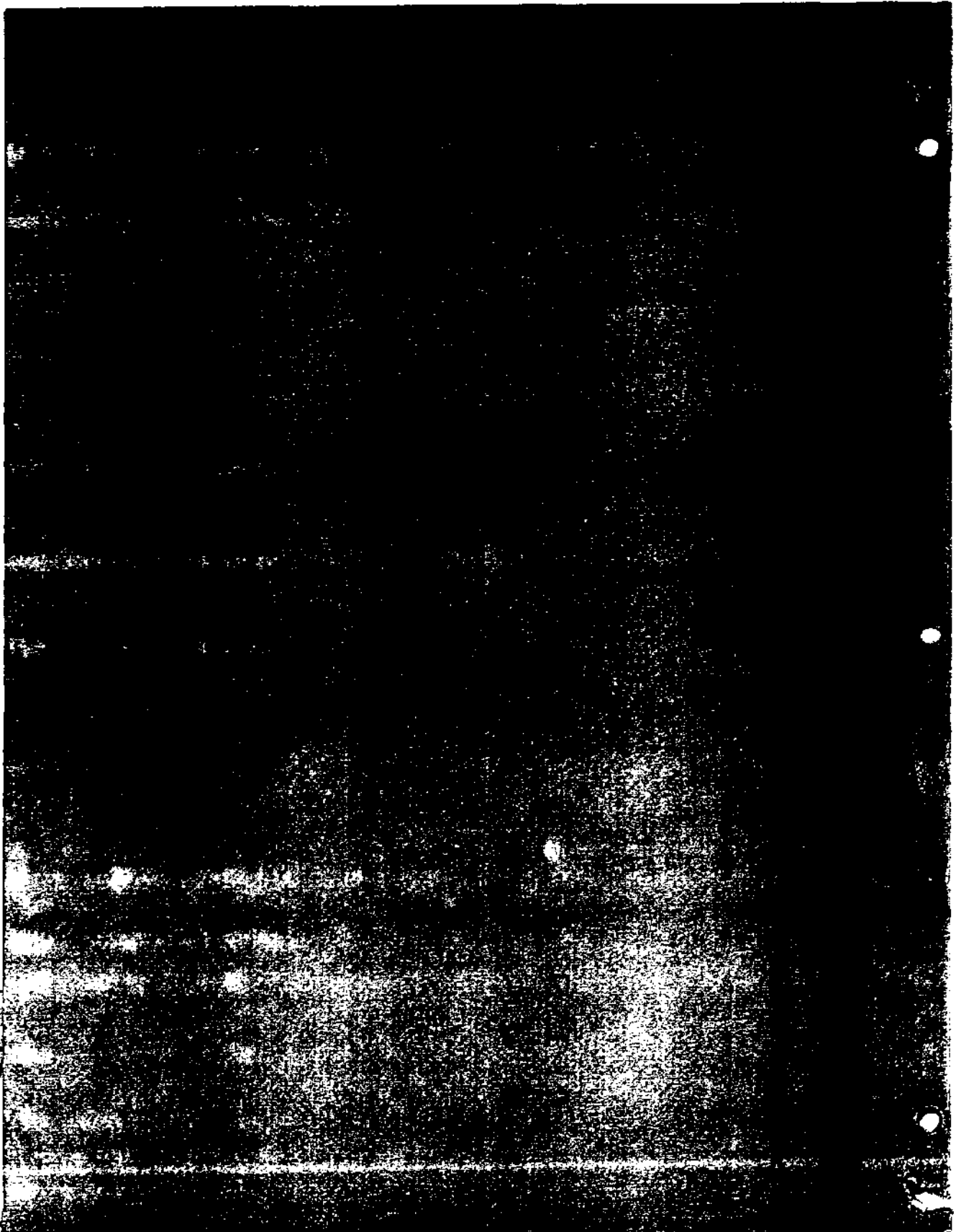


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11

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #373

CAST:

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
KID	DAVID WINTERS
COP	EARL GEORGE
MAN	DEAN ALMQUIST
DETECTIVE GREY	DEAN ALMQUIST
WOMAN	RUTH YORKE
ARTHUR BROOKS	JOHN MC LIAM
FIREMEN	CARL FRANK

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 5, 1955.

RTX01 0009333

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN AND UNDER)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS TO STOP. THEN HEAVY BREATHING...  
CLATTER OF CHAIN ON FIRE BOX .; TINKLE OF BROKEN  
GLASS AS GLASS PLATE IS BROKEN)

COP: (COMING ON FAST) All right, kid, and just what do you  
think you're doing?

KID: (BREATHLESS) I'm turning in the fire alarm, officer..

COP: Look, Sonny, these things ain't for playing jokes...

KID: I'm not playing jokes. I seen it...I seen the fire ...

COP: This on the level?

KID: Honest. There's a fire down the street. ~~A bad one. I'm~~  
~~turning in the alarm.~~ (THEN) I'm not playing any joke,  
officer. I--I'm trying to do good.

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Erie, Pennsylvania. It is  
authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and  
women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the  
pages of the Erie Dispatch..the story of a reporter who  
trapped a criminal -- ~~and~~ a criminal who was playing with  
fire. Tonight, to Arthur E. Brooks for his Big Story,  
goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #373

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

SINGER: (STIKES 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.

(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: UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Erie, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened --  
Arthur Brooks' story -- as he lived it.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A Big Story can start from many things. This one started  
in the sick mind of a confused boy who was a potential  
unknown killer, unknown to himself, unknown to the whole  
community. It started like a gentle wisp of smoke that  
became a crackle of flame which began to leap higher  
and higher until a sudden hoarse cry split the night.

(MUSIC: CUT SHARP)

MAN: (SHOUTS) Fire! The building's on fire!

(BRING UP WHINE OF FIRE ENGINE SIREN COMING CLOSER  
AND CLOSER...CLANGING OF BELLS...ALL OTHER POSSIBLE  
FIRE SOUNDS...)

NARR: (ON CUE, OVER SOUND) And then ... there is the sound of  
panic.

(HUBBUB OF CROWD.. AD LIBS FROM CROWD "I was  
inside and I saw smoke" "Let them through ... let the  
firemen through" "There's still somebody in that back  
room!")

WOMAN: (HIGH, EXCITED) Ted! The kids. The kids are still in  
there!

COP: Stand back, lady. The fireman'll take care of it.

WOMAN: (NEAR HYSTERIA) It's my children ... there's still in  
there ... Ted, the children are still in there...

MAN: (EXCITED) They can't get <sup>out</sup> in .....that's wall's going to  
come down.....

KID: (COMING ON) You say your kids are in that building, mister?  
~~Children~~ <sup>Kids</sup> in that building.

MAN: My two kids...in the back...

KID: I'll get them...

COP: (CALLS) Kid...come back...don't go in there...

MAN: He'll be burned to death ...

WOMAN: Ted .... Ted...

MAN: Take it easy .. honey...

WOMAN: What's going to happen? The wall's coming down ...

COP: That crazy kid ... going in there .. (CALLS) MacIntyre ...  
look out for that kid ...he just ducked in the building...

WOMAN: They'll all be killed .. they'll all be burned...

MAN: Here he comes...here comes the kid ....

KID: (OFF COUGHING) Give --me a hand ----

WOMAN: He got them!

KID: (BREATHLESS ...CHOKING A LITTLE) They're okay ...lady.  
It was just the smoke ...they couldn't see because of the  
smoke ...

(CHILD WHIMPER RECORDED)

WOMAN: ~~It's all right, darling. You're safe. You're all right.~~

KID: ~~It was the smoke...they couldn't see the door because of  
the smoke.~~

MAN: Are you all right, kid?

KID: Sure. I'm okay.

MAN: ~~I -- I don't know what to say. I -- I don't know how to  
thank you.~~

COP: ~~You had no business going in there, kid.~~

KID: ~~I wanted to help ...~~

MAN: You nearly got yourself killed helping. (CHOKED) You  
nearly got yourself killed getting my children out.  
I don't know what to say.

KID: That's okay.



MAN: Okay? (THEN) Here. Here's five dollars. I don't have any more.

KID: Aw. look, I don't ...

MAN: Take it. I wish I had five hundred to give you. I don't know how to thank you. Just take the money and ---God bless you.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The fire is under control by the time you get the word and get over to the scene, Arthur Brooks. The panic has subsided. You check on the facts ....

FIREMAN: No lives lost! <sup>Arthur</sup> Damage about three four thousand dollars... looks like.

BROOKS: What ~~about the~~ cause of the blaze, Captain?

FIREMAN: Started in the basement. Rubbish down there. I checked with the building owner. He said he kept rubbish down there.

BROOKS: He around now? The owner?

FIREMAN: Over there. Name of Thomson.

BROOKS: Thanks.

(STEPS TO STOP)

BROOKS: Mr. Thomson?

MAN: (DULLY) I heard what he said. The fire captain. That it was on account of the rubbish in the basement. <sup>That ain't so</sup> No.

BROOKS: What do you mean, ~~not~~?

MAN: I was careful. Always so careful. That rubbish was in a metal can.

FIREMAN: (WALKING IN) The lid was off the can, Mr. Thomson ..

MAN: I kept the lid on. I kept it on tight. (HIGHER) What kind of a man you think I am? I don't take chances with people's lives. (MORE)

MAN: I'm careful. I know the people living in my building. I  
(CONT'D) live there too. My kids --(HE STOPS)

BROOKS: Are your children all right, Mr. Thomson?

MAN: They're all right. Thank God they're all right. If it  
hadn't been for that kid....(HE STOPS, SHAKEN)

FIREMAN: (LOW) ~~They say~~ a kid ran in the house...brought<sup>he</sup> his  
children out. *Mr. Thomson*

MAN: He was only a youngster himself. Fourteen maybe. He  
heard me say the children were inside...he just ran in...

BROOKS: Where'd he come from?

MAN: I don't know. Just a kid, standing around, watching.  
If it hadn't been for him.

BROOKS: That's a story right there. What's his name? Where is he?

MAN: I don't know his name. I don't know where he is. All I  
know is....I'll be grateful to him as long as I live.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You look around, Arthur Brooks. You ask questions. But the  
kid is gone. No one saw him come ..no one saw him go.  
A fourteen year old here ..only you can't find him.  
So you have to forget about that. You go back to the paper  
and write your story. But there's another story being  
written. As you sit at your typewriter....a lonely kid...  
a fourteen year old kid with the smell of smoke on his  
clothes sits in his room and puts words on paper too.  
A lonely, lonesome kid ...printing words in a ragged  
diary.....

KID: (AS IF WRITING) I did two good things today. They're ~~always telling me that to do good. It worked out fine.~~ I was scared about the fire...and then there was that cop when I went to the fire box. But it was all right. I turned in the alarm. That was the first good thing. People ought to turn in alarms. That's good. And then the other thing about the children in the house. ~~I didn't know there'd be children in that house.~~ I got them out. And the man said I done good and he gave me five dollars. ~~He said I was brave. He thanked me. He wouldn't have thanked me if I didn't do good. So you see....it worked~~ out swell. I liked doing it. The fire was swell to watch. Orange and red. (PAUSE. HE ADDS A LINE THEN) Maybe I can do good again tomorrow.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: A reporter knows only what he sees ....what he hears. A reporter can know nothing about crooked, pencilled words in a torn diary. You write your story, Arthur Brooks..... and a day passes. And then ...

(MUSIC: -- CUT) --

(PHONE RINGS)

BROOKS: Brooks talking....

NARR:

~~A few hurried words on the telephone~~

BROOKS: Mac...cover my phone for me. I gotta go out. Another fire over on Fairmont street. This one's a dilly. They got all the equipment in the district out. It's going to go higher than a rocket!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: It's a big one all right ... You watch the fireman, Arthur Brooks, as over twenty people are evacuated by ladder ... the biggest ladder evacuation Erie has seen in twenty-five years.

(MUSIC: FADE OUT, MERGING INTO)

(HUBBUB OF FIRE FIGHTING SOUNDS...CROWDS...HISS OF WATER)

NARR: An orange nightmare...the flickering flames distorting the watching faces...the leaping shadows throwing their shapes across the wet night streets. Tension as several elderly people, ill with flu, are lowered from the blazing inferno. And then ...the search for information.

BROOKS: Got any idea how it started, Captain?

FIREMAN: Looks like someone was careless with a match. <sup>Arthur</sup> Threw it on some newspapers and magazines down cellar.

BROOKS: Another cellar job, huh?

FIREMAN: What do you mean?

BROOKS: That fire two days ago was started in the cellar. And it was in this same area.

FIREMAN: You trying to say something?

BROOKS: <sup>but</sup> I hope I'm wrong, Captain. I don't know.

FIREMAN: ~~I don't know either. But I'm with you.~~ I hope you're <sup>are</sup> wrong. <sup>400</sup>

NARR: (LOW) He turns away...goes back to his work, directing the fireman. You stand, watching, Arthur Brooks. The heat of the flames burns against your face. But you're cold. You shiver in the hot, firey air. One thought...one word makes you shiver. Arson. A short, quick way of saying murder. Murder.. on the loose. And then...a voice makes you turn....

KID: It's something, isn't it, Mister?  
NARR: A kid, Wide-eyed...freckle-faced. Staring at the fire...  
BROOKS: ~~Yeah...It's something.~~  
KID: I never seen such a big fire before.  
BROOKS: ~~Over eleven thousand dollars damage, they say. Maybe more.~~  
KID: Are you a reporter?  
BROOKS: Yeah.  
KID: Are you going to write a story about this?  
BROOKS: Yup.  
KID: (PROUD) I turned in the alarm.  
BROOKS: Hey...did you now?  
KID: <sup>Yup</sup> Uh-huh, I -- I was riding past on my bike and I saw smoke  
so I turned in the alarm.  
BROOKS: Good work, kid. (THEN) Excuse me...I want to get some  
more stuff from the <sup>Captain</sup> Chief...  
KID: Aren't you going to put in the paper that I turned in the  
alarm?  
BROOKS: Sure...sure...I----  
KID: Was that good?  
BROOKS: (ABSENTLY) Sure, kid...it was swell. (HE GOES OFF ON LINE)  
KID: (A SIGH OF CONTENTMENT) That's what I wanted. I just  
wanted to do good.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 373

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 Arthur E. Brooks, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Officially, it's just another story. Just a column and a half on a big fire..the second blaze in a week. Unofficially--well--you don't print stories on hunches. You don't toss a word like arson around in the public prints. Not unless you're sure. Because the word arson is a word to cause panic,,a panic that can spread as quickly, as dangerously as the flames that consume a building. Because arson is an unknown killer..on the loose.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BROOKS: I haven't said anything officially about a possibility of arson, Captain.

FIREMAN: Thanks, Arthur.

BROOKS: But I can't help wondering.

FIREMAN: Yeah. I don't know. Two fires in the same neighborhood within two days..

BROOKS: And both started in the cellar. Cellars are easy to break into.

FIREMAN: ~~I know, I know,~~ I've checked with the police. No known arsonists on the loose right now.

BROOKS: That doesn't cover the unknown ones.

FIREMAN: That's the worst of it. You never know who's going to turn into a firebug. Some seemingly harmless crackpot who all of a sudden decides he gets a big charge out of seeing flames..hearing all the commotion of fire engines.

(MORE)

FIREMAN:  
(CONT'D)

~~It always runs in a pattern.~~ Some character who's meek as milktoast in his everyday life..never did anything.. usually never amounted to anything. And then one day he gets what he thinks is the great idea. He finds out *how to light up the whole world* ~~how to play God.~~ All he needs is one match.

BROOKS: The devil of it is--it can hit anywhere.

FIREMAN: Sure. And people can be burned to death..property can be destroyed..fireman can be overcome and die of smoke poisoning..it can be wholesale murder. But the fire bug doesn't think of that--or if he does, he doesn't care. It's just him..lighting up the whole world. (TENSE) I hope you're wrong, Arthur. There isn't any way of stopping an arsonist until he's caught. And sometimes that's too late. ~~I hope to high heaven you're wrong.~~

BROOKS: Two fires. Two days apart (THEN) ~~I hope I'm wrong too.~~ *and still* But I've got a feeling. ~~And it isn't a good one.~~ You know what they say. Trouble comes in threes.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Nothing to do. Nothing but wait..and wonder. Each time the phone rings..wonder. And remember..if it's arson.. it happens again. Over and over.

(MUSIC: -- UP A MOMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: You're just a reporter, Arthur Brooks. A reporter with a growing fear. You can't know for sure. You can't know that when darkness comes this night..there will be a figure moving slowly through the city streets.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)



NARR: (LOW) Soft footsteps..going down some basement <sup>stairs</sup> steps...  
(FOOTSTEPS)

NARR: A door..pushed open..  
(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

NARR: A moment..and then..in the gloom of a cluttered cellar..  
hands gathering rags..crumpling paper..  
(SOFT RATTLE OF PAPER)

NARR: And then...a soft sound..barely heard. A small sound.  
The sound of the striking of a match.  
(MATCH STRUCK)

NARR: (PAUSE) And in a moment....flame!

(MUSIC: SMASH IN HARD. SOMETHING REAL FIREY. HOLD A MOMENT,  
THEN FADE UNDER FOR)

NARR: Again you stand silhouetted against the light of hungry  
flames, Arthur Brooks. Again, like a recurrent nightmare,  
you watch the battle of men against fire. Again, you  
shiver..this time with real dread. Because now you know  
for sure.

(MUSIC: OUT)

BROOKS: Same neighborhood. Same time of night. Same cause of  
fire...in the cellar. It can't be coincidence, Captain.  
There's only one thing it could be.

FIREMAN: I'm afraid you're right. *Arthur*

BROOKS: It's under control, isn't it?

FIREMAN: Yeah. But it's a mess. Thing is..they <sup>had</sup> have storm windows  
up in the building, see. Sealed tight. So the smoke was  
all inside. ~~Blackened the whole place, made going in~~  
~~there rough.~~

(MORE)

FIREMAN: ~~Can't see in front of your face. It was all inside~~ until  
 (CONT'D) we broke the windows. Then it came roaring out in one  
 big rush. A real mess.

BROOKS: Yeah. I'll bet.

FIREMAN: (PROJECTS) Okay..Tim. Get that hose over on the otherside.  
 (FADING OFF) Come on..on the double. Wet down that roof  
 over there..sparks flying all around there on the east..

NARR: (LOW) You watch, Arthur Brooks. You watch, feeling a  
 terrible gnawing helplessness. And then...

KID: Hi, mister.

NARR: You turn. It's the kid..the one you saw before.

KID: I saw you before. At the other fire.

BROOKS: Yeah. I remember.

KID: Lot of excitement, huh?

BROOKS: You live around here, kid?

KID: Oh..kind of. Some fire, huh? You cover all the fires,  
 mister?

BROOKS: Most of them. (THEN) You cover them all too, kid?

KID: I like to watch fires.

BROOKS: Yeah. Seems that way. You turned in the alarm last  
 time... didn't you?

KID: I turned it in this time too.

(MUSIC: HIT THROBBINGLY AND HOLD UNDER)

NARR: (TENSE) You look at him now, Arthur Brooks. Really  
 look at him careful. But he doesn't notice. He's  
 turned away..his eyes on the fire. Just a kid...freckles  
 across his nose...hair in damp circles on his forehead..  
 blue jeans...a kid like thousands of others. Only his  
 eyes..glued on the fire.  
 (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

And something else...maybe just a trick of the light... maybe just the workings of your imagination. But as you look at him..at his eyes turned to the blaze...you seem to see the flames reflected in his eyes...burning in his eyes.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BROOKS: So you turned in this alarm too, huh kid?

KID: (ABSENTLY) Sure.

BROOKS: How come?

KID: Huh?

BROOKS: ~~How come you turned in this alarm too?~~

KID: You're supposed to, aren't you? That's right, isn't it? When you see a fire you turn in the alarm.

BROOKS: And you saw this fire?

KID: Sure. I was riding past on my bike.

BROOKS: (SOFTLY) What did you see, kid?

KID: Well, it was...smoke. I saw the smoke coming out of the windows.

BROOKS: (SUDDENLY) Look, kid...you stay right here. I'll be back.

KID: Where are you going?

BROOKS: Just to..talk to someone.

KID: About me?

BROOKS: No. I --

KID: (AFRAID NOW) Are you going to tell them I did something? I was supposed to turn in the alarm! That was good <sup>wasn't it</sup> ~~that~~ I turned it in.

BROOKS: Sure. kid...sure. Just...stay right here.

NARR: (LOW) You keep one eye on him as you make your way to where the Captain stands. You watch him as you talk. You needn't worry. The boy stands as if glued to the spot...as if hypnotized by the orange brightness of the flames...

BROOKS: (TALKING FAST AND LOW) I didn't like it, Captain. I didn't like the way he looked...the way he talked...

FIREMAN: But--he's just a kid.

BROOKS: ~~Sure. Only he turned in the alarm two days ago. He told me that. And he turned in the one tonight...~~

FIREMAN: ~~A kid like that?~~

BROOKS: Okay..here's the clincher. He just told me he turned in the alarm tonight because he saw smoke coming out of the windows.

FIREMAN: (EXCITED) He couldn't have seen smoke coming out of the windows! ~~No smoke was escaping because--~~

BROOKS: (CUTS IN) Because the storm windows sealed it inside. That's what you just told me. But the kid said he saw smoke.

FIREMAN: Keep an eye on him. I'll get in <sup>a cop</sup> touch ~~with the police.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

KID: (NEAR TEARS) ~~Why did you bring me down here?~~ I didn't do anything wrong. Why do you have to bring me to the police station for turning in a fire alarm?

DETECTIVE GREY: There's nothing wrong with turning in an alarm, kid.

KID: ~~Then why don't you let me go? I can't stay here. I can't get arrested. They'd say I-- (STOP)~~

GREY: They'd say what, kid?  
(NO ANSWER)

BROOKS: ~~What would they say? Who's "they?"~~

KID: Let me out of here!

GREY: Arson's a serious crime, kid.

KID: I did good. ~~That's all I did.~~ I turned in three alarms.

BROOKS: Three? Did you turn in that one four days ago too?

KID: Sure. I turned them all in. I was doing ~~what was~~ right  
 .....like ~~they're always telling me to do.~~ They're always  
 telling me to do ~~right.~~

BROOKS: Who are you talking about, kid? Who's "they?"

KID: (HIGH) Why can't you leave me alone? ~~Nobody leaves me  
 alone no matter what I do.~~ I did good things. Ask that  
 man.

BROOKS: What man?

KID: The one at that first fire. ~~That was good.~~ He said it  
 was good. He gave me five dollars ~~and he said that was  
 good.~~

BROOKS: What are you talking about?

KID: I was the one who saved his kids. I was the one who went  
 in the building and saved his kids!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BROOKS: It's incredible, Captain. That kid, the one who set the  
 fire, was the same one who risked his life to save those  
 children. The fourteen year old hero no one could find.

FIREMAN: Wait'll the man finds that out. Wait'll <sup>Mr. Thompson</sup> he hears that  
 the boy he said he'd be grateful to for the rest of his  
 life was the firebug who burned down his building.

BROOKS: He must be our arsonist all right. But why? Why did he  
 do it?

FIREMAN: The cops got the answer to that. They checked his record.

BROOKS: You mean he's got a record?

FIREMAN: He's been in two correctional institutions for larceny.

BROOKS: I'll be darned.

FIREMAN: But there's more to it. He's spent five years in institutions for neglected children.

BROOKS: (SLOWLY) I see. That's bringing us pretty near the truth, isn't it?

FIREMAN: I think so. The county psychiatrist will have an interview with him...but I think I know what he'll find out.

BROOKS: A neglected kid...and a lot of well-meaning people telling him to do good. ~~That's what he meant by "them", the people telling him to do good,~~

FIREMAN: Only he didn't know how. The only way he knew how was to set fires..and then do good by turning in the alarm.

BROOKS: Going to talk to him again?

FIREMAN: Right now. I think we'll get our confession. And then.. he's going to need help. He's going to need a lot of help.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

KID: (SOBBING) Go away. Please..go away...

BROOKS: We just want to talk to you, Joey.

KID: (STARTLED) How'd you find out my name?

BROOKS: We found out. We found out a lot of things, ~~Joey.~~

KID: ~~Did you--did you tell the cops?~~

FIREMAN: ~~They're the ones who found out.~~

KID: (HIGH) ~~They'll send me back! They'll send me back to jail or to the Home!~~

FIREMAN: You set those fires, didn't you, Joey?

KID: (PAUSE. HE SOBS. THEN) Yes.

FIREMAN: Didn't you realize what you were doing? Didn't you realize you might have killed people?

KID: I told you why I did it. All the time, people after me, telling me to do good. ~~How's a kid like me going to do good unless he has the chance? I had to have the chance.~~ They kept saying ~~how~~ I was supposed to do <sup>good</sup> things ~~right~~ but they never told me how. ~~I wanted to... honest... I wanted to.~~ It makes you feel better..doing good. I felt fine..after I saved those children. That man..he made me feel fine..giving me the money. He said "God bless you," and he said I was brave. Nobody ever said that to me before. Nobody ever said anything like that to me before. All they ever said was that I was bad...that I was no good and they <sup>ill</sup> put me in jail or something. ~~Nobody ever gave me no chance and I had to have a chance.~~ (SOBS A MOMENT) Now they're going to put me in jail ~~again,~~ <sup>ain't</sup> aren't they?

BROOKS: No, Joey. I don't think they will.

KID: Why not? That's what they always do. When you're bad. They put you in jail.

BROOKS: They don't put you in jail if you're--sick, Joey.

KID: I ain't sick. (THEN, CRAFTLY) ~~You mean, I ought to tell them I'm sick? I ought to pretend I don't feel good or something and then I can get out of going to jail?~~

BROOKS: Being sick isn't always a matter of not feeling well, Joey. Sometimes being sick is just..not being well in your mind.

KID: (A WHISPER) You mean..I'm crazy?

BROOKS: Of course not. But you're...kind of confused, Joey. Aren't you?

KID: (PAUSE, THEN) Yeah. I--I guess I<sup>am</sup>---(THEN) I just want to do good, honest. Only I don't know how.

BROOKS: They're going to take you someplace where'll they'll teach you how, Joey. Where they'll take care of you, and talk to you and help you. Then maybe you won't feel so mixed up. Would you like that, Joey?

KID: Yeah. Yeah. I would like that. (SOBS) I just want to be good.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

FIREMAN: I just got the word, Arthur. The county probationer has arranged for Joey to be admitted to Allentown Hospital for treatment. They think they can straighten him out.

BROOKS: Swell.

FIREMAN: We've got a lot to thank you for. Even a fourteen year old arsonist is still a killer on the loose. People are going to sleep a lot better knowing that you caught the firebug and put him out of circulation.

BROOKS: I'm glad he was caught, Captain. But not just for the safety of this community. For him too. He's got a chance now. He's got people helping him.

FIREMAN: Sure. And you've got a story. A whale of a story.

BROOKS: And how. Well, time to go write it..

FIREMAN: (PAUSE, THEN UNEASY) Arthur..



BROOKS: Huh?

FIREMAN: About that story. I was just thinking..

BROOKS: Thinking what?

FIREMAN: Well, I know a good story ought to have all the facts...  
I mean...(HE STOPS)

BROOKS: You mean...complete with names.

FIREMAN: Yeah

BROOKS: So you're wondering about whether or not I'm going to  
use the kids's name in my story.

FIREMAN: Well....

BROOKS: (SOFTLY) Stop wondering, Captain. As far as the kids's  
name in the paper....I haven't got the slightest idea  
what it is.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Arthur  
E. Brooks of the Erie Dispatch, with the final outcome of  
tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- PANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 373

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 Arthur E. Brooks of the Erie Dispatch.

BROOKS: Boy in tonight's case undergoing extensive treatment at Allentown Hospital where psychiatrists are hopeful he will make good progress and may someday be restored as useful and responsible member of society. Catching of arsonist was only one half of this story. Equally important to all concerned is hope that young boy may be saved from criminal life. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the pages of the Oregon City Enterprise Courier by-line Day Churchman. The Big Story of a reporter who turned tragedy into justice.. for one of the unluckiest men in the world.

(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.  
 Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an  
 actual story from the <sup>front</sup> pages of the Erie Dispatch. Your  
 narrator was Norman Rose and John McKeam played  
 the part of Arthur Brooks. 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.  
 Brooks.

(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. 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.

11  
 12/28/54, am

ATX01 0009358

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #374

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
TONY	SILVIO MINCOTTI
COP	JIM STEPHENS
MAN	GLEN WOODS
CLERK	GLEN WOODS
DAY CHURCHMAN	KARL SWENSON
BEN	COURT BENSON
COP II	JIM CAMPBELL
JUDGE	MICHAEL SAGE
TAMSEN	MICHAEL SAGE
LIEUTENANT	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
MRS. NELSON	SHIRLEY HAYES

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1955

ATX01 0009359

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN UNDER)

(~~SOUND OF CAR COMING FAST, THEN SCREECH OF  
BRAKES~~)

MAN: Hey, look out! (THEN) What's the matter with you, you  
dumb cluck? You wanna get yourself killed?

TONY: (BROKEN ITALIAN ACCENT) Excuse...I ---I was looking at  
something. This car goes fast, yes?

MAN: Lucky for you it's got good brakes. What's the matter  
with you? ~~Whatcha ganking at anyhow?~~

TONY: ~~Excuse me what's that~~ ~~look over there.~~ In the store window? Like a big radio.

Only with pictures that move.

MAN: Sure. <sup>It's</sup> A television set. So what?

TONY: Television? This is the name of this picture that moves?

MAN: Hey, what the ---? (THEN) You never seen a television  
set before?

TONY: No. I never seen anything like that before.

MAN: Well for the love of-- (STOPS) Where've you been keeping  
yourself?

TONY: ~~I~~ --- I been away. Twenty five years now. I --been away.

(MUSIC: HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR:)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Oregon City, Oregon. 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 Oregon City Enterprise Courier... the story  
of a reporter who turned tragedy into justice --

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: --for one of the unluckiest men in the world. Tonight,  
(CONT D) to Day Churchman for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL  
\$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #374

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: Oregon City, Oregon. The story as it actually happened..  
Day Churchman's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: This story -- your story, Day Churchman -- is the truth.  
Not fiction. The truth. It is a story that is almost  
impossible to believe. If you were writing fiction, you  
would be tempted to change it a little, just to make  
it less incredible. But you're not writing fiction.  
You're a newspaperman. And this story is the truth.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

(TELETYPE CLATTERING)

DAY: Something coming through on the teletype, Ben?

BEN: Mmmm,..mostly stuff we have already, Day. Unless you  
want to take a look at this story from Salem.

DAY: Worth anything?

BEN: Half a stick maybe. Some ex-con held up a "~~Ma and Pa~~"  
grocery store.

DAY: They catch him?

BEN: Sure.

DAY: ~~What was the haul?~~

BEN: ~~Uh--lemme see. (TENN) Nothing. Got scared away before  
he took anything.~~

DAY: Great story. Big time stuff.

BEN: Just thought there might be an angle. The guy only got  
out of jail a month or so ago. Then right away, what  
does he do? Gets himself back in.

DAY: ~~Some people never learn. That's what makes the world go~~  
round, but it doesn't make headlines.

BEN: It makes you wonder though. How long does it take to  
learn a lesson? What's the matter with a guy's brains  
that he can do time for burglary and the minute he  
~~gets out...bingo...he starts the whole thing over again!~~

DAY: (DISINTERESTED) ~~Sure.~~ (THEN) What's the guy's name?

BEN: Uh...(SCANS TICKER TAPE) Here somewhere. Oh yeah.  
Antonio Sorrentino.

DAY: (SHARP) Tony Sorrentino!

BEN: You know him?

DAY: Give me that dispatch.

BEN: Well, sure but...

DAY: It's him. That's what it says. Antonio Sorrentino.

BEN: I just told you but..

DAY: I don't believe it.

BEN: Don't believe what?

DAY: Ben...didn't you ever hear of Tony Sorrentino?

BEN: Sure. Five minutes ago.

DAY: Never before?

BEN: Should I? Somebody big?

DAY: Uh-huh. Nobody big. Just the opposite. Just a little  
man. Not important. Except for one thing. For twenty  
five years, he's had my vote for <sup>being</sup> the unluckiest  
man in the world.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Tony Sorrentino. You stare at the disptach unbelievably.  
Day Churchman. Tony Sorrentino..in trouble. Arrested.  
And something inside you says, "No. It couldn't be. Not  
Tony. Not after what happened."

BEN: What did happen? What is that all about, Day?

DAY: It's quite a story. It goes back twenty five years. I didn't know Tony then. But he told me later. And I checked. Everything he told me was true. It goes back twenty five years..like I said. To a yard outside a paper mill. It was late at night. There was no one there. Except Tony..with a gunny sack. He was picking up some discarded scrap metal. And then...

(MUSIC: -- -- CUT)

COP: Okay..you there. Just what do you think you're doing?

TONY: (AFRAID) I---Ima no doing anything, officer.

COP: Nothing, huh. I suppose you always spend your nights at the paper mill?

TONY: Look, I don't do no harm. I..

COP: Lemme see what's in that sack.

TONY: Please. I..

COP: Lemme see it. (A PAUSE) Okay. Let's get going.

TONY: Officer, look, I--I put it back. Just a few pieces of scrap metal. I put it back.

COP: I'll do the putting back. After I take you to headquarters.

TONY: You -- you gonna arrest me?

COP: Now you're getting the idea.

TONY: But...everybody, they do it all the time. They take the scrap metal, sell for maybe two three dollars. Everybody they do it.

COP: I'm not interested in everybody. I'm interested in you. In case you don't know it, this scrap metal belongs to the paper mill. You were taking it. That makes the charge petty larceny.

TONY: I don't know this is wrong to take. Look, I put it back. See... I put it back..

COP: Get moving. Just shut up and get moving.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

DAY: They took Tony down to headquarters. Booked him. There were routine questions..

(MUSIC: OUT)

COP: Name?

TONY: Sorrentino. Antonio Sorrentino.

COP: Occupation?

TONY: Please?

COP: What do you do for a living, Tony?

TONY: *So many things*  
~~This and that.~~ Catch fish...sell from door to door. Pick up things maybe I can sell..for coupla bucks..

COP: Like scrap metal that doesn't belong to you?

TONY: Anything to make a couple of bucks.

COP: Ever been arrested before?

TONY: ~~Yeah, I guess so. You find out anyway even if I don't tell, yes?~~

COP: We'd find out.

TONY: Five, six years ago. I got arrested two - three times.

COP: ~~Which was it? Two or three?~~

TONY: *when*  
One ~~time~~ I take this loaf of bread from the bakery. I don't have nothing to eat for three four days. I take the bread and..

COP: Okay. ~~Number one.~~ How many other times?

TONY: Two other times. I took little money one time. Three dollars. And the other time..that was food too. I didn't have no job..no money, I had to eat...

COP: Save the explanations. You can give the explanations to the judge.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

DAY: It was just a routine booking. The usual questions. Everything routine. Until the charge was written up. No one will ever understand how it happened. A mistake.. an oversight.. ~~you can~~ call it whatever you want to. For Tony, there was only one word to fit. Tragedy. The clerk wrote up the charge.

(MUSIC: OUT)

CLERK: Okay Sorrentino. Sign this.

TONY: This paper?

CLERK: Sure. Read it if you want.

TONY: What's this paper?

CLERK: Indictment against you. Three felony thefts.. that's what you admitted to before. Previous arrests. Then this charge.. felony count of burglary. How do you plead?

TONY: Excuse?

CLERK: Did you do it or didn't you?

TONY: You mean the scrap metal? Sure. You ask the cop. I took it.

CLERK: Plea of guilty. ~~You want to read it over?~~

TONY: ~~What's the point I read? I did it.~~

CLERK: Sign here.

TONY: Excuse, please. I make the X. Okay? I--Ima not so good at the reading and the writing. The X, she's okay?

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

DAY: <sup>What WOULD</sup> Tony signed the charge, ~~with an X.~~

BEN: Hey wait a minute, Day. You got that wrong, didn't you?

DAY: Did I?

BEN: You said those early crimes were listed as felony thefts. A loaf of bread and a couple of dollars don't rate as a felony theft.

DAY: I know, But that's the way they were listed.

BEN: And then what do you mean..burglary charge? ~~The cop that arrested him called it petty larceny.~~ That scrap metal pilfering doesn't constitute a felony ~~count of burglary.~~

DAY: You know it, Ben. I know it. But that's the way it was written up. ~~Just a mechanical slip-up.~~ A stenographic mistake. But Tony signed the indictment. And he pleaded guilty.

BEN: But...didn't somebody catch it? I mean..what happened when his case came up?

DAY: They should have caught it, shouldn't they? It was a million in one chance that they wouldn't catch it. Listen Listen. The case came up before the judge..he read the charge...

MUSIC: ~~OUT~~

JUDGE: (FADING IN) ..previous arrests for three felony thefts... present arrest on felony count of burglary...

COP II: Hey, wait a minute!

CLERK: What's wrong sergeant?

{JUDGE'S VOICE DRONES, AD LIB, B.G.}

COP II: They got that indictment wrong. That shouldn't be a burglary charge.

CLERK: How do you know?

COP II: I know the cop who arrested the guy. It was petty larceny, not burglary.

CLERK: You kidding? I typed up the charge. That's the way it came through. Burglary.

COP II: ~~Burglary?~~ For two dollars and fifty cents worth of abandoned scrap metal?

CLERK: Now you're an expert on law, Serge? I tell you, the charge came through..burglary.

JUDGE: (UP) How does the prisoner plead?

COP II: Hey wait a minute! If he pleads guilty to that charge..

JUDGE: How does the prisoner plead?

TONY: Excuse, Judge. This is where I say guilty, yes?

JUDGE: Do you plead guilty, Sorrentino?

COP II: Somebody ought to say something!

CLERK: Okay. Go ahead. ~~Stand up and~~ tell the judge he doesn't know what he's doing.

COP II: ~~But the charge.~~

CLERK: ~~The charge came through the way it's written!~~

COP II: (PAUSE) Well, ~~I guess they must know what they're doing.~~

TONY: I took this scrap metal, Judge. I signed the paper. Like you say..guilty!

JUDGE: (RAPS GAVEL) Antonio Sorrentino. Having been convicted three times before for felonies, and having pleaded guilty to an additional count, the court finds you guilty under Oregon State law as a habitual criminal. Come forward for sentencing.

(SHUFFLE OF PAPER)



JUDGE: This court, having found you guilty has a habitual  
criminal, hereby sentences you to the term proscribed  
by law, Life Imprisonment.

(MUSIC: ~~SLAM IN AND OUT~~)

BEN: Life imprisonment. Day, you're kidding.

DAY: I'm not kidding. I told you it was an incredible story.  
One slip of a pencil changing petty larceny to burglary..  
listing the other crimes as felonies..and Tony had had  
it. He had no council. He was illiterate. He hadn't the  
vaguest idea of what was happening to him..until he  
would up in jail. For life.

