

let him go! That must be the man who killed my husband!

KELLY: Mrs. *Hagen* ~~Hooker~~, how do you know your husband is dead?

~~Maybe this man --~~ *He identified his body*

MRS. H: (FILTER) How do I know? I just ~~came back from the~~
~~morgue and identified his body,~~ *at the morgue* ~~that's how I know.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: ~~Smart newspaperman, that Joe. The minute he heard you say the word "dead" he alerted the city desk for a page one top line lead -- and had the cops listening in on the call. The rest -- they got. And what they get -- you and Joe get --~~

WALEY: (LOW) All of it was true except where. It wasn't Las Vegas. It was Menominee, Wisconsin. But I swear -- I ~~didn't know he was dead. I swear I didn't know.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: Exclusive, you get it. A full confession. Big Story? Nah. Just routine working the wires. Mr. ^{Outside} Inside and Mr. ^{Inside} Outside.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Bernard Kelly of the Denver Colo. Post, 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-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END. E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bernard Kelly of the Denver, Colorado, Post.

KELLY: Killer confessed attacking ^{officer} ~~for discharge money~~ and dumping body out of car. ^{committed on two counts} ~~Ironically, he was sentenced to two years for manslaughter, and one to eight years for larceny of car and cash.~~ Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Mr. Kelly 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 New Orleans, La. Item. By-line - Betty Jane Holder. The Big Story of an ^{unmarried reporter} ~~unmarried reporter~~ who got a ^{divorce that made headlines} ~~divorce that made headlines~~

(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 ^{also} Dan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the Denver, Colo. Post.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Your narrator was Norman Rose and Leo Danon
played the part of Bernard Kelly. In order to protect
the names of people actually involved in tonight's
authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the
dramatization were changed with the exception of the
reporter, Mr. Kelly.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY ~~program~~ was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes... This Christmas reward
yourself and your friends with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Give Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes -- the finest
quality money can buy. Now in the distinguished gift
carton. (PAUSE)

ANNCR: This is Salvation Army week - when America unites in
paying tribute to an organization that for 75 years has
helped man-kind in times of need. To the hungry and
destitute, the Salvation Army has meant food and shelter.
To the lonely and the sick-at-heart, it's meant
companionship and solace. To men and women in all walks
of life, it has been a source of physical and spiritual
strength. We are proud to join you in saluting - the
Salvation Army!

This is NBC - The National Broadcasting Company.

tb/mm
11/24/54

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #369

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
MAN	BILL GRIFFIS
VOICE I	BILL GRIFFIS
BETTY JANE HOLDER	ELAINE ROST
WOMAN	JOAN TOMPKINS
CARL	ALEXANDER SCOURBY
COLT	GILBERT MACK
VOICE II	GILBERT MACK
DRIVER	JIM CAMPBELL
TRAVIS	MANDEL KRAMER
CABBIE	LOUIS NYE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1954

ATX01 0009209

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

MAN: Look, you didn't answer me. Aren't you Betty Jane
Holder...

BETTY: (TERROR) Be quiet.

MAN: But ..I don't get it. Aren't you Betty Jane Holder
who works for the Item. The newspaper?

BETTY: Be quiet. It's a mistake. You don't know me.

MAN: Sure I do. ~~I used to work for the Item too. I~~

BETTY: (DESPERATE. LOW) Please. You don't know me. You
never saw me before in your life!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in New Orleans, Louisiana. It is
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women
of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages
of the New Orleans Item ..the story of an unmarried
reporter ..who got a divorce that made headlines.
Tonight, to Betty Jane Holder for her 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
Remember it well
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it
mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New Orleans, Louisiana. The story as it actually happened--Betty Jane Holder's story--as she lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It began simply. It began the way so many newspaper stories begin. A woman coming to your desk...a hesitant opening phrase..

WOMAN: I--I have a story I think the paper ought to know about.

NARR: ~~And your own voice, Betty Jane Holder. Not unkind. Not eager. Just matter of fact, because this happens every day.~~

BETTY: Suppose you sit down and tell me about it.

NARR: ~~What's it this time? Gossip? A complaint about a misleading advertisement? Or something worth the half hour it will take to find out?~~

WOMAN: (QUIET, TENSE) It's ..it's about a racket. A terrible racket. I know what I'm talking about. Because I got caught in it. (VOICE BREAKS) And it's ruined my life.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT)

BETTY: Just what are you talking about Mrs. ...?

WOMAN: Palmer. Mrs. Lee Palmer. At least...that's what I -- I call myself. I don't know if I ----(AND SHE BREAKS INTO SOBBING)

BETTY: Please. (PAUSE) Would you like some water?

WOMAN: No. I--I'm all right. (THEN) I said my name was Mrs. Palmer. Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't. (A BURST) I'm talking about the divorce racket. Over the state line in Mississippi. You know that racket?

BETTY: You tell me.

WOMAN: I don't know how the law is.. how they work it. All I know is...five years ago I was married to this man. He was no good. It doesn't matter why. Just believe me. He was no good. I had to get out of that. I just had to. I heard about the divorces in Mississippi. How they were quick to get.

BETTY: Were you a resident of Mississippi?
WOMAN: No. But they said that didn't matter. ~~I had to pay --~~
~~quite a lot -- but it was worth it to get my divorce.~~ I
said I lived there and the lawyer said that was good
enough. ^{as long as my husband agreed} I got my divorce in a few days. ~~Your don't know~~
~~what it was like -- being rid of Jed -- my husband.~~
~~The year I'd been married to him was like a nightmare.~~
~~Suddenly, it was all over and it was like coming out into~~
~~the sunshine.~~ ^{Later} And then... I met Lee. Lee Palmer.

BETTY: You married him?

WOMAN: Five years ago. We have three children now. I've been
as happy as I ever dreamed I could be. (STARTS TO SOB
AGAIN) And then it all happened.

BETTY: What happened, Mrs. Palmer?

WOMAN: I -- I inherited some money. Not a terrible lot ... but
enough to mean something. I guess it got into the local
paper back home and Jed -- my ex-husband ... he saw it.
He came here ^{He demanded} (IN A BURST) ~~Do you know what he told me?~~
~~He told me I was still married to him.~~ ^{He said} The divorce
wasn't any good. ~~After five years -- he came and told~~
~~that to me.~~

BETTY: Is it true?

WOMAN: Yes. ^{I found out} That divorce wasn't one bit good because I lied
about living in that state. ~~That's why I said I call~~
~~myself Mrs. Lee Palmer -- but I'm not.~~ I've been living
with a man for five years who isn't my husband. I have
three children who aren't ... legal. ~~They can't inherit~~
~~that money of mine. Lee can't inherit that money. It~~
~~goes to Jed -- he's my husband.~~

BETTY: That's incredible!

WOMAN: Five years! Five years of never seeing this man and then he comes to me and he tells me he's still my husband. Five years of loving someone else and having his children and -- (SHE SOBS) Why can something like this happen? *The lawyers* They said I was divorced. They told me it was all right. They did this to me. Why can't someone stop a thing like this?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's it. The beginning of your story ...the first time you hear of the quickie divorce racket in Mississippi. You take the news to your city editor.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BETTY: That was the first I'd heard of the racket, Carl. But it hasn't been the last. I've been doing some checking. And it's a shocking...~~incredible, awful picture. And you can throw in a couple of more adjectives too.~~

CARL: It's really gotten you heated up, hasn't it?

BETTY: You would be too if you'd read up on some of the cases. ~~I came across one where a woman divorced her husband~~ without his even knowing about it. He was a wounded war veteran. He'd only been married a year. His wife got tired of him, waltzed over to Mississippi, and got a divorce. They never even asked him if he wanted one.

CARL: ~~Brother.~~

BETTY: (GRIM) ~~You want some more? I got lots. A young kid~~
married a man twice her age. He took her away from her
family ...traveled around a while, and decided he was
tired of her. No catch there. He hopped down to
Mississippi. Divorced her in a few weeks and left her
stranded two thousand miles from home without a penny
in her pocket. Or there's the woman with three kids.
Her husband ...

CARL: ~~Okay ...okay. Hold it. I get the idea. It's really a~~

~~divorce will down there, isn't it?~~
and the worst thing is these divorces aren't
BETTY: ~~it sure is. A divorce that's taking advantage of~~
valid & the people getting them don't know it
~~hundreds of kids who are too upset or too impulsive or~~
~~too impatient to realize it's illegal and they may be~~
ruining their lives. (THEN) Let me do a feature on it,
Carl. I've got enough material right now. I could --

CARL: Uh-huh.

BETTY: Why not?

CARL: (SLOWLY) Betty ...I think you're under a strain. I
don't think you've been happy lately.

BETTY: Huh?

CARL: You look nervous. Dark circles under the eyes. You
know ..what you need is a divorce.

BETTY: I'm not married!

CARL: (GRINS) You going to let a little thing like that
stand in your way?

BETTY: You mean..you want me to go down to Mississippi and
try and get a divorce?

CARL: You're darned tooting that's what I mean.

BETTY: Oh now, look ...

CARL: You "oh now look." You stand there giving me the business about what a vicious racket this is, and how you want to do a feature on it. What kind of a feature can you do from here? Second hand stuff. Nothing.

BETTY: But --

CARL: (CUTS IN) But - if you get down there ...if you really find a lawyer who'll fix you up ...you can write an expose that might crack the whole racket wide open.

BETTY: And if some crooked lawyer finds out that I'm not really on the level, he may crack me wide open.

CARL: Now you're just acting nervous, Betty. It's that no-good husband of yours. He gets on your nerves. ~~You can't think straight ...work right ...with him driving you nuts.~~ Get rid of him, Betty. He's no good.

BETTY: (BITTER) He's probably a carbon copy of you.

CARL: His name's uh ---John Holder. He's a pilot. ~~Flies from here to New York and Chicago.~~

BETTY: Goody. I always wanted to marry a pilot.

CARL: Not this one. He's no good. He plays around with other women. ~~He won't support you.~~

BETTY: I lead a rough life.

CARL: *Sure* You've got to get rid of him. You'll do anything. Pay anything. But you've got to get divorced. In Mississippi. Illegally. (THEN) And you better make it in time for the Monday edition.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: This, Betty Jane Holder, is going to be the shortest marriage on record. You get yourself joined in wedlock with the mythical John Holder by the simple expedient of dropping in at the ten cent store. For thirty nine cents, you buy yourself a wedding ring. That's all you need. That ...and a bus ticket to Gulfport, Mississippi... and a fistful of courage.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT)

NARR: Gulfport, Mississippi at first sight seems a Mecca for law offices. There's one on every corner, it seems. Where do you start?

BETTY: I guess anyplace will do ...for a beginning.

NARR: You walk into the first law office you see. You try to keep your knees from shaking. You pause for a second at the door

BETTY: Okay, Mrs. Holder. Here goes nothing.

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

COLT: Yes?

BETTY: I --I wanted to see a lawyer.

COLT: That's me.

BETTY: It's --about a divorce.

COLT: Sit down.

BETTY: Do you --handle divorce cases?

COLT: Sure. Why not? Cigarette, Mrs....?

BETTY: Holder. Mrs. John Holder. Thank you.

COLT: ~~You -- asking about this divorce for yourself, Mrs. Holder?~~

BETTY: ~~Yes.~~

COLT: *OK* Let's have the story.

BETTY: I --I've been married a year and a half. To this
--this man. He's no good he --he's been playing around
with other women.

COLT: Sure.

BETTY: That's all.

COLT: Tell me, something, Mrs. Holder. What made you come
here?

BETTY: I ...a girl friend of mine told me to come here. To
Mississippi. She said I could get a divorce fast here.

COLT: Are you a resident of the state?

BETTY: No. I'm from New Orleans.

COLT: How long you figure it'd take for you to get a divorce
here?

BETTY: A -- a couple of weeks.

COLT: You figured wrong, Mrs. Holder.

BETTY: But ...

COLT: (ANGRY. QUIET) I suppose you wanted me to lie for you.
You wanted me to play along with some gag about how you've
lived here ..established a residence here.

BETTY: I ..heard something about a post office box.

COLT: (FLARES NOW) I don't care what you heard! Is that
why you picked this place? Because I don't have the
shiny mahogany furniture ..the deep carpet? Just a hole
in the wall office so you figured I was crooked?

BETTY: I just --

COLT: You just thought I was a crook! Well, I've got news for
you, Mrs. Holder. I'm not. You can't get an honest
legal divorce in this state unless you're a resident.
Oh, I know. There are guys who'll do it.

(MORE)

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--this man. He's no good He --he's been playing around
with other women.

COLT: Sure.

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you, Mrs. Holder. I'm not. You can't get an honest
legal divorce in this state unless you're a resident.
Oh, I know. There are guys who'll do it.

(MORE)

COLT:
(CONT'D) There are guys who'll do a lot of things for a buck.
But I'm not one of them. And I'm not particularly
flattered that you thought I was. Now get out of here.
Go on home and get an honest divorce if you have to have
one. Go home and play clean. Go on. Get out!

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You get out. You get out with your cheeks flushed a
bright red ...embarrassment flooding you. You want to
turn around and shake this angry man's hand. To tell
him you're glad there are honest lawyers around. But
you can't. All you can do is get out. And start
trying somewhere else.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: The rest of the day is a nightmare. A confused jumble
of law offices ...faces ...the same words over and over...

VOICE 1: I can't do anything for you, young lady. The kind of
divorce you're talking about is illegal.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

VOICE 2: No Ma'am. There's nothing I can do for you if you
haven't lived in this state for a year.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

VOICE 1: Whoever told you about these divorces gave you a bad
steer, Mrs. Holder. You can't get one unless you're a
resident of Mississippi.

(MUSIC: -- -- ACCENT AND CUT)

BETTY: (ON PHONE) They all say it, Carl. I've worn my heels
down two inches going to just about every lawyer in
this part of town. They just won't touch this kind of
divorce.

CARL: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Now, look, kid, you're the one who told me about these quickie divorces. You're the one who said anyone could get one in Mississippi.

BETTY: Anyone but me, looks like. I just haven't hit pay dirt, Carl. Do I come home?

CARL: (BELLOWS) Come home! You listen to me, young lady, you've got an assignment. ~~You keep going until you find a lawyer who'll handle your case.~~ You can come home when, as, and if, you have a divorce and not before. Get it?

BETTY: (A SIGH) I got it. Keep a candle burning in the window, Poppa. I'll come home single or bust!!!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: So there you are, Betty Jane Holder. Back to where you started. Back on the busy main street of Gulfport, standing, in the bright hot sunlight and wondering ...

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

(TRAFFIC B.G.)

BETTY: Okay. What next?

NARR: And then you get an idea.

BETTY" Taxi drivers!

NARR: Sure. Taxi drivers know everything.

BETTY: (DECISION) Taxi..... taxi...

(CAR PULLS UP, STOPS)

DRIVER: Where to, lady?

NARR: Uh-huh. The sixty-four dollar question. Where to?

BETTY: Uh --- would you ...would you just drive me around a little?

DRIVER: It's your dough. Hop in.

(DOOR OPN AND SLAM. CAB DRIVES OFF)

DRIVER: (A PAUSE, THEN) Every time a party says just drive me around a little, I figure they got problems. You got problems, lady?

