

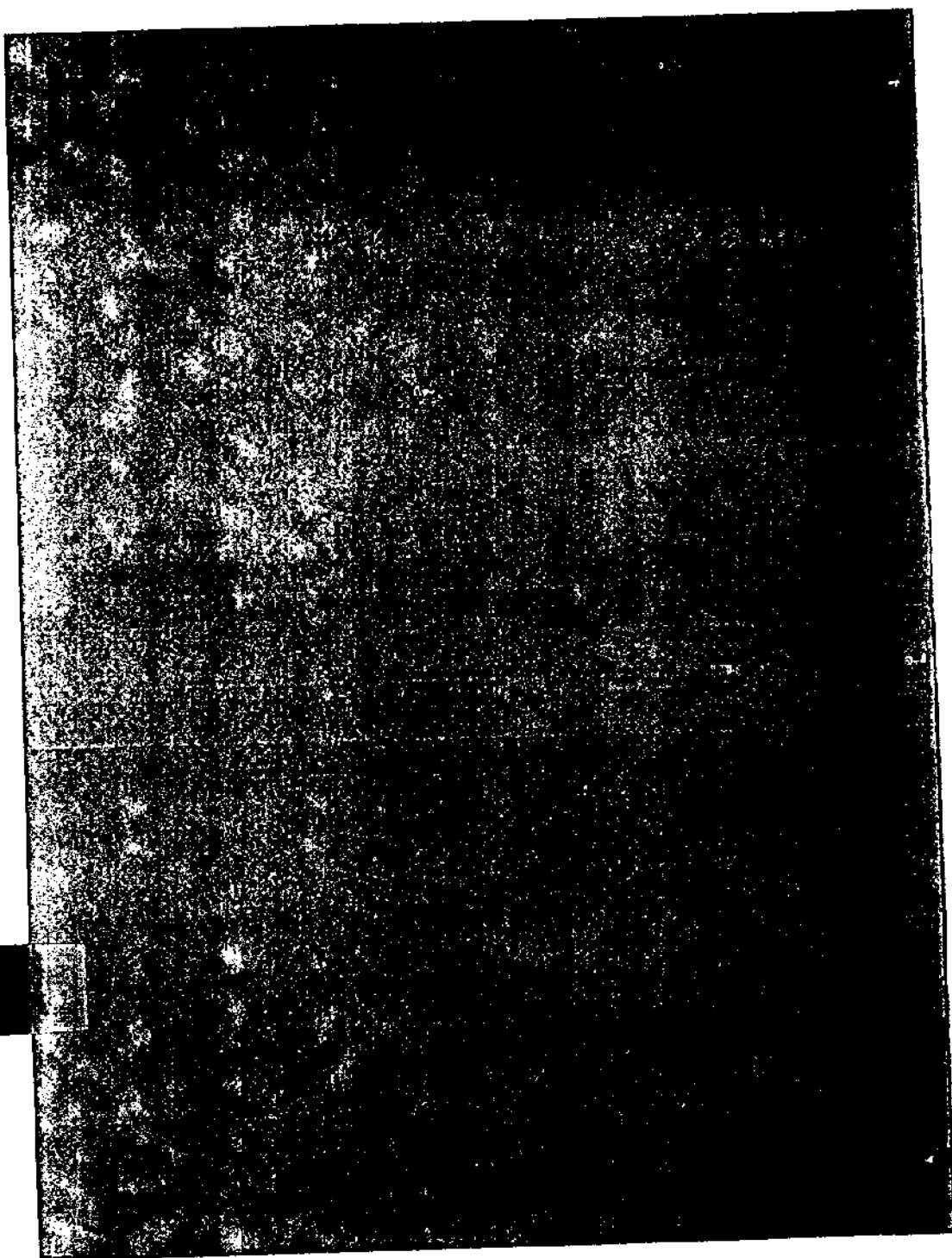
THE BIG STORY

JULY - SEP
1950

0798510-005

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ATX01 0121142



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 171

CAST

NARRATOR
GIRL
MARGE
BRINKMAN
VOICE I
LANKEN
JEFF
KALLEN
ATTENDANT
RAEDER
VOICE II
SAYER
GUY
CROUPIER
GEORGIE

BOB SLOANE
EILEEN HEKART
EILEEN HECKART
LUIS VAN ROOTEN
LUIS VAN ROOTEN
BOB READICK
BOB READICK
BILL SMITH
BILL SMITH
~~JAMES BOLES~~ *Julian Nor*
~~JAMES BOLES~~ *Julian Nor*
JIMMY STEVENS
JIMMY STEVENS
WALTER BLACK
WALTER BLACK

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1950

ATX01 0171143

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#171

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JULY 5, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present. . .THE BIG STORY!
FANFARE: OUT OF WHICH. . .

(A CAR DRIVING ALONG A HIGHWAY. IT IS RAINING
HARD. GOES BEHIND. . .

LANNEN: (SLIGHTLY DRUNK, YOUNG, BELLIGERENT) Let's just drive.
I want to get there tonight.

RAEDER: (AGE 50, SYMPATHETIC) What do you think I'm doing?

LANNEN: Look, drive, drive. Shut up.

RAEDER: Son, you got the wrong idea about a lot of things.

LANNEN: Don't "son" me and don't "father" me.

RAEDER: A couple of those scores, those little deals you've
been pulling been going to your head.

LANNEN: (IMMEDIATELY ALERT) What deals? What're you talking
about?

RAEDER: You got a lot to learn kid. And one of the things you
got to learn is, you don't drink very good.

LANNEN: (~~CURSES INAUDIBLY~~) What are you trying to say?

RAEDER: I ~~ain't~~ saying another word. You said to drive (but I'm
not going to forget what you told me you did last night.
I'm sure not going to forget!

LANNEN: (CURSES)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN SUSPENSE, THEN BRIDGES TO _ _ _)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE)
Peoria, Illinois.

MORE

ATX01 0171144

THE BIG STORY 7/5/50
PROGRAM #171

CHAPPELL: From the front pages of the Peoria Journal, the story
(CONT) of a reporter who learned what happens to a petty crook
when he steps out of line and gets big ideas. And for
his work, to O. F. Brinkman, for his Big Story, goes
the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL) (INSERT A)

THE BIG STORY 7/5/50
PROGRAM # 171

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further.....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: : Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME AND UNDER. . .)

CHAPPELL: Peoria, Illinois. The story as it actually happened --
O. F. Brinkman's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PUNCTUATES, GOES UNDER. . .)

NARR: Once upon a time (~~10, 11 years ago~~), it was Adolph
Hitler who used to spoil your weekends. You, O. F.
Brinkman, reporter for the Peoria Journal would come
home from a hard week at the paper, hoping to garden or
read or sleep and Hitler would uncork one of his Sunday
punches and you'd work seven days a week. But now that
Hitler's gone, it seems the criminals of central
Illinois, ~~where you operate~~, have taken over ruining
your weekends.

BRINKMAN: ~~(IN SCENE. HE IS BETWEEN 50 and 55, USED TO ALMOST
EVERYTHING, NICE, AFFABLE. EXCEPT NOW)~~ What do you
think it is, Marge, a conspiracy? Three weeks ago
Saturday a holdup at the yards. Two weeks ago Sunday,
a hit and run killing. Last weekend that --
double-slaying.

MARGE: ~~Well, you don't have to worry. They say good things
come in three's. You had your three. So this weekend,
you'll get that spading done, get those weeds out --~~

(PHONE RINGS)

BRINKMAN: Oh no.

MARGE: Go ahead. Answer. Maybe they want to know what radio
program we're listening to.

(PHONE UP)

BRINKMAN: Hello, Now what?....Thanks, chief --

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(PHONE UP)

MARGE: Well, don't stand there making those faces. You know you wouldn't change your job for any other job in the world. Just let me hear from you before Monday morning.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH _ _ _)

NARR: With a smile still on your face, you leave. Because Marge is so right. You wouldn't change it for anything -- you've had 25 years of it. 25 years of watching Crime, writing crime, understanding crime. And maybe there is a moment or lots of moments you'd rather not have seen happen, but in the main -- this is what you want. You stand by as Police Chief Leo Kallen questions a frightened, thin miner, his face still shattered with the experience.

KALLEN: (KIND OF A GRAVEL VOICE, GRUFF, BUT EXTREMELY COMPETENT COP. SOFTLY NOW) Now look, Sayer, just take it easy. Tell it to me slow.

SAYER: ~~When I think how close it was. I must be the luckiest~~
guy in the world to be sitting here talking, alive and

KALLEN: You're out of it, Sayer, and nothing's going to happen
~~to you. So just tell us as easy and slow as you can.~~

SAYER: Yes sir. I live in Peoria and I was working in the mines south of Dunkenville (temporary job). Well, they laid us off and I didn't have much money, so I decided to thumb my way back. ~~I get a hitch to Houston, you~~
know, near Havana -- about 35 miles south. Then I was ~~out on the road walking again.~~ It must have been about 7:30 at night. It started raining. I thought -- I'm finished, ~~there won't be no cars on the road and I'll~~
~~have to stay here all night and so forth.~~ MORE

SAYER: And that's when this new Nash comes by. Two guys in it.
(CONTD) (FADING) Big guy driving says --

(CAR MOTOR UNDER)

RAEDER: How far you going, bud? Hop in.

SAYER: Gee, thanks. Peoria.

LANNEN: What's the idea, Raeder? I told you I don't want no
hitch-hikers riding along with us.

RAEDER: You drive, young fella?

SAYER: Sure.

RAEDER: Well, go ahead. Get behind the wheel. I'm tired and
he's too drunk to drive.

SAYER: Sure, I'll drive. Sure.

(THE CAR STARTS AND CONTINUES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

LANNEN: What's the idea picking him up? He's going to Peoria.

RAEDER: Now take it easy, kid. We're going to Peoria too.

LANNEN: (FLARING) Look, don't get wise with me. I swear,
Raeder -- don't get wise.

RAEDER: You ought to watch it when you drink, kid. You don't
know what you're saying.

LANNEN: I know what I'm doing. Now you tell him to turn around
and start for Havana. We ain't going to Peoria.

(VIOLENT) You hear me, Raeder?

RAEDER: (SOFTLY) Just drive, fellow. Just drive. Don't pay
him no mind. A couple too many.

SAYER: (NARRATING) ^{we kept driving} I couldn't pay him any mind if I wanted to.
I mean the rain was coming down and the windshield wiper
wasn't too good. And you know the way the road curves
there north of Havana, coming into Peoria and so on.
So I figure -- two guys beating their gums. I had my
own troubles. And then--

LANNEN: (REAL VIOLENT) You turn this car around, Raeder. And I ain't kidding.

RAEDER: Kid, this is for your own good. We're going to Peoria.
~~You know why? I want you to stop in with me and see a~~
fellow there by the name of Leo Kallen. He's the Police Chief there.

LANNEN: Why you --!

RAEDER: Now take it easy. What you told me last night, I mean *Lannen: So help me if you don't*
what you did. That wasn't very smart. *Best thing shut up 9/2*
for you to do, kid, is tell the whole story to the Chief of Police. He's a friend of mine -- get you off easy. You'll feel better and --

LANNEN: (TREMENDOUS TENSION) Stop the car.

(CAR STOPS)

RAEDER: (FRIGHTENED) Put that rod away kid.

LANNEN: Do we turn around? Well do we?

RAEDER: Kid, it's for your own good. We got to go to Peoria --

(TWO RAPID SHOTS)

Here's what do
SAYER: ~~My god~~, you --

LANNEN: Shut up. Open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

LANNEN: Drag him over to the side of the road. Is he dead?

SAYER: I don't know. ~~I think~~ -- (BURST OF EFFORT AS HE RUNS)

(SAYER RUNNING AWAY FROM MIKE)

LANNEN: Why you --

(TWO MORE SHOTS)

~~LANNEN: (CURSES)~~

(FADE FEET RUNNING)

(PAUSE)

SAYER: (NARRATING) I felt the last one whizz by me -- but it didn't hit me. I ran into the woods and I kept running until ~~I couldn't move no more and then I~~ I got to the farmhouse and called you and -- Well, that's it.

KALLEN: Nice, huh? *eh, Brink?*

BRINKMAN: Was the guy dead?

KALLEN: Two 25 slugs in the head? Are you kidding? ~~Brink?~~
(TO SAYER) Well, Sayer what did he look like?

SAYER: ~~I mean, something real good. I mean it was dark and it~~
~~rain and everything.~~ Medium average height, an ordinary looking guy I guess.

BRINKMAN: (ALMOST ASIDE) That's a help. (UP) Anything you can think of? I mean any gestures, anything about the guy?

SAYER: No. Unless -- I don't know. He had a way of rubbing his thumb over the first two fingers of his hand. I seen him ~~do~~ it while they was arguing whether I could get in the car or not. You know what I mean? Like this.

BRINKMAN: I've watched pool players do that before they chalk up a cue.

SAYER: (SUDDENLY REMEMBERING) He was a pool player.

KALLEN: What are you talking about?

SAYER: ~~I forgot the whole thing. I was so -- you know what I~~
~~mean. Well, before the shooting, Raeder, (the dead one)~~
~~once we stopped, and~~ *so he pulled up*
he wanted to get a cup of coffee ~~and we stopped~~ at this *near Morriston* cafe. The other man wasn't too glad about stopping, but Raeder kept insisting. (MORE)

SAYER:
(CONT'D) Anyway, there were pool tables there. (That was before the fight got serious.) And I went in with them. And this guy, the one he called, "kid" (that's all he called him) -- he picked up a cue stick there and started to fiddle around with a couple of balls on the table. I seen trick pool shots, but nothing like this.

BRINKMAN: A pool player!

KALLEN: ~~Why didn't you tell me this before?~~

SAYER: It just kind of went out of my mind. I don't know. I was so --

KALLEN: (HARSH) What else didn't you remember?

SAYER: (APOLOGETICALLY) That's all -- that's all that happened. ~~I swear. I just forget it, that's all.~~

KALLEN: You think if you saw him again --?

SAYER: (DUBIOUSLY) I think so.

KALLEN: All right, come on. First we'll take a look through the picture files. Then you and me are going to hit all the joints in Peoria. Maybe you'll see your friend the pool player. (TO BRINKMAN) You coming? Brink?

BRINKMAN: No, I want to get a little air.

KALLEN: (SURPRISED) Air?

BRINKMAN: Air. Just sir.

(MUSIC: -- -- BRIDGE)

NARR: Air is a favorite drink of yours, O.F. Brinkman. Big gulps of good clean air. To clear your mind and help you think. There are 25 years of files in your mind. 25 years of names and faces and actions that go with crooks, you want time and air to try to figure out "who".

(WALKING STEPS, SLIGHT RAIN)

NARR: But as you walk in the ~~mist~~ of rain, the files in your mind become alive, become real.

VOICE: (ON FILTER, SIMPLY) The thing to remember when you shoot is don't waste time or bullets. Shoot once.

NARR: That's Tony Lanza, one of the heavy men, (who use the artillery) in Peoria. No, this hasn't got the marks of Lanza's work at all. He wouldn't have shot twice in the head, once would do it. And he wouldn't have missed a fleeing man at -- what was it, 10, 12 feet?

VOICE: (FILTER) The big thing about shooting is the guy's shot never knows it's coming. Never threaten... shoot.

NARR: That's Emil Perez. No. Not Perez. Perez wouldn't say "so help me if you don't shut up". Perez would shoot, he's shut him up. But who, who drinks? Most gunmen don't. Who misses at 10, 12 feet, plays pool?

LANNEN: (FILTER) How's about a little game of pool? Chicago, straight pool, snooker? Me? I ain't had a cue-stick in my hand in two years.

NARR: Dave Lannen? Nah. Lannen wouldn't know which was the working end of a gun. He's strictly a small-time grifter, card skill.

~~NARR:~~ Hey -- how about Jake Motter? (WITH EXCITEMENT) Jake Motter: drinks, plays pool and once in a while carries a gun. Once in a while, a heavy boy.

BRINKMAN: Jake Motter. That would be 1420 South Euclid Avenue.

(DOORBELL RINGS, DOOR IS OPENED)

GEORGIA: We ain't buying anything today.

BRINKMAN: (AFFABLY) Hello, Georgie Where's Jake?

GEORGIE: That dumb, stupid -- What do you care?

BRINKMAN: Come on, Georgie. Jake might be in trouble and then again, maybe not. Where's Jake?

GEORGIE: That dumb boy-scout. My stinking brother-in-law -- hadda move. So he asks Jake to move him. So they have a couple of drinks and he moves him and bang! He rips off the fender of the new car!

BRINKMAN: (LAUGHING) Where's Jake, Georgie?

GEORGIE: I only hope he croaks but he won't. He's got a busted leg, in the hospital.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE)

NARR: It might be true, it might not. You're sure a trip to the hospital to Jake will bring the same story. You know Jake, you know the brother-in-law. So instead, you go to the parking lot where Jake keeps his car, the one with the smashed fender. The parking lot attendant is friendly....

ATTENDANT: Jake Motter? Sure, sure. Over there. The blue one -- without the fender. Boy, did he ever rip that off.

BRINKMAN: What kind of a car is it? A Nash?

ATTENDANT: Nash? Can't you tell a Chevvy, fella?

BRINKMAN: Oh, sure. A Chevvy. Just tell me one thing. What time did he bring it in?

ATTENDANT: Wait a second. I got it stamped on the ticket. Hold it.

(RIFFLING OF CARDS)

ATTENDANT: Motter, Chevvy, busted fender. 7:25 p.m.

BRINKMAN: (DISSAPPOINTED) Last night?

ATTENDANT:

⁻¹²
Just might 7:25
That's right. ~~Listen, you know anything about this~~
guy? Because -- well, how's his credit? I don't like
to do a lot of work on a guy's car and -- (SURPRISED)
How do you like that? A guy starts talking to you,
you ask him a question and in the middle of it,
~~he walks out on you.~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH _ _ _)

NARR:

The files in your mind click, shut on one compartment.
It wasn't Jake Motter. Raeder was killed at 7:30 p.m.
Motter brought his car in at 7:25.'

(WALKING AS BEFORE. SLIGHT RAIN....)

NARR:

So you take a little more air into your lungs, a little
more looking into those private files.

BRINKMAN:

Dave Lannen, Dave Lannen. Pool player -- nah.

NARR:

If you walked up to chief Leo Kallen, and said --
"I figured it out, it's got to be Dave Lannen" -- he'd
laugh at you. It doesn't fit. You know and he knows
that every criminal is a specialist and a specialist
stays in his own department. A thief steals, a con
man cons, a murderer uses a gun. They don't mix. The
m. o. (method of operation) of a criminal is as
identifying, if you know it, as his fingerprints.

BRINKMAN:

Wrong M. O. Wrong for Lannen.

NARR:

But could he have stepped out of character? Could he?
Think.

LANNEN:

(ON FILTER) I ain't had a pool cue in my hands, two
years. But I don't care. I'll shoot you twenty bucks.

BRINKMAN:

Could he fire twice at a man sitting next to him?
Could he miss a running man at ten feet? Ah -- it's
out of character.

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NARR: Wrong m.o. Wrong method of operation. Wrong guy.

BRINKMAN: But it could be.

NARR: And as you walk in the cool ~~mist~~ rain, it's "yes" --
"no" -- "maybe". And that's all you've got. That's all
anybody's got. Where do you go from here?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG THE ACT. . .)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER...)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of O. F. Brinkman, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You've been going through the tickler file that's your mind, O. F. Brinkman, crime reporter for the Peoria Journal -- going through the 25 years of stored up information to try to resolve the doubt about who it was that put two bullets through the head of a salesman of plumbing equipment. (That's what Raeder was.) And all you come up with is the name Dave Lannen, a pool shark, a chisler, a card phoney -- not at all a killer. And you're almost afraid to say what you think to Police Chief Leo Kallen, because you're sure he'll laugh at you. But you do it anyhow -- ten minutes later. His laughter - still in your ears, you walk out. There's no answer to the point he's made, none. This is against Lannen's m. o. -- not his way of working at all. But your private file has clicked and you walk into the Saratoga Club --

((POOL GAMES OFF-MIKE, GENERAL HUBBUB))

NARR: ----looking for a pool-playing grifter who might have changed his method of operation.

BRINKMAN: Hiya, Jeff.

~~JEFF: I can't hear ya.~~

BRINKMAN: I'm looking for Dave Lannen.

JEFF: I can't hear you.

(PASSAGE OF MONEY)

BRINKMAN: Will this be of any help?

JEFF: Yeah, I hear you now.

BRINKMAN: Well?

JEFF: Well what? If a guy don't know, he just don't know.
Thanks for the fin.

NARR: That might mean Lannen's in town, it might mean he's
out of town. It surely means it cost you five bucks.
And at the bar, there's a girl who once upon a time,
your file reminds you, was Dave Lannen's girl.

GIRL: That dirty crumb! I only hope he's roasting where he
belongs.

BRINKMAN: (AFFABLY) Stand you up? Walk out on you?

GIRL: He says -- "I'll meet you in Peoria, baby". Peoria!
Why he wouldn't go in Peoria for a thousand ~~dollars~~ ^{bucks}.

BRINKMAN: Is that so?

GIRL: He pulled a nice job in Peoria. Know Tommy Sable, the
tavernkeeper? (BRINKMAN: We've met.) Took him for
more than ~~a~~ ^{big} grand. He's hot as a pistol in Peoria.
Sable'll cut him down if he sees him. And he says to
me, me, mind you -- "Meet you in Peoria, baby".
The dirty crumb. Him and his six thousand bucks --
may they rest in --

BRINKMAN: (INTERRUPTS) Where would he be?

GIRL: I only hope he's where I'd like him to be.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH _ _ _ _ _)

NARR: (WITHOUT A PAUSE) But she doesn't know and neither do
you. So the file again. All right, he's got some money,
but money goes fast, and he's got to be somewhere near
a source of new income in his old line. He's got to be.
(Every criminal a specialist, remember that.) So you
get in your car and you go where the specialist will
undoubtedly find pickings. 28 miles south--

(CRAP GAME . . .)

CROUPIER: (FLAT, DULL VOICE) The roll is six, the point is nine, six, a big six -- Make a field bet now, gentlemen.

NARR: 28 miles south is the wide open town of Havana, Illinois. Pool, dice, chuck-a-luck, roulette, 21, black-jack -- the works. Havana was mentioned in the car ride. Havana would be where Dave Lannen might go.

BRINKMAN: I'm looking for Dave Lannen. Seen him around? (PAUSE) They told me he ^{was} ~~was~~ in Havana.

GUY: (AFFABLY) Yeah, so they told me.

BRINKMAN: HE isn't in here. They tell me he's not upstairs, either.

GUY: Yeah, so they told me.

BRINKMAN: Over at the Beverly, he hadn't been in there either.

GUY: Yeah, so they told me.

BRINKMAN: You're a great help.

GUY: Yeah, so they told me. I'm a great help. They've been telling me that for years.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIEF, INTO _ _ _)

CROUPIER: And the man rolls three and three is crap and it's the same roller coming out. Get a bet down on the field -- same roller coming out. The point is nine. ~~Two'll get you three -- (HE CONTINUES BEHIND THE DIALOGUE) The roll is ten, ten the hard way. The point is nine. New roller coming out, get a field bet down -- the roll is five, field number. The point is nine. (HE KEEPS GOING)~~

BRINKMAN: (OVER ABOVE) Nice game you got. Only thing is I'm looking for a pool game. Know where there's a nice pool game around? I mean real pool -- where a guy can really shoot pool.

-18 *rolled a 6, he point is 9*

CROUPIER: (INTERRUPTING HIMSELF) We play dice here, mister.

BRINKMAN: I play too, but I like a pool game, I like real competition. ~~Is there a guy in town that can really~~ shoot pool? Because I'm good.

CROUPIER: (~~INTERRUPTING HIMSELF AGAIN~~) Oh, you're good? Ever over to the Ringside Place?

BRINKMAN: Anybody good there?

CROUPIER: (WHO HAS DURING THIS DIALOGUE BEEN CALLING THE DICE NUMBERS) He'll take you.

BRINKMAN: Who?

CROUPIER: The roll *is* ten, the easy way, the point is *still* nine -- ten's a field number -- make a field bet. (NOW TO BRINKMAN) Ever hear of Dave Lannen?

BRINKMAN: No. Is he really good?

CROUPIER: Sometimes I think that guy uses a wired ball. But it beats me how you wire a pool ball. And the man throws a nine, makes his point. . .

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

NARR: You go to the Ringside Place -- a pool joint, pool and liquor. But you don't go in. You look in and you see, leaning against the bar, big as life, relaxed -- Dave Lannen. You get into the nearest phone booth and dial the "0" for the police.

BRINKMAN: Leo....This is Brinkman. Put on some clothes so you won't look like a cop so much and get over here, I found him. . . .That's right. Now don't laugh. I'm telling you this Dave Lannen did it, (PUZZLED) I agree with you, If he did it he wouldn't be standing around.

MORE

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BRINKMAN: But still and all -- you've known me 25 years --.....
(CONTD) Thanks.....I'll ~~kill~~ ^{keep an eye on} him. If he leaves, I'll know
where he is. You meet me at the Ringside Place.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN MOVEMENT. . .)

(SEVERAL POOL GAMES)

KALLEN: (SOTTO) ^{Sanon} ~~He~~ don't seem worried, Brinkman.

BRINKMAN: Okay, I know it. It looks thin, but just stay here and
let me talk to him.

KALLEN: Did you see that shot he just made? That boy could
make a million with a cue stick.

(A POOL GAME COMING ON MIKE AS IF WE WERE
WALKING TOWARD IT)

BRINKMAN: You play this game?

LANNEN: Why don't you take a cue?
BRINKMAN: What do you play?
LANNEN: There's all kinds of games. Here's a table, balls
scattered. Let's just shoot them in.
BRINKMAN: Fair enough.
LANNEN: Like 50 dollars worth?
BRINKMAN: Toss you for shot.
(COIN SPUN IN AIR)
LANNEN: Tails.
BRINKMAN: You shoot.
(POOL GAME IS PLAYED BEHIND THE FOLLOWING,
ACCENTUATING ACTION AS INDICATED)
(BALL DROPS)
BRINKMAN: Not bad.
LANNEN: I don't know. It was kind of easy.
BRINKMAN: Do you know a guy named Raeder?
(CUE STICK STRIKES BALL, BALL DROPS)
LANNEN: Never heard of him.
BRINKMAN: Do you know a guy named Sayer -- young kid, a miner?
LANNEN: Never heard of him.
(REPEAT PATTERN AS ABOVE)
BRINKMAN: This Sayer says you picked him up in a car last night.
LANNEN: Throw me the chalk. I don't own a car.
BRINKMAN: You never heard of Raeder, you never saw this Sayer,
and you don't own a car?
LANNEN: For a ^{poor} player you talk an awful lot. Let's play, huh?
(SAME PATTERN)
BRINKMAN: (EVENLY) You're wanted on a murder charge, kid. That's
what he used to call you "kid".

LANNEN: I'm 27. Nobody calls me kid. Besides I never heard of that either.

BRINKMAN: Heard of what?

LANNEN: Being wanted on a murder charge.

(THE SAME PATTERN)

BRINKMAN: Maybe you never heard of Leon Kallen either. The guy walking this way now.

LANNEN: (EASILY) Nope. Never heard of him. What is he, Police Chief of Peoria or something?

BRINKMAN: Leo, take him in, will you. At least let Sayer have a look at him.

KALLEN: All right, Lannen.

LANNEN: I don't mind going with you. ~~Happy to go with you,~~
Chief. Heard you're a square guy. ~~Heard you don't~~
~~send people up on some old foggies talk like a reporter~~
~~who thinks he's been around.~~ You see, everybody knows
that's not my kind of a job. That's not the way I
operate. Dice, a little; pool, sure. Maybe I sit
and shill a poker game once in a while. But murder?
Chief, I'll ask you. Is that in my line?

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

NARR: You doubt the whole thing now. Your own suspicion, your whole filing system (in your head). Too sure of himself, too confident. You decide to stay behind. You don't go with him and Chief Kallen to the possible identification by Sayer. You stay because you've got to find something to prove you're right and it's got to be here in Havana, somewhere. First, you take the upstairs of the Ringside Place, a room where Lannen has been living.

(MORE)

NARR: Second, you check the parking lots, the side streets
(CONT'D) for a car. A car that's never yet been found. And
then

~~(MUSIC: IN AGITATION NOW ...)~~

NARR: You get to the room in the Havana Police Headquarters
where Sayer is taking a good long look at Dave Lannen.
KALLEN: You've been looking ten minutes now. What do you think?
SAYER: (EVENLY) He's the guy shot and killed Raeder. I saw
him in the car and in the roadstop we made.
LANNEN: (EVENLY) You're wrong, bud. I wasn't on the
Havana-Peoria Road at 7:30 last night.
SAYER: You drank coffee at the cafe near Louiston. I saw
you, I was with you.
LANNEN: I never drink coffee. I wasn't on the Peoria Road
7:30. I got four witnesses. I was in Havana all the
time. All yesterday, all the day before. You see,
Chief, I look like a lot of guys.
KALLEN: Sayer, are you sure?
SAYER: I'm sure. I heard him talking for forty minutes.
The same voice.
LANNEN: It's just a voice. What do you go by, voices, bud?
Besides, Chief, like I told you -- ask anybody. It's
not my line. Guns are way ahead of me. Way ahead.
BRINKMAN: You're so right. It's not your line -- guns. And
that's what I couldn't figure all along. You stepped
out of your line. You went into another line that you
didn't belong in. (FLAT) Here's the gun.
KALLEN: (EXCITED) Where did you get this? *Brink*

BRINKMAN: Only a guy who doesn't know about guns would do what he did. Where do you ^Wink I found this gun? In the water tank in the bathroom in his room, registered in his name.

LANNEN: You're a liar.

BRINKMAN: And we found the car too. Parked in a parking lot, just like that, in Havana. Blood stains all over the floor and fingerprints all over the car.

LANNEN: It's a frame. The whole thing is a frame.

BRINKMAN: You ought to be able to do better than that. A frame! Look, you tried a new way to work --- a new m.o., Lannen. But it wasn't in your line. You're no gunman. ~~You talk too much for a gunman. Maybe you~~ talked too much to Raeder about one of those details. Maybe the deal you pulled in Peoria where you walked off with six thousand bucks. And maybe Raeder was squeezing you a little. That's where you made your ~~real mistake. You got some~~ A good gunman ~~never~~ ^{would} shoot when he's sore. ~~He'd~~ have planned it better. He'd have picked out a time and the place to do it -- not with a hitchhiker around -- but when he was alone. You shot him twice (a gunman wouldn't have done that). And missed Sayer (he wouldn't have done that either.) As long as you stayed in your line, you were okay Lannen. But when you stepped out of your m.o. you came to the end of the line....

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
O.F. Brinkman of the Peoria Illinois Journal with
the final outcome of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: - - - ~~ENDING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from O.F. Brinkman of the Peoria, Illinois Journal.

BRINKMAN: Killer in tonight's Big Story attempted defense by saying confession was ^{obtained} ~~gotten~~ from him by force. Judge and jury thought otherwise. He received 45 years at Joliet Prison. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Brinkman ... the makers of PELL MELL'S FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Youngstown Ohio Vindicator -- By - line, Bill Griffith. A BIG STORY about a shot gun, a fatal accident and a reporter who couldn't believe what he was told.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Frockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Peoria Illinois Journal. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Luis Van Rooten played the part of O.F. Brinkman. 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. Brinkman.

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

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

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NBC THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

LOUISE/TEDDY
6/22/50
am

ATX01 0171170

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 172

CAST

NARRATOR
WOMAN I
LUCY
WOMAN II
MADGE
BILL
HODGE
VESEY
JOHN
PROSECUTOR
BROMLEY
GOULD
CLIFF
CORONER
GARDENER

BOB SLOANE
AMZIE STRICKLAND
AMZIE STRICKLAND
ANITA ANTON
ANITA ANTON
BILL QUINN
PAUL MCGRATH
ROGER DE KOREN
ROGER DE KOREN
LYLE SUDROW
LYLE SUDROW
MASON ADAMS
MASON ADAMS
BOB DRYDEN
BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1950

ATX01 0171171

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#172

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JULY 12, 1950

WEDNESDAY

Bill Griffith: Youngstown Vindicator: Youngstown, Ohio.

Prepared by Sigmund Miller.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present....THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(SHOT, FROM SHOTGUN, LOUDEST BLAST POSSIBLE)

HODGE: (IN TERROR, HARSH, DEEP GUTTURAL) Amy -----y--- What
have I done? Amy--y.....

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS)

GOULD: I heard a shot sir---

HODGE: (BESIDES HIMSELF) What have I done - Oh what have I done--

GOULD: What's the matter sir?

HODGE: My wife look

GOULD: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE - VERY SUBDUED) Shall I call the
police, Mr. Hodge.

HODGE: Yes..... Is-Is she dead?

GOULD: She must have died instantly - the shot **blew** half her
head off.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! It's sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) Youngstown Ohio. From the pages of the Youngstown
Vindicator the story of a reporter who made a hunch
pay off - Tonight to ~~report on Bill Griffith~~ of the
Youngstown Vindicator for his sensational BIG STORY,
goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: -- ~~SPRING~~)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171172

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives
you a longer, natural filter of traditionally fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL
MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and
satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Youngstown, Ohio ... the story as it actually happened
... Bill Griffith's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The first chill wind of autumn slaps you across the face,
Bill Griffith, reporter on the Youngstown Vindicator,
as you leave your home that morning late in October.
You hurry to your office, not because you're late but *because*
you know there's a hot story waiting, made to order for
you - the big jewelry store robbery downtown. But you
never get to that job because there's something else
that happened. It's so big that the boss himself is in
your office waiting for you----

BILL: (WITH SURPRISE) Hiya John---

JOHN: Don't take your hat and coat off!

BILL: Okay - I'll get right over. Did they get much ---

JOHN: I'm not putting you on the jewelry job. Lawson's
going to cover it.

BILL: Why Lawson?

JOHN: You heard of Clive Hodge?

BILL: He's the big mining millionaire - what's the matter with
him?

JOHN: Nothing with him. It's his wife *he* just blew her head
off accidentally. Get down there fast. I'll try to hold
the Blue edition until I hear from you.

BILL: I'm on my way-----

(MUSIC: _ _ _ PORTENTOUS, UP AND UNDER)

NARR: When you get to the Hodge mansion, Gould, the secretary, suave and courteous shows you into the huge library. There you see Detective Bromley and a couple of his men sitting around and listening to Mr. Hodge. You've seen Mr. Hodge many times - but never like this. He is slumped in his chair tortured and dazed. He keeps shaking his head in horror, as if trying to shake the remembrance away.

HODGE: (WEAK, BROKEN VOICE) It was after dinner - Amy was resting on the love seat - she hadn't been feeling well - hardly ate her dinner-

BROMLEY: How did you happen to have a shotgun in the library, Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: We were nearly robbed the night before - I had an old shotgun in the storehouse. I ~~took~~ ^{took} it for protection - I don't know why I did that - I never shot this gun - or any gun for that matter---

BROMLEY: Go on.

HODGE: She fell asleep on the chair - she looked so uncomfortable, I decided to wake her up - get her to go to her room. --I prodded her with the gun- (LONG PAUSE, ~~HALP SOB~~) It went off--I never even dreamed it was loaded---

BROMLEY: How far was the gun from her head?

HODGE: About ten inches at most - it was the most awful thing---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH)

NARR: You look around the room, Bill Griffith- beautifully furnished, clean. You look at the love seat, a large brown stain on the side of it and on the rug. Some one had already tried to clean it. Since the accident someone had been in this room cleaning it up - even the ash trays. You wonder what was the hurry? You get up and think maybe you can look around the mansion, maybe talk to a couple of the servants--

GOULD: Where are you going sir?

BILL: Just looking around, *Mr. Griffith*

GOULD: Oh---

BILL: Any objections?

GOULD: Oh no sir. Go ahead and look all you like.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE)

WOMAN 1: (MIDDLE AGED) No sir, they got along fine. It was always darling and dearie and honey. They've been on a perpetual honeymoon for ten years. Mister, you're looking for something that isn't there.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE)

WOMAN 2: (YOUNG) (TALKATIVE) To tell you the truth, I won't lie to you - they did have one spat. That was two years ago less'n three weeks, about two months after I came here. Mr. Hodge was real considerate of her not like' some of the men that walk around these days. He made up to her. When they were alone in their room, he give her a pearl necklace and kiss her behind the ear--I couldn't hear what they said but -- (STOPS HERSELF) They always got along swell---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ MONTAGE)

GARDENER: I never saw them quarrel but then, I never did see them much. Lucy could tell you more. She was poor Mrs. Hodge's maid.

BILL: (EAGERLY) Where can I find her?

GARDENER: She ~~was let go this morning~~ *was let go this morning*

BILL: (~~SURPRISED~~) She was - what was the hurry?

GARDENER: I don't know. But she gave me her address so that I could send her things to her. I got it right here in my pocket---

BILL: I'd be very obliged if you gave it to me--

GARDENER: Here it is--
(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

~~It's two forty three~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WASHES OVER HIS SPEECH, UP AND OUT)

(BELL RINGS, DOOR OPENS)

LUCY: (YOUNG WOMAN) Yes sir?

BILL: Miss Lucy, I'm Bill Griffith from the Youngstown Vindicator-May I come in?

LUCY: Sure--

(DOOR CLOSES)

BILL: A terrible accident wasn't it?

LUCY: It was horrible.

BILL: Why were you discharged so soon?

LUCY: I don't know. Mr. Gould gave me two weeks salary and told me there was no need for my services.

BILL: ~~They seemed to be in a great rush to get rid of you why?~~

LUCY: ~~I don't know.~~

BILL: How did Mr. Hodge and his wife get along?

LUCY: Not too good.

BILL: Did they quarrel?

LUCY: No. But he didn't like her ~~at all~~.

BILL: (UP) He didn't? ...How do you know?

LUCY: Well, I - I don't want to get mixed up in this. I have nothing more to do with Mr. Hodge - and I'd rather forget the whole terrible business.

BILL: Did you like Mrs. Hodge?

LUCY: She was very nice and sweet to me. Always gave me a few extra dollars above my salary. He's an old skinflint, he is.

BILL: Wouldn't you want to help ~~her~~ in case it wasn't -- an accident?

LUCY: (SHOCKED) You think he ---

BILL: I don't know, I'm trying to find out. -- Why didn't he like his wife?

LUCY: (TROUBLE, UNSURE OF THE WISDOM OF TELLING) Well - he had a - a friend.

BILL: A girl friend?

LUCY: Y-yes---

BILL: What's her name?

LUCY: It's - it's Madge Kerry, lives over in Bellerose. He--
~~used to spend time with her when he went off on his money business trips.~~

BILL: Did Mrs. Hodge know about her?

LUCY: Yes, but she never let on. ~~Amy~~ Hodge was a very unhappy woman. She once told me that if anything ever happens to her for me to look behind the Roualt - I never knew what she meant by that.

BILL: Roualt ~~was~~ ^{is} a painter. She probably has one of his pictures hanging in her room. It would be very interesting to know what's behind that picture!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ RIISING CRESCENDO UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you have a fistful of leads, Bill Griffith, but you're not ready to go back to the office - not yet. You want to have a look at the body.

CORONER: I'm sorry Bill but I got instructions not to let anyone look at the body. Mr. Hodge's orders.

BILL: Why?

CORONER: He doesn't want anyone to see her the way she is. Can't blame him - that shotgun makes an ugly mess.

BILL: Okay. Just tell me where the powder marks are.

CORONER: Powder marks? There aren't any.

BILL: (IMPATIENTLY) There must be! The gun went off ten inches from her head.

CORONER: I'm telling you there are no powder marks.

BILL: (EXCITEDLY) Are you sure?

CORONER: Look here Bill, I've been a coroner and a mortician for a long time. I work with the police. I know about these things. I'm telling you there aren't any powder burns. I'm telling you absolutely!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP, LIVELY AND OUT)

JOHN: (IRKED) What the devil happened to you, Bill?

BILL: Am I too late for the blue edition, Boss?

JOHN: We put that to bed an hour ago. What did you get?

BILL: Boss, the story was too good, the house is too clean, everything's too perfect for my taste - so I did a little snooping.

JOHN: And---

BILL: And now I'm a ~~much~~ wiser man - I don't know all the answers but I certainly picked up a lot of questions that should be answered.

JOHN: Like what -

BILL: There's only one thing fit to print right now and that is why are there no powder burns on Mrs. Hodge since the gun went off ten inches away. It's just not possible. Let's keep on asking that question ~~first~~ and I have a hunch we'll come up with the answer -

(MUSIC: RACING UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But even though the Vindicator hammered away for days on the absence of powder marks, the police decided that it was accidental homicide. But you, Bill Griffith, aren't satisfied with this decision. You go ahead with your investigations and make some phone calls. You try to see Madge Kerry *but she's out of town* but she is away for the weekend. You try to get into the Hodge mansion to take a look at the Rousalt painting but Mr. Gould *won't* ~~wouldn't~~ let you get further than the front door. You're getting nowhere fast until one of your phone calls pays off.

(PHONE RINGS)

BILL: Yes?

CLIFF: (ON FILTER THROUGHOUT SCENE) Bill, this is Cliff.

BILL: (EAGERLY) Hiya Cliff - got anything for me?

CLIFF: Plenty. *after you called I checked through our police files.*

BILL: Spill... *it*

CLIFF: Clive Hodge insured his wife in New York about a year ago for fifteen.

BILL: Fifteen thousand?

CLIFF: But that's not the half of it. He put in a claim for the dough two days after her death.

BILL: Isn't that a loving husband---

CLIFF: Don't go away yet. He even went to the trouble of claiming and collecting a hundred dollar burial fund because his wife was once a government nurse. ~~Imagine collecting from a benefit fund for needy government workers! How do you like those apples?~~

BILL: You know what - I'm beginning to have a feeling that Mr. Hodge didn't like his wife at all!

(MUSIC: -- EXCITING, IMPENDING BRIDGE)
(PHONE RINGS)

BILL: Yes?

GOULD: (ON FILTER THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE) (SOFT-SPOKEN) Am I speaking to Mr. Griffith?

BILL: Yes, who is this?

GOULD: I am Mr. Gould, secretary to Mr. Hodge.

BILL: Oh yes--

GOULD: Would you oblige me by coming down to see ~~me~~ *Mr. Hodge* at your earliest convenience?

BILL: Okay - I can come down this afternoon.

GOULD: Thank you, ~~He~~ we'll be waiting for you.

(MUSIC: -- RACING AGAIN, UP AND UNDER)

~~GOULD: Your paper, Mr. Griffith, is the only thing that is keeping this tragedy alive. It had best be forgotten since it is serving no good to anyone.~~

~~BILL: As soon as we get a logical answer we'll quit---By the way where is Mr. Hodge?~~

~~GOULD: He's been very ill since this accident and confined to his bed.~~

BILL: ~~Could I speak to him for a few minutes?~~
GOULD: If there is anything you want to know, you can ask me.
BILL: I'd rather talk to him.
GOULD: I'm sorry but that's out of the question.
BILL: Okay - I'll be on my way--
GOULD: I see that you don't believe me. I don't want you to go away with a feeling of mistrust. Come this way--
(FOOTSTEPS UP THE STAIRS, DOOR OPENS)

~~I'll leave you alone with him. Please don't stay long.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

HODGE: (LOW VOICE) Come on in Mr. Griffith.
(FOOTSTEPS)

~~I'm sorry to have to receive you this way--~~

BILL:

~~That's all right.~~ *Hello, Mr. Hodge*

HODGE:

Mr. Griffith
Your paper has been on a crusade against me. I suppose it makes good copy for your readers -

BILL: We're merely asking that someone answer the question we're asking.

HODGE: You mean about the lack of powder burns.

BILL: That's right.

HODGE: I wish I knew the answer.

BILL: There are a couple of other questions that have been bothering us -

HODGE: I'll be glad to answer any question at all.

BILL: You're a close friend of Madge Kerry, aren't you?

HODGE: (SHARPLY) Who told you that?

BILL: What difference does it make.

HODGE: I know her slightly-- that's all.

BILL: It seems strange that you should buy her a new automobile - if you know her slightly---

HODGE: That - that was just a business deal----

BILL: You also applied for collection on your wife's insurance two days after her fatal accident.

HODGE: (BEGINNING TO GET ANGRY, ~~HIS SICK VOICE DISAPPEARING~~)
My business manager - he probably took care of that -
I had no idea he made application so soon---

BILL: You also collected a hundred dollars burial fund three days after her death. It's hard for some of the people in my office to consider that an act of deep mourning.

HODGE: (LOSING HIS TEMPER) Mr. Griffith - I don't care what your paper thinks. If necessary, I'll put a stop to these ugly stories - I can do it too. You go back to your editor and tell him, I'll break your paper if he doesn't leave me alone. Now get out of here.

(MUSIC: STORMY UP AND UNDER)

NARR: On your way out, you pass Amy Hodge's room. *He looks in* ~~It's~~ slightly ajar. The Roualt - the painting! You step carefully into the room, Bill Griffith - and close the door -

(SOUND OF DOOR CLOSING SOFTLY)

You look on the walls - there it is! the Roualt painting. You have to stand on a chair to get at it -

(SOUND OF CHAIR BEING MOVED)

You take the picture off the hook

(SOUND OF WIRE ON NAIL)

And you look behind it. There's a piece of paper stuck into the back of the frame. You take the paper-

(RUSTLE OF PAPER) (DOOR OPENS SHARPLY)

HODGE: (HARSHLY) What are you doing here?