BEN: ~~it's hard to believe. Didn't Sorrentino get out?~~

DAY: ~~There must have been a dozen times along the line where  
someone could have spotted the mistake and changed it,  
But no one did.~~

BEN: ~~What about Sorrentino himself?~~

DAY: A little guy who didn't even know how to write his name.  
A little guy who did what people told him to do. They  
told him he belonged in jail. So he went to jail. ~~Tony  
wasn't a scrapper. He was just a little guy with a giant  
sized run of bad luck. If it had happened to anyone else,  
they might have known the score. But it happened to Tony.  
He spend twenty five years in jail. You know how much  
that scrap metal he took was worth? Two dollars and fifty  
fifty cents. And twenty five years in jail. That works  
out to ten cents a year.~~

BEN: How did he get out?

DAY: He had one piece of good luck. Just one. Somehow, one of the smartest attorney's here in town got wind of the story. He blew his top. He put in heaven's knows how many hours, without fee of course, to get the charges against Tony dismissed. <sup>Finally did over on his ass after 25 yrs.</sup> ~~That's when I first bumped into Tony.~~ I talked to him in jail.

BEN: He must have had one great big hate at the world.

DAY: You don't know Tony. He thought he was the luckiest guy in the world. Somebody was going to the trouble of helping him. And they got him out. I'll never forget the day he was released. I was down there..I saw him as he came out of the prison gate..The place was loaded with reporters...cameramen...and just plain people who wanted to see a guy get his first look at the world after twenty five years. (FADE) They were throwing questions at him...

BIZ: CAST AD LIBS "HOW DOES IT FEEL, TONY?" "GOT ANYTHING TO SAY TO THE PRESS, TONY?" "LOOK THIS WAY, PLEASE..."

DAY: (CUTTING THROUGH NOISE) How about it, Tony? Got any statement to make after a quarter of a century in prison?

TONY: (AFTER A PAUSE. BREAKS THE EXPECTANT QUIET) It's...it's a real nice day out.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

DAY: That's the story. That's the last time I saw Tony Sorrentino. A couple of months ago. I guess maybe that's the last time I thought of him. Until this dispatch.

BEN: That makes it just that much harder to believe. After a lousy break like that, you'd think the guy would have the sense to keep his skirts clean.

DAY: According to this dispatch, he was arrested last night.

*And now he tries a holdup*

BEN: You'd think he'd have better sense than to try a hold-up.

DAY: I wonder.

BEN: Wonder what?

DAY: If he really did try this hold-up?

BEN: Aw now wait a minute, Day. One mistake, I'll buy. ~~One rotten, break, Okay, it can happen, Hard to believe, but it can happen, But~~ *two* Uh-huh. This time he did it for real.

DAY: Maybe. But it doesn't make sense. Not if you know Tony. I'm going to check, Ben. It doesn't seem possible that there's a mistake this time, I know. But things that aren't possible seem to have a way of happening to Tony. I've got to find out..for sure.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(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 Day Churchman...as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: The road is deserted except for your car headlights, Day Churchman, as you take the lonely drive to Salem to find out the truth about Tony Sorrentino. You drive alone. But as your car cuts through the night, you have time..time for an argument with yourself.

DAY: Look, make sense, will you? How could it be a mistake again? Mistakes like this don't usually happen once. How could it happen a second time?

NARR: The old cliché about lightening never striking twice in the same spot? Maybe the man who said that never knew Tony Sorrentino.

DAY: Maybe he just couldn't get a job. Maybe he was hungry. A hungry man who can't get a job will do some desperate things.

NARR: With twenty five years of prison in back of him? He just got out. He wouldn't take a risk like robbery.

DAY: They arrested him, didn't they? They must have had a good reason for arresting him.

NARR: It doesn't make sense. He wouldn't do it.

DAY: And it doesn't make sense that he'd get arrested again.. if there wasn't something to it.

NARR: You're not getting anywhere..

DAY: I just..don't get it.

NARR: You will. When you talk to Tony.

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

DAY: I had to talk to you Tony. I had to find out what happened.

TONY: You can talk to me all you want, Mr. Churchman. But you no find out what happened.

DAY: Why not?

TONY: I don't know.

DAY: What do you mean.

TONY: Look, Ima stand in front of the YMCA. That's where I live, now, see? Ima just stand there. Outside. Doing nothing.

DAY: Go on.

TONY: All of a sudden, this cop, he comes up to me. He kinda grabs my arm. I say "Whatsa matter..what you want?" he say, "You come with me." So, I come.

DAY: Where to.

TONY: He takes me down the street, see? To this grocery store. He takes me inside. There's a man inside. He's excited like everything. The cop, he push me up to the man and he say "How About it?" This other man...he get even more excited. He look at me and he say "Yes. Yes. That's the one. That's the man." And then take me to the jail.

DAY: Now wait a minute, Tony. You're trying to tell me that the first you knew about this holdup you're accused of was when a cop came up to you on the street?

TONY: Like I told you. Ima stand in front of YMCA..

DAY: Tony..

TONY: Yes, Mr. Churchman.

DAY: Don't tell me any lies.

TONY: (GENTLE) I no tell any lies to you, Mr. Churchman. Never. No lies.

DAY: But they must have had a reason for arresting you...

TONY: Like they had a reason to send me to jail before?

DAY: That was a mistake..you didn't understand what was happening...

TONY: Sure. And this time, it's the same thing. I don't understand what is happening. And same thing, I'm in jail again. (THEN) You don't believe me, no?

DAY: Tony.,how can I?

TONY: Sure, I know. Same thing with me. I no believe it ~~neither~~ <sup>myself</sup>. But I don't pull no hold-up.

DAY: Tony, think. What did you do?..what did you say? there must have been something that put you in a suspicious light. There must have been some reason for them to land on you.

TONY: I can't think of no reason. Except maybe..(HE STOPS)

DAY:Q Maybe what?

TONY: I kinda have the bad luck sometimes, maybe?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

DAY: Lieutenant, listen. I talked to Tony Sorrentino. He says he didn't pull that holdup.

LT: Don't they all?

DAY: What's the evidence against him? What made you <sup>pick</sup> pull him <sup>up</sup> ~~in~~

LT. Look, Churchman..it's a clean cut case..

DAY: Give me the details..

LT: The guy who owns the store..Nelson..his name is. He lives above the store. He came down late last night. wanted cream for his coffee. Says he heard someone in the store.

(MORE)

IT:  
(CONT'D)

Chased after the guy. Got a good look at his face, he says. Okay..so he goes outside..gets a cop, tells the cop. The cop takes off right away. Chases down the street. There's nobody in sight except a block away. This guy, Sorrentino ..standing there...looking kinda funny...staring right ahead. Cop takes him back to the store. The owner gives a look and right away, jackpot. He identifies Sorrentino as the prowler.

DAY: What made the cop suspect Sorrentino in the first place?

IT: For Pete's sake..he's the only guy on the street for blocks. Standing right out in the street at two o'clock in the morning.

DAY: That's no crime.

IT: It's not a crime, but it's suspicious as the devil. And get this..the cop asks Sorrentino what he's doing out that time of night. You know what he says? He likes to stand on street corners and watch the lights. How's that for an alibi?

DAY: It makes sense.

IT: Watching lights at two in the morning?

DAY: Suppose you'd been in jail for twenty five years, Lieutenant? Suppose you'd only been out a little while? Suppose when you came out, there was a whole new world you hadn't seen. Fast cars..streamlined jets..flashy neon signs..things you'd never seen before. Wouldn't you maybe stand on a street corner and watch? Even at two o'clock in the morning.

IT: A block away from an attempted holdup?

DAY: Ever hear of coincidence?



LT: Never heard of it stretching as far as you're trying to stretch this one, Come on, Churchman, Wake up. What difference does it make why the cop thought Sorrentino looked suspicious? The point is he did, and he took him back to the store. And the man identified him as the prowler. Talk as fancy as you want. How do you get around that?

DAY: I don't know. But if you give me the store owner's name and address I'll go talk to him. ~~And then maybe~~ I'll find out.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MRS. N: I'm sorry, Mr. Churchman. My husband isn't here. He's --gone out of town.

DAY: I wanted to talk to him about that hold-up you had... about the man he identified as the prowler.

MRS. N: He's told the police everything. There isn't anything else to say.

DAY: I'd still like to ask a few questions myself.

MRS. N: He's not here. He's out of town.

DAY: Then perhaps you can answer my questions for me.

MRS. N: What questions can you possibly ask? I..

DAY: The police tell me the store was closed up for the night.

MRS. N: (A SIGH) That's right. My husband came down for some cream. We were having coffee so he came down for some cream.

DAY: But the store was closed up.

MRS. N: I told you..

DAY: ~~See~~. That means the lights were turned off, doesn't it?

MRS. N: Of course they were turned off.

DAY: But your husband still got a good look at the prowler?

MRS. N: Of course.

DAY: With the lights off?

MRS. N: There's a neon sign outside.

DAY: You mean, he got a glimpse of the prowler, the prowler running away, with just the lights of the neon to see by?

MRS. N: Look, I've told the police all there is to tell.

DAY: How much was stolen from your store, Mrs. Nelson?

MRS. N: Nothing.

DAY: Nothing?

MRS. N: The man got scared away before he could take anything. But there were some canned goods piled up by the door. You could tell he was putting them there to take.

DAY: But he didn't take anything?

MRS. N: I already told you...

DAY: (ANGRY) You've told me your husband identified a man he barely saw. You've told me that your husband is willing to let a man go to jail who didn't take anything at all.. a man who swears he wasn't even near your store..a man who's spent twenty five years in jail because of one terrible mistake.

MRS. N: (HIGH) What my husband said was the truth! I can't help what happened to the man before. That's just his bad luck.

DAY: Yeah. Bad luck. You took the words right out of my mouth.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Okay. You get nothing from her, Day Churchman. You get nothing except the firm conviction that, incredible as it seems, Tony Sorrentino is the victim of another tragic mistake. But this time, you resolve it isn't going to take twenty five years to right that mistake. And then you get an idea. Go talk to the attorney who helped him the last time. Go talk to Tony's friend, a lawyer named Tamsen.

(MUSIC: OUT)

DAY: They've got the evidence all lined up against him, Mr. Tamsen. I can see the police point of view. After all, Tony was identified. But I don't think he did it.

TAMSEN: Neither do I, Mr. Churchman. ~~Not after twenty five years in jail. He was too glad to get out.~~

DAY: What do we do?

TAMSEN: I'll have to get full particulars on the case. Then maybe I can get a re-check on the thing. Meanwhile, you can help.

DAY: How?

TAMSEN: Get some stories going in that paper of yours. Tony's going to need publicity. That'll put a different sort of pressure to bear for Tony's side.

DAY: Okay.

TAMSEN: It won't be easy. Right now, it's two people against a pretty strong circumstantial case.

DAY: ~~It's two people against a pretty powerful dame named Lady Luck. She seems to have a whale sized grudge against Tony.~~

TAMSEN: *But* We'll do what we can.

(INTER COM BUZZES)

TAMSEN: Excuse me..Yes... (PAUSE) Who...? Okay..Send him in.  
(TO DAY) I don't know what this is. My secretary says  
there's a police officer outside who wants to see me  
about the Sorrentino case. He's coming right in.

DAY: Why would the police be coming here?

TAMSEN: We'll find out.

(DOOR OPEN)

COP: Mr. Tamsen?

TAMSEN: Yes, officer.

COP: You don't remember me, do you?

TAMSEN: I'm afraid not.

COP: Steadwell. P.T. Steadwell. (THEN) Name doesn't mean  
anything to you either?

TAMSEN: No..

COP: I..I came to see what I could do about getting Tony  
Sorrentino out of trouble.. Seems to me he's had about  
as many tough breaks as one guy needs in a lifetime.

TAMSEN: That's good to hear. (THEN) Are you here officially as a  
member of the police force?

COP: No sir.

TAMSEN: Then..

COP: You still don't remember me, do you sir?

TAMSEN: I'm afraid not.

COP: (INTENSE) I'm the officer who arrested Tony Sorrentino  
twenty five years ago on a charge of petty larceny for  
stealing scrap iron.

DAY: Well, I'll be...

COP: (CUTS IN, TENSER) I'm the cop who didn't hear about the charge being changed to a felony until after Tony was already in jail. I couldn't do anything about it then. It was too late. But I can try to do something this time. After a quarter of a century in jail...I think I owe him that.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now there are three of you. Three people to fight for Tony Sorrentino. Lawyer Tamsen begins the work. He gets bail set at \$250. You, Day Churchman, write your stories. *And then* ~~You do your best to stir up sympathy for Tony.~~ It works. Some readers even send in money for Tony's bail. It's not enough, but your story has a reader right in your own back yard. The publisher of your paper. His personal check to cover Tony's bail is sent down to you and within twenty four hours, Tony is out of jail.

TAMSEN: Nice work, Churchman. Now the real work begins. You keep up the stories. I'm filing a motion for dismissal of the charges against Tony. I'm basing it on the stuff you gave me about the weakness of the identification against Tony.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

DAY: I've gotten a job for Tony, Mr. Tamsen. Working on a chicken ranch. He'll have a good home and a decent job if we can just get those charges dropped. Here's hoping.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND UNDER)

COP: ~~Sergeant Steadwell, speaking.~~ I'm calling from headquarters, Mr. Churchman. Thought you'd want to know. The verdict just came in on Tony's hearing. The jury returned a "Not True" bill. In case Tony wants to know what that means in plain English..it means..he got a break at last. He's free!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND OUT)

TONY: It's all over, Mr. Churchman? I can go outa the jail, now?

DAY: You bet you can, Tony. You're a free man.

TONY: I didn't do that holdup, Mr. Churchman. I woulda said if I did. Like the first time, I said I did.

DAY: You've never been short on the truth, Tony. Only on justice.

TONY: Why you do all this for me, Mr. Churchman? Ima no big shot.

DAY: Justice isn't just for big shots, Tony. It's for everyone.

TONY: Sometimes..it's not so easy for the little guy to get this justice, yes?

DAY: Tony, look.. If you're sore...good and sore at the whole world, I wouldn't blame you. You've had twenty five years taken out of your life. That's plenty to be sore about. But holding a grudge is a dangerous thing. Dont' do it, Tony.

TONY: You kidding, Mr. Churchman?

DAY: I'm just saying...

TONY: You saying I shouldn't get mad, yes? Okay. Now I tell you, what I got to be mad about? That cop who arrested me, he comes, asks what he can do to help. That big lawyer, he take time to do things for me. You, big newspaperman on a paper, you write stories about me. Big publisher, he put up the money for bail, yes? Okay. I got friends, no? Good friends, they do things for me. So what I got to be mad at? I tell you something, Mr. Churchman. You know what? Tony Sorrentino, he's a one lucky guy.

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from Day Churchman of the Oregon City Enterprise Courier 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  
tobacco 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 Day Churchman of the Enterprise Courier.

DAY: Man in tonight's case now working at good job here in state. People he works for have learned to trust him completely and he has never given them - or anyone else -- any reason to regret that trust. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Churchman, 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 Scranton, Pa. Times - by-line Ned Gerrity. A Big Story of a reporter who followed a strange road and took a hitch-hike to murder.

(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. Tonight's program was adapted by Gail Ingram from an actual story from the pages of the Oregon City Enterprise Courier. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Karl Swenson played the part of Day Churchman. 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. Churchman.

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

CHAPPELL: This is 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.

'betty'  
'Terry'-1/4/55-PM  
BG-1/5/55-PM

ATX01 00093BB

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #375

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
NED GERRITY	DICK JANAVER
DETECTIVE COBB	ED PECK
CORDELL	IVOR FRANCIS
EMILY	CHARITA BAUER
MADGE	CHARITA BAUER
JOE	JACKIE GRIMES
LOUIE	BILL LIPTON
WATKINS	BILL LIPTON
DOCTOR	TED OSBORNE

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1955

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(CAR UNDER. IT STARTS TO SLOW TO A STOP.)

EMILY: John, I don't like the idea of picking up hitchhikers  
at night.

CORDELL: They're just a couple of college kids, Emily. And I  
hate to see them stuck out here on a lonely road like  
this.

EMILY: (FEARFULLY) I don't know. I don't like it, You hear  
of such terrible things happening.

CORDELL: Now stop worrying, Emily. It'll be all right.

(CAR BRAKES TO STOP. CAR DOOR OPENS, STEPS  
RUNNING UP ON ROAD AND STOP.)

JOE: Where you going, Mister?

CORDELL: Scranton.

LOUIE: That's for us.

CORDELL: All right, boys, Hop in.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(CAR ACCELERATES)

JOE: Say, Mister, why go the long way?

CORDELL: The long way?

JOE: Yeah. There's a short-cut over <sup>the</sup> Bear Mountain into  
Scranton. Get there a lot faster that way.

CORDELL: Short-cut, heh?

EMILY: (FEARFULLY) John, you stick to this road.

LOUIE: What's the matter, lady? You afraid of us or  
something?

JOE: (LAUGHS) Why, we wouldn't hurt a fly would we, Louie?

LOUIE: (LAUGHS) Us? Not us, Joe. There's that short-cut up ahead, Mister. Go on, take it. You'll thank us for it later!

(MUSIC: HIT UP AND UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Scranton, Pennsylvania. It is authentic and offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. From the front pages of the Scranton Times, the story of a reporter who followed a strange road and took a hitchhike to murder. Tonight, to Ned Gerrity, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 AWARD!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #375

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: Scranton, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened. Ned Gerrity's story as he lived it.

NARRATOR: You're a Scranton boy, Ned Gerrity, born and bred. Educated in Scranton schools and a graduate of the Universtiy of Scranton here in this anthracite coal center surrounded by the Pocono Mountains. It was only natural that you finally took a job with the Scranton Times. And as a reporter for the Times you have more than a passing acquaintance with violence. The accidental violence of a gas-filled mine shaft exploding, the impersonal murder, or the kind that every reporter knows, the personal murder. And so, Ned Gerrity, it is grist for you mill when early one Friday morning you make your routine call to Police Headquarters. And your good friend Detective Lieutenant Frank Cobb tells you --

COBB: (FILTER) You got me just in time, Ned.

NED: Yes? Why?

COBB: A truck driver tooling along Route 115 near Bear Creek found a man and a woman in a parked car. The woman was murdered, two bullets in the head. Her husband, a man named Cordell, shot in the shoulder. They're rushing him to the hospital now.

NED: Any idea who did it, Frank?

COBB: Two hitchhikers.

NED: Okay, what hospital?

COBB: Wilkes-Barre General.

NED: Right. I'll meet you there.



(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: The man, John Cordell, is badly wounded but not fatally. His face is white, he is trembling in shock, but he's able to talk.

CORDELL: After we picked up these two boys, Lieutenant, they suggested I take a short-cut over near Bear Creek Road. My wife was pretty nervous about it. She didn't like the idea of picking up hitchhikers at night, (IN PAIN) Lord, how I wish I had listened to her now.

COBB: Go on with your story, Mr. Cordell.

CORDELL: I told the boys I'd rather stick to the main road. Then they both pulled out guns, stuck them in my back and told me to take the dirt road over the mountain.

NED: What kind of guns?

CORDELL: Nickel plated revolvers, Mr. Gerrity.

COBB: ~~Did you ever own a gun, Mr. Cordell?~~

CORDELL: ~~Me? Good Lord, no. What would I be doing with a gun?~~

COBB: These two hitchhikers. Any idea what their names were?

CORDELL: Joe and Louie. That's all I know.

NED: And you say they were young?

CORDELL: They were just kids. College kids. I never had any idea that anything like this would happen.

COBB: All right. They made you drive up the dirt road. Then what happened?

CORDELL: Then the one called Joe ordered me to stop. He held a gun to me while the one called Louie got in the back seat. My wife had a string of pearls around her neck, he tore that off, then he started to tug for her purse.

(MORE)

CORDELL:  
(CONT'D)

I'm not sure what happened then. It's kind of hazy now, but Emily got excited and started to scream and fight.

COBB:

Yes? Then what?

CORDELL:

The fellow in the back seat got excited. My wife opened the door and tried to get out and run away. He grabbed her before she could get out and shot her twice. (A BEAT, THEN TREMBLING, SHUDDERING) Shot her twice in the head, (PAUSE) Lieutenant....

COBB:

Yes?

CORDELL:

Do I have to go through this now?

COBB:

(GENTLY) It would be best, Mr. Cordell. We're looking for those hitchhikers now. We'll need the facts.

NED:

After you saw your wife shot -- what happened?

CORDELL:

I don't know. I saw my wife lying there on the floor of the car, bleeding. I tried to get to her. I started to fight the man next to me, on the front seat.

COBB:

The man named Joe.

CORDELL:

That's right. I tried to get his gun. (WITH HATRED) I wanted to kill them both, kill them like dogs, right where they sat. The next thing I knew he got his gun loose and shot me in the shoulder. I heard the noise and felt the pain and that's all I remember.

NED:

(A BEAT) ~~But~~ you were found on Route 115. How did you get back there?

CORDELL: I don't know. I guess they thought I was dead. They must have driven me back. I don't know. All I know is that my wife is dead and that it wouldn't have happened, it wouldn't have happened if I had just listened to her!

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER, i.)

NARRATOR: After this, the usual police procedure. Cut and dried. Routine. State wide alarm for two young hitchhikers, the dusting of the car for fingerprints, the bullets to ballistics. Routine. And so on this early ayem, after you file your story, you, Ned Gerrity hit the sack. But somehow you can't sleep. Somewhere a nerve quivers. Something in Cordell's story. And the next day you see Frank Cobb....

NED: Frank, couldn't sleep a wink <sup>last night</sup> ~~this morning~~.

COBB: (SMILES) Guilty conscience?

NED: Nope. John Cordell.

COBB: Well? What about him?

NED: Frank, suppose you and I were <sup>there</sup> these two hitchhikers.

COBB: All right, suppose.

NED: We kill Mrs. Cordell. Wouldn't we make sure that Cordell was dead too? Just so he couldn't talk? We've already committed one murder. What's another one?

COBB: Seems logical.

NED: All right. Point one. Like to hear Point two?

COBB: Keep talking.

NED:

~~Point two.~~ Here we are out in a lonely dirt road in the middle of the woods with two bodies on our hands. Wouldn't it be smart to hide the bodies somewhere in the bushes where it might be months before they were found, then grab the car and take off?

COBB:

Yeah. That'd be smart all right.

NED:

Okay. But what did <sup>hide</sup> ~~these~~ two hitchhikers do? They leave Cordell alive. Not only that, they drive him all the way back to the main highway where he can very conveniently be found. And instead of taking the car for a getaway, they hoof it again. Why the consideration?

COBB:

(A PAUSE) Cordell says they were just kids.

NED:

I know. ~~Cordell says.~~ But even idiots wouldn't pull a stunt like that.

(PHONE RING)

COBB:

Oh. Excuse me, Ned.

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

COBB:

Lieutenant Cobb. Oh, yes, Anderson. (PAUSE) What? (PAUSE) You're sure of that? (PAUSE) Okay. Send them to me ~~from the Lab.~~

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

COBB:

(PUZZLED) Ned, that was the Ballistics ~~lab.~~

NED:

Yes?

COBB:

The gun was a .32 caliber. Ballistics checked the two slugs in Mrs. Cordell's head and the one in Cordell's shoulder. But get this. They all came from the same gun.

NED: Only Cordell said one man shot his wife and the other shot him. In other words, two different guns!

COBB: Which means that ~~Cordell is~~ <sup>he's</sup> lying. I guess we'd better talk with ~~Cordell~~ <sup>him</sup> again.

NED: Frank, mind a suggestion?

COBB: Not if it's good.

NED: Let's talk to the doctor, first.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

NED: Doctor Baldwin, we're interested in ~~a diagnosis of~~ John Cordell's bullet wound.

DOCTOR: ~~Why, it's very simple, Mr. Gornity, Mr. Cordell~~ <sup>He</sup> was shot in the left shoulder <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ very close range. The bullet struck the clavicle and went down into the abdomen.

COBB: We're not interested in that ~~kind of diagnosis~~, Doctor.

DOCTOR: (BEWILDERED) I don't understand.

COBB: What we want to know is ~~this~~. Could John Cordell have shot himself?

DOCTOR: Shot himself? Why in the devil would he do a thing like that?

COBB: All I want to know is could he?

DOCTOR: (A BEAT) Why yes. It's certainly possible. The path of that bullet could indicate a self-inflicted wound.

COBB: I see. Thanks Doctor. We're very grateful to you.

(COUPLE OF STEPS.)

(DOOR CLOSED)

COBB: Well, Ned, now we'll talk to Cordell.

NED: Frank, I've got an idea and I'd like to try it.

COBB: Yes?

NED: Let me talk to him alone. You know, I'm a reporter and I'm looking for a feature story.

COBB: Why? Why alone?

NED: He'll be more relaxed, just talking to a reporter. If there isn't a cop around maybe we can catch him off guard. (FAUSE) How about it?

COBB: Okay. Not a bad idea. Try it.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

NED: Mr. Cordell, one of the things I want to emphasize in this feature is the fight you put up **trying** to help your wife.

CORDELL: (VIRTUOUSLY) ~~It was nothing, Mr. Gerrity.~~ Any <sup>body</sup> ~~man~~ would have done the same thing. When this fellow pointed him automatic at me --

NED: Automatic? (A BEAT) I thought you said it was a nickel plated gun.

CORDELL: (LAUGHS QUICKLY) Well, you know, it was dark. You see a gun in the dark, you're not really quite sure. The thing is my wife got half out of the door and when this man Louis shot her and I saw her blood dropping on the black top --

NED: Black top?

CORDELL: Why yes. The black top road.

NED: Didn't you tell the police it was a dirt road?

CORDELL: Why, I don't know. Did I?

NED: That's the way I remember it.

CORDELL: (SUDDENLY TENSE) Look here, Gerrity, what are you so set on these little facts for. (THEN BEAT) ~~Anybody send~~ you in to talk to me?

NED: (LAUGHS AND COVERS QUICKLY) No, Mr. Cordell. I'm a newspaper ~~man~~ and -- well, you know how it is, a healthy ~~regard for the facts.~~ I want this article to be right and I know you do.

CORDELL: Oh, of course. Of course. Now, Mr. Gerrity, I want you to know how I feel about my wife -- about Emily. I want the public to know too. I've got a lot of good friends in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre as well.

(MORE)

CORDELL:  
(CONT'D)

There never was a sweeter, dearer woman than Emily. You know, lying here in the hospital bed I'm beginning to find out the meaning of the word alone. You walk through life with a woman and she's by your side day and night, year after year, and then suddenly she's gone and you think, what will it be like now? You think, what's the ~~use of living now?~~

NED: I'm sorry about your lose, Mr. Cordell. I know how you must feel.

CORDELL: ~~But she's gone and nothing on earth can bring her back again. There's only one thing that'll dull the pain just a little. And that's to get those hitchhikers and make them pay for what they did to Emily and to me. (NOW~~

~~ALMOST BRISKLY) Well, I guess that's about it, Mr. Gerrity. Anything else I can give you for this feature article?~~

NED: (DISARMING) Well, there's one little thing. *I was wondering about Mr. Cordell*

CORDELL: Yes?

NED: The two bullets in your wife and the one in you were examined by the Police Ballistics Lab. They found out that they were all shot from the same gun.

CORDELL: (A CAREFUL BEAT) They did, eh?

NED: They did. And it doesn't quite square with your version.

CORDELL: (CAREFULLY) Look, Mr. Gerrity, why are you pumping me?

NED: I'm not. *But your story seems rather confused.*

CORDELL: Well, maybe I did say that one man shot Emily and the other shot me. All right, what if I did? It was dark, I was confused. A man could be mistaken, couldn't he?



(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

NED: Frank Cordell was lying. Not just one lie. Not two. But practically a lie a minute.

COBB: (SLOWLY) Let me get this straight, Ned. What you're saying is that Cordell probably never left Route 115. What you're saying is that for some reason he put two bullets in his wife's head, killed her right there in the car in cold blood and then shot himself in the shoulder.

NED: That's right. That's exactly what I'm saying. And if there were any hitchhikers involved in this, I'll eat every copy of the Scranton Times we publish today -- And what's more --

(KNOCK ON DOOR.)

COBB: Come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

JOE: Lieutenant, my name is Joe Crane. This here is Louis Hughes.

COBB: Yes? What can I do for you two boys?

JOE: (SCARED) We read in the papers that you were looking for two hitchhikers that this Mr. Cordell picked up near Bear Creek.

COBB: That's right.

LOUIS: Well, we're the ones, Lieutenant. We're the two hitchhikers!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY.)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #375

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 Ned Gerrity, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARRATOR: You, Ned Gerrity, of the Scranton Times, stare open mouthed at the two scared youths standing there in front of you. So does Lt. Frank Cobb. And your mind's a confused pinwheel of bewilderment because you were sure, so sure that you were on the right track and that John Cordell had wilfully and deliberately murdered his wife. Now the Lieutenant turns and the way he looks at you---you wish there were an open manhole handy so that you could drop into it. Then he turns back to the two youths.

COBB: So you're giving yourselves up, eh?

JOE: Yes sir.

COBB: Why'd you do it?

LOUIE: That's why we're here, Lieutenant. We didn't do it.

COBB: Now wait a minute. Let's get this straight. You just told me you were the hitchhikers Cordell picked up.

JOE: Yes sir. But we never killed his wife or shot him, or anything like that. We gave up because we were scared you'd find us and get the wrong idea. You see, we were coming from a dance in Kingston on Tuesday.

NED: Tuesday?

LOUIE: Yes, sir. Mr. Cordell picked us up near Bear Creek Road on <sup>Route</sup> 115.

NED: But the murder was on Friday morning.

JOB: That's what we've been trying to tell you. This man Cordell and his wife picked us up 4 days before it happened. Sure, we told him to take the short-cut. But his wife talked him out of it and they kept right on going along the highway.

NED: Well, Frank? That puts us back in business again.

COBB: It sure does.

NED: Now we even know where he got the idea for this whole phony story. The question is, what now?

COBB: (GRIMLY) The answer is we can't nail our friend Mr. Cordell down until we have more solid evidence. It's hard to convict on circumstance alone. After all, there were no witnesses.

NED: Then what are you going to do?

COBB: (GRIMLY) ~~Wait it out. Sweat it out. Triple check everything he does or says --- and hope for a break!~~  
*I've got an idea we'll try it*

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

DOCTOR: (CHEERILY) Morning, Mr. Cordell.

CORDELL: Oh. Morning, Doctor Baldwin.

DOCTOR: How do you feel?

CORDELL: Fine. Just fine. All the pain's gone.

DOCTOR: Good. That means we can move you out of the room.

CORDELL: Move me? Why do you want to do that, Doctor? I like this room.

DOCTOR: It's just for a day while the orderly thoro cleans here.

We'll get you right back in as soon as the job's done.

(LAUGHS) I suppose you find it pretty lonesome here?

CORDELL: I sure do.

DOCTOR: Well, I think you're well enough now so that we can give you a phone. How would you like that?

CORDELL: Yes, Yes, I'd like that. Thank you, Doctor Baldwin.

~~Thank you, Doctor Baldwin. Thank you very much.~~

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)  
*Cobb: Here listen to this Ned.*  
MADGE: (FILTER) Hello?

*It may help to connect John Cordell  
Ned; whose Madge  
Cobb; Ja, just listen*

CORDELL: Madge, this is John.

MADGE: (A PAUSE) (THEN HOSTILE AND TIGHT) I see.

CORDELL: You don't sound so friendly, my dear.

MADGE: Why should I?

JOHN: Seems to me you'd try to cheer a man who's been through what I have. You know it isn't easy to lie here in a hospital bed all day, especially after what happened to me, and ---

MADGE: (INTERRUPTS) John.

CORDELL: Yes?

MADGE: (TIGHT) Why did you do it?

CORDELL: (A BEAT) Do what?

MADGE: You know.

CORDELL: No, I don't know. Madge, listen. ~~Now that Emily's --  
now that Emily's gone, maybe you and I could get together.~~

~~You know, wait awhile--and then get married. I know what the other people at the factory are saying, and I don't want any more talk about it. I thought that when I get out--~~

MADGE: (HOSTILE) John, I want you to get one thing straight.

CORDELL: Yes?

MADGE: It's all over. I never want to see you again.

CORDELL: But, Madge, why?

MADGE: You know why. You know very well why. You're not fooling me for one moment, John Cordell. When I think that I almost -- well, never mind. This is quits and I

(FILTER CLICK)

JOHN: Madge! Madge, wait! Listen!

COBB: Well, that's all we got on the recorder, Ned.  
*Ned: It sounds like enough to me. Who is this girl Madge...*  
(WE HEAR CORDELL CALLING: "MADGE, MADGE" AND TAPE RECORDER IS CUT OFF. WE MAY CARRY THE ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE WHIR OF TAPE RECORDER THROUGHOUT, SO SLIGHT THAT WE NEVER NOTICE IT. AND THAT IS NOW CUT OFF ABRUPTLY.)

COBB: *He works with him at the factory*  
~~This girl Madge~~ was the second call he made after we put in the phone tap.

NED: And the first?

COBB: The first was to a cousin by the name of Clem Watkins over in Kingston.

NED: Clem Watkins?

COBB: That's right. Runs a fixit shop. Just happens to carry guns as a sideline. Cordell hinted that Watkins should forget something he knew. We'll talk to him first and then to Madge.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

WATKINS: Kinda thought you'd be in to see me sooner or later, Lieutenant.

COBB: (COLD) Then why didn't you come in to see me?

WATKINS: I figured on doing that today, but I guess you beat me to it. You want to know if I sold John a gun, is that right?

COBB: It's a good guess, Mr. Watkins. Did you?

WATKINS: Yep, I'll have to admit I did.

NED: What kind of gun?

WATKINS: A .32 caliber. Sold him a ~~box~~ of bullets for it, too.

CORDELL: Did he say what he wanted it for?

WATKINS: Seems to me he said he wanted it to go hunting rats with.

NED: Hunting rats with a .32 revolver?

WATKINS: It's kinda funny, isn't it? Never gave it a thought at the time. (A BEAT) Look here, gentlemen, are you saying that my cousin John may have killed his wife with that .32?

NED: We're saying just that.

WATKINS: (BEMILDERED) But the papers said it was a couple of hitchhikers.

NED: Don't believe everything you read in the newspapers, Mr. Watkins.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: Next the factory where John Cordell worked. And it's easy enough to find the girl named Madge. Madge Willard. Young. Attractive. And she says --

MADGE: I ~~know~~ you'd come and see me sooner or later, Lieutenant.  
I had a feeling.

COBB: You think Cordell killed his wife, Miss Willard?

MADGE: I don't want to answer that.

NED: Why not?

MADGE: It's a terrible thing to say that a man killed somebody else. ~~It's a terrible thing to say.~~ I wouldn't want to send anybody to the electric chair. I don't think I could sleep nights if I ever did. Besides, this isn't just somebody ~~else~~. This is - somebody personal.

COBB: What do you mean, personal?

MADGE: I'd rather not say.

NED: Look, Miss Willard. Emily Cordell is dead. She was shot in the head twice by a cold-blooded killer. We think that killer is her husband. We have good reason to believe you're involved in this pretty deep yourself.

MADGE: (FRIGHTENED) I never tried to get him to kill her. I wouldn't do a thing like that. I didn't know he could do it. I didn't think he was that crazy. But he did, didn't he? He must've. Now that I think of it after what happened -- gee, I don't know. He seemed to be such a wonderful guy. ~~His wife nagged him all the time. Once, she even slashed him with a knife.~~ I -- well, I guess we were in love.

COBB: Suppose you start from the beginning, Miss Willard.

MADGE: There isn't much to tell. And I guess it isn't much of a secret. Everybody here in the shop knew it. So what was the secret? Sure, I'll admit it. We were going around together. I'll admit it. I was crazy about him. He said he'd get a divorce and then we'd get married. But I never thought he'd do a thing like this.

NED: ~~What stopped him from getting his divorce, Miss Willard?~~

MADGE: Now that I think of it, Mr. Gerrity, he gave all kinds of reasons. But now that I think of it, maybe it was the insurance.

COBB: Insurance?

MADGE: Yes, Lieutenant. His wife had some insurance. I don't know how much, but I guess it wasn't too much. All John was making here in the shop was \$50 a week.



NED: ~~I guess any amount of insurance would seem big to a man making \$50 a week.~~

MADGE: ~~I guess.~~

COBB: Tell me something, Miss Willard. Did you know John Cordell owned a gun?

MADGE: Yes. He used to practice with it during lunch hour. Said he wanted it for killing rats. Every lunch hour he'd go up and shoot at the tree.

NED: What tree?

MADGE: There's a big oak on the hill in back of the shop. Overlooks the river. You go up there, you can't miss it. ~~Anyway, John used to go up and shoot at that tree, every lunch hour.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: First, you and Lt. Cobb stop at the tree and find what you hoped you'd find. After that, you go to the neighborhood. Neighbor after neighbor tells you of the quarreling between John and Emily Cordell. After that, the Police Laboratory gives Cordell's car a thorough going over. After that the clothes he wore at the time of the murder are thoroughly examined in a lab analysis. And after that.....

COBB: Morning, Mr. Cordell.

CORDELL: Morning, gentlemen.

NED: How are you feeling?

CORDELL: Fine. Just fine.

COBB: (A BEAT) Feel well enough to go into court, Cordell?

CORDELL: (A BEAT) Court?

COBB: That's the word I used.

CORDELL: Why should I go to Court, Lieutenant? What are you saying?

COBB: I'm saying there never were any hitchhikers on the Friday morning your wife was killed. I'm saying that you shot your wife in cold blood and that you've been lying consistently ever since.

CORDELL: I haven't been lying.

NED: No?

CORDELL: No, Mr. Gerrity. Just confused.

NED: ~~I see. Just confused.~~

CORDELL: ~~That's it.~~

COBB: Only the facts are confused, Cordell.

CORDELL: What facts?

COBB: The ones you gave us. You said you were shot in the front seat and your wife was shot in the back seat.  
(MORE)

COBB: That would mean you never got out of the car.  
(CONT'D)  
CORDELL: That's the way I remember it.  
COBB: We had your shoes analyzed by the Lab. The soles were covered with mud. That mud comes from a section of lonely road along Bear Creek. It happens to be mud that couldn't come from any other section.  
NED: In other words you got out from the front seat after you shot your wife and carried her to the back seat just to make your story look good.  
CORDELL: I can explain that mud on my shoes.  
COBB: How?  
CORDELL: The hitchhikers threw my keys in the bushes. I went out and looked for them.  
NED: But you didn't find them.  
CORDELL: No. But I suddenly remembered that I had another set in the glove compartment. Then I was able to drive my wife back to the main road before I passed out.  
COBB: I thought you said these hitchhikers drove you back?  
CORDELL: That's what I said then. But remember, I was in pain then. Almost delirious. Now it's all clear.  
COBB: Then how do you account for the two types of blood in the front seat?  
CORDELL: (STARES) Two types of what--?  
COBB: Blood. Type "A" for you and Type "O" for your wife. That means that you were both in the front seat when it happened.  
CORDELL: Well, like I said, it was all confused.  
NED: I know. Everything is confused. For example, ~~you~~ *you never* owned a gun. *I don't remember*

CORDELL: ~~Did I say that?~~

COBB: ~~You said it and it's on the record.~~

CORDELL: ~~Oh, sure.~~ <sup>You mention</sup> Now that ~~I think~~ of it, I did own a gun.