BETTY: I ---yes.

DRIVER: You got company. Everybody's got problems.

BETTY: (GOING INTO AN ACT) Not like mine. I don't think anybody feels like I do. (BREAKS INTO TEARS) I just don't know what to do.

DRIVER: Come on, it ain't as bad as that.

BETTY: Yes it is?

DRIVER: ~~Hey, you're really in bad shape.~~

BETTY: I've tried just everywhere. And everybody says no....

DRIVER: What are you talking about?

BETTY: I came all the way to Gulfport to get a divorce. I just have to get a divorce...and no one will let me.

DRIVER: (FLAT) Oh.

BETTY: People get divorces here. I know they do. Quick ones. But I don't know where to go. (SHE SOBS)

DRIVER: You need a divorce bad, kid?

BETTY: Oh yes. My husband --

DRIVER: (HURRIEDLY) Don't give me the details. I got my own troubles. (THEN) ~~Look, you need one bad enough, you don't care how you get it?~~

BETTY: ~~I'd do anything.~~

DRIVER: O.K. I'll take you over to Pleasant Street. Number 44. Man by the name of Travis ..Humphrey Travis.

BETTY: Oh, thank you....

DRIVER: I don't know nothing about it. I didn't tell you anything
You got the name from a phone book. It's your funeral.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The office is neat ...clean ..inconspicuous. Humphrey
Travis sits behind his desk ..~~a friendly looking man~~..
Nothing about him that should make you so afraid.
Nothing to justify the lump in your throat..the trembling
in your voice.

TRAVIS: Don't be nervous, Mrs. Holder. Sit down.

BETTY: Thank you.

TRAVIS: Now ...you want to see me about a divorce?

BETTY: Yes.

TRAVIS: Husband's name?

BETTY: John Holder.

TRAVIS: ~~Occupation?~~

BETTY: He's an --an airplane pilot.

TRAVIS: His salary?

BETTY: Oh ...about a hundred and fifty a month.

TRAVIS: You sure?

BETTY: I..I ought to know what my husband makes.

TRAVIS: Not much for a pilot.

BETTY: It's --a small airline.

TRAVIS: ~~What?~~ Of course you and your husband are both
residents of Mississippi.

BETTY: No. No we're not.

TRAVIS: Then what makes you think you can get a divorce here?

BETTY: I --I heard there were ways.

TRAVIS: You heard wrong.

BETTY: Did I?

TRAVIS: ~~Sure,~~

BETTY: ~~I don't believe it.~~

TRAVIS: Mrs. Holder ...according to the laws of the state of Mississippi...

BETTY: (BURSTS FORTH) I don't care about the laws of Mississippi. I don't care about anything. Can't you see I'm desperate? Can't you see I'll do anything to get a divorce? I'll do anything ~~to get one!~~

TRAVIS: Anything is a big word, Mrs. Holder.

BETTY: I don't care. (THEN) Please. I know there are ways. It doesn't matter what I have to do. I'll do it.

TRAVIS: Look, here..

BETTY: And it doesn't matter what I have to pay. I'll pay it.

~~(PAUSE. THEN TRAVIS LAUGHS. A LOW, SUSTAINED LAUGH)~~

BETTY: ~~What's so funny?~~

TRAVIS: It took you a while to get to the right words, Mrs. Holder. So you'll pay anything...hmm? ~~Sit down.~~
I think you and I can do business.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #369

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your narrator and the Big Story of Betty Jane Holder, as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Pay dirt. You've hit it, Betty Jane Holder. You hit it when you mentioned one word. Money. This is the open sesame. This is the word that makes Lawyer Travis turn to you and say ...

(MUSIC: -- -- CUT)

TRAVIS: ~~Sit down, Mrs. Holder.~~ Maybe you and I can do business after all. *Mrs. Holder*

BETTY: Then you can get me a divorce? Even if I'm not a resident of the state?

TRAVIS: ~~I think we can arrange it.~~ For a price.

BETTY: Will the divorce be legal?

TRAVIS: Oh yes. Of course, you'll have to go into court and swear you've lived in Mississippi a year.

BETTY: ~~Isn't that dangerous?~~

TRAVIS: ~~For you.~~

BETTY: ~~What about you?~~

TRAVIS: ~~They won't check. I'll give you the name of a small hotel here in town. You'll swear that you and your husband have lived there for a year. If anybody asks me about it --I'm in the clear. I'll just say I didn't think to check.~~

BETTY: It's so --easy, isn't it? All it takes is lying.

TRAVIS: And money.

BETTY: Oh yes. Money. How --how much money will it take?

TRAVIS: Two hundred and fifty dollars.

BETTY: I haven't got that much.

TRAVIS: ~~Don't give me that.~~

BETTY: No really, I don't.

TRAVIS: Look, you said you were willing to pay
for this divorce. Okay. That's the price. I'm
not going to haggle.

BETTY: Suppose I haven't got that much?

TRAVIS: (GENTLY) Nice suit you're wearing Mrs. Holder.
Good jewelry. I've got eyes. I can tell. You've
~~got that much. (HARD) And if you don't have it ...~~
you can get it. Now, do we do business or don't we?

BETTY: (A PAUSE) Okay. We do business.

TRAVIS: Right. Court convenes in about a week. You'll have
to be there. ~~Your husband won't. He'll just have to~~
~~sign the preliminary papers. You can pick them up in~~
~~a couple of days. That's all. OK?~~

BETTY: All right. I--(SHE STOPS)

TRAVIS: What's the matter?

BETTY: Look, I can't stay here in Mississippi. I have to get
back to work in New Orleans. Suppose you just --mail
the papers to me?

TRAVIS: ~~Uh-huh. Sorry. Nothing through the mail.~~

BETTY: Why not? ~~I mean, I can't stay here. I can't wait~~
~~for the papers. It would be so much simpler if you'd~~
~~just mail them to me.~~

TRAVIS: (HARD) ~~And it would be a dandy way of getting me in real~~
~~trouble.~~

BETTY:
(CONT'D)

He even took my wedding ring ..pawnd it ...probably for money to spend on some other girl. I don't know. (THEN) How do you think I feel? How do you think I feel coming here, trying to get a divorce without a wedding ring? Sure. ~~I bought it.~~ I bought it at the dime store. To give me a little pride ...a little decency. And you have to take even that away from me. (SHE SOBS)

TRAVIS:

(PAUSE) Sorry. ~~Forget it.~~

BETTY:

(THROUGH TEARS) That's easy to say. ~~Forget it.~~

TRAVIS:

~~Look,~~ I have to be careful. If I said anything --I'm sorry. You'll get your divorce. ~~But I won't mail those papers.~~

BETTY:

~~Then how do I get them?~~

TRAVIS:

I'll be in New Orleans myself in a few days. ~~Bridge~~ tournament. ~~I'll bring them myself.~~ *The papers will be*

BETTY:

Oh, I don't---

TRAVIS:

Look, we do it my way or not at all. Leave your phone number here. I'll phone you in New Orleans and tell you where you can meet me. You can have the money then.

BETTY:

All right. Anything you say.

TRAVIS:

That's better. Just remember ..this isn't a game with me, Mrs. Holder. If you're playing games ...you'll find out it's too dangerous. So be careful.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

GARL:

He really laid it out on the line, huh, Betty? Threats?

BETTY:

He wasn't fooling, Carl. I was never so happy to walk out of a place in my life. You could hear my knees knocking together like castenets.

CARL: Okay. So now you go to your room and wait for his call.

BETTY: There's one little detail. He wants \$250. ~~I presume~~
the paper will finance this little divorce deal of mine?

CARL: Oh, now wait a minute ..

BETTY: You want me to pay for a divorce from a non-existent
husband? ~~You got me into this, chum. The table's on you.~~

CARL: ~~(SINGS)~~ Pick up the check from the cashier. I'll
okay it. Only don't forget to cash it. Nice idea,
if you hand this lawyer a check from the New Orleans
Item.

BETTY: Don't worry. I'm not taking any chances.

CARL: (SOBER) Yes you are.

BETTY: Huh?

CARL: You're taking a whale of a chance, Betty. You're in
this now. Deep. And that lawyer's right. It's
dangerous. If you're lucky...you may break the biggest
expose in years. If you're not lucky...you're in trouble.
So be careful.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You go home. You wait. You sit and stare at the silent
telephone and you wait. ~~Pretty soon, that telephone~~
will ring. And you'll be on the last lap of your story.
You sit ...with the warnings ringing in your ears ..
The Lawyer ...

TRAVIS: (FILTER) This isn't a game with me, Mrs. Holder. It's
too dangerous. So be careful.

NARR: Your editor...

CARL: (FILTER) If you're not lucky ..you're in trouble. So
~~be careful.~~

NARR: And then ...the telephone rings.

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

(PHONE RINGS. PICK UP)

BETTY: Hello.

TRAVIS: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Mrs. Holder?

BETTY: Yes.

TRAVIS: You know who this is?

BETTY: Mr. ...?

TRAVIS: No names over the phone. I'm at the Sherwood Hotel.
~~That bridge tournament I told you about. Go to room~~
705. I have those articles you want.

BETTY: The -- Sherwood Hotel?

TRAVIS: Yes. Do you know it?

BETTY: Yes. I know it all right.

(MUSIC: ~~HIT AND UNDER~~)

NARR: Sure, you know the Sherwood Hotel all right. What newspaper reporter doesn't? A hangout for ~~the~~ members of the fourth estate. A lobby jammed with familiar faces. And this is one time you don't want friends around, Betty Jane Holder. This is one time you don't want anyone coming up to you and saying, "Hi. How are things at the paper?"

BETTY: That's all I need. Brother --that is all I need?

(MUSIC: ~~OUT~~)

~~NARR: Room 705. You stand in front of it. Take a deep breath,
and knock.~~

TRAVIS: (OFF) Come in.

(DOOR OPEN)

BETTY: I came as quickly as I --(SHE CUTS) Oh. I'm sorry. I thought you'd be alone.

TRAVIS: Just finishing up ^{some business} ~~this game of bridge~~, Mrs. Holder. Be with you in a minute.

NARR: You can't answer. You stand there ...rooted to the spot with horror. For the man on the other side of the ^{room} ~~table~~ looking at you ~~over the cards in his hand~~ is a man you know. ~~A reporter~~

TRAVIS: ~~Well, that's rubber.~~ Okay, Mrs. Holder.

MAN: Holder? Did you say Holder?

BETTY: I -- I just came to pick some things up. I'm going right away.

MAN: I thought you looked familiar. Holder. Betty Jane Holder! Right?

BETTY: I --

TRAVIS: (QUICKLY) You know Mrs. Holder?

MAN: Sure. Aren't you the Betty Jane Holder who works for --

BETTY: (QUICKLY) I work in the airline office. Downtown.

TRAVIS: That's interesting. That you two should know each other.

BETTY: I hate interrupting ~~your game~~. I know how ^{base you} ~~you bridge~~ addicts ^{are} ~~are~~ about tournaments. If I could just have those --things, Mr. Travis?

TRAVIS: They're in the next room. I'll get them.

(FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY)

MAN: Look, you didn't answer me. Aren't you Betty Jane Holder who works for the Item?

BETTY: (LOW) Be quiet. It's a mistake. You don't know me.

MAN: Sure I do. ~~I used to be at the firm too, I --~~

BETTY: (FRANTIC) Please. You don't know me. You never saw me before in your life.

(FOOTSTEPS COMING BACK IN)

TRAVIS: Here you are, Mrs. Holder.

BETTY: Thanks. I'll be going...

TRAVIS: Just a moment. I'm interested in this -- meeting. You say you two know each other?

MAN: Sure. I recognized her right away. Betty Jane Holder. She works at the airline office. I picked up some tickets from her just the other day. Like they say ... small world.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

BETTY: It was close. Carl. It was so darned close I'm still shaking. Thank heaven they guy could think on his feet. I couldn't.

CARL: The price of fame, Betty.

BETTY: (LAUGHS) I bet he's still wondering what got into me. The ~~reporter~~ ^{one} I mean.

CARL: He'll know. Just as soon as you write your story. And that's now. Go to it. You don't need to appear in court. You've got the papers and that's enough to smash Travis and all the other crooks like him. So get over to that typewriter and start smashing.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You do just that. You go to work. And all the anger ... all the fear ..all the outrage of the past few days goes into that story. The paper gives it a four column spread. And the reaction is dynamite!

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

CARL: You've done it, Betty. We've had a flood of mail on the story. From lawyers in Mississippi, ethical ones .. burned up about the whole racket. *You've done it*

BETTY: ~~Better than that, Carl. I got word that the Mississippi Bar Association is pushing through a resolution to clamp down on every attorney who's ever had anything to do with quickie divorces.~~

CARL: One filthy racket you can file away marked thirty. Thanks to you.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: For weeks the letters pour in ...letters thanking you, Betty Jane Holder, for putting an end to a vicious ~~practice that preyed on desperate...foolish people.~~ It's over. All over. But just to make sure you take another quick trip to Gulfport, Mississippi. You stand on the sidewalk ...and you make one more try...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BETTY: (CALLS) Taxi ...taxi..

(CAR PULLS UP)

CABBIE: Where to, lady?

BETTY: Just ----drive around for a bit, will you.

CABBIE: Sure. Why not.

(CAR DOOR OPEN. SLAM. SOUND OF CAR FOR A MOMENT. THEN)

BETTY: Look ...maybe you can help me. ~~I'm in trouble. Terrible trouble. I -- I have to get a divorce.~~

CABBIE: ~~Sure. So?~~

BETTY: ~~You must know. I've heard there are lawyers who can get one for you fast here in Mississippi. Even if you're not a resident. Can you --can you give me a name?~~ *you a fast divorce*

CABBIE: You're out of luck lady.

BETTY: But I --

CABBIE: ~~Sure, I know, you just have to have a divorce, BUT~~
no final divorce, take no more lady
~~you can't get one here, you used to be able to, BUT~~
~~not any more.~~ Some newspaper dame cleaned that up --
but good.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Betty Jane Holder of the New Orleans Item with the
final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #369

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
- an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further -- filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
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 Betty Jane Holder of the New Orleans Item.

HOLDER: While expose of the divorce racket was spark which touched off cleanup much credit for reforms in state of Mississippi must go to ethical lawyers there who saw to it that crooked practices were stopped. Their reaction to expose was final factor in clearing up divorce racket in Mississippi. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

ANNCR: Thank you, Miss Holder, 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 New Haven Conn. Register - by line -- Thomas J. Loomis, Jr. The Big

Story of a reporter who *next week's story told on his*
tribute & found him murdered

(MUSIC: -- STING)

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production, original music composed and conducted by Vladimir

~~Sallysky.~~ (MORE)

CHAPPELL:
(CONT'D)

Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the New Orleans, La. Item.

Your narrator was Norman Rose and *Ernest Chappell* played the part of Betty Jane Holder. 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 Holder.

(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)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. THE BIG STORY program was brought to you by Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes, Product of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes. This Christmas reward yourself and your friends with the pleasure of smooth smoking. Give Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes the finest quality money can buy. Now in the distinguished gift carton. THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RP 11/29/54 a.m.