BILL: I - er was just admiring - your pictures *Mr. Hodge*

~~GOULD:~~ You were snooping--

HODGE: Didn't I tell you to get out!

BILL: I was on my way out - when I er saw this picture---

HODGE: Before I throw you out, hand me that paper ~~in your hand.~~

BILL: ~~You seem to have recovered rather quickly, Mr. Hodge.~~

HODGE: (COLD AND DEADLY) That paper! *Mr. Gould!*

BILL: I found it by accident behind the painting. It reads:

"I'm afraid of my husband" -- a woman's handwriting---

HODGE: You're not leaving here! *Mr. Gould!* ~~Could~~ call the police. ~~He~~

~~went him~~ arrested for breaking into my wife's room.

~~Phone them now.~~

~~GOULD:~~ Yes ~~er~~ --

(SOUND OF DIALLING)

BILL: ~~You play it very bold,~~ Mr. Hodge but don't depend on that good conduct ribbon the police gave you. They might take it away. I know you're a powerful man around these parts, but so is the Vindicator. It usually lives up to its name - avenge injustice. If you're guilty, ~~we'll find~~ ~~you out.~~ Believe me, we'll find you out!

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN TO)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #172

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHEPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further..

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17 PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally
through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Bill Griffith, reporter for the Youngstown Vindicator are now standing in the bedroom of the late Amy Hodge. Her husband has just called the police in what you think is a bold bluff. When they arrive Hodge tells them the entire truth, how he invited you, how you violated his hospitality. And then he gives them the note you found behind the painting. He is so straightforward about it, that you begin to have doubts about your convictions. The police let you go but they don't like your meddling and they tell you so in no uncertain terms. - And now you have one lead left - Madge Kerry, Mr. Hodge's girl friend.

(BELL RINGS)

MADGE: (OFF) Who is it?

BILL: William Griffith.

(DOOR OPENS)

MADGE: (IN FULL) What do you want?

BILL: I'd like to speak to you, Miss Kerry.

MADGE: What about?

BILL: I'm a reporter.

MADGE: What do you want to see me about?

BILL: About Mr. Hodge. You know him very well, don't you?

MADGE: What business is that of yours?

BILL: (GETTING TOUGH) Miss Kerry, I can print what I think or I can print what you tell me. I think you would be better off if you answered a few questions.

MADGE: What are you dragging me into this for?
BILL: You're a good friend of Mr. Hodge, aren't you?
MADGE: Yes.
BILL: Very good eh?
MADGE: (DEFIANTLY) Yes - very good.
BILL: You love each other, don't you?
MADGE: (SHARPLY) Of course not - he's a married man!
BILL: Why did he buy you that car?
MADGE: Because he likes me - we're good friends - can't you understand that?
BILL: No, I can't. I can't understand a young pretty woman like yourself being such a close friend of a man in his fifties.
MADGE: ^{did} You're making insinuations?
BILL: You were seen kissing him.
MADGE: (SHARPLY) That's a lie!
BILL: I can prove it.
MADGE: Well, I might have kissed him once - in friendship - nothing else just friendship. Now please get your foot out of the door - I have nothing else to say to you!

(DOOR SLAMS)

(MUSIC: - - IN JUST AS SHARPLY UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You didn't get very far with her Bill Griffith. And now you have nothing else left to go on. You go back to your office planning to give this case up. But there's someone waiting for you ---

VESEY: Hiya Bill - remember me?

BILL: Why Ed Vesey - what brings you here? I haven't seen you in months.

...as a ballistics expert,
-17-

VESEY: I've been reading your articles on the Hodge case. I think you're quite right about it. There should have been powder burns on the body.

BILL: (WEARILY) Yes I know - but it hasn't gotten me anywhere.

VESEY: Look - I have just talked to the coroner - he swears that there were no powder burns. ~~As a ballistics expert~~ I am quite willing to testify that the shot could not have been made at ten inches without leaving burns.

BILL: You are, Ed?

VESEY: I am.

BILL: (WITH GREAT RESPECT) Why that's terrific!

VESEY: I also took the trouble to go over the coroner's report. The great area of the wound could not possibly have been made by a shot fired at ten or 15 inches away. It had to be a lot further than that.

BILL: (EXCITEDLY) ~~If you can~~ ^{you} prove that Ed? I think we can get the new prosecutor to reopen the case.

VESEY: If you will come down to the Culver Valley Hunting Club I can demonstrate it to everyone's satisfaction -

(MUSIC: - - EBULLIENT UP AND OUT)

PROSECUTOR: Look Bill - I've only been Prosecutor for a short time - The case is officially closed. The verdict is accidental homicide. Why should we reopen it now?

BILL: I've got ~~five~~ reasons why this case should be reopened. One of them is this sworn statement by Mr. Vesey - a ballistic expert. Take a look at this.

(RUSTLE OF PAPER)

PROSECUTOR: (AFTER A PAUSE AS HE READS) Well, suppose it wasn't fired at ten inches what difference does a few more inches either way make.

BILL: (HEATEDLY) The difference was more than a few inches. This means that Mr. Hodge was lying. It means that he wasn't prodding his wife with the gun to awaken her. It means that he was far enough away to take aim - and murder her?

PROSECUTOR: (IMPRESSED) You say that Mr. Vasey can prove it?

BILL: Yes. He's willing to conduct a series of tests down at the Culver Valley Hunting Club.

PROSECUTOR: All right, I'm willing to be shown.

BILL: ~~I always thought you'd make the best prosecuting attorney in the county.~~

PROSECUTOR: ~~Cut that out. You had better deliver the proofs.~~

BILL: There's one more thing.

PROSECUTOR: Like what?

BILL: I'd like you to ask Mr. Hodge to come down.

PROSECUTOR: He'll never do it. *from what I know about him*

BILL: I have a hunch he will. ~~He likes to play the game~~
boldly.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ AT THE PEAK OF EXCITEMENT UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Two days later everyone involved in this case assembled at the Culver Valley Hunting Club, in the target room. And as you had expected, Bill Griffith, Mr. Hodge and his secretary Mr. Gould are present. Mr. Hodge seems calm - he even nods pleasantly to you when you happen to catch each other's eye. The atmosphere is more like a college lectures hall than a hearing in which a man's life hangs in the balance.

PROSECUTOR: I want to thank you Mr. Hodge for being so cooperative.

HODGE: Mr. Prosecutor, I am as anxious as I hope all of you are, to get this tragedy cleared up once and for all.

PROSECUTOR: Let's proceed and get this finished as fast as we can. Go ahead Mr. Vesey.

VESEY: Gentlemen, I have here the same shotgun which caused the fatal accident to Mrs. Hodge.

PROSECUTOR: Is that the gun Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: I suppose so - I'm not familiar with guns. I guess it is.

VESEY: - It's loaded. Mr. Hodge said ~~that he topped the gun~~
~~on the pillow~~ and it went off. Isn't that so, Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: It is so.

VESEY: I'm going to take the same gun and pound it on the floor.

(SD OF GUN POUNDING ON HARD FLOOR)

And now I'm going to hammer it and knock it - it's facing me you notice - if it goes off, the shell will hit me --

(GUN HAMMERING AND KNOCKING ON THE FLOOR)

As you see the shotgun did not go off. I wasn't being dramatic by pointing it at me, I did this only to prove that this gun can't possibly go off unless you press the trigger and press it hard!

HODGE: (CALMLY) You might do that once too often. You can hammer it on the floor, a thousand times and it won't go off. The thousand and first time it might fire.

BILL: Do you Mr. Vesey consider it an impossibility that it could go off without pulling the trigger.

VESEY: Nothing is impossible Mr. Griffith but it is so unlikely that I was quite willing - as you saw - to point the gun at myself while pounding and hammering it.

PROSECUTOR: Do you have any other tests, Mr. Vesey?

VESEY: I have brought here a ~~freshly~~ slaughtered pig. I'm going to fire the shot gun at it from a ten inch distance. Will you people move to this side --

(FOOTSTEPS)

Thank you.

(BLAST OF SHOT GUN)

Notice that the hole in the body of this pig is no bigger than the size of the shell - a half inch in diameter. Notice the powder marks around the wound. Notice the waddings around the shell have followed the shell into the wound. Is the coroner here?

CORONER: Yes.

VESEY: Was there any wadding of the shell in the wound that killed Mrs. Hodge.

CORONER: No - there wasn't -

PROSECUT: Do you want to say anything, Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: Yes, indeed. ^{He presented} I would merely like to say that I had no idea there was going to be an accident and I didn't measure the distance the gun was from her head. It might have been more or less. I was so dazed by what happened that my sense of distance might easily have been distorted.

VESEY: That's very true. But I haven't finished this experiment. Please let me go on.

PROSECUT: Go head.

VESEY: The shell of a shot gun is different from a rifle bullet. A bullet makes the same hole no matter what the distance, but a shell hole is larger the further the weapon is from the target. The shot spreads. Now I will fire the shot gun at a distance of three feet, from target.

(BLAST OF GUN)

The wound is now much bigger as you can see, a little bigger than a silver dollar. I would now like to ask the coroner a question.

CORONER: Yes?

VESEY: The wound that killed Mrs. Holdge was bigger than a ~~half~~ dollar wasn't it?

CORONER: Yes - much bigger.

BILL: If I'm not mistaken, according to your report the wound was about three by two inches or roughly about the size of a closed fist.

CORONER: That's about the size, Mr. Griffith.

VESEY: I will now fire the shot gun -

HODGE: (BREAKING IN, HE IS NERVOUS NOW) I - I don't know what you expect to prove by that --

VESEY: If you will allow me to finish, I'll point out to all of you the significance of --

HODGE: (INTERRUPTING AGAIN, SWEATING) This experiment seems most unfair to me - very prejudicial against me -

VESEY: Allow me to finish please --

PROSECUT: Wait a moment - why do you think it's prejudicial,

HODGE: Mr. Hodge?
He's firing into a dead body - there's a great difference between the resistance of a dead body and a live one. The size of the wound would therefore be very different.

VESEY: There is a difference but so small as not to be measurable. For all intents and purposes, the shell makes the same size hole to the naked eye, in a live or dead body.

HODGE: I refuse to accept this.

VESEY: We can carry on the same experiment with a live animal. If necessary. But I deplore the unnecessary use of slaughter to prove --

HODGE: I object to these experiments --

PROSECUT: (QUIETLY BUT FIRMLY) Mr. Vesey, you may continue with this experiment.

VESEY: Thank you, Mr. Prosecutor. -- I will now fire the shot gun from a distance of eight feet.

(BLAST OF SHOT GUN)

Notice the wound - about the size of my closed fist about the same size as the wound that killed Mrs. Hodge.

HODGE: This is a ridiculous experiment!

VESEY: The coronor can easily verify that this was the size of the --

HODGE: (VIOLENTLY) I object to the whole procedure!

PROSECUT: Coroner -

CORONER: (LOW) Yes - that was about the size.

VESEY: The shot was fired at Mrs. Hodge from a distance of eight feet which meant that he took deliberate aim. There can be no other possible explanation.

(BIG-HUBB AND DOWN)

BILL: Would you like to comment on this, Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: (FRANTIC) The whole thing is a lie! Griffith - your newspapers are just trying to make a lurid story out of this tragic accident.

PROSECUT: Do you have anything else to say, Mr. Hodge?

HODGE: (THROWING HIS CALM TO THE WINDS) I'm innocent - I loved my wife - We never quarrelled - I wouldn't kill her - I wouldn't harm a hair of her head - I loved her -

BILL: Mr. Hodge, we know about Madge Kerry.

HODGE: So what.

BILL: We know about the note which I found behind the Roualt.

HODGE: That doesn't prove anything. My wife was eccentric.

BILL: You insured your wife a year ago for \$15,000 and put in a claim for the money two days after her death.

- 22 A -

HODGE: I told you, my ~~agent~~ *James Earl Ray* did that.

BILL: You even collected a hundred dollar burial fund
on your wife three days after her death.

HODGE: I don't see what all this has to do with the situation.

BILL: I think the combination of all these things adds up
to a motive and certainly this demonstration has
proved that....

HODGE: I tell you I didn't kill her!

ATX01 0171195

B

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PROSECUT: (CUTTING IN, FIRM BUT DECISIVE) I'm sorry, Mr. Hodge. The state now considers you under suspicion of the murder of your wife. Amy Hodge. - You are now under arrest!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

- 23 -

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Bill Griffith of the Youngstown Vindicator with the
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- ~~SPING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171197

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ _ (BEHIND)_

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG. . . .)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bill Griffith of the Youngstown Vindicator.

GRIFFITH: Suspect in tonight's big story was brought to trial. His suavity and polish and his calm demeanor did not fool the jury. He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary. -- Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Griffith...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Memphis, Tenn. Press Scimitar -- by-line, Hal Wilson. A BIG STORY about a truck driver who on one short trip met a beautiful girl and -- death!

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Sigmund Miller from an actual story from the front pages of the Youngstown Vindicator. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Quinn played the part of Bill Griffith. 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. Griffith.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

eg/mtf/em/dl
6/24/50 pm

ATX01 0171200

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #173

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HAZEL	MELBA RAE
MRS. MARBACH	JOAN SHEA
WOMAN	JOAN SHEA
WILSON	NAT POLEN
SHERIFF	JASON JOHNSON
SAM	JASON JOHNSON
DUDLEY	JOSHUA SHELLEY
JOE	JOSHUA SHELLEY
GRUBER	JAMES MCCALLION
SERGEANT	JAMES MCCALLION
CHIEF	SCOTT TENNYSON
JEFF	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950

ATX01 0171201

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#173

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JULY 19, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

SAM: (TAKING A DEEP BREATH) Mmmm. Smell that air!

JOE: It's too cold to smell anything. Come on, Sam. Let's
get back to the car.

SAM: Clear over to Arkansas, Joe. Look at that view!

JOE: Sam, ~~please~~ Come on!

SAM: Aw, what's the hurry? Here you got a real beautiful
panorama, and -- (HIS VOICE BREAKS OFF)

JOE: What's the matter, Sam?

SAM: Over there in that culvert. Looks like a man.

JOE: I'd better wake him up. He'll freeze to death.

(FOOTSTEPS ON STONY GROUND, UNDER. STAY WITH)

Hey, mister! (HOLD FOR TWO BEATS) Mister, you better --

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

Say, Sam, this guy's not sleeping. There's blood all over

his head! ~~Sam, this~~ ~~the~~ guy's dead ~~Sam!~~

(MUSIC: -- STAB AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America..its sound and its fury...
its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers.

(PAUSE, COLD AND FLAT)

Memphis, Tennessee. From the pages of the Press-Scimitar..

the story of a beautiful girl - and an ugly murder.

Tonight, to Hal Wilson of the Memphis Press-Scimitar, for
his valuable assistance, his vivid reporting, for his Big

Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- STING...) (OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171202

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND _ _ _ _)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
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HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

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CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES --

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Memphis, Tennessee - the story as it actually happened..
Hal Wilson's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Some towns are like storm centers. News stories seem to gather and break over them, repeatedly, like thunderheads on a mountain ridge. Ripley, Tennessee, is one of those towns. And you, Hal Wilson, county correspondent for the Memphis Press-Scimitar, have enjoyed the cloudbursts for many years. You live in Ripley with your wife and daughter, and besides being a society correspondent you help run Selby's Drug Store -- but you always keep an eye out for thunderheads just the same. So when Sheriff Ernie Beyer calls you at the store one winter morning, you figure you're due for a break. The only thing you don't figure is how big that break will be.

SHERIFF: (ON FILTER) Just got a message from High Point, Hal. Some motorist found a body up there. Might be a story in it, you wanna come along.

WILSON: I'm your boy, Sheriff! See you in five minutes.

(HANGS UP)

(PROJECTING) Dudley! Hey, Dudley!

DUDLEY: (OFF-MIKE) (BRASH ADOLESCENT. A RURAL ARNOLD STANG)
What is it, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON: You'll have to take over the store, Dudley. I'm going out.

DUDLEY: (FADING IN) But, Mr. Wilson, it's lunch time, and --

WILSON: (FADING) If I'm not back by five, you can close 'er up.
I'm leaving you in complete charge.

(DOOR OFF, OPENS AND SHUTS)

DUDLEY: (ON MIKE, DISGUSTED) Yeah! I'm in complete charge, and
he gets the complete salary!

(MUSIC: - - - UP, WRYLY THEN OUT)

WILSON: (SLOWLY) Who is he, Sheriff? Do you know?

SHERIFF: Nothing on him. No wallet, no nothing. Coulda come from
the moon.

WILSON: All those wounds on his head. What do you think, an
accident?

SHERIFF: Accident, my eye! You don't get thrown in a culvert if
it's an accident. And you don't get wounds like that.
This is murder as sure as you're born. The nastiest,
ugliest kind of murder. Hal, you're a reporter, you
know something about people. Tell me, what kind of a
killer does it take to hammer a man to death?

(MUSIC: - - - IN WITH)

NARR: You watch grimly as Sheriff Beyer's men begin a search
of the area. You even do a little snooping on your own.
And then, in a patch of brambles, you see it. A shiny,
black leather rectangle, caught in the branches.

WILSON: (PROJECTING) Hey, Sheriff! Look at this! A wallet!

SHERIFF: (FADING IN) You think it's his?

WILSON: I don't know. Could be.

SHERIFF: (ON) Let's see what's in it.

WILSON: Here.

(SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

Here's a driver's license.

SHERIFF: Mmm. (READING) Chester T. Marbach, 324 Stratford Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.

WILSON: Age: 56 (SHERIFF: About right.) Hair: Gray. Eyes: Brown. Height --

SHERIFF: That's him, all right. Everything checks.

WILSON: And here's the registration of a trailer truck.

SHERIFF: Let's have that. I'll get that license number out on the radio right away.

WILSON: (SLOWLY) Chester T. Marbach. 324 Stratford Avenue. I hope he hasn't got any kids, that's all. It's tougher when --

SHERIFF: It'll be tough no matter what. Brutal and sudden and tough.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP FOR BRIDGE, THEN UNDER TO FADE) --

(FADE IN A WOMAN SOBBING)

SHERIFF: I'm sorry, Mrs. Marbach. I'm sorry we had to bring you ~~here~~ ^{all the way up here} for this. And I hate to bother you anymore but --

MRS. MARBACH: (STILL CRYING, BUT MORE QUIETLY) That's all right, Sheriff. I -- I know you have to ask these things.

SHERIFF: Mr. Wilson, here, is a reporter, and he's gonna try and help, too. (MRS. M: Thank you) Now, you say your husband was trucking pianos from Findlay, Ohio, to Memphis, Tennessee, that right?

MRS MARBACH: Yes. He made the trip quite often.

SHERIFF: Carry much money with him?

MRS MARBACH: Enough to cover expenses and pay for (SHE BREAKS OFF)...

SHERIFF: What's the matter?

MRS MARBACH: His wallet. When you gave it back to me, there was nothing in it.

WILSON: How much is missing?

MRS MARBACH: I don't know, Mr. Wilson, I don't know how much he took this time, but ---

WILSON: How much did he usually take?

MRS MARBACH: Over a thousand dollars. Sometimes even two.

SHERIFF: There's your motive, Hal. Two thousand bucks worth!

WILSON: But how could anyone suspect that -- Mrs. Marbach, did anyone else know your husband carried that much money?

MRS MARBACH: No one I can think of. Unless --

WILSON: Unless what?

MRS MARBACH: Unless his helper - the boy -- but he wouldn't --

SHERIFF: What boy, Mrs. Marbach?

MRS MARBACH: No, I - I don't want to get anyone in trouble if they --

SHERIFF: (DRIVING AT HER) Come on! You've got to tell us! What boy? What helper?

MRS MARBACH: A - a young man from Findlay. Floyd Gruber. He worked for my husband.

SHERIFF: And you think he might have known about the money?

MRS MARBACH: Yes, he might have. In fact --

WILSON: You say he worked for your husband. You mean up in Findlay?

MRS MARBACH: No - (WITH FULL REALIZATION) But that's just it! Floyd must know what's happened. Don't you see? He must know! Because he went along on the trip. He always does. That's part of his job. He rides with my husband - right in the cab of the truck!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: It's simple arithmetic. Three things were missing: the money, the truck, and the helper. And you, Hal Wilson, reporter, can figure as well as the next guy. What kind of a killer does it take to hammer a man to death? You wonder if it doesn't take a twenty year old truck driver from Findlay, Ohio.

(MUSIC: --- STATEMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: Sheriff Beyer wonders, too. And a teletype goes out on Gruber to the police of five surrounding states but nobody really expects much. He's got a headstart that could get him to Hindustan. And yet, that very evening, only a few hours later, Floyd Gruber is found. In the last place in the world you'd expect to find him. The Police Chief of Findlay finds him right in his own rooming house.

(MUSIC: --- OUT SHARP)

GRUBER: Why shouldn't I be here? I'm not runnin' from nothin'.

CHIEF: Nobody says you are. But there's a few questions --

GRUBER: Lissen, Sergeant, if you think you can --

CHIEF: I'm the Chief, Floyd. The Sergeant's downstairs.

GRUBER: I don't care who you are, you can't --

CHIEF: (PLEASANTLY) Just a second, sonny. Lemme give you a tip
It's old-fashioned to think you sound innocent if you make a big squawk. Innocent people don't do that anymore.

GRUBER: (NERVOUSLY TRYING TO SOUND REASONABLE) I'm not squawkin, Chief. I just don't get it, is all. But - if you wanna ask me questions, all right. Go ahead.

CHIEF: Do you work for a man named Chester Marbach?

GRUBER: (A BEAT) Marbach? Yeah, sometimes.
CHIEF: What do you mean sometimes?
GRUBER: Off and on. You know. Help him load pianos, and --
CHIEF: His wife says you got a steady job with him.
GRUBER: Well - (A BEAT) - yeah, that's right, in a way. I mean -
sometimes I do different things for him. Sometimes I
load pianos, and sometimes --
CHIEF: Sometimes you ride with him on the truck, huh?
GRUBER: Yeah, sometimes.
CHIEF: Where did you go with him this week?
GRUBER: I - I don't think I went anywheres.
CHIEF: Memphis, maybe?
GRUBER: No, I don't think so, no.
CHIEF: His wife says you did.
GRUBER: Well, she's mistaken, because --
CHIEF: The man at Marbach's garage says you did.
GRUBER: But I'm tellin' ya --
CHIEF: Now look, Floyd. Don't get yourself in a mess. Tell the
truth. You got no reason to lie, have you? (GRUBER: No.)
Well, then maybe you better think again. Because if we
find you were on that truck and lied about it -
GRUBER: I didn't say I wasn't on the truck. I didn't say that!
CHIEF: Then what did you say? Be careful now, Floyd. Because
Marbach was killed on the way to Memphis!
GRUBER: (FRANTICALLY) Now wait a minute, wait a minute! You
got nothing on me. I was on the truck, that's right.
But I got off. I got off at Dyersburg.
CHIEF: Why?

GRUBER: Because they were raisin' so much Cain. Stoppin' at bars and gettin' drunk, and --

CHIEF: Who do you mean "they?"

GRUBER: Marbach and the hitch-hiker.

CHIEF: (SHARPLY) You mean somebody thumbed a ride with you?

GRUBER: Right outside of Findlay, here. ^{There} Two of them were drinkin and fightin' all the way down. After a while I had enough, so I got off at Dyersburg and took a bus back home.

CHIEF: What did this guy look like - this hitch-hiker?

GRUBER: It wasn't a guy. It was a dame!

CHIEF: (INCREDULOUSLY) ~~What?~~ Dame?

GRUBER: That's right. A dame. Called herself Hazel Warren.

CHIEF: Where was she headed?

GRUBER: Ripley, Tennessee, I think. Yeah, she said she was going to visit a married sister there, a Mrs. Lemcke.

CHIEF: You better not be lyin', sonny, because --

GRUBER: It's the truth, so help me! Anyone killed Marbach, she did. Do you think if I done it, I'd be crazy enough to come back here? She's the one, I'm tellin' ya! Hazel Warren, Ripley, Tennessee!

(MUSIC: --- STING AND UNDER)

NARR: It clinks like a lead quarter, but it's Gruber's story and he sticks with it. The next morning you get the report back in Ripley, and Sheriff Beyer goes out to the Lemcke house to pick up the girl. And you are waiting in the jail office when he brings her in.

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

SHERIFF: (OFF) In here, Mrs. Warren.

HAZEL: (SAME PERSPECTIVE, A LOW, HUSKY VOICE, TENSE, BUT QUIET AND RESERVED) Thank you, Sheriff.

(DOOR SHUTS)

SHERIFF: This is Mr. Wilson, from the Memphis Press-Scimitar.

(WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH MIKE AND STOP)

HAZEL: (ON FULL, SOFTLY) Hello, Mr. Wilson. I'm glad to meet you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH:)

NARR: Hazel Warren. A beautiful girl - dark, tumbling hair. And young. Only twenty-one. But with haunted shadows on her face that sing of loneliness and tears - and hard times - and rotten breaks. As she stands there, bewildered and defenceless, you Hal Wilson, can think of only one thing. Your daughter's name is Hazel. What if she were in a spot like this?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT)

SHERIFF: (ON) Now, Mrs. Warren, just tell us your story. Did you hitch a ride on Marbach's truck?

HAZEL: Yes but I wasn't alone. My husband was with me.

SHERIFF: Your husband?

HAZEL: Yes. Bob. We left Detroit together. He was going to Miami to look for a job, and I was coming here to my sister's.

SHERIFF: What happened in the truck?

HAZEL: Well, the other two men were drinking. They got fresh and noisy, and I didn't like it. So Bob and I got off at Dyersburg.

WILSON: And Gruber stayed on, with Marbach?

HAZEL: Yes. ^{Mr. Wilson} I don't know what happened after that, but they were both pretty drunk.

SHERIFF: Where did you and your husband go then?

HAZEL: We split up and Bob went on to Miami. I hitched another ride from Dyersburg to Halls, and then took a bus from there to Ripley.

SHERIFF: Is that the whole story? (HAZEL: Yes, it is.) Okay, Mrs. Warren. I'll have to hold you until we check it.

(PROJECTING) Sergeant!

HAZEL: (QUAVERING) But - it's the truth, Sheriff! I told you --

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

SERGEANT: (OFF) Yes, sir?

SHERIFF: You can take her in, now.

HAZEL: No, please, I --

SERGEANT: Okay, Mrs. Warren. This way.

HAZEL: Mr. Wilson - you'll help me, won't you? You heard all this. You know I'm telling the truth.

WILSON: (GENTLY) I'll do what I can, Mrs. Warren.

HAZEL: Thank you. Thank you very much.

(WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS GO OFF, DOOR SHUTS)

WILSON: (~~EXPLODING~~) She didn't do it, Sheriff!

SHERIFF: It's her word against Gruber's.

WILSON: He was grabbin' at straws, you know that! Lyin' himself blind to save his own neck.

SHERIFF: Take it easy, Hal. If Mrs. Warren is innocent, she can prove it.

WILSON: Listen, I can see just what's coming. She tells a simple story and nobody believes it. So she'll get scared. She'll dream up a few things to make it stronger. And then they'll catch her out, and she'll throw in something else, fast and panicky, until she's so tangled up she won't even know her own name! (HOLD FOR A BEAT) I'm gonna help that girl, Sheriff! She needs help, and she needs it bad!

(MUSIC: — — UP FOR CURTAIN)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: - - - - BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You made a promise, Hal Wilson of the Memphis Press-Scimitar. You promised to help a dark-haired girl in a jail cell that you would try ~~to help~~ her. And you are trying. But the confusion you predicted has gone far beyond the limits of Hazel Warren's mind. In two short days it has covered the whole case with a monstrous, frightening jungle of statements and counter-statements, charges and denials - until no truth seems true, and no lie seems false. Even the phony story of Floyd Gruber has its believers. Why did he make no effort to dodge the police? Why didn't he have the missing money? And where is Marbach's truck? Stubbornly, you ignore these questions. You spend four to five hours a day talking with Hazel, looking for facts you can verify, writing up her story. But Ripley is a small town, and your interest in the case begins to be noticed.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SWELLS, THEN UNDER)

WOMAN: Saw you and that Warren girl on the front page this morning, Hal. Getting pretty friendly, aren't you?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

DUDLEY: (SARCASTICALLY) You didn't name your daughter after her, did you, Mr. Wilson?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

JEFF: Makin' a lotta trips to that jail, ain't ya, boy?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ CLIMAX AND OUT SHARP)

SHERIFF: Now look, Hal, why ~~don't you take it easy?~~ ^{don't you take it easy?} Gruber might be tellin' the truth about that girl.

WILSON: And she might be telling the truth about him, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Well, one of 'em's lyin. Or I'd hafta believe they all got off at Dyersburg and the truck run on by itself.

WILSON: Hazel said she took the bus from Halls to Ripley. And I proved that, Ernie. The driver identified her.

SHERIFF: Halls to Ripley! What does that mean?

WILSON: (ANGRILY) It means she wasn't lying! What more do you want?

SHERIFF: All right, then what about her husband? Why hasn't he shown up to clear her?

WILSON: Maybe he hasn't heard about it yet. Maybe --

SHERIFF: You know what I think? I think she isn't even married.

WILSON: Okay, wise guy. I'll prove that, too! I'll prove she is!

(MUSIC: -- -- SOCKS IN, ANGRY AND DISTURBED, THEN SEGUES TO QUIETER THEME AND FADES UNDER)

HAZEL: You're awfully nice, Hal, standing by me like this, and going to all that trouble to prove I was married.

WILSON: It was no trouble, Hazel. When you told me Colorado Springs, 1942, I just had them check the records, and there it was. Now, if your husband would ^{just} come up here and --

HAZEL: He will, Hal. I know he will. Bob and I didn't always get along so well. But he'd come right away if he knew I was in trouble.

WILSON: Maybe it would help if I - that is, if you wrote him a message, sort of. I could print it in my next story, and maybe he'd see it.

HAZEL: Would you? Oh, that'd be wonderful!

WILSON: Sure. Just tell me what to say and I'll write it down, now.

HAZEL: All right. Let's see. I could say, "Dear Bob". No, no I'll say "Bob, darling."

(PENCIL WRITING ON PAPER UNDER)

"Bob, darling, if you care for me, please come home. I want to see you so bad. We've had our quarrels and arguments but I still love you." Do you think that's all right?

WILSON: I think it's fine.

(PENCIL STOPS)

HAZEL: Gosh, Hal, I don't know what I'd do without you! People haven't ever been very nice to me. You're one of the first.

WILSON: Just want to see you get a square deal, that's all.

HAZEL: (REPEATING HIS NAME TO HERSELF) Hal Wilson. That's funny!

WILSON: What is?

HAZEL: Your initials. H.W. They're the same as mine!

WILSON: Say, that's right, they are!

~~HAZEL: I wonder if that means anything. It's strange when a person you like very much has --~~

(CELL DOOR CLANGS OPEN)

SHERIFF: (OFF) You hear again, Hal?

HAZEL: I wonder if that means anything. It's strange when a person you like very much has -- Well, has so much -- in common, with you.

WILSON: That's the way it oughta be, I guess.

HAZEL: Yeah, maybe it is. All my life I been looking for someone who would treat me right, and -- and try to understand me. Maybe all these things go together -- sort of. Oh, Hal, I'm so - grateful for you. Not just for your help, but for the way you are. I mean that.

WILSON: Thanks, Hazel. And don't worry, please. Don't worry about a thing. I'll do all I can to get you out of here.

HAZEL: Whatever happens, I want you to know that --

(CELL DOOR CLANGS OPEN)

SHERIFF: (OFF) You here again, Hal?

WILSON: Now don't get sore, Sheriff. Just because you were wrong about her husband --

SHERIFF: (ON, GLOATING) Why should I be sore? Besides, maybe that don't mean so much anymore.

WILSON: Maybe what doesn't?

SHERIFF: Mrs. Warren, you say that before Marbach and Gruber picked you up, you and your husband spent the night in Findlay, that so?

HAZEL: Yes, at the Comstock Hotel.

SHERIFF: (DROPPING THE BOMB) Then why did you take a single room there, and register as Miss Warren?

(A LONG PAUSE)

HAZEL: (QUIETLY) We - we had an argument, that's all. And I stayed by myself because it made Bob mad.

SHERIFF: Then where did he stay?

HAZEL: I don't know. Some rooming house, I guess.

SHERIFF: Why didn't he stay in the Comstock, too? And why --

HAZEL: (ON THE VERGE OF TEARS) Please, I don't know. I don't know!

WILSON: Sheriff, look. It's true about the arguments. She isn't just making that up for you. She's mentioned it before.

SHERIFF: Okay, so they had fights. That doesn't prove he was on the trip with her.

SERGEANT: (OFF) Sheriff!

SHERIFF: (IMPATIENTLY) What is it, Sergeant?

SERGEANT: (FADING IN SLIGHTLY) The State Police just called.

SHERIFF: What for?

SERGEANT: They found the truck - and the murder weapons.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Weapons? Did you say weapons?

SERGEANT: Yes sir. Two of them, in the back of the truck. A hammer and a crow-bar. No fingerprints, but there was hair and blood on them.

WILSON: And where did they find the truck?

SERGEANT: On an old cart trail - ^{just outside of Halls!}

(MUSIC: -- -- STAB, AND UNDER)

NARR: You don't believe it. You know what ^{Quill} Beyer is thinking, and a knife twists inside you. Marbach's truck was left near the town of Halls. And Hazel Warren took a bus from the same place. And the murder weapons - two of them. He is thinking that two people could have killed Marbach together. All of a sudden you don't want to be where you are. You walk out of Hazel Warren's cell with your head splitting. You go back to the drug store and try to work. But people won't let you alone. Every customer has something to say. And it's funny - almost. They've all been reading your stories. And they all feel the way you wanted them to feel. The way you felt, yourself - until now.

(MUSIC: -- -- SWELLS AND UNDER)

WOMAN: I baked her some pies and cookies. Poor thing! Somebody's got to look after her! Why, the idea of thinking that little girl could kill a man with a hammer or a crow-bar, and --

(MUSIC: -- -- UP TO DROWN, THEN UNDER)

DUDLEY: And I don't mind telling you, Mr. Wilson, I think she's getting a pretty raw deal. If I was a little older, I'd --

(MUSIC: -- -- UP TO DROWN, THEN UNDER)

JEFF: That Gruber is just tryin' to lay the blame on her. You can tell by lookin' at her, she's as innocent as can be.

WILSON: (TOPPING) Wait a second!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT SHARP)_

JEFF: (PUZZLED BY HIS TONE) What's that?

WILSON: I said, wait a second, Jeff. How do you know what she really looks like? If you think you can tell from those newspaper shots, you're --

JEFF: Newspaper shots nothin'! I seen her in person, Hal. I drove her in my cab. Out to her sister's house, the night she came to Ripley. She was a sweet-lookin' kid too, in that white, fur coat. ^{107 23} A real picture. Here. Twenny cents for the soda.

(RING OF A CASH REGISTER)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A THIN, ATTENUATED STRAIN)

NARR: It is only a few seconds later that the full meaning of those words explodes ⁱⁿ on your brain.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SHARP SWELL AND OUT)

(RAPID FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR, STAY WITH)

WILSON: (PROJECTING) Dudley, watch the store, will you? I've got to go out again.

DUDLEY: (OFF, PLAINATIVELY) But, Mr. Wilson, I never get my lunch when you do that and ~~the mother~~ ^{the mother} ~~is in~~ ^{is in} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~store~~ ^{store}

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, CUTTING OFF DUDLEY'S VOICE, TRAFFIC NOISES B.G., FOOTSTEPS ON PAVEMENT, STAY WITH FADE IN STARTING OF CAR ENGINE)

WILSON: (PROJECTING) Jeff! Hey, Jeff! Hold it!

JEFF: (FADING IN) What's the matter?

WILSON: Are you busy? I mean, can you take a fare?

JEFF: Sure. Where do you wanna go?

WILSON: Out to Mrs. Lemcke's. ~~(A BEAM)~~ ~~That's right~~, out where you took Hazel that night. And step on it, Jeff, will you. I've wasted enough time already!

(MUSIC: ~~IN EXCITEDLY, THEN UNDER~~)

NARR: It's only a hunch. A feeble wisp of a breath of a hunch.
(PAUSE) But by some far miracle, it flowers. And you feel sick with satisfaction. Sweet-sick, and --
Believed
~~vindicated~~, somehow.

(MUSIC: ~~A CHORD OF IRONIC TRIUMPH, THEN UNDER WITH SUSPENSE~~)

NARR: An hour later you're back in the office of the ~~Lauderdale~~
County Jail.

(MUSIC: ~~SNEAK OUT UNDER~~)

SHERIFF: Are you going to leave it in the box?

WILSON: Yes, Sheriff.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS, UNDER AND A RUSTLE OF CARDBOARD)

Right here on the table, with the cover on.

SHERIFF: Okay, boy. I hope you know what you're doing.

WILSON: (GRIMLY) Don't worry about that, Ernie. Is she waiting?

SHERIFF: We've got her in the outer office.

WILSON: Okay, I'm ready.

(FOOTSTEPS GO OFF, DOOR OPENS, OFF)

SHERIFF: (OFF) Come in, Mrs. Warren.

(MORE FOOTSTEPS, DOOR SHUTS)

Mr. Wilson has some questions he wants to ask you.

(WOMAN'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, THEN STOP)

HAZEL: Sure, Hal. What is it?

WILSON: Hazel, when you came to jail here you were wearing an old cloth coat. Isn't that so?

HAZEL: Yes. I borrowed it from my sister.

WILSON: But what about when you came to Ripley? What were you wearing then?

HAZEL: (FLUSTERED) Why, I don't know, I --

WILSON: Were you wearing a white fur coat that night?

HAZEL: (A BEAT) Ye-yes -- I guess I was.

WILSON: And didn't you spill something on it?

HAZEL: (FULLY ALARMED NOW) Spill something! No, of course not!

WILSON: Don't lie to me, Hazel. (BIG) What did you spill on that coat?

HAZEL: Nothing! I didn't spill anything!

WILSON: It was blood, wasn't it? Blood from an old man's murder!

HAZEL: No! No! There was nothing on it. I didn't spill anything!

(FEW QUICK FOOTSTEPS TO TABLE, AND RAPID RUSTLE OF CARDBOARD COVER, THEN FOOTSTEPS RETURN, ALL THIS CARRIES UNDER)

WILSON: Here's your coat, Mrs. Warren. Here - look at death! Go on - look at it! Blood, little spots ^{all over} of it. A hundred eyes that saw you kill him.

HAZEL: (IN A SCREAMING FRENZY) It's a lie! I didn't kill him!

WILSON: We know, Hazel! We know you killed him!

HAZEL: (SAVAGELY) You sneaking bum! I'll kill you, too!

WILSON: Grab her, Sheriff!

(SUDDEN RAPID MOVEMENT, A QUICK SUCCESSION OF
FOOTSTEPS, AND SOUNDS OF A TUSSLE)

SHERIFF: (STRUGGLING TO HOLD HER) Calm down, Mrs. Warren!

You're not going to do anything! (SHARPLY) Calm down!

(SHE SUBSIDES A LITTLE, STILL BREATHING HEAVILY)

Are you ready to talk now?

(SHE DOESN'T ANSWER)

We've got enough to convict you, anyway. So you might as
well tell us the rest. (PAUSE) Was Gruber in on it with
you?

HAZEL: (SUDDENLY THE FIGHT GOES OUT OF HER, SHE TALKS IN A COLD,
LISTLESS VOICE) Yes. I lied about my husband. He
wasn't there. We broke up months ago. When I hitched
the ride on the truck, the young kid got friendly and
told me Marbach carried a lot of money. So we planned
it out to rob him. After we left Dyersburg the old man
fell asleep, and I took a hammer and hit him in the face
and the head. ~~I don't know how many times maybe five or~~
~~ten.~~ Then Floyd stopped the truck and dragged him out of
the cab and hit him with the crow-bar. We didn't mean
to kill him, but he died then. So we took his wallet,
and Floyd threw him into the culvert.

WILSON: (GRIMLY) There's only one more thing I want to know,
Mrs. Warren. What did you do with the two thousand
dollars?

HAZEL: (SHE LAUGHS FLATLY) Nothing. Because he didn't have it.
All he had was ~~forty-four~~ bucks. Twenty-two apiece.
That's all! Twenty-two measly bucks apiece. ~~Doesn't~~
~~that make you laugh?~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ A DEEP, IRONIC COMMENT, AND UP FOR CURTAIN)_

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Hal
Wilson of the Memphis Press Scimitar with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STING)_

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of traditionally
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes,
PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG.)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Hal Wilson of the
Memphis Press Scimitar.

WILSON: At the trial, murderess in tonight's Big Story went back
on her confession and claimed self-defense. But her
accomplice broke down and his statement was enough to
convict them both. The sentence, in each case, was
life imprisonment in the penitentiary. My Sincere
appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wilson.....the makers of PELL MELL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL
\$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG
STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Boston
Record American --by-line, Ruth Muggles~~22~~. A BIG STORY
about a reporter and a boy who was too good to be true.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIFE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with
music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was
adapted by Bruce Stahderman from an actual story from
the front pages of the Memphis Press Scimitar. Your
narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of
Hal Wilson. 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. Wilson.

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

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG.)

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

CHAPPELL:

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

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

connie
7/6/50 AM

ATX01 0171229

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #174

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUTH	ANN SEYMOUR
LIBRARIAN	LEORA THATCHER
MRS. EVANS	LEORA THATCHER
WAITRESS	GRACE KEDDY
MAID	GRACE KEDDY
SECRETARY	KATHLEEN NIDDA
AUNT	KATHLEEN NIDDA
KENNETH	BILL LIPTON
KID	BILL LIPTON
ROBERT	BOB READICK
CLERK	BOB READICK
WATERS	LUIS VAN ROOTIN
GROCCER	LUIS VAN ROOTIN
GARDENER	JAMES BOLES
TEACHER	JAMES BOLES

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1950

ATX01 0171230

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#174

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

JULY 26, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present....THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ FANFARE:)

SECRETARY: (OVERWHELMED) Nora, is her breakfast ready?

MAID: (JITTERY, RUSHED) Soon as the toast pops. I've got her eggs, the bacon's crisp like she likes it and----

SEC: ~~Well, got it up to her.~~ What a day she's got: the people from the Tuberculosis Foundation at 9; at 10:30 she's addressing the Women's Club; then lunch with the mayor's secretary ---

(TOASTER (GOING UNDER) POPS.)

MAID: There's the toast now. ~~I've got everything~~ ^{Let's go} ---

~~SEC: I'd better go up with you. She's going to have to work right through breakfast. Oh, I nearly forgot the hospital dedication at five.~~

~~MAID: Well come if you're coming~~ ---

(THE TWO WOMEN MOVE QUICKLY. STOP. LIGHT KNOCK ON DOOR.)

SEC: What time is it?

MAID: Just 7:30 --(CALLING A LITTLE) Mrs. Evans --breakfast.

SEC: Seems a shame to wake her, she was up so late and --

(SLIGHTLY HARDER KNOCK)

MAID: Breakfast, Mrs. Evans, ma'am---

SEC: We better go in.

(DOOR OPENS.)

SEC: Mrs. Evans we ----(SHE STOPS. LOW. HORRIFIED) No.

MAID: (WHISPER) Oh, dear lord in heaven -- have mercy on us all!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HITS, UNDER:)

ATX01 0171231

THE BIG STORY 7/26/50
PROGRAM #174

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. Boston,
Mass. From the pages of the Boston Record-American,
comes a story ^{of a woman reporter whose intuition solved} ~~that proves an age-old adage~~ "pervercity,
^{a falling cloud} ~~thy name is woman."~~ And for her work, to Ruth Mugglebee,
for her Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~(PANFARE)~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY 7/26/50
PROGRAM #174

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further.....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette.

Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of traditionally
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes,
PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME AND UNDER . . .)

CHAPPELL: Boston, Massachusetts. The story as it actually happened -- Ruth Mugglebee's story as she lived it.

(MUSIC: PUNCTUATES AND GOES UNDER . . .)

NARR: You edit the Women's Page Department on the Boston Record American Ruth Mugglebee. That means getting out 4 pages daily and a 16 page weekly supplement. No "woman's work", but a tough, hard, exacting task --satisfying the most finicky readers of one of Boston's great papers. And not only that. You are young, intense, attractive and (woman or no), one of the best Police reporters in the East. You get the call on the brutal attack of socialite Mrs. Richard Evans. And you are selected (from among 30 reporters clamouring to get in), for the delicate (and terrible) job of seeing the dying woman in her last hours. *In her room* ^{while waiting for her to come out of a coma} ~~at the hospital you intersperse seeing her (for she is in a coma), by getting~~ the facts from State Detective Lt. Todd Waters.

WATERS: ~~I haven't been able to speak to her yet.~~ So all we know is what you got on the wire.

~~RUTH: Just that awful blow on her forehead--?~~

~~WATERS: And the back of her head--~~

~~RUTH: Is she--~~ Has she said anything?

WATERS: Nothing at all. I just hope she comes to for --- well, long enough-- you know what I mean. God, a woman like that. 38, everything in the world to live for. A pillar in the community, a million in the bank--

~~RUTH: No husband?~~

~~WATERS: You remember he died a couple of years ago~~

~~RUTH: Oh, sure, Founded the Research Society. Who is at the house?~~

WATERS: ~~One of my men and~~ ~~(HE STOPS)~~

MRS. EVANS: (MUFFLED, INCOHERENT) Yes? Yes? What?