NED: Where is it now, Cordell?

CORDELL: I don't know. ~~Went killing rats with it and lost it~~  
~~in some dump somewhere or maybe I threw it away~~  
~~somewhere else. I don't know,~~ I can't remember.

(LAUGHS) So you think that old gun of mine was the murder weapon, do you, Lieutenant?

COBB: We know it is.

CORDELL: Be pretty hard to prove it in court if you can't produce it. Wouldn't it, Lieutenant?

COBB: We don't need the gun, Cordell.

CORDELL: No?

COBB: No. You see, we found these.

(CLANK OF BULLETS ON A TABLE)

CORDELL: (STARES) Where'd you get those?

NED: In a tree you used for target practice. It was full of these slugs.

COBB: And you know what Ballistics says, Cordell? It says that these shells came from the same gun with which your wife was killed and you were wounded. And as far as I'm concerned you can go to court and lie ~~some~~ <sup>as much as you want</sup> ~~more, and some more, and some more.~~ But these little slugs are ~~just enough,~~ <sup>just to be</sup> Cordell. Just enough to ~~convict you~~ <sup>convict you</sup> either ~~send you to the chain for the murder of your wife or put you away for good.~~ You said you bought this gun to kill rats. ~~I say a rat bought this gun -- to kill his wife.~~

(MUSIC: TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from  
Ned Gerrity of the Scranton Pa. Times with the final  
outcome of tonight's Big Story.

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #375

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 Ned Gerrity of the Scranton, Pa. Times.

GERRITY: Killer in tonight's story went on trial at the Luzerne County Court House in Wilkes Barre. Throughout trial he maintained that hitchhike version of killing was true. But Prosecutor caught 41 discrepancies in his story...I appeared as a witness. Jury found him guilty of murder in the first degree. Recommended life imprisonment. Thank you for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gerrity, 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 Jersey Journal by-line Nat Berg. A Big Story of a reporter who found a man..that the Army had lost.

(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.  
Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an  
actual story from the pages of the Scranton Pa.  
Times. Your narrator was Norman Rose and diek Janouel  
\_\_\_\_\_ played the part of Ned Gerrity. 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. Gerrity.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL:

This is <sup>Ernest Chappell</sup> ~~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.~~

FZ/LL/TB  
1/12/55



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #376

CAST

NARRATOR	1 NORMAN ROSE
RALPH BRONSON	MICKY O'DAY
NAT BERG	HAROLD HUBER
FATHER	BILL SMITH
JESSUP	BILL GRIFFIS
SERGEANT	BILL GRIFFIS
CORPORAL	SID PAUL
GALT	SID PAUL
DOCTOR	MICHAEL SAGE
COLONEL	ED FULLER

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1955

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, OUT FOR)

(PHONE RINGING...THEN PICKED UP) (CITY ROOM B.G.)

BERG: Yes.

RALPH: (FILTER) (A HESITANT, ALMOST HALF SCARED VOICE) Hello....  
are....are you the fellow who runs the column. The Mr.  
Fixit column.

BERG: That's right. What can I do for you?

RALPH: Do you...do you really do what you say. Help people.

BERG: I try.

RALPH: It's not a fake? Those are real letters?

BERG: The column's on the level. People write in their  
problems...we see what we can do for them. Something  
troubling you.

RALPH: (PERSISTING) You really try? Mr. Fixit's not just a  
stunt or something?

BERG: (A TINGE OF ANNOYANCE AS HE'S BUSY) Look, friend,  
I said it's honest. Now if there's something you  
want.....

RALPH: I want something all right. Mister.....I want you to  
fix up my life.

(MUSIC: HITS... GOES UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Jersey City, New  
Jersey.

(MORE)

1 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 pages of the Jersey Journal, the Big Story of a reporter who found a man.....that the Army had lost. Tonight, to Nat Berg, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #376

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 BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Jersey City, New Jersey. The story as it actually happened. Nat Berg's story, as he lived it.

NARR: There's a title at the head of your column, Nat Berg, Mr. Fixit. You're a trouble shooter for the readers of the Jersey Journal. People who get messed up in the red tape of filing a government form...or who've got a complaint about a public service. They're small problems ...nothing the A.P. wire would ever bother about.

But now... that's all going to change.

(SNEAK IN CITY ROOM B.G. WITH BELOW)

That fellow coming into the city room. See him. The one they're directing over to you. He wants to see Mr. Fixit. You listen to him, Nat Berg. You listen to every word.

RALPH: (HESITANT) Excuse me... they said you're the man with the column.

BERG: (INVITING) Have a seat.

RALPH: My name's Ralph Bronson. I....I spoke to you on the phone. This morning.

BERG: (EYEING HIM) Sounded like it was serious.

RALPH: Yes sir. It is.

BERG: (WAITING A MOMENT) Well.

RALPH: (IT COMES OUT SPASMODICALLY...NERVOUSLY)

You see... I'm in the Army. I got home from overseas and they gave me a leave. You understand.

BERG: Sure.

RALPH: Well, there was this trouble at home and I wanted to stay a little longer. So I went to see the Red Cross. That's what all the guys ~~used~~ to do.

BERG: You asked them to contact your commanding officer..... that it.

RALPH: They said they'd do it and I was to go home and wait for orders.

BERG: From them?

RALPH: The Army. That's what they said. Go home... and your outfit will let you know when and where to report back.

BERG: (UNIMPRESSED.... BUT NOT COLDLY) Go on.

RALPH: That's all.

BERG: I don't get it. What's the problem. You've been waiting, haven't you.

RALPH: (ALMOST A PLEA) Sure I have... But Mister....I've been waiting eleven months.

(MUSIC: HITS THE SURPRISE AND THEN UNDER)

NARR: What is this. A gag. Who sent this guy up here. Eleven months. Talk about wild stories. This is the best one yet. Maybe he's got nothing to do but waste people's time. (SLOWING DOWN IN HIS INDIGNATION) But you've been watching him. He doesn't seem like a character on the loose. And that desperate look in his eyes. What have you got to lose. The guy's already here. Let him go on with his story.

RALPH: I'll tell you the whole thing. Just how it happened. All of it. Right from the beginning. Like I said....I was home....home from Germany and the night I was to go back I was with my father... he was telling me a story.  
(BOARD FADE)

FATHER: (LAUGHING) What could I do, Ralph. You know how your uncle is. Stubborn as a mule. What a sight he was....lying in that stream. Oh...if you could have been there.

RALPH: (ENDING HIS LAUGH) Must have been something to see, Dad.

FATHER: It was. It was. (HIS LAUGHTER DIES AND HE FIXES A WARM LOOK ON HIS SON) You home again. How great it's been.

RALPH: It's all I ever thought about. But what happened to the time.

FATHER: Do you have to leave now.

RALPH: If I want to catch that train back to camp.

FATHER: Well, I'm glad for one thing, anyway. You've got to go back to Germany but at least... the war's over and done with. Yet... it's important you be there. Wherever the Army says.

RALPH: Dad....

FATHER: Yes, son?

RALPH: Take care of yourself, will you.

FATHER: (TRYING TO COVER HIS SENTIMENT BY A SHAM GRUFFNESS)  
Go on....or you'll be late. Let's get out of here.

RALPH: Don't take me to the station.

FATHER: Why not.



RALPH: I just don't want you to. Say goodbye here.

FATHER: (SLIGHT BEAT) All right.

(DOOR OPENS)

FATHER: Ralph....

RALPH: So long, Dad....

FATHER: What you told me. It goes double. Take care of yourself. (A WEAKNESS SUDDENLY APPEARS IN HIS VOICE)

Ralph, I.....

RALPH: (ALARM) Dad... what is it.....

FATHER: I....I don't know.....

RALPH: (MORE SCARED) You're sick.....

FATHER: No....I'm....I'm all right....I.... Ralph.....

(HE FAINTS AND HIS BODY SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR)

RALPH: (ALMOST A TOUCH OF A SCREAM) Dad..... what's a matter...

Dad....

(MUSIC: SWELLS UP AND BRIDGES TO)

RALPH: Doctor....what is it....what's wrong with him?

DOCTOR: He's had a coronary. A heart attack.

RALPH: Will he.... will he be all right?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

RALPH: He's.... he's going to die.

DOCTOR: I didn't say that. But I won't lie to you.

It can go either way. Only time can tell ~~us.~~

RALPH: (SLIGHT BEAT....GETTING CONTROL OF HIMSELF A LITTLE)

Can I see him.

DOCTOR: I rather you didn't. Not now.

RALPH: But I've got to tell him something. Please.

I've just got to.

DOCTOR: Can't it possibly wait?

RALPH: (PLEADING) He's got to listen to me. Now. It's important.

DOCTOR: (BRIEFLY) All right. But make it quick.

(DOOR OPENS....AND WE GO WITH RALPH AS HE WALKS QUIETLY INTO THE BEDROOM)

(MUSIC: GENTLY UNDER)

NARR: The face of his father. The face of a dying man. And the boy looks down at him. Looks down... and cries.

(WE HEAR RALPH CRYING SOFTLY)

A moment that no one believes he can ever face and yet...when it happens....he must. As Ralph Bronson is facing it now.

RALPH: Dad.... I want you to listen to me. Dad.... I'm not going back. I'm staying with you.

DAD: (VERY WEAKLY) Ralph.... you can't.

RALPH: I'll get more leave. They'll give it to me. I won't go back 'til you're all right. Don't worry, Dad. I'm going to be with you. Every second.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The wait begins... for time and the unknown to shape the course of a man's life. Thirty long, tortuous days of uncertainty. And then....finally....

DOCTOR: He's made it, Ralph. Your father's going to be all right. Of course....he'll have to make a new kind of life for himself....but if he does..... he'll live as long as any of us.

(MUSIC: RISES AND BEHIND)

NARR: The big problem is over but now... another one begins... when Ralph Bronson reports to the Army Port of Embarkation.....

SGT: How do you spell that name again.

RALPH: B...R...O...N...S...O...N....Bronson.

SGT: And you went to the Red Cross when?

RALPH: A month ago. They said they'd get in touch with my C.O.

SGT: I got nothing on you.

RALPH: Look, Sergeant....I want to ship back to my outfit.

SGT: I got no orders.

RALPH: What am I supposed to do.

SGT: You better go over to Fort Hamilton.

RALPH: What for?

SGT: Maybe they got orders for you. We don't.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

CORP: Ralph Bronson.

RALPH: That's right, Corporal.

CORP: We've got nothing on you.

RALPH: But they sent me over here.

CORP: Sorry.

RALPH: I have to get back to my outfit. What am I supposed to do.

CORP: Wait for orders. You know the Army. You just go on home and wait.. When the orders come through, we'll send for you.

RALPH: But Corporal.....

CORP: I said you're to go home and wait. You understand? Wait.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: He's been waiting all right. Waiting for eleven months. That's his story, Nat Berg. You're up to date. Now...what do you think of it? Because if it's true... it's the greatest snafu in Army history. The story's almost unbelievable. You've got a lot of questions. (ALMOST SHARPLY) Ask them. Find out if this boy is just trying to cover up.

RALPH: I'm not, Mr. Berg. I told you just the way it happened. I wanted to go back.

BERG: But eleven months....

RALPH: They knew where I was all the time. Right at home. I didn't run away or anything. I stayed home. Waiting.

BERG: But you knew it shouldn't take that long for orders to come through. Why didn't you check with the Army again?

RALPH: I did. I even called the M.P.'s asking them if they were looking for me. They said they never heard of me.

BERG: Then you knew something was wrong.

RALPH: (FUMBLING, CONFUSED) I just didn't know what to do. Maybe I should've gone back to Fort Hamilton I don't know. I meant to...but then the weeks just kept going by and each time...it was harder to go back. I got afraid they'd say I was over the hill. But my father said I just had to do something. So I came to you, Mr. Berg..... Do you believe me?

BERG: (A SLIGHT BEAT) Yes. I think you've told me the truth.

RALPH: (GRATEFUL) Can you help me?

BERG: I'll try, Ralph. But the first thing we have to do... is find out what the Army knows about you.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

BERG: Hello, Operator.... I'd like you to get me Washington. I want the Department of the Army... the enlisted personnel records section....yes.....that's right..... put it through right away, please.....

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER AND BEHIND)

BERG: Would you repeat that for me, please...Captain....I see.... yes, I've got it. Private Ralph Bronson is assigned to Company H....14th Infantry Regiment.... now stationed in Germany....right....Captain, would you have the name of the Commanding officer.....

(MUSIC: WASHES OVER AND OUT)

BERG: I've had the foreign desk of the Associated Press send a cable to army headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany. We'll know what your status is soon enough.

RALPH: (WORRIED) The whole thing's crazy. It just got away from me. I kept getting more scared. Thinking they'd give me a dishonorable discharge....I didn't know what I'd do.

BERG: Maybe it's not as bad as you think. Could be just an administrative mixup we can straighten out.

(PHONE RINGS)

Excuse me.

(PHONE IS LIFTED)

BERG: Berg speaking....who....yes.... put him on, please.....  
(TO RALPH) It's the foreign editor of the A.P.  
(INTO PHONE) Hello.....yes, sir.... you just got a  
cable back..... what did it say? .....(HE LISTENS) .....  
I see.....(SLOWLY) ...all right....thanks...no.....  
nothing else..... this is all I have to know.

(HE HANGS UP)

RALPH: Well:

BERG: They've got you listed all right.....as a  
deserter.

RALPH: (SICK) Deserter.

BERG: Yes.

RALPH: (THE WORDS ESCAPE IN ALMOST A WHISPER) They can hang  
me for that. (LOST) What am I going to do.....

~~What am I going to do?~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #376

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: -- INFO AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You tell your editor the whole incredible story. And the two of you argue the facts.....back and forth....trying to make sense where none seems to exist.

A lot of stories cross a city editor's desk but this one makes him want to check it a hundred ways.

JESSUP: I'm not calling the kid a liar, Nat. But if our paper goes into this, we've got to be pretty sure of our ground.

BERG: Why shouldn't Bronson be telling the truth. Look, Mr. Jessup, I checked his record. He was on occupation duty in Germany.....away from the shooting war.... but he volunteered for Korea and he was there, right in the middle of it.

JESSUP: (DISTURBED BY THIS) You're sure of that.

BERG: I got it from Washington. And here's something else. He was only seventeen when he enlisted but he had his folks sign papers that he was eighteen. This boy wanted the army. From the very start. But suppose for the sake of argument he did want out... can you imagine a deserter just sitting around the house waiting for the M.P.'s to pick him up.

JESSUP: Where's that cable the A.P. received from Germany.

BERG: Right here. Look.... they even give his home address here in Jersey City.



JESSUP: (READING) Soldier overstayed leave by three days and unit sailed without him.

BERG: That's all they know about him. They don't mention the fact he went to the Port of Embarkation and Port Hamilton.

JESSUP: If he can prove he did.

BERG: Where's the percentage if he lies. He knows that can be checked. Mr. Jessup.... I want to go after this thing.

JESSUP: (DECISION) All right, Nat. It's all yours. File your story.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: The paper plays it big. The forgotten soldier. But to you, it's more than a headline... or a story to be laughed about.... wondered about. How can you help Ralph Bronson. You decide on an old military strategy. The bold stroke.

(MUSIC: -- STABS OUT!)

BERG: Ralph, are you willing to go to Governor's Island with me? To First Army Headquarters.

RALPH: (NERVOUSLY) What....what do you want to do.

BERG: I want to arrange a meeting for you with the Inspector General. A story like this can be told only by you and I want him to hear that way. Face to face. The way you told it to me. Simple. Honest.

RALPH: (TENSE) The Inspector General himself.

BERG: Why not.

RALPH: You mean.... surrender myself.

BERG: You have to play this straight from the shoulder. All this time you've been afraid and you've only made it worse.

RALPH: But will he believe me.

BERG: (SLIGHT BEAT) I don't know.

RALPH: ( A TINGE OF ANGER ) It's my neck...not yours. You're not the one they're calling a deserter. You won't be court martialed. (THERE IS A BEAT AS THE ANGER COOLS INTO DESPAIR) What's the matter with me. I'm sorry. I know you're really trying to help.

BERG: (QUIETLY) But it's true what you say. It is your neck. Still.... I say you ought to go. What do you think, Ralph?

RALPH: (A SLIGHT BEAT THEN...LOW) Call him up. Make ~~your~~ <sup>the</sup> appointment.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

COLONEL: (FILTER) Yes, I've seen the paper, Mr. Berg. I'd like very much to hear Private Bronson's story. When do you think you can have him over here.

BERG: Whenever you like, Colonel. The sooner the better.

COLONEL: Tomorrow morning? Nine o'clock?

BERG: I'll come over with him myself.

COLONEL: He's going to have to do a lot of talking, Mr. Berg. It's a strange story.... to say the least. If he doesn't show tomorrow morning.... I'll have to issue orders for his arrest.

BERG: He'll be there, sir. I promise you.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND SEQUE TO)

(DOORBELL RINGING ... BEAT ... AGAIN. DOOR OPENS)

BERG: Mr. Bronson.

FATHER: Yes.

BERG: How do you do. I'm Nat Berg.

FATHER: (A NERVOUSNESS TO HIM THAT HE TRIES TO CONCEAL BY A CASUALNESS) Glad to know you, Mr. Berg.

BERG: Is Ralph ready.

FATHER: No. No, he's not.

BERG: We're due at Governors Island at nine, you know.

FATHER: Yes ... he told me.

BERG: (GRADUALLY BECOMING AWARE SOMETHING IS WRONG) Will he be long. It's important we get there on time.

FATHER: He'll be there.

BERG: (SLIGHT BEAT) I wish you'd ask him to hurry, Mr. Bronson.

FATHER: No need to.

BERG: (A SLIGHT IRRITATION) I hope your son is as calm as you. Look, it's a little chilly here in the hall. Mind if I come inside.

FATHER: Why ... why don't you go on alone, Mr. Berg. Ralph'll follow you.

BERG: (ANNOYED) Follow me. Mr. Bronson, I arranged this whole meeting and I think that I ...(STOPS- THE SUSPICION) ... Mr. Bronson ... where is Ralph?

FATHER: He's ... He's not here.

BERG: Not here.

FATHER: (FAST) He'll be back right away. I'm sure he will. There's nothing to worry about. Nothing.

BERG: (HARD) Mr. Bronson ... when did he leave. Look, something's wrong. ~~It's all over your face.~~ You're hiding something. What is it. Tell me.

FATHER: (ALMOST BROKEN) He's ... he's gone. I woke up this morning ... he wasn't ~~there.~~ *here*

BERG: (HIS UNSPOKEN THOUGHT FINDING VOICE) (ALMOST A DISILLUSIONMENT) He's run away.

FATHER: Please. It isn't what you think. He's not guilty of anything. He's a boy ... and he's frightened. He wants to go with you ... to end this whole terrible mistake. But he's afraid they won't listen. That they'll do something to him. Mr. Berg ... be kind to him .... put yourself in his place. Understand.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Understand. At first you don't want to. And why should you. You've believed in this boy. Felt his nightmare like it was happening to you. Maybe he is a deserter. A goldbrick looking for an easy way out. But your anger goes as quickly as it comes. Get over to your office ... call off the appointment. If the Inspector General suspects he's run away ... you'll never be able to save him. ~~Gover for him. Quickly.~~

(MUSIC: -- RISES AND OUT)

BERG: ~~It's my ear, Colonel. Someone smacked into us just as~~ *There's been a delay. We'll be out there as soon as we can.*  
we were heading into the Battery Tunnel.

COLONEL: (FILTER) Anyone hurt.

BERG: No sir ... fortunately. But Private Bronson looks a little shaken up. I just want to make sure he's all right before we come over.

COLONEL: ~~You'd better get him over here, Mr. Berg. If there's~~  
anything wrong, the post hospital can take care of  
him.

BERG: ~~He'll be okay. He's just a little nervous.~~

COLONEL: What time will you be here.

BERG: Pretty soon, I guess.

COLONEL: (AN EDGE TO HIS VOICE) I hope you're mindful of the  
fact this is an army matter, Mr. Berg. Your coming over  
is just a courtesy on our part. I expect you not to  
abuse the privilege. Please have Private Bronson here  
by eleven o'clock. If not ... the M.P.'s will bring  
him in. Goodbye, Mr. Berg.

(HANGING UP ON FILTER AND A MOMENT LATER, BERG  
HANGS UP)

NARR: (IT'S HOPELESS) You tried, didn't you. It's just too  
late. You'll never find him in time. He's a scared  
kid ... and he's running ... fast ... and far. It's  
all over. They'll take his flight as a sign of guilt.

(DOOR OPENS OFF) (SLOW STEPS BEGIN APPROACHING  
FROM OFF)

Out that window is the city ... and there ... somewhere  
... is Ralph Bronson. Gone. A fugitive. Soon to be  
hunted.

RALPH: (QUIETLY) Mr. Berg.

(A SWIVEL CHAIR TURNS AROUND ... CREAKINGLY)  
(THERE IS A BEAT)

I came back, Mr. Berg. I figured there just isn't any  
use in being scared anymore. I want to end it. Like I  
should have ... a long time ago. Can we go now, Mr.  
Berg.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO) --

(HARBOR SOUNDS AND THE WHISTLE OF A FERRYBOAT  
JUST OFF)

BERG: There's Governor's Island, Ralph. We'll be docking in  
a few minutes.

RALPH: What time is it.

BERG: Nine thirty.

RALPH: (BEAT) Mr. Berg ...

BERG: Yes, Ralph.

RALPH: I probably won't be coming back with you. Will you do  
me a favor.

BERG: Sure.

RALPH: Tell my father what happens over there today, will you,  
please.

BERG: The minute I get back.

RALPH: And tell him one more thing.

BERG: Yes?

RALPH: Tell him ... not to worry.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE TO) --

(DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

NARR: It's a simple room. You walk in behind Private Bronson.

(MILITARY FOOTSTEPS AND THEN THEY STOP SMARTLY)

He is a soldier now. Erect ... straight ... tall. His  
hand whips up in salute and the colonel behind the  
desk returns it smartly.

COLONEL: Take that chair, soldier.

RALPH: Yes sir.

COLONEL: You may sit there, Mr. Berg.

BERG: Thank you, sir.

(THE MEN ARE HEARD SEATING THEMSELVES)

COLONEL: (QUIETLY) All right, Private ... let's hear your story.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND SEQUE TO)

(DOORBELL RINGING ... DOOR OPENS)

FATHER: (SURPRISE ... ANXIOUSLY) Mr. Berg ... come in ....

(DOOR CLOSES)

FATHER: Where's Ralph. What did they say.

BERG: (PREPARING FOR THE BLOW) They were sympathetic, Mr. Bronson. The Inspector General called in a whole room of officers. They made Ralph tell his story over and over. They'd never heard anything like it.

FATHER: Why didn't he come back with you.

BERG: It's ... it's army regulations, Mr. Bronson. They've got to hold him.

FATHER: Mr. Berg ... you can tell me the truth. Please.

BERG: (SLIGHT BEAT) He's in the stockade, Mr. Bronson. They're going to courtmartial him.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND BEHIND) ---

NARR: Now you start. You really start. Your paper runs an entire series on the case. And the people respond. Letters pour into your office ... and a week later ... the Army issues an announcement. Maybe your newspaper had something to do with it ... maybe not. But the Army drops its charge of desertion and instead decides to try Ralph Bronson on a charge of being absent without leave.

(MUSIC: --- RISES AND OUT)

(PHONE RINGS ... PICKED UP)

BERG: Berg speaking.

GALT: (FILTER) This is Ed Galt, Mr. Berg. I'm on the Veterans Committee of the Hudson County Bar Association. I understand you contacted our President asking for legal help for Private Bronson.

BERG: (EAGERLY) Yes sir.

GALT: We've gone over the facts as you presented them and we've decided to represent the boy.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BRIDGE)

NARR: The court martial is in session. For two hours, the board of six officers has been listening to testimony from a Red Cross worker ... a non com from the Port of Embarkation and an officer from Fort Hamilton. Now, the defense counsel, Mr. Galt, is finishing his summation.

GALT: (SIMULTANEOUS IN B.G.)

The facts have been presented here honestly and fairly. And when they are reviewed by this board, there will be only one decision possible. I ask you to take into consideration all the factors involved in this most unusual case.

GALT: (FULL) I didn't come here to ask you to be lenient or to show mercy. I only ask that this soldier be given the benefit of military justice, as we know it. This is a boy who was proud to wear the uniform of the United States Army ... who served with honor and distinction ... and I ask you ....

(MORE)



GAIT:  
(CONT'D)

Gentlemen of this board *to remember the most*  
important fact of all. ~~This soldier~~ *Private Bronson* did not desert the  
army. Instead ... it was the Army which deserted ~~him~~ *Private Bronson*.

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

(MURMUR STILLED BY TWO GAVEL RAPS)

COLONEL:

The Board is ready ~~to declare~~ *with* its decision.  
What happened in ~~this~~ *of Private Bronson* case is obvious to anyone who has  
studied the evidence. Somehow ... one of the billions  
of pieces of Army paper work went astray. There was a  
breakdown in communication between Private Bronson and  
the Army. Therefore, it is the finding of this board  
that the soldier be acquitted of the charge of being  
absent without leave for eleven months but that he is  
guilty of being absent without leave for a period of  
three days ... and that a total of forty dollars be  
deducted from his pay and allowances. Soldier is to  
receive an honorable discharge. The court stands  
adjourned.

(EXCITED MURMUR AS THE GAVEL RAPS ONCE)

FATHER: Mr. Berg ... did you hear him ... did you hear.

BERG: I heard him..

RALPH: (COMING ON) Mr. Berg .... Mr. Berg ....

BERG: Congratulations, Ralph.

RALPH: Can I ever thank you enough.

BERG: It worked out, Ralph. Like we both wanted.  
When you go home this time ... you don't ever have to  
worry about leaving it again.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Nat Berg of the Jersey Journal ... with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE) --

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE) --

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #376

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 Nat Berg of the Jersey Journal.

BERG: Upon his routine clearance through an Army separation center, Ralph Bronson was awarded his entire back pay from the time he left Germany, until the date of his discharge. Would like to take this opportunity to thank attorneys who did so much to win Bronson his deserved freedom. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Berg, 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 Free Press by-line Charles Manos, A Big Story of one woman who terrified a town...and a reporter who refused to get scared.

(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. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the Jersey Journal. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Harold Natow played the part of Nat Berg. 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. Berg.

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

CHAPPELL: This is ~~Ernest Chappell~~ <sup>Ernest Chappell</sup> 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)

The cold war is waged with hot words. And day after day, 70,000,000 people in Communist-controlled countries are bombarded with lies about America, democracy and freedom. Radio Free Europe is the free world's reply to Communist propaganda. It's the only link enslaved peoples have with the outside world - and they rely on it to give them hope and confidence for the future. You can help keep Radio Free Europe "on the air". Send your "truth dollars" to Crusade for Freedom - c/o Local Postmaster.

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

BR/SH  
1/17/54 am

ATX01 0009447

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THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #377

CAST:

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
MOTHER	SHIRLEY HAYES
CHILD	DENISE ALEXANDER
MANOS (MAYNUS)	NELSON OLMSTEAD
CARFY	SANTOS ORTEGA
WOMAN I	MAXINE STUART
SADIE	MAXINE STUART
ELDERLY MAN	ALAN HEWITT
JUDGE	ALAN HEWITT
LITTLE GIRL	JANET ALEXANDER
COP	BILL LALLY
MARIE	KIP MC ARDLE
ELLIE	JEAN ELLYN
FATHER	CARL FRANK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1955

ATK01 0009449

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE, DOWN AND UNDER)

NARR: The beginning. A quiet, domestic scene. A woman  
sewing ...a man ...reading his paper... the crackle of a  
fire in the fireplace ... this is the beginning.

FATHER: She's late. Didn't she promise to be home by eleven?

MOTHER: (LAUGHS)

FATHER: Well, didn't she?

MOTHER: Typical father. Sitting there like a cat on a hot  
stove just because your daughter's out on her first  
date.

FATHER: Fourteen years old, she ought to be home by eleven! I--

MOTHER: (CUTS IN) Shhhh. I hear her on the porch now.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

MOTHER: (CALLS) Come on in, darling. Did you have a nice  
time?

CHILD: (THICKLY) Why're you waiting up? You said you wouldn't  
wait up.

MOTHER: We wanted to hear all about it.

CHILD: I --I'm going to bed.....

FATHER: Lynn... what's the matter?

CHILD: (GIGGLES, BUT THE LAUGH IS NEAR A SOB) Matter? Nothing's  
the matter? That's fathers for you. Always think  
something's the matter. I --(SHE TRAILS OFF) have to go  
to bed.

MOTHER: Don ....catch her. She's falling. (THEN) What's the  
matter with her? She's sick!



FATHER: (A PAUSE. THEN GRIM) No. She's not sick.

MOTHER: But look at her. ~~She~~ --

FATHER: (CUTS IN) She's not sick. (THEN, FLAT) She's drunk.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND DOWN UNDER FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Detroit, Michigan. 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 Detroit Free Press... the story of one woman who terrified a town... and a reporter who refused to get scared. Tonight, to Charles Manos, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL \$500 award.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #377

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: -- UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan. The story as it actually happened -- Charles Manos' story -- as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The man sits opposite your desk, Charles Manos. He talks earnestly ...desperately. And when he finishes his story, you look at him. And there is only one thing you can say:

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

MANOS: (FLAT) I don't believe it.

CAREY: Mr. Manos... you've got to help us.

MANOS: You mean you expect me to believe a story like this?

CAREY: (TIRED) No. I don't expect you to believe it. ~~I don't expect anyone to believe it. And no one does. But ...~~ it's true.

MANOS: (AMAZED) You're trying to tell me that an entire neighborhood ...a neighborhood of responsible, mature individuals is being terrorized by one woman...this... this Mrs.....

CAREY: Ellie Drake. Ask anyone in my neighborhood, Mr. Manos. Don't trust me. Ask anyone on Hempstead Drive about Ellie Drake. They'll tell you. (RISING EMOTION) They'll tell you about the fourteen year old girl who came home from her first date with a boy roaring drunk because he took her to one of Ellie Drake's parties. ~~They'll tell you about those parties ...kids...young~~ kids.. being fed liquor until they pass out. They'll tell you about the girls she has there... she claims they're baby sitters.

(MORE)

CAREY: They'll tell you about GIs who are AWOL coming to the house at all hours ... ~~being hidden ... of the boys from the reformatory who keep boasting how they can always "hole up" at Ellie Drake's.~~

MANOS: But ~~your talking about a woman who has a beautiful home ... in one of the best residential suburbs of Detroit~~ -- you're talking about a woman who's the mother of five children herself.

CAREY: ~~You think crime only breeds in slums, Mr. Manos?~~

MANOS: But what about her own children? How could a woman live the way you say this woman lives; do what you say she ~~does ... with her own children in the house?~~

CAREY: <sup>You're right</sup> (GRIM) She has five children. The two oldest boys have both been arrested for larceny. They're on probation now. As for the others... the younger ones.. God help them, Mr. Manos. No one else does.

MANOS: Mr. Carey ...if what you say is true....

CAREY: I swear to you, it's true....

MANOS: Then it's a matter for the police. If the neighbors would swear out a complaint....

CAREY: The neighbors will never swear out a complaint.

MANOS: Why not?

CAREY: Because they're scared. We're all scared.

MANOS: Of one woman? Oh, come Mr. Carey...

CAREY: Ask them, Mr. Manos. Go out to Hempstead Drive and ask them about Ellie Drake. You'll see.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You can't really believe this story, Charles Manos. It doesn't make sense. To you, it sounds as if a neighborhood is ganging up against one woman for reasons of their own. You've known that to happen before. But it's a challenge you can't ignore. It's a lead that just might turn into a story. You start ringing doorbells on Hempstead Drive....

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

WOMAN 1: Whatever they told you about Ellie Drake is the truth, Mr. Manos. ~~Every bit of it.~~ If I could, I'll sell my house and move a hundred miles away from here. I don't want my children near that woman.

MANOS: I appreciate your talking to me this frankly, Mrs. Carson. Now if you'd just sign your name to this statement....

WOMAN 1: (AFRAID NOW) I'm not signing anything! You said this was just between us!

MANOS: But if we're going to do anything....

WOMAN 1: I'm not signing anything. Forget what I told you. Forget anything I said about Ellie Drake.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

MANOS: Mr. Foster... if what you say is true... if you really feel as you say about Mrs. Drake ...I'd like you to sign a statement....

~~ELDERLY~~  
MAN: Get out of here ....

MANOS: But---

~~ELDERLY~~  
MAN: What is this? A trick? I told you what I did in good faith. I'm not looking for trouble. You forget what I said. You just forget anything I said about Ellie Drake.

(MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Over and over ...the same story ...the same pattern. The ugly words ...the bitter condemnation...but when you try and get a signed statement... when you try and get definite proof ...the doors are slammed in your face. You're bewildered. What is the truth here, Charles Manos? Slowly, inevitably, an ugly suspicion begins to grow in your mind....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CAREY: ~~What do you mean, suspicion, Mr. Manos? Suspicion about what?~~

MANOS: It's not a nice thought, Mr. Carey. But I can't help having it. And I want to get to the bottom of it.... right away.

CAREY: ~~I don't know what you're talking about...~~

MANOS: You came to me... with your complaints about Mrs. Drake. You told me to ask questions in your neighborhood. I've done just that. And I've seen person after person point a finger at Ellie Drake ...~~revile her...condemn her~~. But not once has anyone been willing to back up their statements by making a definite charge. Not once has anyone let me use their name. *What's suspicious about that?*

CAREY: ~~What's suspicious about that?~~

MANOS: Ever heard of a smear campaign, Mr. Carey? Ever heard of the poison pen letter? It has the same earmarks. Hate ...whispers ...stories being circulated. And always ... unsigned... without a name....

CAREY: You think that's what we're doing about Ellie Drake?  
Trying to smear her?

MANOS: If you're telling the truth, why can't you tell it in the  
open?

CAREY: (A PAUSE, THEN) Ever had a rock thrown through your  
window, Mr. Manos? ~~Ever had someone call up your wife  
in the middle of the night and threaten to~~  
(STOPS) Ever had your children come running home with  
their noses bloody and their clothes torn ...crying and  
screaming in a panic because a gang of hoodlums  
scared them out of their wits? That's what happens when  
~~you get Ellie Drake mad~~ <sup>you tell the truth about</sup> Mr. Manos. ~~So people around  
here don't get Ellie Drake mad.~~

MANOS: (A LONG PAUSE, THEN) Show me.

CAREY: Huh?

MANOS: It's still just words, Mr. Carey. I want the truth.  
Show me.

CAREY: All right. <sup>come on</sup> I'll show you.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: The Carey's house is situated just across the street  
from Ellie Drake's. You wait there, Charles Manos.  
You wait to see with your own eyes. And you don't have  
long to wait.....

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

BUSINESS: (FAINTLY, B.G. WE HEAR LAUGHTER...DRUNKEN VOICES...  
MUSIC...SOUND OF CRASH OF GLASS, A LITTLE LOUDER THAN  
THE REST OF THE NOISE)

CAREY: Looks like it's going to be a fairly quiet evening, Mr.  
Manos.



MANOS: Quiet? There must be twenty-five kids in there...dancing,  
necking... half of them dead drunk.

(A LOUDER CRASH OF GLASS)

MANOS: What's that?

CAREY: (GRIM) Beer bottles. Along about this time, they start  
throwing them against the side of the house.

MANOS: I've never seen anything like it. It's unbelievable.

BUSINESS: (A WILD BURST OF LAUGHTER, THEN A SCREAM)

MANOS: It sounds as though someone's being killed over there.

CAREY: Maybe someone is. We've been expecting that too.

*Knocking*  
(FOUNDING ON DOOR NOW)

MANOS: That's somebody at your door.

CAREY: They've never come over here before....

*Knocking*  
(FOUNDING AT DOOR)

MANOS: You going to answer it?

CAREY: If I don't... they'll be at it all night.

MANOS: Be careful.....

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

CAREY: All right, what do you--(HE STOPS)

CHILD: (SMALL VOICED) Can I come in, Mr. Carey?

CAREY: What do you want?

CHILD: Can I just come in? Please --let me come in.

CAREY: Okay. Sure, Emily. Come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

CAREY: This is Emily Drake, Mr. Manos. Mrs. Drake's youngest  
girl.

CHILD: It-- it was cold out. I wanted to come in.

MANOS: Didn't your mommy let you in across the street, honey?

CHILD: They're having a party. I don't like those parties.

MANOS: How long were you outside?

CHILD: Oh, a while. I don't like going in when all those people are there. They talk so loud and funny and they laugh. And anyhow, I was hungry and Mommy's asleep.

MANOS: Asleep? With that racket going on?

CHILD: Sure. She always goes to sleep. On the sofa. Only it's funny. She never takes her clothes off. She just goes to sleep on the sofa with all the lights on.

CAREY: You stay here, Emily. You stay here as long as you want.

CHILD: Gee, thanks. ~~It's nice here. Everything's so nice and clean.~~

CAREY: Do you want to go upstairs and go to bed?

CHILD: Oh, I never go to bed this early.

MANOS: Early? It's almost eleven o'clock.

CHILD: Well, you see, I don't usually go to bed until ~~it starts~~ <sup>later</sup> getting light. It's not quiet enough until then, and people keep coming into my room and kissing. Mr. Carey ... does this house have a kitchen?

CAREY: Of course it has a kitchen. Why?

CHILD: If it had a kitchen... maybe I could make a sandwich or ~~something~~ <sup>ENT. CAR.</sup> I -- I'm sorta hungry. I think Mommy forgot about lunch. <sup>del. p. 10</sup>

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You stare, Charles Manos. You stare at the dirty, ragged, unkempt child. You watch as she wolfs down a plate of food ... eating the way a starving person would eat. And then --you've seen enough. It's time for action now.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CAREY: ~~Sure, it's time for action, Mr. Manos. But what?~~

MANOS: (MAD) I'm going to the police. I'm going to tell them what I've seen and I'm going to get them over to Ellie Drake's house -- on the double.

~~(MUSIC)~~ ~~BRIDGE~~

COP: Sure, Manos, sure ...don't tell me. All you got to do is mention Hempstead Drive and I know what comes next.

MANOS: Sergeant, I ---

COP: (CUTS IN, BORED) You want to register a complaint about Ellie Drake. 411 Hempstead Drive.

MANOS: Yes I do!

COP: What's everybody got against that woman? ~~Who's got the needle out for her and why?~~

MANOS: Sergeant, this isn't a crank complaint. I've seen what goes on with my own eyes and ~~I'm not a gossiping old maid.~~ That place is a hellhole... a breeding place for delinquents if I've ever seen one....

COP: Sure, sure ....kids getting drunk --wild parties-- immoral goings on ...I know.

MANOS: Well if you know, why aren't you doing something about it? Why don't you investigate?

COP: Because there's nothing to investigate.