AS 5 11 1954

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #370

CAST:

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
VOICE (EDITOR)	JIM STEPHENS
LOOMIS	MICKEY O'DAY
BEDFORD	JIM COOK
WOMAN	SHIRLEY HAYES
SERGEANT	ED PECK
CAPTAIN	HAROLD HUBER
KEY	JOHN THOMAS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1954

ATX01 0009239

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LOOMIS: (EXCITED) Hello!

VOICE: (FILTER) City Desk, Loomis. I know it's your day
off, but ---

LOOMIS: (SAME) Some day off! ~~Listen~~

VOICE: (FILTER) ~~Wait~~ We got a tip there's something
cooking out your way. ~~Do you~~---

LOOMIS: ^{I know} ~~Do it~~ I've been trying to call it in for the last
hour!

VOICE: (FILTER) What is it?

LOOMIS: Murder. The cops are using my house for headquarters,
tying up my phone, questioning everybody, questioning
me---

VOICE: (FILTER) ~~You? What for? Let's have it!~~

LOOMIS: The guy was my neighbor. And up to now, the last
one who saw him alive was me!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in New Haven, Connecticut. It is
offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great
American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the
New Haven Register, the story of a reporter who went next
door to call on his neighbor and found him murdered.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: Tonight, to Thomas J. Loomis, Jr., for his Big Story,
(CONT'D) goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #370

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)

I'll tell you a story
Remember it well
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and
PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the
smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous
Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New Haven, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened. Tom Loomis's story, as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Who're you? Tom Loomis, sports reporter for the Register. Where are you? Home. What're you doing? Baby-sitting for your eleven-month-old, Kevin. Where's your wife? Bowling with the girls. What time is it? 9:00 o'clock, and all's well. A good time to catch up with your reading. A nice, undisturbed evening---

(DOORBELL GONGS)

NARR: Shucks.

(STEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

BEDFORD: Hi, Mr. ~~Loomis~~? Bedford. . .

LOOMIS: Hya, Joe. What's your problem?

BEDFORD: I've been cleaning up next door in ~~Macauley's cottage~~. Mind if I use your phone?

LOOMIS: Not at all -- (CHUCKLE) long as you don't call ~~Macauley in Tokyo~~.

BEDFORD: No, just the oil company. Tank's running low.

LOOMIS: Sure. Help self.

(FOOTSTEPS, PHONE PICKED UP, DIALING BEHIND)

BEDFORD: (AFTER A BIT) Line's busy.

(HE HANGS UP)

Listen, I'm sorry about that racket last night.

LOOMIS: That's all right. I'm sorry I yelled at you. But you know how it is with kids.

BEDFORD: I bet you could have murdered me.

LOOMIS: Well, we got him back to sleep.

BEDFORD: I'll keep things quieter from now on. Just these Navy characters from New London celebrating a wedding. Mind if I try again?

LOOMIS: Not at all. It'd kind of late, though.

BEDFORD: Oil companies, they keep night numbers.

(DIALING)

BEDFORD: Home Oil? Listen, this is Joe Bedford, renting the Macaulay place on Lake Shore drive. (PAUSE) That's right. Would you have the tank-truck fill her up tomorrow -- (PAUSE) All right, as soon as he makes his rounds. ~~Nights're getting cold up here.~~ Thanks.

(PHONE HANGS UP)

BEDFORD: There. I promised Macauley I'd keep the place in shape while he was overseas.

(DOOR OPENS)

LOOMIS: I wish I could give you a hand, Joe, but I don't want to leave the kid.

BEDFORD: That's all right. I caused you enough trouble already. But I promise -- it'll be quiet over next door from now on.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: An hour later, you hear Bedford's car drive off. Big, powerful twin-exhaust job. Unmistakeable. Two hours later, the wife rolls in, full of strikes and spares and splits, and tired. But looking forward, like you, to a nice day off tomorrow up here at your summer cottage. No work, no calls to the office, no running around. (BEAT) That's what you think. *the next morning*

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR)

LOOMIS: Y'know, I was thinking, honey, we could ~~put~~ the daffodils around the elm tree, and sow sweet alyssum or portulaca over 'em, then when the daffodills die ~~down, the annuals 'll fill in the~~

(PHONE RINGS)

~~I got it.~~

(IT IS PICKED UP)

WOMAN: (FILTER) ^{hello} Mr. Loomis?

LOOMIS: Yes ma'am.

WOMAN: (FILTER) This is Mrs. Shaw, down at the Bon Ton.

LOOMIS: Bon Ton. (TAKE) Oh, the store where Joe Bedford works. Yes, Mrs. Shaw.

WOMAN: (FILTER) Mr. Bedford's spoken of you as his neighbor. I was wondering if you'd do me a favor.

LOOMIS: Uh-hm.....

WOMAN: (FILTER) You see, Joe hasn't turned up for work. I was wondering if he's still in his cottage. He has no phone there --

LOOMIS: Matter of fact, Mrs. Shaw, he's not. I heard him take off last night. You try his home?

WOMAN: (FILTER) Yes. But he didn't come home. They were sure he stayed at the cottage. I wouldn't bother you, Mr. Loomis, but Joe is very steady. In all the time he's been assistant manager here, he's never missed a day --

LOOMIS: Well, I'll check the cottage and call you back. But I can see from here his car's not there. And believe me -- where Joe goes, that car goes. I'll call you back.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You check, No Joe. Doors locked, car gone. You call back. Then you remember something Alice *your wife* said when she came in last night. Heavy fog, tricky driving. And the way Joe Bedford drives that hopped up wagon of his ---

LOOMIS: (PROJECTING) Honey, ~~don't do anything about the bulbs till I come back!~~ I'm gonna check the curves and ditches for Bedford!

(~~CAR UP, ENGINE STARTS, BUT ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP AND IDLES.~~)

NARR: You never take off, though. A police car pulls up as you back down your drive. A sergeant gets out.

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

SERGEANT: Hi, Tom.

LOOMIS: Hi, Sarge. What's cooking?

SERGEANT: Joe Bedford's family called in. They're worried. Thought I'd check the cottage.

LOOMIS: That's a coincidence. (CORRECT) His boss just called me. I was going to check the roads. Him and that car---

SERGEANT: No sign. C'mon, let's take a look at the house.

(FOOTSTEPS UP IN BRUSH, UNDER)

SERGEANT: By the way, I gave the family your phone to call in case he turns up.

LOOMIS: Okay by me. But I told them I heard his car take off last night. ~~That was about ten.~~

SERGEANT: Well, we'll check. Makes the family feel better.

(FOOTSTEPS UP, THEN UP WOODEN STEPS)

NARR: You and the sergeant climb the steps of the next-door cottage, try the front door again. Locked. The back door again. Ditto. Then you remember something you'd forgotten when you checked for the store manager.

LOOMIS: There's a door to the basement from the garage, Sergeant. Maybe we can get in that way.

NARR: You can, you do. ~~In the cellar~~

SERGEANT: Boy, look at all those dead soldiers.

LOOMIS: Yeah. Bedford and a bunch of sailors killed them. Big noisy party night before last.

(FOOTSTEPS UP, DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: In the kitchen--

SERGEANT: Boy, they sure killed a lot of bottles.

LOOMIS: Well, Bedford's been running a lot of parties weekends.

SERGEANT: Pretty quiet fellow in town.

LOOMIS: When he's living with his family, yeah. You know how it is.

~~(FOOTSTEPS UP, DOWN BEHIND)~~

NARR: *i ad* In the living room --

LOOMIS: That's a funny thing.

SERGEANT: Huh?

LOOMIS: Portable radio right spang in the middle of the room. Plug pulled out.

SERGEANT: Could be he was cleaning the place and left it there to clean around it, you know?

LOOMIS: Yeah. He said he was cleaning up.

NARR: You mosey around the living room, puzzling over the position of the radio. And an electric clock behind it, where you couldn't see it before. Meantime, the sergeant checks the bedroom. You're bending over the radio, and the clock, when --

SERGEANT: (CRISP, HARD) Don't touch it, Don't touch anything.

LOOMIS: Huh?

SERGEANT: You heard me. You say you talked to him last night?

LOOMIS: Sure. Nine o'clock, nine-five, around then. Why?

SERGEANT: Look in ~~there~~ *here*

(FOOTSTEPS TO PAUSE)

LOOMIS: (VERY LOW) Oh me. (LONG PAUSE) It -- it's got his clothes on . . . I mean, he was wearing that last night when I -- (BEAT) but they did such a job on his head ----- is ---- is it him?

SERGEANT: It's him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Twenty-seven steps later -- the distance from the murder house to yours -- you're back in your own house. Alice is in the kitchen, brewing coffee by the gallon. Why?

SERGEANT: You can figure on this place turning into a madhouse, Tom. Everybody and his brother'll be using it for a headquarters.

(TELEPHONE DIALING UNDER)

LOOMIS: Suits me fine. Makes my job easier. And speaking of jobs, I need that phone---

SERGEANT: Hold it. (TO PHONE) Schofield speaking. I found Joe Bedford. Get the State Cops over to the Loomis place on Lake Shore Drive. (PAUSE) ~~Some~~ he's dead. Murdered.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

LOOMIS: Sarge, the phone ---

SERGEANT: (AS PHONE STARTS DIALING AGAIN)

Uh-uh.

LOOMIS: What do you mean, uh-uh? A story in my own backyard and you give me the old uh-uh! In my own house ---

SERGEANT: Hold it, Tom. (TO PHONE) County Medical Examiner, please. (PAUSE) Tom, in the first place, I have to have this line open, and -- (TO PHONE) Hello, Doctor. Sergeant Schofield at Guilford. We've got a body over here on Lake Shore Drive -- (PAUSE) Yessir. Look for my car. (PAUSE) Murder -- beaten to death, looks like.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

LOOMIS: Look, Sergeant ---

(PHONE STARTS TO DIAL AGAIN)

SERGEANT: And in the second place, I can't let you call anything in. (BEAT) Hello? Sergeant Schofield, at --

LOOMIS: Can't? Why!? Guilford. Let me talk to the coroner.

SERGEANT: (BEAT) All right. When you do, send him out to the Loomis place on Lake Shore Drive. It's a dead one.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

SERGEANT: (VERY FAST AND SHARP) Because nothing goes out on this until my superiors check in --- nothing goes out to the papers at all until it's all cleared --

LOOMIS: Cleared, what do you mean, cleared! I know what I know, I saw what I saw ---

SERGEANT: Sure, Tom, sure. Right now you know more than anybody. Including me. And --

LOOMIS: Now wait a minute, Sarge. I told you I spoke to the guy last night, I told you I heard his car take off at ten o'clock --

SERGEANT: (TRYING TO BREAK IN) Now wait a minute, Tom --

LOOMIS: (GOING ON ANGRILY) -- and I've got lots more to tell, but I don't like being told I can't use my own phone in my own house to call my own paper -- suppose some joker in New Haven's got a lead on my story already, with me sitting here muzzled like a -- like a suspect yet!

SERGEANT: (NOW SORE) Suspect my foot! Calm down, will you? Sure you've got lots to tell --- - but until certain things are established, like time of death, extent of wounds -- things you know are necessary in a murder case --- you're not going to tell them to any paper until you tell them to the proper authorities first.

LOOMIS: In other words, I can't give my own story to the paper --

SERGEANT: Kid -- not until you give it to the police.

LOOMIS: Okay, you're the police -- start asking!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: You calm down fast enough, realizing his job will eventually help your job. But things do not go fast enough for you. Gradually your house fills-- and you have to tell your story. First you give it to the sergeant

LOOMIS: (FROM BEHIND) he had no telephone at the place so he used mine. He called about some oil for the

NARR: Then you have to give it to the State Police, all over again.....
Maoaulay cottage....he rented it after Mac went overseas.....

LOOMIS: (FROM BEHIND)at about ten o'clock.....maybe a little before. We talked a little about a noisy party he'd had the night before...bunch of sailors,

NARR: Then you have to give it to the New Haven detective bureau, all over again
they were, celebrating somebody's wedding.....

LOOMIS: Sailors from New London, I believe he said. They had a couple of cars, three or four.....jaloppies, nothing fancy. But his car -----

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

NARR: But now, with umpteen branches of county, state, city and town law using your phone as a switchboard, you're accustomed to the ignominy of having it answered for you. But this time ---

SERGEANT: Tom, it's for you.

LOOMIS: Well gee whiz! (SHARP) Hello!

VOICE: (F) Loomis, I know it's your day off, but we
got a tip on something

NARR: (OVER) The City Desk-- working out your way,
at last. By now you've and I wonder
cleared what you can
and cannot tell, ---
and you tell. But the biggest thing, one of the few
definite things in the developing story so far is what
you tell the desk about yourself.

LOOMIS: (FROM BEHIND) ... using this place as headquarters ...
so I oughta have the M.E.'s report soon. But the
last words ^I anybody heard him say -- were -- "It'll
be quiet next door from now on." Anybody, that is,
but the murderer. (PAUSE) No. No ideas. Just
one more thing. Sports reporter or no sports reporter,
you leave me on this or nobody gets anything!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY FOR:)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #370

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

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

NARR: Because a killer chose your neighbor as his victim, because he chose the house next door to yours as the scene of his crime, because the police are using your house as headquarters on the case -- your day off is a day on, but on. And who's right in the middle of everything in more ways than one? You. Who does the Captain of State Police, now in charge, keep coming back to?

CAPTAIN: Mr. Loomis --

LOOMIS: Yes, Captain?

CAPTAIN: I appreciate your -- forbearance, your co-operation.

LOOMIS: Yessir. (SMILE) Does that mean you want to go over my story again?

CAPTAIN: (SMILE) ~~Only in part.~~ I've got the medical examiner's report here, plus some details from the coroner . . .

LOOMIS: Uh-hm...

CAPTAIN: And I'd like to check your memory on two time elements. When Bedford left your house, and when you heard his car take off.

LOOMIS: Right. My wife had been gone about an hour. So I make it ~~ten~~⁹ o'clock he dropped in, say, ~~ten~~⁹-five he left. As for the car -- eleven on the button.

CAPTAIN: How so?

LOOMIS: Well, frankly, I'd dropped off, but those twin exhausts woke me. Incidentally, sir, about that car of Bedford's ----

CAPTAIN: We'll get to that, Mr. Loomis. You say you dropped off ---

LOOMIS: And the car woke me. Naturally, being a father, my first thought was to wonder whether the baby'd wake up, and if so, how long it'd be before I'd get him back to sleep ---

CAPTAIN: (SMILE) So you naturally checked the clock.

LOOMIS: (SMILE) Naturally. Holding my breath.

CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Loomis.

LOOMIS: Ah -- Captain. Now I'll ask some questions. Not as your temporary host, but as a reporter. Would these questions indicate that the M.E. and the Coroner've got the hour of death?

CAPTAIN: Yeap.

LOOMIS: What time?

CAPTAIN: Between ten and eleven last night. Closer to eleven.