RUTH: (ON MRS. EVANS FIRST WORDS) Sh -- (THEY BOTH LISTEN)

WATERS: ~~She stopped.~~ *She's trying to say something*

RUTH: ~~What's she trying to say?~~

WATERS: ~~I don't know. The nurse told me she's been trying to~~
~~say something. She'd been doing it about every 5 minutes~~
~~the nurse said. She sort of gets up on her elbow-- look~~
~~at her. She's doing it now.~~

RUTH: (KIND OF HORRIFIED) What's she looking at the night-table
for?

~~WATERS: ~~Sh~~~~

MRS. EVANS: (SAME MUFFLED VOICE) What time is it? What time is it?

RUTH: (VERY GENTLY) It's 10:40, Mrs. Evans.

MRS. EVANS: What time is it? (BUILDING) What time is it? What time
is it?

RUTH: (SAME PATIENCE) 10:40. It's 10:40, Mrs. Evans.

MRS. EVANS: What time is -- (NOW SHE IS DYING)

RUTH: (TO WATERS) She can't hear me. ~~She's~~

WATERS: *W* Better go outside.

RUTH: ~~She's breathing. Isn't she?~~

WATERS: ~~Come on.~~

(MUSIC: ~~..~~ (SLOWLY, SADLY IN WITH . . .))

NARR: The gentle, sweet, philanthropic woman was dead on what
was to have been one of the busiest days of her life. And
the grim business of finding out "why" began.

~~WATERS: You've been over the whole room?~~

MAID: (WEEPING) ~~Yes, sir.~~ Right after I served her her breakfast
-- I mean I brought it up to serve -- and then the
Sergeant
~~Lieutenant~~ came, ~~he and I went over the room to see.~~

WATERS: ~~and~~ What's missing? Is anything missing?

MAID: At first I thought her pearl earrings, the ones she had on last night, but I found them in her handkerchief drawer.
(STARTS TO CRY) ~~There's nothing gone, nothing taken.~~

~~So why would --~~
WATERS: (INTERRUPTS KINDLY) ^{Thank you} You go on downstairs now
(SOUND FOR RUMMAGING IN DRAWERS)

RUTH: It wasn't robbery anyhow, Lt.

~~WATERS: I should say not. Look at that stuff. What would you say it's worth?~~

RUTH: 5 thousand dollars at the very least. Beautiful necklace.
~~Loveliest thing ---~~

WATERS: Did you talk to the secretary? ^{Mrs. Evans?} ~~Mugglebee?~~

~~RUTH: As much as she could talk.~~

~~WATERS: Yeah, that's why I asked you to do it.~~

RUTH: ^{Mrs. Evans} Apparently ~~she's~~ the soul of kindness. Thousands of friends, people calling her all day long for little favors -- which she always did.

WATERS: I know the type. Not an enemy in the world. And that's the kind that always gets --

~~RUTH: she did have a caller. Last night --~~

~~WATERS: (INTERESTED) Oh-~~

~~RUTH: --A Major Frank Graham, U.S. Army. Retired. Apparently a beau of hers. (READING FROM NOTES) "Major called 9:15, 9:45. Mrs. Evans told her secretary she could go to bed. She and Major left alone. Secretary thinks Major left -- like 11 o'clock."~~

~~WATERS: U.S. Army retired. Maybe everything wasn't as settled and peaceful as it looks.~~

~~RUTH: I think you're up the wrong tree.~~

Call. He didn't know how many calls he killed.
WATERS: ~~Maggiebee, do me a favor. Just report your story, will~~

No?
WATERS: ~~you?~~ (NO ANSWER)
RUTH: You saw that the telephone wires on this phone were cut.

WATERS: I saw it a long time ago. ~~You mean you saw it.~~

RUTH: (GOING RIGHT ON) And you know that the telephone wire downstairs, which is a separate phone ~~(this one is a private phone and has no connection with the one downstairs)~~, that one wasn't cut. So whoever cut the wires and ~~did it~~ *killed it* wasn't apparently familiar with the layout of the house. ~~Wasn't on very intimate terms with Mrs. Evans.~~

WATERS: I figured that out quite a while ago.

~~RUTH: (EASLY) Well, the U.S. Army Major retired who, by the way, is on his way to the East Indies now, -- was quite an intimate friend. Had spent four evenings of last week with her. So?~~

WATERS: Okay.

~~RUTH: Moreover (this is from you Lieutenant); Cut on Everly Street (the street that runs outside the house), 39 feet from where the property ends were found--~~

WATERS: Come on, cut it out. A pair of plyers with which she was hit and with which the phone wire was cut.

RUTH: You aren't exactly up to the minute. She was hit with the plyers, but the phone wire was cut with a florist's scissors found 27 feet north northeast from where the plyers were found.

WATERS: I got to hand it to you.

RUTH: So my opinion, just the editor of the Women's Page talking, is the criminal was an amateur -- a bungling amateur -- ~~He~~ ^{He} didn't know the house well, threw away the tools much too close to the scene of the crime (for any pro), ~~whose~~ ^{his} motive appears to be robbery in which act he was interrupted by Mrs. Evans. ~~So it's not the Major and we've got exactly nothing to go on. Only, where do we go now?~~

WATERS: ~~No Major. Good questions.~~

~~RUTH: No Major. My paper sent a wire to the Captain of the boat. The Major was stunned to learn the news.~~

WATERS: Okay. That's a very good "no". Now how about a "yes".

RUTH: I know what you mean.

(MUSIC: ~~IN SLOWLY AND UNDER . . .~~)

MARR: ~~Your "no" proves right. And what is the "yes" based on? Who did it? Who could it possibly even be? The maid says..~~

MAID: (STILL TEARFUL) The only people who call at the house regularly -- I mean -- There's the gardner. He's been here 30 years I think -- longer than I've been here. And there's the grocer, his delivery boy; the butcher; the boy who delivers newspapers. I might of done it as well as any of them. ~~I mean I don't know what to say. I don't know what to say at all.~~

~~MARR: What you're doing, Ruth Mugglebee, is the only thing you can do in cases like this -- cases without leads, without motives. Make a list of anybody and everybody -- the least suspicious and the most suspicious -- who might have had some remote connection and then see if they did have that connection. The grocer --~~

Narr:
GROCER: If such a thing could happen to her, a woman like that, it could happen to anybody.

NARR: The butcher's clerk --

CLERK: I didn't have any money and I was going to flunk out of school and she helped me get a private tutor.

NARR: The gardner --

GARDNER: (OLDER MAN) Most of the nights, I don't sleep good, but that night (HE'S BLAMING HIMSELF) -- that night I went to the doctor and I got a sleeping pill. ~~Why did I have to do it that night?~~

NARR: And the boy who delivered the papers?

WATERS: (TIRED) I checked him Mugglebee. The kid's name is Kenneth Silver. He's 17. One of the most incredible kids I ever saw in my life.

RUTH: Incredible how ~~it~~,

WATERS: ~~This'll give you an idea.~~ Kid gets up at 6:30 every morning and handles his newspaper deliveries. He goes to school until 3 and runs errands in the afternoon. He's the president of his class; president of the Honor Society. Has a scholastic average of 97% and is an orphan living with an 83 year old aunt ~~when he takes care of~~ ^{his mother's estate}. So I guess that leaves us exactly nothing.

~~RUTH: Where are you going?~~

~~WATERS: Back to headquarters. I'm leaving one man on the case.~~

~~I don't think we've got a chance~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH _ _ _)

NARR: You watch the good, competent detective go -- And you, too, Ruth Mugglebee, are about to go back to your office when ~~she~~ ^{he} (something that's always been a part of your make-up), asks a question.

RUTH: (ON FILTER) Can anybody be that good? President of his class? President of the Honor Society, 97% average? ~~Supports his 83 year old aunt~~

NARR: And of course you find yourself in a clean, quiet living room with the aunt, talking about Kenneth Silver.

AUNT: Why are you asking me all these questions, Miss?

RUTH: It's just that you ~~know~~ a woman's been killed, Mrs. Silver.

AUNT: (IRATE) ~~First the detective and now you?~~ I think this is ~~monstrous, monstrous~~. I'll not even allow the thought to be entertained that Kenneth was even remotely connected with this terrible, tragic affair. (CALLING) Robert!

ROBERT: (ABOUT 21, SULLEN) Here I am, Aunt Sarie.

AUNT: Please show this young woman out. ~~The audacity, and the innuendo, really!~~

RUTH: I'm sorry. I just --

AUNT: Please!

ROBERTS: This way please.

(SOME STEPS, DOOR OPENS, SOME MORE STEPS)

RUTH: You have a lovely place here, ~~Robert~~.

ROBERT: (MOVING IN ON HER, HE'S THIS KIND OF GUY) I planted all those flowers there.

RUTH: Really?

ROBERT: Sure. Painted the house too. Those steps you're standing on right now---I fixed them. He makes all the noise around here but (AS RUTH CHIMES IN) I do all the work.

RUTH: (WITH HIM) I do all the work.

(BOTH LAUGH)

ROBERT: That's how it is when you got a kid genius in the family, ~~The kid's 17 but you'd think he was going to be the King of England or something. Every minute of his day is planned, every penny calculated.~~

RUTH: But he's a good kid?

ROBERT: Good? He's perfect. That's why I got myself a bad reputation. I'm not a bad guy, only compared to him I'm a bum.

~~RUTH: I had an older sister something like that. I went to school a year after she did. "You'll never get the marks your sister did; oh, that sister of yours!" I know.~~

ROBERT: Listen. That kid is out on his newspaper delivery route 6 o'clock every morning, rain or shine. Rain or storm or sleet or hail or shine. Ever since he's 10 years old he's been earning three fifty a week. You know how much of that he saves every week?

RUTH: (TENTATIVELY) Three dollars?

ROBERT: Three fifty. He's got a sign up on the wall in his room. A motto I guess you'd call it -- and he believes it. "Early to bed, early to rise --"

RUTH: You don't mean it!

~~ROBERT: And that ain't all.~~ He's one of the best looking kids in town, he bats .400 on the ball team and he's the champion breast-stroke swimmer on the school team.

RUTH: Quite a kid. You think I could get to see him?

ROBERT: (NOW MOVING IN) Well, it might be arranged.

RUTH: (KNOWING WELL WHAT'S COMING) How?

ROBERT: Well, maybe if you and I went to dinner one night, maybe. You know you don't get to see big-time reporters in Haverill, too often.

RUTH: (CLINCHING IT) Nothing would make me happier. Why don't you pick me up at 8:30. I'm staying at the hotel.

(MUSIC: ~~IN AND UNDER~~ *Bridge*)

NARR: At dinner, there's a little more sparring. Robert Silver, the brother, moving in for a personal killing and at the same time building the myth of Kenneth Silver, the perfect boy.

ROBERT: He can name every flower in the Botanical Gardens, with their Latin names.

RUTH: (LAUGHS)

ROBERT: He plays the piano, the banjo, the saxophone and the guitar.

RUTH: (LAUGHS)

ROBERT: He's the best ballroom dancer in Haverill and-- Listen, do we got to keep talking about him all night? You got a drink in front of you.

RUTH: Right. No more about Kenneth Silver. Besides, he's too good to be true.

ROBERT: Right. Here's to us.

(MUSIC: ~~IN WITH~~ *IN WITH*)

NARR: You drink and you laugh and you dance. And all along that one, unexplained aspect of your nature, *intuition* ~~personality~~ talks amid the laughter and the wine and the music. The same *intuitive* ~~personality~~ statement --

RUTH: (ON FILTER) He's too good to be true. Too good to be true I think he did it.

(MUSIC: ~~UP TO TAG THE ACT~~ *UP TO TAG THE ACT*)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #174

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)--

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after
5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL Still gives you
a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos - to guard
against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards
against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice returning you to your Narrator and the Big Story of Ruth Mugglebee as she lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston Record-American are on the trail of a boy of 17. And you have decided for no reason, other than the fact that he's the least likely candidate in the world, that he is the murderer of Mrs. Richard Evans, social leader of Haverill. ~~And for the~~ ^{he said} ~~very least reason in the world, for everything you can~~ find out about him is good. You, Ruth Mugglebee, don't believe that anything can be all good, or anybody.

KID: Kenny Silver? I'd rather play on a team with him than anybody I ever met in my life.

NARR: But it is true. It's 14 carat true. Not only the kids he plays ball with, but his teachers.

MAN TEACHER: To hear Kenneth talk about school and graduation and his plans for the years ahead redeems your entire faith in the younger generation.

NARR: As pure as the driven snow. An ointment without a fly in it. So says the florist he works for, the newspaper whose route he handles, the girls, the cops--absolutely everybody. ^{he said} ~~Only~~ the mild-mannered bespectacled lady who runs the library ^{she talks} ~~asks~~ you a very curious ^{thing} ~~question~~ while you're in there checking on him.

LIBRARIAN: If anybody else in the world had said it to me, I'd not have given it another thought, but coming from Kenneth

RUTH: Well what did he say?

LIBRARIAN: Well he was in here taking out these books -- "The Story of Philosophy" and "Tom Sawyer" they were -- and he said, "You know something?" (INTERRUPTS HERSELF)

LIBRARIAN: If it had been anybody else I wouldn't even have
(CONTD) remembered it.

RUTH: (PATIENTLY) What did he say?

LIBRARIAN: Well just that Mrs. Evans' ^{murder} ~~story~~ would make a wonderful
~~murder~~ mystery ^{story}

RUTH: So what's ~~so~~ strange about that?

LIBRARIAN: Just ---I don't know --The way he said it. I just sat
her shivering for 15 minutes after he left.

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

NARR: So what? Because a librarian who's been sitting on a
chair for the last 35 years gets tingles down her spine--
Well -- you're hungry. And you find yourself --by
accident -- lunching in the same place that Robert Silver,
his brother, took you to the other night. And the same
waitress who waited on you is curiously intimate.

WAITRESS: You know him well?

RUTH: Who? Robert Silver?

WAITRESS: Yeah. I guess you don't know him very well. Tell me --
was that your watch he was trying to sell us?

RUTH: My watch?

WAITRESS: Sure. He's quite a kid, Robert Silver. You might say
the exact opposite of that swell brother of his.

RUTH: I didn't lose a watch.

WAITRESS: Well he was trying to sell somebody's watch. He asked
me if I wanted to buy it; he asked the proprietor. He
even stopped a customer at the bar!

RUTH: What kind of watch was it?

WAITRESS: I don't know. A lady's watch. A blue enamel. Kind of
pretty. You know, the kind with a band around your neck.
Now, you wanted a lettuce and tomato on rye--(SHE STOPS)
Where are you going?

(MUSIC: _ _ SHORT STING & UNDER)

NARR: You're going to check something because suddenly
~~(suddenly)~~ ^(suddenly), wheels have begun turning in your mind.

You remember a scene in a hospital room where a dying woman, half raised herself on her elbow and called out --

MRS. EVANS: (FLAT VOICE, ON FILTER) What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it?

NARR: And you remember that when you told her the time, she had no reaction. It wasn't the time she was after. She was looking at the night-table for ~~her~~ -- could it be? -- for her watch!

(~~DIALING~~ ⁹, PHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED ON FILTER)

MAID: (FILTER THROUGHTOUT SCENE) Evans' residence. ~~Ma~~
~~speaking.~~

RUTH: This is Ruth Mugglebee.

MAID: Yes, Miss Mugglebee.

RUTH: Look, don't say anything to anybody. Just answer this question. Did Mrs. Evans own a blue enamel watch?

MAID: (BURSTING) I know it! I knew it was missing. I couldn't remember before -- I thought something was missing. Now I know it was---

RUTH: (INTERRUPTS) Thanks.

(PHONE UP HEAVILY)

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE INTO _ _ _ _ _)

RUTH: Where did you get the watch, Robert?

ROBERT: I found it. I told you I found it. What are you making such a fuss about a watch for?

RUTH: I'm not making a fuss, Robert. Only I heard you were trying to sell the watch.

ROBERT: What about it?

RUTH: Just you could get into a lot of trouble selling a watch that doesn't belong to you.

ROBERT: Finder's keepers, isn't it?

RUTH: No. First thing you have to do with a watch, or anything else that you find, is to advertise it and if the rightful owner doesn't claim it, then it's yours and you can sell it.

ROBERT: I didn't know that.

RUTH: Don't you want to tell me about the watch?

ROBERT: Tell you what?

RUTH: Oh, that it's a blue enamel watch with a black band and a little silver clasp in the back.

ROBERT: How do you know?

RUTH: Don't you want to talk to me about it?

ROBERT: *all right* ~~Look,~~ I'll tell you the truth. I didn't find it. Kenneth found it and he asked me to sell it for him.

RUTH: Kenneth found it?

ROBERT: ~~sure~~ *that's right*

RUTH: Where is Kenneth?

ROBERT: He's in the house. I think he's in his room.

RUTH: Let's go up. I want to talk to him.

(MUSIC: ~~SNEET AND UNDER~~ *Bridge*)

NARR: You walk into the neatest boy's room you've ever seen in your life: the neatest desk, the most orderly book-case, and you meet one of the ~~sweetest~~ *prettiest* looking, ~~sweetest~~ people you've ever met in your life.

KENNETH: (WHO COULD CHARM THE VARNISH OFF A TABLE) Please sit down, Miss Mugglebee. My brother's told me a great deal about you.

NARR: You tell him about the watch and about what a poor idea it is to sell something before you've advertised for its rightful owner.

KENNETH: I never knew that. Well, ^{then} we shouldn't be sitting here ~~then~~ should we? We ought to go right down to the police and tell them about it. Don't you think that's a good idea, Robert?

ROBERT: Sure.

RUTH: Well, I've got a car right outside. Why don't I drive you both down. You can talk to Lt. Todd Waters. He's a very good friend of mine.

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

NARR: You don't go directly to ~~the~~ Police Headquarters. It's a lovely day, so you put the top of your convertible down and you and the attractive boys (the perfect one and the not so perfect one), take in the early summer air en route. You've got to see this miracle, touch it in person before either throwing your ^{instinctive} ~~perverse~~ theory out the window or confirming it once and for all --for good.

(CAR MOTOR HAS BEEN RUNNING BEHIND THE NARRATOR)

KENNETH: I think the late July flowers are perhaps the loveliest. The late peonies are blooming and there's some very late dogwood, too.

NARR: ~~He's~~ ^{He's} sitting next to you: a clear, unblemished face; cool, clean skin; hair just wavy enough (but not too much); dressed neatly with trousers pressed, shoes polished, shirt clean, tie just so.

KENNETH: We've got an awful lot of history around here. You know this was the area settled by some of the followers of Roger Williams. (MORE

KENNETH:
(CONTD)

Some, of ^{them} ~~course~~, went to Rhode Island, but on the
Winthrop Farm there, 1641 --right behind it was the old
Town Council.

NARR:

He's real, no question about it. He knows whereof he
speaks, and the ease and warmth of his manner relaxes you--
a woman 10 years his senior. And as you pull up before
the police station to see Todd Waters inside, he notes---

KENNETH:

It's funny how much we copied from England, isn't it?
Now you take the old State Police Headquarters. Built
in 1807. Patterned after the old Bailey Buildings in
London. Where the ivy makes them so soft and so
unmenacing, don't you think?

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN UNDER. . . .)

NARR: And inside Todd Waters' office, he sits with the same ease and assurance and poise and friendliness.

WATERS: Who has the watch?

KENNETH: You have it I think, Robert.

ROBERT: Yes, sir. Here it is.

WATER: Hey, Mugglebee, sit down. *Now where did you find it Kenneth?*
~~What are you walking around for?~~

~~RUTH: I can't sit still. I don't know. I can't sit still.~~

WATERS: Reporter's nerves.

KENNETH: It's a gruelling business -- bringing a paper out every day, meeting deadlines. I'm going into engineering.

WATERS: Now where did you find it, Kenneth?

KENNETH: Well I was coming home from the shop -- the florists -- I had just made a delivery. I think it was out the old Adams Road. I was coming back on my bike and I caught ~~the shine in the sun. It was just on the edge of a field of new laid clover.~~ As a matter of fact, I drove past it first. I thought, "Oh, a little mica rock or something." But then I went back and it was the enamel watch.

~~WATERS: That's Mrs. Evans' watch.~~

~~KENNETH: You mean the woman who was killed?~~

WATERS: ~~Yes.~~ The watch was last seen the night before she was killed on her night-table, Kenneth.

~~RUTH: Kenneth, were you ever in that house?~~

~~KENNETH: Yes. Many times. I delivered the paper and when it was raining or snowing, I wouldn't leave it out on the porch - it would get all wet. So I'd ring the bell and -- She'd give me a glass of milk once in a while.~~

WATERS: Were you ever upstairs?

KENNETH: No sir.

WATERS: Kenneth, look, boy. What I've got to tell you isn't easy. There are 5 or 6 things that have happened that don't make any sense to us.

KENNETH: Yes sir.

WATERS: The pair of plyers with which she was hit on the head -- It's true there wasn't anything identifying about those plyers. But in the tool kit in your house up until 3 days ago, there used to be a pair of plyers just like this. What happened to them?

KENNETH: I don't know. If they're gone -- Are they gone, Robert?

ROBERT: They're not there.

KENNETH: I don't know.

WATERS: The clippers with which the telephone wire was cut. That came from the florist shop, Kenneth, the shop where you work. Your employer told us he's missing a pair of clippers ever since the day Mrs. Evans was killed.

KENNETH: That's the first I heard of it.

WATERS: (FORBEARING SLIGHTLY) You were president of the Honor Society, Kenneth, and the Treasurer. I checked the finances of the Society, Kenneth. (It was her idea, Miss Mugglebee's) -- you were 10 dollars short.

KENNETH: I take it you've never been ten dollars short in your accounts.

WATERS: (IRATE) Don't get fresh. (PAUSE AS HE CONTROLS SELF) Things add up, Kenneth - the pliers, the clippers, the ten dollars, the watch ..

KENNETH: (COOL) When each individual thing has a plausible explanation Mr. Waters, the sum of them is no different from the parts.

WATERS: (REAL SORE) Look, Kenny, let's stop mincing words -- I said they add up. You know what they add up to ---

KENNETH: (INTERRUPTING) Yes, sir, I do - an absurdity: a charge of murder.

WATERS: Don't smile that fine superior smile of yours of I'll

RUTH: (INTERRUPTING. . COOLY) Wrong approach ---

WATERS: (TURNING ON HER) Stay out of it, Ruth.

RUTH: Wrong approach, couldn't be more wrong. Totally

WATERS: Ruth:

RUTH: (THOROUGHLY DISREGARDING HIM) You see, Mr. Waters, as I'm sure Kenneth would be the first to point out -- the crime you ascribe to him is the work, obviously, of a stupid boy, a clumsy boy - a person without real intelligence. (A PAUSE) Leave pliers so near, cut the wrong phone wire, steal an easily traceable watch and try to sell it. That isn't like you at all, is it Kenneth.

KENNETH: (PLEASED, BUT A LITTLE CAGEY) I wouldn't put it quite like that (though substantially it is correct).

RUTH: How would you put it, Kenneth ?

KENNETH: (NO DOPE) Just that - it never happened. I had nothing to do with it. That's how I'd put it.

RUTH: Beneath you, Kenneth, distinctly beneath you -- because you see you are connected with it -- (QUICKLY TO AVOID HIS INTERRUPTION) -- ~~that is right~~ The watch, the things Robert told me, the pliers, the clippers, the missing \$10.

WATERS: No point in it, Ruth -- and I used to think when my kid grows up I'd like him to be like Kenneth Silver.

RUTH: (GOING ON) Kenneth, sometimes boys try to live beyond themselves--~~children who have lost their parents and~~ try to live up to promises that no human being on earth can live up to.

KENNETH: Those are just words.

RUTH: (KNOWS NOW SHE'S GOT IT) Sometimes people put pressures on themselves ~~beyond what~~¹⁴ they can stand; they try to be good, be perfect -- and it's like walking a tightrope --always being good and right. One teeter this way, one false step -- and it's all gone. Are things like that for you?

KENNETH: (TIGHT-LIPPED) You're just talking.

RUTH: It's a house of cards and it can all collapse with one strong breath. (SHARP NOW) Kenneth, your life is like that -- everything right, no mistakes, never a doubt, when all along you want the luxury of being wrong, the right to be able to get dirty, get angry, be clumsy -- but no, you never let it happen. Always walk that tightrope, always keeps the house of cards looking like a real house. When inside you know you're afraid, terrified ...

KENNETH: (SHE'S GOTTEN TO HIM) She has no right to talk to me like that, Mr. Waters!

RUTH: What was it, the class funds - the \$10 missing. You had to replace it or the house would collapse, you'd fall off the tightrope -- so you thought Mrs. Evans. And it was fine except --

KENNETH: Robert, Mr. Waters, for heaven's sake ---

RUTH: (RIGHT ON) ^{Stop} - she saw you and you knew she'd tell and you wouldn't be the most wonderful boy in the world, you'd just be another boy, a plain ordinary boy --

KENNETH: Please, please ---!

RUTH: And that you couldn't stand. So you killed her, cut the wire, stole the watch and ran. (GENTLY NOW) Kenneth, Kenneth, Kenneth --- be human, be a human being. Tell someone.

(A PAUSE)

NARR: He doesn't answer you directly, but the face tells that this is what happened. Instead, he starts walking out the door and you, and Lieutenant Waters go with him as he says --

KENNETH: I'll show you what I did. Exactly what I did.

NARR: He goes to the house, opens the French windows on the first floor from the outside, walks to her bedroom, opens drawers. Then he goes through the motions of hitting her when she surprised him by asking "What time is it", and then out after having cut the phone wire.

KENNETH: That's what I did. Don't ask me why. I don't know. Maybe what you said, Miss-- some of that. But I don't know.

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

NARR: And you don't either, Ruth Mugglebee! Nobody on earth knows. It happened -- one of those crimes that requires the understanding of specialists, of doctors. One of those depths of human ~~beings~~ characters still to be plumbed.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG) -- --

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston Record American with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY .

~~(MUSIC: -- OUTING)~~

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND) --

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after
5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a
longer, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos -
to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine
tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Ruth Mugglebee of the Boston Record-American.

MUGGLEBEE: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY ATTEMPTED TO REPUDIATE HIS CONFESSION, ATTEMPTED TO PLAY ON THE SYMPATY GENERATED BY HIS YOUTH AND REPUTATION. FINALLY, HE WAS CONVICTED OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT. IT'S A STORY I WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE TO WRITE AGAIN. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Than you, Miss Mugglebee ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Springfield, Mo. Leader & Press -- by-line, William A. Graves. A BIG STORY about a reporter who discovered that an endowment policy can on occasion carry double indemnity payable in death.

(MUSIC: _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

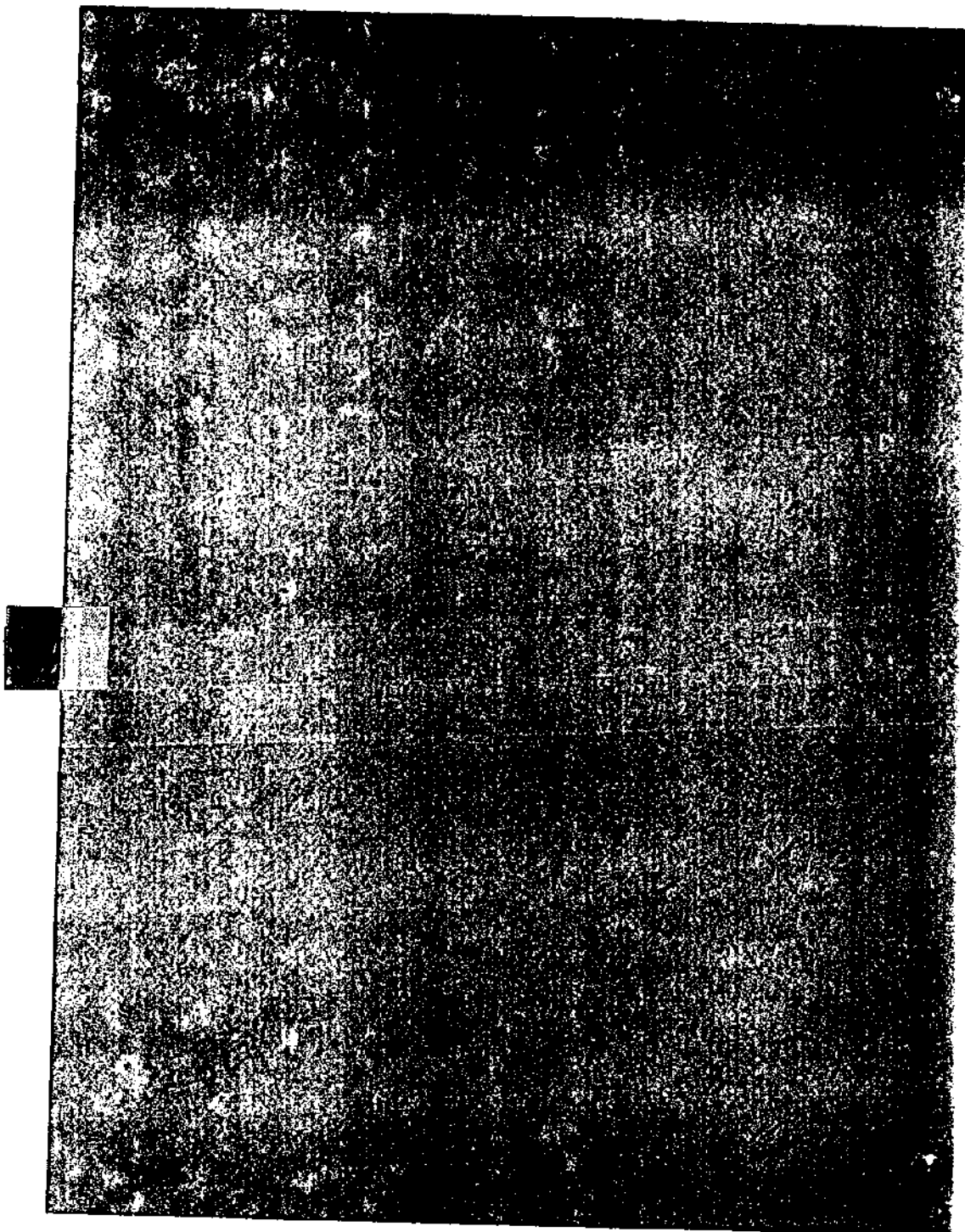
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl, from an actual story from the front pages of the Boston Record American. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, ~~and~~ Ann Seymour played the part of Ruth Mugglebee. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Miss Mugglebee.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(PAUSE)

~~Thirty thousand lives lost every year! A million
persons injured! That's the awful toll of American
traffic accidents! And every one of us is a potential
victim! So drive carefully at all times - obey
highway signs and traffic regulations. Accidents
don't just happen - they are caused by carelessness.
The next life you save may be your own!
THIS IS NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING
COMPANY~~



AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #175

CAST

NARRATOR

ABBIE

ANN

SAM

BILL

SHERIFF

DANNY

JOE

BOB SLOANE

ATHENA LORDE

ATHENA LORDE

BOB DRYDEN

BILL QUINN

BILL SMITH

JACKIE GRIMES

LARRY HAINES

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1950

ATX01 0171259

UNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#175

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

AUGUST 2, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present... THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ FANFARE)

(~~GENTLE SNORING~~)

ABBIE: (LOW, AGITATED) Sam! Sam, wake up!

SAM: (SLEEPILY) What is it? What's the matter, Abbie?

ABBIE: Shhhhh...

SAM: What....?

ABBIE: Someone's prowlin' around in the kitchen. Listen...

(A PAUSE)

(THEN WE HEAR A SLIGHT CONTACT SOUND OFF.

PERHAPS FAINT STEPS IN OTHER ROOM)

SAM: Abbie! You're right. Someone is in there!

ABBIE: (SCARED WHISPER) Oh, Lord in Heaven. He'll find the
insurance money in the cookie jar and...

SAM: Oh no, he won't. Not if I can help it.

ABBIE: Sam! Wait a minute! What are you going to do?

SAM: I'm going in there after him!

ABBIE: Sam! No! Don't...

(DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

SAM: (YELLS) Who's there? Come out of the dark, you dirty
sneaking varmint...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0171260

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its
fury, its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by
the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(FLAT) Springfield, Missouri. From the pages of the
Leader and Press, the story of a reporter who threw a
monkey wrench into a murder... and hit a killer.
Tonight, to Reporter William Graves, of the Springfield
Leader and Press, for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell
Award!

~~(MURDER - KILLING)~~

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #175 8/2/50

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(Music: *Behind*)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH -- (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)--
THROAT-SCRATCH -- (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking.

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tobaccos travels the smoke further...

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still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-
scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette
offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Springfield, Missouri... the story as it actually happened... William Graves' story, as he lived it...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bill Graves of the Springfield Leader and Press, are a Missouri boy, born and bred. Your country is the Ozark country, home of the mountain people, the hillbillies. And out of these rough slopes, from the hidden valleys between the scarred and knoblike peaks, ~~have~~ come many a strange story. Stories of superstition, of primitive, savage violence, of sudden death in the Ozark swamps and cypress. And out of this forbidden country came your story, Bill Graves. But to begin at the beginning, it is September. It is this September morning, and you are asleep in your home at Westplains. ~~when...~~

(PHONE RING)

BILL: (GROANS IN SLEEP)

(PHONE RING AGAIN, INSISTENT)

(SLEEPILY, IRRITATED) All right, all right!

(PHONE GIVES HALF RING & CUT OFF BY..)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

(SLEEPY) Hello.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Bill, Sheriff Ed Geary, up in Shannon County.

BILL: Oh. Hello, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: You up?

BILL: I am now.

SHERIFF: Better get your britches on and hightail it up here right away.

BILL: Where?

SHERIFF: Birch Tree.

BILL: What for?

SHERIFF: Murder.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bill Graves, get your britches on. You drive north through Howell County, into Shannon, and toward Birch Tree, population 500. ~~This is where you come in personally, driving through~~ fifty miles of mountain roads in the chill of an early Ozark morning, driving into the biggest story of your life. But to be precise, and for the record, it actually began the night before, in a weatherbeaten shack, in Birch Tree...

SAM: (OFF) Abbie! (COMING IN) Oh, Abbie!

ABBIE: Yes, Sam?

SAM: Danny come home yet?

ABBIE: Not yet.

SAM: Drat that boy. You'd think he'd be home with his father and mother, seein' as we're going away in the morning.

ABBIE: Sam...

SAM: Yes?

ABBIE: I'm not his mother, just his stepmother.

SAM: Well, what of it, Abbie?

ABBIE: I don't know. I don't think Danny ever really took to me. He remembers his own mother too well.

SAM: Now, now, Abbie, Danny doesn't think of Ruth anymore. Far as I can see, he's acted like he was your own son. Anyway, why talk about that now? You got everything packed?

Sam - I've been worrying about

ABBIE: I guess so. I don't know. ~~Lord, I'm so excited about~~
~~this vacation trip, I'm dropping half the stitches in~~
~~this knitting of mine. (A PAUSE) SAM....~~

SAM: Yes?

ABBIE: What's it like in St. Louis?

SAM: Well, I was there only once, as a young man. But I
recollect, Abbie, it's nothin' like you've ever seen.
The buildings so high it gets you near dizzy lookin' at
'em, and so many people it takes your breath away...
ABBIE: (NERVOUSLY) I don't know. I'm a little scared, Sam.
I've never been out of these mountains, any further than
Van Buren.

SAM: I know. But it's time we took a little rest, did a
little travelin' Abbie, seein' the sights. We're not
~~young folks anymore; and this may be our only chance.~~

ABBIE: ~~But a week in St. Louis, Sam.~~ It's bound to be dear.

SAM: What of it? We've got the insurance money, haven't we?

ABBIE: Yes. Five thousand dollars. Lord, it's a heap of money.
Makes me nervous, Sam, just to have it in the house...

(DOOR SLAM OFF)

DANNY: (COMING IN) Hello, Pa... Ma...

SAM: Oh, hello, son.

ABBIE: Danny, what's that you're carrying?

DANNY: Why, it's a going-away present for you and Pa. A valise.

ABBIE: For us?

DANNY: Sure. Bought it at Hutchins store. Look at it, Ma.
Genuine leather, all the way through. And there's a
lock and key with it, too.

SAM: Danny, ~~wait a minute.~~

DANNY: ~~Yeah?~~

SAM: Where'd you get all the money to buy that valise?

DANNY: Why, I earned it, Pa.

SAM: Yes? How?

DANNY: Put in some time chopping wood for old Mr. Crawford, over on Mountainview Road. ~~Didn't want you or Ma to know anything about it, till I saved enough for this here valise.~~

ABBIE: Danny, Danny, you shouldn't have done it.

DANNY: Why not? You and Pa ~~here~~ both have this trip comin' to you. Look at Pa here. Working the farm all these years, from sunup to sundown, never taking even a Sunday off... ~~breaking his back in the fields, saving up on that insurance policy for twenty years. Takin' about goin' to St. Louis once more before he dies, dreamin' of it.~~
And you, Ma...

ABBIE: (QUIETLY) Yes, Danny? What about me?

DANNY: Takin' my... my real mother's place, after she was gone. Fitchin' in and helping Pa and me along, ~~slaving in the kitchen,~~ takin' care of us all these years. And treating me like I was your own...

ABBIE: (NEAR TEARS) Danny. Danny, what can I say, what can I say? You're such a good boy.

DANNY: (AWKWARDLY) Aw forget it, Ma.

SAM: (QUIETLY) She's right, son. Believe me, we're both proud to call you son.

DANNY: (SQUIRMING) Aw shucks, Pa, if you two don't cut it out, you'll have me bawling. I'd better get out of here now, before I do.

SAM: Where are you going, ~~son~~? *Danny?*

DANNY: Just down to the tavern to have a beer with Joe Wakefield. I'll be home early. (FADING) Night...

SAM: Goodnight, son.

ABBIE: Goodnight, Danny...

(~~DOOR CLOSE~~)

~~SAM: (A-BEAT) Well, Abbie, what do you say about Danny now?~~

~~ABBIE: (CLOSE TO TEARS) What can I say, Sam... except that I've been such a fool!~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP IN BRIDGE & CROSS-FADE INTO TAVERN MUSIC IN B.G.)

JOE: Another drink, Danny?

DANNY: (A LITTLE THICKLY, HE'S ALREADY HAD ONE TOO MANY) Gee, no. Guess I've had enough, Joe.

JOE: Aw, go ahead. Another one won't hurt you.

~~DANNY:~~ Don't think so, huh? (POURING OF LIQUOR)
(CLINK OF GLASSES)

JOE: No... Anyway this is a kind of going-away party, isn't it?

~~JOE~~ So Your ^{mother} old man and your ^{father} old lady are going to St.

Louis, aren't they? ^{huh?}
DANNY: ^{father} That's right. — ^{my father and step-mother,} Only it isn't my... my old lady. It's my ~~stepmother~~.

JOE: Okay, okay, so what's the difference? Here...

(POURING OF LIQUOR)

(CLINK OF GLASSES)

JOE: ~~As they say in the movies, ^{paree} Bon Voyage.~~

DANNY: ~~Sure. Ben's Voyage.~~

(THEY DRINK)

JOE: Oh, brother, St. Louie. That's my town, kid.

DANNY: Your town?

JOE: ~~Sure. I used to live there once, before I came up to
this Ozark country. What a town St. Louis is, kid.
What a town!~~

DANNY: ~~How come you never went back, Joe?~~

JOE: ~~I can tell you that in one little word.~~

DANNY: ~~Yesh? What?~~

JOE: ~~Dough.~~

DANNY: ~~Dought!~~

JOE: ~~That's it. St. Louie is a big town, kid, a fancy town.~~

You need plenty of that green stuff to live there, the way I like to live. ~~Yeah. And a fat chance I've got of even going back.~~ Look at me now, buried in this hillbilly town, fixin' flats an' pumpin' gas at the town garage, workin' for peanuts. Aaah, if I only could get my hands on some real money, I'd hit for Saint Loo tomorrow. Money, money, ~~money, Money!~~

DANNY: I had my hands on some real money tonight.

JOE: Oh, sure. I'll bet you did, kid. All of five bucks.

DANNY: Five thousand bucks, you mean!

JOE: What?

DANNY: You heard me, Joe.

JOE: (LAUGHS) Aw come on, kid, cut it out. There isn't that much dough in Birch Tree.

DANNY: (SHRILLY) I tell ya, I had five thousand dollars in my hand. ~~All in twenties, nice and new right out of the bank. Nice and crisp and new, so's you could hear 'em crackle...~~

JOE: Now you're going to tell me you robbed the bank.

DANNY: I tell you, ^{Joe} I handled five thousand in cash money, right in my own house.

JOE: (~~A BEAT~~) Did you say....in your house?

DANNY: You heard me. My Pa just cashed in an insurance policy. Been saving on it for twenty years.

JOE: (INTERESTED) Is that so, kid. ~~Well, well, what do you know?~~ Right in your own house, eh?

DANNY: ~~Thash what I said.~~ (SUDDENLY WORRIED) But Joe, don't go blabbin' this around. My Pa told me not to tell anyone, and if he ever found out...

JOE: (SOOTHING) Sure, sure, kid. I understand. ~~I'll keep my mouth shut. But one thing I can't figure.~~ Why does your old man keep all that money at home? Kind of risky, isn't it?

DANNY: I ~~guess~~ ^{guess} so. ~~But~~ Pa's funny. He don't believe in banks. Anyway, he's takin' the money to St. Louis with him tomorrow.

JOE: ~~I see.~~ Tomorrow. Well, that makes sense. It sure does. He'd be crazy to leave it around the house.

(A PAUSE) ~~Um-huh...~~ *Um-huh... well, kid - I gotta hear it, Yeah?*

DANNY: ~~Yeah?~~

JOE: ~~Here's a huck. Buy a couple of drinks on me.~~

DANNY: ~~Wait a minute, Joe. Where are you going?~~

JOE: I gotta get back ~~to~~ the garage for a little while.
DANNY: And after that? *Then what?*
JOE: (~~A BEAT~~) After that, kid... I've got a date!
(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

(GENTLE SNORING)

ABBIE: (LOW, AGITATED) Sam! Sam, wake up!
SAM: (SLEEPILY) What is it? What's the matter, Abbie?
ABBIE: Shhhhhh!
SAM: What.....?
ABBIE: Someone's prowlin' around in the kitchen.
SAM: What!
ABBIE: Listen!

(A PAUSE..THEN WE HEAR A SLIGHT CONTACT SOUND
OFF. . PERHAPS FAINT STEPS IN OTHER ROOM)

SAM: Abbie! You're right! Someone is in there.
ABBIE: (AGITATED WHISPER) Oh, Lord in Heaven. He'll find
the insurance money in the cookie jar and --
SAM: Oh no he won't. Not if I can help it.
ABBIE: Sam, wait a minute - what are you going to do?
SAM: I'm goin' in after him.
ABBIE: Sam, no. Don't!

(DOOR FLUNG OPEN)

SAM: (YELLS) Who's there? Come out of the dark, you
dirty, sneakin' varmint before I....

(BLOW. . GROAN)

ABBIE: Sam! Sam, what's happened! Sam, what'd he do to you.
What.....(CUTS, AS) *Who's that? What's that?*

(WE HEAR THE SLOW, MEASURED BEAT OF FOOTSTEPS
COMING INTO THE ROOM)

ABBIE: (CHOKING WITH HORROR) No! Oh, dear Lord, No!

ABBIE: A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM. ~~ANOTHER STARTS, CUT OFF BY~~
(A BLOW)

(MUSIC: - - - HIT HIGH AND THEN UNDER)

NARR: At Birch Tree, you, Bill Graves of the Springfield
Leader and Press, get the details from Sheriff Ed
Geary. Sam Harper and his wife, Abigail, both dead
in pools of their own blood, their heads bashed in
by a blunt instrument. The bodies discovered by
their son, Danny, the night before. You and Ed Geary
talk to the white-faced, shaking boy, ~~and the Sheriff~~
~~has a surprise up his sleeve...~~

BILL: And the cookie jar with the money was gone when you
got there, Danny?

DANNY: That's right, Mr. Graves. (AGITATED) The cookie jar
and all. I saw Pa lyin' there in the kitchen, and Ma
in the bedroom. (BREAKS) and they...they...

SHERIFF: (GENTLY) Take it easy, son. I know how you feel, and
we hate to ask you any more questions. But we've got
to have a few facts before we can catch the skunk ~~or~~
~~skunks~~ who did this.

BILL: Think you can go on now, Danny?

DANNY: (SHAKY) Sure, Mr. Graves. I think I can.

SHERIFF: Danny....tell me one thing.

DANNY: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Did anyone know about that money in the cookie jar outside of you, and your Pa and Ma.

DANNY: (A BEAT) I.....no. No one.

BILL: You're sure?

DANNY: I.....yes, I'm sure.

SHERIFF: One more question, son.

DANNY: Yes, sir?

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Did you ever see....this mechanic's wrench?
(CLANK OF WRENCH ON WOODEN TABLE)

DANNY: I....Sheriff...it's all covered with blood...it..

SHERIFF: That's right, son. It's the murder weapon.

DANNY: (WILDLY) Where'd you find it, Sheriff? Where'd you find it?

SHERIFF: In the middle of the path, out by the barn.

DANNY: (BREAKS) Then he did it! He went back to the garage and he got the wrench and came back and killed my Ma and Pa for the money.

BILL: Who did it, Danny?

DANNY: (CRYING) Mr. Graves....Sheriff...it's all my fault. I gotta tell you the truth now. I lied, but I gotta tell you the truth now.

SHERIFF: What's the truth, son?