MANOS: Nothing? I tell you--

COP: (ANNOYED. CURT) All right. Now I'll tell you. We've sent a cop up there so many times we've practically worn a path from here to her door. There's nothing wrong there.

MANOS: (TENSE) Look, Sergeant...how long have you known me?

COP: Long enough.

MANOS: Have I ever cried wolf?

COP: Well, I --

MANOS: (URGENT) Trust me, will you? Come on up to Ellie Drake's. Come on up yourself. Take a look. (THEN) Please. I'm asking you. Just this once.

COP: (PAUSE) ~~Give me a half hour to clean up here.~~

MANOS: ~~Thanks, Sergeant.~~

COP: *OK* You better be on the level, Manos. One more bum steer about that woman and we're going to get sore. Good and sore.

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: <sup>inter</sup> In a half hour, the police car pulls up to Ellie Drake's house. You get out, Charles Manos .. the sergeant beside you. You walk up the path. And suddenly ... you feel a prickling feeling in the back of your neck. Something's different. It's not the same. You don't know what it is. But the house is quiet now. Very quiet.

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

MANOS: Ring the bell.

(BELL RINGING, INTERIOR)

COP: ~~This is~~ the noisy party you're all heated up about, Manos?

MANOS: I -- there's something fishy.

COP: You took the words right out of my mouth.

(THE DOOR IS OPENED)

ELLIE: (SOFT VOICED, PLEASANT) Yes...?

COP: Mrs. Drake?

ELLIE: Yes? (THEN) Oh no, not again, officer.

COP: Sorry to disturb you, ma'am. But --

ELLIE: (RESIGNED) But you've had another complaint.

COP: Yes ma'am.

ELLIE: (HER VOICE BREAKING A LITTLE) Officer, what am I going to do? Why do they have to keep after me this way?

MANOS: (HARD) May we come in, Mrs. Drake? May we have a look around?

ELLIE: Of course. Come in.

(MUSIC: --- SNEAK IN)

NARR: You step inside the door, Charles Manos. You look around. And what you see makes your heart start hammering -- makes you look around blindly .. helplessly.

(MORE)

NARR: The house is immaculate. Not a sign of disorder.  
(CONT'D) Flowers in vases. Lamplight gleaming on polished  
furniture.....a picture... a picture of a model home --

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

ELLIE: (WRY) I'm sorry I can't ask you to step upstairs. I'm  
sure you want to examine the premises for unconscious  
bodies...

COP: I'm sorry, Mrs. Drake...

ELLIE: It's quite all right, officer. I don't blame you. You  
have a job to do. As I say .. I'm sorry I can't ask you  
to step upstairs but my children are all asleep and I  
think an officer of the law bursting in might frighten  
them. It's -- rather late for such a visit.

COP: Satisfied, Manos?

MANOS: I see you have some young girls visiting you, Mrs.  
Drake. In the next room.

ELLIE: Inexcusable, isn't it? ~~Three teenagers. They stopped~~  
~~by for their sewing lesson.~~ I give sewing lessons  
every Wednesday. But I realize this is a very rowdy,  
wicked thing to do.

COP: You won't be bothered again, Mrs. Drake. You can count  
on it.

ELLIE: Thank you officer. I appreciate that.

COP: Come on, Manos. Out.

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR)

COP: 'Night, Mrs. Drake. Sorry again.

ELLIE: Good night officer.

(THE DOOR CLOSSES. THERE IS A MOMENT OF  
SILENCE. THEN)

SADIE: (A YOUNG GIRL, GIGGLES) Nice going, Ellie. You really  
fixed him.

ELLIE: (TOUGH, THE REFINEMENT GONE NOW) Give them another ten minutes to get out of here.

SADIE: That kid you got keeping an eye open for you is some duzer, huh? That telephone call came just in time.

ELLIE: He ain't missed a turn yet. (SHOUTS) Okay, gang -- come on down. Hold it down to a roar for a couple minutes yet. Then we can drag out the rest of the beer. The night's still young!

BIZ: (FROM OFF COMES LAUGHTER, DRUNKEN SHOUTING. THE LAUGHTER GETS MORE RAUCOUS, MIXED WITH SHOUTS LIKE "THAT'S OUR ELLIE" UNTIL WIPED BY.... )

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #377

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 Manos, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Trouble, now, Charles Manos. You told the police you were sure. You pleaded with them to investigate the home of Ellie Drake. So they did. And they found a model home. Instead of a shambles, instead of a slattern .. they found only a charmingly dressed woman .. a soft voiced woman who was the picture of a wronged matron. So now .. trouble.

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

MANOS: Sergeant, you've got to believe me ...

COP: (TIRED) Go home, Manos. Just shut up and go home.

MANOS: But I tell you, I saw what was going on at Ellie Drake's house ... I saw kids drinking ... necking...

COP: Sure, sure ... and what we saw when we went there was just a mirage.

MANOS: *Let's see* She had a half hour from the time I came to headquarters until we got to the house. *you know* You can do a lot of cleaning up in half an hour.

COP: So now she's psychic. She can foretell the future. You want to swear out a complaint she's a witch?

MANOS: Sergeant .. listen. You've had complaints before. Right?

COP: I'll say.

MANOS: But every time you go out there it's as peaceful as a nursery. All right. These complaints aren't dreamed up. So doesn't it stand to reason this Drake woman has someone tipping her off?

(MORE)

MANOS: Someone who's hanging around the precinct ~~..a kid,~~  
(CONT'D) ~~maybe, shining shoes, selling papers.~~ And making a  
phone call to warn her.

COP: You believe that?

MANOS: Yes I do.

COP: (SIGH) ~~Okay.~~ Maybe you're right, Manos. It's a lot  
of smoke not to have some fire behind it. But what do  
we do? Our hands are tied. Unless someone swears out  
an official complaint .. we can't move. Even if we  
could make an arrest, then what? We need evidence .. we  
need signed statements .. something that will stand up  
in court.

MANOS: Sergeant .. a fourteen year old girl went to one of  
Ellie's parties. She came home drunk. Suppose I got  
a statement from her .. from her family? She can testify  
to what goes on at Ellie Drake's. Her family can swear  
out a complaint.

COP: But will they?

MANOS: You have any kids, sergeant?

COP: Sure. Two girls.

MANOS: If one of your kids, just in her teens, came home from a  
date drunk .. drunk at the age of fourteen .. would you  
swear out a complaint?

COP: (PAUSE) Go after it, Manos. And good luck.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

FATHER: Haven't we had enough trouble? Hasn't there been enough  
for us to worry about without having the newspapers  
after us?

MANOS: Mr. Franklin .. I understand how you feel. I know how upset you've been for your daughter .. for what happened. But you've got to understand. I'm not here looking for scandal. I'm not trying to write ~~shocker~~ headlines.

MOTHER: It was her first date. ~~We were so proud of her .. a new dress .. she wanted to wear nylons instead of socks. The boy was a boy from school. They were going to a movie .. then maybe a soda afterwards .. you know how it is ..~~ (THEN) She didn't know where the boy was taking her. It was a nice looking house .. a nice neighborhood. How was a child like that supposed to know it was wrong?

MANOS: She wasn't, Mrs. Franklin. No one's blaming your daughter.

MOTHER: ~~A woman like that ought to be thrown in jail.~~

MANOS: That's just exactly what I'm trying to accomplish. That's why I need an official, signed complaint from you. ~~That's why I need your daughter's testimony.~~

FATHER: *That* Why do you have to drag her into it?

MANOS: Because she's an eye-witness.

FATHER: She's a child. You're asking me to let you draw a child into a law suit .. into the scandal sheets.

MANOS: I'm asking you to help me.. ~~to let her help me~~ .. so this doesn't happen again. Is that so unreasonable?

FATHER: Will there be -- pictures in the paper .. ~~things like that?~~

MANOS: (GENTLY) I think you know better than that. I'm trying to help, not hurt.

FATHER: (QUESTIONINGLY TO WIFE) Betty?

MOTHER: ~~If Lynn's the only one who can do it ..~~ (THEN) I'll call her.

MANOS: Thank you, Mrs. Franklin.

(STEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPEN)

MOTHER: Lynn, come in here a second, honey.

CHILD: (OFF) Mom, I'm doing my homework. I have a math test tomorrow.

MOTHER: This is important. Come in please.

CHILD: (COMING ON) What is it?

FATHER: Lynn .. this is Mr. Manos. He's a reporter.

CHILD: ~~(AWED)~~ From a newspaper?

MANOS: That's right, Lynn.

FATHER: ~~He's a friend. I don't want you to be frightened.~~ I just want you to talk to him .. to tell him what happened the night you went out .. the night you went to Mrs. Drake's.

CHILD: (TEARS) I don't want to talk about that. You promised. Daddy, you promised you wouldn't talk about that anymore!

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: You wait for the tears to stop. You wait for the reassurances. You have to wait .. you have to curb your impatience. For this is only a child. A scared, ashamed, terrified child. And then .. she chokes back her sobs, And she talks to you.

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

CHILD: I -- I didn't know where he was taking me. He said all the kids went there. ~~I told him I thought we were going for a soda, but he said this was better. He said I would just be -- be an ick if I didn't go too. So I did.~~ (SHE STARTS FIGHTING TEARS) It was awful.

(MORE)

CHILD:  
(CONT'D)

There were people there .. kissing and everything right in front of everybody. ~~And people would say things... awful things and then they'd laugh.~~ And this woman .. this Mrs. Drake .. she made me take this glass of stuff. I was awful thirsty and I just kept drinking it and then she gave me some more. I -- I got so dizzy. And they just kept laughing when I got so dizzy I couldn't stand up. (CRYING HARD NOW) I wanted to go home. But all they did was laugh and nobody would take me home .. and after a while I ran outside and -- and -- (SHE STOPS)

MANOS: And what, honey?

CHILD: (SMALL VOICED, TERRIBLY ASHAMED) I was sick. I stood there and -- got sick. Only please don't tell anybody that. Please don't tell them I got sick.

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's all you need. You thank the Franklins and you go back to your paper, to write up the statement. Now you have something to go on. You have proof, *but look at the Franklins*

(MUSIC: -- -- OUT)

(CHILD IS CRYING HARD NOW)

MOTHER: (GENTLY) It's all right, honey. It's all right.

FATHER: Take her *in to her room* upstairs, Betty.

MOTHER: Come on, honey. *Up* to bed.

(FOOTSTEPS, THEN SUDDENLY, THERE IS A CRASH OF BROKEN GLASS AS A ROCK IS THROWN IN WINDOW)

FATHER: Betty, look out!

CHILD: (SCREAMS) Daddy ...

MOTHER: Lynn ... are you all right?

CHILD: ~~I -- I got hit with something.~~  
MOTHER: ~~It's all right. It's just a scratch. A splinter of glass. She's all right.~~  
FATHER: ~~It's a rock. Someone threw a rock through the window.~~  
MOTHER: ~~There's a note on it! Don .. what's happening? People don't do things like this. It's like a bad movie ...~~  
CHILD: ~~What --- does it say?~~  
FATHER: ~~Lynn. Go inside.~~  
CHILD: ~~But ...~~  
FATHER: ~~Do as I say. Go inside.~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF. A MOMENT'S SILENCE. THEN.)~~

MOTHER: ~~What is it, Don?~~  
FATHER: ~~The note's a warning. It says we better not talk to anyone... unless we want more trouble.~~  
MOTHER: ~~This can't be happening. It just can't be happening.~~  
FATHER: ~~Only it is.~~

(SOUND OF PHONE BEING PICKED UP, DIALED)

MOTHER: ~~Who are you calling?~~  
FATHER: (INTO PHONE) Free Press? Give me Charles Manos.  
MOTHER: What are you going to do?  
FATHER: (INTO PHONE) Manos? Don Franklin talking. Forget about that statement from <sup>my daughter</sup> Lynn. (THEN) I don't care what I said before. Forget about it. (PAUSE) ~~I don't want to discuss it. I don't want to discuss anything.~~  
I'm just telling you there won't be any statement.  
~~And if you decide to quote Lynn anyway, I'll deny it.~~  
She'll deny it. We never talked to you. We never said one word to you.

(MUSIC: --- BRIDGE)

MANOS:

~~They backed out, Mr. Carey.~~ *Mr. Drake must have* Something scared the Franklins and they just backed out.

CAREY:

~~I can guess what happened. A telephone call -- a threat~~ from some hoodlum .. a couple of windows broken maybe. Mrs. Drake has a loyal group of helpers. And they don't care what methods they use.

MANOS:

I'm beginning to see what you mean.

CAREY:

One woman. Just one woman. And she has an entire neighborhood ~~terrified.~~ *is terrified.*

MANOS:

We've got to get a statement from someone.

CAREY:

~~You think I'm a coward too, don't you, Mr. Manos? You~~ think I ought to make an official complaint. But I've got a family and we have to live here..

MANOS:

Your evidence isn't enough, anyhow. I need a statement from someone who's actually been inside that house... someone who's been to those parties .. who can describe ~~exactly what goes on.~~ Look, Mr. Carey ... can you think of anybody who's moved from this neighborhood ... someone who's not in a position to be frightened by Mrs. Drake any more? Isn't there anyone like that who might be willing to bear evidence.

CAREY:

---(THEN) I wonder about Marie Gibney.

MANOS:

Who's she?

CAREY:

She used to live around here. When she was about thirteen she ran away from home and someone steered her to Ellie Drake's. Ellie got her drunk and she was sick for two days. Then she came crawling home. There was a terrible scandal about it but her mother wouldn't even talk about it. She wouldn't let Marie say anything.

MANOS: What makes you think she would now?

CAREY: Oh, Marie's moved away now. She's married, as a matter of fact. With a couple of kids herself. Maybe --

MANOS: (EXCITED) Do you have her address?

CAREY: I can find it. You think it's worth a try?

MANOS: Anything's worth a try. Just get me that address.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

MANOS: Marie ...what do you have to lose? Mrs. Drake can't touch you. She doesn't even know ~~your married name...~~ she doesn't know where you live.

MARIE: Why should I be the sucker? ~~I don't live there any more. What's it to me?~~

MANOS: You have two children, haven't you?

MARIE: What's that ~~have they got to do with this~~

MANOS: (CUTS IN) ~~You want women like Mrs. Drake to be allowed to go scott free? You want you daughter to go out some night on a date and come home and tell you she was taken to Ellie Drake's ...that--~~

MARIE: (~~BREAKS IN, HIGH~~) ~~Shut up!~~

MANOS: ~~I just--~~

MARIE: (INTENSE) No kid of mine'll ever go to Ellie Drake's. Not as long as I remember what happened there. ~~I was only thirteen. The things I saw. I used to wake up in the night crying. I couldn't stop. Just crying. Sick with being ashamed and disgusted. A woman like that --- she oughtn't to be around loose.~~

MANOS: You could see to it that she <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~wasn't~~, Marie.

MARIE: I just want to forget it!

MANOS: You're the one person I know who could see to it that Ellie Drake <sup>gets</sup> ~~got~~ what she deserved.



MARIE: (A PAUSE, THEN) Would I --have to come to court?

MANOS: Yes, probably.

MARIE: Drag up all that stuff ...all the stuff I've been trying to forget?

MANOS: You'd have to make a statement, yes.

MARIE: You make it tough, don't you?

MANOS: So does Ellie Drake,

MARIE: (A PAUSE) Send me the papers. Whatever you want. I'll sign 'em.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: That's your go-ahead, Charles Manos. Now you can break the scandal in print. Now you can hammer away at Ellie Drake with the testimony of a witness solidly behind you. Now the police ...the law enforcement officials ... can move in. And they do. Ellie Drake is brought to trial. The charges: Contributing to the delinquency of minors and being an unfit mother. And then ...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

JUDGE: The court finds the defendant, Eleanor Drake ...guilty on both charges.

BUSINESS: CAST HUBBUB IN COURTROOM

(GAVEL RAP)

JUDGE: The court will please come to order. (PAUSE) I would like to make one statement before sentencing this woman to jail. Will you come forward, Mrs. Drake?

(FOOTSTEPS)

Mrs. Drake ..this is, in my opinion, <sup>a</sup>far more serious ~~a~~ crime than the formal charges indicate.

(MORE)

*this crime*

JUDGE:  
(CONT'D)

In committing ~~your unpardonable offenses~~, you have marked your own and other children for life. Whether they can ever become good citizens is doubtful. You have done far more than merely corrupting your own life. You have infringed on the life, the futures of others. In my opinion, there is no more despicable a crime. May God have mercy on you.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

NARR:

~~One of your favorite strolls on a summer's evening,~~  
Charles Manos, is past the neatly clipped lawns ...the shaded sidewalks of Hempstead Drive. In the twilight, you often pass number 411 ....a gracious house, newly painted. You smile as you see the bicycle leaning against the porch ...hear the singing calls of children as they play in the yard. Number 411 has new owners now. ~~And the terror is gone from Hempstead Drive.~~

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Charles Manos of the Detroit Free Press, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

REV.

-29-

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Charles Manos of the Detroit Free Press.

MANOS: Children of woman in tonight's case became wards of state...the first step in a battle to restore them as normal and useful citizens. Woman herself was given jail sentence...richly deserved. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the pages of the Santa Rosa, California Press Democrat by-line Denne B. Petitclerc. A Big Story of a reporter who used fear...to find a murderer he never saw.

(MUSIC: STING)

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

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

ATX01 0009477

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Procter Production.  
Tonight's program was adapted by <sup>Hail Longham</sup> ~~Alvin Borete~~ from an  
actual story from the pages of the Detroit Free Press.  
Your narrator was Norman Rose and Alvin Borete  
played the part of Charles Manos. 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. Manos.

(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.

CHAPPELL: This is 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.

'betty'/ ac/ fz  
1/26/55 am

ATX01 000947B

AS BROADCAST

BIG STORY

PROGRAM #378

CAST:

NARRATOR  
SHERIFF  
BROTHER MIKE  
DENNE  
M. E.  
SALESMAN  
VICTIM  
DRIVER  
MARA  
SISTER THERESA  
GROUPER  
*Brother Joe*

NORMAN ROSE  
CHUCK WEBSTER  
LUIS VAN ROOTEN  
MANDEL KRAMER  
DEAN ALMQUIST  
DEAN ALMQUIST  
DON KNOTTS  
~~DON KNOTTS~~ *Rec. Key O'Day*  
MARION CARR  
AGNES YOUNG  
FRANK READICK  
*Rec. Key O'Day*

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1955

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

(MUSIC: ----- FANFARE)

BROTHER JOE: Sheriff ... if you find Eddie, what happens then?

SHERIFF: He'll be tried, Joe. You know that.

BROTHER MIKE: And then?

SHERIFF: Well ... it'll be San Quentin or Folsom. Mike ... this time he'll get life.

BROTHER MIKE: Life. That still means he could get out on parole, like he did last time.

SHERIFF: Sure.

BROTHER JOE: <sup>Mike</sup> Listen, Sheriff. ~~if that "if" ever gets to be a~~ "when", I mean, if you do find him, if you do catch him ----

SHERIFF: Maybe I won't. But somebody will. Either the F.B.I., or ----

BROTHER JOE: But he's around here. Chances are it'll be you, you'll be in on it.

SHERIFF: I suppose so. Fact, I hope so. What about it?

BROTHER JOE: <sup>Mike</sup> ~~Just~~ --- would you do us a favor, would you do the whole family a favor, and not bring him in alive? Even if he is our brother --- would you just kill him? ~~We'd all be better off!~~

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

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Santa Rosa, California; <sup>it's authentic</sup> It is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL:  
(CONT'D)

(FLAT) From the front pages of the Press Democrat,  
the story of a reporter who used fear to find a  
murderer he never saw. Tonight, to Denne Petitioner  
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)

CHAPPELL: Santa Rosa, California -- the story as it actually happened. Denne Petitcherc's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: ~~uh~~ Vacations you gotta take. Pheasants you gotta go hunt. And the city desk's got to double up another guy's beat to cover yours --- po-lice. So for trying to behave like human being for two weeks instead of a reporter, Denne Petitcherc, you deserve what you get when you check the editions that appeared while you were away. Never mind how they ran the Press Democrat without you --- what you want to know from the ~~M.E.~~ <sup>well known writer</sup> is how they goofed on this one!

DENNE: (AT PEAK) Here's a two-time loser from Folsom, out on parole --- a record eighty-seven miles long -- identified by the poor guy he all but slaughtered in cold blood -- and what do we carry? An inch and a half on the back page --- and a week old to boot! What goes on here, boss?

M.E.: Well, for one thing, you've got police so sewed up they wouldn't let anything out even to another of our ~~own men~~ <sup>reporters</sup>. For another -- it's not a Santa Rosa item. It's from Napa, forty miles over ---

DENNE: Aw, come on, boss. Somebody was lazy!

M.E.: What would you have done, Denne?

DENNE: Me, I would have splashed it! "Paroled Killer on Rampage ---"

M.E.: One slugging is a rampage?  
DENNE: Listen, with this Eddie Grouper loose, these things're gonna come thick and fast and somebody's going to end up getting killed. Seriously, sir, I'd have given it a play. Print his whole record, dig up some pictures, give it the "Have You Seen This Man" treatment --- (SARCASTICALLY) one paragraph back page --- what're we printing here, a weekly? Boss, on this one, I'd have gone <sup>out</sup> ~~into Napa~~ and dug!

M.E.: Okay, Denne. Get on your horse and dig!

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY UNDER~~)

NARR: ~~Over in Napa~~, in the hospital, the recap from the not-yet-recovered victim shapes like this:

VICTIM: (PAINFUL) ~~I decided to close the bar early ---~~

DENNE: Bar, sir? Our story said service station.

VICTIM: I'm licensed for both.

DENNE: ~~Go ahead, sir.~~

VICTIM: Well, I went out back of the building to throw the light switch that controls the sign. They must of been waiting there ---

DENNE: They?

VICTIM: Yessir. There were two of them. Grouper and another.

DENNE: Vacations I gotta take. Go on, sir.

VICTIM: Well, they jumped me. Grouper whipped me with his gun and tied me up, then they hauled me back in the station and busted open my register.

DENNE: They got?

VICTIM: Eighteen, twenty dollars. The other one, he was all for taking off, but Grouper started rippin' up my clothes after my wallet -- I had maybe another ten dollars there -- and that got him even madder. He started kicking me and stomping me, my head, my chest, broke my arm, my ribs --

DENNE: I've seen the medical report, sir. But he beat you after he got your money?

VICTIM: Yessir. And he said if I told the sheriff he'd come back and blow my head off. So I'd just as soon never leave the hospital. Cause he will come back.

DENNE: (QUIETLY) All for thirty dollars.

VICTIM: Yessir, just about.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND AWAY FOR) ---

NARR: That's Grouper. Like a mad dog on the loose. What eats a man inside, you wonder, that makes him turn beast against his brother man? ~~So he robs? he robs~~ but what makes him slug and stomp and maim after he's got his haul? It's a pattern with Grouper -- when the Sheriff fills you in on his record, for your story, you find he's done it before.

SHERIFF: (FROM UNDER) in 1935, that was. But they made it manslaughter. Then you get the routine robberies, assaults -- here's a kidnapping ---

DENNE: Can I photostat that?

SHERIFF: Well -- if I don't see you taking it out of the building --

DENNE: You won't. Go ahead.

SHERIFF: Well, coming down into the forties, you get jailbreaks, here's two, three jailbreaks -- ah. Here it is.

DENNE: Hmm? Life sentence, huh. Nineteen fifty-one.  
(PAPERS RUSTLING)

SHERIFF: Yeah. I knew I had it. I saved this.

DENNE: What's this?

SHERIFF: Trial proceedings on that murder. Down there, where it's underlined. Where the judge says.

DENNE: ". . .(HE QUOTES) . . .first degree murder, the jury having found you guilty - - - -"

SHERIFF: No -- there.

DENNE: Oh, (HE QUOTES) you are never to be free again, Grouper. It is the order of this court that you be sentenced to life imprisonment -- without probation, parole, or pardon." (LONG BEAT) But they paroled him.

SHERIFF: ~~Sure.~~

DENNE: Why?

SHERIFF: Go fight city hall.

DENNE: What's Grouper get on that murder?

SHERIFF: I just showed you, life.

DENNE: I mean how much, the haul.

SHERIFF: The haul, oh. A bottle of red wine and two dollars in change.

DENNE: The victim?

SHERIFF: A grandfather, and a cripple at that. Now down here you get him transferred from San Quentin to Folsom for leading a riot --

DENNE: Sheriff, didn't anybody protest that parole?

SHERIFF: I can give you copies of letters from all over the country. Even his mother.

DENNE: She wrote?

SHERIFF: Sure. Begged them to keep him in jail. You could get that from her, I guess. But continuing on, you get an escape from Folsom, a capture, another --

DENNE: Never mind. I'll stat the whole thing and work from it. The thing is to bring the story up to date. What've you got for right now?

SHERIFF: Nothing.

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

NARR: How do you make a story live, when you've got nothing but last week's facts and the dry bones of a police record? Well -- adjectives help. Animal...savage...ruthless...you'll use 'em. Pictures help more. From the WANTED flyers, you get 'em. You'll use 'em. Yeah. This lovely California country, quiet, calm... a still pool of plain people living unruffled lives -- you'll heave a big fat journalistic rock right into the middle of it, you'll make a splash -- and see where the rings eddy out to!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP BIG AND BUSY, THEN UNDER) \_ \_

SHERIFF: Yeah. You threw a rock all right. Right at my head.

DENNE: You call me over here just to call me down?

SHERIFF: You've got it coming. For one thing, you've got the whole country between a spit and a sweat -- scared right down to the shoelather!

DENNE: Good!

SHERIFF: Good! What kind of talk is that?

DENNE: Scare 'em enough, they'll have their eyes peeled for Grouper. You ought to thank me for practically making the whole county your eyes and ears --

(PHONE RINGS IS PICKED UP)

SHERIFF: County Sheriff.

Where ~~in Sonoma?~~

Uh-huh.

Road gang, right. Thank you, we'll check it.

(HANGS UP)

That's what I mean. ~~So far today alone we've got~~  
Grouper working on a road gang in Sonoma, selling door  
to door in Santa Rosa, gandy dancing in the S.P.  
~~yaps~~ -- everybody and his brother seeing Grouper,  
all my deputies and half the State Police barracks  
out checking false leads!

Denne, you've blown this thing up too big.

DENNE: No. I just printed the facts.

SHERIFF: But you've let something loose in the county that's  
worse than Grouper, worse than any killer.

DENNE: What?

SHERIFF: Fear.

(FOOTSTEPS AND A DRAWER OPENED.)

SHERIFF: (OFF, COMING ON) Here. Look at these -- and put  
your pencil down, and don't print this.

(SHUFFLING OF PAPERS)

DENNE: Pistol permits, So?

SHERIFF: Look at the dates. Look at the names and the dates.

DENNE: Seventh, eighth, ninth --

SHERIFF: More pistol permits issued in the three days after your story came out than in three years before! And to who? The judge who sent him up, the county prosecutor who handled the case, the police chief's brother, two, three mayors --

DENNE: Look, Sheriff --

SHERIFF: (GOING RIGHT ON) -- every man and woman on the grand jury that indicted him, every juror that tried him, ~~his own two brothers, Joe and Mike Grouper --~~

SIMULTANEOUSLY

DENNE: Now listen, Sheriff... SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SHERIFF: County Sheriff.

Where?

How do you spell that?

When was this?

You're absolutely sure.

You're right. He could have grown a moustache, yes.

SHERIFF: (OBVIOUSLY TRYING TO GET OFF THE PHONE NOW)

Yes ma'am.

NARRATOR (OVER PHONE)

We will, ma'am.

Bad habit you're got,

Doing out best, ma'am.

reading things you're not

Yes.

supposed to. Mentally you

No, no, of course not.

note names on the permits

How could I? I don't even for possible interviews...

know your name?

jurywoman gets gun for

Certainly. You're welcome! protection ---

(PHONE GOES DOWN)

SHERIFF: (STILL MAD) Fear! And this has been going on day and night! Denne, you've done more harm than good.

DENNE: ~~Real, sure.~~ But has it ever occurred to you that we might have Grouper scared too?

SHERIFF: And what good does that do? Just keep him in hiding, louse us up for fair!

DENNE: No. Keep him from robbing, keep him from stomping, shooting, killing.

SHERIFF: Back in 1948 --

DENNE: (GOING RIGHT ON) And keep him on the defensive, keep him on the run.

SHERIFF: Back in 1948, Denne, on that two-dollar-in-change job, the only reason he gave for killing the cripple was exactly the reason you're giving me for why he won't kill now.

DENNE: What?

SHERIFF: He was scared. Scared the poor old man had recognized him. (VERY QUIET) Denne.

DENNE: (SUBDUED) Yessir.

SHERIFF: Boy, your logic might apply to your run-of-the-mill criminal, but Grouper --- no. On him, it works in reverse. When he gets scared, he runs, sure. But before he runs, he hits. And the scarerer he gets, the harder he hits.

DENNE: Uh-huh. I see. . .

SHERIFF: Denne, I'm nobody's fool. I know you're planning to use that pistol permit story somehow. I know you, boy. You've got some of those names memorized. Gonna interview 'em?



DENNE:

~~I was going to, yes. And~~

SHERIFF:

Denne, listen. We've been working together a long time. Have I ever held back on you? Have I ever given you a phony steer, have I ever closed a door on you?

DENNE:

No sir.

SHERIFF:

Well --- you foul me up on this, Denne, and things're going to have to be different between us. You'll get only what you're entitled to get and no more.

DENNE:

Aw ----

SHERIFF:

I mean it, boy. I don't like to say it, but you need ~~me more than I need you. It is that bad.~~

DENNE:

All right, Sheriff. Let me talk to my executive editor, see what we can do to ease things off ---

SHERIFF:

(BIG) Just don't do anything! Just keep Grouper out of print until we bring him in or skunk him out! And stop running his picture! Let people sleep nights for a change!

(DOOR OPENS, OFF. FOOTSTEPS ON)

SHERIFF:

Hello, Mike. Joe . . .

BROTHER JOE:

Hya, Sheriff.

SHERIFF:

I suppose you fellows came after those pistol permits.

BROTHER MIKE:

That's right.

SHERIFF:

Here you are.

(RUSTLE RUSTLE AS PAPERS ARE TAKEN FROM A SHEAF AND HANDED OVER)

BROTHER JOE:

Sheriff, if you find Eddie, what happens then?

SHERIFF:

Well, this time he'll get life.

BROTHER MIKE:

But he could still get out on parole.

SHERIFF: Sure.  
BROTHER <sup>Mike</sup> JOE: Sheriff -- would you do us a favor?  
SHERIFF: If I can, sure.  
BROTHER <sup>Mike</sup> JOE: If you're in on it when he gets caught up with ---  
SHERIFF: I aim to be ---  
BROTHER <sup>Mike</sup> JOE: Would you do the whole family of us a favor -- and not bring him in alive? Even if he is our brother -- would you just kill him? ~~We'd all be better off.~~  
BIZ: SILENCE

(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

DENNE: Grouper's brothers! Holy jumping --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

SHERIFF: County Sheriff.  
What? (URGENCY IN HIS VOICE) Wait a minute, take it easy -- How do you know? Stall him, stall him. I'm coming right over.

(PHONE SLAMMED DOWN)

SHERIFF: (FAST) Lucky you didn't chase his brothers. Eddie Grouper just checked into a motel over in Valley of the Moon!

DENNE: Another wild goose?

SHERIFF: Not this time. The motel man had your paper's picture of Grouper pinned up by his register. Come on. We're using your car.

DENNE: Aha. You ain't mad at me no more.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP AND TO CLOSE FOR)\_

(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: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: His own mother didn't want him paroled. His own brothers would rather see him dead. His record of ~~rapine~~ <sup>rape</sup> and robbery since his adolescence you have spread across your front pages -- and now, ~~Sonoma~~ County is living in fear lest he rob and kill again. But at last, Ed Grouper's been spotted -- the motel man says. So -- you and the sheriff check his cabin.

(~~FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, ON GRAVEL. KNOCK ON DOOR.~~  
THE DOOR OPENS.)

SALESMAN: Baby? (A BEAT) Oh. Who're you? What do you want? What's the gun for? This a stickup?

SHERIFF: Who're you?

SALESMAN: George Say --- uh . . . that is --

SHERIFF: Phony name on the register, huh?

SALESMAN: Say, what is this? Who do you think you are?

SHERIFF: Point is who we thought you were.

SALESMAN: Huh?

SHERIFF: <sup>Weather</sup> Who are you? ~~Where do you come from? What's your line~~  
~~of work~~, you carry any identification?

SALESMAN: I -- I'm a salesman, I work out of Frisco, I -- there's my license --

(A SHUFFLE OF PAPER. A PAUSE)

SHERIFF: (DISGUSTED) All right, Saybrook, get in your car and clear out of here. You don't look any more like Grouper than my grandma.

SALESMAN: Grouper? Me? Is this where he's loose? Mister, I'm not getting -- I'm gone!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO AWAY HUMOROUSLY UNDER)

NARR: It doesn't take any more wild goose chases for you to realize how Grouper-jumpy you've made <sup>the whole</sup> ~~Seneca~~ County. So -- you take it easy on the stories for a while. ~~But you still bear down on the story.~~ <sup>Then it</sup> Strikes you you never checked Brothers Joe and Mike. So --

MIKE: It's for the family, Mr. Petitcherc. We're all ashamed by Eddie. It killed Ma, practically, readin' about him, year in, year out, all the terrible things he done.

DENNE: I didn't mean to reflect on your family, Mike, running those stories.

MIKE: I realize that. Hurt, though, just the same.

DENNE: I can imagine. About your family. There's Eddie, and you, and Joe. You married?

MIKE: Yessir. Three kids.

DENNE: Joe?

MIKE: Four kids. (LOW) You have to do all this?

DENNE: (GENTLE) No story, Mike. Just checking. You may remember I was there when you told the Sheriff you'd rather he killed Eddie.

MIKE: I meant it.

DENNE: Why? Any reason beyond the shame on your family?

MIKE: There is.

DENNE: Like to talk about it?

MIKE: Don't like to, but ... well, it's my wife.

DENNE: What's the matter with her?

MIKE: She's with Eddie. (FAST) Don't get me wrong. She didn't run away with him. He forced her.

DENNE: How so?

MIKE: Pulled the gun on her and swore he'd line up our kids and kill them right in front of her if she didn't. (PAUSE) You can say it, Mister. No matter what you think of him, to me he's worse, brother or no<sup>1</sup> brother.

DENNE: No, I was wondering why you didn't tell the Sheriff.

MIKE: It's not the kind of thing you advertise. 'Sides, I feared if Eddie got wind of my telling, no telling what he'd do to her.

DENNE: I see your point. Why'd you tell me?

MIKE: I dunno. Maybe cause I've given up ever seeing her again.

DENNE: No idea where she is.

MIKE: No sir. Just two postcards, that's all. No message or nothing, just Love, Mara. I figured she snuck 'em out, couldn't write more. Here's one.

DENNE: Texarkana. (PAUSE) Okay, Mike.

MIKE: It's not gonna be in the paper?

DENNE: On my honor.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: And there -- it dies on you. Probably for the best. Now your own wife can put away the gun the neighbors made her take and learn to use, now you can make friends again with your own two-year-old. Grouper stays lost, and you keep telling yourself that's all right with you. (MORE)

NARR: But it's the sheriff who brings the story back to life.  
(CONT'D) He sends for you.

SHERIFF: Funny thing, Denne. All the hullabaloo you made about Grouper, nobody's got excited about the guy with him on the job.

DENNE: True. (HE SMILES) No fault of mine. If I had a line on him, I'd really have hulled up a baloo. Why do you bring that up?

SHERIFF: Tip came through from Folsom prison. Grouper was buddy-buddy with another hard boy there name of Hooker.

DENNE: Yeah...

SHERIFF: Hooker's from Sebastopol. Logical they'd work together on home territory. Now comes <sup>call</sup> ~~an information~~ from the F.B.I. on a corpse and a car, asking me to pull a check on Hooker's place. Thought you might like to come.

DENNE: Sure, thanks, even if it doesn't tie in to Grouper.

SHERIFF: Fill you in on the way over.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY INTO)

(CAR UP AND UNDER)

SHERIFF: (FROM UNDER) . . . couple of range riders found this station wagon abandoned and burned. F.B.I. traced it through the engine numbers to some doctor, ~~I forget his name, an orthopedist from Paterson, New Jersey,~~ heading for a convention in L.A. --

DENNE: Who never got there?

SHERIFF: Yesterday the doc's body turned up under some rocks. Also burned.

DENNE: Hitch-hike robbery, probably.  
SHERIFF: ~~Yep. Folks from the East, they get to driving across-~~  
country, three days, four days, five days out they get  
so lonesome they'd pick up people with measles, just  
to have someone to talk to, stay awake.

DENNE: ~~I know the feeling.~~ Where'd all this happen again?

SHERIFF: I told you.

DENNE: Uh-uh.

SHERIFF: Thought I did. Name's been running through my head  
all day. Texarkana, Texarkana, Texarkana....

DENNE: Oh-oh.

SHERIFF: Oh-oh what?

DENNE: Not what. Who.

SHERIFF: Okay, who, then?

DENNE: Eddie Grouper's ~~brother Mike's wife.~~ *sister-in-law*

SHERIFF: Mara? What about her?

DENNE: *Mike*  
Texarkana. She sent ~~him~~ a postcard from there.

(CAR COMES TO STOP)

SHERIFF: (QUIET) Boy, you've been holding out on me. Let's  
have it.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Explaining your silence up to now, you give it to your  
friend, the sheriff. Without another word, he turns  
the car about and takes off in the opposite direction.  
You don't have to ask where he's heading. You know.  
(BEAT) Mike's place.

SHERIFF: (GENTLY) It's all right, Mike. Story's safe with  
me. And don't hold it against Denne. I made him tell.

MIKE: All right, then.



SHERIFF: Now. Can I see that postcard, and anything else you got from Mara?

MIKE: Could you tell me why?

SHERIFF: Well, there was a killing out there, and the F.B.I. picked some prints out of a car that tallied with a fellow your brother was in Folsom with.

MIKE: You think he done that one too?

SHERIFF: Gotta check it through, Mike. If we can place Eddie with this other fellow, somehow ... any line we can follow, you know how it is.

DENNE: Mike, I'm sure the Sheriff'll protect Mara, I'm sure she --

MIKE: Oh, I'm not worrying about that, Mr. Petitcherc. She's all right.

DENNE: How do you know she's all right?

MIKE: She came home this morning. (PAUSE: HE PROJECTS) Mara!

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

NARR: A small, Leonardo Da Vinci-type girl, thick, thick hair -- thin, scared face. Fear graven into it in permanent lines. Afraid, even under the open sky.

MARA: (STRESS) Please, I got four children, I only just got back to them!

SHERIFF: Just what you know, Mara. Only the truth.

MARA: He'll kill me. He said he would.

SHERIFF: When? ~~Where?~~ When did you see him last?

MARA: Please, please!

SHERIFF: Mara, don't make me do it like this, but ~~if you were in on that job out there, if you know about it -- and you know about it --~~ you can be regarded as an accessory after the fact to murder.