LOOMIS: (SOFTER) Poor guy. He walked out of here right into it. (PAUSE) ~~No. Closer to eleven, you say?~~

CAPTAIN: ~~That's right.~~

LOOMIS: ~~Hmm. I was reading, ... dozing off. Maybe if I hadn't, I might have seen someone, heard something... (A BEAT)~~
~~But you know, I heard no other car.~~

CAPTAIN: There was none. No fresh tire tracks, best we could tell. Except the convertible's.

LOOMIS: Means the murderer came on foot. And drove away in Bedford's car.

CAPTAIN: We're checking for hitch-hikers, strangers along the roads leading in. You can use that if you like.

LOOMIS: ~~Captain, about that car of Bedford's ---~~

(DOOR OPENS)

SERGEANT: Captain, we got something. Here's the M.E.'s final report. And this.

CAPTAIN: Thanks, Sergeant. (PAUSE) Mr. Loomis, you can have this report if you keep it F.Y.I.

LOOMIS: For my own info, huh? Any special reason?

CAPTAIN: Yes. (HE READS) Cause of death, bullet wound --

LOOMIS: Bullet wound! I thought he was beaten to death!

CAPTAIN: ~~The bullet passed through his body to the left of the spine, moved upward through the chest region, penetrated the diaphragm twice, severed the right ventricle of the heart, emerging from the chest.~~

LOOMIS: (QUIET) ~~From the chest. (PAUSE) Shot in the back.~~

CAPTAIN: Please don't use it, Mr. Loomis. For the time being, let's keep it ~~as~~ beaten to death.

LOOMIS: Of course. With your permission, however, I'll give my desk the facts. Off the record.

CAPTAIN: The same thing goes for the time of death. I don't want anybody working up an alibi.

LOOMIS: I'll go along with you, sir. Now that other' item the sergeant just gave you.

CAPTAIN: This.

LOOMIS: Yessir. What's "this"?

SERGEANT: Found in Bedford's pocket.

CAPTAIN: Three names, with notifications next to them. Off the record --

LOOMIS: Uh-huh.

CAPTAIN: It says "Hurley, liquor...Malohman, food. Key, clean up."

LOOMIS: That'd be for the shindig. Hurley to supply the drinks, the second guy the sandwiches. And key -- that could be --

SERGEANT: Leave the key with somebody to have them come and clean up?

CAPTAIN: No, Mr. Loomis said Bedford was cleaning up himself.

LOOMIS: Maybe the cleanup guy never showed.

~~CAPTAIN:~~ Then again, "key" is spelled with a Capital K. Could be somebody named Key.

LOOMIS: We'll never know.

CAPTAIN: We might.

(PHONE PICKED UP, DIALED)

CAPTAIN: Westover Barracks, this is Captain Powers. (PAUSE) Anything on that nine-state alarm for the twin-exhaust convertible? (PAUSE) Let me know when you do. Now, put this on the ticker to New London. Check naval personnel for a Hurley, a Malchman, a Key. (PAUSE) Hold for questioning is the best we can do. My authority. (PAUSE) Right.

(PHONE DOWN)

LOOMIS: Can I --

CAPTAIN: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Off the record. Say we're checking several names. Don't call them suspects. Don't say they're naval personnel --

LOOMIS: (CHUCKLING) You know, I'm not sure I like being right in the middle of things!

CAPTAIN: I promise you you'll get everything when the time comes. And this is off the record too -- right now you've got everything we've got. And that's nothing!

LOOMIS: Sir, about Bedford's car ---

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

LOOMIS: Temporary headquarters, police -- (PAUSE) Right here.
Captain.

CAPTAIN: Hello. (PAUSE) When? (PAUSE) Where? (PAUSE) Leave
it there. Work it over for prints. I'll send someone
over.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

CAPTAIN: We found the car. Of all places, behind the toll
station on the Merritt Parkway. Sergeant, tell Burns
to hop over there and see what he can find out.

SERGEANT: Yessir.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.)

CAPTAIN: Well, that's something. If we can get any prints, and
they match what we've got from the house . . .
Not that it'd prove much . . . (SOUND: A CAR TAKES
you said he'd been holding OFF WITH SIREN
parties. The house is GOING, FADES
probably jumping with prints. OFF.)
Still, if they match the car
prints, that'd narrow it down --

LOOMIS: I don't think so, sir. You see, Joe Bedford and that
car -- well, I don't think you'll find any prints on
that car except --

(PHONE RINGS)

(PHONE IS PICKED UP)

CAPTAIN: Captain Powers ..

VOICE: (FILTER) Loomis there? This is his city editor.

CAPTAIN: Hold on. Mr. Loomis. Your boss.

LOOMIS: Hello. Listen, I can give you a little more, but most of it's off the record --

VOICE: (FILTER) Hold it if we can't use it. I got something for you.

LOOMIS: Fine. My story and you fill me in. What's up?

VOICE: (FILTER) I sent Beneker out to interview Bedford's family. He got a nice story ... pictures, the works. But the mother told him something I'm holding out on my own till the cops follow through.

LOOMIS: That's a switch. What?

VOICE: (FILTER) Seems a pal of Joe Bedford's called up this morning.

LOOMIS: Yeah. Hold it. (UP) Captain -- wait. My paper's got something. (DOWN) Go ahead.

VOICE: (FILTER) Wanted to know if Joe was ok, if he got to work all right without his car.

LOOMIS: (QUIETLY EXCITED) How'd this joker know Joe's car was missing? What's his name?

VOICE: Key. Like in lock. K-E-Y, Raphael Key.

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: You give it to the Captain. He gives it to the New Haven Police. They give it the run-down -- and him a fast run over to the murder scene. And all concerned give him a thorough questioning. But he, Raphael Key, gives it right back, simply, calmly, straightforwardly.

KEY: Sure. I do odd jobs for Joe all the time. Did, I mean. Cleaning up after parties. He seen me before, ~~that man;~~

LOOMIS: That's true. I remember him.

KEY: All sorts of odd jobs. Delivering packages, carpentry, all sorts.

CAPTAIN: What's your main line of work, Raphael?

KEY: Odd job man.

CAPTAIN: How'd you know Joe Bedford didn't have his car this morning? How you know to call his mother?

KEY: I tell you one thing. If I knew he was murdered, would I call his folks and get myself suspected?

CAPTAIN: Answer the question. How'd you know?

KEY: Well -- I had his car last night.

CAPTAIN: You did. Where'd you leave it?

KEY: Well, that's the thing. I don't know.

CAPTAIN: What do you mean, you don't know?

KEY: I'm telling you the truth. I don't know. Y'see, I got drunk. I got so drunk, going from place to place, I knew sooner or later I'd smash up Joe's car -- smash it? Nick it, scratch it, it'd be the same thing as smashing it, the way he loved that car. I was even surprised he let me take it --

LOOMIS: Joe Bedford let you take his car?

KEY: Yeah. How else do you think I'd have it?

LOOMIS: Listen, Raphael, Joe --

CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Loomis. Let's continue ~~over~~ Raphael, how did Bedford come to let you take his car?

KEY: Well, I was supposed to come and clean up the cottage after the party.

CAPTAIN: We know that. Did you?

KEY: Late, I came. I was supposed to come in the afternoon and let myself in the garage door and clean up. But I come late.

CAPTAIN: What time?
KEY: Like nine-ten, nine-fifteen. Maybe nine o'clock.
CAPTAIN: Go on.
KEY: Well, I thought Joe'd be sore. When he come in, he said he'd been over here using the phone. Anyway, I thought he'd be sore.
CAPTAIN: But he wasn't?
KEY: Nope.
CAPTAIN: What'd he do? What'd he say?
KEY: Well, he said there was no use my staying around, anything he could pay me for the little time left, it wouldn't be worth my while --
CAPTAIN: Little time left, how?
KEY: Well, he was anxious to get rid of me, he wanted to shoo me out of there fast, he was so anxious he forgot to get sore --
CAPTAIN: He get sore often?
KEY: Oh no. Very easygoing fella.
CAPTAIN: Well, do you know why he was anxious?
KEY: Sure. He had a date. With who, I don't know. I kidded him a little back and forth there, then I kind of needled him, y'know --
CAPTAIN: We don't know, Raphael.
KEY: I'm being honest with you, Captain. I'm giving you the whole thing.
CAPTAIN: Go on, Raphael. You needled him.
KEY: Yes, like I'd say here I hitch-hiked all the way out here, more hike than hitch, and all I get out of it is thrown out, like I'd say call her up and tell her to bring a friend, like I'd say I think I'll stick around-- you know.

CAPTAIN: Go on.

KEY: Anyhow, he kept watchin' his watch, watchin' the clock--

LOOMIS: (FAST) Where was the clock?

KEY: Why it was in the living room, on the mantel. An electric clock. Why?

CAPTAIN: Never mind. Go on.

KEY: And when she started up, the hand, towards eleven, I figured he had a date like for eleven o'clock, and finally I had him so frantic, I mean not mad, he never got mad -- he finally broke down and give me five bucks and the keys to the car and told me to take off and when I was through, leave the car someplace and tell him where.

(LONG PAUSE)

CAPTAIN: That's all?

KEY: Except about drinking up the five dollars and worrying about smashing up the car or scratching it, ~~even not~~ knowing where I was going, I was worried. Yeah, that's all.

CAPTAIN: Where do you think you could have left the car?

KEY: I could almost swear somewhere along the Merritt. I wouldn't be sure.

CAPTAIN: I've got news for you, Raphael.

KEY: Yessir?

CAPTAIN: That's where we found the car.

KEY: Well that's a load off my mind. (PAUSE) Not that it does Joe any good, but it's a load off my mind.

CAPTAIN: That was the only thing on your mind, the car?

KEY: ~~Yessir.~~

CAPTAIN: Raphael, when did you leave last night?
KEY: About -- oh, ten to eleven.
CAPTAIN: You sure it couldn't have been eleven on the button?
KEY: To be honest, it could have been. To be honest, I did a little drinking at Joe's before I left. Yeah, it could have been. I just got the impression he wanted me out by eleven. Maybe he had a date at eleven fifteen.
CAPTAIN: You pass any cars on this road on your way out?
KEY: I could of. I don't honestly remember.
CAPTAIN: But you want us to think somebody came there after you left and killed Joe.
KEY: ~~That's what I think.~~
CAPTAIN: Raphael, where'd you go from here?
KEY: Drinking, Captain. Bars and bars and bars. And I honestly couldn't say which or where or when. I guess I really have got a rotten alibi.
CAPTAIN: I guess you really have. (PAUSE) All right, Raphael. Let's go next door.
KEY: (LOW) Next door, sir? Why?
CAPTAIN: I want you to look at Joe.
KEY: I -- do I have to?
CAPTAIN: Afraid you do.
KEY: (LOW) ~~It won't do him any good. I was figuring on going to the funeral. I wouldn't want to see him, to remember him all bloody like that. They told me in the car he was all bloody.~~
CAPTAIN: ~~Sorry, Raphael. You have to come along.~~
KEY: All right.
LOOMIS: Captain --

CAPTAIN: Yes?

LOOMIS: Captain, I've got to talk to you.

CAPTAIN: Can't wait?

LOOMIS: No sir.

CAPTAIN: All right.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

CAPTAIN: Raphael, you go along with the sergeant here. I'll be there shortly.

(DOOR CLOSSES AFTER FOOTSTEPS)

CAPTAIN: What's your problem, Mr. Loomis? ~~You can't print any~~ of that story. We have to check it through, you know.

LOOMIS: Frankly, Captain, I'm not thinking of my story now. Well, not entirely. True, it's my story -- but Joe Bedford was my neighbor. And I'm thinking of him, and I'm thinking of the kind of guy he was, and I'm thinking of getting the man who murdered him locked up --

CAPTAIN: I appreciate your interest and your concern, Mr. ~~Loomis. We're doing our best. Proceeding cautiously.~~

LOOMIS: Let me ask you, Captain. What do you think of Key's story?

CAPTAIN: Off the record?

LOOMIS: (TENSE AND HOLDING BACK BUT SORE) Yes, yes, off the record.

CAPTAIN: I think it sounds good.

LOOMIS: WHAT?

CAPTAIN: It's got holes, but it sounds good. I'll go so far as to say I think Key's telling the truth.

LOOMIS: But his alibi stinks to high heaven! He can't account for his movements, he knew the car was gone, he saw Joe Bedford after I did --

CAPTAIN: (VERY QUIET) Loomis, how much police have you covered.

LOOMIS: Some. I'm on sports, but --

CAPTAIN: Some, huh. Loomis, you ask any old timer about alibis. The ones you suspect are the tight ones, the locked up ones that have every minute accounted for, every time and place and action covered. That kind of alibi you can break -- if it's false. But an alibi like Raphael's -- vague, loose, unsure of his timing -- coming right out and calling about the car, walking right into our arms ---- admitting he might be wrong, unable to place himself at any given bar --- Loomis, it's a rotten enough alibi to have the ring of truth. And one more thing.

LOOMIS: Yessir.

CAPTAIN: Motive. No motive.

LOOMIS: Sir, I realize all that. I admit I never looked at an alibi situation from that point of view --

CAPTAIN: It's off the record --

LOOMIS: (SOMEWHAT SARCASTIC) Yessir, I take it for granted everything I pick up in my own house on my own story is off the record.

CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Loomis. Suppose you went to the phone and called your desk, free and clear? What would you say?

LOOMIS: ~~You're on sir.~~ I'd call my desk and I'd say the police have got a suspect --

CAPTAIN: You're perfectly at liberty to use that --

LOOMIS: A suspect with a story that -- speaking as a veteran sports reporter -- is as phony as a wrestling match! I'd say the police have the killer and won't believe it?

CAPTAIN: Why ^{do} would you say that?

LOOMIS: Because I know the kind of guy Joe Bedford was!

CAPTAIN: Go ahead.

LOOMIS: I've been trying to explain about his car all day. Listen, Captain -- Joe was in love with that car. Like a mother. Twin exhausts? ~~Captain, that car was~~ practically custom-built -- by Joe. Half his time, most of his money went into that car -- and the car before it. Cars, cars, cars -- I don't know the details, the whatzis of the frammises he tacked on to the fernicratz bolt -- but you lift that hood and what you see looks like a -- like an electronic computer! That's no car -- that's a career!

CAPTAIN: So?

LOOMIS: ^{Well} So -- so one day only last month Joe Bedford was taking a bath. He had his car blocking my driveway. Joe, I said, toss me the keys for a second so I can move your boat, it's in my way.

CAPTAIN: Well?

LOOMIS: Did he? Not on your double carburetor he didn't. Joe Bedford stepped out of the shower, dried himself, put on his clothes, came out, climbed behind the wheel, moved it seven feet ---- Captain, does that sound like the kind of a guy who would lend his car to a handyman, an odd job man who'd been drinking --

CAPTAIN: For a date, a special date --
LOOMIS: With whom? Cleopatra? Marilyn Monroe? I swear,
Captain, if it was a choice between that car and the
most glamorous thing on high heels -- Joe would take
the car. Captain -- it doesn't figure!
CAPTAIN: All right, Mr. Loomis. You think your way, we'll think
~~OURS.~~

(DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS)

CAPTAIN: Well, Raphael?
KEY: Poor guy. He always done right by me.
CAPTAIN: You don't have any idea who did it?
KEY: I couldn't think who could have done it. I couldn't
think of a single enemy he could have.
CAPTAIN: Not one?
KEY: Well, unless it was he was cheating on some husband,
which that might be why he wanted me out of there bad
enough to loan me the car -- and I swear I was struck
like thunder he let me have it. He loved it like a
baby.
CAPTAIN: (QUIET) Well, Mr. Loomis? (LONG PAUSE) All right,
Raphael. We'll go over to the barracks and talk this
over some more.
KEY: Yessir. But could I call my mother first?
CAPTAIN: Sure. Go ahead.
LOOMIS: (LOW) Going to book him?
(STEPS TO PHONE. PHONE PICKED UP
PHONE DIALED. WAIT)
CAPTAIN: Nope.
LOOMIS: You'll be sorry.