DANNY: I did tell someone about the money last night. I was at the tavern last night, and I had too much to drink, and I guess I blabbed. It was a friend of mine, I never thought he'd try anything like this, and I blabbed. But he must have ~~did~~ it. He must have come back and killed my Pa and Ma. This here is his wrench!

- 14 -

BILL: Whose wrench, Danny?

DANNY: The helper at the town garage. Joe...Joe Wakefield!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP_TO CURTAIN..._ _ _)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171273

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND. . .)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
q tobaccos travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos -
guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: You, Bill Graves of the Springfield, Missouri, Leader
and Press, sit there and listen to an hysterical,
broken-hearted kid. You sit there with Sheriff Ed
Geary of Shannon County, and hear young Danny Harper
upbraid himself because he'd given up the secret of
the money in his house to a friend, Joe Wakefield.
You hear him identify the murder wench as belonging
to Wakefield, a helper at the town garage. Then, you
and the Sheriff get going..

(CAR SLOWING DOWN, AS CAR SLOWS TO STOP, WE
~~HEAR TWO BELLS AS FRONT AND THEN REAR TIRES~~
~~PASS OVER RUBBER BELL-CABLE~~)

(SCREEN DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

JOE: (COMING IN) Mornin', Mister. Fill up the tank?

SHERIFF: (GRIMLY) Not today. You Joe Wakefield?

JOE: That's right. (A BEAT) Why?

SHERIFF: I'm Sheriff Geary. Get into the car.

JOE: (STUNNED) Wait a minute. What's this all about?

SHERIFF: You're under arrest.

JOE: Under arrest? What for?

SHERIFF: Get into the car. We'll ask the questions!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

SHERIFF: All right, Wakefield. What'd you do with the money?

JOE: (AGITATED) What money? What money are you talking about?

SHERIFF: The money you stole from the Harpers.

JOE: I didn't take any money. I never even went near the Harper place!

SHERIFF: You broke in, killed Sam and Abigail Harper, and stole that money.

JOE: I didn't, Sheriff. I tell you I didn't, I didn't, I didn't.

(THUD OF WRENCH ON TABLE)

SHERIFF: Take a look at this, Wakefield.

JOE: ~~What?~~

BILL: *Sheriff!* Ever see that wrench before?

JOE: ~~I see Sheriff, I see...~~

SHERIFF: Well?

JOE: (DULLY) Yes. Yes. It belongs to the garage where I work.

SHERIFF: That happens to be the murder weapon, Wakefield. You can see the blood all over it.

JOE: (DESPERATELY) Sheriff, you've got to listen to me, you've got to. That wrench... sure, I used to use it. But I lost it ... weeks ago. It hasn't been around the garage ... for weeks.

SHERIFF: It was there last night. You went back there to get it last night.

JOE: How ... what makes you say that?

BILL: That's what young Danny Harper told us, Wakefield. He said you were the only one in town who knew there was money in the house. He said you went back to the garage to get the wrench ...

JOE: He's a liar! The kid's lying, I tell you. He was drunk, he doesn't know what he's saying ...

SHERIFF: But you did go back to the garage last night, after you left Danny ...

JOE: ~~JP~~... (A BEAT) Yes. Yes, I did.

SHERIFF: What for?

JOE: I...I wanted to make a telephone call.

BILL: A call to whom, Wakefield?

JOE: What difference does that....?

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTS) Who'd you call, Wakefield?

JOE: I...I can't tell you.

BILL: Why not?

JOE: (A BEAT) I said I can't tell you. It's something personal.

SHERIFF: You're lying, ~~Wakefield~~.

JOE: Sheriff...

SHERIFF: (INTERRUPTS HARSHLY) I said you're lying. You didn't call anyone. You went back to the garage, got the wrench, and then went to the Harper place.

JOE: I didn't go to the Harper place.

SHERIFF: Where did you go, then?

JOE: I...I can't tell you.

SHERIFF: I see. You can't tell me who you called, or where you went afterward.

BILL: Wakefield, listen to me a minute.

JOE: Yeah, Mr. Graves?

BILL: (GENTLY) You don't seem to understand. You've got a murder charge hanging over your head. This is no time to be vague, or with-hold information. The best thing for you to do is to come clean with the Sheriff here, tell him everything. It'll be better for you that way in the long run, believe me.

SHERIFF: Well, Wakefield? If you didn't go to the Harper place last night, where did you go?

JOE: (A BEAT, THEN STUBBORNLY) Sorry, Sheriff. I can't tell you.

BILL: Wakefield, look ...

JOE: (BREAKING, RISING) I said I can't tell you. ~~I can't tell you, I can't tell you.~~ All I know is that I didn't do it, I didn't kill the Harpers, I didn't take their money. That's the truth, I swear it, ~~I swear it.~~ Now, why don't you let me alone? ~~Why don't you let me alone?~~

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) All right, Bill. Let's go.
(A COUPLE OF STEPS. DOOR CLOSE)

BILL: Well, Ed?

SHERIFF: No doubt about it in my mind. He's our man.

BILL: (THOUGHTFULLY) I wonder, Ed. ~~I wonder.~~

SHERIFF: You wonder what?

BILL: Oh ... nothing. Nothing.

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

NARR: It's not enough to tell the Sheriff ... not yet. Everything points to Joe Wakefield, especially his refusal to talk. But you have a reporter's mind, Bill Graves, and its delicate machinery feeds on facts, its wheels spin on logic. (MORE)

NARR:
(CONT'D)

And somewhere, deep in the heart of the machinery,
there are one or two grains of sand, destroying the
rhythm of the wheels, causing them to vibrate a little.
A few doubts, a few small things. You talk to
Danny Harper again...

BILL: Danny, I just dropped in to ask you one question.

DANNY: Why sure, Mr. Graves.

BILL: When you talked to Joe Wakefield last night, you just
told him the money was somewhere in the house, didn't
you?

DANNY: That's right.

BILL: You didn't tell him exactly where?

DANNY: No.

BILL: You didn't tell him the money was hidden in a cookie
jar on the shelf over the stove?

DANNY: ~~Sure~~, No, I didn't.

BILL: (INSISTENT) You're sure?

DANNY: Sure I'm sure. (A BEAT, FUZZLED) Why? What's this
all about, Mr. Graves?

BILL: (VAGUELY) Er...~~nothing, Danny.~~ Nothing important, ~~in your~~
~~Thanks anyway.~~ Thanks very much.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER) -

NARR: Now, the little grains of sand in the machinery become
bigger and bigger. Now the wheels vibrate more and
more, alarm bells ring. A shadow crosses your mind,
becomes bigger and bigger, more and more monstrous. You
talk to Sheriff Geary...

BILL: Ed, I'm beginning to think you're holding an innocent
man.

SHERIFF: You mean Wakefield?

BILL: That's right. Joe Wakefield.

SHERIFF: You're crazy, Bill. I've never held a guiltier man in all my life.

BILL: Ed, listen ..

SHERIFF: Now, look Bill, I'm busy ...

BILL: Give me one minute, Ed. Just one minute, and listen.

SHERIFF: All right. Shoot.

BILL: First of all, that wrench was found in the middle of the path, near the barn. Right?

SHERIFF: Right?

BILL: Well, if Wakefield did the job, why would he drop it there, in such an obvious place, where someone was sure to find it, where he'd be sure to be identified with it.

SHERIFF: Probably dropped it in his hurry to get out of there.

BILL: Maybe. But I doubt it. And there's something else.

SHERIFF: Well?

BILL: All Danny Harper told Wakefield was that the money was somewhere in the house.

SHERIFF: All right. What's your point?

BILL: Wakefield couldn't have known that Sam Harper kept the money in the cookie jar. But get this, Ed.. the killer knew. He broke into the kitchen first, went straight to the cookie jar, and took the jar with him, money and all.

SHERIFF: (A BEAT) Look here, Bill...just what are you trying to say?

BILL: All I'm trying to say is there are some elements of reasonable doubt in Wakefield's favor.

SHERIFF: Maybe. But no jury in its right mind would ever liste to 'em, Bill. Wakefield's the killer, and he's going up for murder!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go to see Joe Wakefield again, try to get him to talk. He won't. And as long as he won't you're up against a stone wall. So...you go back to Springfield and write your story for the Leader and ~~the~~ Press. And the next day, you find a girl waiting in your office...

ANN: Mr. Graves, my name is Ann Cooper. I'm from Eminence.

BILL: Yes? What can I do for you?

ANN: I read your story ^{about Joe} in the paper, and I came here to help *him*.
~~Joe Wakefield.~~

BILL: (ALERT) Help him? How? How can you help him? .

ANN: I know where he was the night of the Harper murders.
Tuesday night.

BILL: Where?

ANN: He was with me. In Eminence. He called me from his garage, drove over, and took me to a movie.

BILL: You're sure of that?

ANN: I ought to know.

BILL: But why didn't Joe tell us this?

ANN: Because he was afraid for me. You see, Joe and I, we'd been keeping company, on the sly. My father didn't want me to see Joe at all. He threatened to shoot Joe, and throw me out of the house, if he ever caught us together.

BILL: *54* Then Joe was protecting you...

ANN: Yes, Mr. Graves. But when I heard Joe was accused of murder, I came straight here. Murder's different. Murder's a time to speak up. And I'm not going to stand by and let Joe die, just on account of me!

~~BILL: Miss Cooper, for my money, you are wonderful. I love you
madly. And now, if you'll pardon me, I'm going to jail.~~

~~ANN: Jail? What for?~~

~~BILL: To talk to Joe Wakefield.~~

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

JOE: So she told you, Mr. Graves. Now, there's no tellin' what
her old man will do when he finds. *R.T.*

BILL: Forget her father now, Wakefield. It's you we've got to
worry about.

JOE: But Ann told you we went to a movie...

BILL: Sure. But we've got to prove it. That's the important
part....we've got to prove it.

JOE: How?

BILL: I don't know. I don't....(CUTS) Wakefield. Wait a
minute.

JOE: Yes?

BILL: When you and Ann went into the movie, you got a couple
of ticket stubs, didn't you?

JOE: I guess so.

BILL: Know where they are?

JOE: Why, no. I might have thrown them away, or I might have
'em in a pocket somewhere.

BILL: Wakefield, listen. What suit did you wear the night
you were out with Ann?

JOE: Why, ~~my~~ blue serge. My Sunday suit.

BILL: Okay. I'll see you later.

(MUSIC: - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go to Joe Wakefield's boarding house in Birch Tree, and find the blue serge suit. Jackpot. You drive from there to Eminence, and talk to the theater manager.... He checks the theater stub number and says positively that they were sold Tuesday night. That's all you want to know. You race back to the Sheriff's office... *Bill says a line to him. And says you're the one.*

BILL: Well, Ed, ~~here are the ticket stubs. And I just told you the whole story.~~ That puts Joe Wakefield in the clear, doesn't it?

SHERIFF: All right, all right, Bill. He's in the clear. But if Wakefield didn't kill the Harpers, who did?

BILL: (A BEAT) Ed.....

SHERIFF: Yes?

BILL: Mind if I talk to young Danny Harper... alone?

SHERIFF: No. I don't mind. But what for?

BILL: I've got most of my story ready to go. All I need now... is the ending!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You go to the Harper place. Young Danny Harper is in the bedroom. You start to talk to him, and as you do, you see pictures all over the room, on the walls, on the bureau... pictures of a woman. Then, suddenly, the wheels within your mind start to race, they begin to scream and shriek, the machine shivers and vibrates. And you ask...

BILL: These pictures, Danny.... they're of your mother, aren't they?

DANNY: That's right, Mr. Graves. My real mother.

BILL: You must have liked her a lot.

DANNY: I did.

BILL: There's one thing I don't see.

DANNY: What's that?

BILL: A picture of your stepmother.

DANNY: Why should I have that around?

BILL: You didn't like her, did you, Danny?

DANNY: Well, I....I.....

BILL: You hated her, didn't you?

DANNY: Wait a minute. What's it to you, Mr. Graves, whether I.....

BILL: You hated her enough to kill her.

DANNY: (BEGINNING TO SCARE) I don't know what you mean. I don't know what you're talking about!

BILL: Oh, yes you do, Danny. You killed her. You killed her, and your father!

DANNY: I didn't, I didn't. Why, I even bought my stepmother a valise, for a going away present...

BILL: Just to make it look good, eh, Danny?

DANNY: (STARTING TO BREAK) What are you trying to say? Why are you here, what do you want? Joe Wakefield killed my Pa and Ma. Everyone knows that!

BILL: No, he didn't. Joe Wakefield was at a movie in Eminence the night your folks were killed. You stole his wrench weeks ago, didn't you, Danny?

DANNY: I didn't steal it - I only borrowed it -

BILL: All right, so you borrowed it. Then you came back, stole the money, killed your father and stepmother. Then you ~~got pantsy and~~ threw the wrench in the path hoping that someone would find it, and blame Joe....

DANNY: (CRYING) Stop it! Stop it, willya! Let me alone!

BILL: Why did you do it, Danny?

DANNY: Let me alone! Let me alone!

BILL: (INSISTENT) Why, Danny?

DANNY: He shouldn't have done it. (CRYING) Pa shouldn't have done it.

BILL: Done what?

DANNY: Married again. Married my stepmother. ~~She married~~
~~him just to get the money, the insurance money.~~ They were going to St. Louis on ~~the~~ the money my Pa saved up all these years...the money my Ma should have had, and enjoyed. They were going away and having a good time on that money, while my Ma lay cold in her grave. I couldn't stand that. I couldn't stand that, I tell you. I didn't mean to kill them, I was only trying to take the money away so she couldn't spend it. But then my pa come in, and I hit him with the wrench. I....I guess I was drunk or somethin'....And then I heard her screaming...the woman who took my Ma's place...and I couldn't stand it, it near drove me crazy....so I went in and ~~finished~~ ^{beat} her off, too. (BREAKS AND CRIES) And that's all. That's all there is...(CRYING UNDER)

BILL: (A BEAT, THEN HEAVILY) All right, Danny. That's all there is. Now..I think I'd better call in the Sheriff!

(MUSIC: - CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from William Graves of the Springfield Leader & Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: - STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #175

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND....)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5
puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a
longer, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to
guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine
tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from William Graves of the Springfield Leader and Press.

GRAVES: After his confession, killer in tonight's BIG STORY completely broke down and begged police not to hang him. He was quickly brought to trial on a charge of 1st degree murder and received two life sentences in the state prison for the double killing.

Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Graves...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Detroit Free Press - by-line, Ralph Nelson. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found the answer he was seeking ^{to murder - in a garage} ~~in the fourth package of~~ ^{ca.} death.

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlick from an actual story from the front pages of the Springfield Leader^{and} Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bill Quinn played the part of William Graves. 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. Graves.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

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

This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NBC..THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

IRMA/DARLETTE/HARRIET/ LILLY
7/17/50 am

ATX01 0171288

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #176

CAST

NARRATOR
WAITRESS
JEANNIE
NELSON
VOICE III
COONEY
VOICE IV
KIRK
CORONER
JESSIE
VOICE II
HOBBER
VOICE I

BAB SLOANE
GRACE KEDDY
GRACE KEDDY
SYD SMITH
SYD SMITH
RALPH BELL
RALPH BELL
SCOTT TENNYSON
SCOTT TENNYSON
HUMPHREY DAVIS
HUMPHREY DAVIS
BOB DRYDEN
BOB DRYDEN

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1950

ATX01 0171289

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#176

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

AUGUST 9, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES presents THE BIG STORY

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

~~(SLOW-TIERED SHUFFLE OF FEET, PAVEMENT: RATTLE OF~~
ASHCAN LIDS, AND WITH IT, SORT OF A BLUES HUMMING,
WORDLESS, CONTINUE SOUND PATTERN UNDER BUT
HUMMING YIELDS TO:)

JESSIE: Goin' up the alley. . . nothin' on my mind. . .

(CLINK OF ASHCAN LID)

Just a-pokin' through the trash cans. . . See what I can
find . . . (SPOKEN) see what I can find.

~~(WINDOW OPENS OFF)~~

NELSON: (OFF) Mornin' Jesse! Any luck today?

JESSIE: (HOLLERS BACK) Jest started out junkin'. Mr. Nelson...
pretty slim pickin's so far!

NELSON: (OFF, CHUCKLES) Okay, Jesse. Here's ^{a quarter} for breakfast.
Catch!

(COIN CLINKS ON PAVEMENT)

JESSIE: (CALLS) Thank ye, Mr. Nelson, thank ye kindly!

(SHUFFLING AND CLANKING GOES ON. STOPS)

JESSIE: (PLEASED) Well now! (GOES INTO TUNE) ~~Gonna open~~
~~up this suitcase~~ ^{Well now! Gonna open}
~~up this suitcase~~ ^{up this suitcase}

(SUITCASE PRIED OPEN)

JESSIE: And see what she's got inside ---

(A TERRIFIC YOWLING FRIGHTENED SCREAM AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY INTO --)

RTX01 0171290

HARRICE: THE BIG STORY. Here is America. . .it's sounds and its
fury. . . its joy and its sorrow,. . as faithfully
reported by the men and women of the great American
newspapers. (PAUSE: COLD AND FLAT) Detroit, Michigan --
From the pages of the Free Press -- the story of a reporter
-- and a corpse. And for his work -- to Ralph Nelson
for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

~~(MUSIC: -- FANTASY. . .)~~

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: - - - BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

HARRICE: Detroit, Michigan. The story as it actually happened.
Ralph Nelson's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: A sunny, steaming, Sabbath day morning. . . nobody stirring in downtown Detroit but the police, the police reporters -- to which happy breed you, Ralph Nelson of the Detroit Free Press belong -- *and, of course, Jessie the Junkman.* . . singing his little old song. . . messing around in the trashcans out back of the Free Press building. A lazy day, a sticky, sweaty day, foreboding nothing newsworthy. Nothing, that is, till Jessie finds a suitcase whose contents curdle his song into a scream -- and galvanized you into action!

NELSON: (QUIET) How old would you say she was, coroner?

CORONER: Can't tell until the autopsy, Nelson.

NELSON: How long would you say she's been dead?

CORONER: Same answer.

NELSON: Thanks a lot. Anything you can tell me?

CORONER: Not till we find her arms -- her legs -- and her head.
(PAUSE....HE CALLS) Okay, boys -- take it on to the morgue!

(MUSIC: -- HAUL IT ON DOWN UNDER)

NARRATOR: Yeah -- Jessie found him a body. And now, the whole Detroit police force is picking up where he left off -- rummaging through the weekend's ashcans. And speaking of Jessie -- Detective Cooney is speaking with Jessie. You sidle up to the prowl car he's using

(SNEAK SOUND OF POLICE RADIO CARRIER WAVE)

for a questioning room -- in time to hear your own name!

JESSIE: Mr. Nelson, he th'owed me two bits from the windy, and I went on a-junkin'. And found the satchel-case.

COONEY: Where?

JESSIE: Right there, where the cops is pokin' and seekin'.

COONEY: Was it locked or unlocked?

JESSIE: Unlocked.

COONEY: What did you think when you saw the body?

JESSIE: I didn't think nothin' - I just let out a holler.

CONNEY: Jessie -- just one more question before we take you down to headquarters. You weren't always a junkie, were you?

JESSIE: Nossir. Owned my own place once, all my own.

COONEY: What kind of a place, Jessie?

JESSIE: SLAUGHTERHOUSE. ~~But~~ --

VOICE I: (POLICE RADIO BEEP AND FILTER) Calling Cooney in Car
Two, Cooney in ²~~Car~~ --

(BUTTON CLICK AND SWITCHOVER)

COONEY: This is Cooney.

VOICE I: (FILTER) Get on over to Randolph and Michigan. Patrolman Klein just found a pair of legs.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(RADIO CARRIER CONTINUOUS AND CAR ENGINE IDLING)

NELSON: Cooney -- you missed something in the description you
phoned in.

COONEY: Me? What?

NELSON: Look. Scar on the right knee. *Nelson*

COONEY: (SARCASTIC) I didn't miss it. I hoped you would.

NELSON: Why?

COONEY: So you wouldn't put it in the paper. The less gets out
about this, the better chance we've got of tripping
up the killer. Say the police know something nobody
but the killer knows -- and he spills it by chance ---
see?

NELSON: Gotcha. Okay -- I'll forget the scar on the knee.
But still, it's a clue to her identity.

COONEY: I know a better one.

NELSON: What?

COONEY: Her head.

(BEEP OF RADIO FREQUENCY UP AND DOWN WITH)

VOICE II: (FILTERED) 131 calling Cooney, 131 calling *Cooney*

(CLICK OF SWITCHOVER)

COONEY: This is Cooney. Whatcha got? Whereya at?

VOICE: (FILTERED) Kercheval and Cadillac. Found a bundle in
an ashcan.

COONEY: What's in it?

-7-

VOICE II: *A pair of arms* (FILTERED) ~~Alms.~~ That is all.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: And that IS all. The young lady in the case is twin sister to the horseman that chased Ichabod Crane -- headless.

~~(SNEAK SOUND OF DISHES CLINKING, SILVER JINGLING,~~

~~ETC.)~~

You and Cooney -- it being noon --

(BG -- LUNCHROOM)

drop into a Third Avenue ~~one arm~~ *beams* for a light lunch --

(SHE
CALLS
THESE
ORDERS
OUT)

and a handy telephone to

WAITRESS:

the office, But before

I got an El-Tee with mayo

you phone it in --

working!

NELSON: Lemme check this with

you, okay?

Draw one -- light!

COONEY: Shoot.

Ice the apple -- a pair!

NELSON: Clues. Scar on the right knee -- vaccination on the left arm -- ~~I'm making it the right arm in my story~~

COONEY: ~~Attaboy~~ --

NELSON: The arms wrapped in a pillowcase -- no laundry mark.

The valise Jessie found -- no label. (PAUSE) So much

that for the ~~negative side~~. Now, the ~~positive~~ *just what*. (PAUSE)

on the record or off, Cooney?

COONEY: Off

NELSON: Off it is. (PAUSE) I know every segment was carefully washed. I knew there was a laundrymark on the shirt the legs were wrapped in -- size 15, 33, ^{laundry}mark OKW. I know --

WAITRESS:

COONEY: You know a lot

Burn one! Shoot one, sour!

NELSON: Well - I learned it all

from working with you.

Well-done, a pair! Hold the onions!

The thing is, you're

holding out on me. Cooney, I'm cooperating with you on this all the way down the line -- Why don't you come clean with me?

COONEY: On what?

NELSON: (QUIET) ON what I saw you do out of the phone booth back at the morgue -- when you didn't know I was watching.

COONEY: What did I do?

NELSON: You know. You ~~took a toothpick and ran it under the~~ *examined* ~~fingernails of the right hand. (PAUSE) what did you get?~~ *her*

COONEY: You really want to know, eh?

NELSON: I do.

COONEY: The answer is -- (A GRIN) I don't know yet. It's being analyzed.

NELSON: But you think it's blood. And ten'll get you twenty you're looking for a man with scratches on his face -- right?

COONEY: Asah, you're always right!

NELSON: Then where do you get off locking up poor Jessie?

COONEY: You printing that?

NELSON: No.

COONEY: Now that I want you to print.

NELSON: Why?

COONEY: Because he didn't do it.

NELSON: Now what kind of talk is that!

COONEY: The idea is, whoever did can read about we think the junkie did it -- and he'll let up on being careful. See?

NELSON: No. I don't see my paper being used to smear a poor old junkie that never did anybody any harm. No soap!

~~COONEY: Aw, come on.~~

~~NELSON: Nope!~~

COONEY: Okay. Have it your way...and go your way.

NELSON: Meaning?

COONEY: You can stop playing detective with me, Ralph, and stick to your reporting. From now on -- I don't want you tagging around. Okay?

NELSON: Okay! *Long Nelson.*
Cooney: (FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY)

WAITRESS: (ON FULL) Hey, mister! You forgot your check!

COONEY: (OFF) Give it to my buddy there!

(DOOR SLAMS OFF)

NELSON: My buddy! My --

WAITRESS: (COMING ON FAST) You want anything else beside the check, mister?

NELSON: No, that'll be all.

KIRK: (A LITTLE OFF) Hey -- Cory!

WAITRESS: Oh-oh. It's in again. Mister, lemme take care of this guy or he'll yell up the whole joint. He's a regular -- you know how it is.

NELSON: Sure. I can wait.

(FOOTSTEPS AWAY AND STAY WITH THEM TO STOP)

WAITRESS: Well! You look like something the cat dragged out!

KIRK: Ooooh -- do I feel awful. Lemme have a --

WAITRESS: I know, I know. (SHE BAWLS) Stretch one T.J.! Java, a pot -- with muscles! (NORMAL) What'd you shave with -- a rake?

KIRK: Shave? Listen, the head on me, you touch my face with a feather and I scream. What've I got -- scratches?

WAITRESS: Scratches! You got everything carved on you but initials. You get in a fight after you left here last night?

KIRK: Was I in here last night?

WAITRESS: Were you in here last night! Who do you think threw the sugar bowl through the jukebox!

(BELL, HANDTYPE, RINGS OFF)

WAITRESS: Wait! Your tomato juice and java's ready.

(FOOTSTEPS UP, STAY WITH THEM, CLINK OF GLASS AND SPOON, STEPS BACK, HALTED BY)

NELSON: ~~How you going on my check?~~

WAITRESS: In a minute. Just lemme have that Wooster sauce. (LOW) Get a load of my regular over there. There's the biggest bundle of quakes and shakes in Detroit. Claims he don't remember tearing the joint apart last night.

NELSON: Pulled a blank, huh? What'd he do?

WAITRESS: What'd he do? He comes in here --

KIRK: (OFF, YELLING) Let's have that coffee!

WAITRESS: All right, all right! (TO NELSON) Be right back.

(FOOTSTEPS AWAY, BACK)

WAITRESS: (LOW) He comes in here around midnight. Gimme a beer. We don't sell beer, Kirk --

NELSON: Kirk? You know him?

WAITRESS: Everybody knows him. Lives right upstairs over the place here. Anyhow -- gimme a beer. We don't sell beer. Gimme a beer. We don't sell beer. ~~I gotta have a beer. -- Have a cup of coffee instead! I wanna beer.~~ A thing like that can drive you crazy. It can keep up all night, then suddenly some joker puts a nickel in the jukebox. Out comes (SHE SINGS) Oh how we danced on the night we were wed -- and with that, he tosses the sugarbowl through the jukebox --

NELSON: ~~Just like that?~~

WAITRESS: ~~Just like that~~

NELSON: Well, it takes all kinds. Can I have that check --

WAITRESS: Sure, sure -- but you haven't heard the best part. The boss comes from out back with a meat cleaver --

NELSON: Oh-oh.

WAITRESS: And Kirk, ~~the jerk~~, he grabs it and runs out of the place screamin' bloody murder.

NELSON: What do you mean -- bloody murder? Did he say anything?

WAITRESS: Did he say anything? Lissen, they must of heard him in Canada! "I'll kill 'er," he yells -- "I'll kill 'er!" Bruh-ther! (PAUSE) There's your check.

NELSON: (QUIET) Thanks. There and -- keep the change...~~and your~~
~~mouth shut.~~

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

NELSON: Kirk.

KIRK: Me? (PAUSE) Do I know you?

NELSON: Yeah, you met me here last night. Dontcha remember?

KIRK: Mister -- I don't remember nothin'. But nothin'. Did I do smethin' or smethin'?

NELSON: I'm afraid you did, Kirk. (PAUSE) Finish your coffee.

KIRK: Sure, mister, sure. Whatever I done, I apologize in advance. When I get a load on --

NELSON: (GENTLE) Sure, sure, I know how it is. Finish up and come with me.

KIRK: Where?

NELSON: I want somebody to see those scratches on your face.
(PAUSE) By the way -- your shirt's a mess.

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KIRK: Yeah. All over blood.

NELSON: What size do you wear? Maybe I could lend you one?

KIRK: Fifteen thirty-three. (SMILE) Say, mister -- I don't know who you are or what I done to you, but you're a real pal, you are!

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171302

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - 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 Ralph Nelson, as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: You've dug up a pretty fair suspect in the murder of an ~~as-yet-unknown~~ ^{unidentified} girl -- unidentified because something is missing in the case: her head. This poor bewildered guy ^{Kirk has} been on a tear all weekend -- he says -- and doesn't remember a thing since Friday night -- he says -- and as for busting up a one-ama-java-joint and threatening to slaughter some dame, this -- he says -- is all news to him. And furthermore, under questioning by Detective Cooney, he says --

KIRK: I don't even know what I'm supposed to of done! For the love of pete -- will ya tell me what I done? ~~Did I stick up a bank -- did I steal a car -- did I bust a cop in the eye -- what did I do, will ya tell me, what did I do?~~

COONEY: I'll ask the questions around here, Kirk. And you answer, hear?

KIRK: Go ahead -- ask me, ask me anything.

COONEY: All right. Now -- where did you get those scratches on your face?

KIRK: I don't know. Maybe I --

COONEY: ~~Shut up.~~ What happened to the pillowcase from your bed?

KIRK: I dunno. Look --

COONEY: What happened to the sheet?

KIRK: Now it's the sheet. Listen, I don't know!

COONEY: What's the laundry mark in your shirt?
KIRK: ~~Double you Oh Kay, Kay Oh Double You, Kay Double you~~
~~Oh -- I dunno --~~
NELSON: Is this your shirt?
KIRK: Listen, what is all this with sheets, shirts,
pillow-cases -- what did I do, rob a laundry? I
got a right to know -- how do I know what I'm getting
into here --
NELSON: Trouble, Kirk -- if this is your shirt.
KIRK: All right -- it's my shirt! ~~What did I do, leave it~~
~~lyin' in the park? I done that before -- slept~~
~~off a binge in the park.~~ Where'd you find it?
NELSON: (QUIET) You sure you want to know, fella?
KIRK: Sure I wanna know. Anything, everything -- I gotta
know something!
COONEY: (QUIET) ~~Okay.~~ Kirk. ~~This is it~~
(FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, IT OPENS)
COONEY: (A LITTLE OFF) Eddie! Come in with your pad. (DOOR
CLOSES)
(FOOTSTEPS BACK)
KIRK: Well? Well?
COONEY: (GENTLE) I'm waiting for a stenographer, Kirk.
KIRK: Why, why? WHAT DID I DO?
(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, FOOTSTEPS OVER TO CHAIR
RATTLE)
COONEY: Ready, Eddie? Take all this down.
KIRK: ~~What're you doing? Why're you takin' down what I say?~~
COONEY: ~~Because, Kirk.~~ This shirt -- your shirt -- was
found wrapped around a pair of legs in an ashcan --

KIRK: A pair of -- what're you giving me! Lissen, you can't

--

COONEY: Yes we can! The arms were in your pillowcase! The torso was in your sheet! That's why you're here, Kirk -- murder -- and mayhem.

KIRK: You're sayin' -- you're sayin' I killed a girl - You think I done that?

COONEY: (QUIET) No. I know you did. The story hasn't been in the papers yet, Kirk -- and nobody in this room mentioned the sex of the victim until you did. How did you know it was a girl? (PAUSE) Talk, Kirk--talk.

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND GO UNDER~~)

NARR:

The stale odor of his liquored breath taints the room as he tells the tale of a guy and a girl -- himself and one Jeannie Joski. And as he talks, he knits and weaves and twists and knuckle-cracks a pair of hands with the kind of fingers you intend to call in your story "Destined for the piano -- or the surgeon's knife". Finally, he comes to the point he remembers last -- he says:

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND DOWN AND OUT BEHIND~~)

KIRK:

(LOW) This goes on for two years, off and on, off and on. Always fightin', then gettin' back together again. Finally, two weeks ago, she come to me and she blurts right out with it. Paddy, she says -- Paddy, that's her name for me -- Paddy, I'm gonna get married. Just like that. (CROSSFADE), right between the eyes, I'm gonna get married...I got this old gent ...

JEANNIE: (FADING IN) I'm gonna get married...I got this old gent, he's crazy about me, and he wantsa marry me.

KIRK: Why?

JEANNIE: (FLAREUP) Cause he's crazy about me, that's why! Look -- lookit the ring. You ever give me a ring? You ever give me anything but a black eye and a bad name? Why!

KIRK: I mean, why are you marryin' him, baby?

JEANNIE: Cause I'm sick and tired of bein' cheap. Cheap drinks, cheap joints, cheap clothes -- everything cheap, ~~cheap, cheap~~.

KIRK: Money. He's got money.

JEANNIE: And a house. And a car. And a place on the lake. And a steady job. (PAUSE) And me, Paddy. Me, he's got. Me.

KIRK: Yeah? You don't love him.

JEANNIE: Love. Whaddav I got to show for love - bruises!

KIRK: (QUIET) I'll kill 'im.

JEANNIE: Yeah, you'll kill 'im. You're always killin' somebody. All you ever kill is bottles.

KIRK: I'll kill you too.

JEANNIE: Yeah, sure. (PAUSE) Look, Paddy -- I told him all about you. You and me, I told him everything. And he still wants me. (SOFT) And Paddy -- listen. I -- I want what he can give me. You don't want me, Paddy. You want good times, week-end bats, hollerin' and dancin' and hangovers. You don't need me for that, Paddy. There's lots of other girls around, for that stuff. (PAUSE) Get one, Paddy. And leave me alone --

KIRK: But I love you, baby --

JEANNIE: (SOFT) If you love me, Paddy -- leave me have
what you never give me. (PAUSE) That's all.

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

COONEY: Two things, Paddy. Who'd she marry?

KIRK: ~~Frank Hobber. He's an old vat~~ *An old guy named to*

COONEY: Okay. We'll bring him in later. The other thing,
Paddy, is this. (GENTLE) The right answer will
save you from having to look at her. (PAUSE) You
said you two were always fighting?

KIRK: Cats and dogs, cats and dogs.

COONEY: Any scars?

KIRK: Huh?

COONEY: Did your fights leave any scars on her?

KIRK: Oh. Well, once she fell down a flight of stairs --

COONEY: ~~You pushed her?~~

KIRK: ~~She tripped. And she landed on a beer bottle.~~ Left
a scar on her knee.

COONEY: Left ~~her~~.

KIRK: No. Right. (PAUSE) Did the -- was there a --

COONEY: (QUIET) Yep. On the right knee.

KIRK: Then it's her.

COONEY: Yep.

KIRK: And I killed her.

COONEY: Guess so.

KIRK: I killed her. I -- I don't know if I did or not,
honest. I don't know. But if she's dead -- and I
said what ~~he said~~ the waitress said I said -- I
guess it was me. (SOB) It must of been me. It
must of been me.

NELSON: (GENTLE) Can I get you anything, Paddy?
KIRK: (CHOKED) Yes, *Mr. Nelson*
NELSON: Say the word, boy.
KIRK: (WHISPER) Get me a priest.
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)
COONEY: Okay, Ralph. There's your story. Thanks.
NELSON: I feel like a heel.
COONEY: Why? You helped the law.
NELSON: I still feel like a heel. Besides -- if he doesn't
remember it's gonna be hard to prove.
COONEY: No. I got the boys out checking on all the bars ...
where he might of been, what he might of said, who
he might of been with. It'll fit together, you'll
see.
NELSON: Speaking of -- fitting together --
COONEY: Yeah?
NELSON: The story's complete -- but the corpse isn't.
COONEY: It'll turn up. It'll turn up.
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)
NARR: Paddy Kirk gets his ~~confession~~ -- while Cooney gets
from his outside men more facts for his fattening
case-file . . .
VOICE II: (FILTER) Cooney -- I'm comin' in with a hackie who
says he picked up a girl and dropped her off at
Kirk's place last night.
(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ _ STING)
VOICE III.: (FILTER) Cooney -- I'm bringin' in a barkeep who
says he served Kirk drinks with a girl. Kirk called
her Jeannie, he says. She was pleadin' with him, he
says, to be a good boy.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ STING)

VOICE IV: (FILTER) Cooney ^{we found it} -- we found a package in a sewer.
There was a tear in the paper -- it's a head.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ PLAINITIVE AND THIN. THE JUNKIE'S SONG, AND ALONG
WITH IT --)

JESSIE:

~~HUMMING MOURNFULLY ALL THE WAY THROUGH BEHIND~~

NARR:

(LOW) Jessie the Junkie's crooning his tune in
the cell next to the morgue, as Cooney prepares to
open the package that will send Paddy Kirk's neck
noose-ward. ^{He's} ~~He's~~ needed for a witness -- as are all
the others waiting outside. (PAUSE) Only the
husband, ^{is} ~~is~~ missing, Cooney explains ...

COONEY:

And when he comes, he'll have to look ^{at this} ~~at this~~
(PAUSE) The thing is, I'm gonna leave the knots on
the string. It might be a --

(DOOR OPENS OFF)

VOICE I:

(CALLS) Cooney! You said to holler when the
husband comes in! I'm hollerin'!

COONEY:

(CALLS BACK) Okay. Be right out. (PAUSE: BIG
SIGH OF RELIEF) This'll wait, Ralph.

NELSON:

(QUIET) Mind if I wait with it?

COONEY:

(SAME) Suit y'self.

~~(FOOTSTEPS UP, AWAY TO DOOR, DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ JUNKIE'S SONG, NOW INSTRUMENTAL DOWN BEHIND) _

NARR: You, Ralph Nelson, have been shaping, in your mind, a lead. A lead is the opening sentence of a news story. For this sentence, the subject is -- Paddy Kirk. The verb is -- to kill, past tense, killed. You have chosen an adverb -- "brutally". The object -- it lies before you -- cut up like the parts of a sentence. Jeannie Joski. You need --- an adjective for Jeannie. Was she pretty? Homely? Beautiful? There's one way to find out.

(UNWRAPPING OF PACKAGE, THEN A CLINK ON THE FLOOR)

NARR: (LOW) Something falls out. You pick it up gingerly -- and Jeannie's looks don't matter now! You've got to get out before Cooney gets back!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP RAPIDLY AND AWAY FOR)

~~(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR, OPENED, SLAMMED)~~

(TYPING UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

COONEY: (OVER IT, LOUDLY) Okay, folks ... when the sergeant's typed up your statements, you can sign 'em and go... you'll get your Grand Jury subpoenas in the mail..

BIZ: (BUZZ BUZZ OF AD LIBS IN B.G. .. INCLUDING WAITRESS, GOES UNDER)

NELSON: (WHISPER) Cooney! Which one's the husband?

COONEY: (WHISPER) The old guy -- there. Looks like his story's hung the noose on Kirk for fair. He says somebody phoned his house Saturday night askin' for Jeannie ... the old boy said okay. She took off to meet this guy--and that's the last he ever saw of her. There's the case. I had Kirk talk to him on the phone and he recognized the voice.

NELSON: Just one thing. Has he looked at the remains yet?

COONEY: No. I've asked him to stay after the others leave, to look them over --

NELSON: Do me a favor -- Tell him that we haven't found the head - stall him off in here a minute after they go. I'm going out -- and don't be surprised at anything I do when I come back in.

COONEY: What in thunder've you got up your sleeve?

NELSON: The murder knife -- and don't ask me where I got it. That -- only two people know.

COONEY: You and who else?

NELSON: The murderer!

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

HOBBER: (OLD) Mr. Cooney -- you asked me to wait after the others left?

COONEY: Ah -- ah, yes. I ah -- couple of things in your story I want to check ^{it} ~~it~~ -- you see we still lack the final proof that the murdered woman was your wife - This is unpleasant but you see we still haven't found the head.

HOBBER: I see, I see --

COONEY: But if you wouldn't mind coming into the morgue for a moment to identify ---

(DOOR OPENS WITH A RUSH ON "MOMENT" AND)

NELSON: (YELLING LIKE A COMANCHE TO CUT COONEY OFF) Cooney - --Cooney -- I got it! He identified the knife --- (PAUSE: MOCK EMBARRASSMENT) Oh. Sorry, chief. I didn't know Mr. Hobber was still here. (EAGER) But this locks it up, Chief --

COONEY: What does?

NELSON: This. This knife. Kirk just admitted it was his.
(ALL NAIVE AND FRIENDLY, LIKE) How about that,
Mr. Hobber?

HOBBER: Terrible, terrible. I -- I suppose I'd better go
in and identify my wife --

NELSON: (GENTLE BUT POISONOUS) Are you sure you'll be able
to, sir?

HOBBER: Well...I should know my own wife's face.

NELSON: That's true. (PAUSE) Mr. Hobber -- how do you know
you'll see your wife's face?

HOBBER: I --- (LONG PAUSE) Well -- there were other marks
....scars ... (EAGER) On her right knee, for
instance ----

NELSON: Wait a minute, Mr. Hobber - you said you could
recognize your wife's face.

HOBBER: Well --- yes, of course I could.

NELSON: Mr. Hobber - there's only one man who knows that
it's possible to see your wife's face.

HOBBER: What do you mean?

NELSON: The minute you saw the knife, you couldn't help
yourself, because you knew it was your wife lying
in there butchered to bits!

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

NELSON: Oh, yes you do! Only the murderer could know that
if we had this knife we must also have the head -
because they were wrapped up together, in the same
package. (PAUSE) He's all yours, Cooney. I'm gonna
buy Kirk a drink.

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

HARRICE: In just a moment we will read you a telegram
from Ralph Nelson of the Detroit Free Press
with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: - - - - - STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #176

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
q At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5
puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a
longer, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos - to
guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine
tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG --)

HARRICE: Now we read you that telegram from Ralph Nelson of the Detroit Free Press.

NELSON: KILLER IN TONIGHT'S BIG STORY CONFESSED THAT HE FOLLOWED HIS WIFE ON HER DATE WITH KIRK. KIRK WAS DRUNK IN HIS ROOM AND ^{he} ~~HE~~ PERSUADED HIS WIFE TO COME BACK HOME. ^{and} ~~AND~~ MURDERED HER, ~~THERE AFTER HAVING~~ ^{he had} STOLEN KIRK'S SHIRT, SHEETS AND PILLOW CASE TO USE AS INCRIMINATING CLUES. THE MOTIVE WAS JEALOUSY. (PAUSE) ^{he} ~~HE~~ WAS CONVICTED OF ~~8~~ ¹⁰ MANSLAUGHTER AND SENTENCED TO ~~10~~ ¹⁵ YEARS IN THE ~~Michigan~~ ^{Michigan} PENITENTIARY. MANY THANKS FOR TONIGHT'S PELL MELL AWARD.

HARRICE: Thank you, Mr. Nelson...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Pittsburgh Press -- by-line, Chester Potter. A BIG STORY of a reporter who found that cornered rats always squeal!...

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

HARRICE: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Syd Smith played the part of Ralph Nelson. 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. Nelson.

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(MUSIC: - THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

HARRICE: This is ^{*Exe / Charlett*} ~~by Harrice~~ speaking for the makers of
PELL MEIL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(PAUSE)

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

penny/harriet/dl
7/26/50 pm

ATX01 0171317

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #177

CAST

NARRATOR

GIRL

GIRL II

POTTER

LIFEMAN

CARR

MAN I

TEDDY

KELCH

BOUDREAU

MAN II

JUDGE

NOONAN

BOB SLOANE

JOAN SHEA

JOAN SHEA

BILL SMITH

BILL SMITH

LARRY HAINES

LARRY HAINES

BILL LIPTON

BILL LIPTON

GEORGE PETRIE

GEORGE PETRIE

JOE DE SANTIS

JOE DE SANTIS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1950

ATX01 0171318

NBC & NRT

THE BIG STORY

#177

10:00 - 10:30 PM

AUGUST 16, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(CHESTER POTTER: THE PITTSBURGH (PA.) PRESS)

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES Present....THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGES INTO...)

LIEBMAN: (AFFABLY) That's all I have, gentlemen. Just these watches you see in the case, these rings. (PLEASANTLY) And none of them suit you?

CARR: (EVEN TEMPERED, EVEN TONED) I think I want something better. Maybe with little diamonds on it. Let's see some of your more expensive stuff.

LIEBMAN: I got nothing in the store just now.

CARR: Don't you remember? We were in last week. You showed us some of those beauts in a tray. Right over there you got them. Remember, Teddy?

TEDDY: (YOUTHFUL) Sure. A whole big tray full of them. I remember.

LIEBMAN: Well, I see. I don't think there's any left, but I see.

(HE WALKS, A DOOR OPENS. THERE IS SUDDEN MOVEMENT
BY LIEBMAN)

LIEBMAN: (IN VIOLENT DESPAIR) I know what you want. You stand there. I'm going to call the police.

CARR: Not a good idea, Liebman.

LIEBMAN: You think I don't shoot, if I have to?

(SHOTS)

CARR: I think you might, pop - if you had the chance.

(THE GUN SHOTS RESUME, 3 MORE ARE FIRED)

TEDDY: ~~Good God~~, stop it!

CARR: Yeah, I guess you're right. He's kind of dead.

(3 MORE SHOTS)

ATX01 0171319

(MUSIC: __ RISES FULL, BACKS)

HARRICE: THE BIG STORY. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE, FLAT) Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. From the pages
of The Pittsburgh Press comes the story of a reporter
who used the code of the underworld even though it turned
his stomach to do so. And tonight, to Chester Potter,
of the Pittsburgh Press, for his Big Story, goes the
PELL MEIL AWARD.

(MUSIC: __ FANFARE)

(OPRNING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further.....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of traditionally
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes,
PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER. . .)

~~FRANCE:~~
CHAPPELL: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The story as it actually happened - Chester Potter's story as he lived it.