MIKE: (HARSH) What's that mean?  
SHERIFF: Makes her part of it. I can lock her up.  
MIKE: Go ahead, Mara. Tell him. I'm here. It's all right.  
MARA: The whole thing?  
SHERIFF: Right now, where you saw him last and when. The rest we can go over later.  
MARA: San Francisco. They threw me out of the car and told me to go home.  
SHERIFF: Eddie and Hooker?  
MARA: And Hooker, yessir. (SHE STARTS TO SOB) Then Eddie said he'd rip me to bits if I ever told and he ever found out! (SHE WEEPS)  
SHERIFF: All right, Mara. We'll go over the whole thing back in town.  
MIKE: ~~What, back in town, where?~~  
SHERIFF: Jail, Mike. Safest place for the girl. Protective custody. No charge, Mike. But Mara's going to be a witness against your brother when we get him. And with him around again -- she's safer locked up and you know it.  
MIKE: I know. I know. I wish you could lock the kids up ~~too.~~  
(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY UNDER~~)  
NARR: The Sheriff <sup>locks</sup> puts Mara <sup>up</sup> away for safekeeping -- and Safety -- and then fills in the F.B.I. ~~when he~~ through with the phone --  
(PHONE PICKED UP; DIALED)  
SHERIFF: Who're you calling?  
DENNE: My office. ~~For all they know I'm in Stam.~~

SHERIFF: ~~You're not giving them the story on Mara.~~

DENNE: It's official now.

SHERIFF: Denne --

DENNE: Hello? Lemme talk to the executive editor.

SHERIFF: Denne, you know what'll happen. Her kids. How can I put four kids into protective custody?

DENNE: Hi. This is Denne. I'm on the Grouper story again.  
(A PAUSE)  
No. Just an angle on a probable accomplice, out of Folsom and the F.B.I. Lemme have rewrite.

SHERIFF: Thanks, Denne.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND AWAY UNDER~~)

NARR: ~~And again the story dies on you. Dies inside you.~~  
~~And more days pass, more weeks. By now, the ripples from the rock you threw, the splash you made with the Grouper story, have eddied out. Still, you check the Sheriff. But nothing.~~

SHERIFF: Funny, huh? Before, Grouper was heading for out-of-state, and everybody was seeing him around here. Now he's around here - and nobody sees him.

DENNE: Want me to wake folks up again? Let me go on the girl's story.

SHERIFF: You know you wouldn't do that.

DENNE: I know. I wouldn't. But I'm getting tired of twiddling my thumbs. What're you doing, anyway?

SHERIFF: I got a watch on Hooker's place, and both the other Grouper boys. All I can do.

DENNE: Well --

(PHONE RINGS)

DENNE: I got it.

(PHONE IS PICKED UP.)

~~Sonoma County~~ Sheriff's office....

(PAUSE)

Yessir. Hold on. Sheriff -- it's the F.B.I.!

SHERIFF: Hello?

(PAUSE)

Hold it a second. Denne -- they got Hooker. Full confession.

(PAUSE) *Go ahead, sir.*

Wait, please. Denne -- it checks with Mara's story.

You're off the leash!

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: Now <sup>that</sup> the story can run without having come from the girl, you print it. Another tale of vileness, of violence, of needless killing, with unnecessary brutality -- plus the fact the killer is rampaging around home -- and again, the rock in the quiet pool, again the rings, spreading, spreading....

~~(A MONTAGE OF TELEPHONES RINGING, PILING UP AND ECHOING ONE ATOP THE OTHER, INTO:)~~

~~(MUSIC: --- UP AND ACCENT)~~

SHERIFF: Just like last time, Denne. Grouper driving a truck in Cotati, Grouper washing dishes in Cazadero, Grouper working as a gardener in Vallejo ---

DENNE: I know. We're getting it at the paper too. Grouper Grouper everywhere -- and it's never him. (DISGUSTED) And I'm beginning to think it never will be, either.

SHERIFF: Bet?

(MUSIC: --- HIT AND GO)

*all the leads*

NARR: ~~But~~ you check ~~them all through~~, you and the Sheriff.

Spending time, spending money, spending your last minutes of patience, till after three weary, frustrating days after tracking down false leads -- you knock off. But with the routine --

DENNE: Anything breaks, call me. I've had it.

SHERIFF: (BOTH OF THEM ARE EXHAUSTED) All right.

DENNE: I'll be home. I'm gonna sleep for a week.

SHERIFF: Wish I could.

DENNE: ~~One thing.~~ Call me after you check 'em, not before. I mean sleep.

SHERIFF: Sleep? ~~Sleep?~~ Never heard of it.

(MUSIC: UP CYNICALLY AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: Sleep is what the minute you try to get some, <sup>of</sup> the thing you've been staying awake for happens, naturally. But before it does -- as you learn later -- this takes place, over at Mendocino County Hospital ... while you sleep ....

(FROM UNDER, AT WORD "MENDOCINO", AMBULANCE PULLING TO STOP WITH SIREN DYING DOWN UNDER)

DRIVER: All right, Sister Theresa ... I'll help you sign in while they take him to emergency....

S. THERESA: Thank you, Driver ...

(~~STEPS TO DOOR, IT OPENS, CLOSING~~)

DRIVER: ~~All right, Sister,~~ we can fill out this form here... if you'll give me his full name ...

S. THERESA: Mahaley, Michael. He said he was 35.

DRIVER: Uh-hm. Any home address for him?

S. THERESA: Just the orphanage. (SOFT) He was so nice to the children. Telling them stories all the time .. cops and robbers, ~~cowboys and Indians, Men and desperadoes~~....

DRIVER: Uh-hm. Now down here, somebody has to sign ~~in for~~ <sup>for</sup> him, permission to operate and all that....

S. THERESA: I'll sign for the orphanage. The Mother <sup>Superior</sup> said I should.

DRIVER: Right here...

(PEN SCRATCHES)

S. THERESA: There. (A SIGH) Such a lovely man, such a good man. We knew he was sick the day he turned up asking for work, but we could never get him to see a doctor. And now this.

DRIVER: Shame. All that internal bleeding .. he must be all eaten up inside. (GENTLE) Sister, there's a chapel down the corridor. If you want to go down there, I'll take care of the rest.

S. THERESA: Thank you. I'll be there.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP RELIGIOSO AND DOWN BEHIND)

(PHONE PICKED UP)

DRIVER: Hi, surgery. This is Richmond, the driver brought that guy in just now. I got the forms filled out. You wanna check 'em before you go to work? (PAUSES) Plasma first? Ok. I'll bring <sup>the forms</sup> ~~em~~ up anyway. I wanna take a look at the guy and report back to the Sister who brought him in.

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

NARR: (OVER MUSIC) A compassionate look at the unconscious orphanage handyman -- a closer look at him, drawn and blood-drained under surgery's lights -- a mutter of disbelief, then, echoing in surgery like a curse -- two words.

DRIVER: (LIGHT ECHO) That's Grouper!

(MUSIC: SUSPENSE AND AWAY)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

DENNE: (VERY SLEEPY) Hello...

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Denne.

DENNE: Uh-huh. (BIG YAWN)

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Denne, it's all over. We got Grouper.

DENNE: Sure, fine. See you in the morning.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Denne, wake up! He's dying over <sup>at that</sup> ~~in~~ Mendocino Hospital. If you want to see your story wind up -- get going! Go straight to surgery!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: But when you get there, still unable to believe it could end like this, Grouper taken with no blood shed save his own, and that only through Nature's own violence -- he's not in surgery. And he's not dying. Plasma pulls him through <sup>and he's waiting for transfer</sup> ~~enough for transfer to San Quentin Hospital~~. But he is Grouper. Unconscious still, there on the stretcher, waiting -- ~~Grouper~~---

SHERIFF: Well, it paid off, Denne.

DENNE: I dunno. Funny way for it to wind up. So quiet.

SHERIFF: What'd you expect -- brass bands?

DENNE: No, I meant-----

(SNEAK AMBULANCE COMING FROM OFF)

-- (BLURTS IT OUT) I didn't have a doggone thing  
to do with it in the long run.

SHERIFF: Well, that's the way they go.

(AMBULANCE PULLS UP, SIREN CONTINUES TO GROAN  
UNDER AS AMBULANCE WAITS, ALL TO B.G. VOICES  
UNDER)

NARR: They're ready for him.

DRIVER: Right here.....

The formalities of  
transfer . . Grouper

Sign him out...

waiting on his  
stretcher, looking  
more like a waxen

Got it ...

dummy than a man --

Okay, let's

then *What a miracle*

GO .....

(BIG) Hold it,

~~hold it, hold it!~~

NARR: The bloodless lips are moving. The waxen lids  
open -- hot eyes burn out of the cold face.

SHERIFF: (LOW) He's trying to talk. (UP) Save your breath,  
Grouper. You got plenty of time.

GROUPER: (GASPING) Who ... who done it?

DENNE: What, Eddie?

GROUPER: (FIGHTING FOR BREATH) Found me. Knew me. Who?

NARR: (LOW) He looks at the sheriff.

SHERIFF: Not me, Grouper.

NARR: (LOW) He burns his eyes into you.

DENNE: NoT me.

GROUPER: I wanna know -- who!



DRIVER: All right, if you wanna know. It was me.

GROUPEL: Who're you?

DRIVER: Just the ambulance driver ~~from Mendocino~~.

GROUPEL: How -- how'd you know? Where'd you ever -- see me?

DRIVER: Didn't know you from Adam, Grouper.

NARR: But he reaches into his pocket and takes something out and holds it an inch from Grouper's fiery eyes.

DRIVER: But ever since this come out in the paper I been carrying it around. Your pitcher. Okay, let's break it up. In you go.

(WHEELING OF CART, OPENING OF AMBULANCE DOORS,  
DOORS SLAM. AMBULANCE TAKES OFF WITH SIREN  
UNDER)

NARR: (OVER SOUND) ~~NO~~ Your picture, the one you printed.  
And your story after all. (BEAT) The rock you threw  
in the pool ... the rings, they reached out and  
found him -- finally.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Denne Petitolere of the Santa Rosa Press Democrat,  
with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #378

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 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 Denne Petitchero  
of the Santa Rosa Press Democrat.

DENNE: Grouper and Hooker confessed killing of ~~Texaskana~~  
*motorist* traveler. Still suspected of other unsolved crimes,

both paid supreme penalty for brutal crimes in Nevada's  
gas chambers. Grateful for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

*by members of  
State Legislature*

*as result of state parole system now under investigation*

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Petitchero, 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 <sup>of</sup> 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 Montgomery,  
Alabama Advertiser by-line Joe Asbell. A Big Story  
of a reporter who suddenly found himself an innocent  
pawn in a desperate struggle of life and death.

(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.  
Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an  
actual story from the pages of the Santa Rosa Press  
Democrat. Your narrator was Norman Rose and  
Frankel Kramer played the part of Denne Petitioner.  
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. Petitioner.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is 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.

sh  
ec  
1/28/55 3:30pm

AS BROADCAST

BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #379

CAST

NARRATOR	NORMAN ROSE
JOE	BILL LIPTON
BETTY	HETTY GALEN
KATIE	HETTY GALEN
HARRY	JOE HELGESON
RAYMOND	EARL GEORGE
LACEY	EARL GEORGE
DR. MILLARD	TED OSBORN
MAYNARD	BOBBY READICK

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1955

ATK01 0009511

THE BIG STORY

(Joe Azbell, Montgomery, Ala, Advertiser)

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

(MUSIC: PANFARE, OUT FOR)

(PHONE RINGING...THEN PICKED UP) (CITY ROOM  
B.G.)

JOE: Desk.

MAYNARD: (AN EASY GOING VOICE WITH AN UNREAL EDGE TO IT AS IF  
MAYNARD IS HOPPED UP) (FILTER) You the city editor.

JOE: That's right.

MAYNARD: You're lucky, Mister. You sure are. You going to get  
yourself a real good story. And just you. No other  
paper. You're lucky.

JOE: Who is this.

MAYNARD: (IGNORING THE QUESTION) You got to go right to the top  
for this story. You can't afford to fool around with  
no local boys. This is big time. And you're going to  
be in on it.

JOE: (PUZZLED) What's this all about?

MAYNARD: There's only one way for you to find out, Mister.  
After I hang up...you make a call.

JOE: To whom?

MAYNARD: I already told you. Right to the top. Mister, if you  
want this story...you call just one place. You call...  
the F.B.I.

JOE: F.B.I. ....look....where do you fit in?

MAYNARD: (A SOFT LAUGH) Mister...I'm the one they're after.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Montgomery, Alabama. 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 Montgomery Advertiser, the Big Story of a reporter who suddenly found himself an innocent pawn in a desperate struggle of life and death. Tonight, to Joe Azbell, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AWARD.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #379

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: ~~THEME UP AND BEHIND~~)

CHAPPELL: Montgomery, Alabama. The story as it actually happened. Joe Azbell's story, as he lived it.

NARRATOR: A lot of crank calls hit a city editor's desk and yours on the Montgomery Advertiser is no exception. This fellow who phoned about his being wanted by the F.B.I. Was he on the level? On the face of it, only a plain fool would make such a call. But what criminal ever makes sense in the first place. Check on that phone call, Joe Azbell. Check with the local office of the F.B.I. itself!

(MUSIC: ~~RISES AND OUT~~)

JOE: How about it, Harry. Are you agents working on a case here in Montgomery?

HARRY: Hold on, Joe. Not so fast.

JOE: If you are, my paper wants it.

HARRY: What makes you think we have a case.

JOE: A tip.

HARRY: From whom?

JOE: I'm not <sup>making this up</sup> ~~playing this by ear~~, Harry. This afternoon someone called me. He said the F.B.I. was after him.

HARRY: He called you?

JOE: Then you are on something.

HARRY: I didn't say that.

JOE: Harry, I've handled your stories before. If this wasn't anything you'd have told me already. Comon... what is it. Who made that phone call?

HARRY: I....I can't tell you.

JOE: But it was legitimate.

HARRY: If it's the man we're after...yes.

JOE: You mean there's a story but you won't let it out.

HARRY: Joe, I can't. There's too much at stake.

JOE: Just give me a general idea then. Something I can print.

HARRY: You're not going to like this but I've got to ask you something. Joe...don't print a word of what we've discussed. Or that anyone called...or that we're working on a case.

JOE: Look, Harry...

HARRY: I know it's a tough thing to ask. And I can't order you to keep this story out of your paper. But we've known each other a long time and when I say this is important...you know that's just what it is.

JOE: (TROUBLED) I see.

HARRY: If it'll help you to make up your mind...I'll tell you this much. A man's life may depend on this. (SLIGHT BEAT) What do you say.

JOE: I don't know, Harry. (SLIGHT BEAT) Let me think about it.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND BEHIND~~)

NARR: <sup>the</sup> What is it. What's the story. You want to cooperate with your agent friend...but you've got to have more information. If it's something happening here in the city...then maybe the local police would be in on it. That's an angle. Check your contacts downtown. The Chief of Detectives.

(SNEAK IN SOUND OF DIALING)

See if you can't get it out of him. At least an idea of what it's all about.

(PHONE RINGS ON OTHER END..IS THEN PICKED UP)

LACEY: (FILTER) Lacey speaking.

JOE: Bill...this is Joe Azbell.

LACEY: Hi.

JOE: Bill...what's this case the F.B.I. is working on.

LACEY: (SURPRISED) How'd you find out.

JOE: You know how it is. (PUMBLING) I...I hear it involves a lot of money.

LACEY: Yeah...you do know something.

JOE: How much is it.

LACEY: Twenty five thousand. It's extortion, Joe. Someone's been sending Dr. Millard letters threatening to kill him and his family if he doesn't pay off.

JOE: (SURPRISED) Dr. Roy Millard.

LACEY: That's him. One of the biggest surgeons in town. It's a rough one, Joe. We think the guy means it.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

JOE: *Narr:* You made a guess about the money, Joe Azbell, and it paid off. It's a story all right. Big enough for headlines. You want to print it. Bad. But the F.B.I. has asked you not to. What are you going to do. You run the city room...but you don't make policy. Talk it over with your publisher. What's he think.

RAYMOND: Seems to me we don't have much choice, Joe. We're not bound by law...but still we've got a moral responsibility.

JOE: That's my feeling, Mr. Raymond.

RAYMOND: Yet a story like this one...it's a shame to let it go.

JOE: We'd get it when it broke.

RAYMOND: Would we? Something like this is bound to get around. The other papers might grab it. It might even hit the wire....go over all the country and we'd been sitting here reading what we knew all the time.

JOE: There's another angle, sir. This fellow who called me. If he really was the extortionist. I've been trying to figure out why he did it.

RAYMOND: Well.

JOE: He wants twenty five thousand dollars. A lot of money. And he's threatened to kill if he doesn't get it. He didn't call me to spoil his chances.

RAYMOND: Go on.

JOE: Could be he wants to see if Dr. Millard has called in the F.B.I. And if we print the story...he'll know he has. No telling what would happen to Dr. Millard and his family then.

RAYMOND: It makes sense. All right, Joe...hold the story.

JOE: Yes sir.

RAYMOND: But that doesn't mean to forget about it. Sit on it. Every minute. When it breaks...it's your job to make sure we print it first. Understand.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND SEGUE TO)

(DOOR CHIMES...SOUNDING INSIDE THE HOUSE.  
SLIGHT BEAT...DOOR OPENS)

HARRY: (SLIGHT SURPRISE) Joe.

JOE: Hello, Harry. Dr. Millard in?

HARRY: (ALMOST A SMILE) Persistent, aren't you?

JOE: I don't mind keeping a secret...once I know what it is.

HARRY: Comon in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

HARRY: You know the facts?

JOE: Enough of them.

HARRY: We've been guarding Dr. Millard and his family since the first note was received. Joe..you're holding the story, aren't you?

JOE: Until you release it.

HARRY: Thanks.

JOE: But I want all of it now...so I can print it quick <sup>when you do release it</sup>

HARRY: (SLIGHT BEAT THEN A QUIET DECISION) That's fair.

JOE: May I see Dr. Millard?

HARRY: He's in here.

(THEY WALK TOGETHER FOR SEVERAL STEPS...

THEN STOP)

HARRY: Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

HARRY: He's pretty upset. Make it short?

JOE: Sure.

(PARLOR DOOR SLIDES OPEN...A FEW STEPS IN)

HARRY: Dr. Millard....this is Joe Azbell.

(MUSIC: GENTLY BEHIND)

NARR: He looks up at you...and for the first time...you see his face. A face lined deep with fear. This man is a surgeon...whose hands have worked with human life itself. But now, his strength has deserted him. And he is like any other man. Helpless...afraid.

MILLARD: How does such a thing happen. Two days ago we were fine. It was like any other day. My wife went to the department store. Cutler's.. They were holding a sale, she said. And my boy was having an exam in school. He was worried. Like any other boy would be. (MORE)

MILLARD:  
(CONT'D) We were fine. Then yesterday morning... that letter.  
(A PLEA) He won't do anything to my family, will he?  
You won't let him.

HARRY: We'll do everything we can, Dr. Millard.

MILLARD: He can have the money. I don't care. He can have  
every penny I've got. Just so he doesn't touch my  
family.

JOE: How did the letter say the money was to be delivered?

HARRY: It didn't, Joe. That's what we're waiting for.

MILLARD: (A CONTROLLED TENSION) He means it. He means every  
word he says in that letter.

HARRY: We're hoping he does try to collect the money, Doctor.  
That's our only chance of getting him.

JOE: There's been no other word from him. No word at all?

HARRY: Nothing. That's why you've got to keep this quiet.  
We want whoever wrote that letter to think Dr. Millard  
is going along with him. He'll get in touch with him  
again. He'll have to.

JOE: Will you keep me informed?

HARRY: As my part of the bargain...yes.

JOE: Goodbye, Dr. Millard. I'm sure everything will work out.

MILLARD: (LOW) I keep saying <sup>that</sup> it to my wife..but how can she  
believe it...when I don't....myself.

(MUSIC: --- UP AND SEGUE TO)

(DINNER DISHES)

BETTY: Eat your dinner, Joe.

JOE: (PREOCCUPIED) Yeah.

BETTY: Honey, what is it. Ever since you came home tonight  
you've been sitting around.... (AS HE SUDDENLY HOLDS  
HER) .....Joe.....

JOE: I just want to hold you....tight.

BETTY: (CLOSE TO HIM) What's wrong, Joe?

JOE: The kid's all right? He's sleeping?

BETTY: He's fine. (SHE WAITS FOR HIM TO TELL WHAT'S WRONG)

JOE: We're lucky...you know that, Betty. Real lucky. We wake up and chances are things are going to be all right that day. We're people whom no one bothers. We lead a quiet life. A good life...and who'd want it better.

BETTY: (HALF KIDDING) Real serious tonight, aren't you.

JOE: After a man I saw today...yeah.

BETTY: What man?

JOE: This is just between us...you understand. You tell no one.

BETTY: What is it.

JOE: There's a doctor who's gotten an extortion letter. If he doesn't pay twenty five thousand dollars, some guy threatens to kill him and his family.

BETTY: (IT FRIGHTENS HER) Joe.

JOE: You ought to see him, Betty. Poor man looks like he's walking around in a nightmare. And can you blame him.

(PHONE RINGS JUST OFF)

I wouldn't want to be in his spot for all the money in the world.

BETTY: I'll get it, Joe.

(SHE CROSSES A FEW FEET TO PHONE AND PICKS IT UP)

BETTY: Hello...yes, he's here...just a minute...(UP)..Joe..

JOE: (COMING TO HER) Who is it?

BETTY: I don't know.

JOE: Thanks...hello....



HARRY: (FILTER) Joe...this is Harry Aiken.

JOE: What's happened?

HARRY: Can you meet me in fifteen minutes?

JOE: Where.

HARRY: You know the public library on Lee Street.

JOE: Yeah.

HARRY: Walk around that block and I'll find you.

JOE: (SURPRISED) Why make it so complicated. Can't we just...

HARRY: (CUTS HIM OFF) It's important, Joe. Please do it this way.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: What's all the intrigue for? A phone call at night... a meeting on a dark street...it's got all the elements of melodrama. But you won't have to wait long for your answer, Joe Azbell...for that car drawing up to the curb....

~~(CAR DRAWS UP JUST OFF)~~

...contains two agents of the F.B.I. and one of them is Harry Aiken.

HARRY: Get in, Joe.

~~(JOE GETS IN...DOOR CLOSSES AND CAR GEARS AWAY)~~

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(ESTABLISH CAR RIDING THEN B.G.)

HARRY: We wanted a safe place in which to talk, Joe. This was it.

JOE: There's been a break <sup>in</sup> ~~in the extortion case~~, that it?

HARRY: Not exactly...but there is a new development. A second letter has been received. Special delivery.

JOE: About the money.

HARRY: Yes. Dr. Millard has been instructed to leave it at  
the home of a go-between.

JOE: Someone new in the case.

HARRY: That's right.

JOE: Who is it...(SLIGHT BEAT)...well...what's his name?

HARRY: Joe Azbell.

JOE: (SLIGHT BEAT) What.

HARRY: You heard it, Joe. The extortionist has dragged you  
into it.....sorry.

(MUSIC: -- -- CURTAIN)

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #379

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 Joe Azbell...as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: You don't want to believe it...but it's true. For the F.B.I. shows you the letter from the extortionist... and there it is..in black and white. "Bring the money to the home of Joe Azbell. I'll contact him later and get it. If either of you tries anything... I'll kill you both...and your families too."

HARRY: (QUIETLY) Let's get over to your house, Joe. We'll go in the back way...and we'll talk it all out.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND BRIDGE)

HARRY: That's the story, Mrs. Azbell...all we know of it.

BETTY: (ALMOST PUZZLED) Joe?

JOE: Yes, Betty?

BETTY: This man..whoever he is. You think he means it.

JOE: It looks that way. Honey, don't be frightened.

BETTY: But I am. I'm trying not to be...but how can I help it. Just ten minutes ago I was sitting here... finishing up a letter...and I was waiting for you. Now, everything's different. That's someone who can kill us.

HARRY: Nothing's going to happen, Mrs. Azbell. And we want both yours and Joe's help to make sure.

JOE: How.

HARRY: We've talked about getting this man, Joe. The only way we can do it. When he comes for the money.

JOE: Go on.

HARRY: He wants you as the go-between. And here...we've brought this along...

(BAG CLICKS OPEN)

BETTY: (MORE MONEY THAN SHE'S EVER SEEN) How much money is that.

HARRY: The whole twenty five thousand, Mrs. Azbell...we're asking you to work with us. To hold this money until the extortionist contacts you for it. We'll be in the house every minute...starting right now.

JOE: <sup>And</sup> Then you'll protect my wife and boy.

HARRY: You know that.

JOE: (WORRIED) <sup>Set</sup> Suppose the guy spots that you're here. That you're setting a trap. He'll get away...and fast. But maybe he won't forget about Joe Azbell's family. Suppose he waits...one year...two...<sup>how</sup> long it takes and then...he comes back.

HARRY: (QUIETLY) I can't answer you, Joe.

JOE: (ALMOST BITTERLY) Dr. Millard. I looked at him and I thought I could understand how he feels. I said he was in a nightmare. Now...I really know.

BETTY: (QUIETLY) He can do it to other people, Joe. Come into their lives and change them. He can do it... as long as he's free. (WANTING HIM TO TELL HARRY AND KNOWING HE WILL) Joe....

JOE: Yeah. (SLIGHT BEAT) All right, Harry. We'll do anything you ask.

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

NARR: The night passes. Long...and unending. Down the hall... the guest room is occupied. Two agents of the F.B.I. have joined the family. Is it real. Is it happening.. and to you? Morning. And Harry Aiken says...go to work.

(MORE)

NARR: Carry on your normal activities as if nothing has  
(CONT'D) happened. Sounds easy...but it's the hardest thing  
you've ever had to do. You stop on the sidewalk...and  
in the doorway is your wife..and your son. Wave  
goodbye, Joe Azbell...(GENTLY)...and leave them.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ RISES AND OUT FOR)

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

RAYMOND: (FADING ON) Morning, Joe.

JOE: Hello, Mr. Raymond.

RAYMOND: (CONFIDENTIAL TONE) Anything from the F.B.I. yet?

JOE: (SLIGHT BEAT) No sir.

RAYMOND: You been in touch with them?

JOE: Yes.

RAYMOND: Any other letters been received?

JOE: I..I haven't heard of any.

RAYMOND: All right, Joe. Like I said...I don't want our paper  
to lose this story. Stay with it.

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

NARR: No...you won't lose it. You're doing more than staying  
with it. You're living with it. (IMPATIENTLY) When's  
he going to call. When's he going to make contact for  
the money. Nothing you can do. Nothing...but wait.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ RISES AND OUT FOR)

(DINER B.G...., ESTABLISH AND THEN B.G.)

KATIE: Hello, Mr. Azbell... What'll it be for lunch today?

JOE: Nothing, Kaite. Just coffee.

KATIE: (SURPRISED) For you?

JOE: Not hungry.

KAITE: Thought maybe you were starting a diet.

(COFFEE FROM SPIGOT INTO CUP)

Baked ham is good today.

MAYNARD: Reason I didn't call you at your house is I see you got some visitors. I thought maybe they'd get nosy and listen in on my phone call. This is much better.

JOE: Look, you don't have to worry about anything. I've got the package and you can have it. Just tell me what to do.

MAYNARD: First...you tell me who those men are.

JOE: My wife's cousins.

MAYNARD: Funny they just came.

JOE: They're from <sup>Memphis</sup> Tennessee. If you've been near the house you saw their panel truck in my driveway. It's got ~~Tennessee~~ Memphis plates. Don't that prove it for you?

MAYNARD: I don't need that to know you're not going to do nothing foolish.

JOE: I'm playing this straight.

MAYNARD: Sure you are. Because you want that family of yours to be all right. (THE SOFT LAUGH) You go on home tonight, Mr. Azbell...and you wait til I call you again. One thing I promise you. You'll be hearing from me.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)  
(SOFT SUMMER SOUNDS OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW) (WE LISTEN TO THEM FOR A MOMENT)

BETTY: (IN BED) (LOW) Joe...

JOE: Hmmm?

BETTY: Go to sleep.

JOE: I can't.

BETTY: You have to get some rest.

JOE: The kid sleeping?

BETTY: We'd hear him if he wasn't. (SLIGHT BEAT) Darling..  
please don't worry. Nothing's going to happen.

JOE: (TRYING TO BE PATIENT AND EXPLAIN) Betty, he's a <sup>mad</sup> ~~crazy~~  
man.

BETTY: But there are smart men against him. And they're right  
here in this house.

(WE HEAR HIM GET OFF THE BED)

Where are you going?

JOE: Just to the window.

BETTY: Looking at shadows won't do any good.

(CAR CRUISING SLOWLY FADES IN FROM DISTANCE)

JOE: If I only knew what he looked like..or who he was...but  
just having a voice to fight...

BETTY: Come back to bed.

(THE CAR GOES SLOWLY BY..OFF)

JOE: Going after a man's family...how rotten can you get.

(SLIGHT BEAT...INTERESTED) Betty...commere.

BETTY: What is it?

JOE: Hurry up..... that car.. see it..going down the  
block.

BETTY: Yes.

JOE: It was by here...earlier tonight. I saw it.

BETTY: (ALMOST CHIDING) Joe...

JOE: It did...I tell you. Look..it's turning the block.

BETTY: Then it's going away.

JOE: Watch his headlights...there...he's turning <sup>back</sup> ~~south~~  
again...

BETTY: It's just a man in a car.



JOE: At this time of night...why's he driving so slow...  
~~If he turns toward us on Clinton....~~ watch him..watch  
him...Betty...he's coming back. Stay here.. I'm going  
for Aiken...the F.B.I. has a patrol car out. They can  
pick him up.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

HARRY: Our patrol car is sure to have spotted him after my  
call. Easy, Joe.

JOE: I know it's him. He was just going around the block...  
trying to make up his mind whether or not to come in  
here.

(PHONE RINGS) (IT'S LIFTED QUICKLY)

HARRY: Hello...yes, Frank...

JOE: Did they get him.

HARRY: I see...it checked out...all right...thanks.

(HE HANGS UP)

JOE: Well.

HARRY: It was a private cab. They cleared the driver completely.  
~~completely.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

(B.G. OF CITY ROOM)

HARRY: (FADING ON) Joe...got a minute.

JOE: Harry...(VERY WORRIED) Everything all right.

HARRY: Nothing's wrong. Take it easy. Reason I came by is  
there's been a break.

JOE: What.

HARRY: We've got a pretty good idea now as to who the  
extortionist is.

JOE: Where is he.

HARRY: I said who he is..not where we can find him. But that may not be too far off either.

JOE: (URGING) Give, Harry. What's going on.

HARRY: It's a man named Walter Maynard. He mailed a third letter last night only this time he neglected to print the message. Some of his own handwriting gave it away. But he's ordered the doctor to leave another twenty five thousand in a jewelry store. *We're going to strike out the store right out* ~~If he really wants that money he'll have to come after it this time.~~

JOE: Harry...do me one favor.

HARRY: Yes?

JOE: Let me come along.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

JOE: (LOW) What time is it, Harry. I can't see the clock out front from back here.

HARRY: Near six.

JOE: Store closes in a few minutes.

HARRY: He still may show.

JOE: (SLIGHT BEAT) Anyone out there.

HARRY: Just the clerk.

JOE: (DISAPPOINTED) It's all over. Another bust.

HARRY: (WARNING) Joe...

JOE: I see him..... a man walking in.

HARRY: (LOW) Keep it down.

JOE: What's he doing?

HARRY: Listen.

MAYNARD: (OFF) Someone leave a package here for me. It's in brown paper.

HARRY: Stay out of the way, Joe. (UP) Hold it, Maynard... keep your hands where they are.

MAYNARD: (PROJECTING) Get out of my way.

HARRY: (PROJECTING) Fred....John....

(THERE IS RUNNING OF FEET AND A GENERAL STRUGGLE)

MAYNARD: (STRUGGLING) Let go...let go...

HARRY: (STRAIN) It's all over, Maynard...give it up..

(MAYNARD STILL STRUGGLES THEN GRADUALLY HE LESSENS IT AND HIS BREATH COMES SHORT AND HARD)

HARRY: (EASING OFF) All right, Joe...you've got your story.

JOE: Not all of it. There's just one thing I want to know, Maynard.... Why. Why did you pick me.

MAYNARD: (SLIGHT BEAT DURING WHICH WE HEAR HIS BREATH STILL COMING HARD FROM THE EXERTION BUT SLACKENING DOWN)  
You had everything... A wife...a kid...a nice house.  
A good life. I knew you'd do anything...to keep it.

JOE: You were right, Maynard. Anything. Even to risking it all...to get you.

(MUSIC: --- CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joe Azbell of the Montgomery Advertiser...with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #379

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 Joe Azbell of the Montgomery Advertiser.

JOB: Brought to trial in Federal Court, <sup>editorialist</sup> ~~Walter Maynard~~ was <sup>convicted</sup> ~~speedily convicted~~ on four ~~charges of extortion~~...and sentenced to term of six years. Among my proudest mementoes of this story is commendation given me by F.B.I. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Azbell 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.

HARRIS: 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 Harrisburg, Pa. Patriot-News by-line Joseph R. Bianco. A Big Story of a reporter who found a witness the police didn't even miss.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND FADE TO B.G. ON TUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boretz from an actual story from the pages of the Montgomery, Ala. Advertiser. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Bill Kipton played the part of Joe Azbell. 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. Azbell.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is 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  
2/7/55

ATX01 0009536

AS 67-787 ST

"THE BIG STORY"

PROGRAM #380

CAST:

NARRATOR . . . . .	NORMAN ROSE
POP	DEAN ALMQUIST
NORRIS	CASEY WALTERS
LONDON	<del>SID STONE</del> <i>Roger Lyons</i>
SERVICE	SID STONE
COP	<del>ROGER LYONS</del>
JOE BIANCO	JOHN LARKIN
CAPTAIN	ED PECK
SON	JOHN THOMAS
OPERATOR	MAXINE STEWART
STRANGER	DEAN ALMQUIST
WAITRESS	FLORENCE ROBINSON

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1955

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(CAR PULLS UP TO STOP. FOOTSTEPS)

POP: Yessir?

NORRIS: Got a cabin, Pop?

POP: Sure. Just the two of you?

NORRIS: Yup. Brother'n me.

POP: This way.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

POP: There y'are. Nice'n cozy. Anything else, boys?

NORRIS: Uh-hm. Empty your pockets.

POP: Eh?

LOUDON: C'mon, Pop. Ain't you ever been stuck up before?

POP: Not in my seventy-nine years. And I don't mean to  
be now.

(A SCUFFLE WITH AD-LIB GRUNTS, THEN A SHOT, A THUD)

LOUDON: ~~Oh-eh. LOOK what you done.~~ *Come on lets get out here*

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND AWAY FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear actually  
happened. It happened in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. It  
is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the  
great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages  
of the Patriot-News, the story of a reporter who found  
a witness the police didn't even miss. Tonight, to  
Joseph R. Bianco, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell  
\$500 Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #380

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: Harrisburg, Pennsylvania -- the story as it actually happened. Joseph R. Bianco's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: Do the big ones break at a decent hour, Joe Bianco? Not on your alarm clock they don't. It's three a.m. when they call you -- not at the Patriot-News, but out of your bed, with the coroner giving you that old "get over here fast, Joe, it's murder." Here? <sup>in</sup> A motel just beyond the Harrisburg line. ~~And in one of the cabins.~~

JOE: ~~Who is he?~~

COP: Who're you?

JOE: Joe Bianco, Patriot-News.

COP: Wallace Bristol, runs the motel nights.

JOE: Pretty old man.

COP: Seventy-nine, yeah. Look, Joe, I'm not supposed to let anyone in here till the coroner clears it. Anyway, over in the hut there the boys're quizzin' the owner of the motel.

JOE: Who is he?

COP: The old man's son. Poor guy, he was holdin' his Pop when he died.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: There it is. Murder in the night and your day's begun. ~~Over in the motel office,~~ the captain is trying to get what he can out of the victim's son. It isn't much.

CAPTAIN: You're sure there were two of them?

SON: Just two. They jumped in the car and took off.

CAPTAIN: Where'd they have it parked?

SON: 'Way over there.

CAPTAIN: In the shadows, huh? You see the license?

SON: The license, yes, the numbers no.

CAPTAIN: Pennsylvania license?

SON: No, that I could see. It was shaped like a state.

CAPTAIN: Like a state.

SON: I think like a state. Wasn't rectangular, anyhow.  
~~E-regular. (QUIET) Funny.~~

CAPTAIN: What's funny?

SON: About Pop. I told him, Pop, take it easy. You got your whole life behind you, let me and the motel take care of you now. No. He hadda work, he said, he hadda do something or he'd shrivel up and die. So I give him the night job in the place here ~~and this.~~ (HE SNIFFS)

JOE: Excuse me, Mr. Bristol. . .

SON: ~~Sir?~~ *Yes Mr. Bianco*

JOE: Could you describe the two men?

SON: No sir, I couldn't. I was running toward my Dad, they were running toward the car.

JOE: Did they get anything from your father?

SON: No sir, they couldn't of. No money around the place nights. (PAUSE) ~~Is there anything else, Captain?~~  
~~I haven't even told my brothers yet. . .~~

CAPTAIN: ~~You're the oldest?~~

SON: ~~Yassin, why?~~

CAPTAIN: ~~Would~~ like you to sign this.

SON: What is it?

CAPTAIN: Authorization for an autopsy, see if we can find the bullet. (GENTLE) We've got to have something definite to go on, fella.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: A rough one, a very rough one. Could be anybody, and they could be anywhere. And lots of states have other-than-routine license plates. And the car could have been stolen, and, by now, ditched. But, you stay with it. With, that is, the cops. Waiting for the autopsy report to come through, you check the blotter automatically.

JOE: Huh. What's this <sup>stickup</sup> stickup here?

CAPTAIN: I dunno, Joe. The boys're still working on it.

JOE: Got your hands full tonight.

CAPTAIN: Yeah. Never rains but it pours.

JOE: Could be the same guys?

CAPTAIN: No. . . what little I heard, different setup.

JOE: Happened just before the old man got knocked off, <sup>huh?</sup>  
~~Six-miles-away-on-the-other-side-of-town.~~ I'll give it a check, ~~huh?~~

CAPTAIN: Sure. Call me and I'll give you the autopsy dope.

(MUSIC: -- UP QUICKLY AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: Number two -- really number one, because it happened first -- a service station. And, as the Captain said, quite different.

SERVICE: Three of 'em. One pulls up and asks for gas, the other two folly me into the station when I open the register. Whooooo! .45 pistol that long.

JOE: How much they get?

SERVICE: Thirty-six bucks and some change.

JOE: What kind of car?

SERVICE: Sedan, 1950 Chevvie. . . Pennsylvania license with a three in it somewhere.

JOE: How about the guys?

SERVICE: Oh. . . you know how it is. . . just guys. . . medium height. . . plain ordinary looking characters. . . ~~no~~ mustaches, ~~no~~ scars, ~~no~~ nothing for a handle to remember 'em by.

JOE: Know 'em again?