CAPTAIN: Not enough to go on.
KEY: Hello, ma? Rafe, Ma. Over some guy's house. Listen,
Ma. I have to go over to the police station.
It's Joe Bedford. He's dead.
Somebody shot him. ~~Not me.~~ I'll see you, Ma. And
don't worry. ~~I'm just telling the truth.~~

(PHONE HUNG UP)

KEY: Okay, Captain.

(SILENCE)

KEY: (UNEASY) All set, Captain.

(SILENCE)

KEY: (MORE) What -- what's the matter, what's wrong?

CAPTAIN: (QUIET) You tell him, Mr. Loomis.

LOOMIS: You mean ask him, Captain. (PAUSE) ~~Key.~~ How did
you know Joe Bedford was shot? You didn't read it in
the paper --

CAPTAIN: (BIGGER) The police didn't tell you --

LOOMIS: (BIGGER) Nobody knew but me, the police -- and the
man who did it. You.

(SILENCE) (THEN)

KEY: (YELLING) All right, all right, I killed him ... he
caught me stealing the radio and the clock. He was
always treating me like a dog, pushing me around,
actin' big shot with his big car --- yeah, I shot him
and I'm glad. *Push now Sid & masked his*

(MUSIC: --- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Thomas J. Loomis of the New Haven, Conn. Register with
the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TURNTABLE)_

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #370

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-LI PELL M-E-L-LI Smoke longer and
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking
pleasure - an extra measure of cigarette goodness.
Remember, fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL
MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes
it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.
PELL MELL gives your fresh, new smoking satisfaction no
other cigarette of any length can offer you.

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished
red package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Thomas J. Loomis^{jr} of the New Haven, Conn. Register.

LOOMIS: Killer's carefully careless alibi did not stand up. Gave full confession. Pleading guilty to man-slaughter, he received 12 to 15 years sentence. Greatly appreciate Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Loomis, 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 Chicago Daily News by-line Eugene V. Moran. The Big Story *of a reporter who gave a man back the "hook" his own story of his life*

(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 Alan
Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the
New Haven, Conn. Register. Your narrator was Norman
Rose and Mickey O'Day played the part of Thomas Loomis, Jr.
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. Loomis.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes. This Christmas reward
yourself and your friends with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Give PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest
quality money can buy. Now in the distinguished gift
carton.
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

'betty'/ac
12/9/54 noon

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #371

CAST

NARRATOR

EUGENE MORAN

CHESTER JONES

PETE ZEIGLER

SGT. PAUL GIATTO

FLORENCE HAGERMAN

JAMES NEWBERRY

MRS. ETHEL DUNBAR

NORMAN ROSE

GLEN WOODS

MICHAEL HIGGINS

BILL ZUCKERT

JON WELGUSON

FLORENCE ROBINSON

ALAN HEWITT

PEGGY ALLENBY

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1954

ATK01 0009274

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE AND UNDER)

(HUM OF TRUCK ROLLING ALONG. PETE IS WHISTLING
"JINGLE BELLS")

PETE: Look, Chet. Look at that house. They got a sleigh and
Jones: *You better keep your eye on the road.*
Santa Claus in the front yard.

JONES: (DULLY) Uh huh.

PETE: What's the matter, Chet? You've been in the dumps ever
since we left Denver.

JONES: Don't pay any attention to me, Pete. I always get the
blues around Christmas.

PETE: You got somethin' against Christmas? My biggest ~~thrill~~ *kick*
is getting together with my folks for the holiday.

JONES: I wouldn't know. I've never had a real family Christmas
like other people.

PETE: You haven't? How come?

JONES: Believe it or not, I don't know who ~~my folks are.~~ *I really don't*
~~don't know for sure who I am or where I come from. You~~
~~see, my life up to the age of about thirteen is a total~~
~~blank.~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually
happened. It happened in Chicago. It is authentic and
is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great
American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages of the
Chicago Daily News, the story of a reporter who gave a
man back the ~~thirteen years~~ *last* of his life. Tonight to
Eugene V. Moran of the Chicago Daily News for his Big
Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award!

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(M&SIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #371

OPENING COMMERCIAL

SINGER: (STRIKES CHORD FIRST)
I'll tell you a story
Remember it well
About the reward
You get from PELL MELL.
Reward yourself
With this quality high
The finest quality
Money can buy.

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M E-L-L! PELL M-E L L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL - CONTINUED

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further -- filters the smoke and makes it mild.
Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Ill. The story as it actually happened. Gene Moran's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Gene Moran, of the Chicago Daily News are sitting around the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters with Sgt. Paul Giatto when two men come in. One is a big, slow-moving man who hangs back. The other is quick and short. He does the talking.

PETE: Are you the officer in charge here?

GIATTO: That's right. Sgt. Giatto. *This man is a reporter*

PETE: We're truck drivers. My name's Pete Ziegler, he's Chet Jones. We want to check on a missing person.

GIATTO: Who? Wife? Kids?

PETE: No, no. Nothin' like that. It's Chet here.

GIATTO: What?

MORAN: ~~Someone's ribbing you, Sarge.~~

GIATTO: He sure doesn't look missing to me.

PETE: You don't understand, Sergeant. He don't know who his folks are, where he comes from, or even how old he is exactly. You handle cases like this, don't you?

GIATTO: Depends. Suppose you give us a few more details, Jones.

JONES: Well, I've always felt funny about it, like I'm some sort of freak. I don't remember anything until I was pretty big, maybe thirteen. My first memory is a farm in Rochelle where a couple took me in. Everything's a blank before that.

Moran
GIATTO: What was the name of the couple?

JONES: Mr. and Mrs. Hope. *but they're both dead now*

GIATTO: Did they know anything about you?

JONES: Nothing except they found me sleeping in their barn. And no one in Rochelle knew anything about me either. So, when no one claimed me, I stayed around the farm, went to school, grew up, joined the army. Now I'm a truck driver. That's it.

GIATTO: ~~Have you spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Hope about yourself recently?~~

JONES: ~~No I haven't. They're both dead.~~

PETE: Do you tink you can help him, Sarge?

JONES: It's important to a guy to .. to .. well, it's important.

GIATTO: We've got a file with thousands and thousands of cases from all over the country. Goes back fifty years. If anybody reported a Chester Jones missing you'll be in it. Wait here.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: While Sgt. Giatto pulls the huge Jones file and starts going through it you begin a conversation with Chester Jones. You feel sorry for him, and besides maybe there's a story in it. At first glance it seems like a very ordinary life he's led -- brought up on a farm, served with the infantry, been driving a truck since the war. An ordinary life, you think, except for one thing. Who is this man -- really -- who has been living it?

GIATTO: Well, Jones, I couldn't find anything in the file that matches up with your story. Not a thing on a Chester Jones.

JONES: Thanks for trying, Sgt.

GIATTO: The trouble is your real name probably wasn't Chester Jones.

PETE: In that case what do you do, Sarge?

GIATTO: Not much, Zeigler. Not after all these years. If nothing's been reported on him in that time, it won't do any good to alert police departments throughout the country.

JONES: ~~I told you it was a waste of time, Pete. You're a reporter,~~
Mr. Moran. How about puttin' me in the comics? Mr. Nobody from Nowhere. That ought to be good for a laugh.

PETE: ~~Day off, Chet.~~

MORAN: *You know* I might run a piece on you ~~at that.~~ *Jones*

JONES: I'm not looking for publicity. *Mr. Moran*

MORAN: That's exactly what you need. Publicity and plenty of it. Maybe someone will come forward who knew you as a boy.

PETE: That's a smart angle, Chet. Let him do it.

GIATTO: I think it's your only chance, Jones, so long as Moran's willing to help you out.

MORAN: I'm not promising anything. It's a long chance -- a long, long chance.

JONES: I'll take it.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: That evening you go out to Chester Jones' house. You want to get a picture of him to run with your story. But there's something else on your mind, something that in all fairness you've got to tell him.

MORAN: Chester, have you thought things over?

JONES: Yeah. I think what you're doing is great.

MORAN: (DOUBTFULLY) Maybe it is, maybe it isn't.

JONES: What's the matter? Have you changed your mind?

MORAN: No, but I think you should have a chance to change yours. Have you ever stopped to think what we might turn up?

JONES: I don't follow you.

MORAN: Look, I'm no expert on amnesia but I do know there's always a reason why people's minds go blank. Unhappiness, trouble, something the mind refuses to remember -- all I'm saying is you may be better off as you are now.

JONES: I don't care. It's better to know the truth than always to be in the dark.

MORAN: Okay. As long as you understand. Now to start off you've got to tell me everything you can remember about yourself.

JONES: There's nothing, ~~I tell you~~. Only a complete blank until I woke up in that barn.

MORAN: You've never really worked at it, have you, Chester? Reached back there and tried to force things to the surface.

JONES: How do you mean?

MORAN: ~~Close your eyes.~~

JONES: ~~Okay.~~

MORAN: ~~Now~~ think. You're back in that barn. You're a kid. You wake up. Now where were you the day before? How did you get there? Think.

JONES: It's no good. There's nothing there. Except ...

MORAN: Except what?

JONES: Except a couple of things that don't make sense. I don't want people to think I'm crazy.

MORAN: You don't get the point. Everybody's mind is full of ~~stuff~~ things they don't understand. A word, a name, a number -- anything might be the clue that starts putting things together.

JONES: But there's no connection

MORAN: There doesn't have to be.

JONES: All right then, but you'll think I'm crazy. "Red Streak"
-- "Sniffy."

MORAN: What about them?

JONES: That's it. Just those two words. I don't know what they
mean or why I thought of them.

MORAN: Red Streak. Sniffy. Well maybe they'll lead to something.

JONES: Are you kidding me? If that's the kind of stuff you want
I have some more just as screwy.

MORAN: Like what?

JONES: Like the time a couple of weeks ago I was in the truck
takin' it to the garage and I turned off on Lawton Street.
I was going to 126 Lawton Street just as though I had some
reason.

MORAN: What was there?

JONES: I don't know. I never went. I realized it was just a
crazy idea so I turned around.

MORAN: Anything else like that ever happen?

JONES: There's a girl's name. I know I've never met her but ~~she~~ ^{she's name}
sticks in my mind.

MORAN: What's the name?

JONES: Florence Hagerman. But I don't know who she is.

MORAN: Never mind that now. You see, you remembered more than
you thought you could. Three names and an address.

JONES: Only ~~that~~ of it makes sense.

MORAN: Not to us. But maybe it will to someone who reads my
story.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR:

~~You go back to the office, sit in front of the typewriter~~
and get to work. You, Gene Moran, are a veteran reporter,
you've written a lot of stories in your time but never
one like this. Always before you've given the facts to
the readers. This time you hope one of your readers
will give the facts to you. Most of all you hope to
~~reach a woman who may not even exist -- Florence Hagerman.~~
Two days pass -- eight editions -- and your story doesn't
raise a ripple. Then the legwork begins. 126 East
Lawton St. is a box factory. 126 West Lawton is a vacant
lot. There's no Florence Hagerman in the directories of
the Chicago area. So you set to work methodically
checking every Hagerman listed.

~~(PHONE PICKED UP)~~

MORAN: (ON PHONE) Sweetheart, get me Lakefront 3426. Yeah,
that's right. Another Hagerman.

(SOUND OF RINGING AT OTHER END)

MORAN: Hello, Mrs. Walter Hagerman? (PAUSE) This is the
Chicago Daily News. We're checking on a Florence
Hagerman. (PAUSE) No, Florence, not Hortense. (PAUSE)
Oh, you're Hortense? Well, is there anyone in your
family by the name of Florence? (PAUSE, THEN IMPATIENTLY)
I see. Yes, I see. Thank you very much.

~~(SOUND OF PHONE CRADLED)~~

NARR: You've ~~found~~ ^{found} a Ruth Hagerman, a Millie Hagerman, a
Beatrice, a Laura, a Genevieve, ~~and now a Hortense~~, but
no Florence Hagerman.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

~~There's nothing on 126 Lawton Street, East on West. And~~
you're down to your two remaining clues, the weakest and
most improbable of them all. Red Streak and Sniffy --
two names which could be anything from a bus line to a *kind of*
~~bubble gum.~~ (FLAT) That afternoon you head over to
Missing Persons and Sgt. Giatto. Maybe he has some
ideas because you're fresh out.

GIATTO: Hello Gene. I've been watching your articles on the
Jones case. Getting any results?

MORAN: Not a whisper. My two best leads didn't pan out.

GIATTO: I'll tell you something, Gene. I have a hunch there's
nothing to find on your boy. He may be a screwball
who dreamed this whole thing up or a publicity hound.

MORAN: No, he's not. I believe him. And I've still got two
more leads. One I think is a nickname. Sniffy. ~~Chester~~
remembered it.

GIATTO: Whose nickname?

MORAN: He doesn't know. To him it's just a word. But I'm
~~thinking it could be his nickname.~~

GIATTO: Holy smoke, Gene. Call that a lead?

MORAN: It's better than nothing. What do you have in the files
on nicknames?

GIATTO: ~~Not much.~~ *Plenty* Probably two or three nicknames for every
kid lost. If you start going through the files now
you should be through by next Christmas. Look, Gene,
save yourself a lot of trouble. There's nothing on
a Chester Jones. You're wasting your time.

MORAN: I want to help the guy. Think what it's like not to
know who you are or where you came from. Put yourself
in his place.

GIATTO: Sure, sure, I understand. But even if the guy is on the level, you're starting with a handicap of all those years.

MORAN: Lemme throw one more thing at you. Red Streak.

GIATTO: Red Streak? What Red Streak?

MORAN: Just Red Streak.

GIATTO: Oh boy. Quit before you start losing your identity.

MORAN: Chester remembered the phrase. Thinks it might have something to do with his childhood.

GIATTO: So does Santa Claus. But what does it add up to?

MORAN: Then you really think it's hopeless, Sarge.

GIATTO: Frankly I do. Your best bet is those articles you wrote. If they don't turn up anything, you might as well quit. You can't expect a miracle.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: As you leave police headquarters and walk back to the paper, you know Giatto is right. You're looking for a needle in a haystack and can't even find the haystack. It's a rotten Christmas present for Chester Jones but you'll have to tell him the search for his past has been a failure. As you come into the office.....

PETE: Hi, Mr. Moran.

MORAN: Well, Zeigler.

PETE: Just wanna tell you what a terrific job you're doin' for Chet.

MORAN: I don't think it's done much good.