NARR: The first killing was of a jeweler named Emmanuel Liebman. He was found dead with eight shells in his body, sprawled behind his neat counter with an unfired gun in his hand. It was one of those things: eight shots fired at 9:30 in the morning in the Hazelwood section of Pittsburgh - and no one heard a shot, no one had seen anything. You got to the store, you -- fifty-one year old Chet Potter, ^{you got to the store} 29 years on this kind of thing and 29 years of hating it. Not the work, but the facts about people that you got to report. And in the past seven years, you've gotten yourself a nickname you ^{don't} didn't like -- "no conviction Potter" they call you (at the paper and at headquarters) because the last twelve stories you were on - no conviction.

BOUDREAU: (ASSISTANT D.A., AN AGGRESSIVE MAN TRYING TO GET AHEAD)

This looks like one of your specialties, Potter.

POTTER: Ha, ha. Very funny. You mean no conviction?

BOUDREAU: As the Assistant District Attorney I haven't got an opinion yet -- for publication, that is. But as just plain Jack Boudreau, this is a 'no conviction' if I ever saw one.

POTTER: How could it be? What were there? Eight shots fired - ~~didn't hear anything~~
~~nobody heard anything?~~

BOUDREAU: No.

POTTER: He must have run out of the store. Somebody must have seen him.

BOUDREAU: Well nobody did.

POTTER: What kind of family is there?

BOUDREAU: You're going to like this. Wife and five kids.

POTTER: What about the stoolies? Anything doing there?

BOUDREAU: Even if somebody were to talk, what's there to tie to it? Nothing. No witnesses, no gun. Eight .38 calibre slugs.

POTTER: A guy with five kids.

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

NARR: Just because the Assistant District Attorney Jack Boudreau said -- "even if the stoolies talked, what is there to tie it with?" -- you didn't let it rest there. (That was the way you were.) You saw the family, talked to the three wide-eyed girls and the two dazed boys, the inconsolable widow, ^{she} made the rounds -- pushed, probed, yanked, asked questions. ^{Just then} Got just where you'd gotten on your last twelve stories -- no conviction, no suspects, nowhere. (PAUSE) Then sixteen months goes by. (PAUSE) The second killing had this much in common with the first. .. 8 shots were also fired--- an enormous quantity of lead poured into the body of a man named Keech, a driver for a robbery gang. A man named Keech, who hangs onto life despite eight .38 calibre slugs in his body.

POTTER: Who did it, Keech?

KEECH: (IN PAIN) Get me a drink of water.

POTTER: Here. Just suck on the straw. Who was it?

KEECH: (FINISHING DRINKING) Look, you ought to know me better. Your friend Boudreau's over there in the corner. He ain't asking. (HE IS HAVING TROUBLE TALKING) He ain't asking questions. Leave me alone, huh?

POTTER: (ANGRY) Come on, Keech. I don't care one hoot about you, but when that kind of lead is poured into two people, maybe the same guy did it. You're going to die, Keech. You're going to die soon and you're going to die hard. My God, give yourself a quarter of a chance to get some peace before you get out of here.

KEECH: My Momma told me a long time ago don't talk to cops and don't talk to cop reporters. Give me the water.

BOUDREAU: (FROM OFF, CALLS SOFTLY) Chet -

POTTER: (GOING OVER) I know. Code of the underworld.

BOUDREAU: Something like that -- but there ^{are} exceptions.

POTTER: (EXCITED) You mean it?

BOUDREAU: There's a nice quiet talking type by the name of Tommy Carr down at my office. I just came up here for the routine confirmations, if any. There being none, maybe we'll adjourn and listen to Tommy Carr. (SARCASTICALLY) I hope it doesn't hurt you too much, Keech.

KEECH: Drop dead -- all of you.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT AND UNDER...)

NARR: Mr. Thomas Carr, ~~as Boudreau put it~~, is a louse from way back. How old is he? Thirty-four. Twenty-nine years a louse - since he was five. And now the louse (picked up on a robbery charge) is talking true to his character.

CARR: (WITH ALL THE ASSURANCE OF A MAN MAKING A REQUEST TO FOUND A MEDICAL SOCIETY) The job was well planned - I got to say that first. The payroll was like 29,000 dollars. There was four of us. And I got to give the boys real credit. Merrill -- the kid - he's been studying up, he planned it. Cased the place, took weekly timings on the paymaster ^{and} cetera. Keech - he wasn't good on his brains - but trustworthy kind - you know what I mean? Always did a good job when he was told what to do. (AFFABLY) Did he die yet?

BOUDREAU: He's still hanging on.

CARR: Amazing these young kids - the stamina they got. Eight slugs in him. Got to give him credit.

POTTER: (ANNOYED) Come on, come on.

CARR: So Keech got a kind of little greedy and he thought the fourth he was supposed to get wasn't enough on account of how he was taking bigger chances ^{and} cetera, so he pulls a gun on Merrill. Merrill pulls a gun on him and that's it.

POTTER: A fight among you guys, is that it?

CARR: Guys are very funny. You put 29,000 dollars on a table between four crooks - a lot of trouble can come out of that.

BOUDREAU: And you were one of the four?

CARR: Now, Mr. Boudreau, you know what you got on me. What chance have I got? I'm a parolee. I'm not supposed to be associating with this kind of folks. You got a right to send me back for thirteen years right now. I don't deny it. I didn't shoot Keech - Merrill done that. You cops want egg in your beer?

POTTER: What are you telling us all this for?

CARR: Well, it's like this. First of all, I turn State's evidence. The D.A. says (like he always says) (MIMICKING) "I can promise you no special consideration". But at the same time, while he's saying that, in the back of his mind, he's kind of grateful to me in a way. I mean I make convictions easier ~~and~~^{and} cetera. So who knows? He might be a little lighter on me. And the second is that parole board I got to go before. I know those guys. They like a fellow who's 'cooperative' -- if you know what I mean.

POTTER: I heard you were a nice kind of louse.

CARR: Ain't I though? Now let's see. You want the other member of the gang (I told you there was four). That's me and Merrill and Keech. And the fourth is Noonan, 75-25 Noonan. (We call him that on account of that's the cut he always tries to get.)

POTTER: We know, we know. Come on.

CARR: Well now if I could make a suggestion to you, I think this is going to surprise you. I'd pick up Noonan on the robbery. Good for ten to twenty at least. But if you stopped there, you'd be missing a bet.

BOUDREAU: How's that?

CARR: Would you happen to remember a kind of a jeweler by the name of Emmanuel Liebman?

POTTER: (URGENTLY) What about Liebman?

CARR: Well, nobody thought about Noonan and Liebman, did they? Now I can't say exactly that Noonan shot him since I didn't see him ^{do} it, only I ask you, Mr. Attorney. Ain't 75-25 well known for the way he keeps squeezing the trigger?

POUDREAU: You saying Noonan did it?

CARR: All I know is the morning of that shooting --- like 15, 20 minutes after it happened -- I got a phone call from Noonan. He says, "I'm in trouble, bad, Carr". I says, "Come bye, I'll help you."

POTTER: You helped him all right. You helped him fine.

CARR: I ~~give the guy~~ ^{kept for months} sixteen months without saying a word, didn't I? What's the matter, you don't like my testimony, mister?

POUDREAU: All right, all right. ~~Leave him alone.~~ I want a statement on all this, Carr -- signed. I don't want you suddenly discovering I nearly broke your arm to get it out of you.

CARR: I don't think that's fair, Attorney. I may be a stoolie --- but nobody says I ever went back on my word. If you want the frank truth, I was wondering how come you didn't have a secretary in here and cetera to take it down as I was telling you. Now I got to repeat the whole thing.

(MUSIC: -- COMES IN EXPRESSING POTTER'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THIS STOOLIE
..... HE HATES HIM ... GOES UNDER.....)

NARR: Merrill is picked up and Noonan and Carr locked away.
And for this kind of "expert information" (a good
crook always knows precisely what is needed for a
sure conviction), the robbery charge is slapped on them.
(Hold them while you try to prove the murder.) And
out of it comes. . .

JUDGE: Theodore Merrill, you are sentenced to the State
Penitentiary for a term of not less than twenty and
not more than forty years.

(MUSIC: -- SLIGHT STING)

JUDGE: David Noonan, you are sentenced to the State
Penitentiary for complicity in murder in the second
degree -- thirty to sixty years.

(MUSIC: -- SAME)

JUDGE: Thomas Carr, you are sentenced to return to the County
Jail to serve out the balance of your unexpired
sentence of thirteen years for violation of parole.

(MUSIC: -- COMES UP, GOES UNDER. . .)

NARR: ~~There~~ Merrill and Noonan go to the western penitentiary and
Carr (smiling because he knows it) to the County Jail
and an easy life, waiting the other cases he has
consented to sing about.

CARR: I ain't such a dope, now am I? Even if I ain't a very
nice guy.

NARR: And you lose your nickname, Chet Potter. No more "no
conviction Potter." Three convictions in one day this
time. And you ought to be glad. But something about
this louse who has put himself and two others behind
bars turns your stomach. There ought to be satisfaction
in this for you, but there isn't.

(MORE)

-12-

NARR: Because you remember the three girls of Emmanuel
(CONTD) Liebman, the jeweler -- you remember the faces of his
 sons, ~~the mouth of~~ his wife, her words. You want
 to get this louse if you can.

POTTER: (BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH) Not for parole violation --
 no. That's not enough. But how?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ COMES UP TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL) (INSET B)

ATK01 0171329

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #177

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL-s greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers
you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: As long as there is crime, as long as there are desperate men and women who take desperate chances, there will be a code of "ethics". You know this well, Chet Potter, 29 years on the police run. And you know the code of ethics is a false one -- a false code of loyalty to self, of loyalty to crime and you also know that as long as there is such a code, there will be betrayals of the code because it is profitable to betray in crime. And there will always be rats, singers, talkers, stoolies. Like Thomas Carr.

CARR: (ON F) How I know that Noonan knocked off this jeweler, Mr. Attorney -- is this. How I know for an absolute, absolute fact.

NARR: And as long as there are such men, you'll hate them -- and as you are doing now, not for the love of other criminals, but for hate of this one -- you catch them if you can. So you go to Noonan, the accused Noonan -- Noonan who is serving thirty years for complicity in second degree murder.

NOONAN: (A BIG POWERFUL MAN, BUT AT THE MOMENT IMPOTENT) Look at my hand -- look at it. I stayed here all day yesterday and the day before smacking my palm with my other hand.

POTTER: What are you telling me, Noonan? You didn't kill Liebman? You didn't shoot the jeweler?

NOONAN: Telling you -- telling you. I'm telling you nothing. I'm telling nobody nothing. He ain't fit to die a decent death. Mister, I don't know what kind of connections you got. -- But get that dog put in here five minutes. Let him walk in the yard five minutes. It won't be me -- not Merrill neither, who he ratted on. Just let him walk in the yard. That's the only kind of thing he deserves.

POTTER: I asked you -- did you do it?

NOONAN: What do you want? My word against a stoolies? Cops like stoolies, don't you know that yet, mister? D.A.'s love them. I got 30 years to live here. I got nothing to lose. What do I got to lie to you for? I didn't do it. If I could get my hands on that dog maybe I'd stop hitting myself at least. (FRIENDLY NOW) You know something, mister? A lot of guys in here would say a lot of nice things about you if you get that dog.

POTTER: (DISINTERESTED) That ~~would be~~ good.

NOONAN: ~~That don't mean anything to you~~, I know that. ~~But maybe~~ you got your own reasons. I don't care what they are. Get him.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE...)

NARR: It's a curious thing, but actually you've no real good reasons to get this man, Chet Potter, reporter. Because between Carr and Noonan, it's six of one and half-a-dozen of another. Between Carr and Merrill and the others sent up -- choose between a gunman and a stoolie. Rationally, you can't. And yet you want to. In the bitterest, most vindictive sense of the word (~~something akin to Noonan~~) you want to get this rat, this stoolie, this squealer, this louse.

GIRL: You've been making the rounds of places, haven't you -- quite a lot now? On him -- Carr.

POTTER: Who told you?

GIRL: What's the difference? Well, let me tell you if I had to give you, I'd give it to you so fast it'd make his head spin. He's as dirty as they come and I can tell you this out of private experience. And don't make mistakes -- not that kind.

POTTER: We'll see about that. Anyhow, thanks ~~for the direction~~ ~~I'm going in.~~

(MUSIC: -- -- TRACE, BEHIND. . .)

NARR: You'll see about that -- no mistakes. And so you keep at it. Talking to hard-eyed men, watching young fighters coming into the fight game. Young grifters who hang around wherever a buck can be promoted.

(BG OF GYM, LIKE STILLMAN'S)

AD LIB: Mix it up.
Watch that eye.
Watch his left.

MAN I: (EAGERLY) Carr? A pleasure -- a pleasure, mister. Remember that hold-up in the gas station on South Pennsylvania? Breaking and entry?

POTTER: What was that -- two years ago?

MAN I: 1947. Carr. Two cars disappeared off North Auburn Avenue -- A chevvy and a Pontiac sedan, September, '48-- Carr. Two drunks rolled coming out of the Elite Club, January 6, 1950 (this year) -- Carr.

POTTER: You'll write that out?

MAN I: Give me the paper.

(MUSIC: -- -- SAME)

NARR: It's good, but it's not good enough. So what? Add two years, add three years, or five. He's got 13 already. No, this ^{Carr wants} ~~wants~~ more than the difference between 13 and 18 years. Then, unexpectedly --

MAN II: (NERVOUS, TENSE, LEST HE BE PICKED UP HIMSELF) Look, mister -- if a guy don't tell his name but he tells you something -- Okay?

POTTER: That depends.

MAN II: ~~On Carr.~~

POTTER: It still depends.

MAN II: All right. There's a guy. He wants to talk to you. He's in a western penitentiary but he wants to talk to somebody outside. His name is Merrill.

POTTER: The other one Carr ratted on.

MAN II: That's right. He's got a real warm story -- real warm.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT)

TEDDY: Noonan never did it. Noonan had nothing to do with the killing of Liebman. That jeweler got killed by somebody else.

POTTER: Who?

TEDDY: He went in the store about 9:30. And when the jeweler went back to get his gun, he didn't wait. He shot him eight times.

POTTER: Who?

TEDDY: Who do you think? Carr.

POTTER: Carr?

TEDDY: Why else do you think he's ratting? To cover his own stinking self up -- ~~Carr~~.

POTTER: Okay. Let's go on from here. All I got so far is your word for it.

TEDDY: (BRISTLING) ~~My God~~, I told you, didn't I? You're on the outside, you can prove it, you can do it. I told you -- it's a fact. Noonan never done it. It was Carr all the way. Carr, Carr, Carr.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH. _ _ _)

NARR: You wait, but there's no more. Nothing more to come. This desperate man has had is desperate say and he's not saying anything further. And so you take it, since you are on the outside and maybe you can find the proof, to the Assistant District Attorney -- to Jack Boudreau.

BOUDREAU: Sure I like it. I like it fine. I think it's true. But I think something else too.

POTTER: What?

BOUDREAU: Look. These two guys, got 30 to 60 years ahead of them -- Merrill and Noonan -- based on Carr's testimony. Why shouldn't they say he did it, discredit him. Whether we like him or not (and I don't), this boy's our prize. It's on this boy's word those men are in jail.

POTTER: Why don't you do what Noonan suggested?

BOUDREAU: Put him in the western pen for a couple of days? Nah. All that would be left is shreds. We wouldn't get the proof he killed the jeweler. You wouldn't get anything except a little screaming by the reform party in the legislature for not protecting our inmates. No, I need this guy. I'm keeping him in the county jail. He's good for at least six more sessions -- songs I mean.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTO SCENE. _ _ _)

POTTER: Look, Merrill -- try to understand this. I took what you told me to where it ought to go and got nowhere with it. I need more. More information, more facts -- proof.

TEDDY: I told you. What do you want me to say. I told you how it happened.

POTTER: All I've got is your statement. Brother, you've got a record as long as you are high. What do you think your statement is worth that he killed a guy? Long as you stick to that, he's going to stay right where he is laughing at you and maybe waiting until Noonan burns.

TEDDY: There was two guys on the job. They took a bus. A number 19 bus to Franklin Avenue, ^{about} a half-a block from the jewelry store. They got out. It was going on 9:15. The job was set for 9:30. There's a little one-arm place two stores away from the jewelry store. They went in. One of the guys had coffee with a roll. The other had coffee with a cinnamon bun. The waitress served them was a short girl, kind of dumpy, with dark skin and big blue eyes. Wears her hair in a bun. Her name's Francie - Is this the kind of stuff you want?

POTTER: You're doin fine.

TEDDY: After the coffee they went in. ^{the store} The counter's on the right side with the cheap stuff in it and a second counter in the back at the right angles. That was empty. And the stuff is in the back of that, with the handle on the right side of the door. And when he ~~twisted~~ ^{he} twisted the handle down, that's when he came up with the gun in his hand. Then Carr squeezes the trigger ^{3 times} ~~3 times and then~~ the guy falls. ~~Then he squeezes it 5 times more.~~ Then the two of them ran out and got on the bus. The number 19 bus going the other way.

POTTER: That's quite a statement. That kind of detail could maybe send a guy to the chair. Why are you telling me this, Merrill?

TEDDY: What do you mean? Because I want to get the dog.

POTTER: I don't mean that. I mean why are you telling me you were the other guy in store? The guy with Carr.

~~TEDDY: (BLAT) You know.~~

~~POTTER: For heaven's sake, man -- you just told me: That kind of detail?~~

TEDDY: (RELAXED) Okay, I'll tell you. First off, I like Noonan. ^{I even thought he'd come to the room} I don't want ~~Noonan~~ to go for this. He didn't do it. And second off, if they was to try Noonan on what Carr said, they'd never get a conviction and they'd sweat Carr out and sooner or later that louse would talk and he's say I did it -- sooner or later. So why let him get away with saying I did that when he and I did it.

POTTER: In a crazy, warped sort of way, it makes good sense. Now I'll see what I can do.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

NARR: You are cautious now because you've got to be -- because this is betrayal of the betrayer. Maybe there's another twist coming -- and it'll shift the whole thing back and the double crosser will try to double-cross the man who double-crossed him. And Carr does.

CARR: (LAUGHING) Wooooo! That I should^{Lane}~~nt~~ heard! That one I should have been around when he said it. He's a smart kid, that Merrill -- Go a long way if you don't kill him first. So, he learned that if you put a story with plenty of details in it like what the guy ate and where the gun was and how many shots was fired ^{at Carr}~~first~~ -- huh -- These young kids -- they're smart, real smart. The only thing about it -- I got so many alibis, such a lot there's no sense talking.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER...)

NARR: But Jack Boudreau, the Assistant District Attorney, doesn't smile when Carr laughs and neither do you. Instead, you bring them together. ^{in the same place} The two desperate men who have betrayed each other -- Carr and Merrill.

CARR: Keep him away from me, will you? Just keep him away.

BOUDREAU: Nobody's going to bother you, Carr. ^{Just take it easy}~~Just take it easy~~ now and talk.

TEDDY: Okay. This is where I stood -- he stood over there, right near the counter. The old guy (Liebman), he was over there. Okay if I walk over?

BOUDREAU: Okay.

TEDDY: He took out the tray from here -- right here. He slide it out on the top of the counter and Carr says, "We don't want the cheap stuff -- we want the more expensive."

CARR: What an imagination, kid!

TEDDY: (GOING ON) So the old guy walks back here and says,
"I haven't got any, only a few." And he turns around
with the gun in his hand. (QUICKLY NOW) And you ~~shot~~
~~him 3 times~~, and I said, "Stop it, stop shooting,
~~someone'll hear.~~" And you kept on with that look
on your face -- pumping it, pumping it, pumping it.

POTTER: Well, Carr?

CARR: A dirty liar.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

BOUDREAU: Miss, take a good look if you will, at these men. Did
you ever see them before, together?

GIRL II: (FRIGHTENED) I don't think so.

TEDDY: I sat on the first stool right here by the register
and he was next to me. He ordered a roll and coffee
and I said "What kind of buns you got?" And you said,
"We got nice cinnamon buns." And I said, "Give me one."
And you had on a pair of coral earrings that morning
and I said "Where did you get those? I'd like to get
my girl a set."

GIRL II: ~~I said the five and ten.~~ (SUDDENLY) I remember them --
the two of them -- both of them. He asked for his
coffee light.

POTTER: What do you say, Carr?

CARR: A dirty liar.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT)

(BRIDGE, WATER MOVING UNDERNEATH)

TEDDY: We got off the number 19 bus about a half a block from here -- walked to the middle of the bridge where no one was looking, right near the bank here -- He dropped the gun in. Dredge it -- you'll find it.

BOUDREAU: We will. We'll dredge.

TEDDY: And when you get it I'll identify it as his gun and there'll be six guys I can name who'll identify it. It'll be empty. Every shell fired.

POTTER: ~~Now what do you say, Carr?~~

CARR: ~~You ratted? You stoolie! You ratted on me!~~ *Getting to you ain't it?*

TEDDY: Listen to the stoolie calling stoolie.

POTTER: ~~Yeah, listen to him.~~

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH. . .)

NARR: And there it is - a stool pigeon stoolied on, burning in desperate anger at the man he tried to betray. Here it is -- the full cycle, the code of the jungle -- the ethics of desperation yielding ~~its full, rich, hideous price -- conviction.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG)

HARRICE: In just a moment we will read a telegram from Chester Potter of the Pittsburgh Press with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #177

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still
gives you a longer, natural filter of traditionally fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes,
PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: __ TAG. . .)

HARRICE: Now we read you that telegram from Chester Potter of the Pittsburgh Press.

POTTER: Two killers in tonight's BIG STORY were brought to swift trial ~~and quickly convicted.~~ Both received life

sentences. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD. HARRICE: Thank you, Mr. Potter.. the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Tucson Arizona Daily Star -- by-line, Jim Hart. A BIG STORY about a reporter who helped a dead man solve a murder.

(MUSIC: __ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

*See also within to testify for himself and
his defense attorney's representative for
the defense. He was present in the courtroom
and was not arrested.*

HARRICE: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Pittsburgh Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Bob Sloane played the part of Chester Potter. 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. Potter.

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

This is Cy Harrice speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

dl/tl/pn/eg
8/3/50 pm

ATX01 0171343

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #178

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GIRL	ROLLY BESTER
LALUZ	ROLLY BESTER
INDIAN WOMAN	BARBARA WEEKS
OLD WOMAN	BARBARA WEEKS
HART	NAT POLEN
SHERIFF	JIM BOLES
GARCIA	JIM BOLES
WARREN	JOE DE SANTIS
BOSS	JOE DE SANTIS
PHOTOGRAPH	DEHL BERTI
G.I.	DEHL BERTI
FLORES	JASON JOHNSON
DEPUTY	JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1950

ATX01 0171344

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

REVISED

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10:00 - 10:30 pm

AUGUST 23, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

HART: Daily Star. Jim Hart speaking.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Jim. Johnny Anderson.

HART: Hya, Pegleg. How's the sheriff business?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Oh, pickin' up, Jim, pickin' up. How'd you like to hop over to the office and type something out for me?

HART: In this heat? Wild horses couldn't drag me out.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Pretty good story, Jim. A confession.

HART: Who did what to who? Or should I say whom?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) You should say murder. And by the time you get over here, I'll have the story. (PAUSE) Comin' over?

HART: Coming over? For a murder confession? Wild horses couldn't keep me away!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America...its sounds and its fury
...its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (PAUSE:
COLD & FLAT) Tucson, Arizona. From the pages of the Daily
Star, the story of a reporter who helped a dead man solve
a murder. And for his work -- to Jim Hart for his Big
Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171345

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-
scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you
a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

NARR: (OVER FOOTSTEPS) You don't have to peek through the keyhole ... or sneak through the papers on Johnny's desk ... you don't have to work that way to get stories. What Johnny's got, he'll give you. So you settle your weary bones in his chair, your feet on his desk, ~~but~~ --

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

HART: Sheriff's office. Jim Hart speaking.

WARREN: (FILTER) Hiya, Jim. This is Jerry Warren -- the Indian Agent.

HART: Hiya, Jerry. Want to talk to Johnny? Or can I take it?

WARREN: (FILTER) You can take it, I guess. I understand Johnny's picked up three Indian women for questioning...

HART: I wouldn't know about that, Jerry. Maybe I better --

WARREN: (FILTER) Well you tell Johnny I'm on my way over there to protect their rights.

HART: Okay, Jerry. I'll tell him that. So long.

(PHONE IS HUNG UP. DOOR OPENS, OFF. ONE-LEGGED FOOTSTEPS COME ON.)

SHERIFF: (COMING ON) That for me, Jim?

HART: Yep. Jerry Warren, the ^{Indian} agent. Said he was coming over to protect the rights of the three women you picked up. (PAUSE) That who you've got out back?

SHERIFF: Yep. They're gonna need some protectin', too.

HART: All right, Johnny. Let's start at the beginning.

~~What are their names, beginning with the one who --~~

SHERIFF: ~~Well, let's see now. There's La---~~ (PAUSE) Look, Jim.

If you can hold your horses a little longer, I'll have the whole story complete. I got most of it in my notebook already. You're gonna type out the confession and the statements, and you can get it from that. Okay?

HART: Makes sense, ~~Can I see 'em?~~

SHERIFF: ~~No, no, not yet. I got 'em all squealin' on each other,~~
~~playin' one off against the other. They might clam up~~
~~if you come in.~~

(FOOTSTEPS OFF, DOOR OPENS)

~~SHERIFF:~~ (OFF) But don't worry. You'll get what I got when I
get it.

(DOOR SHUTS)

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH)

NARR: Just for a second, as Johnny stood in the door, you
caught a glimpse of three dark heads, three bright
shirts ... a whiff of pungent perfume and tobacco smoke
-- and then -- he closed it. An Indian murder, huh?
~~Hammerman~~...

(TELEPHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP)

HART: Sheriff's office. Jim Hart speaking for Johnny
Anderson.

FOTOG: (FILTER) Yeah, yeah. This is Eddie, Jim, over at the
^{shop} Listen, we got a tip there; a kid stuck on a
ledge down in Sabino Canyon. I'm on my way over to get
some pictures. Want me to pick you up?

HART: Oh ... I dunno, Eddie. I got a murder working here.
I've got the company car anyhow. I'll head on over after
I sew this up.

FOTOG: (FILTER) Okay, Jim. I'll give you a call if there's
anything to it.

HART: Do that, Eddie -- and don't forget to pull out the slide.

(HANGING UP OF PHONE. DOOR OPENS AGAIN, IS CLOSED
AND LOCKED. FOOTSTEPS FEGLEG OVER TO US UNDER)

SHERIFF: That for me?

HART: No, me.

SHERIFF: I oughta charge you office rent. Get your feet off my desk.

HART: Come on, come on. What's the story on this murder, Johnny? I didn't hear about any murder in town lately.

SHERIFF: Ah, that's the beauty ~~part~~ of it. This murder's four years old.

HART: SHERIFF SOLVES OLD MURDER. SHERIFF GETS NEW RAISE.

SHERIFF TELLS WHOLE STORY . Tell, Sheriff, tell.

SHERIFF: Well, it come about like this. These three ~~Indian~~ ^{Indians} women -- you know they're not supposed to be served liquor -- seems they got to drinkin' and fightin'. And from fightin', they went to callin' names. Well, one of 'em called another of 'em "murderer", and around about that stage, I come by and --

(PHONE RINGS)

HART: Aaaaah, NUTS, I ought to tear that thing out by the roots!

(PHONE IS PICKED UP)

SHERIFF: Sheriff's office. Anderson speakin'.

FLORES: (FILTER) Johnny, this is Flores, up in Fire Tower Four.

SHERIFF: Whatcha got, Flores? Brush burn?

FLORES: (FILTER) Nope. A kid just come ridin' up, sayin' a pal of his is trapped on a ledge over to Sabino Canyon --

SHERIFF: Sabino! That's five miles from your tower!

FLORES: (FILTER) Sure. But the kid figured it'd be closer to come here than ride all the way back to town. What's more, I can see the kid on my ledge with my 'scope. He's trapped for fair, Johnny.

SHERIFF: You notify the rangers?

FLORES: (FILTER) Yep. They said to get you. Said you know these canyons better'n anybody around. (PAUSE) Better get on over there, Johnny. Even with a wooden leg they can use you.

SHERIFF: Okay. I'll be over. Hasta la vista, Flores.
(PHONE HUNG UP)

HART: That the kid on the ledge?

SHERIFF: (FOOTSTEPS UNDER) Yep. (DRAWER OPENS)

HART: Now where you think you're going with that rope?

SHERIFF: Out to the canyon.

HART: What is this, a conspiracy against me? What about that murder!

SHERIFF: Oh, that, that'll keep. (CHUCKLE) Kept for four years, ought to keep an hour longer --

HART: Aaaaah, I should have stuck to playing a piano in a --

SHERIFF: Now Jimmy, I got the whole thing down in my book. It ain't gonna run away, and neither are those three women. Now come on, let's get on over to the canyon. I hate to see a kid in trouble like that. Drive you over --

HART: No, I've got the company car. ~~If I go, that is.~~

SHERIFF: What you mean, if? Ain't that a good story, a kid stuck up on a ledge?

HART: Sure. Any day but this it's a fine story. But a sheriff solving a four-year-old murder -- that's a better one in my book. So I'll stay behind here a while and talk to those women --

SHERIFF: Oh no. That'd be wrong. They got rights, Jimmy. Next thing they see is a lawyer.

(FOOTSTEPS PEGLEG TO DOOR... OTHERS FOLLOW UNDER)

HART: ^{listen} You know, you don't seem to realize that you're the only one who knows about this, ^{murder} you're the only one I can get the story from.

SHERIFF: That's right.

HART: Then at least give me your notebook. Let me copy the names, the circumstances, the ---

SHERIFF: Notebook? Jim, it's all scribbles, my own private shorthand, like. You can't read it -- can't hardly myself! Come on, boy -- let's get on over to the Canyon. Mebbe it'll be a better story than a messy old ^{Indian} injun killin'!

(MUSIC: --- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

NARR: Johnny takes off with his siren --and the throttle -- wide open. You trail along behind, but he loses you. By the time you get to the top of the canyon, after getting lost in a couple of wrong ^{draws} draws and coulees -- he's at the edge of the rim -- tying a rope around his waist.

(CAR PULLS UP, STOPS, DOOR OPENS, SLAMS)

HART: What do you think you're doing, Johnny?

SHERIFF: Yeap. Hya, Jimmy.

HART: I said what do you think you're doing with that rope?

SHERIFF: Goin' on down there.

HART: Why you woodenlegged fool! What for?

SHERIFF: (QUIET) Cause we can't drop a rope to the boy. Top ledge overhangs too far. There's another ledge about midway between us and him. I'm goin' down there, drop the rope where he can reach it.

HART: Fine, fine. But why you?

~~MEN'S VOICES: (AD-LIB: Yeah, that's what I say.~~

Sure, that's what we all say.

ALL SIMULTANEOUSLY: Yeah, that's the question.

~~Ain't that the truth --~~

SHERIFF: (SUDDENLY HARD AND SHARP CUTTING OFF) Because I'm the rankin' law officer here. (SILENCE) (QUIET) And I don't order nobody to volunteer for something I wouldn't do myself. (PAUSE) Don't you fret, Jimmy. You'll get your story. (PAUSE) Okay, boys -- lower away!

~~"BIZ: LOTS OF "OKAY, JOHNNY". "OKAY, SHERIFF," ETC."~~

~~(MUSIC: -- -- SNEAKS IN ^{with} BEHIND)~~

NARR: You lend a hand on the canyon-rim. Slowly, Johnny Anderson disappears over the edge, grinning at you as he goes. Down, down, down - - - You lie flat on your stomach and peer over the edge.

HART: How're yuh doin' Johnny?

SHERIFF: (OFF) Doin' fine, Jimmy!

HART: (ON) Keep 'er taut, men! He's on the ledge! That man's half mountain-goat.

~~(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH)~~

NARR: You lower a rope. Johnny catches it -- and, in turn, winds it around his waist, lowering the loose end to the lower ledge -- invisible to you. Far below, five hundred feet below, five hundred rock-faces feet below, you see the flash of the sun on Eddie's Big Bertha lens.. your fotog's working, standing on the edge of a rushing stream --

SHERIFF: (OFF) Okay, Jim!

HART: (ON, PROJECTING) Yeah, Johnny!

SHERIFF: (OFF) All set! But don't haul away yet. Let me come up first. I don't think this rope'll carry a double load.

HART: (ON, PROJECTING) Okay, Johnny! (NORMAL) You fellows hear that? He wants us to haul him up first. Now keep the tension on the kid's rope.

NARR: You lie flat on the canyon top, your head over the edge. Johnny Anderson (~~SNEAK MUSIC AGAIN~~) starts climbing, then -

(A SLIGHT SLIDE AS OF ROCK RUMBLING)

HART: (ON) Watch out, Johnny!

SHERIFF: (OFF, BUT NOT TOO FAR) Just a little rock slide, boys. All in the day's --

(ANOTHER ROCK SLIDE, BUT BIGGER, RUMBLING BEHIND)

HART: (A YELL) Look out, Johnny -- the rope!

(~~SLIDE UP AND INTO CASCADING ROCKS~~)

(MUSIC: -- CRASH AND UNDER)

NARR: (FAST) The rope goes taut as the rock slide catches it -- snaps it -- and swings Johnny Anderson out -- and down -- to death.

(~~MUSIC: -- STING~~)

HART: (QUIET) Johnny . . . (PAUSE) Johnny . . .

(~~MUSIC: -- UP AND OUT~~)

(TYPING UP; AND STOP. PAPER TORN OUT)

HART: (QUIET) There's the story on Johnny, boss. And here's a picture of him I had in my wallet. Maybe you can use it . . .

BOSS: Uh-hm.

HART: See that I get it back, willya?
BOSS: Sure, sure.
HART: And here's the story on the kid we pulled off the rock.
BOSS: Right.
HART: Cutlines for Eddie's pictures.
BOSS: Right. (QUIET) Jim, why don't you -- uh, . . . knock off a while.
HART: No, I've got one more Anderson story working.
BOSS: Hmmm?
HART: Before he went out to the canyon, Johnny had gotten a murder confession from some Indian women.
BOSS: That's news to me --
HART: Natch. I was the only one Johnny told. Now I'm the only one who knows about it. So -- I'll wrap up Johnny Anderson's last story. (PAUSE) Then I'll -- knock off a while. But not till then. (PAUSE) See you.

~~(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY)~~

(DOOR OPENS)

DEPUTY: Hi, Jim. Come on in. (PAUSE) I'm fillin' in as deputy till they appoint a new sheriff.
HART: I see.
DEPUTY: Kinda different around the office now, ain't it?
HART: Yeah. (PAUSE) Lemme talk to the Indian women, Red.
DEPUTY: Oh -- them.
HART: Yeah. Where are they? Still out back?
DEPUTY: I dunno. Back on the reservation, probly.
HART: WHAT?

DEPUTY: Sure. When I come in, they were hollerin' back there.
I checked around to see if Johnny'd written up any
charge, nothin' showin' . . . called police, nothin'
there, called the ^{Indian} agent --

HART: Jerry Warren? What'd he say?

DEPUTY: What didn't he say! Said he'd come over and found the
place locked up. He told me to turn the women loose.

HART: My aching back! You take their names, at least?

DEPUTY: Heck, no. Just th'owed a scare into 'em and shoo'd
'em on down the road. (PAUSE) 'D'I do something
wrong, Jim?

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO FOR)
(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
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CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

~~WARREN:~~ ~~I say -- nothing personal in this, Jim, nothing against~~
~~you or Johnny Anderson, rest his soul -- but I say --~~
~~prove it!~~

~~(MUSIC: -- -- HIT)~~

(RUMBLE OF WATER AND SCRUNCH OF ROCKS UNDERFOOT.
EVERY SO OFTEN A CROW CALLS OR A COYOTE HOWLS
BEHIND SCENE)

HART: (UP OVER WATER) This is where it happened. Johnny
fell from -- there. . . landed in the creek right about
-- here.

WARREN: Uh-hm. The question is -- ^{where is} ~~which way did~~ the notebook ~~fly~~
If it landed in the water, there's no chance of getting
the names.

HART: ~~Where'd it land?~~ I dunno. They found his gun, his
handcuffs, his blackjack, everything but the pad.
(PAUSE) Jerry -

WARREN: Yeah --

HART: What's that up there in that tree -- white thing there?

WARREN: Can't tell.

HART: Swing your spotlight around -- see if you can get your
light on it. I'm going up after it!

(FEET CRUNCHING ON GRAVEL OR ROCK)

WARREN: (ON) How's that?

HART: (OFF) That's good!

WARREN: (ON) Take care now!

HART: (OFF) Don't worry! (SOUNDS OF SCRUNCHING OFF, THEN)
Okay, Jerry -- I'll shake the branch!

(RATTLING OF BRANCH)

HART: (OFF) There she goes!

WARREN: (OFF A LITTLE LESS) I got it!

(SCRAMBLING ON GRAVEL, TO FEET RUNNING UP)

HART: Is it the notebook?

WARREN: No. Just this one sheet. (PAUSE) You know what this means.

HART: Yeah. The rest of the notebook's at the bottom of the creek. And whatever's in it is washed beyond recognition. (PAUSE) Come on, Jerry. I never want to see this place again my life.

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

NARR: Back in the agent's office, however, you and Warren study the single torn-out sheet. It's from Johnny Anderson's note-book all right . . . with his scribble scrawls on it. Most of it -- unreadable. But what you can read lines up like this.

HART: All right, let's work this out. It says -- Laluz Ort.

WARREN: That's easy. Laluz Ortega -- very common woman's name.

HART: ~~Okay, that's one, Laluz Ortega:~~ Now here it says -- Mar. Gar. That one I can figure out. Mar., Maria -- Gar., Garcia --

WARREN: Maria Garcia, also a very common woman's name. What's this little doohickey he's got between them?

HART: That's kind of a bracket. Says "P -- A -- P" next to it.

WARREN: P-A-P -- sure! Papago tribe, Papago Indians! Maria Garcia and Laluz Ortega, Papagoes. Who's the third?

HART: ~~Here's where it gets tough. Oh, Johnny, Johnny why-~~
~~didn't you print.~~ It looks like a J, then a U -- could this be an A?

WARREN: Sure! J--U--A-- this one's gotta be an N -- then GAR --
Juan Gar -- Juanitz Garcia -- the third woman!

HART: What do you make out of this R--N. After Juanita
Garcia, that is -- R.N.

WARREN: R-N -- registered nurse! Now we're getting someplace!
Juanita Garcia -- one of the girls who went to
government school. She works at the reservation hospital!

HART: ~~Fine. But I don't get this notation. After R.N. he's~~
got -- T-E-L -- R-E-M -- 22. Tel Rem 22. Could it be
"Telephone Reservation -- Tel Res -- 22? "

WARREN: No. That's an "M" if I ever saw one. And the hospital
is Reservation 13. Tel. Rem. 22, Tel Rem 22 -- periods
after "tel" and "rem". Rem 22 -- oh, sure! Telescopic
Remington 22!

HART: Now let's take that a little slower --

WARREN: A Remington 22 with a telescopic sight! Can't you see?
~~whoever got killed, it was with a 22 rifle! Make sense?~~

HART: ~~Yeah~~ -- but what do you make out of this -- ~~after the 22...~~
Y-A-Q, it says, Y-A-Q.

WARREN: Easy. P-A-P, Papago Indian. Y-A-Q ---Yaqui Indian.

HART: But Yaqui -- that's a Mexican tribe. They're not
allowed up here, you know that!

WARREN: Sure. And that gives you your motive!

HART: Jerry, you're way ahead of me.

WARREN: Okay, I'll spell it out from the notes. Now. Laluz
Ortega, Maria Garcia, and Juanita Garcia -- three Indian
women -- get to quarreling. One of them accuses another--
~~probably Juanita ---~~

HART: Why, why?

WARREN: Because the uneducated girls are usually pretty resentful of the ones who've taken advantage of government education --

HART: ~~O.K. Go on.~~ One of the others accuses Juanita of murder -- Johnny brings them in, takes down the basic data, names, etc. -- ~~calls me up, tells me to come over to type up the confession~~ -- but hasn't got the name of the victim --

WARREN: Or else, which is more likely, it's in the part of the notebook that's lost. But the victim is a Yaqui Indian. Killed with a Remington 22.

HART: Now right there is where you lose me. Why a Yaqui?

WARREN: ~~What else can Y-A-Q refer to?~~

HART: ~~No, No, I mean -- why must the Yaqui be the victim?~~

WARREN: Because, being illegally in the country, illegally living on a reservation, illegally receiving government benefits -- he's a perfect subject for a threat of exposure. Now you take these Indians, they think elementally. You threaten to expose me? OK -- I kill you first. So -- aw, what's the use of all this Sherlocking in advance? Let's go out to the reservation and get it over with. Our best bet is Juanita Garcia -- ~~the nurse~~. Come on. We'll take my jeep.

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

NARR: You bump over to Sell's reservation. What is the reservation? A rambling collection of shacks. It turns your stomach. (SNEAK MUSIC AS BELOW) From one of them, though, there comes, through the velvet desert night ... the throb of a drum ...

Primitive sounds of tribal music -- You keep walking & finally you reach the hospital,

(IT BUILDS WITH A REAL INDIAN TOM-TOM BEAT)

NARR: Sounds real Indian. But then --

(DRUM BREAKS INTO JAZZ RIFF, WIDE OPEN, AND A
SOLITARY TRUMPET JOINS IN, JAMMING, AD-LIB, ALL
THE WAY THROUGH FROM NOW ON UNDER)

HART: Aaaaah, nuts! For a minute they had me fooled!

WARREN: (QUIET) Well...we took their culture away from them and
~~gave them -- that. Come on. Here's the hospital.~~

(FOOTSTEPS UP, KNOCKING ON SCREEN DOOR, IT OPENS,
CLOSES)

GIRL: Who's there? Oh -- Mr. Warren.

WARREN: Evening, Juanita. This is Mr. Hart -- from the paper in
town.

GIRL: Yes sir. Is anything wrong, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: I'm afraid so, Juanita.

GIRL: What is it, sir?

WARREN: Juanita, suppose I let Mr. Hart ask the questions. I'll
just -- stand by here and advise you of your rights.

GIRL: I -- I don't understand, sir.

HART: (VERY SYMPATHETIC) Well, Miss Garcia, Sheriff Anderson
was questioning some Indian women about a murder. He
promised to tell me when he had the complete story, but
he was killed before he could give me the information.
Now, Mr. Warren here and I have been studying some of the
Sheriff's notes, and in them, we found -- well, we found
a possibility that you were one of the women the Sheriff
was questioning. (PAUSE) ^{Miss Garcia} Is that true? Did Mr. Anderson,
the sheriff, take you in for questioning? ^{about a murder}

GIRL: (QUIETLY) Do I have to answer that, Mr. Warren?

WARREN: Let me put it this way. You don't have to -- but it would be better if you did.

GIRL: I see. (LONG PAUSE) When was this questioning?

HART: Last night.

GIRL: Well, I don't have to answer that. You can find the answer yourself by looking in the hospital duty book. Here. I was on duty all last night. ~~Is that good enough?~~

HART: ~~Good enough for me, Miss Garcia.~~

GIRL: Now can I ask a question?

HART: Of course.

GIRL: What made you think I was one of the women?

HART: There were initials R.N. after the name in the notebook. We took that to mean "registered nurse".

GIRL: Oh. You took it to mean that. (PAUSE) Mister, don't you know we're not allowed to be registered nurses?

~~(PAUSE)~~ No, mister. I never had any dealings with any sheriffs. Or any murders.

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

NARR: And that isn't all. When you check on the second woman -- Maria Garcia --

INDIAN WOMAN: Maria? My daughter, Maria? Maria's been in the hospital five days. (SMILE) Twins!

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

NARR: Only one woman left of the trio on your list -- Laluz Ortega. She, you're told, lives in one of the last-- and tiniest --shacks in the reservation. You go down there, the ^{doorless} ~~wild music~~ of the camp fading behind. You pay the doorless lintel the courtesy of a knock.

(KNOCKING. AGAIN. AGAIN)

OLD WOMAN: (FROM IN) Come in!

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP)

OLD WOMAN: Wait. I make light.

(MATCH STRUCK)

OLD WOMAN: What want?

WARREN: Laluz Ortega.

OLD WOMAN: Not here.

WARREN: Where?

OLD WOMAN: ~~No~~ ^{for now} safe, senior. Not live here long time.

WARREN: How long?

OLD WOMAN: Four year.

WARREN: Why she go away?

OLD WOMAN: I curse her away.

WARREN: You cursed her away. Why you curse your daughter?

OLD WOMAN: Not my daughter. Wife of my son.

WARREN: All right. Where your son?

~~OLD WOMAN: SHE GOES INTO KIND OF A KEENING MOANING, DOWN BEHIND!~~

WARREN: (QUIETLY, SOTTO VOCE) I think we're on to something, Jim. She'll quiet down in a minute. We'll wait her out. But something's wrong here.

OLD WOMAN: MOANING QUIETS DOWN.

WARREN: (VERY SOFT, VERY GENTLE) Old mother, I come to ask ~~questions about death.~~ (PAUSE) Is it your son who is dead?

OLD WOMAN: Yes.

WARREN: His name?

OLD WOMAN: Martin.

WARREN: (SOTTO VOCE) Jimmy -- we were all wrong! MAR didn't mean Maria -- it meant Martin!

HART: But what about the last name? How could her name be Ortega -- and her son's name Garcia?

WARREN: Old mother -- tell me your son's big name.

OLD WOMAN: Little name, Martin Ortega. Big name -- Martin Jesus Francisco Garcia Ortega.