SERVICE: Listen, put a .45 in that one guy's mitt and I'd know him in <sup>anywhere</sup> ~~the year 2054~~ (A SIGH) ~~I dunno~~. It ain't the money I miss so much. That's the company's. It's the gun I'm sore about.

JOE: Gun?

SERVICE: Yeah. I had my gun right under the hat, right here, see? They reach for the register, I reach for the gun. They took it.

JOE: You're lucky. These other guys on the other job killed a man. What kind of a gun was it?

SERVICE: Italian Beretta, point three eight zero caliber. Nice gun. Boy, I'm askin' for a transfer to the day shift, this keeps up!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Day shift, night shift, one and the same for you. Back at police headquarters you fill in the desk record on what you've gotten at the service station, and the captain of detectives calls you over.

CAPTAIN: There's the bullet, Joe.

JOE: Thirty-eight, huh?

CAPTAIN: Not exactly. Italian equivalent. Came from a Beretta. And that's a lead. Aren't too many of those around.

JOE: Well -- there's one less around town than there used to be. And you got a fouled-up case, Cap.

CAPTAIN: Meaning what?

JOE: That service station job -- they stole a Beretta from the attendant. And he says there were three men with a Pennsylvania license.

CAPTAIN: Oh.

JOE: What?

CAPTAIN: Nothing. So far, just plain "oh."

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: "O" -- as in zero, meaning nothing. Nothing to do but put out the routine thirteen-state alarm, correcting the earlier one to read three instead of two men. And backtrack. . .

JOE: Mr. Bristol, you said the men ran for the car----

SON: And I ran for my Dad, that's what I said.

JOE: And they got in.

SON: Of course they got in. They drove away, didn't they?

JOE: Could you tell me, can you recall how they got in the car?

SON: In, they got in, that's all!

JOE: I mean, both on one side, or what?

SON: Oh. No, now you make me think, I remember. Yeah -- one got in the back, the other got in the front.

JOE: That's odd.

SON: Yeah. And that's another thing.

JOE: Hmm?

SON: It was practically moving by the time they got in.  
(DAWNING) Yeah -- sure! One in the front, on the other side of the wheel, and one in the back!

JOE: Meaning there was a third man in it -- driving.

SON: Yeah. Three of them. Three of them killed my Dad!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

CAPTAIN: All right, Joe. It's for sure the same ones did both jobs. ~~We're that far~~

JOE: How about the discrepancy in the cars, the licenses?

CAPTAIN: Figures. The first time they drove up big as life and let the car be identified. Probably stolen.

JOE: And the other car with the out-of-state plate --

CAPTAIN: More likely theirs, because they parked it seventy-five feet from the motel.

JOE: Yeah, it figures. Do I get to use that in my story, both jobs by the same trio, or you want me to separate them both?

CAPTAIN: No, combine 'em, ~~combine 'em~~. Makes 'em sound like real desperadoes, pull two jobs, one a killing, keep the outlying districts on the alert.

JOE: Makes 'em sound like desperadoes, huh? What do you call them ---- Rover Boys?

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Whatever you call them -- they drop out of sight. State Police rove the highways, county sheriffs comb the back trails --- nothing. Well into the morning of the first day, your story stands right where it did when the copy desk finished its coffee and started on your first take. Quo is the word for the status. But around noon ---

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Joe, something.

JOE: Got a line on 'em?



CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Nothing worth a head, <sup>fixe</sup> Joe. But if you want to keep it under your hat a while, we got a slight-type lead on who they might be.

JOE: Local boys?

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) G.I.'s.

JOE: How do you make that out?

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Well, that first car, the first one they used openly ---

JOE: Yeah, the service station job ---

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) It turns up in a lot on River Road, registered to a man in New Cumberland. . .

JOE: Uh-huh.

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) And on the floor there's mud matching the motel grounds, marks of G.I. bootheels, and a G.I. fatigue cap --

JOE: Not belonging to the Cumberland man, I hope,

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Nope. And besides, there are <sup>ditto</sup> tire treads right next to his car.

JOE: Switch, huh. Well -- it's something. Thanks, Captain.

CAPTAIN: (FILTER) Any time, Joe. Tell you what, we might take a run over to the army depot, see if anybody has a line on out-of-state cars off the post recently. . .wanna come?

JOE: (HESITANT) Well. . .(DECISION) No, Captain, I think I'll run down the New Cumberland fella for the first edition. Keep in touch, though, huh?

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Good thing you stuck around the office. For three reasons. Number one, you fill the story in pretty nicely with the dope on the man from New Cumberland in whose car murderers rode while he slept. . .

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: Number two --- you make Page One. Long time no see double top streamer in 60-point, big, black, and bold, over your <sup>for me</sup> byline. Nice to see, getting waked up early pay off <sup>for me</sup> by pushing politics, taxes and the Russians down below the fold ~~for once. By Joe Bianco.~~ Nice.

(MUSIC: STING)

NARR: And number three ----- one of those things you dream about through the dull days of walking the beat and coming up with nothing but purloined washlines and crumpled fenders. One of those real, once-in-a-lifetime things. A tipster.

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

JOE: News. . . Joe Bianco speaking.

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Joe, this is the switchboard ---

JOE: ~~Princess, I can explain everything. Every single one of these long-distance calls was business. Now I know they just happened to be to girls, but~~ --- (PAUSE) What's up, sis?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) We just got a funny call.

JOE: One of those anonymous things?

OPERATOR: (FILTER) Well yes and no. It was a man, and he wanted to talk to the guy, he said, who wrote the story about the killing ---

JOE: Put him on, baby, put him on ---

OPERATOR: (FILTER) I offered to, Joe, I said "I'll switch you,"  
but he said no, you were to go to a pay phone somewhere  
and you were to call him and then he would call you back.  
And it would be worth your while. Crazy, huh?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND GO)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #380

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 Joseph R. Bianco, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Kind of a quiet one, this double stickup with a murder thrown in: a routine one, until after the Patriot-News streamers your first story. Then things begin to pop: a wierd phone call telling you to make a phone call, which you do. A stranger telling you to meet him in a diner ---

(SNEAK DINER B.G. AND SUSTAIN THROUGH SCENE)

NARR: Which you do. Claiming to know something about the jobs --- but does he? And who is he?

STRANGER: You don't hafta know my name, do you?

BIANCO: ~~Well, say I had to find you again for the cops, it'd~~  
help.

STRANGER: Oh, the cops, Yeah. But couldn't I just give it to ~~you and you pass it on to them?~~

BIANCO: Friend, let's give it a listen first and work that out later. On these stickups, now, what've you got?

STRANGER: Well, not exactly on the stickups, I wouldn't say that---

BIANCO: All right. Tell it your way, whatever it is.

STRANGER: (SCARED) Now -- now don't take notes or write things down, or anything like that ---

BIANCO: All right, we're just two guys having a cup of coffee.  
(PAUSE: GENTLY) It's got something to do with the three guys in the car, hasn't it?

STRANGER: Yes. That's it, yeah.

BIANCO: (GENTLE) ~~Don't be scared. We won't go into the name thing.~~ (PAUSE) You know them? What is it?

STRANGER: Southside Hotel. I -- I think the guys you wrote up were in the Southside Hotel.

BIANCO: All three?

STRANGER: ~~Yup.~~

BIANCO: ~~More.~~

STRANGER: I -- I would bet on it, it was them.

BIANCO: Why?

STRANGER: The car you wrote up. About the out-of-state license, shaped odd, you wrote --

BIANCO: ~~Well, for your information,~~ shaped like a state --

STRANGER: Tennessee. It was Tennessee. (NOW IT POURS: LOW:) It was last night -- no, this morning, three-thirty, around there, I saw --

(SUDDEN CLINKING OF COFFEE CUPS PICKED UP)

BIANCO: (UP AND FAST) Uh, two more on the Java, honey.

(MORE CLINKING AND THEN NORMAL B.G. LEVEL OF SOUND)

BIANCO: (QUIET) ~~Go ahead. You saw --~~

STRANGER: Three guys, down in the parking lot, behind the hotel, you know ---

BIANCO: Middle of the night, you saw the plate?

STRANGER: No, no. I saw it there earlier, ~~around midnight,~~ this car with a Tennessee plate, and at three-thirty, these three guys were going into the same car.

BIANCO: Yeah.

STRANGER: And they took off.

BIANCO: That all?

STRANGER: Well . . . no. The reason I happened to be up, to be awake, y'see.

BIANCO: Yeah --

STRANGER: I heard 'em arguing, in the next room ----- oh-oh...

BIANCO: All right, you live in the hotel. I'm pretending I don't know it. Go on. They were arguing.

STRANGER: Pretty noisy. Three voices, all different --

BIANCO: You hear any names?

STRANGER: No. Just a general fuss. Then they took off and I looked out the window and saw the car go.

BIANCO: Mmmm.

STRANGER: (EAGER) That any help?

BIANCO: Well, it narrows it down on the car, yeah ----- but that one could be stolen too, of course.

STRANGER: Oh, yeah. But you could find out who they were, these guys. I think they were soldiers.

BIANCO: (QUICK) From my story, you think that, or what?

STRANGER: (A PAUSE) Oh, yeah, I must of got that from your write-up, sure.

BIANCO: ~~No you didn't. You heard something in the next room.~~  
G.I. talk? Somebody call somebody sergeant? Somebody say "by the numbers," or "blow it out your barracks bag," or whatever it is G.I.'s latch on to nowadays?

STRANGER: No, no, nothing like that ---- listen, that's all I know ----- honest ----

BIANCO: (QUIET AND SYMPATHETIC) Friend, I think you're in a spot. We better have all of it, huh? Better all around ---

STRANGER: No, listen, that's the whole thing ---- three-thirty, three guys, Tennessee plate ---- honest!

BIANCO: Okay. Have it your way.

STRANGER: But I helped, Mr. Bianco. If you look in the hotel register, maybe you'll get their names, wouldn't you?

BIANCO: Maybe. Matter of fact ---

(SHUFFLE OF FEET)

STRANGER: No -- lemme go first. Gimme two minutes, three minutes --- then you go.

BIANCO: Boy -- are you livin' this up!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Well. They come out of the woodwork on every big story. But mostly they claim to know more than they do. This one is different. He knows more than he claims ---- you think. You pay for the coffee, and hit for the hotel. (PAUSE) Only later do you remember something else about him. Only later. But meantime ---

CAPTAIN: Southside Hotel, huh?

BIANCO: That's right. Crummy joint. But I checked the register. Pretty sloppily kept.

CAPTAIN: Yeah. But there's no law against calling yourself John Smith for a night's flop.

BIANCO: Well, that's the way it worked out. Three check-ins that night, no time registered. John Brown, Joe Black, Fred White.

CAPTAIN: Colorful characters. Go ahead.

BIANCO: And no check-out time on 'em either. Probably our boys, though, taking Mister Tipster's story for what it's worth.

CAPTAIN: Nothing from the hotel clerk?

BIANCO: Day man didn't know a thing. Chances are, he said, the night man wouldn't either. Sleeps on a cot in the office.  
(MORE)



BIANCO: All pay-in-advance stuff, no sneak-outs to worry about.  
(CONT'D) And room service they don't have.

CAPTAIN: (A SIGH) I could use a little talk with your boy.

BIANCO: One of those things, Captain. Either I let him play mysterious and got something, or I pressed on his name and lost him entirely. I did the best I could.

CAPTAIN: ~~Sure.~~

BIANCO: ~~Could we find him?~~

CAPTAIN: ~~Well . . . we could use him. No description from out of him?~~

BIANCO: ~~Uh-huh.~~

CAPTAIN: Yeah, we could sure use him. <sup>though</sup> ~~One thing, though . . . we don't need him as much right now as we will later.~~

BIANCO: ~~Later?~~

CAPTAIN: Yeah, <sup>cause</sup> ~~Pretty soon they're gonna come in from all over Robin Hood's Barn ---- three guys picked up in a car here, three guys picked up in a car there ---~~

BIANCO: ~~Yeah, I see what you mean. And all of them with alibis.~~

CAPTAIN: ~~Yep.~~ Yeah, <sup>and</sup> we sure could use your boy to place the right three right here that night.

BIANCO: ~~Well, there's one thing the right three guys <sup>ll</sup> have.~~

CAPTAIN: The Beretta? My week's pay against yours, it's at the bottom of some river. (PAUSE) Yeah, we sure could use your boy. ~~On somebody.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: The wheels of the law grind on. Suspects stopped here by the State Police, suspects stopped there by sheriffs . . . held, questioned, released. Highways, toll stations, turnpikes patrolled and checked in all directions ---- nothing. (MORE)

NARR: Another edition comes and goes. No streamer. No byline.  
(CONT'D) Just "Police Continue. . ." rehash. And you?

(DINER BACKGROUND UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: (LOW) By hunch or by hope or by coincidence, you're  
in that same diner again. And again the coffee.

(COFFEE CUP TINKLING)

NARR: Then -- the little bell rings upstairs. And you  
remember something about Mister Tipster. So ---

BIANCO: Ah, miss. . . or ma'am. . . ah. . .

WAITRESS: More coffee, sir?

BIANCO: Not right now -- but wait. (A BEAT) I, uh....yesterday  
I was in here with a man. In that booth.

WAITRESS: Yessir.

BIANCO: You remember us?

WAITRESS: (AFTER A PAUSE) Yes.

BIANCO: Yeah. Because he went out first, and you followed  
him ----

WAITRESS: (JUMPS THE LINE) I did not!

BIANCO: (FINISHES IT) -- with your eyes.

WAITRESS: Oh. Yes, I did. Why?

BIANCO: I was going to ask you why. You know him?

WAITRESS: Well . . . I know who he is. Not personally.

BIANCO: How is that?

WAITRESS: Well, my daughter. He used to date my daughter.  
Kind of a jealous one. Didn't last long.

BIANCO: I see. You remember his name?

WAITRESS: No. Charley, Mike, Jimmy. . . could be anything.  
But I know where he works.

BIANCO: Oh?

WAITRESS: Yeah. Nights, he works. The Southside Hotel.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: For the cops, that particular titbit. But when they drop in on the Southside sackery, the coop has been flown -- and no forwarding address left behind. So it's back to Headquarters to sweat it out some more. . .

BIANCO: Wonder if there was anything personal about his tipping me off?

COP: *Cap* Chances are no. ~~You get these tipsters, it's like you were on a train that went just ahead or came just after a train that was wrecked. You tell the story as if you were part of the accident. Tipsters, they all feed you useless stuff just so they can tell themselves they're part of something exciting. Nine times out of ten.~~

BIANCO: This boy could be number ten, though.

COP: *Cap* Only if somebody comes up with those three thugs.

(TELEPHONE AND IS PICKED UP)

COP: *Cap* Harrisburg police. . . Captain --- (PAUSE) Sure, put him on. (PAUSE: TO BIANCO) Long distance collect call from Tennessee somewhere. (PAUSE) Hello?

(INDISTINGUISHABLE MURMUR OVER PHONE)

COP: *Cap* Yes, Sheriff. I'm handling the case.

(AS BEFORE)

COP: *Cap* Uh-hm, uh-hm.

(AS BEFORE)

COP: *Cap* From the alarm? Good work, Sheriff. What do they say?

(AS BEFORE)

COP: Yeah, naturally. But you're holding them.

(AS BEFORE)

COP: Good, good. Now if you could tell me, Sheriff, what ---

(AS BEFORE)

COP: (NOW TENSE AND GALVANIZED) No, you won't find the name on the pistol. It's the Italian equivalent of a Luger --- ~~hold it sir: (FAST) Joe, gonna that pistol record from the Beretta. The desk, there.~~

(A RUSTLE; ALSO TELEPHONE JABBER AS BEFORE)

COP: Yes, Sheriff, I'm still here. Just check these numbers against the gun. L for Lee, like Robert E. Lee, ny-un, ny-un, thuh-ree, ny-un uh-wun uh-wun. Lemme give you ~~that again, L-foa ---~~

(AS BEFORE, THE JABBERING VERY EXCITED AND SHORT)

COP: *(w)* All right! Where are you, Sheriff, how do we --- no. I'll work through the D.A. here to extradite, and you come up here with 'em ---

(AS BEFORE)

COP: Car, plane, train, ~~ex-car,~~ whatever you need.

Pennsylvania'll pay!

(PHONE DOWN)

BIANCO: That's it, huh?

COP: Yop ~~yop~~. Clear out of the blue sky. Sheriff down in --

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

-- Bradley, Tennessee --- picks up a car for speeding, finds two local boys and a next-town neighbor in it ---

BIANCO: And the Beretta --

COP: ~~Wait, wait. Remembers they left broke, wonders where they got the car, checks, finds it stolen from a G.I. down that way --~~

BIANCO: ~~Oh-oh, the hat --~~

COP: Checks a little farther, checks against our thirteen-state ---- goes over the car again, finds the Beretta ----

BIANCO: Bottom of a river, huh!

COP: ~~And we're in like Flynn.~~

BIANCO: Swell. I gathered from what you said back there they gave him a story.

COP: Yeah. They stole the car, never came near Harrisburg, never killed anybody, didn't know the gun was there --- it figures.

BIANCO: Can you give me the names, the sheriff's name, the ---

COP: I tell you, Joe, I'd rather hold it till we question 'em. They could have holes in their story, but we could have holes in our case. Wouldn't want to make anybody look bad ---including you. Okay?

BIANCO: Okay.

COP: But all we have to do now is wait. ~~But we got 'em.~~  
We got 'em cold.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Well-----no. When the Tennessee sheriff turns up with his suspects -- by name Rigby Norris, Willie Loudon, Chester Roane (~~ALL-RAND-MENALTY~~) -- a trio of ex-G.I. buddies teaming up for trouble --- it is not so cold that you have got 'em. For one thing ----

COP: We place 'em at the first stickup but in different car again. And the man there is suddenly giving it the "well, the tall one, perhaps, but the other two, no I wouldn't swear."

BIANCO: That's bad.

X COP: And at the second, where Pop got killed --- nothing, really. ~~Young Bristol, his Dad dying in his arms,~~ *young Bristol* night-time, ~~everything so fast~~ --- with ~~him~~ it's "Yes, it's them," "No, I'm not sure," "Yes," "No,"---

BIANCO: And their alibi, they found the gun. It could be.

COP: Doggone well could. Yeah, we sure could use your boy from the Southside. *Hotel* Bad.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NAHR: Now. Now you cannot rely on hunch, or coincidence, or any such fallible chance. Hope, yes, hope you hang on to -- that the waitress too has not run out. For there must be a connection between her and the tipster. There has to be. From the diner, you get her address. And at her home, you try for her story.

BIANCO: Mrs. Cornwall, you've read the stories about old Mr. Bristol. Killed. Seventy-nine. You don't want things like that happening.

WAITRESS: I told you a million times, it's nothing to me.

BIANCO: Killers going free because nobody'll help break their alibi, that's something to everybody.

WAITRESS: That I don't see.

BIANCO: Could be you next time.

WAITRESS: Oh bosh.

BIANCO: (QUIET) Maybe somebody said to old Mr. Bristol, "Pop, you wanna be careful with strangers at night. You're a sucker for a stickup, there alone." And maybe he said "Oh bosh." (PAUSE) Diners, they get held up too, y'know?

WAITRESS: Yes, I know, ~~I know~~.

BIANCO: (CURIOSLY) You expecting anybody, Mrs. Cornwall?

WAITRESS: Me?

BIANCO: The clock there, you keep glancing at it.

WAITRESS: Oh, that. Just a program.

BIANCO: Hmm?

WAITRESS: Radio program, ~~eight o'clock~~ every Wednesday. I follow it. Regular.

BIANCO: Oh. Well, I'll clear out of here in time if you'll only--

WAITRESS: Well just what can I tell you? Honest, Mr. Bianco, it isn't that I don't want to help you, but golly, you tell me exactly what I can tell you and I'll tell you ~~if I can tell you.~~

BIANCO: Well that's the trouble, Mrs. Cornwall. I don't know what to ask you, where to start ---- but --- well, look. The hotel clerk ---

WAITRESS: (PATIENT BUT SLIGHTLY IRRITATED) Used to date my daughter, I told you. And I don't want her name in the papers ---

BIANCO: ~~The clerk, you said he was kind of jealous, that's how you put it ---~~

WAITRESS: My daughter said so, and I'm not even sure it was about him ----

BIANCO: Then for the moment let's say it was. So he was jealous. Now --- this is what I'm getting at. He came out of nowhere to tip me off about three men. All right ---- now please don't take this the wrong way ---

WAITRESS: ~~What? What?~~

BIANCO: Your daughter. Could she have been dating someone and the clerk, could he have been so jealous he might try to pin something on that other guy ---

WAITRESS: I don't follow you. That's just bunk.

BIANCO: Please. Could she?

WAITRESS: But she's got lots of boy friends. Lots of dates.

BIANCO: That day, did she have any date, for that night?

WAITRESS: Yes.

BIANCO: Could you tell me who?

WAITRESS: A fella.

BIANCO: From town here?

WAITRESS: Well, he used to be. You know, I don't know why I'm telling all this, I don't see how it ----

BIANCO: Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't. But this fellow. He used to be from town?

WAITRESS: Well, from the Army depot. (INDIGNANTLY) A very nice boy!

BIANCO: You know him?

WAITRESS: Not at first. That night when he came to the house asking for my daughter, ~~I didn't recognize him, but~~ then I remembered him ---

BIANCO: From when he used to date your daughter before?

WAITRESS: That's right.

BIANCO: ~~So he came to your house. Then what?~~

WAITRESS: ~~Well~~ he sat on the stoop ~~here~~, and we talked a while, and then he said, well, he'd mosey on around town. I told him where he might find my daughter, and he said thanks.

BIANCO: And then?



WAITRESS: And then what?

BIANCO: That's what I was asking. Then what?

WAITRESS: Oh. They drove away.

BIANCO: They?

WAITRESS: Sure. He sat on the stoop and talked with me, and the other two fellows in the car, they stayed.

BIANCO: (OVER HER, AT WORD "THE CAR") Other two!

WAITRESS: (GOING RIGHT ON) in the car then they all took off.  
(PAUSE) Sure, there were three of them.

BIANCO: Car, Mrs. Cornwall, did you see it, the license?

WAITRESS: White license ---

BIANCO: Tennessee?

WAITRESS: I guess so.

BIANCO: You guess. Why?

WAITRESS: Cause that's where he was from originally, my daughter's boy friend. Sure. Down there somewhere. Look, that radio program ---

BIANCO: Yes, I know. Just one more thing, the thing. The evening he sat on your porch, the evening they were driving around town --- what evening was that, do you remember?

WAITRESS: Sure I remember. Cause I told him exactly the same <sup>a week ago</sup> thing I'm telling you now. <sup>right</sup> ~~I don't care what you're going to do, I'm gonna listen to my program!~~  
~~Exactly a week ago right now. And so is the show on~~  
~~-- right now!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: And <sup>was</sup> so was Pop Bristol shot to death in his son's motel, exactly a week ago. (MORE)

NARR: One half hour and three commercials later, you persuade  
(CONT'D) Mrs. Cornwall the police need her story, common justice  
needs her. To headquarters she comes.

(MUSIC: SNEAK)

NARR: Three sullen Tennesseans, swearing up and down they  
weren't anywhere near Harrisburg ~~that day, that night.~~  
Two witnesses still not certain. And in you waltz, with  
the waitress.

COP: Hi, Joe.

BIANCO: Hi, Captain. Like you to meet Mrs. Cornwall.  
I'm sure you'll be pleased to meet her.

COP: Beg your pardon?

BIANCO: Mrs. Cornwall -- anybody here you know?

WAITRESS: Sure. (PAUSE) There's my daughter's boy friend --  
and those are the fellas from the car. (PAUSE) Sure.

BIANCO: Captain -- it's all yours.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Well -- not exactly. More yours. <sup>got Slaves</sup> Even in your story.  
"Witness furnished by Patriot News." ~~Big Story~~

(MUSIC: TAG AND AWAY)

CHAPPEL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Joseph Bianco of the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Patriot  
News...with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: --- TAG) ---

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Joseph R. Bianco of the Harrisburg Patriot-News.

BIANCO: Three suspects eventually tried for murder. All three received life sentences, with recommendation of no parole. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bianco. 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 Memphis, Tenn. Press Scimitar - by-line Clark Porteous. A Big Story of a reporter who asked a question that <sup>the whole city</sup> had ~~to~~ answer.

(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) ---

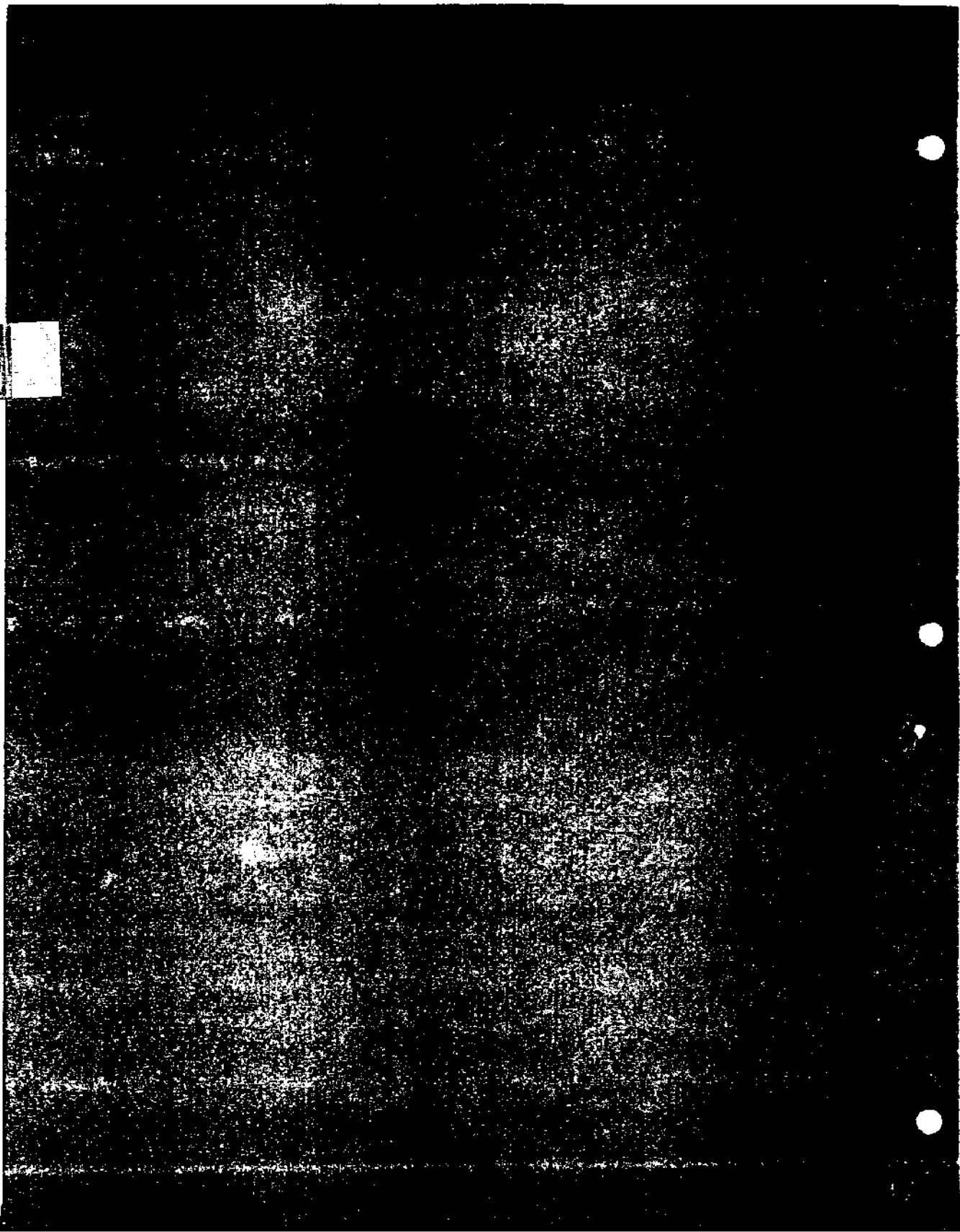
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Prockter Production. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the pages of the Harrisburg, Pa. Patriot News. Your narrator was Norman Rose and John Sebastian played the part of Joseph R. Bianco. In order to protect the names of people 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. Bianco.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is 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.

TB  
2/10/55 am

ATX01 0009566



"THE BIG STORY"

PROGRAM #381

CAST:

NARRATOR. . . . .	.NORMAN ROSE
CLARK PORTEOUS. . . . .	.MASON ADAMS
LIEUT. . . . .	.WALTER GREAZA
WOMAN . . . . .	.STURLEY HAYES
MARY. . . . .	.CONNIE LEMBCKE
MOTHER. . . . .	.JAY MEREDITH
EVA . . . . .	.JOAN TOMPKINS
EDITOR. . . . .	.RAY JOHNSON
HAL . . . . .	.CAMERON ANDREWS
ATTORNEY GENERAL. . . . .	.MICHAEL SAGE

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1955

THE BIG STORY

(Clark Porteous, Memphis Press Scimitar)

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

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE ... OUT FOR)

(DOOR OPENING AND WE HEAR EVA COME IN. SHE  
IS HUMMING HAPPILY TO HERSELF... CAREFREE.  
SHE WALKS INTO THE ROOM AND THEN STOPS)

EVA: (PUZZLED) Peggy... where are you, Peggy child.

(SHE TAKES SOME HESITANT STEPS)

I left you here on the couch. You.. (SHE STOPS,  
SCARED BY WHAT SHE SEES. SHE CALLS OUT WITH A  
FRIGHTENED CRY) Peggy.

(SHE RUNS SEVERAL STEPS TO BODY)

Baby... you all right, baby... you're hurt... hurt bad..  
(AGAIN THE FRIGHTENED SCREAM)... baby...

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Memphis, Tennessee.  
It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men  
and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)  
From the pages of the Memphis Press Scimitar, the Big  
Story of a reporter who asked a question that a whole  
city... had to answer. Tonight, to Clark Porteous,  
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED  
DOLLAR AWARD.

(MUSIC: --- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: --- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #381

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: THEME UP AND BEHIND)

CHAPPELL: Memphis, Tennessee. The story as it actually happened.  
Clark Porteous' story...as he lived it.

NARR: A child is dead. Are there more terrible words than  
these. But this woman sitting across from you...she's  
heard them...and about her own baby. It was a  
paragraph on the inside page of your paper but to you..  
father of six children....the death of a child is not  
a simple thing. An item to read and lightly be  
dismissed. The death of a child is a thing to be  
wondered about. To be sorry for.

MOTHER: (QUIETLY...A SENSE OF BEWILDERMENT) She was six months.  
A June birthday. June fourteenth. My only one that  
was born in the spring. We liked that. We said it was  
a good sign. A baby born in the spring...she'd be  
lucky.

CLARK: (QUIETLY) What happened, Mrs. Matson.

MOTHER: I don't know yet, Mr. Porteous. It was an accident.  
That's all.

CLARK: The police told me that.

MOTHER: The maid was here. Maid. Sounds fancy, doesn't it.  
But she's a woman. Thirty five at least. She's really  
a baby sitter but it's hard to call a grown up person  
that. And Eva was here every day.

CLARK: Every day.

MOTHER: I work. My husband's on a river boat. Away a lot.  
Long trips down the river. We need what I make. All  
my kids...someone has to watch out for them 'til I'm  
home again. That was Eva. She came in the morning.  
Stayed 'til night.

CLARK: All of your children in school, Mrs. Matson?

MOTHER: Barbara Ann and Terry Joe...they're not the right age but my older three go.

CLARK: Then including the baby, the maid had three children to look out for.

MOTHER: Not always. Sometimes, like yesterday, the children would be at friend's house. Playing. That's where they are now. I...I just didn't want them here today.

CLARK: (HESITANTLY) Mrs. Matson....

MOTHER: (QUIETLY) You want to know how it happened...don't you.

CLARK: Please.

MOTHER: I can't tell you. Not that I don't want to talk about it. ~~Maybe it is something for your paper. To tell people to be careful.~~ *all I know is* But Eva went out of the room and when she came back...the baby wasn't on the couch anymore. She'd fallen.

CLARK: Yes...I read the hospital report. But what did your maid say. This Eva.

MOTHER: What could she say.

CLARK: She didn't see it happen?

MOTHER: (EXPLAINING AGAIN) She was out of the room.

CLARK: What did she tell the police.

MOTHER: They...they didn't see her. All they wanted was to help Peggy. (SADLY..WONDERING) How could she get hurt that bad.

CLARK: You mean no one questioned your maid. No one at all.

MOTHER: Nothing more she could say.

CLARK: Mrs. Matson...how long have you had this woman Eva. Just exactly what do you know about her.

MOTHER: Not very much. A friend of mine told me she was looking for work. Why...why you asking about Eva.

CLARK: I'd like to talk to her if I could.

MOTHER: She's not here. (SADLY) Mr. Porteous...what can she tell you. There's nothing more. Nothing...except the funeral. For my baby...born in the spring.

(MUSIC: IN PLAINATIVELY...THEN BEHIND)

NARR: She said it all, Clark Porteous. The story's over. Finished. Maybe...but to you, there's still a gap in the telling of it. A big empty space that needs filling. And back in the city room, you tell your editor why.

CLARK: Does it make sense not to have questioned this baby sitter..or maid...whatever they call her. ~~She was the only one actually on the scene. Why didn't they ask her where she was...how long she was out of the room. Why'd she leave the baby on the couch. Alone. Unattended.~~

EDITOR: If something was wrong, Clark...wouldn't the mother have pressed charges...or filed a complaint for an investigation. ~~On the face of it...this is just an accident.~~ An unfortunate one, of course but...an accident.

CLARK: I'm not saying the baby didn't fall off the couch. I'm talking about negligence. Criminal negligence.

EDITOR: A tough thing to prove, Clark.

CLARK: Sure...but at least ...someone ought to check on it. This whole question of baby sitters needs a going over anyway. People hire someone to watch their kids..not caring who they are or what they are. Some baby sitters aren't even qualified to take the dog for a walk.

EDITOR: ~~(INTERESTED) Remember that string of burglaries in the~~  
north end last year. A few baby sitters were tipping  
off the crooks.

CLARK: The only thing of value in any house...is a kid. If the  
baby sitter isn't reliable...doesn't know what to do in  
case of an emergency...you've left your child alone...  
~~and in trouble. Why don't people understand that.~~

EDITOR: *Clark* Maybe that's why you're after this Matson case. You're  
looking for a peg to hang a ~~series~~ *story* on. A dramatic  
example of negligence.

CLARK: Sure...but I'm not going to make it up. I think the  
death of the Matson baby does need looking into.

(PHONE RINGS)

EDITOR: I wish there was something more to go on. Excuse me.

(PHONE LIFTED)

Yes.

WOMAN: (FILTER) This the editor?

EDITOR: Yes, M'am.

WOMAN: It's not right what they've done about that woman. They  
don't even know about her.

EDITOR: Know about who.

WOMAN: Eva Willoughby. She's the one who took care of the  
Matson baby. (SCORN) Took care. Why do you think  
that baby died. Mister, they ought to look into her.  
That's all I got to say.

~~(SHE HANGS UP)~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE TO)

LIEUT: We brought her in right after you called, Clark.

CLARK: Where is she, Lieutenant?

LIEUT: In my office. Down the hall.

CLARK: Mind if I sit in.

LIEUT: (DISTURBED) Clark...

CLARK: Yes.

LIEUT: An anonymous phone call to a newspaper. That doesn't have to mean anything. You know that.

CLARK: (A BIT IMPATIENTLY) I know it.

LIEUT: It's true we didn't question the woman before. What Mrs. Matson told us seemed sufficient. Bringing the baby sitter in now is just a matter of routine.

CLARK: I understand, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: All right, then. I don't want a story she's been arrested...or anything like that. You can come along now.. if you want to.

(DOOR OPENS..THEY WALK WITH BELOW..DOWN HALL)

NARR: What's she like. This woman who's suddenly become so important...to you. Accident or not..it's because of her ...that a child is dead. No one can argue that.

(STEPS STOP....DOOR OPENS...CLOSES)

She's at the window...She turns. Look at her.

~~(ON-TIME BEAT)~~ Well...what did you expect. She could be anybody. A face from a crowd. It's you....who's made her special.

LIEUT: Miss Willoughby, I'm Lieutenant Haskins. This is Mr. Porteous. A reporter.

EVA: Yes sir.

LIEUT: How long have you been working for Mrs. Matson.

EVA: ~~(MIDDLE AGED...TIMID VOICED...CLOSE TO TEARS)~~ Just a few months but I loved the children. I never had a family of my own. So they were my children, too. And Peggy. My baby. How I loved my baby.

LIEUT: What happened that afternoon. When you left her alone on the couch.

EVA: She was crying. So I held her. Carried her. Giving her comfort. I was worried. She wouldn't stop crying. Maybe some milk I said. I...I just didn't stop to think. I put her down. On the couch. But way over... near the back.

LIEUT: Go on, please...

EVA: I ran to the kitchen. I was gone only a minute. But for what happened....it could have been a year. (STARTING TO CRY) She was on the floor. And she was hurt. I called the doctor. Why did I do it. Why didn't I stay with my baby.

(WE LISTEN TO HER CRYING FOR A MOMENT)

LIEUT: She just rolled off...that it.

EVA: Yes sir.

LIEUT: All right, Miss Willoughby. You can go now. Unless Mr. Porteous can think of something. (TO CLARK) Well.

CLARK: I've nothing.

EVA: Long as I live...I'm never going to forgive myself. How can I..

(WE HEAR HER WALK SLOWLY OFF. DOOR OPENS... CLOSSES)

LIEUT: An accident, Clark. No other way to put this down. Sure she's responsible but you going to say she did it on purpose?

CLARK: No. But what about that phone call. Why'd that woman say Eva Willoughby ought to be investigated.

LIEUT: A lot of people don't get along together. Miss Willoughby's got her share of folks who don't like her. Who hasn't.

CLARK: Then you're closing the record.

LIEUT: I've no choice. There's just no charge we can bring against her. But if you're thinking about a punishment.. that's already been taken care of.

CLARK: What do you mean?

LIEUT: You saw her just now. How's she ever going to forget it.

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

NARR: When are you going to be satisfied. When are you going to close the record. Even putting your anger into print doesn't seem to help. In your story you ask your readers... WHO SITS WITH YOUR CHILDREN. Do you check their references. Are they capable. Mature enough to handle any situation that arises. Now..you've done all you can or.....have you?

EDITOR: What else is there, Clark? You've made a good point. There's nothing more to be written.

CLARK: *W* Where's <sup>the</sup> a story? This is just an editorial. Where's the proof of what I'm asking people. Something to make them sit up and take notice.

EDITOR: Eva Willoughby's been cleared. Case closed.

CLARK: Not as far as I'm concerned. ~~If she loved that kid as much as she claims she never would have left it alone the way she did.~~ Mac...we still don't know the whole story.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HITS...BEHIND)



NARR: Big, brave words, Clark Porteous. Now all you have to do...is back them up. If Eva Willoughby is the one you want to know about...go see her. Talk to her yourself.