PETE: Sure it has. You should see ^{Chet} ~~Chet~~. ~~He's~~ ^{He's} a new man. He's got hope. When's the next article?

MORAN: There aren't going to be any more.

PETE: What are you talking about?

MORAN: Nothing's come in. I've drawn a blank and you can't run a blank in a newspaper.

PETE: What about Chet?

MORAN: I've done everything I can for him. I told him it was a long shot at the beginning. It just didn't work.

PETE: You've only done three articles. You've just started and you're quitting already.

MORAN: I can't keep writing the same story over and over again. How much space do you think it's worth?

PETE: Space? Sure that's all you care about -- your story.

MORAN: And if I had any more to write about him I would. But there's nothing to write, nothing to do. It's over.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MORAN: Come in.

FLORENCE: Mr. Moran?

MORAN: Yes.

FLORENCE: You're the man who wrote those articles on Chester Jones, aren't you?

MORAN: That's right. Do you know him?

FLORENCE: No I don't. I never heard of him until I read your articles.

MORAN: Then why are you here?

FLORENCE: I'm Florence Hagerman.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #371

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.
Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL'S
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You get a good break, you get a bad break. You find Florence Hagerman, but she doesn't know Chester Jones.

FLORENCE: No, Mr. Moran. I'm absolutely sure I've never known a Chester Jones. And I've got an excellent memory for names and faces. It was the funniest thing. My husband read your article and showed it to me.

MORAN: Oh, you're married.

FLORENCE: Yes, but I was Florence Hagerman before.

MORAN: That explains why I couldn't find you in the Chicago directory. But I checked all the Hagermans. Don't you have any relatives?

FLORENCE: Not in Chicago. We're from Galesburg.

MORAN: You said you have an excellent memory for faces. Did you see the photo we ran of Chester Jones in the paper?

FLORENCE: I certainly did. ~~My husband has been teasing me about it all week.~~ But I don't know him.

MORAN: Here's a picture of Jones when he was fifteen.

FLORENCE: No, I don't think -- no. I'm positive I never knew anyone by the name of Chester Jones

MORAN: Forget about his name. Have you seen that face before?

FLORENCE: It does look something like a boy I once knew.

MORAN: What was his name?

FLORENCE: It was the summer I was fourteen. I was at a Salvation Army camp, ~~Camp Winona~~. This boy Frank had a crush on me and I had a sort of crush on him.

MORAN: Frank who?

FLORENCE: Frank Dunbar, his name was. ~~He was cute.~~ The more I look at the picture the more I'm sure this is Frank.

MORAN: Then on the basis of this photo you'd say Chester Jones is the boy you knew as Frank Dunbar ~~thirteen years ago.~~

FLORENCE: Yes, I'm positive it is. I never forget a face.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: The next step is a simple one. You bring Florence Hagerman face to face with the man who calls himself Chester Jones.

JONES: (APOLOGETICALLY) Gee, I'm sorry you went to all this trouble, Mr. Moran. I don't know her.

FLORENCE: Of course you do. I know I've changed a lot, but we spent a whole summer together.

MORAN: Chester, concentrate on the name Frank Dunbar. Doesn't that ring any bell? I have a hunch it's yours.

JONES: Nope. It doesn't mean a thing to me.

FLORENCE: But don't you remember that summer-- the picnic ~~and the swimming?-- You were a marvelous swimmer, Frank.~~

MORAN: ~~Do you still swim, Frank -- I mean Chester?~~

JONES: ~~Sure I swim. Who doesn't? That doesn't prove anything.~~

FLORENCE: And sitting around the camp fire -- remember how you used to play the harmonica for us?

JONES: (LAUGHING SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) It could be if you say so, but it doesn't sound right. I never played any instrument in my life. I guess there's no way of proving who I really am.

(MUSIC: --- LIGHT ACCENT)

NARR: But maybe you'll be able to prove it after all, Gene Moran. ~~Something that was said casually~~ in the conversation has given you an idea. While they continue talking, you excuse yourself and go out to your car. You have an errand to do. Half an hour later you return with a package in your hand.

MORAN: Here's a little Christmas present, Chester.

JONES: What is it?

MORAN: Open it and see.

(SOUND OF PACKAGE BEING UNWRAPPED)

JONES: A harmonica.

FLORENCE: Go ahead and play it.

JONES: But I don't know how. I never played one in my life, I tell you.

MORAN: Not since you were thirteen you mean. Give it a ^{try} whirl!

JONES: Okay, but this is pretty silly.

(AT FIRST A FEW INEPT SOUNDS COME FROM THE HARMONICA, THEN GRADUALLY JONES PICKS OUT THE MELODY OF JINGLE BELLS AND WORKS INTO A SKILLFUL PERFORMANCE)

FLORENCE: (OVER HARMONICA) You see, I told you he could play. He is Frank Dunbar.

(MUSIC: PICKS UP JINGLE BELLS AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: At last you're out of the shadow land, Gene Moran. you're a reporter and you're on home ground, back in the world of facts. You no longer have to depend on a confused man's confusing memories. You know that Chester Jones is actually Frank Dunbar. You know he spent the summer of 1940 at Camp ^{Salvador Army} ~~Wilmona~~.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You check with the Salvation Army and learn that the personnel of the camp are widely scattered after all these years. More legwork, more phone calls. Finally you locate James Newberry who had been one of the directors that season.

NEWBERRY: Yes, as a matter of fact, I do remember Frank Dunbar. He was the lad who disappeared, wasn't he?

MORAN: Yes, but how did you hear of it, Mr. Newberry?

NEWBERRY: It happened the following spring. His mother thought he might get in touch with one of the campers, and phoned several times. A very sad business. Don't believe they ever found the lad.

MORAN: They haven't. Do you know where the Dunbars are from?

NEWBERRY: ^{Rockford}~~Upstate~~ I think. Yes sir, the phone calls came from Rockford, Rockford, Ill.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: An hour later you're with Sgt. Giatto in the file room of the Missing Persons Bureau.

(SOUND OF FILE DRAWER PULLED OUT)

GIATTO: B.. B .. CC ...D. Here we are. D. Dale, Dawson, Demopolis, Downey, Driggs, Drew, Dunbar. Frank M. Dunbar.

MORAN: That's him all right.

GIATTO: Age 13. 5'1", 110 pounds, eyes blue, hair brown and so forth and so forth. Reported missing May 12, 1940. Mother ~~Mrs. Ethel Dunbar, widow.~~ Home address 126 Lawton St., Rockford, Ill.

MORAN: 126 Lawton. It wasn't a false lead after all. Right number, wrong town.

GIATTO: Right number years ago. But how do you know ^{the} Mrs. Dunbar's ~~is~~ ^{are} still there?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: You check in the Rockford phone book and find that ~~the~~ ^{the} Ethel Dunbar ~~is~~ ^{is} still at the same address. That afternoon you hop into your car and start on the eighty-mile drive to Rockford.

~~(SOUND OF CAR DRIVING ALONG)~~

Conflicting thoughts scramble through your mind. You press on the accelerator as you picture a joyous reunion between mother and son, unconsciously slow down as you remind yourself everything so far depends on circumstantial evidence. You're approaching the end of your long search but it may be just another dead end. And now you're in Rockford. You turn left on Maple Street. The next corner is Lawton. ~~It is a~~

~~little white house with green shutters. You stop,~~

(SOUND OF CAR STOPPING)

~~get out of the car~~

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

~~walk up the path.~~

(FOOTSTEPS)

There's a Christmas wreath on the door. You ~~hesitate,~~ ^{hesitate to knock} unwilling to knock. You'll have to be very careful when you talk to Mrs. Dunbar. You don't want to raise high hopes only to have them blasted with bitter disappointment. You knock.

(SOUND OF KNOCKING, PAUSE, SOUND OF DOOR OPENING)

MORAN: Mrs. Ethel Dunbar?

DUNBAR: Yes, I'm Mrs. Dunbar.

MORAN: My name is Moran. I'm a reporter with the Chicago Daily News. May I come in?

DUNBAR: Yes, ^{of course} but why do you want to see me, Mr. Moran?

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING)

MORAN: Well I don't want to build up your hopes too high, but ~~did you have a~~ ^{it's about your} son, Frank.

DUNBAR: ^{Yes} He's alive? You've found him?

MORAN: There's a possibility we may be able to trace him for you. But nothing definite. There's also the possibility ~~a~~ ^{we may be wrong} ~~series of strange coincidences have misled us.~~ I must warn you about that.

DUNBAR: ^{I understand} For ~~heaven's sake~~, Mr. Moran, please tell me what you know.

MORAN: I think first you'd better tell me what you can about the circumstances of his disappearance.

DUNBAR: There's nothing to tell. There never has been. That's been the trouble from the beginning. When the police questioned me, I could never give them any help. He just rode off on his bicycle one afternoon and never came back.

MORAN: Had anything happened at school or at home to upset him?

DUNBAR: No, nothing. What does he look like, this man? That's a picture of Frank on the mantle. It was taken a week before he disappeared. Can you see any resemblance?

MORAN: (CAUTIOUSLY) Well, there is some resemblance.

DUNBAR: Take me to him. I can tell. ~~A mother can always tell.~~

MORAN: Please, Mrs. Dunbar, I've told you mustn't build up your hopes so high.

DUNBAR: ~~But after all these years! I can still see him~~
as he rode down the street on his bicycle
~~clearly. I was standing on the porch and I waved to~~
~~him as he rode down Lawton Street. He lived on that~~
bicycle, even had a name for it. He used to call it the
~~Red Racer.~~

MORAN: Are you sure that's what he called it?

DUNBAR: Yes, the Red Racer. At least the Red something. I'm
positive of that. ~~(GROPING) It was the Red, the Red~~

MORAN/
DUNBAR: The Red Streak.

(MUSIC: ~~STING AND AWAY~~)

NARR: *That's it*
Now you feel you have enough to make the final test --
to arrange the decisive meeting between Mrs. Dunbar and
the man who calls himself Chester Jones, the man who
might be her son. And yet he hadn't recognized Florence
Hagerman his childhood friend when brought face to face
with her. Would the same thing happen with his mother --
or would the shock of recognition restore his memory?
All these thoughts run through your mind as you
wait in your office a few hours later with Mrs. Dunbar
for Frank ~~and the faithful Zeigler to join you.~~
to join you.

DUNBAR: I thought you said he was only a few minutes away, Mr.
Moran.

MORAN: ~~It's a short drive.~~ He'll be here soon. But you must
try and stay calm.

DUNBAR: I can't. I'm not used to excitement like this.

(PHONE RINGS)

MORAN: Excuse me.

(SOUND OF PHONE TAKEN OFF HOOK)

MORAN: Hello. (PAUSE) No, I don't know anything about the Judge Fillmore statement. (PAUSE) Oh that Judge Fillmore, the one I interviewed. Look, Harry, phone me back. This is a bad time. (PAUSE) No, nothing's the matter. ~~You're~~ ~~later.~~ Phone me later, that's all.

(SLAMS DOWN PHONE. TO MRS. DUNBAR, CHUCKLING)

Sorry, Mrs. Dunbar. I guess I'm not used to excitement like this either.

DUNBAR: He must be my Frank, he just must be, don't you think, Mr. Moran?

MORAN: We'll know ~~soon enough when he comes through that door.~~ *right now* *Come in*

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MORAN: ~~And here he is.~~

DUNBAR: Don't open it.

MORAN: What's the matter?

DUNBAR: I've decided to take off my hat. I'll look younger the way he remember me. (PAUSE) All right. Now.

(DOOR OPENS)

DUNBAR: (AFTER SEVERAL BEATS) No, ~~not~~, that's not him.

MORAN: Are you sure, Mrs. Dunbar? Give yourself a chance. Take a little time.

DUNBAR: No, no, ~~my boy had curly brown hair. He's blonde.~~ *16.5* You're not Frank. You're not.

ZEIGLER: Me? I'm Pete Zeigler.

MORAN: You're looking at the wrong one, Mrs. Dunbar. He's Frank, the one who came through the door behind Pete.

DUNBAR: Yes. Yes, you are Frank. *See* Do you recognize me?

JONES: ~~Well, you're the way I imagined my mother would look,~~
~~but I'll be honest,~~ I can't say I really recognize you --
at least not yet. You see my memory ...

DUNBAR: I know, Mr. Moran explained. But we'll spend a lot of
time together; you'll see the old house on Lawton
Street, and everything will come back. ~~You had a happy~~
~~childhood, Frank.~~

JONES: But what happened to me? Why have I forgotten everything?

DUNBAR: ~~It doesn't do any good to~~ ^{Don't} worry about it now. There's
plenty of time. ~~But~~ tomorrow we'll have a real old-
fashioned Christmas dinner at home and you're all
invited.

(MUSIC: -- AWAY WITH GAY CHRISTMAS SONG)

(CHATTER OF VOICES AROUND CHRISTMAS TABLE)

DUNBAR: ~~And here's the drumstick for you, Frankie.~~ That was
always your favorite.

DONES-D: It still is. You know, things are starting to come back.
The minute I stepped into this house I knew I'd been
here before.

ZEIGLER: Hey Chet, I mean Frank -- pass the gravy.

DUNBAR: You'd better get that Chester Jones nonsense out of your
head, young man, or there'll be no seconds for you. Mr.

MORAN: ~~Moran, can I help you to anything?~~
~~No, it's a wonderful dinner but I've had all I can hold.~~
~~But there is something you can tell me, Mrs. Dunbar.~~

Does the name Sniffy mean anything to you?

DUNBAR: Sniffy?

ZEIGLER: Always the reporter, even on your day off, eh, Moran?

MORAN: You're right. Skip it. Who needs Sniffy? I'm delighted with things just as they stand.

JONES-D: Wait a second. I remember Sniffy. (SUDDEN SILENCE) He was one of my pet rabbits, wasn't he, Mother?

DUNBAR: Why yes. I think he was.

JONES-D: He was my prize rabbit. He won a ribbon at the pet show. And the next day ...

MORAN: What is it? Go on, Frank.

JONES-D: The next day was the day I left home. Yes, I remember now. I was feeding Sniffy. He jumped out of the hutch. I chased him on my bike. I took a bad spill. And wham, the next thing I knew I was in that barn in Rochelle. I couldn't remember anything, who I was, where I came from. What a feeling, and I've had to live with it for all these years.

~~DUNBAR:~~ Now, now, Frank. Don't upset yourself. The important thing is that ~~this is Christmas and at last we're~~ *to be all* together.

JONES-D: Thanks to you, Mr. Moran. Thanks to you.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Eugene Moran of the Chicago Daily News 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-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L! Smoke longer and
finer and milder PELL MELL.

(END E.T.)

HARRICE: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
- an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember, fine
tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater
length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke
further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ 1.2)_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Eugene V. Moran of the Chicago Daily News.

MORAN: After six months Frank Dunbar recovered memory ~~completely~~. This year again he's looking forward to another old-fashioned family Christmas. My sincere thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Moran, 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 St. Petersburg, Florida Times by-line Jack Thale. The Big Story of a reporter who went to a circus looking for laughs and instead found....tragedy.