WARREN: That's it, Jimmy. His full name is the long one -- and the sheriff put the bracket around the two names to indicate they were husband and wife! ~~We were all wrong --~~ he only wrote down the names of those involved in the murder -- not those he questioned --

HART: Or else the names of the women he questioned were on a different sheet. Go ahead -- ask her how her son died. ~~If it was by a 22-rifle, then --~~

OLD WOMAN: My son die in my arms. Come home, crawl in. Blood on head. ~~Die in my arms. My son, my son.~~

HART: ~~But was he shot?~~

OLD WOMAN: ~~Not shot.~~ Hit with rocks, kicked with foot.

HART: ~~Oh, were we ever wrong! Old mother -- when was all this?~~

OLD WOMAN: When my son come back from war?

HART: Do you know who killed him?

OLD WOMAN: Yes. Juan Garcia.

HART: Juan Garcia! And we figured it out to mean Juanita! No wonder -- we were looking for women's names! (TO HER) Tell me, where is Juan?

OLD WOMAN: Not know. ~~No sabe.~~

HART: Then -- where is your son's wife?

OLD WOMAN: Work in town.

HART: Tucson?

OLD WOMAN: Yes. I curse her from this house, send her away.
Because -- (MUSIC SNEAKS; SHE SLIPS INTO MOURNING NOTE)
-- my son go to war. Cross the water. Fight. His
woman find other man -- Juan Garcia. Son come back,
hear about his woman and other man. Son go after other
man -- never come back that day. But at night -- he
come crawl home and die in my arms. So I curse his
wife and send her away. Now she is in town. You find
~~her there -- but leave me alone.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: Laluz Ortega is not hard to find in Tucson town. A
quick check of the city hall working papers finds her,
and the deputy who took Johnny's place identifies her.
But all you tell her is this.

HART: It's all right, Laluz. We just wanted to find out
where Juan Garcia is. But if you don't know, you don't
know. You don't have to worry, though. We know Garcia
did it. (CASUAL) So if you see him, will you let us
know?

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARR: After that, you keep an eye on Laluz. And one day --
it pays off. On her next day off, she meets a man in a
cantina.... You follow her inside, right to the table ...

(CANTINA NOISES BEHIND, A GUITAR SOFTLY PLUCKED
BEHIND)

HART: Garcia.

GARCIA: Senor?

HART: Are you Juan Garcia?

GARCIA: Ah -- (A PAUSE) No, senior. You have the wrong man.

HART: We'll see. Are you a Papago?

GARCIA: No senior. I am a Yaqui.

HART: Yaqui, eh? What's your Yaqui name?

GARCIA: Telico Remoco, Senior. *why?*

HART: ~~Telico-Rem~~ ~~(PAUSE)~~ ~~Tel~~ ~~--Rem--~~ ~~twenty-two~~ ~~(PAUSE)~~
Just one more question. How old are you?

GARCIA: ~~Twenty-two~~, senior. Why?

HART: (QUIETLY) This is where you come in, Jerry. You tell him why. (PAUSE) Then maybe he'll tell us a few things -- over in your office. ~~(SARCASTIC)~~ ~~Telescopio~~ ~~Remington-22~~, eh?...

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

GARCIA: But seniors, this was four years ago, you see. I was then only eighteen. ~~(DRUMS BEGIN TO BUILD)~~ I was not in the army -- her husband was. And so -- (A PAUSE) ~~(DRUMS BIGGER)~~ Well -- I was eighteen, and she was alone .. (PAUSE) Then, on the night of his return from the war

(MUSIC: -- -- DRUMS UP BIG AND FULL, FADING BEHIND, BUT NOW WITH
INSISTENT JAZZBEAT AND TRUMPET AD-LIBBING AS EARLIER,
ALL BACKING:)

(SCRATCHING ON SCREEN DOOR)

GARCIA: (WHISPER) Who's there?

LALUZ: (SLIGHT ACCENT) (OFF) Laluz! Let me in, Telico!
(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

LALUZ: (WHISPER) Telico -- Telico -- he's home! And he knows --

GARCIA: About us? How?

LALUZ: I don't know. But listen -- he says he's going to kill you!

GARCIA: ~~And you made it easier for him by coming here, so he~~
could -- oh, you're a great help!

LALUZ: (SOFTLY) I am, Telico. Very great help.

GARCIA: Huh?

LALUZ: (QUIET) Listen, Telico. I know what I'm doing. I left the house -- and watched, to see what he'd do. He followed me. ~~He's on his way. He's got a gun, he ---~~

GARCIA: What am I hangin' around here for! A fine thing you got me in--

LALUZ: Wait! (PAUSE) I'm gonna get you out of it, too. Now listen to me. He's right outside the shack. Only -- he's hiding. He's lying down --

(COYOTE HOLLERS FAR OFF)

GARCIA: What's that!

LALUZ: Just a coyote! Pull yourself together and listen to me! He's lying down right by that Joshua tree out there. He's waiting for us to come out.

GARCIA: Well we ain't comin' out, that's all!

LALUZ: Oh yes we are. Out the back, Telico. Out the back and around behind him. It's either him or us, Telico -- and it's gonna be him! (PAUSE) Take your shoes off. He can't hear us in the sand.

GARCIA: But -- but what'll we use to -- I mean, he's got a gun --

LALUZ: (QUIET) Rocks, Telico -- ~~rocks in the head..~~

(MUSIC: ~~DRUMS UP BIG AND THROBBY, TRUMPET DYING AWAY, DRUMS DOWN~~)

G.I.: (OFF) Come on out, ^{Telico} you lousy rat!

LALUZ: (CLOSE: WHISPER) He still thinks we're in there.

GARCIA: (SAME) Shhh.....

G.I.: (CLOSER) Can ya hear me? Can ya hear me in there?

LALUZ: (ON CLOSE: WHISPER) I hear you.

G.I.: (STILL CLOSER) I'm gonna give you till ⁵ten to come out --
then I'm comin' in after you! One! (GROWING AS HE
COUNTS) Two! Three! Four! ~~Five! Six! Seven!~~
~~(RIGHT ON, NOW) Eight! Nine! And --~~

LALUZ: (VERY CLOSE) Go on -- go on, Telico!
(A DULL THUD AND A GROAN, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED BY:)

LALUZ: ~~Ten!~~ (PAUSE) Again, Telico, again! (DRUMS BEGIN TO
BUILD AS SHE SCREAMS) Again! Again!

(MUSIC: DRUMS WHICH BUILD UP AND FADE OUT FOR)

HART: (VERY QUIET) You wielded the rock?

GARCIA: Yes, schor. But I was only -- eighteen.

HART: And you, Laluz -- you kicked him as he lay there?

LALUZ: Yes. I kicked him. (PAUSE) What will happen to us,
mister?

HART: You'll-hang. ~~schor~~

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

NARR: So you get your story - a story which might never have
developed had not two jealous girls accused Laluz in a
drunken moment. And with that story, the confession
Johnny Anderson didn't get, but was on the track of, you
finished your friend's case.

(MUSIC: AWAY FOR:)

-26 A-

MUSIC: - HIT AND GO OUT FOR CURTAIN - -

HARRICE: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from
Jim Hart of the Arizona Daily Star with the final outcome
of tonight's Big Story.

(MUSIC: - STING) - - -

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171369

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL NELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
NELL. At the first puff PELL NELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
NELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL NELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the
distinguished red package - PELL NELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Jim Hart of the
Savannah Arizona Daily Star.

HART: Contrary to my expectation, two young killers in
tonight's Big Story did not go to the gas chamber ~~but~~
they were found guilty of manslaughter *because* there were no
actual murder witnesses. *They were* both sentenced to
the State Prison. Only regret that my friend Sheriff
Johnny Anderson was not present to witness end of story
he started. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell
Award.

Harrice:
CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hart ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS
CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500
Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG
STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the
Atlanta, Georgia Constitution...By-line, Lee Fuhrman.
A BIG STORY that proved if you give a killer enough
rope he'll hang himself.

(MUSIC: -- THEME WIFE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE) --

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Tucson Arizona Daily Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Nat Polen played the part of Jim Hart. 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. Hart.

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

CHAPPELL: This is ~~Ernest Chappell~~ ^{Ernest Chappell} speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBCTHE NATIONAL BROADCASTING
COMPANY.

AS BROADCASTS

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #179

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
RUTH	ATHENA LORDE
ETHEL	ATHENA LORDE
LEE	ROGER DE KOVEN
AL	LARRY HAINES
MALVEY	BILL GRIFFIS
GEORGE	BILL GRIFFIS
WILLIE	WILLIAM KEENE
DIXON	WILLIAM KEENE
PETE	MANNY KRAMER
SHERIFF	PHIL STERLING

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1950

ATX01 0171373

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#179

() ()
10:00 - 10:30 PM

AUGUST 30, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL-MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present....THE BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(~~NIGHT SOUNDS, CRICKETS~~)

(A MOTOR IDLING)

AL: Finish the job, pal?

PETE: Yeah. The dame was easy. But the guy put up quite a
scrap.

AL: You got the dough?

PETE: Yeah. He had it in his wallet.

AL: Okay. Let's make it look good now. Get ^{him} into the car...

PETE: And then what?

AL: Put it in first. Let it roll to the edge of this here
ravine, and then jump.

PETE: Okay. You're the doctor...

(A PAUSE)

(GEAR SHIFT IN FIRST. MOTOR UP AS CAR STARTS TO
ROLL, ACCELERATE...)

(A MOMENT OF SILENCE)

(WE HEAR THE CAR BUMP OFF, ONCE AGAINST ROCKS THEN
AGAIN, A LITTLE FURTHER OFF. THEN A FINAL,
TERRIFIC CRASH UP AND INTO)

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

ATX01 0171374

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow, as faithfully reported by the
men and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
Atlanta, Georgia. From the pages of the Atlanta
Constitution, the story once again proves that if you
give a reporter enough rope....he'll hang a killer!
Tonight, to Lee Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution,
for his Big Story, goes the Pell Mell Award!

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~)

(COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: - BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by Puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5
puffs, or 10 or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a
longer, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos -
to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine
tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding"!

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MALVEY: Sure. Isn't life nice and dull? If I had a three-alarm fire, I'd go to it myself. Now, beat it, Lee. I'm busy.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: For you Lee Fuhrman, routine. A thousand auto accidents in thirty years. All the same, more or less. All worth a few sticks of type on Page Ten. An obituary quickly written, and just as quickly forgotten. But when you get on the scene, you suddenly learn that this one could be ~~a sleeper~~. Young Ed Cleary, the new sheriff tells you at the top of the ravine...

SHERIFF: Hold your hat, Fuhrman. ~~This one's different~~

LEE: ~~Yes, Sheriff. How?~~

SHERIFF: Just got a phone call from the Coroner. He just finished a preliminary examination of the bodies at an undertaker's parlor in Marietta.

LEE: And?

SHERIFF: ~~And~~ this was no accident. It was murder!

LEE: Murder?

SHERIFF: Right. ~~This Reeves couple~~, both middle-aged people, died of strangulation. The abrasions on their necks show that it was some kind of rope, or cord.

LEE: Strangled, eh? Then the car must have been pushed into the ravine...

SHERIFF: Either that, or run over the edge in ~~first~~ gear. Anyway, ~~I'm~~ going down into the ravine and take another look at it. And this time, a good look!

LEE: ~~Mind if I come along?~~

SHERIFF: ~~Not at all, Fuhrman. Come ahead.~~

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

LEE: This jalopy sure is a mess, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yeah. She dropped seventy feet, hit these railroad tracks, and ~~bounced to one side.~~

LEE: Lucky she didn't sprawl the tracks.

SHERIFF: You said it. The Seaboard Airline trains highball through here. (PAUSE) Well, there's nothing to see in this pile ~~of junk, Fuhrman. Let's go up to the road.~~

LEE: Hold it a minute, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Yeah?

LEE: Take a look at this back seat. It's scattered with grains of oatmeal.

SHERIFF: Nothing peculiar about that. The driver, George ~~Reeves~~ ^{Huller} was in the wholesale food business. Probably was delivering oatmeal to a customer.

LEE: Probably. But why should that oatmeal spill out on the back seat?

SHERIFF: I don't get you, Fuhrman.

LEE: It's just a crazy idea I have, Sheriff. Oatmeal usually comes in packages. It wouldn't be likely to spill out, packed that way. But it might spill out if it were carried in loose sacks.

SHERIFF: What's all this got to do with it?

LEE: I told you it was crazy, Sheriff. But maybe George ~~Reeves~~ ^{Huller} and his wife were returning from where they sold oatmeal in bulk. Maybe it might give us a clue as to where they came from, just before they were strangled.

SHERIFF: (LAUGHS CYNICALLY) You're really reaching for that one, aren't you, Fuhrman?

LEE: (SIGHS) Yes. Yes, Sheriff. I guess I am...at that!

(MUSIC: — UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Sure. Sure, you're reaching. Oatmeal and a killer...or killers. It sounds pretty silly. But later on, you, Lee Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution, found that it wasn't so silly after all. Later on, long after you and the Sheriff stared at the battered wreck in the railroad ravine, ^{you found} it was part of your ~~Big~~ Story...a ~~big~~ story that began some weeks before, in a roadhouse near Marietta....

(ROADHOUSE ORCHESTRA B.G. FOR ATMOSPHERE)

RUTH: (AGITATED) Al, we can't go on like this. I can't keep on meeting you at roadhouses, on the sly. It... it's dangerous.

AL: I see. Afraid of your old man, eh?

RUTH: Yes. If Dad ever finds out I've been seeing you, well he... I don't know what he'll do!

AL: Ruth, what's your old man got against me?

RUTH: I .. I don't know, Al. He just .. well, doesn't like you.

AL: He ought to like me. I got George ~~Reeves~~ and company the wholesale food supplies for the county jail. If I wasn't a guard there, and my father wasn't county commissioner, your old man'd never sold the jail a can of beans.

RUTH: Al, maybe you ought to quit that job as prison-guard. Get something else.

AL: Why should I?

RUTH: That's one of the things Dad doesn't like...

AL: Doesn't he? Well, I like it. I've got pull, Baby, influence. I've got my eye on the warden's job. Some day I'll be a big shot in this county, whether your old man likes it or not.

RUTH: Al, if you could only talk to Dad, try to get him to see

AL: (INTERRUPTS) Okay, Baby. Your old man's delivering a batch of canned goods tomorrow. I'll talk it out with him then!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

GEORGE: (HOSTILE, COLD) Hawkins, you asked for it, and you're going to get it. I've got my reasons for wanting you to stay away from Ruthie.

AL: Yeah? What reasons, ^{Wallace} ~~Reeves?~~

GEORGE: First of all, you're arrogant. You think you rule the roost around here, because your father's County Commissioner...

AL: Think so?

GEORGE: I know so. You traded on his pull to get ~~your~~ your job here, Hawkins. You haven't the gumption to go out and get something for yourself.

AL: What's wrong with bein' a prison guard?

GEORGE: Nothing, as far as it goes. But I've heard some pretty rotten things about you, around the jail here. I've heard about the way you've been whipping the prisoners, kicking them around, beating them. And a man who'd beat a prisoner, would beat ^{his} ~~a~~ wife.

AL: (SNEERS) You know quite a lot, don't you, ^{Wallace} ~~Reeves?~~

GEORGE: I know character, Hawkins. And I just don't like yours. You enjoy this job because you like the power it gives you over these poor devils caged up here. ~~You like the power, and it gives you a chance to work out that cruel streak you've got.~~

AL: (SLOWLY) You know what, ~~Reeves?~~ *Willie*

GEORGE: What?

AL: I ought to smash your face in, and kick you out of here.

GEORGE: (QUIETLY) Why don't you try it, Hawkins?

AL: I'll pick my own time and place.

GEORGE: Any time you're ready.

AL: And meanwhile, ~~Reeves,~~ *Willie* I'll guarantee you one thing.

GEORGE: Yes?

AL: When your contract is up here, you'll never sell the Carroll County jail another dime's worth of food.

GEORGE: That suits me fine. I don't want your business. And now, I'll guarantee you one thing, Hawkins.

AL: Yeah?

GEORGE: If I ever catch you with Ruthie again, I'll horsewhip you. I'll horsewhip you, Hawkins, to within an inch of your life!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE:)

(SLEDGE HAMMERS ON STONE)

PETE: (GRUNTS) Hey, Willie!

WILLIE: Yeah, Pete?

PETE: Better keep powderin' these rocks with that sledgehammer. Here comes Hawkins.

WILLIE: Yeah. (A NERVOUS TYPE) You know what he did to my cell-mate, Joe Maser? You know what he did, Pete?

PETE: No, what?

WILLIE: Joe was a little late getting into chow line. Hawkins beat him with a strap. Near beat him to death. I hate the dirty rat. If I had a chance...

PEPE: (WARNING) Pipe down, Willie, Here he comes....

AL: (COMING IN, CORDIAL) Hello, boys. Pretty hot workin' on this rockpile in the sun, isn't it?

WILLIE: Huh?

AL: I said it must be hot.

PETE: Why, yeah. It sure is, sir.

AL: Never mind the 'sir', Pete. Just call me Al. And maybe you and Willie here had better drop those sledge-hammers. Take a breather in the shade for a few minutes.

..... (WORK SOUNDS STOP.)

WILLIE: Uh....sure.

PETE: Thanks, Al. (DAZED) Thanks a lot.

AL: You boys thirsty?

PETE: We sure are.

AL: Like to ride to town with me and get a cold beer or two?

WILLIE: (A BEAT) Wait a minute, Hawkins. Is this on the level?

AL: I invited you, didn't I, Willie?

WILLIE: Yeah. Yeah, but I don't get it. What about the rules?

AL: Forget it. I make the rules around here. If I feel like giving you boys a few privileges, who's going to stop me?

PETE: (EXUBERANT) That's right, Willie. Shut your trap and don't ask so many questions. Don't you get it? Al's gonna take us outside!

WILLIE: (SLOWLY) Funny, Hawkins. I had you figured the other way.

AL: Did you, Willie?

WILLIE: Yeah. I figured you was the toughest guy in this pen.

AL: (LAUGHS) Maybe I am. But there are certain guys I like around here. And when I like them, I take care of them.

PETE: (EAGERLY) You mean, special chow, Al?

AL: That's only the beginning, Pete. Extra yard liberty. Sick leave whenever you feel like it. Maybe even a night out by yourselves.

PETE: Willie! Did you hear that?

WILLIE: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Yeah. I heard it.

AL: You boys play ball with me, and I'll get you every privilege in the book.

WILLIE: What do you mean by 'play ball?'

PETE: Yeah. What does that mean...Al?

AL: Oh, nothing. Nothing much. I may call on you boys to do me a favor a little later. (A BEAT) Well, Pete. How about it? You in?

PETE: I'll say I am, Brother! Deal me in.

AL: Willie?

WILLIE: (A BEAT) I don't like it, Hawkins. Deal me out. I've only got two more years in this joint, and I want to keep it clean.

AL: (QUIET) You'd better come in, Willie.

WILLIE: What do you mean?

AL: A lot of things you might not like, No Yard Liberty..
extra duty on the rockpile...a little solitary, now
and then. (A BEAT) Well, Willie? Changed your mind?

WILLIE: (WEARILY) What else can I do? Deal me in!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Your Big Story took root and grew, Lee Fuhrman of the
Atlanta Constitution. A month later, George ~~Reeves~~ ^{Willie} drove
up to Carroll County prison with his wife. He talked
to the prison guard, Al Hawkins, who also doubled as the
purchasing agent...

GEORGE: Well, Hawkins, I just dropped off that last delivery of
foodstuffs.

AL: (COLD) Yeah. And that ends your contract here, ~~Reeves~~ ^{Willie}

GEORGE: Suits me fine. I'll send you a bill.

AL: Never mind the bill.

GEORGE: What do you mean?

AL: I'll pay you cash on the barrel-head now. I'm aimin' to
get rid of you the quickest way possible, ~~Reeves~~ ^{Willie}, and
this is it. And one more thing...

GEORGE: Yes?

AL: After I give you the cash....get off these grounds and
stay off!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(CAR UNDER)

ETHEL: George...

GEORGE: Yes, Ethel?

ETHEL: That car behind us. It's followed us all the way from
Carrollton.

GEORGE: I know, Ethel. And I don't like it...don't like it at all.

ETHEL: When we turned off on this country road, it turned ~~off~~ too. Can't you go faster?

GEORGE: Not on this road, I can't.

ETHEL: George, you've got all that cash on you. And...(CUTS)
That other car! It's speeding up now. It's going to pass us. Where's he going? Where...?

GEORGE: The skunk's trying to box me in.

ETHEL: George! Look out! He's steering in front of you!... blocking the road!

(BRAKES, SCREECH OF TIRES. CAR TO HALT. IDLES.)

GEORGE: (CALM) Ethel, looks as though we're in for it. There are a couple of men getting out of that car...coming back. ~~I can see them in the dark...~~

ETHEL: (TERRIFIED) George, no. No!

GEORGE: Keep your nerve, Ethel. There's nothing we can do..

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

PETE: All right, you two. Get out!

ETHEL: (TERROR) George! He's got a rone!

GEORGE: Wait a minute. What do you think...

(CRUNT...BLOW..GROAN)

PETE: That'll hold you for awhile, Mister. I'll take care of you, later! (LAUGHS LOW) You first, Lady.

ETHEL: (TERROR) What...what are you going to do!?

PETE: Can't you guess, Lady?

ETHEL: No! ~~No!~~

(SHE STARTS IN A LONG SCREAM. ~~THE SCREAM IS CUT OFF.~~
~~AS SHE STARTS TO STRANGLE. WE HEAR PETE'S LOW~~
~~LAUGHTER COME UP AS WE GO INTO)~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN INTO)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFORT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by Puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further.
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still
gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos -
to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards
against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell returning you to your narrator, and the Big Story of Lee Fuhrman...as he lived it, and wrote it.

NARR: A day after you, Lee Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution, wrote the early story of the wrecked car in the ravine, they find the murder rope. It's a five ~~feet~~ ^{foot} length of new plough rope, and they find it hanging on a bush in the ravine, where the killer or killers had thrown it from the highway above. But the first step is to see Ruth ~~Reeves~~ ^{Reeves}, daughter of the dead couple, and you're there when Sheriff Cleary says:

SHERIFF: Miss ~~Reeves~~ ^{Reeves}, were you here in Marietta when...when this happened?

RUTH: (HINT OF TEARS) No. No, I...I was on vacation in Alabama...just got back...last night. You see, Dad had gone on a business trip and taken Mother along, and I didn't want to stay home alone and...and...(SHE BREAKS)

SHERIFF: (GENTLY) I'm sorry, Miss ~~Reeves~~ ^{Reeves}. Mr. Fuhrman here and myself...well, we both understand how you feel. Just one or two more questions, and we'll be through.

RUTH: All...all right, Sheriff.

LEE: Miss ~~Reeves~~ ^{Reeves}, your father sometimes delivered food supplies in his own car, didn't he?

RUTH: Y-yes, Mr. Fuhrman.. Sometimes. To special customers.

LEE: Would you have any idea where he might deliver, say... large sacks of oatmeal?

RUTH: No. No, I wouldn't. I didn't know ^{anything} ~~much~~ about my father's business, Mr. Fuhrman. I ~~don't even know~~ ~~whether he even kept books.~~

LEE: (DISAPPOINTED) I see.

SHERIFF: Miss Reeves, one more question.

RUTH: Yes, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Did your father have any enemies that you know of?

RUTH: Enemies? (A LONG BEAT) I...no. (SLOWLY) No, none that I know of, Sheriff.

LEE: (WATCHING HER) You're quite sure?

RUTH: (ANOTHER BEAT) I...I'm positive, Mr. Fuhrman. No one I know could have possibly done this to Dad and Mother. (CONVINCING HERSELF) I'd swear to it?

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's that. The police try to check the murder rope next, get nowhere. None of the retailers have ever seen its particular type of make. You ask the Sheriff to cut off a foot of the rope as a sample, start your own investigation. You talk to a manufacturer....

(MACHINES IN B.G. FACTORY)

DIXON: Sorry I can't help you, Mr. Fuhrman. We don't make this kind of rope, and I know my competitors don't. Not with this kind of twist to the strands.

LEE: (DISAPPOINTED) I see.

DIXON: In my opinion, this rope isn't machine-made at all.

LEE: What do you mean, Mr. Dixon?

DIXON: Looks like a handmade job to me. It's pretty fine work, and whoever made it had plenty of time on his hands!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And that's that. For you, Lee Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution, pretty discouraging. Some strangler, somewhere among one hundred and fifty million people in these United States, made his own rope. It's like trying to find an invisible star in the middle of the Milky Way. You put in a few more days. Nothing. With a big, round zero. And finally, Bill Malvey, your editor, calls you in...

MALVEY: Lee, about this ^{Wallace} ~~Reeves~~ case.

LEE: Yes?

MALVEY: Drop it...

LEE: But Bill...

MALVEY: I said drop it. ~~Why throw good time after bad? We're~~ short on good reporters here. I've got other work for you to do.

LEE: Bill, I just can't let this go. Not right now. I've been waiting for thirty years for something like this, a story like this. If I could just get a lead, just get my foot in the door somewhere...

MALVEY: ~~Lee, you're chasing rainbows.~~ Even the police are giving up. Closing the case. And they get paid for getting killers. You don't. You get paid for writing stories...

LEE: Bill, listen. I'll work on this ^{Wallace} ~~Reeves~~ thing on my spare time.

MALVEY: That's up to you. We can't tell you what to do with your private life. (A PAUSE, THEN SOFTENS) Look, Lee. I'm sorry if I'm a sourpuss. I know how keen you are in cracking this thing.

(MORE)

MALVEY: But the Boss is going to call me upstairs and ask me
(CONT'D) whether we're running a charitable institution,...or...

LEE: (SUDDENLY, INTERRUPTS) Bill, wait a minute! That's it!

MALVEY: (STARES) What's it?

LEE: Just what you said. Institution!

MALVEY: Institution?

LEE: Yes! Don't you see it? Don't you get it? Oatmeal!

MALVEY: Oatmeal? (EXPLODES) Lee, have you gone nuts? What
the devil are you talking about?

LEE: There was loose oatmeal on the back seat of the ~~Reeves~~^{Malvey's}
car. Probably delivered it in sacks. An institution
would probably buy it that way. Most of 'em use a lot
of oatmeal, it's cheap, and they feed a few hundred
people every morning with it. It may be a lead as to
where ~~Reeves~~^{Malvey} was, shortly before he was strangled.

MALVEY: Lee, you're crazy. You...(CUTS) Hey! (FADING) Wait
a minute! Where are you going?

LEE: I'll see you later, Bill!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You check fast. Make a list. All the institutions in
all the counties surrounding Atlanta and Marietta. You
remember, too, what that rope manufacturer said. Whoever
made that rope had plenty of time on his hands. That
adds. Where else but an institution? You get on the
phone, quick....

RUTH: (FILTER) Hello?

LEE: Miss ~~Reeves~~^{Reeves}, Lee Fuhrman of the Constitution.

RUTH: Oh. Yes?

LEE: Can you tell me just where your father and mother made
that business trip before...before they were killed?

RUTH: I...why, yes. They were going to Carrollton.
LEE: Carrollton. Hold on a minute, Miss ~~Reeves~~^{Willie}. Got to check my list here.
RUTH: But, what...
LEE: (INTERRUPTS) Miss ~~Reeves~~^{Willie}, listen...Try to think. Try to remember. (SLOWLY) Was the Carroll County Jail one of your father's business accounts?
RUTH: (A BEAT, A LITTLE SCARED) Yes. Yes...it was..
LEE: (INTERRUPTS, ALMOST SINGS IT) Thank you, Miss ~~Reeves~~^{Willie}
Thank you very much!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You rent a U-Drive-It, this time at your own expense, head for the Carroll County prison, or convict camp, as it's called. Your idea is to talk to the warden. And then, while you wait in the yard, you see a ~~single~~ convict sitting in the shade. You decide to see what you can do, while you wait...

LEE: Cigarette?
WILLIE: Yeh. Yeh, thanks, Buddy.
LEE: Light?
WILLIE: Yeh...

(SCRATCH AND FLARE OF MATCH)

WILLIE: Say, Buddy...
LEE: Yes?
WILLIE: What are you doin' in this here rat trap?
LEE: I'm a reporter. From the Constitution. I'm looking for someone.

WILLIE: Like who?
LEE: Like a killer.
WILLIE: (MIRTHLESS LAUGH) You come to the right place, Friend.
Any particular one?
LEE: The ~~Reeves~~ ^{Reeves} killer.
WILLIE: (A LONG BEAT) You aint bein' funny, are you?
LEE: (QUIETLY) No. I'm not being funny.
WILLIE: (A BEAT) Then why come here? What makes you think
he's here?
LEE: (SUDDENLY) Ever see this piece of rope?
(THERE IS A PAUSE)
WILLIE: (FINALLY) No. I never seen it.
LEE: I figure somebody here made it. You sure you've never
seen it?
WILLIE: (AGITATED) I told you, friend, I never seen it. An:
if I was you, I'd forget it. I wouldn't play snoop
around this joint. I'd beat it, get out an' stay
out. You hear? It ain't healthy to...
AL: (SUDDENLY, COMING IN, HOSTILE) Who's this, Willie?
WILLIE: (FRIGHTENED) Lissen, Al. I don't know. I was just
standin' here mindin' my own business...
AL: Shut up, Willie. (A BEAT, TO LEE) Who are you, Mister?
LEE: My name's Fuhrman...Atlanta Constitution.
AL: Reporter, eh?
LEE: That's right.
AL: Beat it!
LEE: ~~Wait a minute. you're only a prison guard---~~
AL: I said beat it! We don't like reporters around here!
Now get out of here before I throw you out!

WILLIE: (WHINES A LITTLE) Honest, Al, I didn't say a thing.
I didn't tell him a thing. I...

AL: Shut up, Willie! I'll see you...later!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

(STEPS ECHOING DOWN CORRIDOR. THEY STOP.)

(KEY IN DOOR)

(IRON DOOR OPENS)

AL: Hello, Willie.

PETE: Hiyah, pal.

WILLIE: (SCARED) Al...Pete. What do you want? Why'd you
come into my cell this time of night...?

AL: What'd you tell that reporter, Willie?

WILLIE: Nothin', Al. (TERROR) Honest, Al, I swear it, nothin'.

AL: You told him Pete wove that rope, didn't you, Willie?

WILLIE: No! No, Al. I never told him a thing. You gotta
believe me...

PETE: We gotta be sure, Willie. We gotta be real sure. We
can't take a chance on him blabbin' anymore, can we, Al?

AL: No, Pete. I guess we can't. Maybe we ought to put
him away for a little while...

PETE: That's just what I was thinkin'.

WILLIE: Al! No. What are you doin' with that rubber hose.
What....?

AL: Just want to remind you never to open your big mouth
again...

(SLAM OF RUBBER HOSE AGAINST BODY)

WILLIE: (SCREAMS) No, Al! No!

AL: (GRUNTS) Talk to reporters, will you?

(SLAM OF HOSE AGAIN AND UP INTO)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

LEE: Boss, the killer who made that rope is somewhere inside that convict camp. I tell you, this prisoner Willie turned pale when I showed him the murder rope. He recognized it. So did this guard, Al Hawkins.

MALVEY: That's the son of the County Commissioner, eh, Lee?

LEE: That's right. I phoned the warden, tried to get in for an interview. But politics is politics. He wouldn't let me in. But get this.

MALVEY: Yes?

LEE: Al Hawkins is the purchasing agent for Carroll County jail. That means he did business with the murdered man, George ~~Reeves~~. Don't you see? It adds.

MALVEY: But if you think someone in that camp killed ~~Reeves~~, some of the cons maybe, then you're saying they got on the outside and came all the way to Marietta to do it.

LEE: That's my hunch, Bill. And if I'm right, the Constitution can blow this up, run a story big enough to rock the State. The thing is, I've got to get into that jail, talk to this con, Willie again. And I need your help, the paper's help!

MALVEY: (A BEAT) All right, Lee. We'll back you. I'll start pulling the strings...right away!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: He does. And you and Sheriff Cleary of Cobb County, armed with the necessary legal papers, are admitted to the convict camp. You find the prisoner, Willie Kell, in solitary, beaten until he's half-dead. But now, he's in a mood to cooperate.

WILLIE: (FAINT, WEAK) What about me Sheriff? Do I get a break if I talk?

SHERIFF: You turn State's evidence, ~~Kell~~, and I'll promise you every chance...

WILLIE: Okay. Get out a pencil an' paper. This is goin' to take a little while!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: That's your Story, almost. But not yet, not quite yet. You make a phone call... and that pays off, too. And the next day, in the warden's office, Hawkins tells you and Sheriff Cleary...

AL: (LAUGHS) You're crazy, both of you. You're wasting your time.

LEE: Are we, Hawkins? Why?

SHERIFF: You read the confession.

AL: Sure. Sure, I read it. But it's the word of a con. The word of a con, y'understand? And that's not worth a nickle. Remember me? I'm Hawkins... Al Hawkins. The son of the County Commissioner. That's worth a lot more.

SHERIFF: We don't care who you are, Hawkins. You and this convict, Pete Allen, are guilty. Those are the facts.

AL: Are they, Sheriff? Prove 'em? How are you going to prove them? Who's going to take the word of a stir-bug like Willie Kell? You need a reliable witness, someone to show a connection between me and ~~Reeves~~^{Wallace}. But you haven't got one, have you?

LEE: Haven't we, Hawkins?

AL: What are you talking about?

LEE: A reliable witness.

AL: You're lying Fuhrman. (TOUCH OF FEAR) You're lying. Just trying to break me...

SHERIFF: Are we, Hawkins. Lee, open the door.

LEE: Right.

(WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN)

LEE: (OFF A LITTLE) You can come in now...

(WOMAN'S STEPS COME IN AND STOP)

AL: (STARES) Ruth! RUTH!

SHERIFF: (QUIET) This the man who quarreled with your father, Miss ~~Reeves~~^{Wallace}?

RUTH: (DULLY) This is the man. This is the man who said he loved me, and hated my father enough to kill him. I couldn't tell you before, Sheriff. I didn't want to tell you, I didn't want to believe it, I couldn't believe it. But now I believe it, now I know...

AL: (DESPERATE) Ruth! Ruth, listen. You wouldn't testify against me. You wouldn't...

RUTH: I would, Al. And I will. I hate you now. I despise you! And I hope you hang...I hope they strangle you with a rope around your neck...(BREAKS) just as you did to Mother and Dad!

-25-

(MUSIC: _ _ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Lee
Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171397

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL:)

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ TAG)_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Lee Fuhrman of the Atlanta Constitution.

FUHRMAN: Killers in tonight's Big Story were tried convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Convict who turned states evidence received one to three years. Thanks a lot for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fuhrman...the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

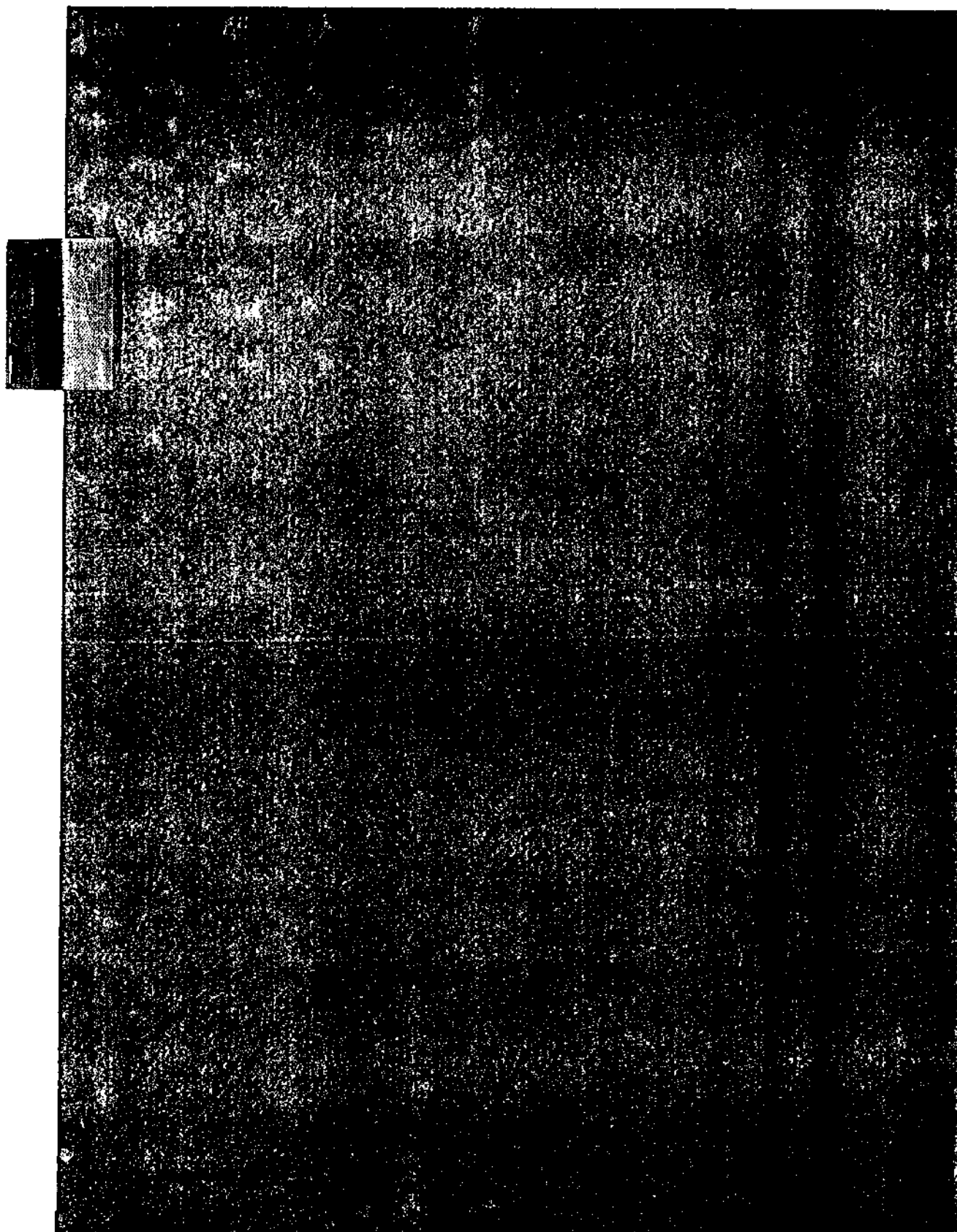
~~HARRIS~~: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the St. Petersburg Evening Independent by-line Harold F. Ballew. A BIG STORY about how a simple routine accident turned into a horrible terrifying murder.

(MUSIC: _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Atlanta Constitution. Your narrator was Bob Sloane, and Roger de Koven played the part of Lee Fuhrman. 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. Fuhrman.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.



THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #180

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LUCY	PAT HOSLEY
SUZY	PAT HOSLEY
CELIA	GRACE KEDDY
MARY LOU	GRACE KEDDY
MRS JESSUP	AGNES YOUNG
MRS CONROY	AGNES YOUNG
SALLEW	JOHN SYLVESTER
CONROY	BOB DRYDEN
CAPT BAKER	GRANT RICHARDS
DR BURGER	GRANT RICHARDS
ENGINEER	WILLIAM KEEFE
LUCAS	WILLIAM KEEFE
DR RICKY	SCOTT TENNYSON
BARTENDER	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1950

RTX01 0171402

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#180

() ()
10:00-10:30 PM

SEPTEMBER 6, 1950

WEDNESDAY

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present... THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: _ _ FANFARE)

LUCY: (INTOXICATED) Go away from me - I hate you - you little
runt --

CONROY: (INTOXICATED) (DEEP ANGER) Don't you talk to me like that!

LUCY: (WEEPING AS SHE SAYS THIS) Little runt - little runt -

CONROY: (DEADLY) I told you not to say that --

LUCY: (NOW FRIGHTENED) Let go of me - you crazy or something!
(SCREAMS)

(HE HITS HER OVER THE HEAD WITH A

MONKEY WRUNCH, SEVERAL TIMES)

(SHE GROANS)

(HER BODY THUDS TO THE GROUND)

CONROY: (HE IS GASPING FROM THE EFFORT & THE EXCITEMENT) You're not
going... to say... that to me... again. D'ya hear that?
D'ya hear... (PANTING AUDIBLY)

(MUSIC: _ _ WASHES OVER HIS BREATHING, THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America! Its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. (FLAT)
St. Petersburg, Florida... from the pages of the Evening
Independent the story of a reporter who believed - and
proved - that obstinacy is a virtue. Tonight to reporter
Harold Ballew of the Evening Independent for his
~~dedication~~ BIG STORY, goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ STING)

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171403

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #180 - 9/6/50

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)--
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

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travels the smoke further...

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longer, natural filter of traditionally fine tobaccos -
to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine
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HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: St. Petersburg, Florida,,, the story as it actually happened... Harold Ballew's story as he lived it

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR:

Here you are Harold Ballew riding hard on the road past the Royal Palms cemetery to the railroad tracks. It's six in the morning and only ten minutes ago you were ~~dead~~ *sound* asleep until the phone rang and the familiar voice of police Captain Baker an old friend, told you about an ugly accident. A crack passenger train had just struck ~~and~~ *reporter for the St. Petersburg Evening Independent* ~~killed~~ an unknown woman. As you speed along the road you become aware that it's going to be a hot cloudy day - no sunshine, which means your paper is going to be distributed free to everyone *a tradition initiated by your paper in 1910* ~~but~~ the woman on the railroad tracks. She isn't going to want any. You pull up at the accident... *is going to get the paper except*

(SOUND CAR TO STOP - DOOR OPENS)

(FADE IN SOUND OF PANTING LOCOMOTIVE)

BAKER: (OFF) Hello Hal --

BALLEW: Hiya Capt. Baker. Thanks for calling. Is that her under the sheet there?

BAKER: That's her.

BALLEW: Were you able to identify her?

BAKER: You wouldn't recognize her *Crew* if you knew her.

BALLEW: How did it happen?

BAKER: The engineer here can tell you better than I --

ENGINEER: (SHAKY, UPSET) We came around the curve and I began to slow down, we were coming close up to the switchyards. At first I thought it was just a bundle of clothing on the tracks, but when I got to a hundred feet of her I saw it was a woman. I applied the brakes but it was too late... just too late --

BALLEW: Don't take it so hard - it wasn't your fault --

ENGINEER: I've been on this line for twenty years - nothing like this ever happened to me.

BAKER: ~~It's the breaks.~~ *That's the way things happen - sometimes*

BALLEW: Did you find any personal effects Captain?

BAKER: There ^{were} ~~isn't~~ any.

BALLEW: No purse or pocketbook?

BAKER: Nothing.

BALLEW: Do you mind if I take a look?

BAKER: Go ahead. I hope you're not squeamish.

BALLEW: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) (WITH SURPRISE) ¹⁹⁶⁴ The body is cold!

BAKER: ~~Yes, you're right.~~

BALLEW: How long ago did the accident happen?

^{BAKER:} ENGINEER: About a half hour ago.

BALLEW: She must have been dead for at least three hours.

BAKER: At least.

BALLEW: *Then somebody must have put the body on the tracks*
~~There must be some identification.~~ (FADES) I'm going to

take a look around.

^{BAKER:} *in good - if you find anything let me know -*
(MUSIC: SHORT TO INDICATE PASSAGE OF A FEW MINUTES)

BALLEW: (SHOUTS) Captain - captain Baker --

BAKER: (OFF) Yes?

(FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

(IN CLOSE) Did you find something?

BALLEW: Look.

BAKER: (LOW WHISTLE) That's it.

BALLEW: (GRIMLY) This is where she probably died.

BAKER: Bled to death, it looks like.

BALLEW: I found something else -- see.

BAKER: Looks like a piece of a tooth.

BALLEW: Not exactly - it's a porcelain ^{jacket}~~crown~~, that fits over a tooth.

BAKER: There's been a fight here - look at the grass!

BALLEW: Looks like this woman was beaten and murdered. The killer then carried her body over to the tracks so that it would look like an accident.

BAKER: I think you're right.

(MUSIC: MTT HARD UP & UNDER)

NARR: The body is taken to the morgue. The coroner Dr. Rickey is told that murder is suspected. He examines the body very thoroughly and when he comes out of the lab, you Harold Ballew are waiting for him.

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

BALLEW: Hello Dr. Rickey --

DR.: (A PLEASANT EASY GOING MAN OF ABOUT FIFTY) Oh, Mr. Ballew from the "Independent". You're ahead of the police.

BALLEW: They'll be here soon, to get your report. What do you think doctor?

DR.: Think about what?

BALLEW: Do you think she was murdered?

DR.: Very possible.

~~BALLEW: Aren't you sure?~~

~~DR.: The only thing I'm sure of is that she didn't die of a heart attack.~~

BALLEW: How long do you estimate she's been dead?

DR.: She died somewhere between 2:30 and 3 this morning.

BALLEW: Do you know what was the fatal injury?

DR.: ~~Impossible~~ to tell. The body is too badly mangled, ^{probably she} _{was beaten}

~~BALLEW: Could you make a guess -- a rough guess?~~

~~DR.: Well let's put it this way. She didn't die of disease, she wasn't choked nor poisoned, which leaves us with two possibilities, she was either stabbed to death or beaten with a heavy metallic object or both.~~

BALLEW: Could you give me a description of her?

DR.: No. Her own mother wouldn't recognize her now.