(MUSIC: RISES AND OUT)

MARY: Eva's not here. Sorry.

CLARK: Do you know when she'll be back.

MARY: She won't be. She's packed her bags and gone. Look, don't think you can collect your bill from me. I live next door. I was just in here looking for some dishes she borrowed from me.

CLARK: (ALERTLY) Where'd she go. Any idea.

MARY: How should I know. But you don't have to worry, she'll pay you.

CLARK: I'm not a bill collector.

MARY: (SURPRISED) No. Then what do you want?

CLARK: I'm from the Press Scimitar. I want to talk to Miss Willoughby about the Matson child.

MARY: (DEFENSIVE) ~~Newspaper~~. What do you want with Eva. Wasn't her fault. She told me.

CLARK: Told you what.

MARY: Don't you believe that Mrs. Matson. It wasn't Eva's fault. She was out of the house and the baby was all alone and got hurt.

CLARK: (A TINGE OF EXCITEMENT) Out of the house.

MARY: Mrs. Matson <sup>sent</sup> took Eva along to mail a letter at the post office. They left the house together.

CLARK: Look...are you sure about this.

MARY: Eva's my friend. She told me. And I don't want no one blaming her for something she didn't do. Mrs. Matson. She's the one to blame.

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

CLARK: Mrs. Matson...Eva Willoughby told the police that she went to the kitchen to get the baby some milk... and while she was out of the room...the accident happened.

MOTHER: I know. That's what she told me.

CLARK: Mrs. Matson...think carefully now. This next question I'm going to ask is extremely important.

MOTHER: (PUZZLED) What is it, Mr. Porteous.

CLARK: (DELIBERATE) Did you ~~take~~ Eva Willoughby with you to mail a letter ~~at the post office~~

MOTHER: (MORE PUZZLED) Mail a letter.

CLARK: She claims that you ~~took her out of the house~~. That you left here together.

MOTHER: (ANGRILY) We did not. What do you think I was paying her for. To leave my baby alone in the house? If Eva said she went with me...she's lying.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)\_

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)\_

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #381

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 Clark Porteous...as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: Suddenly, your story's come alive again. Who's lying. Which of these two women is trying to hide the truth. Either the maid left the house of her own accord...or her employer was responsible.

MOTHER: I'll say it again, Mr. Porteous. If Eva Willoughby told anyone that ~~I took her out of this house that morning...~~ *she left the house* that morning... she's lying. I left the house alone. Ask any of my neighbors. They'll tell you.

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

WOMAN: Wednesday morning.

CLARK: Yes, Mrs. Blair.

WOMAN: That's the day her baby had that accident...isn't it.

CLARK: That's right. Did you see Mrs. Matson leave her house.

WOMAN: Yes...I did. My husband had forgotten his car keys so I took them out to him. I remember. He offered to take her downtown.

CLARK: Was the maid with her.

WOMAN: Eva?

CLARK: Yes.

WOMAN: No...she wasn't. Mrs. Matson left the house by herself.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HITS...RIDES...OUT FOR)

CLARK: Mac, I've proved that Eva Willoughby lied. It's what I've felt all along. This isn't just a simple little story. I want your permission to go ahead with it.

EDITOR: There's still one thing we have to be sure of, Clark.  
If what you've been told so far is on the level.

CLARK: What part of it.

EDITOR: Well, it wasn't Eva Willoughby who told you Mrs. Matson  
~~look~~ *sent* her out of the house.

CLARK: But her friend repeated what Eva told her. And that's  
the whole point. She lied to her friend because she was  
trying to hide something. What really happened that day.

EDITOR: Only one person can tell you that. Eva herself. And  
she's gone. *sent Mrs* Look, I'm not fighting you on this.  
It's something that needs writing about. I just want  
you to see what you're in for. Everything seems so  
intangible about this case. Like there's nothing to  
put your hands on.

CLARK: There'll be something. I'm going to find out about  
Eva Willoughby. Who she is...what she is....why's  
she run away. I'll ask a million questions...and  
somewhere, I'll find an answer.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Where do you begin. How do you reconstruct the life  
of someone...who only two short days ago...was no one.  
What's she like. What kind of woman...is, Eva Willoughby.

(MUSIC: RISES, BEHIND)

MARY: I told you when you came around that first time.  
Eva don't mean to forget things. ~~She just does. Like~~  
~~these dishes she borrowed from me. And the money she~~  
~~owes.~~ She just doesn't care. It's not important.  
Eva says there's only one thing in life that *important* ~~counts.~~  
Being happy. If you're not happy..what's the sense in  
living. (MORE)

MARY: (UNEASILY) But don't you go blaming what happened on her.  
(CONT'D) Eva never did anything mean in her whole life.

(MUSIC: RISES...BEHIND)

WOMAN: ~~I used to see her when she worked for Mrs. Matson down  
the block. I read what you put in the paper and you're  
a hundred percent right. Mrs. Matson never knew what  
kind of woman Eva was. Listen, I'll tell you something.~~  
I'm the one who called your editor. Reason I didn't  
give my name is I just didn't want any trouble. But  
you ought to know this. Eva used to go out of the house  
a lot. That baby was alone more than once.

(MUSIC: RISES...BEHIND)

NARR: Information. Seeping in from all directions. Bits  
of things that begin to fit together. But something's  
missing. The one big fact that can tie everything  
together. Why Eva Willoughby behaved as she did.  
Forgetful. Irresponsible.

(SNEAK IN STREET SOUNDS)

These are the streets she walked. And this grocery  
store...her friend said Eva bought her things here.  
Try this place, Clark Porteous.

(DOOR OPENS...CLOSES...STREET SOUNDS OUT)

Ask your questions here.

HAL: (FADING ON) Help you.

CLARK: My name's Porteous. Press Scimitar.

HAL: Oh, yeah. You're the reporter who's been going around  
...asking about Eva. Was wondering when you'd come  
in here.

CLARK: You knew her then.

HAL: Poor Eva. I tried to tell her. But she'd never listen.  
Felt sorry for her.

CLARK: (CURIOUSLY) Why.

HAL: ~~She may she was. That's why. Bad enough seeing a man~~  
like that. But a woman. Mister...it's not pretty.

CLARK: (WAITING) What isn't.

HAL: You mean...you don't know about her yet.

CLARK: Know what.

HAL: (STUDYING HIM) No..you don't know at that.

CLARK: I'd appreciate anything you can tell me.

HAL: Eva's harmless enough. No sense getting her into  
trouble.

CLARK: Mister...there's a baby having a funeral tomorrow.  
Maybe Eva Willoughby's responsible...maybe she's not.  
But we've all got a right to find out.

HAL: (SLIGHT BEAT) What do you want to know.

CLARK: Anything I should know.

HAL: Well, I did see Eva the day the baby got hurt.  
And..she was like most of the other days. She wouldn't  
come in here...not the store....she knew I'd only chase  
her out. (START FADE) I heard her outside...in the  
alley...where'd she'd always go.

(BEAT)

EVA: (FADE IN) (SHE IS A PLEASANT DRUNK AND SHE IS HUMMING  
AND HALF LAUGHING TO HERSELF)

(HEAVY DOOR OPENS...IRON DOOR...INTO ALLEY)

HAL: (JUST OFF) Eva.....Eva.....

EVA: (LAUGHS AT A PRIVATE LITTLE JOKE) I knew you'd come  
out, Mr. Hal. What took you so long. I've been here  
over half an hour.

HAL: (FADES ON) ~~I thought you promised me.~~

EVA: Don't be angry, Mr. Hal. Look at what a nice day.  
A very nice day.

HAL: You promised you wouldn't go near that wine no more.

EVA: Did I promise you that.

HAL: You know you did.

EVA: Yes, I did promise you that. I'm no liar, Mr. Hal.  
When I said no more wine I meant no more wine.  
Eva was finished. Eva made a promise she wasn't going  
~~to drink no more wine.~~

HAL: (PITY) <sup>no</sup> Is this ~~a~~ place for a woman, Eva? Sitting in an  
alley back of a store drinking cheap, no good wine.

EVA: I'm sorry, Mr. Hal. I'm sorry. But you're a good man,  
Mr. Hal. You never call the police. You let me alone.

HAL: What happened to that job of yours. Watching the  
children.

EVA: Oh, I still got it.

HAL: Then what are you doing here.

EVA: I wanted a little walk. Feel the sun. It's such a  
nice, beautiful day.

HAL: Who's in the house with the children.

EVA: <sup>Oh</sup> Just the baby and she's sleeping. ~~She's all right.~~

HAL: Eva, give me that bottle.

EVA: Mr. Hal...

HAL: (SEMI STRAIN) Give it to me.

EVA: No....I won't...I...

(BOTTLE FALLS TO GROUND AND BREAKS)

EVA: (ANGRY) Look what you did. Broke my bottle. Who asked  
you to interfere with me. Who gave you the right.

(MORE)



EVA:  
(CONT'D)

You think I want to stay in that house all day long...  
listening to a baby cry. I'm not going to be in no  
jail. I'm going outside anytime I want. (CHANGES TO A  
WHIMPER) ~~My bottle, you broke my bottle. (START FADE)~~  
~~Not fair. Not fair to do that to Eva. Why don't you~~  
~~just leave me alone.~~

(BEAT)

HAL: (FADE IN) She walked down the alley...out into the  
street and that's the last I saw of her.

CLARK: What time was that.

HAL: Early afternoon. Maybe one...one thirty.

CLARK: (INTENSE) Are you sure of the time.

HAL: Pretty sure. Why.

CLARK: Eva didn't call the ambulance until four thirty. She  
probably didn't get back to the house 'till then. That  
means the baby could have been hurt hours before and  
nobody was there to help it..or call for a doctor.

(SICK) The kid didn't have a chance.

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

CLARK: That's it, Lieutenant. Everything I've found. What  
charge you book her on is up to you.

LIEUT: I'm afraid not, Clark.

CLARK: Wait a minute. You still trying to tell me you're  
not going to do anything.

LIEUT: Take it easy. Who said anything like that. This  
is ~~an~~ a legal point.

CLARK: I don't understand.

LIEUT: There's no use in kidding you. I just don't know what  
charge to bring against her.

CLARK: Look, it's because of her that the Matson baby is dead. It's criminal negligence.

LIEUT: There's still no exact law covering this particular case.

CLARK: (STUNNED) You mean...you're...you're not going to arrest her.

LIEUT: I want to but I can't. Far as I can see there's only one thing I can do. Refer this case to the state attorney general. If anyone can find the right law... he's the man.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

ATT GEN: The Lieutenant's right, Mr. Porteous. This is an unusual case.

CLARK: (IMPATIENT) How about the child being alone all those hours...possibly lying there without medical attention. Isn't there a law on responsibility.

ATT GEN: Nothing that states it as you have. But I agree with you on one thing. This woman does deserve prosecution. I'm going to have a study made of this case and if we can find a sound legal basis, she'll be brought to justice.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: You wait. All day. And then the next. It's not this woman you're after. It's what she represents. This will be the warning. A story you want an entire city to read. Every house where a child lives. This happened ....you want every parent to say. This is real. It could have happened to us.

(PHONE RINGS)

(MORE)

NARR: But unless Eva Willoughby is punished...there is no  
(CONT'D) story. There is no warning.

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

(URGENT) Your phone, Clark Porteous. Pick it up.

(PHONE SNATCHED UP)

CLARK: Hello..

ATT GEN: (FILTER) Mr. Porteous.

CLARK: Yes sir.

ATT GEN: This is the Attorney General. I think we've got what we need.

CLARK: Good.

ATT GEN: It's a charge based on a case that came up in our state supreme court. It's called negligent homicide. I'm almost certain it'll stand up against Eva Willoughby.

CLARK: What's the provision of the law, sir.

ATT GEN: Here...I'll read it to you. (READS) If an act of omission on the part of one person working for another ...results in the death of a party to whom a stated duty was owing..then the person in question can be found guilty of homicide. (FINISHES THE QUOTE) Of course, Mr. Porteous, this will only be a technical charge against Eva Willoughby but it will bring her into court and unless I'm very wrong, she'll probably <sup>be forced to</sup> ~~receive~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~kind of jail sentence.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: There's a warrant for ~~her~~ <sup>out now etc</sup> arrest. But where is she. <sup>of Eva Willoughby</sup>  
Your investigation has taken time...enough of it to let her get as far away as she likes. Yet...has she left the city?

LIEUT: It looks to me like she has, Clark. We've been <sup>looking</sup> all over for her. No luck.

CLARK: (THINKING) Yeah.

LIEUT: What's on your mind.

CLARK: Well...I was just thinking, Lieutenant. I guess I know as much about Eva Willoughby as anyone around. All the people I talked to. All the places I went.

LIEUT: Well.

CLARK: I've got almost a blueprint of her life. How she spent her days..and with whom. If you don't mind, I'd like to take you to some of these places.

LIEUT: I've no objection. You've lived with this thing since it started. Guess you've got a right to help finish it off.

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

NARR: (ALMOST SADLY) For most people you could look anywhere but for Eva Willoughby...there's only one kind of place she'd be.

(SNEAK IN SOUND OF BAR. PEOPLE MURMURING.  
GLASSES CLINKING...A BLUES IN THE JUKEBOX  
...AND NOW AND THEN A LOUD, RAUCOUS LAUGH)

She had a lot of them. The names were different but they were all the same. Places where the forgetting came easy and life was a glow that shone and sparkled. These were the places where she spent the long nights that never ended.

LIEUT: (QUIETLY) Clark.

CLARK: Yeah, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: There..in the door.

CLARK: (ALMOST A SIGH) Yeah. I see her.

LIEUT: Comon.

(SLOW STEPS...THEN STOP)

EVA: (HUMMING AS SHE FADES ON) (WE LISTEN TO IT A MOMENT THEN)

LIEUT: Hello, Eva.

EVA: (HER HUMMING STOPS ABRUPTLY AND THERE IS A BEAT)  
You want me, Lieutenant.

LIEUT: Yes, Eva.

EVA: (SADLY) You found out what I did. (SLIGHT BEAT)  
My poor baby. I wanted to call the doctor. But I  
couldn't. Took me three hours before I got the nerve.  
Three hours. My poor baby.

LIEUT: Let's go now, Eva. (TO CLARK) You heard her, Clark.  
With that admission it's really a case.

CLARK: I'll put it all down. But if only people learn from  
this. If only they learn.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Clark Porteous of the Memphis Press Scimitar...with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #381

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 Clark Porteous of  
the Memphis Press Scimitar.

CLARK: *Baby sitter on long list*  
~~Ever~~ ~~throughby~~ pleaded guilty to charge brought by  
attorney general. She was sentenced to a term in state  
penitentiary at Nashville. My story, calling attention  
to baby sitter problem, received much comment and  
discussion throughout city. Many thanks for tonight's  
PELL MELL AWARD.

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

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG  
STORY - A BIG STORY from the pages of the Indianapolis,  
Indiana Star by-line Charles G. Griffo. A Big Story  
of a reporter who found that a man who tries to lead 2  
lives ends up by having none.

(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. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boritz from an actual story from the pages of the Memphis Press Scimitar. Your narrator was Norman Rose and Mason Adams played the part of Clark Porteous. 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. Porteous.

(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.

CHAPPELL: This is 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/TB  
2/21/55

ATX01 0009594



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #382

CAST

NARRATOR

CHARLIE GRIFFO

IRA (BELL HOP)

COP

OWENS

MOTHER

SGT. WARREN

CABBIE

HOTEL CLERK

BOSS

NORMAN ROSE

BILL SMITH

MICHAEL O'DAY

MICHAEL O'DAY

SANTOS ORTEGA

BRYNA RAEBURN

NELSON OLMSTEAD

SCOTT TENNYSON

BILL GRIFFIS

SAM GRAY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1955

ATX01 0009595

THE BIG STORY  
(Charles G. Griffio, Indianapolis Star)

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

(MUSIC: FANFARE...OUT FOR)

(ESTABLISH AN ELEVATOR RIDING.

WE LISTEN TO IT FOR SEVERAL SECONDS THEN...)

NARR: It is nine thirty A.M. Here...in the elevator of  
the Seville Hotel...the only passenger is a bellhop  
named Ira Matthews.

(ELEVATOR RIDES A FEW SECONDS MORE...  
THEN STOPS. IRA OPENS THE DOOR...  
HOOKS IT, THEN GOES OUT.....STEPS ON  
FLOOR)

The bellhop's destination is four doors down the  
hall. A newspaper for the man in Room 906.

(KNOCKING...SLIGHT BEAT...REPEAT)

IRA: Mr. Owens.....I've got your paper, sir....  
Mr. Owens?

NARR: ~~The door is slightly ajar. He touches it.~~

(DOOR SLOWLY OPENS)

IRA: (CAREFULLY) Mr. Owens.

(HE WALKS INTO THE ROOM.

SUDDENLY HE STOPS AND HE GIVES A HALF  
STARTLED CRY. HE HURRIES TO THE PHONE  
AND GRABS IT OFF THE HOOK,..HITTING THE  
CRADLE)

IRA:

*2*  
-The police. Get the police. There's a body in the dresser drawer.

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

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Indianapolis, Indiana. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Indianapolis Star, the Big Story of a reporter who found that a man who tries to lead two lives ends up by having none. Tonight, to Charles G. Griffio, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR AWARD.

(MUSIC: - - - - FANFARE)

(MUSIC: - - - - TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

IRA: The police. Get the police. There's a body in the dresser drawer.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. The story you are about to hear actually happened. It happened in Indianapolis, Indiana. It is authentic and is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the pages of the Indianapolis Star, the Big Story of a reporter who found that a man who tries to lead two lives ends up by having none. Tonight, to Charles G. Griffo, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR AWARD.

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #382

(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: ~~THEME UP AND BEHIND~~)

CHAPPELL: Indianapolis, Indiana. The story as it actually happened, Charles G. Griffio's story...as he lived it.

NARR: The sight of crime. It's never pretty. But you, Charles Griffio...you've seen years of it. And... sad commentary that it is...you're used to it. But here, in the city morgue, you're staring down at the body of a dead girl...and now...none of the years count. For the sight of crime...is hideous.

SGT: Here's the medical examiner's report. But the way she was strangled...who needs it.

NARR: ~~Detective Sergeant Sam Warren. A veteran. But even he...feels the revulsion of an amateur.~~

SGT: ~~She was in that dresser drawer over twenty-four hours. A kid.~~

CHARLIE:

Who is she.

SGT:

*Sgt. just a kid*  
Don't know. Room she was in belonged to a man registered as Fred Owens. No one's seen him since yesterday. I questioned people in the hotel lobby... the bellhop...elevator girl. None of them remember the girl even coming in.

CHARLIE:

Isn't there anything that might identify her. Something she was wearing.

SGT:

Examiner sent me these personal effects. I was about to check them when you came in. Com'on over to this table.

(THEY WALK A FEW FEET ON TILE FLOOR)

NARR: (AFTER WALKING) A small brown envelope. All that is left of a girl's life. It spills out on the table.

(SOME METAL OBJECTS CLINK OUT ON METAL TABLE...GIVING SLIGHT ECHO EFFECT)

SGT: Wrist watch...necklace....

CHARLIE: How about the ring.

SGT: Let's have a look.

CHARLIE: (SLIGHT BEAT) Any inscription.

SGT: (SQUINTING AT IT) I...I can see some initials.  
G.....N.....

CHARLIE: Looks like a school ring.

SGT: Yeah. Clinton High School.....1954.

CHARLIE: Clinton. That's west of here. Near the Illinois state line.

SGT: I know it. A small town.

CHARLIE: They'll be able to tell us, Sam. They'll see the initials...and they'll know. *ker*

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Initials G.N. Pieces of a name. And here, in the office of the high school principal, you use them to reconstruct an identity. But there's a problem. Three girls with those initials, were graduated in the class of 1954. The first is Gladys Nolan.

(DIALING WITH BELOW)

Is she the one.

(DIALING IS ENDED)

You'll soon find out.



CHARLIE: Hello. Is Gladys Nolan home, please....what's that...  
no sir, you needn't bother. It's not important.  
Thank you.

(HE HANGS UP)

SGT: Well, Charlie.

CHARLIE: She's at the church. (SUGGESTION OF A BEAT)  
She's being married tomorrow.

(MUSIC: ----- UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Try the second girl. Her name is Gloria Norris.  
There's no phone listed. You've got to go there.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Will this be it. Is this <sup>W.V.</sup> small, plain house where  
she spent long, unsuspecting days. Another second...  
and you'll know.

(DOOR OPENS)

MOTHER: (CURIOSLY) Yes.

SGT: Mrs. Norris?

MOTHER: That's right.

SGT: Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Norris, but could we  
come in a moment. I'm Sergeant Warren. This is  
Mr. Griffo.

MOTHER: (WORRIED) Come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MOTHER: You're a police officer?

SGT: Yes, Mrs. Norris. I don't want to worry you none,  
but I'd appreciate it if you could tell me where  
your daughter is.

MOTHER: Gloria. Why. What's happened. Why you asking  
about her.

CHARLIE: (KINDLY) Just tell us where she is, Mrs. Norris.  
Please.

MOTHER: Why are you here. Why do you want to know.

CHARLIE: Mrs. Norris...where is Gloria?

MOTHER: I don't understand why you've come. You've got  
nothing to do with her. She's not even here.  
She's in Indianapolis.

(MUSIC: HITS...RIDES...AND UNDER FOR)

NARR: A mother cries. And there is no more frightening  
sound in the whole world. Deep, wretched tears  
that will last the rest of her life...even when  
there is only silence. And now...you must listen...  
and you must wait.

(LISTEN TO THE CRYING...AND THEN IT SLOWLY  
FADES OUT)

(BEAT)

MOTHER: (EMPTY) Ever since I remember, she wanted to go to  
the city. <sup>she did</sup> She was only a country girl, Gloria  
said. <sup>and</sup> She wanted to see the world and <sup>to her</sup> the world  
was the city.

CHARLIE: (QUIETLY) When did she leave, Mrs. Norris.

MOTHER: Wednesday.

SGT: (A TOUCH OF SURPRISE) Only three days ago.

MOTHER: She waved to me from the window of the bus.  
Her dream was coming true. She was going to  
Indianapolis.

SGT: Did she know anyone.

MOTHER: I've got a second cousin there. But she wrote me they had no room for her. So she went to a hotel.

SGT: Would you know which one, Mrs. Norris,

MOTHER: The letter's on the desk. I wrote her. Told her to come home. I didn't want her in a hotel. She was only seventeen.

CHARLIE: Does the letter say she'd met someone.

MOTHER: No. All she wrote was...the city is a wonderful, ~~big~~ place. (SLIGHT BEAT) She was a country girl. ~~And she had~~ a dream about the city. (A CATCH IN HER VOICE) How could she know...it would kill her.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: *1000* You know <sup>the</sup> victim, Charles Griffo. But now... the biggest question of them all. Who is her murderer?

(HOTEL LOBBY SOUNDS. BELL SOUNDS AT ROOM CLERK'S DESK)

There seems to be only one answer. The man in room 906. On the hotel register, he's listed as Fred Owens of New York. <sup>1000</sup> What does the bellhop know about him.

(HOTEL LOBBY SOUNDS. BELL SOUNDS AT ROOM CLERK'S DESK)

IRA: Mr. Owens? Well, I already told the Sergeant. He checked in here Friday.

CHARLIE: When's the last time you saw him.

IRA: Yesterday morning.

CHARLIE: Where.  
IRA: In his room. I brought him a paper. Your paper.  
The Star.

CHARLIE: Did you see him go out.

IRA: No.

CHARLIE: What did he look like. Can you give me a  
description.

IRA: Will this do.

(UNFOLDING OF PAPER)

CHARLIE: What's this.

IRA: I drew a sketch of him. *Sketching is my hobby*

CHARLIE: (IMPRESSED) Say...this is good.

IRA: I figured you'd be disappointed. At the way he  
looks, I mean.

CHARLIE: I don't understand.

IRA: Well, look at that face. Does he look like a  
murderer. No...not Mr. Owens. I just don't  
see how it's him.

CHARLIE: (A TRACE OF IRRITATION) It was his room. The  
body was found there.

IRA: (NOT OFFENDED) Look, it's not my place to say  
whether or not he did it. But he was a nice guy...  
and I think you ought to know it. That afternoon.  
When I checked him into the room upstairs. The  
way he talked to me. (START FADE) I can remember  
everything he said. Not many talked to me like he  
did.

(FADE OUT AND A BEAT)

OWENS: (A MILD, PLEASANT VOICE) Thank you for opening the window. I appreciate your trouble.

IRA: Yes sir. If there's anything else you need, just call the service desk.

OWENS: Here. This is for you.

IRA: (PLEASED) Thank you, Mr. Owens.

OWENS: Lonely place, a hotel.

IRA: Lobby's always got people in it.

OWENS: Talking to people's not like knowing them. Everytime I go away on one of these trips I can hardly wait 'til I get back.

IRA: How long you planning on staying with us, Mr. Owens.

OWENS: Just a few days. Don't think I could take much more. Want to see my wife again.

IRA: ~~Yes sir.~~

OWENS: (IMPRESSES US MORE AND MORE AS A GENTLE, LOVELY PERSON) This is her. Would you put it on that dresser, please.

IRA: (GOING JUST OFF) This all right, sir.

OWENS: That's fine. Thank you, Ira.

IRA: ~~Good looking picture, Mr. Owens.~~

OWENS: Best thing that ever happened to me was my wife. I hope you're as lucky. Far as I'm concerned, I don't have to look at another woman the rest of my life. (START FADE) No. Not with a woman like I've got.

(BEAT)

IRA: You see what I mean, Mr. Griffio. Most men who check in here by themselves...right away they start talking about where's the best place to have a good time. A bar where they can meet some women. But not Mr. Owens. All he talked about was his wife. I know they found that dead girl's body in here, but as for him doing it....you'd have to prove it to me.

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

NARR: The man in 906 was gentle. A family man. But you want to know more about him. Much more. From the bellhop you learn that Owens arrived in a United Cab. Who was the driver. What does he know about Owens. Where did he pick him up. There's your next step, Charles Griffio. Find the cabbie.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ RISES...OUT FOR)

(TYPING)

NARR: It's in your story. Who drove Fred Owens up to the Seville Hotel last Friday. Here's the sketch of him drawn by the bellhop.

(BELL OF PHONE RINGS...IT IS PICKED UP WITH BELOW)

A driver calls in. But a quick question, and you know it's not the man you want.

(PHONE PUT DOWN ON CRADLE)

(PHONE RINGS AGAIN)

But this call. How about this one.

(PHONE LIFTED)

CHARLIE: Griffio speaking.

ROSS: (FILTER) My name's Ed Ross. I drive a United Cab.  
About that story you wrote.

CHARLIE: Did you drive Owens up to the Seville.

ROSS: Yes sir, I did.

CHARLIE: How are you sure it was him.

ROSS: I'm sure all right. *I recognized the handwriting.*  
~~He told me his name.~~ *you did!*

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND BRIDGE)

(STREET NOISES B.G.)

ROSS: I picked him up on Wabash. I was sitting at the  
curb, when he opened the door and got in.

CHARLIE: What time was this.

ROSS: Somewhere around early afternoon. Maybe one  
o'clock. He knew where he was headed all right.  
The Seville. Nothing bashful about him.

CHARLIE: (CURIOSLY) What do you mean.

ROSS: The way he talked. I thought he was kidding me.  
(START FADE) You should have heard him. I  
started to wonder who was being taken for a ride.  
Me or him.

(BEAT)

(FADE IN CAR RIDING B.G.)

OWENS: (A DIFFERENT PERSONALITY. EXPANSIVE BLOWHARD)  
Had a little bad luck with my luggage. Had to  
leave it in the bus terminal back in Alexandria.  
Got a lot of business in this town. Big business.  
Say..that gives me an idea. I'm going to need a  
chauffeur. Someone who knows the town. How about it,  
feller. Pay you a hundred and fifty a week.

ROSS: (DRILY) I'll think about it.

OWENS: Call me at the hotel tonight. The name's Owens.  
Fred Owens.

ROSS: Sure.

OWENS: Nice town, Indianapolis. Man can have a good time  
here. Have to see a lot of accounts here...take  
them out. Watch me pick up those tabs. I'll go  
for plenty. Well, who cares. I'm out to pull off  
a big deal. Yes sir. I'm not a man for small  
change (START FADE) That the Seville up ahead?  
Well, blow your horn, Mister. I want them to know  
I've arrived.

(BEAT)

(FADE IN STREET SOUNDS AGAIN)

ROSS: Just a loud mouth he was. I've seen lots of guys  
like him. You want my opinion, he's not the one  
who did it. No man who talks...ever does anything.  
You're after the wrong one.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)\_

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(SECOND COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #382

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 G. Griffio...as he lived it...and wrote it.

NARR: Everybody's the expert. They've got opinions...theories. They've got everything but what you need. The truth. For the man in room 906 is still an enigma. And every new thing you learn...contradicts what you already know.

(SNEAK IN CITY ROOM B.G.)

CHARLIE: Hello, operator...give me that New York call...hello... hello, Ted...look, did you get anything on that name I gave you...yeah, Fred Owens...he registered as being from New York...I see...nothing...look, if the story's news there, how do you think they're playing it here. All right, Ted... thanks...anyway.

(~~HE HANGS UP~~)

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

SGT: Nothing here for you, Charlie. Every lead we had just fell apart.

CHARLIE: How about his telling the cabbie he left his luggage at the bus station in Alexandria. You check it, Sergeant.

SGT: All that did was run up the phone bill. Mine, and yours. I hear you had two reporters calling every town named Alexandria in over half the country.

CHARLIE: The police would give it to you first.

SGT: They had nothing to give. This guy Owens...or whatever his name is...didn't tell anyone a straight story. He talked soft to the bellboy...shot off his mouth to the cabbie. Maybe you got a picture of him. I haven't. Wait a minute... I take it back. I do have an idea. (SLIGHT BEAT) He's crazy.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Maybe. But what does that answer. It doesn't tell you who Fred Owens is or where you can find him. (WONDERING)  
What's been missed...if anything. There'd be no harm in starting over again. Right from the beginning. From the place...where it all happened.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT FOR)

(KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

IRA: The room hasn't been fixed up yet. Mr. Griffio. It's just the way it was.

CHARLIE: Thanks, Ira.

IRA: I'll put on some more light.

(SWITCH CLICK)

IRA: (UNEASILY) Thought it wouldn't bother me. Uh...what do you expect to find.

CHARLIE: I don't know.

(CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

IRA: No use looking in the closet. Police went all over it.

CHARLIE: Did Owens leave anything here at all. Clothes maybe.

IRA: Nothing. He had no bags. Said they'd be coming later.

CHARLIE: I heard.

IRA: (SLIGHT BEAT) They better change the number of this room. No one's ever going to want it if they know this is where she go killed.

(FADE IRA'S VOICE TO B.G.)

NARR: What can you find here.  
Sergeant Warren's a good officer. He's been over the place with experienced hand.

(MORE)

IRA: But you can't tell, I guess. People forget kind of fast. But right now, this case is all over the country.

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

Yes, you want to stay here.  
To keep looking. Searching.  
And the best way is to think  
of the man himself. <sup>find out</sup> The  
things he said to the  
bellboy.

IRA:  
(CONT'D)

Did you see the  
out of town papers in  
the lobby. They've  
got it all over their  
front pages. Pictures  
and everything.

IRA: (UP NORMAL) Isn't anyone who doesn't know about room 906.

CHARLIE: (THINKING IT OUT) Ira...you say he spoke about his wife a  
lot.

IRA: All the time.

CHARLIE: Then chances are he'd have called her..or maybe written.

IRA: He didn't call long distance. The police checked our  
switchboard. (CURIOSLY) What are you doing with that  
desk blotter.

CHARLIE: There's some writing absorbed into it. (FIGURING OUT AN  
IDEA) Stands to reason a man who loved his wife like he  
said would have sent her a letter. (THE IDEA GROWS) Ira...  
was this blotter here when Owens occupied the room.

IRA: Same one. He used it too...if that's what you want to know.  
I saw him once. (INTERESTED) Let me see it. (DISAPPOINTED)  
Can't read that. It's backwards.

CHARLIE: ~~Didn't you ever crib on a school exam.~~ Just hold it up to  
the mirror...and the writing's reversed.

IRA: (PLEASED) Yeah. I can make it out.

CHARLIE: (READING SLOWLY) Dearest...I miss you very much. This being  
apart is...(DISAPPOINTED)...rest of it's too blurred.

IRA: But you got enough of it to see what I was telling you.  
Would the nice guy who wrote this do something like your  
paper says. It doesn't make sense.

CHARLIE: Maybe it does. (AN EXCITING IDEA IS GROWING) Until I saw  
this letter, things just didn't fit together. Now...they do. *there's something*

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

SGT: I came over soon as I got your message, Charlie. What've  
you got.

CHARLIE: Take a look at this blotter Sergeant...next to the mirror.

SGT: (STUDYING IT) Well.

CHARLIE: Owens wrote this. I checked it with his handwriting on the  
register.

SGT: (WAITING) Okay.

CHARLIE: This proves the bellboy told a straight story about Owens  
always talking about his wife. He must have been writing  
this letter to her.

SGT: (PATIENTLY) What's the point, Charlie.

CHARLIE: I also believe the cabbie's description of Owens. That he  
was an arrogant loud mouth.

SGT: Wait a minute. How do you square both descriptions.  
They're exactly opposite. Two different guys.

CHARLIE: Yeah. They are. Only they're the same man. (HURRIEDLY) Let  
me explain. ~~I'm not a psychiatrist but I've read enough~~  
to know that such people exist. One individual...with  
two distinct personalities. *Such people exist*

SGT: (MUCH PATIENCE) Charlie...Jekyll and Hyde was only a book.

CHARLIE: Hear this out, Sam. Owens' accent shows he's from out of town. ~~He~~ He must have come into Indianapolis with luggage. Well, where is it. What happened to it.

SGT: Go on.

CHARLIE: Look, this is going to sound wild. Real wild. But I think it explains things. (CAREFULLY) I say Owens came into town under his real name. That he checked into another hotel first.

SGT: Charlie...

CHARLIE: Owens was all right when he first arrived. A respectable citizen. A nice timid little man. But suddenly, like it's probably happened before, the other side of him began to erupt.

SGT: What side.

CHARLIE: The side that turns him into a criminal. A psychopathic sickness that blots out all decency and feeling. The man he was in that taxi...as opposed to the gentle soul he was with the bellboy.

SGT: I'm listening.

CHARLIE: The only way I can figure it is that he left his other hotel...came over here where he checked in under the name of Owens...ready to break loose.

SGT: But it was here that he talked about his wife...wrote that letter.

CHARLIE: Or started to write it. And that's the whole point. It's not just black and white with these people, Sam. There's a struggle going on inside them all the time.

(MORE)

CHARLIE: Which part of them is going to win out. Well, this time...  
(CONT'D)  
we know which one did. The girl was looking for a job.  
He got her up here on pretense of interviewing her ~~for~~  
~~one~~...and then...he killed her. (SLIGHT BEAT) How about it.

SGT: Quite a theory.

CHARLIE: (DEFEATED) Yeah.

SGT: But I'll buy it.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Out on a limb? That's not half saying it. For you print  
what you believe. The wire services pick it up...take it all  
over the country. The killer with the double life. It makes  
great copy. But all you want to know is...will it work?

(PHONE RINGS) (LIFTED)

CHARLIE: Griffio speaking.

CLERK: (FILTER) This is Mr. Krestow...assistant manager at the  
Prince Hotel.

CHARLIE: Yes sir.

CLERK: I've been looking at that sketch you ran in the Star today.  
Didn't pay much attention to it the other day...but with  
that story you've got about the killer maybe having been at  
another hotel...

CHARLIE: Yes...

CLERK: Well...I think I recognize him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

CLERK: It was Tuesday he came in. I asked the chambermaid right  
after I called you and she said the bed hasn't been slept  
in for a few nights. But he never checked out and his  
clothes are still in the room.

CHARLIE: Can I see his registration card, please.

CLERK: Sure. I've got it ready. Here.

CHARLIE: (READING) Alex Foster.

NARR: ~~Is it him. You've brought along the card signed by the man~~  
in 906. The man who called himself Fred Owens. Compare the  
signatures. (URGENTLY) Are they similar. Check carefully.

~~How about it. Have you found him.~~  
*Let me use your check if want to call the police*  
CHARLIE: Call Sergeant Warren. ~~This is the same man.~~

(MUSIC: UP AND BRIDGE)

SGT: He's from Beaumont, Texas, all right. Just as he registered.  
I've just been on the phone with their police chief. Alex  
Foster is an old friend <sup>of theirs</sup> ~~to them.~~

CHARLIE: A record?

SGT: I've written it down. Here. Have a look.

CHARLIE: (A BEAT) (A SICKENING FEELING) Did I say he was sick.

SGT: This clinches it far as I'm concerned. The Chief told me  
Foster made a practice of renting hotel rooms and trying  
the same trick he did here. Pretending he was going to  
interview the girls for a job.

CHARLIE: Can we get a picture of him.

SGT: It's in the mail now. Soon as it's identified by the  
bellhop, I'll get a warrant. Meantime, I've asked for an  
all points bulletin on him.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND)

NARR: Where is he. How far and how fast has he run.  
There isn't a city where they aren't reading about him  
now. His name. The kind of man he is.

(SNEAK IN HALF MUFFLED WASHING MACHINES B.G.)

(MORE)



NARR:  
(CONT)

Alex Foster. It means something to the manager of a large laundry in East St. Louis, Illinois. For he's at his desk...and he's reading a newspaper.

BOSS: (HALF ALOUD) That's a funny one. Hey, Alex....  
(LOUDER) Alex Foster.

OWENS: (OFF) In a minute, Mr. Damon.  
(MACHINES SHUT OFF B.G.....

WE HEAR OWENS' STEPS COMING ON..CONCRETE)

OWENS: (MILD, GENTLE) Yes sir.

BOSS: You see the paper yet?

OWENS: Not today.

BOSS: Here...have a look.

OWENS: Yes sir.

BOSS: (BEAT AS HE WAITS..AND WE WAIT) Well.

OWENS: My name.

BOSS: Isn't that something. (TEASING) You're going to get a bad reputation, Alex. (LAUGHS) How about that, eh. Someone with exactly your name.

OWENS: Yes sir.

BOSS: Didn't know you were a dangerous killer, Alex.  
Guess none of us will be safe from now on.

OWENS: No sir. I...I better get back to the machines,  
Mr. Damon.

BOSS: All right, Alex. Sure is a coincidence.

(OWENS WALKS SLOWLY OFF AND THEN WE HEAR  
THE MACHINES SWITCH ON AGAIN. AFTER A  
BEAT OF THIS...THE PHONE ON THE BOSS'  
DESK RINGS)

(IT IS PICKED UP)

BOSS: Hello...yes, Chief...how're things...who...  
Alex Foster...sure, he works for me... I saw the  
paper...couldn't miss the story, could I...same man..  
~~but~~ not Alex...he's the nicest little fellow I know..  
all right, I'll keep him here for you...sure...  
you come on over...must be a mistake.