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)_

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

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prookter Production,
~~originally written, composed and conducted by Bernard Prookter~~
~~and~~ Tonight's program was adapted by Nelson
Gidding from an actual story from the pages of the Chicago
Daily News. Your narrator was Norman Rose and ^{Allen Woods} played
the part of Eugene Moran. 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. Moran.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes. This Christmas reward
yourself and your friends with the pleasure of smooth
smoking. Give PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES the finest
quality money can buy. Now in the distinguished gift
carton.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

AC-12/15/54
BG-12/15/54-PM

ATX01 0009301

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #372

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
JACK THALE	NEISON OLMSTEAD
CHIEF	WALTER GHEAZA
DEXTER	KORT FALKENBERG
BARTLETT	BILL DAILY
BERT	BOBBY READICK
SAM	SCOTT TENNYSON
WILLIE	SCOTT TENNYSON
ROY	BILL GRIFFIS
RAFE	BILL GRIFFIS
EVELYN	ELAINE ROST

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1954

ATX01 0009302

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes, the finest quality money can buy.... present The Big Story!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

NARR: The place was a weatherbeaten two-story frame house in St. Petersburg, Florida. It was night. And the two police officers walked slowly up the rickety stairs, up toward the second floor where they knew death waited....

(HEAVY FEET CAUTIOUSLY MOUNTING RICKETY STEPS.
THEY STOP FOR A MOMENT)

~~ROY: Sam....~~

SAM: Yeah, Roy?

ROY: Hear anything?

~~SAM: No.~~

ROY: That killer's somewhere ^{up here} ~~upstairs.~~

SAM: Yeah. And it's pitch dark. For all we know he may have a bead on us right now.

ROY: He might.

SAM: (BEAT) Let's keep going.

(STEPS RESUME UP RICKETY STAIRS. THEN WE HEAR QUALITY OF STEPS CHANGE AS THEY WALK ALONG A FIRMER CORRIDOR. ... STEPS STOP)

ROY: (WHISPER) There's a door here.

SAM: (WHISPER) Let's see if we can flush him out.

(YELLS) All right! Come out with your hands up!

(NO ANSWER)

Come out or we're going in after you.

BERT: (OFF A LITTLE, HYSTERICAL, A TRAPPED KILLER) The door's open. ~~You want me, then~~ come on in and get me. (PAUSE) Well, what are you waiting for? ~~Got sand in your blood?~~ Come on in.

(WE HEAR THE DOOR SUDDENLY KICKED OPEN)

(WE HEAR THREE GUN SHOTS, ONE RIGHT AFTER ANOTHER, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY)

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in St. Petersburg, Florida. 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 St. Petersburg Times, the story of a reporter who went to the circus looking for laughs and instead found -- tragedy. Tonight, to Jack Thale, for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL \$500 Award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #372

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-J-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

(2)

No finer tobacco
Has ever been grown
So get yourself PELL MELL
And make it your own
Enjoy smoother smoking
The easiest way
Get the distinguished red package today!

(REFRAIN)

PELL M-E-L-L! PELL M-E-L-L!
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

OPENING COMMERCIAL - (CONT'D)

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking. Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild. Buy PELL MELL - Famous Cigarettes. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: St. Petersburg, Florida. The story as it actually happened. Jack Thale's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HINT OF CIRCUS THEME UP AND UNDER)

NARR: St. Petersburg is a ~~lazy and~~ pleasant place, sitting in a Chamber of Commerce sun. This is a mecca for elderly people, retired oldsters who flock to St. Petersburg every year from every corner of America. But it's not just for the Florida sun that they come. It's for the quiet too. For if your town is anything, it's a quiet town. And you, Jack Thale, of the St. Petersburg Times like it that way. As General Assignment Reporter for the Times, your tour of duty has always been, in a word-- relaxed. Or it was until this particular day in October. It all started innocently enough. You'd come home one evening and said to your wife....

JACK: Evelyn....

EVELYN: Yes?

JACK: How would you like to go to the biggest show on earth this afternoon?

EVELYN: The what?

JACK: (KIDS IT) ~~The most colossal, stupendous, gargantuan~~ exhibition of breathtaking feats of courage and death-defying nature brought to you by internationally known performers who have thrilled the crowned heads of Europe and the Shahs of the East.

EVELYN: (STARTS) ~~Jack, what on earth are you talking about?~~

JACK: ~~Why,~~ the Circus. Thrills and laughs under the Big Top, courtesy of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey.

EVELYN: ~~Oh,~~

JACK: ~~You see,~~ there were two passes hanging around the office. So -- I picked them up. Wanna go?

EVELYN: (DUBIOUS) Jack, I don't know---

JACK: Aw, come on, Evelyn. Be a sport. The circus is playing its last show of the year right here in St. Petersburg. Goes into winter quarters tomorrow over in Sarasota. You know how a show like this is on the last night of the tour. The band will give it a lot more oompah, the clowns will lay it on for laughs.

EVELYN: (LAUGHS) Darling, you're just a boy at heart, aren't you?

JACK: Sure. Always loved circuses as a kid and still nuts about 'em now. What do you say, Evelyn? ~~I'll buy you a baby doll and a big balloon and maybe a chance on the wheel of fortune.~~

EVELYN: (LAUGHS) Jack, you fool.

JACK: Have I got a date?

EVELYN: (LAUGHS AND GIVES UP) All right, all right. I give up.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A circus in town means many things for many people. But for the police it means added complications, heavy traffic, men for extra duty. And about this time at police headquarters, Chief Henry Greene was talking to a ~~fresh-faced~~ young cop named Fred Dexter....

CHIEF: Well, Dexter, this is your first afternoon as a police officer.

DEXTER: Yes, sir.

CHIEF: (SMILE) How does it feel to be out of Rookie School and on your way?

DEXTER: It feels fine, sir.

CHIEF: (REMINISCING) You know, I remember my first day with the Force. My wife pressed my uniform, shined my shoes so I could see my face in them! Polished my badge so bright it blinded everyone. (CHUCKLES) I see your wife did the same thing for you.

DEXTER: (LAUGHS APOLOGETICALLY) Well, Chief, she thought that for my first day on the Force, well -- you know.

CHIEF: Sure, I know. You know what my first assignment was, Dexter?

DEXTER: No, sir.

CHIEF: I was assigned to guard the entrants in a Beauty Contest. I don't think my wife ever forgave me for that.

BOTH: (CHUCKLE TOGETHER)

CHIEF: Well, I guess we'd better get down to business. I want you to work the circus today, Dexter.

DEXTER: The circus?

CHIEF: That's right. Patrolman Jim Bartlett will work with you, show you the ropes. Your job will be to direct traffic on the grounds, see that the cars are parked correctly without obstructing the roadways and keep an eye out for bums and loafers who might cause a public disturbance.
(A PAUSE) That clear?

DEXTER: Yes, sir. Clear enough.

CHIEF: All right, Dexter. Go ahead. Glad to have you with us. And good luck.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE AND INTO CIRCUS MUSIC WHICH HOLDS IN B.G., OFF
AND UNDER SCENE THROUGHOUT.)

(B.G. OF BARKERS, CROWD NOISES. GENERAL CIRCUS B.G.)

DEXTER: Big crowd here today, Jim.

BARTLETT: Yep. The big show'll be starting in a minute. But traffic's been pretty orderly so far. How do you feel, Fred?

DEXTER: Fine. But I'm sure glad to be working with an old hand like you.

BARTLETT: Thanks. This isn't a bad detail to get your first time out. Hard on the feet, though. Oh, Fred.....

DEXTER: Yes?

BARTLETT: Don't like the look of that bunch of loafers over by the popcorn stand. ~~That big fella is drinking~~
~~too.~~ Better tell 'em to break it up. I'll stick with the traffic.

DEXTER: Right.

(THERE IS A PAUSE -- AND WE HEAR THE MUSIC COME UP A LITTLE AND THEN UNDER AGAIN. NOW IN WITH MURMUR AND RIBALD LAUGHTER OF GROUP OF MEN.....)

DEXTER: (~~COMING IN~~) All right you fellas, break it up. Get moving.

(THE MURMUR AND LAUGHTER DIES SUDDENLY)

BERT: (HAS BEEN DRINKING) Why should we, copper?

DEXTER: No loitering ~~allowed~~ on the circus grounds. Now throw away that whiskey bottle and get going.

BERT: (LAUGHS AND JEERS TO OTHERS IN CROWD) Well listen to little boy blues. The baby face of the flatfoot brigade.

(REACTION -- RIBALD LAUGHTER)

DEXTER: Get moving or I'll take you in.

BERT: Listen to the big mouth. You and who else, Junior?

DEXTER: (COLD, STANDS GROUND) Mister, I'm going to tell you once more. Get off the circus grounds and stay off. If I catch you back here I'll take you in without asking any questions. (A BEAT AND THEN IN RISING AND COLD ANGER) Go on. Get going!

(THERE IS DEAD SILENCE AS THE REST WAIT FOR BERT'S DECISION)

BERT: (HE CAPITULATES) Okay, okay. I'll get moving. But don't think you're going to hear the last of this, Buster. ~~I'm a citizen and I know my rights. I'll have your badge for this, see? I'll teach you that you can't push law-abiding citizens around.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE. OUT OF CIRCUS THEME NOW)

BERT: (ANGRY) Chief Greene, I just came from the circus and I want to register a complaint.

CHIEF: (WITH OBVIOUS DISTASTE, HE DOESN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF BERT) A complaint? Against whom?

BERT: One of your cops. His badge number is 42.

CHIEF: ~~That would be Fred Dexter.~~

BERT: ~~Fred Dexter, huh? Well, I'mma tell you something, chief---~~

CHIEF: What's your name, sir?

BERT: What difference does it make?

CHIEF: You want to register a complaint, we'll have to have your name.

BERT: The name's Willis. Bert Willis.

CHIEF: Address?

BERT: 16 Palm Drive.

CHIEF: What's the nature of your complaint?

BERT: Well, this cop came up to me and told me to move on. I was standing there minding my own business, you understand, Chief, with some friends of mine, and he told me to move on.

CHIEF: What were you doing?

BERT: Nothing. Just standing there.

CHIEF: Well, we call that loitering. My men have orders to keep the crowds moving. And if ^{the} Patrolman ~~Dexter~~,.....

BERT: Wait a minute, that isn't all.

CHIEF: Well?

BERT: When I wouldn't move he slugged me in the face.

CHIEF: He hit you?

BERT: I'm tellin' ya. If I hadn't moved then, he would have belted me with his club. Now look, Chief. Your men can't push innocent law-abiding citizens around like that, see? I'm not going to stand for it and I'm not going to take it. I want you to break him, Chief.

CHIEF: (MILDLY) What's your hurry, Willis?

BERT: What do you mean?

CHIEF: (MILDLY) There are always two sides to every story. I'd like to hear what ^{the} Patrolman ~~Dexter~~ has to say first.

BERT: (NASTY) Oh, now I get it.

CHIEF: You got what?

BERT: This is one of those phony deals. The kind the cops cook up between themselves, huh? You talk to your boy and he talks to you and between the two of you you fix it so that I hit him instead of him hitting me. Just a nice little inside deal between us boys.

CHIEF: Willis, I don't like what you're saying or the way you say it. If you want to submit a formal complaint.....

WILLIS: Why should I waste my time? Sure, you'll take care of him! In a pig's eye you will! There's only one thing to do. If I can't get any satisfaction here, I'll have to take care of it myself.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE... CIRCUS THEME BEHIND AGAIN)

BARTLETT: Well, Fred, the big show will be over in a few minutes.

DEXTER: Yes, there'll be a rush for the cars soon.

BARTLETT: We'd better take our control positions at the road. You'd be surprised how this traffic can snarl up with--

DEXTER: (SUDDENLY) (INTERRUPTS) Jim!

BARTLETT: Yes?

DEXTER: Look over there. He's back again.

BARTLETT: Who?

DEXTER: That wise guy I ordered off the grounds.

BARTLETT: I see.

DEXTER: I told him I'd take him in if I caught him hanging around here again.

BARTLETT: ~~Well, if you told him, that's what you got to do.~~
Come on, I'll give you a hand.

DEXTER: Hey, you. I thought I told you to stay off the grounds?

BERT: (NOW DRUNKER) Hello, flatfoot. I like the circus. Know why? I like to come and look at the clowns. Clowns in blue suits.

DEXTER: All right, Mister. Let's go. (TO JIM) I'll take him down in the patrol car, Jim.

BARTLETT: Okay.

BERT: (DRUNKENLY) You're not taking anybody down.

DEXTER: Better come quietly, Mister. If you don't, I'll book you on charges of resisting an officer.

BERT: (UGLY) You'll book nobody for nothin'.

DEXTER: All right, come on!

BARTLETT: Listen, Mister, we're not going to fool with you any longer.

BERT: You aren't, huh? (SUDDENLY AND VICIOUSLY) Well, I'm not going to fool with you either.

DEXTER: (SUDDENLY, YELLS) Jim! Look out! He's got a--

(TWO SHOTS RAPIDLY, ONE AFTER THE OTHER.)

(MUSIC: CIRCUS MUSIC UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: BRIDGE, INTO ANOTHER CIRCUS THEME, THIS TIME INTERIOR, SINCE IT IS WITHIN THE BIG TENT. PERHAPS IT COULD BE EVEN A DRUM ROLL, THE KIND THAT THEY BUILD WHEN A PERFORMER IS CLIMBING UP TOWARD A TRAPEZE.)

NARR: You, Jack Thale, of the St. Petersburg Times, are having the time of your life.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

You and your wife have held your breath while the acrobats did the dippy-dops, you've seen the lion tamers and heard the seals play Tiger Rag, and watched 15 or 20 clowns tumble out of a midget car, and laughed 'til your sides ached. You've eaten all the popcorn they grow in Virginia and topped it off with hot dogs and soda pop. Now, it's near the end of the show and the end of a wonderful time. And then, suddenly, you see something that isn't part of the act, and you nudge your wife.....

JACK: Evelyn.....

EVELYN: Yes?

JACK: Something funny's going on down in the crowd.

EVELYN: Don't bother me about the crowd, darling. I'm watching this man with that ridiculous bicycle, trying to ride across that wire. I keep thinking if he falls---

JACK: (INTERRUPTS) Evelyn, I tell you something's going on. I see cops and plainclothes-men going all through the crowd and in the exits. They're looking for someone. Something must've happened. I'd better see what the score is.

EVELYN: But, Jack, the circus isn't over. There's still the grand finale.

JACK: You stay for it, Evelyn. I got to go. There may be a grand finale--- somewhere else.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND AWAY)

(MUSIC: _ _ TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #372

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

CHAPPELL: Reward Yourself!

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!

CHAPPELL: Reward yourself with the pleasure of smooth smoking.

Fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length. You get the
finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has
ever been grown - and it's blended to a flavor peak -
distinctively PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: It's your cigarette - every puff richly flavorful,
fragrant, so pleasingly mild. Reward yourself! Smoke
PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Jack Thale, as he lived it and wrote it.

(MUSIC: -- SEGUE TO CIRCUS B.G. . . . WE ARE STILL UNDER BIG TOP)

NARR: You, Jack Thale, of the St. Petersburg Times, leave your seat, thread your way down through the crowd, head for one of the police officers you know, Patrolman Roy Kingman. You catch up with him at the tent entrance. One look at his white face and you know that this is serious.