~~BALLEW: I mean something I could print in the paper -- so that some relative or friend of hers would recognize the description?~~

DR.: I'll give you the report I am going to give to the police.
^{2:40 PM} ~~11:00 AM~~
She's in her early thirties, about five feet two inches, auburn hair, grey eyes, weight about a hundred and thirty pounds. That's all I can tell you about her except that she's had all her front teeth ground down and recapped with porcelain jackets to make her look beautiful.

BALLEW: Whoever fixed her teeth would certainly remember her.

DR.: He certainly would -- that job took months.

BALLEW: There remains only one problem about this clew. How long ago did she have her teeth fixed? Here is a piece of the crown I picked up at the railroad tracks - Could you tell by looking at it?

DR.: No I couldn't. (PAUSE AS HE EXAMINES THE PIECE OF CROWN)
The cement has still all its original color - seems that it might be under a year, but I'm really guessing. I may be very far off.

BALLEW: (CONTEMPLATION) Thanks -- thanks a lot, Dr. Rickey -
you've just given me an idea.

(MUSIC: SPIRITED, SIGNIFYING A CHASE UP DOWN & UNDER)

NARR: Dental work is something that can be traced. So you begin the long search. You sit at the telephone, Harold Ballew and go to work. You're going to find a murderer by way of a broken porcelain jacket. You're going to phone all the dentists in the red book if necessary until you find the one that did this job....

(MUSIC: MONTAGE)

BALLEW: Hello, is this Dr. Arthur? (PAUSE) This is Harold Ballew of the St. Petersburg Independent. I'm trying to check on a woman who had a mouth rehabilitation job done... Oh... you don't do that type of work. Sorry to have bothered you. Thanks anyway!

(MUSIC: MONTAGE)

BALLEW: Hello, Dr. Denfield?... Do you do mouth rehabilitation work? Oh.. you're retired now. I see. Thanks a lot!

(MUSIC: UP... DOWN & UNDER)

NARR: You keep at it, calling dentist after dentist. Sooner or later... you're bound to come across the right one. But... until you do... you keep going down the alphabet in the Red Book.

(MUSIC: _ _ MONTAGE)

BALLEW: Hello, Dr. Morton? Did you ever have a woman patient whose front ~~lower~~ teeth were recapped?... No, I don't know her name but she was about thirty five... auburn hair... five foot two... and weighed about a hundred and thirty... You did?..... ^{Yes} Yes, I see..... ^{Yes} She ~~was~~ referred to Dr. Charles Berger in New York City. Thanks, Doctor. You've been a great help!

(MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE)

DR BURGER: (FILTER) Yes Mr. Ballew, I've had two such cases in the past three years. One was a woman of fifty three, named Alice MacKenzie --

BALLEW: That wouldn't be her.

DR. B.: The other was a woman of thirty one, named Lucy Taylor.

BALLEW: (EAGERLY) Did she live in Florida? ^{Yes} ~~In~~ ^{Yes} ~~Florida~~

DR. B.: ~~Tampa~~ - last address was 150 Carroll St., St. Petersburg. She's been paying me in installments. I remember her. A rather pretty woman, wanted to be an actress. That's ~~why~~ why the dental work - I also remember she had a young daughter about six.

BALLEW: (EXCITEDLY) What color hair did she have?

DR. B.: I think it was red, kind of an auburn. An intense woman, very high strung.

BALLEW: I'm afraid she isn't going to pay you anymore. ^{Yes} She's been murdered.

(MUSIC: _ _ EXCITED, UP AND UNDER)

(DOOR BELL RINGS, DOOR OPENS)

BALLEW: (SURPRISED) Oh-h. Hello --

SUZY: (ABOUT 8 YEARS OLD) Hello --

BALLEW: Does Lucy Taylor live here?

SUZY: That's my mom, but she's not here now.

BALLEW: Do you - er - know where she is?

SUZY: No. Aunt Celia's ^{been} looking for her. She hasn't come home since Tuesday. She just went away and never came back.

(WISTFULLY) Do you know where she is?

BALLEW: (HE DOESN'T WANT TO TELL HER) She went away on Tuesday eh?

SUZY: ~~Yeah. I'm very worried about her.~~

BALLEW: ~~Did she leave in the morning or nighttime?~~

SUZY: ~~In the nighttime~~ ^{Yes} - with that Mr. Lucas.

BALLEW: Who?

SUZY: Mr. Lucas... he's my mom's friend. He's a teacher over in Grove's boarding school - ~~that's a very fancy school where they teach the kids how to ride horses. I wish I could go there.~~

BALLEW: Did your mother and Mr. Lucas get along all right?

SUZY: Na-ah -- they used to argue a lot -- (GETTING ALARMED)
Why - why are you asking me about him?

CELIA: (FADEN IN, ABOUT THIRTY, AN INTENSE, TERSE WOMAN) Who are you?

BALLEW: I'm Harold Ballew of the Evening Independent.

CELIA: Why are you asking Suzy about my sister?

BALLEW: (UP A LITTLE) Could I talk to you alone for a minute?

SUZY: (ALARMED) It's about mom - what happened to her?

CELIA: (COMMANDINGLY) Go inside Suzy --

SUZY: Where's my mom - where is she?

CELIA: Go inside! If this man knows anything, I'll let you know.

Now go inside! *here!*

(DOOR CLOSES)

(SOFTLY) Where is she Mr. Ballew?

BALLEW: She was killed. We found her at the railroad tracks...

CELIA: (UNNERVED) K-killed ---

BALLEW: Yes.

CELIA: (HOLDING BACK HER TEARS) How --

BALLEW: I think she was murdered.

CELIA: H-murdered -- why ~ why would she be murdered?

BALLEW: I don't know. I'm trying to find out. Who is this Mr. Lucas?

CELIA: (BEGINNING TO CRY SOFTLY) Her friend. I don't know why they went together, they were always fighting. Poor Lucy - she had such a hard time of it. Always wanted to get ahead, make a name for herself. Always had bad luck, wherever she went. Even her marriage... How am I going to tell little Suzy - how am I going to tell her...

(WEEPS AFRESH)

BALLEW: (DEEPLY SYMPATHETIC) I'm sorry - to bring you this news, *my dear, but it's the only way to find her*
m'am, Believe me, we're going to do everything we can to find her killer.

(MUSIC: UP FULL TO TAG THE ACT)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM # 130 - 9/6/50

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than
that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5
puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a
longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos - to guard against
throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally through
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards
against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.
Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - 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 Harold Ballew... as he lived it... and wrote it.

NARR: You Harold Ballew have just left the home of Lucy Taylor and are now standing in front of the quiet boarding house where Ralph Lucas lives, the friend of the "murdered" woman. A cool night wind has come up and you feel a little chilly and a little uneasy. What are you doing here by yourself? Why are you doing this all alone? But as you deliberate, your finger is already ringing the door bell.

(HARSH SOUND OF DOOR BELL, RING MANY TIMES)

A foolish thing to come here by yourself. If he is the murderer you're confronting him alone and unarmed.

(CONTINUE SOUND OF DOOR BELL)

(DOOR FINALLY OPENS)

MRS JESSUP: (SLEEPY, ABOUT FIFTY, A BUSYBODY, IRRITATED GIVING WAY TO CURIOSITY) H'lo --

BALLEW: Good evening. I'd like to see Mr. Lucas.

MRS J.: Who are you?

BALLEW: I'm a reporter from the Evening Independent.

MRS J.: Oh-h. (BECOMING VERY CURIOUS) What do you want to see him about?

BALLEW: Do you mind telling me his room number?

MRS. J.: He's asleep. He's been asleep for an hour.

BALLEW: May I ask who you are?

MRS J.: It's really none of your business, but I don't mind tellin' ye - I'm Mrs. Jessup, I own this boardin' house.

BALLEW: How do you know Mr. Lucas is asleep?

MRS JESSUP: I know everything that goes on in this house.

BALLEW: Could you show me his room please?

MRS J.: What do you want him for?

BALLEW: (IRKED) Mrs. Jessup, I have an important matter to discuss with him - not with you.

MRS. J.: Hm-m. A fine thing coming around, waking people up. This is his room right here - room 1A, best in the house. I'll have to wake him up.

(KNOCKS ON THE DOOR)

(UP) Mr. Lucas -- Mr. Lucas -- get up -- a man to see you. Open the door -- Mr. Lucas.... ~~(TO BALLEW) He's a slow riser. It takes him a while to come alive. He~~ hasn't done anything wrong, has he?

LUCAS: (OFF, MUFFLED) Who - who is it? ~~(HE IS A HIGH STRUNG AND VERY NERVOUS MAN. HIS VOICE IS HIGH PITCHED & IN HIS LONG SPEECHES, HE SPEAKS RAPIDLY, WITH LONG PAUSES BETWEEN PHRASES).~~

MRS. J.: It's me, Mrs. Jessup - There's a man from the Independent ~~to see-ye.~~

(DOOR OPENS)

LUCAS: Yes?

BALLEW: I'm Harold Ballow *from the Independent*

LUCAS: Yes?

BALLEW: Do you know a woman named Lucy Taylor?

LUCAS: (HESITANT) Y-Yes - yes I do. -- It's drafty - I'll close the door. (TO MRS. JESSUP) Thank you Mrs. Jessup --

(CLOSES THE DOOR)

Why - why are you asking me about Lucy - er Mrs. Taylor?

BALLEW: You saw her last Tuesday night?

LUCAS: (BECOMING MORE NERVOUS) ~~What's up?~~ *Even this morning.*

BALLEW: She was struck down by a train early Wednesday morning.

LUCAS: (HORRIFIED) Lucy killed in an accident --

BALLEW: How do you know she was killed?

LUCAS: (RATTLED, CONFUSED) I - I - I didn't know - You just said she was run over by a train. Is she alive?

BALLEW: No --

LUCAS: ~~Why don't you let me know what it's all about~~ what are you trying to tell me --

BALLEW: I'm trying to tell you that she was murdered.

LUCAS: Murdered? ... Murdered you say!!

BALLEW: Supposing you tell me where you went with Mrs. Taylor last Tuesday night.

LUCAS: ~~I - I took her to dinner - and then and then~~ we went to a dance.

BALLEW: And after that?

LUCAS: I - I - I came home...

BALLEW: Didn't you take Mrs. Taylor home?

LUCAS: N-n-no-- No I didn't...

BALLEW: Did you have a fight?

LUCAS: We -- er - er had a disagreement -- I - I left her -- I left her and went home...

BALLEW: Where did you leave her?

LUCAS: Outside the Hacienda Club. She wanted to go in and have a few more drinks. I thought she had enough. But she became most unreasonable -- so - so I just left her standing there - outside the club. (FRIGHTENED) I didn't do anything to her - I never touched her! I swear it - believe me - I never harmed her!

BALLEW: The police will probably persuade you to tell us the whole story.

LUCAS: (MORE FRIGHTENED) The police! I mustn't be involved in this - please - I don't want to talk to the police - please --

BALLEW: Did you murder her?

LUCAS: No - I didn't!

BALLEW: Then why are you so nervous?

LUCAS: (VERY NERVOUS) I'm not nervous -- It's my position - I'm a teacher in an exclusive school - I'll lose my job if I'm involved in any scandal - I swear to you I left her before midnight - I don't know what happened to her after that - I left her early - I can prove it *Mr. George*

(OPENS THE DOOR SUDDENLY)

(SHOUTS) ~~Mrs. Jessup~~ - Mrs. Jess-- (SEES THAT SHE IS STANDING AT THE DOOR) Oh here you are - Mrs. Jessup tell the gentleman what time I came home Tuesday night, if you can remember...

MRS JESSUP: (JUST A LITTLE OFF) Of course I can remember. It was eleven twenty. He was very nervous when he came home, Mr. Reporter - very upset. He's always upset after he sees that Taylor woman.

BALLEW: I hope you are prepared to swear to that in court.

MRS J.: (WITH GREAT DIGNITY) Are you insinuating that I'm lying? Do you think I'm covering up for him?

BALLEW: I don't know -

MRS J.: (OUTRAGED) Of all the audacious --

BALLEW: (CUTTING IN) What was the name of that Club, Mr. Lucas?

LUCAS: The - the Hacienda Club - please - please keep my name out of the papers - I can't get mixed up in any sordid news --

BALLEW: (CUTTING IN ON HIM) You are mixed up whether you're innocent or not. You couldn't have been a very good friend of Mrs. Taylor -- All you seem to care about is your own skin - not even a ~~high~~ ^{little} for her --

LUCAS: I am - I am very sorry - believe me I liked --

BALLEW: (BREAKING IN ON HIS PROTESTATIONS) Good night Mr. Lucas - I hope I haven't disturbed your sleep.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ STORMY UP DOWN & UNDER)

NARR: You go straight to the Hacienda Club, Harold Ballew. You don't stop to call your paper or the police. You haven't time for that. The first thing you do is have a beer --

(MUSIC: _ _ _ SECUE TO JUKE BOX, KEEP UNTIL END OF SCENE)

BALLEW: Beer.

(BAR SOUNDS)

Bartender --

BARTENDER: Yeh?

BALLEW: Do you know a woman by the name of Lucy Taylor?

BARTENDER: Yeh.

BALLEW: Does she come in here often?

BARTENDER: Yeh.

BALLEW: When was she here last?

BARTENDER: Coupla days ago.

BALLEW: Last Tuesday night?

BARTENDER: Yeh.

BALLEW: Was she here alone?
BARTENDER: Don't remember.
BALLEW: Do you know a man by name of Lucas - Ralph Lucas?
BARTENDER: Yeh.
BALLEW: Did she come in with him?
BARTENDER: Don't remember.
BALLEW: I'll be much obliged if you would try to remember about her last Tuesday night.
BARTENDER: Don't remember ~~what she did.~~
BALLEW: Would anyone here know?
BARTENDER: Mary Lou.
BALLEW: Who is she?
BARTENDER: A waitress. That little chick over there.
BALLEW: I think I'll have a little talk with her.
BARTENDER: She'll talk yuh t'death.
(FOOTSTEPS)
(PAUSE)
BALLEW: Hello Mary Lou.
MARY LOU: (EIGHTEEN, TRIES TO BE SEXY, IRREPRESSIBLE CHATTERBOX, BUT STILL A PLEASANT GIRL) Hello - Mister --
BALLEW: You got a minute Mary Lou?
MARY LOU: I ain't supposed to sit down with the customers - that's a rule - but I can sort of stand here and talk to ye. How come ye know my name, I ain't ever seen you before.
BALLEW: The bartender told me.
MARY LOU: ~~Oh - I see.~~ (WITH MILD DISGUST) Old blabbermouth - we call him that cause he talks so much. (LAUGHS AT HER OWN JOKE) You can drop dead before he'll tell you anything - old Blabbermouth.

BALLEW: Tell me, do you know Lucy Taylor?

MARY LOU: Sure - sure I know her. She comes in here a couple nights a week. ~~A very pretty woman,~~ ^{She's} auburn hair - it's tinted you know, not real - but it looks good on her. ~~She's got grey eyes - big eyes. I like her - she's very decent -~~ ^a good tipper... makes her escorts leave big tips. She's always wanted to go on the stage but she never had the breaks. She's got a real sweet little girl - Suzanne's her name - spelled like the French you know. What do you want to know about Lucy Taylor?

BALLEW: (WITH A CHUCKLE) I want to know whether she was in here last Tuesday night - and with whom?

MARY LOU: Well she came in alone - I saw she was cryin' - I can always tell when a woman's been cryin'. Then she met this Davis Conroy... he sat down alongside her and began to buy her some wine. ~~He loves to drink wine - May I can't stand the stuff.~~ The more she drank the more blue she got. ~~A couple times, I saw tears roll down her cheeks.~~ I guess we all get the blues sometimes don't we?

BALLEW: Yes - I guess we all do. Did she know this Davis Conroy?

MARY LOU: ~~She knows him all right. He's had a crush on her for months,~~ but she doesn't go for him. Maybe cause he's small and a lot older - maybe cause he's married and livin' with his wife at the same time. She just doesn't like him. The more she doesn't like him, the more he likes her. ~~It's a funny world, ain't it?~~

BALLEW: Tell me about Conroy - what sort of man is he?

MARY LOU: An all around mechanic. ~~He can fix radios, cars, he fixes everything.~~ I could never figure him out - I figure out everybody but he never lets on what kind of guy he is. ~~He's always been nice to me. Not that he's a good tipper, he ain't.~~ ~~(After all he's got a wife to support.)~~ You know, he once tried to date me - but I don't go out with married men, unless the wife agrees. (LAUGHS AT HER JOKE)

BALLEW: What happened between Lucy and Conroy while they were here?

MARY LOU: They just sat and drank and along about two o'clock they began to argue. ~~That is he did all the talking.~~ I was busy at another table and I couldn't hear what he was sayin. Then they left. I ain't seen either of them since. --(DAWKING ON HER)^{She!} Anything the matter?

BALLEW: Where does this Conroy live?

MARY LOU: You can find him in the phone book - I don't know off hand --

BALLEW: Thank you Mary Lou - you've been a great help - and here's something for you --

MARY LOU: (VERY PLEASED) Oh thank you - thank you - if there's anything else --

(MUSIC: -- SIGNIFICANT THREATENING UP AND UNDER)

NARR: From the broken piece of a porcelain jacket, ~~Harold~~ ^{Harold Baker} ~~Ballew~~ you have now come to learn about the private life of an automobile Mechanic. You're going to visit him, but this time you call Captain Baker to come along. Less than a half hour later you are riding in his car to visit Davis Conroy. By the time you get there, Captain Baker knows everything you know.

(MORE)

NARR:
(CONTD) It's two in the morning, the house is very dark, very
quiet -

(LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR)

BAKER: Keep knocking --

(KNOCKING LOUDER)

BALLEW: Maybe he's gone - run away --

BAKER: Maybe.

(KNOCKING CONTINUED, THEN HARD RATTLING OF DOOR)

We'll have to force the door open.

(DOOR SLOWLY OPENS)

MRS.CONROY: What do you ~~people~~ want? (LATE THIRTIES)

BAKER: Are you Mrs. Conroy?

MRS.C: Yes.

BAKER: We want to talk to your husband.

MRS.C: He's asleep. Who are you?

BAKER: Wake him up. I'm from the police department.

CONROY: (FADING IN, SLEEPILY) What's what's going on here --

MRS.C: The police --

CONROY: (SUDDENLY SUBDUED, QUIET AND WIDE AWAKE)

The police -- what's wrong?

MRS.C: I - I don't know --

BAKER: Do you mind if we step inside.

(FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSES)

BAKER: All right Hal - go ahead and question him.

CONROY: Question me about what?

BALLEW: About Lucy Taylor.

CONROY: (HE IS COMPOSED) Lucy Taylor? Who is she?

BALLEW: Mrs. Conroy, perhaps you had better not listen to this.

MRS.C: (TIGHT LIPPED) I'd rather stay.

BALLEW: Mr. Conroy, everyone ~~at the Hacienda Club~~ knows about you and Mrs. Taylor. It's no use your denying it.

CONROY: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE)(VERY LOW) Yes - I know her.

BALLEW: You saw her last Tuesday night, didn't you?

CONROY: Tuesday night? No - no no. I didn't see her Tuesday. I - I was home - right here in my own house. Wasn't I Helen -

(PAUSE)

(UP) Wasn't I?

(NO ANSWER)

BALLEW: It's no use trying to hide it. Your wife probably knows about her.

MRS.C: (VERY LOW) Yes - I know.

BALLEW: Where did you go, Mr. Conroy, after you left the Club?

CONROY: I - I drove her home.

BALLEW: But she never came home.

CONROY: I left her at the door.

BALLEW: Did you see her go in?

CONROY: Yes - yes I did.

BALLEW: She never stepped inside her house.

CONROY: Maybe she went out, I don't know. She a crazy one - everybody knows that. She could do anything.

BALLEW: Did you quarrel with her?

CON ROY: Quarrel? Oh no - no - no. ~~Never quarrelled with her. We~~ were always friendly - ~~just good friends.~~

BALLEW: What time did you get home?

CONROY: About half past one.

BALLEW: Mrs. Conroy, what time did your husband get home last Tuesday night?

MRS. C: (ANGUISHED, LOW) I was asleep - I - I don't know.

BAKER: You might as well tell ^{Mr. Ballew} ~~me~~ the truth, ^{Mr. Conroy} We'll find out anyway in front of a lot of people. ~~It's much better this way.~~

BALLEW: It was later much later than two thirty, wasn't it?

MRS. C: (LOW, SLOWLY) I - guess - so-

BALLEW: After you left the club, Mr. Conroy, where did you go?

CONROY: We - er - sort took a ride.

BALLEW: On Argyle Road - towards the railroad tracks?

CONROY: ~~Oh no - no - no. Not there - just driving around - nowhere in particular.~~

BALLEW: (TAKING A LONG SHOT) Your car was seen on Argyle Road.

CONROY: It's a lie! - Who saw me?

BALLEW: Some people who live there.

CONROY: ~~I might have gone there.~~ I - er don't remember - we were just driving around. *Nowhere in particular.*

BALLEW: (AFTER A PAUSE) Do you keep your tools in the car?

CONROY: Yes - (CHANGES HIS MIND QUICKLY) That is no - I don't. I bring them in every night. See, there they are in the kit on the floor.

BALLEW: May I please see them.

CONROY: Sure - sure - just a minute - I'll open the tool kit.

(SOUND OF TOOL BOX OPENING)

BALLEW: Don't pick them out. I'd like to look at all of them. -Do you mind stepping aside.

(SOUND OF TOOLS CLANKING)

(SOFTLY) This wrench - it's been cleaned.

CONROY: (BEGINNING TO CRACK) ~~Oh yes - I cleaned it~~ I clean all my tools - ~~they last longer that way.~~

BALLEW: But this wrench is the only one that's been cleaned. Did you clean it after you left Mrs. Taylor?

CONROY: Oh no - no - no. ~~I cleaned that yesterday.~~

BALLEW: You cleaned it because it had blood on it - didn't you?

CONROY: (COMING APART) I didn't do it - I tell you I didn't do it--

BALLEW: (IN QUIET CONTRAST TO CONROY'S MOUNTING HYSTERIA) You didn't do what?

CONROY: I didn't kill her - I didn't!

BALLEW: How do you know she's dead?

CONROY: She was - she was killed in the train accident?

BALLEW: How do you know that?

CONROY: I er spoke to her sister Celia yesterday - she told me -- yeah she told me --

BALLEW: Her sister didn't know about it yesterday.

MRS. C: (BEGINS TO WEEP SOFTLY)

CONROY: (HOARSELY) Allright I'll tell you - I'll tell you the whole truth I swear it. I drove her down Argyle Road. She got out of the car, - she didn't want to stay with me. I ran after her. She threw rocks at me. I tried to stop her. I guess I hit her. She fell down. I saw her head was bleeding I tried to carry her back to the car but her weight exhausted me. She kept telling me - go away and leave me alone - go away and leave me alone. So I left her and went home thinking she would come to her senses.

BALLEW: Where did you leave her?

CONROY: On - on the road.

BALLEW: You're lying Conroy. You killed her with the wrench and then dragged her body and placed it on the railroad tracks so that it would look like an accident.

MRS. C: (HYSTERICAL) If you did it, tell them, Davis - for Heaven's sake - tell them! (BURSTS INTO HYSTERICAL WEEPING)

CONROY: (BREATHING HARD, STUNNED, ALMOST TO HIMSELF) Yeah - I guess maybe I did it. Yeah - I did it - I did it --

(MUSIC: -- UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Harold Ballew of the St. Petersburg Evening Independent with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- ~~SPINS~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further...

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-
scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So, don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking
enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you the telegram from Harold Ballew of the Evening Independent.

BALLEW: Killer in tonight's Big Story was brought to trial and found guilty of second degree murder. The presiding judge declared that Conroy was lucky for the death penalty would have been justified. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Florida State Penitentiary.

Presented by the same old-timey showman, Mr. Ballew, today with the
-Many thanks for tonight's FELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Ballew...the makers of FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the FELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner. By-line, Alfred Gladwell. A BIG STORY of a girl who was marked for murder in the indelible colors of a tattoo.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIFE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #181

CAST

NARRATOR
EDNA
GIRL
GLADWELL
CHIEF
EUGENE
DOCTOR
SCHENK
CLERK
SERGEANT
LANDLORD

BOB SLOANE
CONSUELA LEMBECKE
CONSUELA LEMBECKE
HORACE BRAHAM
~~HORACE BRAHAM~~ *Les Farnon*
HUMPHREY DAVIS
HUMPHREY DAVIS
BERNARD GRANT
BERNARD GRANT
JIMMY STEVENS
JIMMY STEVENS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1950

ATX01 0171429

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#181

() ()
10:00 - 10:30

SEPTEMBER 13, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES presents THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: - - - FANFARE) (THEN ~~A BLUESY PIANO~~ UNDER)

(LIGHT BG, INTERIOR OF COCKTAIL BAR)

EUGENE: (SLIGHTLY DRUNK) Hey, bartender. Two more ryes,
willya, please?

EDNA: Gosh, Eugene, I don't know if I can drink another
one.

EUGENE: Sure you can, Edna. C'mon, we ain't even started
yet.

EDNA: Well, I don't wanna be a poor sport, but ---

EUGENE: You gotta keep me company, you're my girl tonight.
Isn't that right?

EDNA: Well, I said I'd have a drink with you, but --

EUGENE: No buts. No buts. You said you was lonely, too.
You said that.

EDNA: If I only didn't have this feeling, Eugene. As if
something bad was gonna happen. ~~Like like sliding~~
~~down a great big slide into a black pit, and you~~
~~can't stop -~~

EUGENE: That's crazy, Edna! We're gonna have the night of
our lives! We'll paint this town like it's never
been painted. We'll have a lotta fun! C'mon,
whaddya say?

EDNA: Okay, Eugene. I guess a little fun won't kill me.

(MUSIC: - - - STAB AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America...its sound and its
fury...its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American
newspapers.

(PAUSE, COLD AND FLAT) Ogden, Utah. From the pages
of the Standard-Examiner....the story of a tattooed
blonde ~~and a boy with trouble~~ *marked by murder*. Tonight, to
Alfred Gladwell of the Ogden Standard-Examiner,
for his expert reporting, ~~his inspired hunches~~,
for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- ~~STING~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

BIG STORY

OPENING COMMERCIAL

PROGRAM 181

(MUSIC - - - - BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At
the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of any
other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or
17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.
Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness
and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171432

(MUSIC: _ _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Ogden, Utah - the story as it actually happened....
Alfred Gladwell's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: At an age when most men have long retired, you,
Alfred Gladwell, are covering the police run for the
Ogden Standard-Examiner. You've been reporter for
forty rich, unforgettable years, ever since you
came to Utah from your native England. As Elder
Statesman of the Fourth Estate - you're known to
your friends as "Judge" - Of course may be
partly due to the fact that you're also a Justice of
the Peace, and in this capacity often act as
coroner. The arrangement is hard to beat. For,
as coroner, you are called quickly to the scene of
accidents, suicides, and murders. As a reporter,
you write them up. But now, on this sultry August
evening, you have no knowledge of the story that
will soon be yours. The biggest story of all. And
yet, at this very moment, in a sleazy little hotel,
the first chapter is being written.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ OUT FOR)

(DOOR OPENS)

EUGENE: (VERY DRUNK) Here we are, Edna. Come on in.

EDNA: (A LITTLE DRUNK) But, Eugene I don't think it's right
to --

EUGENE: Wassa matter? I paid f'this hotel room, din I? I
registered witha clerk.

EDNA: I know, but ---

(DOOR SHUTS, UNDER)

EUGENE: Where else you gonna get a bottle this time a night? All a joints're closed. Here you just gotta ring f' the bellboy.

EDNA: But dontcha think we had enough, honey? We been goin all evening. Besides, it's against the law to buy liquor after hours. If they catch us ---

EUGENE: Don' worry, Edna baby. I fixed that. I'm waya head of 'm. Dincha see - when I signed a register I give'm a phony name.

EDNA: All the same, it's late, and I better go.

EUGENE: Aw, wassa rush? We got lotsa time. You ain't gonna let me down now, are ya, baby?

EDNA: Well, all right, I'll stay for a few minutes, but ---

EUGENE: Atta baby. You're a sweet kid, y'know that, Edna? Pretty blonde hair'n everything. I liked you the minute I saw you.

EDNA: I liked you, too, Eugene.

EUGENE: Different from the rest. I've sailed all over the world, seen lottsa women. ~~But, I ain't seen nothin' like you.~~
Always trying a stick ya for somethin. But you're different.

EDNA: (A TOUCH OF MAUDLIN SELF-PITY) It ain't easy to keep your chin up, though, sometimes. Life can be pretty rotten.

EUGENE: Never mind, you're sweet kid. Whaddy say you gimme a little kiss, huh?

EDNA: I guess I don't mind.

EUGENE: (PAUSE FOR KISS) Ah - you're a sweet kid.

EDNA: Eugene - could I -- could I ask you somethin'?

EUGENE: What? Wassa matter?

EDNA: Well, it's just that I - I been sorta down on my luck, lately. ~~Sick, and outa work, and all. And now I'm behind in my rent, and -- well,~~ I wondered if maybe you could -- lend me fifty bucks or so - just for a little while.

EUGENE: Fifty bucks? That's a lotta dough.

EDNA: Only for a loan, Eugene. Honest.

EUGENE: (DOUBTFULLY) I don't know.

EDNA: I'd pay it back as soon as I could.

EUGENE: Yeah, but I'm leavin here in a couple days. You wouldn't know where to reach me. Besides --

EDNA: (WITH QUICK PRIDE) Okay, forget it. Forget I asked you.

EUGENE: C'mon. Let's have another kiss, Huh?

EDNA: No. I have to go home.

EUGENE: Now, wait a minute, baby!

EDNA: Leave me alone.

EUGENE: Whaddya, sore you didn't get the dough?

EDNA: It's not that, but I'm tired, and --

EUGENE: Atsa way ya work it, Huh? Put the bite on, the sucker don't pay off you clear out.

EDNA: Say, listen! Who do you think you're talking to!

EUGENE: Tryin a stick me...just like the rest of 'm!

EDNA: Well, of all the rotten crust! ---

EUGENE: A bum, 'ats all y'are. A cheap, sneakin little....

EDNA: Take your dirty hands off me!

EUGENE:bum. Working a guy for drinks. Leadin him
on for a pay-off!

EDNA: (SHRILLY) Let me go!

EUGENE: Shut up, ya hear me?

EDNA: (EVEN LOUDER) No, I won't! You filthy, drunken ---
(HAND IS SLAPPED OVER HER MOUTH)
(MUFFLED SCREAMS FROM EDNA....SCUFFLE)

EUGENE: I said shut up!
(RENEWED STRUGGLE)
(WITH A GRUNT OF PAIN) Scratch me, willya! All
right, you asked for it!
(THRASHING OF BODIES. CHAIR OVERTURNS)

EDNA: (IN A THROTTLED VOICE) My throat -- I can't breathe --
you're -- choking --

EUGENE: I'll show ya, just like I showed the rest! Tryin
a stick me! Trying a play me for a sucker! I'll
show ya!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN WITH A SERIES OF MOUNTING, SAVAGE STABS, TO
HARSH CLIMAX) THEN SEGUE TO SOFT, MORNING THEME,
AND UNDER)

NARR: On clear mornings, dawn descends at Ogden, Utah,
~~like a dance-hall girl from a stagecoach with a splash~~
of its flame-pink skirt down the steps of the
Rockies, and a bold, proud glance that fires the
~~town~~ But on this morning in August, you, Alfred
Gladwell, reporter, are impervious to such ~~beauty~~
beauty. In fact, you are fast asleep and glad of it
until the harsh sound of the telephone wakes you
rudely, at six AM.

GLADWELL: (SLEEPILY) Hello?

CHIEF: (ON FILTER) Hello? Judge? Police Chief Bailey.

GLADWELL: I'm ashamed to hear it. Do you know what time it is?

CHIEF: Oh, you young fellas don't need much sleep, anyway. Lissen, Judge, I'm down at the Brunswick Hotel. You better come over right away.

GLADWELL: What's the matter, -- an accident?

CHIEF: Well, we just got here, and maybe it's a rash guess, but from where I stand, it looks like murder;

(MUSIC: -- -- STING AND UNDER)

NARR:

Twenty minutes later you *Alfred Gladwell known as Judge* walk into room Number 2, at the Brunswick Hotel, and into the ugliest mess you have ever seen. Overturned tables and chairs. Bedsheets ripped, and smeared with blood. And on the floor, half in and half out of a clothes closet, the body of a young, pretty woman, her neck mottled with bruises. Then you see something else. Something a little bizarre. The arms, legs, and ankles of this woman are marked with vivid tattoos! Police Chief Gus Baily gives you a second to take it all in.

CHIEF: You're just in time, Judge. (GLADWELL: Hello, Chief) Fella here is the night clerk. Mr. Schenk, Mr. Gladwell. He's telling us how he found her. Go ahead, Mr Schenk.

SCHENK: Well, Chief, It's like I said. Guy had this room checked out about an hour ago. Little while later I come in to make it up fresh.

CHIEF: Why so soon?

SCHENK: Bein near the depot, we get a lot of transient business from the train crews. They come in early.

CHIEF: Okay, go ahead.

SCHENK: Well, when I walked in the room here, I seen her right away. Then I called you.

GLADWELL: Was she lying where she is now?

SCHENK: That's right, Mr. Gladwell. I didn't touch nothing.

CHIEF: Do you know who this woman is? Have you ever seen her before?

SCHENK: No, sir.

GLADWELL: How about the man?

SCHENK: Him neither. But I saw him when he registered last night. ^aYoung guy, about 34. Stocky with dark hair. Medium height. Wearing a grey suit. His hands seemed kinda big and weatherbeaten, I remember that. He was pretty drunk, too.

CHIEF: We already got that description on the air, Judge. Now, here's his signature in the hotel register.

GLADWELL: (READING) ~~Mr.~~ William Galeski, Butte, Montana.

CHIEF: Probably phony.

SCHENK: Would there be anything else, Chief?

CHIEF: No, thanks, Mr. Schenk. But stay around the hotel, just in case.

SCHENK: (FADING) Certainly, certainly.

CHIEF: (UP) Hey Doc. You finished with that examination?

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) Just about. It's death by strangulation, all right. Judging from the bruises, I'd say a rope or something was used to finish the job.

GLADWELL: Looks like she took quite a beating, first.

DOCTOR: Guess she did, Judge. But she ~~may~~ have dished out a little, too.

GLADWELL: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Bits of skin under the finger nails. Probably Scratched her assailant on the face.

CHIEF: How old would you say she was, Doc?

DOCTOR: Around 28 or 30. As to the time of death, I'd say it wasn't long ago. Body is still warm.

GLADWELL: How about those tattoo markings?

DOCTOR: Search me. I've never seen anything like that on a woman in all my born days!

CHIEF: Not a scrap of identification, either.

GLADWELL: They certainly tore this room up. Looks like a bulldozer had been --- say, Chief, what's that under the bureau, there?

CHIEF: Huh? Where?

GLADWELL: (FADING SLIGHTLY) Something white, ~~with blood on it~~
(PAUSE) Here. (FADING IN) Take a look at this.

CHIEF: What is it?

GLADWELL: Seems to be a pillow case.

CHIEF: Yeah. With knots in it. Whaddya think, Doc? The murder weapon?

DOCTOR: Could be.

GLADWELL: And look at those knots. If you ask me, they were tied by a sailor of ~~some kind~~.

~~CHIEF: (WHISPER)~~

GLADWELL: I still know a sailor's knot when I see one. Don't forget, ~~sonny boy~~, I was born and raised in a sea-faring country. It could fit, too. Remember what the night-clerk said? A stocky man, with big, weatherbeaten hands.

CHIEF: (SLOWLY) Yeah, he did say that! You know, Judge, maybe you got ~~something~~ there!

(MUSIC: ~~IN AND UNDER~~)

NARR:

Maybe you have. But the lead is slim, nevertheless, and for the moment there seems no way to follow it up. So you go back to headquarters with Chief Bailey while he sets the routine wheels in motion. Butte, Montana, is asked to check on William Galeski. In Ogden, a police screen is set up at railroad and bus stations, and all patrol cars are alerted. But you and Bailey are not very confident. The Brunswick Hotel is too close to the railroad station and the Greyhound bus depot. ~~The killer had an excellent choice of getaways long before the police closed in.~~ And then, just when things appear gloomiest - a break seems to come.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, OFF)

SGT:

(FADING IN) Chief --

CHIEF:

What is it, Sgt.?

SGT:

Got a man outside who fits the description!

~~(EXCITED REACTIONS FROM CHIEF AND GLADWELL)~~

Name's Weber. We just picked him up at Union Station.

GLADWELL:

Trying to leave the city?

SGT:

That's right, Judge. On the Los Angeles Challenger. Train was just starting to leave the station, when this guy comes screechin up in a cab, jumps out, and runs for the last car.

CHIEF:

Grey suit? Medium height? Dark --

SGT:

Yes, sir, the whole works. And no alibi for the last two days. Just rousting around the town.

GLADWELL:

You don't happen to know if this Weber is a sailor, do you, Sgt?

SGT: He sure is, Judge. Merchant Marine. Had a union card
in his pocket.

CHIEF: (TRIUMPHANTLY) Well, that oughta do it, boys!
All we hafta do now is get the night-clerk down here to
identify him, and that'll wind it up!

(MUSIC: -- SHORT STATEMENT AND UNDER TO FADE)

CHIEF: You sure you remember what this fella looked like, now,
Mr. Schenk?

SCHENK: Certainly. ^{Chief} It was only last night I saw him.

CHIEF: Okay, Sgt. Bring him in.

SGT: Yes, sir.

(FOOTSTEPS. . STAY WITH. . DOOR OPEN)

All right, Weber. Come on in. And keep quiet unless
you're spoken to.

(TWO PAIRS OF FOOTSTEPS. . DOOR SHUTS. . STEPS
CONTINUE BRIEFLY, THEN STOP)

CHIEF: Well, here he is.

(PAUSE)

Well, Whaddya say, Mr. Schenk? Is this the man, or isn't it?

(PAUSE)

SCHENK: No. This ain't the man.

GLADWELL: (WITH DISBELIEF) Are you positive?

SCHENK: Absolutely, Mr. Gladwell. I wouldn't make a mistake
about a thing like --

CHIEF: But the description fits him to a T! You said he was --

SCHENK: Whaddya want me to do, Chief? If he's not --

CHIEF: (DISGUSTEDLY) Okay. Okay. (PAUSE) (THEN, DISCOURAGEDLY)
Well, Judge. You tell me! Where do we go from here?

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR CURTAIN)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

BIG STORY . . .

MIDDLE COMERCIAL

100 KA11 181

(MUSIC _ _ _ _ BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos travels
the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At
the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that of
any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or
15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further on its
way to your throat - filters it naturally through PELL MELL'S
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you. Guard
against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171443

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: It's mid-afternoon, now. And the enigma of the tattooed blonde has aged by the sum of eight, ~~unique~~ hours. This question of time concerns you, Alfred Gladwell. As a reporter for the Ogden Standard-Examiner, you are racing to make a six o'clock deadline with a decent story. Trying with Chief Bailey, to beat the headstart of an unknown killer. ~~But time is bleeding away, and you find yourself faced, still, with the same, old problems.~~ Who is the man who signed himself William Galeski? Where is he now? And who was the pretty, blonde victim, marked with tattoos? ~~Finally, for lack of a better approach,~~ you decide to work on the girl's identity. You wonder if those gaudy designs on her skin have anything to do with ~~showbusiness, a traveling~~ circus, perhaps, or a night-club act. With this in mind, you begin a weary canvas of theatrical boarding houses and cheap hotels, armed with a morgue photo of the dead girl. You draw blank after blank. But then, sooner than you'd hoped ---

(MUSIC: --- OUT)

LANDLORD: That's her, all right! Edna Jansen.

GLADWELL: One of your roomers, mister?

LANDLORD: Yes, she was. Behind in her rent, too.

GLADWELL: You say her name was Edna Jansen? I wonder if there are any papers in her room that would make identification positive.

LANDLORD: Maybe there are. But I'm not giving them to any snooping reporter!

GLADWELL: In that case, my friend, perhaps you'd better give them ^{me / mv} to the coroner.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE, THEN UNDER TO FACE OUT)

GLADWELL: (FADING IN) and here's her driving license, Chief. With a photograph attached.

CHIEF: Edna Jansen, Seattle, Washington. That checks with the rest of the papers.

GLADWELL: Stranded here with a carnival, about six months ago.

CHIEF: Well, that settles that, Judge. At least we know who she is.

GLADWELL: Yes, but it's a blind alley, otherwise. I don't see anything in what we've learned that could lead us to the killer.

CHIEF: No. I don't get it! It's beyond me! Here we got an eye-witness description of the guy, a seven-state alarm out, a thorough screening on all the depots, and we can't even trace him out of the city!

GLADWELL: Perhaps he never left.

CLIEF: Maybe so, but still, you'd think ---

(PHONE RINGS.....RECEIVER IS LIFTED)

Chief Bailey.....Oh, uh-huh.....Nothing, huh? Well, I'm not sure.....(BIG), What!okay, thanks a lot.

(HANGS UP)

That was Butte, Montana. There's no Galeski up there. So I guess the name was a phony, like we thought. But ~~there's the pay-off!~~ Two months ago, in Butte, a man who fits the same description was charged with assault and attempted strangulation!

GLADWELL: (A BEAT) Of a girl?

CHIEF: Correct.

GLADWELL: Sounds like a habit. What was the man's name?

CHIEF: They don't know it, they never caught him. And the girl didn't know, either - said he was a perfect stranger picked her up in a bar.

GLADWELL: (VERY SLOWLY) Chief, there's something in this story that makes me feel a little sick. If you're thinking what I'm thinking ---

CHIEF: (GRIMLY) I am. (PAUSE) (THEN, LOW AND TENSE) And there's no telling how many other girls -- in how many other cities - he --- (TRAILS OFF)

GLADWELL: (QUIETLY) We can't fumble it, Chief. We've got to get him. And we've got to get him quickly -- ~~before it --~~

~~happens again~~

(MUSIC: _ _ STAB AND UNDER)

NARR: Then, because deadlines are deadlines, ~~no matter what~~ ~~horror hangs in your heart~~, you leave Chief Bailey's office and go back to the newspaper to write your story. There isn't much to put in it. Not even a picture of the wanted man. But you do what you can. You include the night-clerk's description of the man, and the usual request for information concerning his where-about's. And even the next morning, when a girl appears at the office, asking to see you, even then you are doubtful.

GIRL: I'm sure it was him, Mr. Gladwell.

GLADWELL: (DOUBTFULLY) Well, it's possible, of course.

GIRL: Right on Twenty-fifth Street. He looked just like you said.

(FEW RAPID FOOTSTEPS. STAY WITH)

CHIEF: A grey suit!

GLADWELL: (ON) And spotted with blood stains!

CHIEF: Now we're beginning to get somewhere!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP WITH EXCITED STATEMENT, THEN UNDER)

NARR: Eugene Trask. Pocatello, Idaho. You wonder if, once again, your search will end in the blind alley of a phony name. But Pocatello is notified, and a short time later gets back to Chief Bailey with the best news so far. There is a Eugene Trask, and his description fits! Also, he has been a merchant seaman. Now the manhunt is on with a vengeance!

CHIEF: (INTO PHONE) Sgt, get the complete description of Trask off the teletype and broadcast it to all cars right away.

SERGEANT: (ON FILTER) Yes, sir. Mug photos will be in on the next plane. *from Pocatello*

CHIEF: (TO GLADWELL) The way I figure it, Judge, your article scared him outa the ~~Clark~~ *Byland* Hotel, and he'll be tryin for a getaway.

GLADWELL: Let's hope so.

CHIEF: We're checkin all hotels and rooming houses, though, in case he decides to hole up again.

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

SGT: (FADING IN) Chief, the Green Strip Cab Co. just called to report a stolen taxi.

CHIEF: Can't be bothered with that now, Sgt. Tell them we'll send a man down later.

SGT: Yes, sir.

GLADWELL: Wait a minute. *Sgt.* When was the cab stolen, and where?

SGT: Downtown area. Less than an hour ago.

Chief SGT: Why do ya wanna know that, Judge?

GLADWELL: Just a little hunch, that's all. *Chief* If you wanted to get out of the city, and there was no other way, you might steal a car to do it. Any car. Even if it had to be a taxicab.

CHIEF: (A BEAT) Sgt, get the license number of that cab on the air, immediately. Alert all highway patrols and traffic police. I'm buying your hunch, Judge. Let's see if it pays off!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH SUSPENSE, THEN UNDER)

SGT: ~~(COMPLIMENT)~~ Attention all cars. Be on the lookout for a Green Stripe cab, license number O-1639J. Believed to have been stolen by Eugene Trask. This man is dangerous and may be ~~approach~~ *around* Approach with caution.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

VOICE: (ON FILTER) Car 31 reporting. Observed a Green Stripe cab on Route 16, about ten minutes before receipt of your message. It was headed south for Salt Lake City. Repeat It was headed south for Salt Lake City. Over.