(HE HANGS UP)

(PROJECTING) Alex...Alex...(DISCOVERY)...  
where are you...(A SUSPICION GROWS)...Alex...  
(HALF SHOCK) No...not Alex...it can't be.  
(CALLS OUT AGAIN) ~~Alex...where are you...Alex...~~

(MUSIC: WASHES IN AND SEQUES TO)

(~~A RUNNING STREAM...COUNTRY SOUNDS..~~

ESTABLISH IT FOR A MOMENT. THEN WE HEAR  
A CAR APPROACHING OFF...RACING ON AND  
BRAKING TO HALT...JUST OFF. WE HEAR CAR  
DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.)

COP: (PROJECTING OFF) You down there...turn around.  
(~~BODY MOVES IN GRASS~~)

COP: (PROJECTING OFF) Put up your hands.  
(WE HEAR THE COP SCRAMBLING DOWN GRAVEL  
AND THEN COMING ON)

COP: What's your name.

OWENS: (GENTLY) Alex Foster.

COP: You work for Damon's laundry?

OWENS: Yes, Officer.

COP: What are you doing here by this stream.

OWENS: Just waiting. I was going to run away, but then  
I decided wasn't no more use. And it's nice here.  
Very nice.

(MUSIC: DRIFTS IN OVER THE COUNTRY SOUNDS AND THE SOUND  
OF THE STREAM AND THEN GOES BEHIND)

NARR: They bring him back. Here...to the city where it  
all happened. Back...to room 906.

OWENS: (STILL THE GENTLE, MILD LITTLE MAN) It's like I was  
never in this room. Yet, I know I was. Can  
anybody understand that. Mr. Griffio...can you.

CHARLIE: Maybe.

OWENS: I read what you wrote. Every word. And it was true.

SGT: You'll sign a confession?

OWENS: Yes, Sergeant. Anything you want. It happened.  
Everything.

SGT: (QUIETLY) All right, boys. Take him in.

(MEN WALK OUT OF THE ROOM)

SGT: A scared little man like that. Hard to figure.  
But at least I learned one thing.

CHARLIE: (CURIOUSLY) Yeah.

SGT: What I said about Jekyll and Hyde. I was wrong.  
It's more...than just a book.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Charles G. Griffio of the Indianapolis Starr..with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #382

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 Charles G. Griffio  
of the Indianapolis Star.

CHARLIE: Brought to trial in Marion County Court, Alex *Billie in tonight*  
*to show*  
Foster was convicted of first degree murder. He was  
sentenced to life imprisonment at Indiana State Prison.  
(A VERY SLIGHT BEAT) There was no appeal. I am  
deeply honored by tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Griffio. 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 Sun  
Times, by-line James McQuire. A BIG STORY of a  
reporter who solved a murder that 2 police departments  
couldn't.

(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 WIFE AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE) \_ \_

CHAPPELL:

THE BIG STORY is a Bernard J. Procter Production. Tonight's program was adapted by Alvin Boritz from an actual story from the pages of the Indianapolis Star. Your narrator was Norman Rose and \_\_\_\_\_ played the part of Charles Griffio. 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. Griffio.

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

CHAPPELL:

This is 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.

PK:CG:PK  
3/1/55  
12:50 P.M.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #383

CAST

NARRATOR

NORMAN ROSE

CITY EDITOR

LES DAMON

McGUIRE

JOHN LARKIN

COP

GLEN WOODS

COP II

DEAN ALMQUIST

GIRL (OPERATOR)

ELAINE ROST

ROOMMATE

EILEEN BURNS

CAROLYN

CHARLOTTE MANSON

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1955

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(TYPEWRITERS, PHONES, TICKERS, NEWSROOM B.G. UP  
AND BACK)

CITY ED: Jimmy. (PAUSE) Hey -- McGuire!

MCGUIRE: (COMING ON) Yeah, Boss, yeah.

CITY ED: That hit-run over the line in Indiana ----

MCGUIRE: I just checked the state cops again. No identification  
yet.

CITY ED: Well, the m.e. works faster than the staters. Autopsy  
just came through.

MCGUIRE: Oh?

CITY ED: Yeah. And hit-run's out the window. We got a  
page oner to work up. Seems the girl was dead  
before she was run over. (BEAT) Strangled. (BEAT)  
Get on it, McGuire!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY FOR)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story! The story you are about to hear  
actually happened. It happened in Chicago, Illinois.  
*The actual title is*  
~~It~~ is offered as a tribute to the men and women of the  
great American newspapers. (FLAT) From the front pages  
of the <sup>Chicago</sup> Sun-Times, the story of a reporter who solved a  
murder two police departments couldn't solve. Tonight,  
to James McGuire, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell  
\$500 Award!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

ONE MINUTE RADIO COMM. .  
SPOT "C" - CUT 2

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking!

HARRICE: REFRESH YOURSELF with "freshly-lit" flavor.

CHAPPELL: Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL!

HARRICE: In today's high-speed living, the smooth, gentle mildness of PELL MELL encourages you to ease up - put worries aside - enjoy life more.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine mellow tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length.

CHAPPELL: Fine tobacco is its own best filter - and PELL MELL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy - blended to a flavor peak - delicious - and distinctively PELL MELL. PELL MELL's self-filtering action gives you a smoke that's never bitter, always sweet - never strong, always mild.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality - has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: Buy PELL MELL in the distinguished red package. PELL MELL Famous Cigarettes - Outstanding.

HARRICE: - and they are mild!

ATK01 0009627

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Chicago, Illinois. The story as it actually happened.  
James McGuire's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(KEEP CITY ROOM PATTERN GOING UNDER)

NARR: When the ticker chopped out the first report,  
you, James McGuire, drew it to handle. A routine  
hit-run. Woman, blonde, pretty, around 28,  
unidentified. Routine. Found by a milk-truck  
driver across the state line in Chesterton, Indiana.  
Routine. Put in your calls to the State Police for  
whatever they can give you after they go through  
their routine. But now --the city editor comes  
up with -----

CITY ED: Hit-run's out the window. The girl was strangled  
before she was run over ----

NARR: Not routine. Not enough you don't know yet who  
she is ----- was ----- but now from somewhere has  
to come the how -- and the by whom. And you can't  
wait for routine!

(DIALING UNDER LAST LINE OF PREVIOUS, THEN --)

MCGUIRE: State Police -- McGuire on the Sun-Times.

COP: (FILTER) Yeah, Jimmy.

MCGUIRE: What's this autopsy bit on that hit-run?

COP: (FILTER) Just gonna call you, Jimmy. The girl was---

MCGUIRE: (JUMPS HIM) Strangled, yeah, we got that.

COP: (FILTER) Did you get about the blood and the shoes?

MCGUIRE: Uh-uh.

COP: (FILTER) Well we went over the scene after the snow cleared. No blood anywheres around. And they found her shoes 75 feet from where she was lying.

MCGUIRE: Planted, huh?

COP: (FILTER) Looks like. As for identification, Jimmy, we're working from the label in her coat --

MCGUIRE: Cloth or fur?

COP: (FILTER) Sheared beaver, three-quarter-length, brown satin lining, size 14.

MCGUIRE: Any initials?

COP: (FILTER) The label, yeah. N.A.P for Peter

MCGUIRE: ~~M for Mary?~~

COP: (FILTER) ~~No N for Nellie, Nora, Nona, Nita, Nancy, Natalie~~

MCGUIRE: (SMILING) Okay, okay. Give me a blast if you get anything, <sup>cliff</sup> will you? ~~But sooner or I'll spell your name wrong!~~

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: N.A.P. Well, routine dictates the next step, when you've got a name to check. You take the step.

(UNDER LAST SENTENCE ABOVE, PHONE DIALS)

MCGUIRE: McGuire at the Sun-Times. Lemme have Missing persons.

BUSINESS: PAUSE AND SWITCHOVER

<sup>Cop II</sup> MCGUIRE: <sup>Nellie</sup> Hiya, Cliff. Gimme a quick run-down under P for Peter. Female, first initials N for Nellie, A.

COP II: (FILTER) Okay, Jimmy. Hang on.

MCGUIRE: Sure.

CITY ED: (WAY OFF) How you coming, Jimmy?

4  
 MCGUIRE: (UP) Slow! I'm checking the locals.  
 CITY ED: (OFF) I want an identification by the first edition!  
 MCGUIRE: Sure, sure, sure.  
 COP II: (FILTER) Jimmy?  
 MCGUIRE: Yeah.  
 COP II: (FILTER) No got.  
 MCGUIRE: Well, while I'm on, anybody over there working on  
 that hit-run over in Chesterton?  
 COP II: (FILTER) Nope. Ain't our baby.  
 MCGUIRE: Okay. You hear anything, give me a blast.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Not their baby, huh? Well, maybe you can lay it  
 on their doorstep over at 1121 State and save the  
 paper some toll calls. But how? A crystal ball  
 you don't have, tea-leaves you can't read . . . .  
 but you still haven't run out of routine. (BEAT)  
 On your desk are the newspaperman's four faithful  
 friends. Roget's Thesaurus, Webster's Dictionary,  
 the world Almanac --- and the phone book.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: A million P's later, your finger's still working down the names and addresses, they're beginning to run together --	<del>MCGUIRE: (BEHIND)</del>
but anybody with	Probisher, Martin ....
the magic combination	Profitola, Anthony ....
N.A.P. is going to	Prockter, John
get a call from	Prohacek, Bohuslav....
J.M.	<del>Property Loan ---</del>

(MORE)

(MORE)

NARR: Then -- out it  
(CONT'D) jumps. Not a she--

MCGUIRE: (CONT'D)

~~Proskowitz, Henry --~~

~~Proudfoot, Webster --~~

~~Province, Nathan A--~~

--a he. But after it -- one word. Enough to go on. The name? Nathan A. Province. The word?

MCGUIRE: Furs.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

CITY ED: City Desk.

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Boss. McGuire. I got the girl identified.

CITY ED: What took you so long? You've been out ten minutes!

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Okay, okay. Those initials were the furrier's. From the sales check --

CITY ED: How do you know she hadn't lent it to someone else?

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Say, do you want this or don't you?

CITY ED: All right. Let me have enough for a bulletin lead to top the wire stuff and come in with the rest.

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Sure. It's a dilly, Boss. Local girl -- war widow. Jeanie Sue Water, 7664 South Decatur, (BEGIN FADE) employed as a switchboard operator

(MUSIC: -- WIPES AND GOES BEHIND) at Carteret Business College over on.....

NARR: It's Chicago Homicide's baby now. And the routine's over. Now it's time for strategy ~~in the shop~~. (BEAT) Some stories just happen. Some you have to make. This one -- you and your city editor, are going to make something of.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

CITY ED: All right, Jimmy. What've we got, where do we stand?

MCGUIRE: Well, there's her room-mate Margo told me Jeanie *Sue* was away visiting an aunt in Beaver Island ---

CITY ED: Where's that?

MCGUIRE: Michigan. Pretty far cry from Chesterton, Indiana.

CITY ED: What's the aunt say?

MCGUIRE: My call was the first she heard of it.

CITY ED: All right. What's with Homicide?

MCGUIRE: Well, they talked to her employers. She told them she was taking a leave of absence. Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CITY ED: ~~That's coming closer.~~

MCGUIRE: Yeah. Then they ran down a couple of boy friends. Questioned and released, no names. But she told them she was going to Winona Lake.

CITY ED: That'd be about forty miles from Fort Wayne. She say why?

MCGUIRE: Seems she used to work in a hotel there and got a rate on rooms.

CITY ED: What's the hotel say?

MCGUIRE: Long time no see.

CITY ED: Let's get back to Fort Wayne. How does that check out?

MCGUIRE: ~~Well,~~ I tell you, Boss, I thought of taking a run over there, but there's no proof she was ever there at all. You know what this is. *beginning to look like*

CITY ED: Yeah. Somebody strangles the girl in Chicago, dumps her body over the state line in a small town, hoping it'll disappear into the records as another hit-run statistic.

(MORE)

CITY ED: I'm getting sick of this. Maybe you'd better go  
(CONT'D) to Fort Wayne.

MCGUIRE: And do what? House to house with Jeanie's picture,  
asking if anybody's ever seen her? ~~Take weeks.~~  
I got something else bothering me.

CITY ED: What's that?

MCGUIRE: You know my in with the State Cops all around  
Chicago -- both sides of the line.

CITY ED: Yeah?

MCGUIRE: Well, suddenly all I get out of them is --- "Jimmy  
we're co-operating with the Chicago police. Anything  
we get'll have to come from them."

CITY ED: Sounds fair enough. Nobody wants to louse up the  
other guy's investigation. They're not glory-grabbers.

MCGUIRE: Fair enough, sure. But all of a sudden, Homicide  
starts giving me the same business. "Jimmy, we're  
co-operating with the Indiana State Police. Anything  
you get'll have to come from them."

CITY ED: (AN EXPLOSIVELY CYNICAL) Ho-ho!

MCGUIRE: Yeah, Ho-ho and hoo-hoo. Between 'em, they're juggling  
this around like a hot potato. Tell me, master, what  
~~do we do?~~

CITY ED: (AFTER A LONG BEAT) Okay. ~~Second-day lead,~~ gimme  
-- oh, solemn and important up near the top, you know--  
the Homicide Bureau of Chicago and the Indiana State  
Police today announced a thorough co-operative  
investigation of the strangling of pretty Jeanie Sue  
Whatzis -----

MCGUIRE: Force their hand, huh?

CITY ED: You know me better than that. No, we'll just lay it in both their laps ---- big.

MCGUIRE: And in the meantime?

CITY ED: Dig.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Dig: process employed by a newsman to uncover something buried somewhere in a heap of people, places, disconnected facts. Object -- to come up with something that'll move the story from the present impasse. Place you dig? The dead girl's former office. Digee? Her successor at the switchboard.....

MCGUIRE: 'D'you know Miss Water?

GIRL: Oh yes. I was her relief. They just promoted me to the board full time.

MCGUIRE: That's nice.

GIRL: Oh yes. I get a raise and a locker and everything.

MCGUIRE: Locker?

GIRL: The regular employees get lockers, you see. I inherited Jeanie Sue's. Now I can bring my lunch.

MCGUIRE: Uh-hm. She leave anything in it by any chance?

GIRL: Just a box of ~~kleenex~~<sup>facies</sup> and an extra headset. No letters or notebooks or anything like that.

MCGUIRE: Mind if I look at it?

GIRL: Why no, not at all. It's right over here.

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP, METAL LOCKER DOOR OPENS)

GIRL: It's just a locker. That's my stuff there.

MCGUIRE: Uh-hm.....



GIRL: That's my lunch. You want me to move it?

MCGUIRE: Yeah, would you mind? I notice you keep your purse up there too. You know by any chance if Miss Water kept hers up there?

GIRL: I imagine. (PAUSE) There.

MCGUIRE: Thanks. I'll just look in there, case anything dropped out, you know.

GIRL: Gee. Just like a detective.

MCGUIRE: (A LITTLE OFF, MUFFLED) Well, you know how it is. (BACK ON FULL) This yours?

GIRL: What is it?

MCGUIRE: Stuck in the back of the shelf. Cancelled stub ---

GIRL: Rock Island Railroad . . . (SHE IS READING) Longwood Drive Station, 95th Street --- oh no, I wouldn't take that line. (PAUSE) Besides, look on the other side. It's from last week. I wouldn't even have been using the locker then.

MCGUIRE: Jeanie <sup>She</sup> would.

GIRL: Yeah. Gee.

MCGUIRE: 95th Street. Hmm. <sup>She</sup> Jeanie ever mention any occasion to go there?

GIRL: Uh-uh, no, never, not that I know of. Why? Is it something important maybe?

MCGUIRE: Maybe. (CONSPIRATORIAL) Listen. . . how would you like to do a little detective work for me?

GIRL: (SAME) Gee, what?

MCGUIRE: Could you check this office's outgoing calls, the long distance calls, for the last, say, two weeks, three weeks?

GIRL: (SAME) Sure B or P?

MCGUIRE: Beg your pardon?

GIRL: Be, that's business, P that's personal, like I'd want to call my brother through the board out of town and they'd charge it to my pay.

MCGUIRE: P. Charged to Jeanie Sue Water. And call me.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Ninety-fifth and Longwood Drive. . .miles away from Jeanie Sue Water's home. Back in the city room, you check every available source of info on her -- and when you've run 'em all down --

MCGUIRE: Boy friends, the roomie, her boss -- nobody knows the vaguest reason she'd have had to go there.

CITY ED: What's that prove?

MCGUIRE: Well, four days before she was killed -- and while she was supposed to be in either Fort Wayne or Michigan, she was riding the Rock Island that-a-way----

CITY ED: Yeah. That places her in Chicago --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

City Desk --

GIRL: (FILTER) Can I speak to Mr. McGuire?

CITY ED: Hold on, please. Jimmy--

MCGUIRE: McGuire speaking....

GIRL: (FILTER) Mr. McGuire, I did what you said --

MCGUIRE: Yeah --

GIRL: (FILTER) Nothing.

MCGUIRE: Hmm?

GIRL: (FILTER) Under P, for our friend. Nothing.

MCGUIRE: Good girl. Keep it under your hat. 'Bye now.  
(PHONE HUNG UP)

MCGUIRE: (VERY QUIET) Nothing under P.

CITY ED: Huh?

MCGUIRE: Jeanie Sue Water, for all her talk about going here for vacation, going there for leave of absence --- never made an out-of-town call. Boss -- that does it. The girl never left Chicago.

CITY ED: Alive.

MCGUIRE: You read me. (PAUSE) Okay -- you're the boss. Where do we go from here?

CITY ED: The cops. Give 'em what you just got and let 'em take it from <sup>here</sup> there.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY WE GO)

NARR: Two phone calls later -- you are back at the city desk with the news. And it's bad.

MCGUIRE: Boss -- you ain't gonna like this.

CITY ED: C'mon, C'mon, what've you got?

MCGUIRE: Nothing. First I checked Indiana State Police -- and they took the stuff with loud yelps of delight. Takes the case out of their jurisdiction, they said-- and we can consider it formally closed from their angle---

CITY ED: So that throws it to Chicago Homicide. What do they say?

MCGUIRE: Same thing only different. They say the case belongs to Indiana, they say they have no reason to believe any crime was committed in Chicago jurisdiction, they say --

CITY ED: Is that official?

MCGUIRE: They say case closed this end. Official.

BUSINESS: LONG PAUSE

CITY ED: (VERY TIGHT) Closed, huh? Both ends, huh.

MCGUIRE: (QUIET) All detectives assigned to other duties. Official and final.

CITY ED: (GETTING SORE) No man's land. A legal no man's land, across the state line, dumping corpses --

(REAL MAD) Too ~~damn~~ many cases unsolved lately with that dumping gimmick! No! We don't buy that, Jimmy! We're gonna solve this one and show the <sup>id</sup> town the hoodlums aren't gonna get away with murder that way any more! We're gonna bust this one wide open!

MCGUIRE: (HE APPLAUDS) Hear, hear! (CYNICALLY) We meaning who?

CITY ED: Who? You!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
PALL MAIL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

ONE MINUTE RADIO COMM. .  
SPOT "B" - CUT 3

SONG:                   There's news you'll remember  
                          In my PELL MELL song.  
                          The flavor's delicious -  
                          So mild - never strong.  
                          Enjoy smoother smoking.  
                          That's just sweet enough  
                          Get freshly-lit flavor  
                          In puff after puff.

P-E-L-L-M-E-L-L! Choose W-E-I-L-L!  
Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL.

                          It's finer tobacco that filters so well  
                          And adds to the pleasure  
                          You get from PELL MELL  
                          Self-filtering action  
                          And quality high  
                          Gives smooth, gentle mildness  
                          When PELL MELL you buy!

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

ANNCR:               Reward Yourself! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking.  
                          Pleasure-packed PELL MELL give you a smoothness, mildness and  
                          satisfaction no other cigarette can offer. Get that  
                          certain feeling of contentment. 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 James McGuire, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Strangled blonde in the road across the state line -- Indiana State cops and Chicago Homicide both washing their official hands of the case -- so, says the city editor -- YOU solve it. Sure. The difficult he demands by deadline. For the impossible - he allows you a little more time. You take it -- right from the top again, with the dead girl's room-mate.....

MCGUIRE: All these clothes. . .boxes. . .were you planning to move, Miss Richmond?

ROOMMATE: (~~VERY SOFT VOICE~~) No. These were Jeannie's things. There's no relatives I can send them to, so I'm packing them for the Salvation Army. ~~She'd want~~ them to go for charity.

MCGUIRE: Oh?

ROOMMATE: Yes. That's the kind she was. (REMEMBERINGLY) Always giving things away. . .money. . .dimes to panhandlers.

MCGUIRE: What we call a soft touch, huh?

ROOMMATE: No, it wasn't that. She used to say "I'd rather make a mistake on nine of 'em than turn down one who really needed it." (BEAT) You want to hand me that jacket, please?

MCGUIRE: ~~Sure.~~ (BEAT) She bought good clothes, I see.

ROOMMATE: Uh-huh. She used to say "cheap is dear." Besides, there was all that money in a lump.

MCGUIRE: What money in a lump?

ROOMMATE: The insurance, when her husband got killed in the air force. (BEAT) ~~Those are some of his things, you see.~~ (BEAT) Ten thousand dollars.

MCGUIRE: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Motive.

ROOMMATE: I beg your pardon?

MCGUIRE: (UP) Possible motive for her murder. The money. Did you come across any bankbooks, war bonds, stocks, things like that, safe deposit keys . . . . .

ROOMMATE: No. The police either.

MCGUIRE: And no cash, of course.

ROOMMATE: Nothing at all. Just these things she owned.

MCGUIRE: Well, they don't add up to ten thousand dollars.

ROOMMATE: Well, there were doctor's bills, of course.

MCGUIRE: Oh?

ROOMMATE: Yes, she'd been ill. . . (SADLY) Then of course, it was only every so often she could work. ~~And it was four,~~ let me think --- five years ago she was widowed, so the money might've dwindled down ---

MCGUIRE: . . . . . I suppose so. . . . (PAUSE) Well, I'll poke around a little more, perhaps come back and talk with you later. . . . if you don't mind. . . .

ROOMMATE: ~~Oh no~~

MCGUIRE: Would you by any chance have thought of any other sources I could -- well, tap -- for anything more about Jeannie Sue?

ROOMMATE: Gee, no, unless you could find that Carolyn.

MCGUIRE: Carolyn. Who's Carolyn.

ROOMMATE: Why, I don't know. I've been racking my brains ever since, trying to figure out who she could have been. But Jeannie only mentioned the name that once.

MCGUIRE: When?

ROOMMATE: The phone call.

MCGUIRE: Miss Richmond, you've never mentioned a phone call before.

ROOMMATE: I've been so upset, Mr. McGuire. And nobody's come and asked me, and the stories, your own stories said the case was closed----

MCGUIRE: By the police, Miss Richmond, not by my paper. Now let's go into that phone call. Who called who?

ROOMMATE: Jeannie. Jeannie Sue called me ---

MCGUIRE: When was this?

ROOMMATE: The same day, Mr. McGuire. I mean, the day before the morning she was found. You see, she promised she'd phone me from her vacation (BEGIN FADE) and I waited and waited and then when she did ---

(MUSIC: -- WIPES IT AND GOES UNDER FOR)

MCGUIRE: Boss -- I'm two jumps from it. The roommate comes up with this phone call --- from somewhere in Chicago, not Fort Wayne, not Michigan, not Winona Lake ---

CITY ED: All right, we place her in Chicago, Jimmy. It's a big town.

MCGUIRE: The roommate swears Jeannie said "Wait till the train goes by," and she heard a train herself, over the phone. Then when the roommate asked "Where are you, Jeannie," the girl started to say "Fifty-fifth Street-----"



CITY ED: The stub you found was for 95th ---

MCGUIRE: Doesn't mean a thing. She could have gotten off at 95th--- met somebody, been taken back to 55th --

CITY ED: All right, keep going, I buy it for the time being. Now Carolyn -- who she?

MCGUIRE: Carolyn came in right after the train passed and Jeannie'd started to say where she was ---- and all the roommate could get was "Can't talk --- Carolyn's coming," Click. Hung up. (TENSE) Afraid, Boss. The girl'd got herself into something, and she was afraid. And we're only two jumps away from the whole story. Jump where and jump who.

CITY ED: Yeah. Where on 55th -- and who is Carolyn.

MCGUIRE: That's it.

CITY ED: Well?

MCGUIRE: Well what?

CITY ED: Go find out!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: Easier-said-than-done department. You haunt 55th Street and its environs, keeping always in earshot range of the Rock Island suburban line. Days of door-to-door legwork, nights of bar-to-bar, joint-to-joint ask-and-listen-work ---- nothing. Which same you report.

MCGUIRE: Boss, I've checked every house, every shop, every apartment building, every mailbox name. And checked 'em all again against the directory. *No Carolyn* ~~Nothing~~.

CITY ED: ~~No Carolyns?~~

MCGUIRE: Some, sure. Housewives, a laundress, a waitress or two, even a lady wrestler -- but not one with the smell of a racket anywhere near her, much less murder. No remotest connection with Jeannie Sue.

CITY ED: Nothing from the corner bars, the joints, the bowling alleys, the hackies?

MCGUIRE: Just the expense account you see there.

CITY ED: (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah. Well all right. You want to call it quits?

MCGUIRE: ~~Do you~~ *then*

CITY ED: You got any ideas?

MCGUIRE: Yeah, but I'm not running the paper.

CITY ED: Suppose you were, what?

MCGUIRE: I'd start a series. A story a day on the Jeannie Sue Water case. a couple of days on the girl herself. ~~who was she, what kind of a human being was she, how did her friends see her, her employers... keep asking why she had to die.~~

CITY ED: You got enough to go with?

MCGUIRE: Plenty. ~~from the army, stuff on her hero husband... touches from her room-mate... plenty.~~ The idea is, in each piece we hint that we know more than we have told that day --

CITY ED: Go on.

MCGUIRE: And little by little, we let out little bits and pieces we do know. ~~The ticket stub angle, the money motive -- but always holding back just enough. > Yet always hinting we are heading for something.~~

CITY ED: Until somebody picks up a telephone and gives you the whole story?

MCGUIRE: (QUIET) Until somebody's conscience drives him to tell what he knows so he can live with himself. (BEAT)  
Or -- herself.

CITY ED: Carolyn?

MCGUIRE: Carolyn. (PAUSE) What do you say, Boss?

CITY ED: Jimmy, we'd be going out on a limb. Hinting and hinting, stretching it out ---

MCGUIRE: You slap my byline on the stories so they'll know who to call --

CITY ED: Well and good, but I take the rap, the paper takes the rap if it peters out to nothing. I dunno.

MCGUIRE: You got any other ideas?

CITY ED: Well, let me see the first couple of days' pieces, see how you handle it. Then I'll let you know.

MCGUIRE: (WITH SOUND OF RUSTLE RUSTLE) There they are. What do you say?

CITY ED: (LONG PAUSE) It goes.

NARR: It goes. And you monitor your phone for reaction.  
(SNEAK TYPEWRITER BEHIND AND KEEP IT GOING WITH  
THE MUSIC THAT IS BACKING)  
The first day -- nothing. Except a compliment from Jeannie's room-mate. The second day -- nothing. Except a complaint from some of the cops. The third day, when you've begun to tell what you know, to hint you know more --  
(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

MCGUIRE: Hello?

CAROLYN: (FILTER) Mr. McGuire?

MCGUIRE: Yes...

CAROLYN: (FILTER) You're writing up about that girl?

MCGUIRE: Yes ma'am. I'm the one.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) You don't know what you're writing. You even got the street wrong.

MCGUIRE: Just a second, ma'am. Let me get a copy of the story.

(UP) ~~Karen~~ <sup>boss</sup>, I got a nibble, listen in on three! (DOWN)

All right, what's wrong?

CAROLYN: (FILTER) Well, it isn't 95th. That's wrong.

MCGUIRE: (VERY QUIETLY) We know.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) It was 65th, wasn't it?

MCGUIRE: No.

(PHONE IS HUNG UP ON FILTER)

CITY ED: (COMING ON) What'd you do that for? You lost her!

MCGUIRE: Uh-uh. She'll call again.

CITY ED: Yeah, sure.

MCGUIRE: She will. She knows we know something. No. it's not just a matter of her conscience. She's not wondering how much we know -- she's worrying. She'll call.

CITY ED: She'd better. Or your byline from now on's gonna be N-U-D.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND WITH)

(TYPING AGAIN, ALONG WITH MUSIC THAT BACKS....)

NARR: The fourth day, you continue the series. You do not correct the impression left by the previous story that 95th street is right. But you do not tell the correct street. You do add another fillip another hint...and you do get another --

(PHONE RINGS, IS PICKED UP)

MCGUIRE: Hello....

CAROLYN: (FILTER) Mr. McGuire?

MCGUIRE: Yes ma'am.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) You still didn't say what street really.

MCGUIRE: Ma'am, we don't print all we know. What do you know about that street, whatever one it is?

CAROLYN: (FILTER) I know that girl died in a house there.

MCGUIRE: So do we.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) I think you're just making out you know. I don't think you do know the street.

MCGUIRE: Okay, for your information -- fifty-fifth.

(SILENCE)

MCGUIRE: That's right, isn't it.

CAROLYN: (FILTER: SCARED) Y-yes..

MCGUIRE: Fifty-fifth near Dorchester. That's coming closer, isn't it.

CAROLYN: (FILTER: SCARED) Yes, it -- it is....I -- I don't think I better talk to you --

MCGUIRE: Wait! Why not? What are you afraid of?

CAROLYN: (FILTER) He might kill me too.

(PHONE IS HUNG UP ON FILTER)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER WITH TYPING AS BEFORE)

NARR: The fifth day, you pour into the final story just about all you have left. All your informational eggs in this one journalistic basket. Plus a sidenote about being in possession of several names of persons involed in Jeannie Sue's death. Does that do it?

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

MCGUIRE: McGuire speaking.

CAROLYN: (FILTER: VERY TENSE) Listen, is it true about the names?

MCGUIRE: Yes.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) ~~Look, if you know so much, why haven't you done something about it, why haven't the police~~

MCGUIRE: They will. Off the record, it'll go easier with anyone who helps find this killer.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) I think you're fishing. You don't know any names

MCGUIRE: ~~Oh, I do, I do.~~ You know, I think you'd better meet me, ma'am. I think if you come forward voluntarily, I might be able to protect your identity --

CAROLYN: (FILTER) Oh no -- I'm afraid. You'll want to know my name -- I don't want to get mixed up in anything -- he'll kill me too --

MCGUIRE: (GENTLY) In the first place, you are mixed up in it already. And in the second place -- I know your name.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) You do not!

MCGUIRE: Oh yes.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) What -- what does it begin with?

MCGUIRE: C. Like in Carolyn.

CAROLYN: (FILTER) I -- (LONG LONG PAUSE)

MCGUIRE: (TENSE, BUT CONTROLLED) Hello?

CAROLYN: (FILTER: SCARED) Yes. I -- (PAUSE: VERY SMALL) Where can I meet you?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARR: Half an hour later, you've got her in your car. Where do you go? You just drive around. And she talks. And talks and talks.

(CAR FROM BEHIND, UP, BACK BEHIND, WITH TRAFFIC TO B.G.)

CAROLYN: So you see, she came to him for an operation -- but she was very scared.

MCGUIRE: (FAST) You're a nurse!

CAROLYN: ~~Yes -- but -- oh, let me out, please --~~

MCGUIRE: ~~No! -- keep talking!~~ What was it -- a racket?

CAROLYN: I can't tell you, ~~I can't --~~

MCGUIRE: ~~Talk, Carolyn. Letting you out won't help. I'll find you no matter where you go.~~

CAROLYN: I---I guess you will. I know who you are, Mr. McGuire. You're the one who was on that story of the man who got 99 years in jail for a murder he didn't do, they made a movie about you with Jimmy Stewart -- you -- you wouldn't ~~stop, would you!~~

MCGUIRE: <sup>all right</sup> Never mind. Let me fill in the story ~~if you won't~~. Then we'll see how much I know. Jeannie came to this fraud -- he told her he could cure her -- told her it would be expensive --

CAROLYN: That's right, that's right -- and then he found out she was a war widow --

MCGUIRE: And he took her for all the insurance money she had left, is that it?

CAROLYN: He was taking her, yes. Now can I go, now will you let me go --

MCGUIRE: No. What was your part in it? Nurse?

CAROLYN: No. ~~I had to pose.~~ I had to pretend I was another patient, all cured. I had to pretend I was staying there in his place so she'd believe she had to stay --

MCGUIRE: But why'd he kill her?

CAROLYN: (SHE BREAKS INTO SOBS) I can't, I can't.

MCGUIRE: All right. I've had enough.

CAROLYN: (SOBBING) Where're we going?

MCGUIRE: 1121 State Street -- Police Headquarters. I'm turning you in as an accomplice. It could have been as a co-operative witness. But have it your way.

(MUSIC: -- UP WITH CAR, AND BACK UNDER, STILL WITH CAR)

NARR: Not really, you aren't. You're giving her time to comprehend the difference between accomplice and state's witness. You know -- and she knows -- it may mean the difference between life and death. Hers.

(THE CAR TRAVELS SOME MORE, THEN BACK UNDER)

NARR: Not by chance, you are traveling a familiar street. It's number is -- 55. Then, at last --

CAROLYN: (MOANING A BIT) All right, ~~all right.~~ I'll talk. She was on the phone. I wasn't supposed to leave her alone so she could make any calls -- but this once, she did. I heard her say 55th Street, and when I came in the door, I heard her say my name, and I got scared. And I went and told him. And he took her down cellar. And he choked her. Then he put her in the car and drove her away. And that was all, that was all I did, just posed as a patient, just told on her, that's all!

(CAR UP AND CONTINUE UNDER)



MCGUIRE: (OVER HER SOBBING) All right, Carolyn. Which house?

CAROLYN: What? What do you mean, house?

MCGUIRE: We're on 55th, coming to Dorchester. Show me the house.

CAROLYN: I -- I --- (SOB) Please!

MCGUIRE: It's all right. The police'll get him before he gets a chance at you. ~~if you're that scared he might see you... why, duck down and~~ just tell me the number.

CAROLYN: ~~No~~ You just passed it. The one with the curvey front window.

(SLOWING DOWN CAR)

MCGUIRE: The one with the medico's shingle?

CAROLYN: Yes. But he isn't even a doctor. He's a fraud.

MCGUIRE: He's a murderer.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER AND INTO CITY ROOM PATTERN)

(PHONE RINGS)

CITY ED: City Desk.

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Boss, McGuire --

CITY ED: Where in thunder've you been?

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Police headquarters. They got the whole story out of the girl. We're going over to pick up the phoney doctor now.

CITY ED: That's m'boy. Tell me, Jimmy -- how'd they take it in Homicide?

MCGUIRE: (FILTER) Well, you know. I'm not exactly the most popular guy in the press room. But they're forced to give me this exclusive. I'll call you back.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY INTO)

(POLICE CAR SIREN AGAINST TRAFFIC B.G., SIREN SLOWING DOWN)

(FOOTSTEPS UP STEPS. DOCTOR-TYPE BELL RINGS)

MCGUIRE: Says "Ring bell and walk in." *lets go Sgt.*

COP II: Ok.

(DOOR OPENS)

COP II: No nurse. (PAUSE) That'd be his office, I guess.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

MCGUIRE: (UTTER DISGUST) Look at that phony electronic stuff.

COP II: Yeah. No doc, though. Let's wait for him. Let him find you behind his desk.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MCGUIRE: No. He won't.

COP II: Hm?

MCGUIRE: I found him behind <sup>it</sup> his. (PAUSE) Cheated sick women, and ended up cheating the chair.

(AS MUSIC BEGINS TO SNEAK: DIALING ON PHONE, AND OVER MUSIC)

MCGUIRE: Give me the city desk.

(MUSIC: UP AND OUT)

NARR: And on his desk -- your stories, one, two, three, four, five. And in his hand -- an empty poison vial. (BEAT) Five added up makes --- thirty to the Big Story.

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

CHAPPELL: ~~In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Jamie's McGuire of the Chicago Sun Times, with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.~~

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(FINAL COMMERCIAL)

- 28 A -

MUSIC: UP AND AWAY

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will bring you a tribute to James McGuire of the Chicago Sun-Times who passed away last week from Walter Spirko, President of the Chicago Newspaper Reporters Association.

MUSIC: FANFARE

MUSIC: TURNTABLE

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0009653

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.  
PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

ONE MINUTE RADIO COMM.  
SPOT "D" - CUT 4

CHAPPELL: REWARD YOURSELF! - with the pleasure of smooth smoking!

HARRICE: REFRESH YOURSELF with "freshly-lit" flavor.

CHAPPELL: Smoke longer and finer and milder PELL MELL! In today's

high-speed living, the smooth, gentle mildness of PELL  
MELL encourages you to put worries aside - enjoy life  
more. PELL MELL's greater length of traditionally fine  
mellow tobaccos travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: But you get more than greater length.

CHAPPELL: Fine tobacco is its own best filter - and PELL MELL  
tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy - blended  
to a flavor peak - delicious - and distinctively PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Get that certain feeling of contentment.

CHAPPELL: Choose well! Smoke PELL MELL! Tastes "freshly-lit"  
puff after puff.

HARRICE: Your appreciation of PELL MELL quality - has made it  
America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

CHAPPELL: So enjoy a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no  
other cigarette can offer you. Buy PELL MELL Famous  
Cigarettes. Outstanding -

HARRICE: and they are mild!

ATX01 0009654

CHAPPELL: Now here is Mr. Spirko, President of the Chicago Newspaper Reporters Association with a tribute to James McGuire of the Chicago Sun-Times, reporter in tonight's case.

MR. SPIRKO: (RECORDED TRIBUTE)"It's too bad that Jim wasn't with us to hear his journalistic accomplishment dramatized tonight on Pell Mell's Big Story Program. However, we of the fourth estate, who knew Jim and worked with him, are proud of our association with him and are deeply grateful to be able to share his honors. He was a loyal friend. Jim McGuire was a charter member of our association, which includes newspaper reporters from all the Chicago metropolitan newspapers, wire services and local news gathering agencies. We knew him as an able and dependable reporter. On competitive stories he worked quietly and carefully, as anxious to scoop the opposition as they were to scoop him. We are proud to pay tribute to our James Patrick McGuire, one of the very few newspaper men to win the Pell Mell's Big Story award for the second time.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Spirko. The makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes are sending the Pell Mell award for notable service in the field of journalism and a check for \$500 to Mrs. James McGuire with the hope that she will accept it as a memento of her husband's truly significant achievement.

(PAUSE)

CHAPPELL: This is the last Big Story radio program and at this time the makers of Pell Mell Famous Cigarettes wish to thank you for your continued interest during the past eight years and invite you to watch the Big Story Television program every week over the NBC Television Network. Please check your local paper for time and station.

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

CHAPPELL: The Big Story is a Bernard J. Procktor Production. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan, from an actual story from the pages of the Chicago Sun-Times. Your narrator was Norman Rose and John Larkin played the part of James McGuire. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic Big Story, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. McGuire.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking. 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.  
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