JACK: Roy....

ROY: Oh, Thale.

JACK: What's going on? Who are you looking for?

ROY: A man named Bert Willis.

JACK: Why?

ROY: He just shot two patrolmen.

JACK: (STARES) Where?

ROY: Outside. On the circus grounds. Pulled a gun before they had a chance. ~~Right in front of a crowd of people.~~

JACK: Who were the policemen?

ROY: Fred Dexter. His first day on the Force, too. And Jim Bartlett. You know them both.

JACK: I sure do. Roy, how bad---

ROY: Plenty bad. Dexter died where he stood. Bartlett died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

JACK: (A BEAT) I see. And this man Willis?

ROY: Made a clean getaway ~~through the crowd.~~ But he couldn't have gone far. He may be here under the Big Top or he may be in the neighborhood. (GRIM AND COLD) All I know is he couldn't have gotten very far and wherever he is we'll find him.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's crazy. The killer must've been insane. Right ~~out in front of everybody~~ in broad daylight. And now two fine policemen dead. ~~And two widows~~ You jump into your car, wheel out of the circus grounds toward headquarters. The news spreads. Already you see angry knots of men on the street. ~~And cars with other men, hard looking, angry citizens beginning to cruise around looking.~~ Headquarters ^{at} ~~is a bedlam.~~ ^{You find} And at the moment Chief Greene is on the phone.

SAM: (FILTER) Chief, Sam Parrnell.

CHIEF: Yes, Sam?

SAM: (FILTER) Just got a report by radio from Roy. If Willis was in the circus crowd they've lost him.

CHIEF: What about you?

SAM: (FILTER) We got a tip that Willis headed North away from the circus crowd. We've got a road block on every main highway. We've got double patrols cruising the road to Tampa.

CHIEF: All right, Sam. Let me know if anything develops.

SAM: (FILTER) All right, sir.

(CLICK OF RECEIVER)

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

JACK: Chief.....

CHIEF: Yes, Thale?

JACK: You got a description of this killer?

CHIEF: Got a perfect description. Met the man myself.
Know what he looks like right down to his toenails.
Must've been insane, drunk to do a thing like this.
Thale, you know this was Dexter's first assignment?

JACK: Yes, I know.

CHIEF: ~~His first assignment. And this.~~ What'll I tell
his wife? What'll I tell Bartlett's wife? Neither
of them had a chance, Thale. Not a chance.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

CHIEF: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

WILLIE: Chief, my name's Willie Blane. This here's Rafe
Morgan.

CHIEF: Well?

WILLIE: A bunch of the boys outside kind of got up a
citizens committee. They sent us in here to kind
of represent them. That right, Rafe?

RAFE: That's right.

CHIEF: All right, what can I do for you?

WILLIE: Anything new on this here killer, Chief?

CHIEF: Not yet.

WILLIE: You better git him, ~~Chief~~. There ain't gonna be
any peace and quiet in St. Petersburg or anywhere
else in Florida unless you git him.

CHIEF: We're doing our best, Blane.

WILLIE: (GRIMLY, HE IS LEADER OF THE MOB) All I'm saying, Chief, is it better be good. And if you git him you better do it before we do.

~~CHIEF: (A BEAT) What do you mean?~~

WILLIE: (COLD AND GRIM) I mean if we git our hands on him first, we're not goin' to wait for any due process of law. We're not goin' to wait for any trial or anything like that. We got a nice new rope and we can find a nice strong tree. I'm givin' you fair warning, Chief. We're lookin' for him as hard as you are and we're hoping we find him first!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The day passes into night. Nothing. ^{The police} They keep a routine watch on Willis' home. They don't expect him to return and he doesn't. Meanwhile, you can feel the ugliness rise in normally quiet and peaceful St. Petersburg. The ugliness and the threat of mob violence, for now grim looking men stalk the streets with bulges in their hip pockets, cars loaded with quiet but vengeful men cruise up and down looking. And still nothing. And finally you get an idea....

JACK: Chief, ~~I was just thinking....~~

CHIEF: ~~Yes?~~

JACK: ^{heck} ~~I've got an idea~~ that Willis never got further than a couple of blocks from the circus grounds.

CHIEF: How do you figure that?

JACK: Well, look. He was first seen to head North, 4 or 5 blocks from there he was hemmed in by the business district. Everything was closed up there for the circus.

CHIEF: Well?

JACK: The streets were dead. He would have been too conspicuous there. And he wouldn't want to double back south toward the circus grounds again. He'd want to stay away from that neighborhood, above all.

CHIEF: ~~Go on.~~

JACK: ~~Interested so far?~~

CHIEF: Go on, I'm listening.

JACK: All right. Now, East and West the streets are fairly narrow and built up ^{best} ~~between~~ 9th and 16th Streets. Both of them are big, broad open avenues. Right?

JACK: Okay. They were crawling with police within minutes after the shooting. You'd already sent a good description of Willis over the radio. If he tried to slip across either one of those main avenues he would have been spotted instantly.

CHIEF: (SLOWLY) Thale, what you're saying is this. Willis is probably holed up in a 3 or 4 block area just north of the circus grounds.

JACK: That's my guess. And a house to house search might flush him out, Chief. It just might flush him out. How about giving it a try?

CHIEF: (A BEAT, THINKING) Thale....

JACK: Yes?

CHIEF: ~~Give that phone.~~

all right, we'll give it a try

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You wait. An hour. Two hours. While every available man on the St. Petersburg Police Force check house after house in the area. And then.....

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

CHIEF: Chief Greene talking.

ROY: (FILTER) Chief, Roy Kingman.

CHIEF: Yes, Roy?

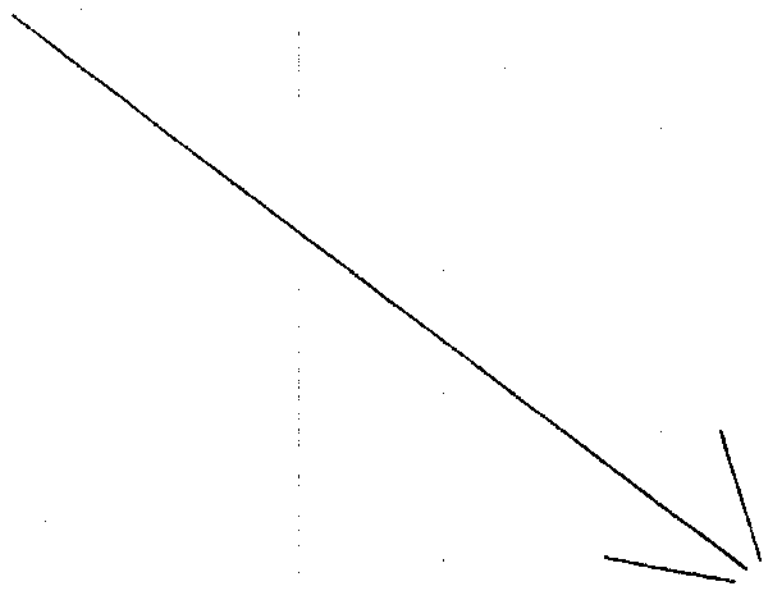
ROY: We just flushed Willis.

CHIEF: Where?

ROY: In the 1300 block on Third Avenue. He climbed from the roof of one house into the second floor of a two-story tenement building. Looks as though we'll have to go and take him.

CHIEF: All right. Be right over.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)



NARRATOR: Third Avenue. Now it is swarming with police. But also with an angry, ugly crowd of armed men. You, Jack Thale, get over there with the Chief. And when you arrive the crowd lets out a roar.

(ANGRY ROAR OF CROWD)

WILLIE: (YELLS) We want him. We want Willis ourselves.

RAFE: You try taking him to jail you're goin' to have to fight us, Chief. This is lynch bait and nobody is goin' to stop us.

CHIEF: Listen you! All of you listen!

(THE ANGRY MURMURING DIES DOWN)

CHIEF: This man killed two policemen. We're as interested in seeing that he gets what's coming to him as you are. But there's going to be no mob justice around here. This is a matter for the law.

~~WILLIE: (YELLS) The law. If the law gets him he's liable to get off with life.~~

~~RAFE: (YELLS) We'll take care of the law ourselves, Chief.~~

~~(MUSIC: HITS UP AND UNDER)~~

NARRATOR: An ugly, seething crowd, scenting blood. The Chief sets up barriers, organizes a detail to hold back the crowd. Then he talks to his squad ...

CHIEF: Men, he's not coming out of there. Only one way to take him. That's for a couple of men to go up there and get him. Now, I'm going to need two volunteers.

ROY: I'll go, Chief.

CHIEF: All right, Roy. Anybody else?

SAM: I'll go along with Roy.

CHIEF: Boys, I'm telling you he's dead. Now, why don't you break this up and go home.

WILLIE: We're staying right here. That right, boys?

(ROAR UP)

RAFE: And if you won't bring him down, we're going to come up and git him.

CHIEF: You try that and there'll be trouble.

WILLIE: (YELLING) Chief, I'm warning you. You try to get that killer to police headquarters and we're going to stop you. If we have to, we'll get us a lot of gasoline and burn the house down.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You, Jack Thale, see cars leave the scene. You've heard them yell "get some gasoline." You pray that the ambulance comes before the gasoline does because this crowd means what it says. And the ambulance does come --- first. The police hold the crowd back and the attendants come in with a wicker basket for the body.

JACK: Chief ...It's going to be a problem to get that basket by that crowd.

CHIEF: You're telling me.

JACK: What if we show them the body when we get downstairs, prove to them that Willis is dead?

CHIEF: ~~It can't be done. For two reasons. First, they'll~~
grab the body and mutilate it ~~anyway.~~ ~~And in the second~~
place ~~the law says~~ ^{and} I've got to bring his body where it
can be examined by a coroner's jury and then given a
decent burial -- killer or no killer.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The police form a flying wedge. The crowd rushes for the wicker basket containing the body of Bert Willis. The police fight their way through to the ambulance and it drives off. But that's not the end, Jack Thale. Not yet. Because the crowd follows the police procession to Police Headquarters. ~~In fact it doubles, not just in numbers but in fury.~~ And it looks as though they're going to rush Headquarters and seize the body.

(YELLS OUTSIDE, ROAR OF GREAT CROWD)

JACK: ~~Chief, looks as though they're going to rush in here any moment.~~

CHIEF: 'Fraid you're right, Thale. And in the mood that mob's in, they won't be particular who it drags through the streets. That could mean you and me and everybody else here.

JACK: Guilt by association, eh?

CHIEF: ~~Something like that. Mob has no head, only muscles.~~

JACK: ~~What'll we do?~~ *Are you gonna do Chief.*

CHIEF: We've done everything we can. Broadcast to the State Police for help, some help from Tampa's coming. Question is, will the crowd smash in before we can hold them off.

JACK: Chief, let me go out and talk to them.

CHIEF: (STARES) Thale, are you crazy?

JACK: It's worth a chance.

CHIEF: But that mob ^{can} will rip you apart. It wants blood.

JACK: All it really wants is Willis' blood. And the sight of uniforms right now is what infuriated them. They've been held off, frustrated by the police. But I'm not wearing a uniform. Maybe I can do something with them.

CHIEF: I still think you're out of your mind.

JACK: ~~Maybe, but let me try.~~

CHIEF: ~~Okay, but~~ I'll go along with you, Thale. ~~Now the best place to try this is from the landing right outside the entrance. We'll keep you covered. If they rush you, well, here's hoping they don't.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

~~(WE HEAR UNDER THIS DULL ROAR OF CROWD)~~

NARRATOR: You open the door, Jack Thale. You step outside into the warm Florida night. You ~~catch~~ ^{smell} the flower scented breeze that always seems to blow in St. Petersburg and you wonder if you'll ever ~~feel~~ ^{smell} it again. You wonder whether you'll be there when the morning comes to see the hot sun again, or the blue of Tampa Bay. You're scared, and when the crowd sees you ...

(THUNDEROUS ROAR UP)

WILLIE: (AMONG YELLS) Tell them to bring that killer out, Thale. Tell them to bring Willis out.

RAFE: (AMONG YELLS) If they don't, we're going to take him out. You hear that, Thale? We'll bust up the whole place if we have to.

JACK: (YELLS) Wait! Listen to me!

(THE CROWD DOESN'T WANT TO LISTEN. IT KEEPS ON YELLING)

JACK: Please! Give me a minute! Listen to me! After you hear what I say, then do what you please.

(SOUND OF CROWD SLOWLY DIES.)

JACK: Look. Most of you know me. I'm a reporter for the Times. I know a lot of you personally. I've lived here a long time myself.

(THE CROWD STARTS TO RUMBLE UP AGAIN)

JACK: I'm not a policeman. ~~I don't have to stick to the law as they do inside.~~ My job is to report the facts as straight and as honestly as I can. Now I was there. Right after they shot Willis. I saw the man. Believe me, he's dead. He paid for what he did and he's dead...

WILLIE: (YELLS) How do we know that they didn't sneak him out alive in that wicker basket.

RAPE: (YELLS) Yeah. How do we know that, Reporter?

JACK: Because I told you. He's dead. I swear it. ~~I swear~~ I saw him with my own eyes. He's dead. Whatever he did, he paid for. What's the use of going any further? You want to kick Bert Willis, beat him, burn him, hang him? All right, you can. You can rush this building and beat down a lot of men who are just trying to do their jobs, and take Bert Willis. But what would be the point? You think he'd feel it now if you burned him or hung him or tore him apart? He's beyond that now. ~~Don't you see? He's dead!~~

(CROWD MURMUR UP SLIGHTLY. THEN OUT AGAIN)

JACK: Listen to me! ~~This town has got a good reputation.~~ St. Petersburg is a name everybody in the country knows. You want to blacken that name? You want to bring it disgrace? You want to make St. Petersburg a bad place ~~to come to and a worse place to live in?~~

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #372

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: Yes, PELL MELL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure
- an extra measure of cigarette goodness. Remember,
fine tobacco is its own best filter and PELL MELL's
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: But greater length is only half the story. PELL MELL
gives you the finest quality money can buy.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality has made it
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.
Buy PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes in the distinguished red
package. "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC:)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jack Thale of the St. Petersburg Times.

THALE: As a matter of routine a coroner's jury held that the two policemen were justified in shooting the armed killer. Both dead policemen were held in great esteem. There were huge turnouts at their funerals. The family of the new recruit was awarded a police pension although officially he had served only 4 hours as a member of the force. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Thale, 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 Erie, Penn. Dispatch - by-line Arthur W. Brooks. The Big Story of a reporter who trapped a criminal -- and a criminal who was playing with fire.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

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

*brought to you by the makers of
Tale Moll Famous
Cigarettes*

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

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production.
Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an
actual story from the pages of the St. Petersburg,
Florida Times. Your narrator was Norman Rose and
Nelson Blissett played the part of Jack Thale.

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. Thale.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell speaking. The BIG STORY program was
brought to you by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, product
of the American Tobacco Company, America's leading
manufacturer of cigarettes.

THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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12/21/54 11:00am