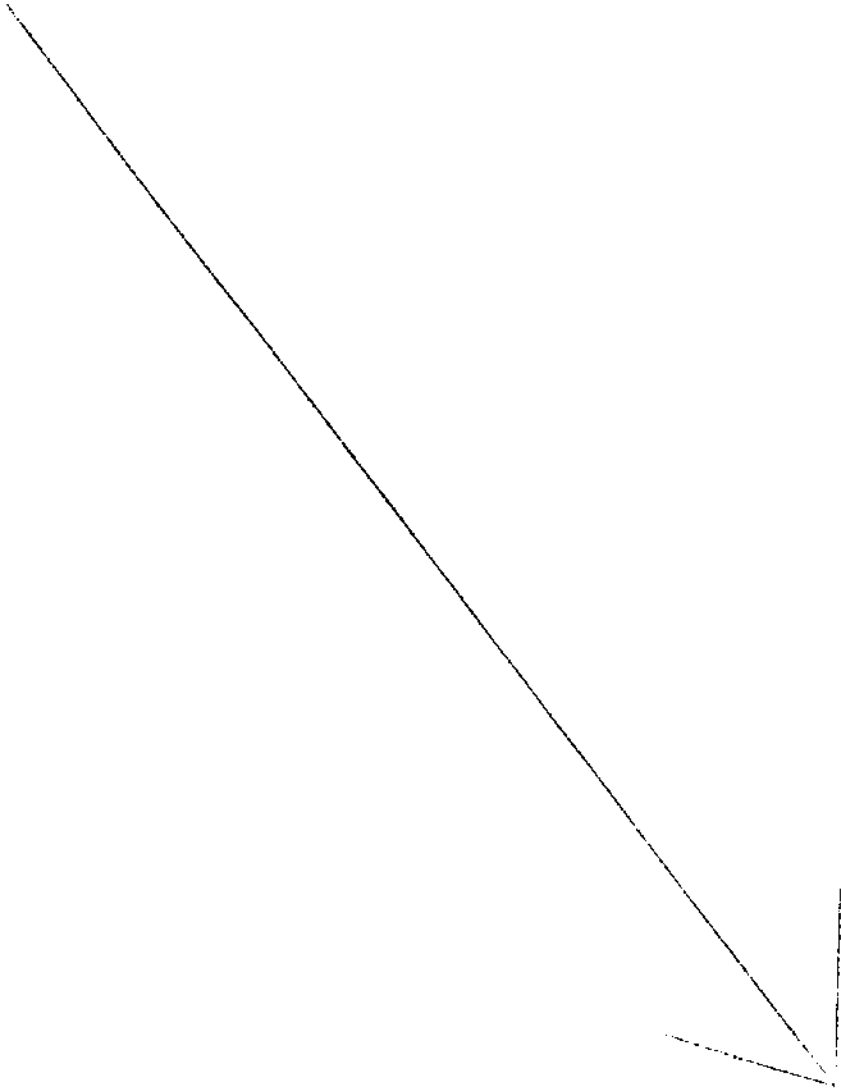
(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

SGT: Chief, the Salt Lake police say the cab approached their end of the highway, but spotted the police cars and turned back. It's speeding north again, on Route 16. They have a car in pursuit.

CHIEF: All right, Sgt. Call cars thirty one, two, and three. Tell them to throw up a road block at the junction of Route 16 and the cut-off.

GLADWELL: Of course, we're still not sure the man is Trask.

CHIEF: We'll soon find out *Just let* Come on, ~~hurry~~ let's get down to that road block! At the rate he's traveling, he should be there in fifteen minutes!



CHIEF: ~~Just for one night, maybe? Just once?~~

EUGENE: ~~I don't know, I~~ -- hey, wait a minute, what's this gotta do with me takin' a cab? Why all these questions?

GLADWELL: It isn't just the cab, ~~son~~. There's a few other things.

EUGENE: Such as what?

GLADWELL: Such as a grey suit, with blood stains on it.

EUGENE: (A BEAT) So I - I got lit and - and had a hassle with some guy, and he gimme a nosebleed. Is that a crime?

CHIEF: ~~Maybe - if the blood on that suit ain't yours.~~

EUGENE: Well, it is. I'm tellin' ya!

CHIEF: We'll find out. Where didya have this fight? What bar?

EUGENE: I - I dunno. I was too drunk to ---

CHIEF: Who was the other guy?

EUGENE: ~~I don't know that either, but ---~~

CHIEF: Now, listen, Trask. You tell the truth, you got nothing to worry about. But when you start to lie, we figure you're covering up - and that ain't so ---

EUGENE: I'm not lyin!

CHIEF: First thing we get back to town, the night clerk from the Brunswick Hotel is gonna look at you hard. He remembers little things. Size of your hands, sound of your voice, eyes, hair, all those things. He remembers good. (PAUSE) Ever been in the Brunswick Hotel, Trask?

EUGENE: I don't know. I been in lotsa places. Night here, night there. Maybe I was, I don't know.

CHIEF: Ever register there as William Galeski?

EUGENE: Huh? Well, I - I don't remember. Maybe if I had a load on, once, but --

CHIEF: Ever know a girl named Edna Jansen?

EUGENE: Oh, no. No, I'm sure of that. I never knew no one by ---

CHIEF: A blond, ~~waiter~~ With tatoos on her?

EUGENE: Oh, no. I'd be certain to recall that.

CHIEF: The night clerk remembers a girl.

EUGENE: Well - all right, maybe there was a girl with me, okay, but that don't prove ---

CHIEF: He remembers she was tatooed.

EUGENE: Say, what is this? What are you guys tryin' to pull? Tryin' to jam me up, here - make me say things that - listen, I - I know my rights. I don't hafta talk, and I ain't gonna. I'm not sayin' no more!

GLADWELL: *You don't know* ~~Don't worry, son~~ The trail you left will speak for itself.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP TO CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Alfred Gladwell of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~STAND~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

BIG STORY

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

REEL 24 14 181

(MUSIC: _ _ _ BEHIND)_

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL. At
the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further than that
of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10,
or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter
of traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.
Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red
package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you the telegram from Alfred Gladwell of the Ogden Standard Examiner.

GLADWELL: Despite his earlier denials, ~~under constant questioning,~~ killer in tonight's BIG STORY finally broke down and made a full confession. He was promptly tried by an unhesitant jury and convicted. He was sentenced to forty years in the Utah State Prison. My sincerest thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Gladwell ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the Butte Montana Daily Post. By-line, John Kamps. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found all the evidence of murder... except for the victims.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Bruce Stauderman from an actual story from the front pages of the Ogden Utah Standard Examiner. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Horace Braham played the part of Alfred Gladwell. 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. Gladwell.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mm/hr/eg
8/25/50 pm

ATX01 0171454

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #182

CAST

NARRATOR

MOTHER

NAOMI

JOHN

JOE

FOREMAN

LARKIN

TENANT

JUDGE

JORIS

BOB SLOANE

AGNES YOUNG

AMZIE STRICKLAND

GEORGE PETRIE

OWEN JORDAN

OWEN JORDAN

JOE DE SANTIS

JOE DE SANTIS

BILL GRIFFIS

BILL GRIFFIS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1950

ATX01 0171455

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#182

(
10:00 - 10:30 PM)

SEPTEMBER 20, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(John Kamps: Butte (Montana) Daily Post)

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present ... THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

JOE: (~~WRITING A LETTER, TIRED, LONELY~~) (QUIET) Dearest
Mother: I don't know what's the matter with me, but
these ^{night} ~~days~~ I can't sleep. ~~I just kind of lie in the~~
~~dark or read one of these silly mysteries.~~ I miss you
so much. I really need you, mother. I guess it's because
I'm a little worried about the things I did.

(MUSIC: -- CREEPY, BUILDING HORROR, UNDER.... WHICH GOES AFTER THE
SECOND OR THIRD LINE)

MOTHER: (ABOUT 60, SWEET, GENTLE, REASSURING) Dearest ^{Joseph} ~~Joe~~:
Don't worry, my darling, and never give a thought to
Laverne or Olsen, and certainly not to Walker or the
others. ~~You remember what we did and how we did it,~~
~~my dear.~~ We did such a good job that I know nobody can
ever say a thing against you, what you did. (HORROR IN
HER VOICE, WITH SOOTHING) So sleep, my darling, sleep.
^{Get the job soon}
~~I'll join you soon.~~ Your loving mother.

(MUSIC: -- HITS, IN HORROR, THEN UNDER)

CHAPPELL: The Big Story. Here is America, its sound and its fury,
its joy and its sorrow as faithfully reported by the men
and women of the great American newspapers. Butte,
Montana. From the pages of the Butte Daily Post comes a
story so terrifying that not one-tenth of what actually
happened ever broke into print; ~~a story of absolute, un-~~
~~naked terror.~~ And for his work, to John Kamps, for his
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171456

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL
At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered further
than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover,
after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL still
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tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch. Yes, PELL
MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness,
mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: Don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Butte, Montana. The story as it actually happened,
John Kamps story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- COMPARITIVELY PLEASANT, THEN UNDER)

(~~TELETYPE MACHINE REGISTERS, THEN FADES UNDER~~)

NARR: In its precise, staccato way the teletype machine etched
the first words of the story. You held the yellow sheet
of paper in your hand, John Kamps, reporter of the Butte
Daily Post and waited as the full facts unfolded.
The first words were: --

JOHN: Seattle police today arrested sullen-faced Paul Johnson,
age, 35, and Mrs. Ethel Tompkins, age 65, a gentle,
motherly woman, on charges of auto theft. Speaking in
her soft, womanly tones, Mrs. Tompkins declared she
knew nothing about it. Johnson, found driving the car
belonging to I. Irving Simms, said he had purchased
the car from Simms two days previously ~~by Simms comes from~~
~~a prominent family in Annapolis, Maryland and~~ checked in
at, Seattle three days ago en route to Manila ~~and the~~
~~Philippine Islands~~. Authorities were unable to locate
Simms.

(MUSIC: -- THE ECHO OF HORROR IN A SOLO INSTRUMENT, PERHAPS THE
VIOLIN (THIS TO BE BUILT INTO THE FULL HORROR THEME
LATER,) UNDER...)

NARR: No bells rang in your head, John Kamps. (You, ^a neat,
precise accurate reporter, who disliked holes in stories
and loose ends.) Nothing jumped into place then. Only
on the re-reading, after the story was in print (you
wrote it) did the words race before your eyes.

JOHN: (SAME) Johnson, a grim-faced, sullen faced man; Mrs. Tompkins, elderly, gentle, motherly

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME ATTENUATED A BIT)

NARR: And you found yourself propelled, at the moment almost by sheer intuition, into the office of Police Identification Chief Teddy Larkin (a man on the job 30 years, a man with the most fantastic memory in Butte -- probably in the whole State of Montana.)

JOHN: Did you see this? *Chief?*

LARKIN: (WAY AHEAD OF HIM) I thought one of you guys would be over here soon.

JOHN: Sullen faced, stony guy and a sweet, gentle, old lady. Something's floating around in my head. ~~Just a loose,~~
~~vague idea, but an idea.~~

LARKIN: (SMILING) And you want me to tell you a story.

JOHN: That's it. What's the story? ~~What story?~~

LARKIN: Joe Carton and Shoe Box Sadie. (LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR, HE LOVES THIS) Well, they called her Shoe Box Sadie on account of she always carried a shoe box around when she went shop-lifting in department stores. And she was so sweet that once one of our boys helped her across a busy traffic intersection.

JOHN: What about "sullen face" -- her son?

LARKIN: Now Joseph, that was a boy! It started 15 years ago when Joseph offered to drive a girl named Laverne Voorhees from Butte to Anaconda. Anaconda's 22 miles away. He called himself Joe ~~Carton~~ *Curtis at the time* and the deal was a piece of property this Laverne was supposed to buy in Anaconda. (MORE)

LARKIN: That's the last ~~anybody ever heard of her. The last~~
(CONT) ~~time~~ anybody we know ever saw her alive on earth. 'Til
I stumbled on Sadie (Mrs. Carton,) sitting in a hotel
room in Anaconda. (FADE)

MOTHER: (SURPRISED, SHOCKED) Where did I get the clothes?
Joseph gave them to me.

LARKIN: They don't fit you and you know it. And all that
jewelry, that fur cape. It belongs (it just so happens)
to a lady by the name of Laverne Voorhees. Where did
you get it?

MOTHER: I told you. Joseph gave them to me. He gives me
presents all the time. ~~He's a very dutiful son.~~

LARKIN: Where is he?

MOTHER: He happens to be sleeping in the next room.

(DOOR OPENS, JOE ENTERS)

JOE: (COOLY) I'm not sleeping, Mother. (AFFABLY) Can I
help you, sir?

LARKIN: Yeah, you can help me. You can get your coat on and
come down to headquarters with me and stop fooling
around.

JOE: If it's about Laverne Voorhees, I'm afraid I can't help
you. (SMILING) You see, your office called me once
already. Well, I mean, after all, there's no body, is
there? There's no proof of murder whatsoever, is
there? You ^{could} ~~might~~ look mighty foolish.

(MUSIC: _ _ THE SAME HORROR THEME, NOT FULLY STATED AND OUT)

JOHN: And that closed the case of the Cartons and Laverne
Voorhees.

LARKIN: Oh, we hunted around four, five weeks and found nothing..
He said she sold the stuff to him and we could never ~~prov~~
prove otherwise.

JOHN: ^{the (actors)} What did he look like? What did she look like?

LARKIN: Just like you put it in the paper. One of them stony-
faced guys with a phoney kind of smile fixed on it all
the time. And her -- grey hair, knitted ^{as} crocheting --
his Mama.

JOHN: Could this be the same two up in Seattle?

LARKIN: (FRIENDLY) You didn't forget about Olsen, did you?
Willie Olsen, worked in a lime quarry.

(PAPER)

Disappeared. Joe Carton tried to cash a check of Olsen's
for \$800. - I picked him up. ^(fade)

JOE: You made a mistake once before - Mr. Larkin -- about a
year ago. What was her name. Laverne or something?

LARKIN: Put your coat on.

JOE: There was no proof of murder -- no body. ~~I don't think~~
~~so, either.~~ But if you insist on making a fool of
yourself, over this Olsen, I'll go with you.

(MUSIC: -- AGAIN, OUT)

JOHN: Again nothing eh? But ^{wait} what a minute. There was a third
like this, wasn't there?

LARKIN: Your memory is coming back. A fellow name of Walker.
Happened in Pocatello, Idaho -- just across the Montana
border.

JOHN: Sure, I remember. Some belongings of this guy Walker~~s~~
found in their hotel room. And the same -- "You won't
find the body, he sold me the belongings."

LARKIN: That's the way it was. And no body was found this time either. No proof of murder.

JOHN: Look, why don't we call the Seattle police and tell them all this?

LARKIN: *Chief* Joris up there, ~~Seattle police~~, he's a pal of mine. We went to the Federal school together. I already called him.

JOHN: And --?

LARKIN: He thinks like you and me. ~~That the fellow gave his name as Paul Johnson and the lady gave her name as Mrs. Ethel Tompkins.~~ They're the Cartons: mother and son.

JOHN: What are they waiting for?

LARKIN: (GRIMLY) Same thing we're waiting for: proof.

JOHN: Well, I'm going up there.

LARKIN: That's what's nice about being a reporter. ~~He, I got roots right here.~~ *Me - I* Can't move, can't leave. Jurisdiction etcetera. I wish I could go with you.

(MUSIC: -- -- IN MOVEMENT, UNDER)

NARR: You fly to Seattle. And you sit through the trial of two people now known by their real names as --

JUDGE: Let the defendants Joseph Carton and Mrs. Emily Carton rise.

NARR: You hope and pray that maybe somehow Police Chief Joris and the D A *have* sewed up the loose ends and the Judge ~~was~~ going to put it to them now.

JUDGE: You have been charged and found *beyond any doubt* guilty of grand larceny *The evidence collected at this trial clearly proves the theft by you* ~~the theft~~ of an automobile belonging to one I. Irving Simms. Unfortunately, the *District Attorney* ~~D.A.~~ has been unable to locate the person or the body of I. Irving Simms. Consequently, it becomes my task to sentence you.

NARR: (SPEAKING JOHN'S THOUGHTS) It won't be good, it won't be enough. *for you, John Kamps* Not for these two.

JUDGE: I therefore sentence you, Emily Carton, to the State Penitentiary for a period of not less than five and not more than eight years.

NARR: (SAME) Not enough. Not nearly enough, ~~for you John Kamps.~~

JUDGE: And you, Joseph Carton; in view of your record -- 12 previous arrests: ~~grand larceny, Colorado vagrancy, Utah; assault and battery, Oklahoma and nine other assorted minor crimes~~ -- I sentence you as an habitual criminal ~~and fourth offender~~ to spend the rest of your natural life in the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH...)

NARR: Good, better -- but not enough. Not nearly enough. And the thoughts spill over in your mind as you sit there in the Court Room and watch the two of them taken out. The one a grey haired "gentle mother." The other, a rock-faced man.

JOHN: ~~(ON FILTER)~~ Okay. Maybe one person could have disappeared and these two gotten picked up in connection with robbery of that person. Maybe that could happen, that kind of coincidence. But four, four people to vanish off the face of the earth -- that's no coincidence.

NARR: Your hands grip the sides of your chair as a fierce, irrational determination grips you, John Kamps, reporter -- And you say what's in the minds of the Judge, Police Chief of Seattle, the Chiefs in three other States --

JOHN: Only one thing is going to satisfy me. To get them and to get them on the quadruple murder.

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG THE ACT)
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine
tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke further
on its way to your throat - filters it naturally
through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow
tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

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

NARR: ~~There are some stories too horrible for the human mind to face. But~~ there are ~~some~~ times when plain facts -- ~~no matter how terrible~~ -- lead one to the ~~inescapable~~ conclusion. That's where you are, John Kamps, reporter -- ~~a neat, precise, and accurate man~~, trying to prove that the disappearance of four people (two in Montana, one in Idaho, one in Seattle) were not coincidences but the result of what can only be called a diabolic scheme.

~~JOHN:~~ (IMPATIENT) ~~Look, Larkin, get that great, phenomenal~~ mind of yours working.

LARKIN: I told you all I know.

JOHN: Okay, you told me all you know. Now tell me some more. His make-up, character, twitches, whatever there was about him.

LARKIN: I told you. He was cold. And when he wouldn't tell you nothing, he wouldn't tell you.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT AND UNDER)

NARR: *for check* The Butte records *and find* *Joseph Cartons* there was a girl ~~he~~ was engaged to.

A girl named Naomi and she never got over him.

NAOMI: (HYSTERICAL STILL IN THE MEMORY) When I think I nearly married him, I nearly went away with him, I --

JOHN: Take it easy, miss.

NAOMI: Two days before we were going to get married he brought me this big suitcase with all the clothes in it, most of them new. And I took them out. They were beautiful. All kinds of organdy and silk and there was one satin pair of lounging pajamas, my size. I nearly tried it on when --

JOHN: What?

NAOMI: The whole back, the whole back -- stained. Blood. And I nearly had it on, I nearly had that on my body.

~~JOHN: Who's was it?~~

NAOMI: They never proved it, but -- that girl. Laverne Voorhees. The one he said gave his mother the clothes for a present. He tried to give them to me, hers. And I nearly had it on my body.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

NARR: A confirmation of what Identification Officer Larkin had said -- and a little more. A little more on the ghoulish side, but a little fuller. Then a visit to the house they lived in in Anaconda, a big copper town. A house about a mile from the giant smelter works. The occupant of the house had moved in when the Cartons had moved out and had lived there ever since.

JOHN: Did you find anything in the house?

TENANT: No. Matter of fact, they were very very neat people.
~~You know, I've moved in after other people and boy, you~~
~~find a mess! but this place was like immaculate I mean~~

JOHN: There was nothing then that you can remember?

TENANT: Listen, even the paper on the shelves ~~(you know, where~~
~~you put the cups and saucers)~~ like new. Very considerate
people. And they kept the house in good repair too.

JOHN: What is there, one floor above?

TENANT: Yeah, a floor, and attic and a basement. (SNAPS FINGERS)
Hey,, you know something? In the basement there was
this -- ~~You know, where the furnace is and so forth --~~
~~When there was a~~ section kind of walled up. I thought
maybe it was a storage big ~~or a washroom~~ or something
like that. Well, I broke it in because I wanted to make
a play room for the kids. Isn't it funny I should forget
that?

JOHN: Forget what?

TENANT: There was all this ^{green-looking} ~~rusty~~ [^] I guess it was copper, copper
plate or something. Thick, about a half an inch. Bent
and out of shape. ~~Some of it was riveted.~~

JOHN: Did it form anything, ^{Could} ~~can~~ you tell? Any shape out of it
you remember?

TNEANT: Ain't that funny! You know, my wife said the same thing.
She said, "If it wasn't busted on the side" (it was
busted on the side near the wall) -- you know what she
said? (PAUSE) It was like a bathtub.

(MUSIC: HITS, RACES, UNDER.....)

JOHN: ^{Could you tell me} Where's the foreman of this plant is?

FOREMAN: I'm the foreman. What do you want?

JOHN: ~~I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this but I'm a~~
reporter from the Butte Daily Post. You been here a
~~long time?~~

~~FOREMAN: Since they built it -- 31 years.~~

JOHN: Good, ~~good. Remember, if you can remember, did you sell~~
-- do you sell -- copper plate to people? I mean
private citizens.

FOREMAN: No, all our stuff is contract. ~~What are you getting at?~~

JOHN: ~~All right. Maybe you can remember this then.~~ ^{Well} ^{You} Did anybody
steal any of the copper plate, oh, quite a while back ---
the half-inch plate and maybe some curved sections. The
kind maybe you could make a ^{bath} tub out of.

FOREMAN: Wait a minute, wait a minute. Sure -- about 22,24 sheets
of copper plate got stolen I remember. ~~They had them in~~
Warehouse B. Only robbery we ever had over there it was
~~too. They were gone through.~~ Yes, you know something
funny? We lost four, five gallons of ~~auric acid~~ acid same
time.

JOHN: ~~What's that?~~ ^{Sure is.} Strong acid?

FOREMAN: "A good thing to stay away from. We used it for etching
deep cuts in the metal. If you put a finger in stuff
like that --

JOHN: Now why didn't I think of that before!

(MUSIC: HIT AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you go back to the paper, John Kamps. No rush rush,
hurry up. No "listen to me, Mr. Editor, I got a terrific
story" -- but a quiet kind of assurance growing out of the
recognition of something almost too hideous to be put into
words. And then a trip to Seattle.

(MORE)

NARR: And the Police Chief there, Joris, a very smart, very quiet
(CONTD) very alert and interested police officer indeed, says --

JORIS: I think you added it up: two and two and got a nice four.

JOHN: That's what they did. They must have done it. ~~They must~~
~~have done something like this.~~ Four people don't vanish
off the face of the earth.

JORIS: Let's not get carried away, huh? We got something good,
but I know those two cookies and we got nothing if we're
waiting for them to help us.

JOHN: There's still a five thousand ^{dollar} reward out, isn't there, from
the Simms family for whoever finds the body?

JORIS: (TIRED) I've been playing that angle -- oh, four months
now. (EVEN MORE TIRED) ~~Five thousand reward for~~
~~information on the whereabouts of the body or person~~
~~of Irving Simms.~~

JOHN: ^{look} He won't break down I know. How about her? Anything
there?

JORIS: Yeah -- a nice, sweet, grey-haired old mother type.

JOHN: I know what you mean. How old is she?

JORIS: About -- sixty-eight.

JOHN: Look, a wild chance -- I know it, but sometimes when ^{people} ~~they~~
get to be 68, going on 3 score and 10 --

JORIS: Yeah, they want to make peace with their Maker -- most of
them. (THEN THE IDEA STRIKES HIM FROM ANOTHER ANGLE)
You feel like talking to her? You feel like sitting in a
room with a nice old dame done what she did?

JOHN: Indeed I would Chief - Indeed I would.

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND INTO SCENE. . . .)

JOHN: You see, Mrs. Carton, my paper feels this way. There's so much hatred in the world, so much fear, ~~so much insecurity~~ ~~that (I've been doing a series for almost 6 months now)~~ if we could tell our readers the fruits of this kind of mistake -- and it was a mistake I think -- maybe there could be a little more peace in the world.

MOTHER: (VERY EASILY, VERY MOTHERLY) But we never stole the car.

JOHN: I know it. And those wild accusations about the killing of Simms.

MOTHER: Yes, people are so malicious sometimes. They think the worst about you.

JOHN: Mrs. Carton, one gets to the certain point in one's life when -- I don't know how to say this, but you'd know much better -- when the needs inside one-- they have a way of building and mounting. And sometimes they have to be shared or else - (HE INTERRUPTS HIMSELF) Sometimes we're cut off in the midst of an idea, in the midst of a sentence or a word and we haven't evened our accounts, have we?

MOTHER: (BEGINNING TO GET WORKED ON) There's some truth in that, young man. I'm glad my life has been a good life.

JOHN: Did you ever see the letter that Mrs. Simms wrote to the D.A.? The mother of ~~I. Irving Simms~~, the man whose car they said you stole.

MOTHER: I didn't know she wrote a letter. To whom?

JOHN: It was to the D.A. at the time of your trial. She said "I feel" (I'm quoting now) "I feel so sorry for ~~her~~, Mrs. Carton. You see, I loved my son.. I'm sure she loved hers and I'm sure all her actions were guided, like mine, by her affection." (LONG PAUSE) "Even the foul and terrible thing she did to my boy."

MOTHER: (PAUSE) You know, she's right. That's just what happened.
It was love for Joseph.

JOHN: (ALMOST A WHISPER) Wouldn't it be better to tell me so --
people could -- understand him -- better?

MOTHER: You know, I think it would. I guess. I guess the first
was that lovely girl Laverne.

(MUSIC: -- THE HORROR THEME, THINLY STATED AND OUT)

MOTHER: I said to Joseph, "Joseph, she's so pretty, such a sweet,
soft face. Don't cut her, Joseph." (PAUSE) And that's
when -- (you see, he agreed) -- he made the copper tub
and put the acid in and --

(MUSIC: -- CUTS HER WORDS)

JOHN: (SOLE) Go ahead.

MOTHER: Walker was next -- No, I'm mistaken. It was Olsen.

JOHN: The fellow who worked in the quarry. The eight hundred
dollar bank check.

MOTHER: He was a very ugly man, not nice at all and big. I mean,
he was so big, really. Joseph said he'd never fit into the
tub so -- (CASUALLY) There was a lime pit near the
quarry where he worked and --

(MUSIC: -- BUILDING, THEME, CUTS HER WORDS AGAIN, OUT)

JOHN: Then Walker.

MOTHER: It was too bad about Walker because for a while I thought
He was going to join us. He was a very bright boy and
very considerate.

JOHN: What did you do with him?

MOTHER: We put him in the same place we put Laverne. (PAUSE)
Except we had a little trouble with Laverne's head so --
Well, we put Walker in, all except his head.

(MUSIC: AGAIN)

JOHN: And the fourth was Simms.

MOTHER: I can see it like it was yesterday. He was sitting on the couch in my hotel room and we were talking about the car. He had to go to Manila for a job and he was selling the car. Really a very good price: \$600 for a 1946 Chevrolet.

JOHN: What did -- who did it to him?

MOTHER: Oh, Joseph always did it. I'm not very strong you see. Joseph had this hammer and he came up behind the couch where Mr. Simms was sitting. He hit him once but he didn't hit him very hard and Mr. Simms was crying kind of -- hurt -- like you know -- like an animal's been run over. And Joseph -- he was always very thoughtful. He always put his victims out of their misery, I mean. (PROUD) Joseph quickly hit him again to kill him.

JOHN: What did you do with the body?

MOTHER: Well, I'm not sure. I'm really not sure because I sort of took a nap when it was over. You see, Joseph had this sack. It was like a mail pouch you know. I don't know where he got it and he wanted to put Mr. Simms into the pouch and so he had to make it look like it wasn't a body inside the pouch.

JOHN: (WITH DISGUST) So he --

MOTHER: Yes. ~~There's only one way to make a body not look like a body I mean. And Joseph did that. Oh, he was a good workman.~~ *You know - Joseph* Sometimes I think he should have been a doctor, a surgeon I mean.

JOHN: (TRYING TO GET OUT OF IT) What did Joseph do with him?
In the tank?

MOTHER: No. We moved from there and the tank was rusty anyhow.
I don't know what he did with him. He just took it out
and did something with it.

JOHN: And that was all?

MOTHER: Well, before I lay down for a nap, *Joseph* he was very tired from
all that work. You know what I mean. So I made him an
egg nog for his strength with a little strawberry syrup
I had in the icebox.

(MUSIC: -- THEME UP NOW FULL IN ITS UTTER HORROR AND UNDER. . . .)

NARR: You walk now a kind of sleep walking walk. The information
is almost too much for a brain to carry. Your head reels
as you take it to Police Chief Joris and his face takes on
the same rejection of this much discoloration of the
human entity. But together, you walk to the cell where
Joseph Carton sits, reading a book: "Sonnets From the
Portugese" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

JOE: "How do I love thee, let me count the ways" --

JOHN: Carton, your mother just told me the whole story --
everything.

JOE: Do you read poetry?

JOHN: Your mother told me about Laverne Voorhees and Olsen and
Walker and Simms. About the acid and the tub and the lime
pit and the sack.

JOE: (QUIETLY) Well, I guess there isn't anything for me to say
then. Because mother doesn't lie, she never did.

~~Whatever her failings, she never~~

JOHN: What did you do with Simms' body?

JOE: (SMILING) ~~Before I tell you, I've got to ask you a~~
Tell me --
~~question.~~ Is the reward still good, the 5 thousand
dollars reward for information leading to --

JOHN: I'm sure. I'm sure it is.

JOE: Then let me out of here. I'll be glad to show you.

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: He takes you to a wild stretch of road -- you and Police Chief
Chief Joris. There, at neat precise intervals of three
hundred yards, he gestures with his handcuffed hands.
And the detail of men dig up the remains of a man who
once was going to Manila ~~in the Philippine Islands~~ for a
job, until he met a grey haired mother ~~type~~ and ~~a man~~
her son
~~named Joseph Carton~~

~~JOHN:~~ How many were there all together?

~~JOHN:~~ You mean since Butte, Montana?

~~JOHN:~~ No, Carton. Since the beginning.

JOE: (THINKS) Let's see. There was 8 or 9 -- more. (BRIGHTLY)
~~I guess 12 or 13. I never could keep track of number.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP FULL TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from John
Kamps of the Butte, Montana Daily Post with the final
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: -- ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #182

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL MELL
still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-
scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they ARE mild!

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Solinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Butte Montana Daily Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, ~~and~~ George Petrie played the part of John Kamps. ^{and *James Young* played the hooker} 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. Kamps.

(MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.
THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

mer/mm/eg
9/8/50 am

ATX01 0171476

AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #183

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LITTLE GIRL	GRACE KEDDY
MOTHER	GRACE KEDDY
GENE	GRANT RICHARDS
SHERIFF	JIM BOLES
TRUCKIE	JASON JOHNSON
FRED	JASON JOHNSON
UNCLE MAC	MAURICE FRANKLIN
ADAM	BILLY LIPTON
MAN	BILLY LIPTON

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

ATX01 0171477

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#183

(10:00) (10:30)
PM

SEPTEMBER 27, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

~~THE DOOR CLOSING WITH A BELL SHARP TINKLE~~

~~BELL~~

(FOOTSTEPS TOWARD MIKE TO STOP)

UNCLE MAC: (SOFT) Son. ^{makeup} closin' time.

ADAM: (WAKING) Mmmm?

UNCLE MAC: Time to git up and go, boy. Rain's stopped. I'm
closin' up ^{the place}

ADAM: Okay. (YAWN) Street's empty, too.

UNCLE MAC: Yep. Small town. Closes up early. I only stayed open
this long so's you could sleep.

ADAM: Thanks, Pop. (PAUSE) I, uh -- I hate to do this, but
-- I got to ask for some money.

UNCLE MAC: Why sure. Half a dollar help?

ADAM: I made a mistake sayin' some. I meant -- all.

UNCLE MAC: No. No --

ADAM: Yep. It's a holdup, Pop. Sorry.

UNCLE MAC: Why -- why you young -- (A GRUNT)

ADAM: Look out, Pop -- I'll -- let go --

(BANG BANG. THUD)

ADAM: Now look what you made me do, Pop!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

ATX01 0171478

CHAPPEL: THE BIG STORY. Here is America...its sound and its
fury...its joy and its sorrow...as faithfully reported
by the men and women of the great American newspapers.
(PAUSE: COLD AND FLAT) Birmingham, Alabama.. From the
pages of The Post Herald -- the story of a reporter who
found a killer everybody had seen, but nobody knew.
And for his work -- to Gene Wortsman of the Birmingham
Post Herald for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: _ _ ~~PANORAMA~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY
PROGRAM #183

OPENING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

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red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Birmingham, Alabama. The story as it actually happened.
Gene Wortsman's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: _ _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: The biggest story you, Gene Wortsman of the Birmingham
Alabama Post, have turned up today, has been the weather.
On the prowl around town, you've phoned in tasty titbits
about washouts, skids, and backed up sewers. In
Birmingham, nobody's out under the cloudburst -- but out
on Route 31, heading north -- things are different!

ADAM: (YELLS) Hi! How about a --
(CAR WHISHES BY UNDER)

ADAM: Lift. (PAUSE) Nuts.
(OUT OF PREVIOUS, TRUCK UP AND TO STOP, ENGINE
IDLING)

TRUCKIE: (CALLS) Come on, come on! Hop in!

ADAM: (COMING ON) I'm comin'! (ON) Gee -- thanks a million.
(TRUCK STARTS UNDER AND KEEPS GOING BEHIND)

TRUCKIE: What a day you picked for hitch-hikin', boy. You look
half-drowned!

ADAM: Sure am wet.

TRUCKIE: You're lucky I come along. Private car won't stop for
no hitch-hikers, get their front seats all soaked.
How far you goin'?

ADAM: Gardendale. 'Bout four miles up on 31.

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- 4 A -

REVISED

TRUCKIE: I know, I know. Run this route regular between
Birmingham and Nashville. Wish you was goin' farther. .
I only pick up hitch-hikers for company. You from
Gardendale?

ADAM: Nope.

TRUCKIE: Lookin' for work?

ADAM: Oh...sort of.

TRUCKIE: Won't find any in Gardendale. That's just a little
bitty place. Nothin' there but a general store.

ATX01 0171482

ADAM: I got a woman there.

TRUCKIE: Oh. That's different. (CHUCKLES) Women. Boy I
could tell you stories ---

(MUSIC: _ _ _ WITH SOUND WIPES IT AND GOES OUT UNDER)

(TRUCK TO STOP, RAIN CONTINUING)

TRUCKIE: Okay, fella. Here's Gardendale. There's the general
store. Anybody knows where your gal lives, it'll be
Uncle Mac. Knows everybody in town. So-long.

(TRUCK UP, FADING AWAY BEHIND RUNNING STEPS TO
DOOR OPENING WITH LITTLE TINGLE-BELL.)

UNCLE MAC: Howdy. Wet out, ain't it?

ADAM: Sure is.

UNCLE MAC: Do something for ye, sonny?

ADAM: Well. . .I'm just passin' through. Fella just gave
me a lift said you'd know most folks in town. You
know a Sally Beets?

UNCLE MAC: Why sure. Lives right on the third street up, second
house in. (SMILE) Ain't but four houses on the
street, can't miss it.

ADAM: Thanks.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY UNDER)

(FEET RAIN CONTINUING, UP STEPS TO STOP)

LITTLE GIRL: Hello, mister.

ADAM: Well! Who're you?

LITTLE GIRL: I live next door. Mama said I could play on the porch
here if I didn't go runnin' in the rain.

ADAM: Don't the folks in this here house mind?

LITTLE GIRL: Oh, they don't live here no more.

ADAM: They don't, huh? You know the girl used to work
for 'em? Sally Beets?

LITTLE GIRL: Sure.

ADAM: She gone too?

LITTLE GIRL: Yep.

ADAM: Shucks.

LITTLE GIRL: You her boy friend?

ADAM: (CHUCKLES) Wouldn't you like to know.

LITTLE GIRL: (SINGING) Sally's got a boy friend, Sally's got
a boy friend. (FADING AS FOOTSTEPS GO DOWN STAIRS
AND WE STAY WITH THEM) Sally's got a boy friend (AD LIE
TO)

(MUSIC: _ _ _ IN SALLY'S THEME AND AWAY FOR)

(DOOR ~~OPENS~~, LITTLE BELL RINGS)

ADAM: You give me a wrong steer, Pop. It was the right
house, sure 'enough, but the folks she was stayin'
with've up and gone.

UNCLE MAC: Why, that's so! Shame on me for forgettin'! Anythin'
I can do for ye else, boy?

ADAM: Well...I'll be movin' on down the road, I guess.
But I'm so soppin' drippin' wet. Could I sort o'
hole up here a while till I dry up and the rain stops?

UNCLE MAC: Sure. (PAUSE, GENTLER) Like a bite to eat, son?
Cup 'of coffee? Got some on a stove out back.

ADAM: Like to work for it, Pop.

UNCLE MAC: Fair enough. Git your coat and shirt off, hang 'em
up to dry. . . then sweep up around. (AS FOOTSTEPS
GO OFF, HE PROJECTS A BIT) Tell ye what! Ye'll find
a barrel o' sawdust out there!
(MORE)

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-6A-

REVISED

UNCLE MAC: Take and sprinkle some around the floor after ye sweep
(CONT'D) up, -too; then help self-just stretch out back then and
make self to home.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ UP AND AWAY FOR)

UNCLE MAC: Anything else, Fred?

FRED: A box o' kitchen matches and that'll do it, Uncle Mac.

UNCLE MAC: Right. How's about a sheet o' sandpaper for sewin'
on your jeans where you strike 'em? (THEY BOTH
CHUCKLE) That comes to ²⁵~~seventy~~ five cents, Fred.

UNCLE MAC: (COUNTING OUT) Twenty-five, fifty, sixty, seventy and
five is a dollar. Thank ye Fred. And there's a stick
o' lickerish for the young uns.

FRED: Thanks Uncle Mac. Say -- who's that all a-sprawled
out by the stove there?

UNCLE MAC: Now you're the eighty-leventh customer's asked me
that! Just some feller caught on the road by the
storm. (CHUCKLES) Customers comin' and goin', and he
sleeps right on through. Aaaah, wish I could
sleep like that.

FRED: Rheumatiz still botherin' you?

ATX01 0171485

UNCLE MAC: ~~Just some feller caught on the road by the storm~~
(CHUCKLES) Customers comin' and goin', and he sleeps
right on through. Aaaaah, wish I could sleep like that.

FRED: Rheumatiz still botherin' you?

UNCLE MAC: Yep. I got me a goose-grease cloth wrapped around my
middle, but it don't seem to --

FRED: Why that's no good for rheumatiz! You want to take
some of this rainwater, bile it up till she bubbles,
make up some hot pads and let 'em soak right where
it bothers you! You see, rainwater's got all the
natural chemicals from the air, and when they get to
soakin' in the joints, why, (FADING) that'll lick
the rheumatiz, the pleurisy, the come-and-go fever,
the yaller jaundice, the. . .

(MUSIC: -- -- WIFE EARLY FROM BEHIND IT, FOLKISELY, AND DOWN BEHIND)

NARR: Yeah, just a little country store where neighbors
swap old jokes and older cure-alls. And strangers
can sleep out a rainstorm. . .and customers think
nothing of it. And where, the next morning after the
rain --

(DOOR OPENS WITH LITTLE BELL. SMALL FOOTSTEPS)

LITTLE GIRL: Hello?

(SILENCE)

LITTLE GIRL: Hello-oh! Uncle Mac!

(FOOTSTEPS WALK AROUND A BIT)

LITTLE GIRL: Oh -- there you are. Uncle Mac, Mama wants a --

(PAUSE) Say -- Uncle Mac.

(TWO MORE STEPS)

LITTLE GIRL: What're you lyin' there for? Don't you feel good?

(ANOTHER STEP)

LITTLE GIRL: (WHISPER) Uncle Mac? Uncle --

(RAPID RUNNING OF STEPS, DOOR FLUNG OPEN, MAKING
LITTLE BELL WILDLY RING, AND OVER IT)

LITTLE GIRL: (MADLY YELLING) Mama, Mama, Mama! (AND SCREAMING INTO)

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

NARR: Through that door with its kindly, tinkly bell -- is
where you ^{and the body} come in, hot from Birmingham after the story.
Now the body's gone, a sheriff fills you in. . .

SHERIFF: Funny thing was, we all thought his heart had took
him. It'd been actin' up lately.

GENE: Uh-hm. Then what?

SHERIFF: Well, thinkin' o' that, I undid his shirt and come
across this goose grease cloth around his chest,
for rheumatiz --

GENE: I see, I see, but --

SHERIFF: And there was this bullet hole in it. Cloth held
back the blood, ~~by~~ --

GENE: What caliber?

SHERIFF: Thirty-eight.

GENE: (TO HIMSELF) Finding of body, chest wound, thirty-
eight. . . Can I use this phone?

SHERIFF: Sure. Just wind the handle and give the girl your
number.

GENE: Uh-hm.

(HANDLE-TYPE PHONE SOUND, RINGS)

GENE: Ah, let me have the Birmingham Post Herald, please -- collect. I'll wait. (TO SHERIFF) Sheriff, would you say this storekeeper, Alec McGregor was well liked around these parts?

SHERIFF: (QUIET) I'd say, mister, and the whole town'd say with me, he was a beloved kind o' man.

GENE: Scuse me, Sheriff. DERR. This is Wortsman. Look, this little murder up in Gardendale, I don't think it adds up to much. -- I'll come in with --

(WE HAVE HEARD FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY AND BELL TINKLE
DOOR OPENS)

GENE: Hold it, desk. (CALLS) Sheriff, where'll you be, in case I need you?

SHERIFF: (OFF) Municipal hall, at the meetin'.

GENE: What meeting?

SHERIFF: Well, there was a young feller sleepin' in the store all afternoon. We figure ^{maybe} he killed Uncle Mac -- so we're callin' together everybody ^{at the store} who visited the store ^{at that time}.

GENE: Holy Cat. Why didn't you tell me that before?

SHERIFF: Never asked me.

GENE: Listen Desk -- forget what I just said about a routine case. I just found out this is a murder in which twenty-odd people saw the killer -- in broad daylight! Hold it. (PAUSE) Sheriff -- who was this young fellow?

SHERIFF: Him? Huh. That's the thing we don't know, mister.

GENE: (UP) Desk! Twenty-odd people saw him -- and nobody knows him. (PAUSE) I'm not coming in -- I'm staying!

(MUSIC: _ _ UP AND AWAY FOR) _

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BETHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
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tobaccos - to guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: For PELL MELL'S greater length travels the smoke
further on its way to your throat - filters it
naturally through PELL MELL'S traditionally fine,
mellow tobaccos - guards against throat-scratch.

CHAPPELL: Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you. Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished
red package - 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 Gene Wortsman, as he lived it ---and wrote it.

NARRATOR: Uncle Mac -- beloved keeper of a general store in little Gardendale, outside Birmingham -- has been murdered. Every customer in his store that afternoon saw the killer -- but nobody knows him. And you are staying on this story with the sheriff, especially when he tells you the next thing on the program is --

SHERIFF: A house-to-house canvass of the whole town. ~~House to house, store to store.~~ I'll need ^a deputies.

GENE: ~~How about me?~~ ~~Could I be one?~~ I'm good at asking questions. It's my business.

SHERIFF: Okay. I hereby deputize you. (PAUSE) You take this side of town. I'll take the other.

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

GENE: You did see him Mister? ^{with Fred?} Could you describe him? ^{By any chance?}

MAN: Well. . .let's see. Dark hair, kind of slicked down.

GENE: Any idea of his height?

MAN: Well. . . near as I could tell, he wasn't much taller than you. How tall are you?

GENE: About five eight.

MAN: Well, then. He was about that. Maybe even shorter. Say -- five seven, about.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ _ UP AND AWAY FOR)

SHERIFF: You say you saw him Fred? What did he look like?

FRED: Oh. . .kind of sandy hair, standin' straight up.

SHERIFF: You get any impression of height? (~~correct~~)

FRED: Mmmmm. . . the way he was stretched out there, I'd say --
well -- how tall are you, ~~Sheriff?~~

SHERIFF: Six foot even.

FRED: He was longer'n you, Sheriff. Better say six foot one.
Maybe two.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO AWAY UNDER)

NARR: You could have predicted that, Gene Wortsman. Take ~~any~~
five witnesses to a ^{simple} accident -- and what do you get
from them? Five different stories . . .

GENE: And what's worse here, Sheriff -- besides there being
twenty-odd witnesses they all saw him in different lights
....different times...different sleeping positions...

SHERIFF: Yep. That'd account for some folks sayin' he was dark-
haired, slicked back --

GENE: From the rain, sure --

SHERIFF: And others sayin' he was fair, standy-up hair --

GENE: Dried out after, ^{the rain} right. But what do we know for sure --
excluding all the conflicting testimony? Can't send
out an alarm for an unknown man ranging from five foot
four to six foot three, hair from blonde to dark, age
from 18 through 35, that's for sure. What do we know
for sure?

SHERIFF: Well, one -- he had to be a hitch-hiker, cause there's
no record of his gettin' off a bus or train -- and two,
he had to be a stranger to town --

GENE: Now there's where I disagree with you? Why? a stranger?

SHERIFF: Cause nobody who saw him ever seen him before, that's why!

GENE: Sheriff could there be anybody who could have told this stranger the old man had enough cash hidden away to make it worthwhile robbing him? On the theory, sheriff, that Gardendale isn't a very likely spot for a holdup without advance information of some kind.

SHERIFF: Nobody I can think of -- unless it was Uncle Mac's ex-wife.

GENE: Oh - oh. Where is she?

SHERIFF: Oh, Birmingham, somewhere. They never did get along.

GENE: Why not?

SHERIFF: Oh, one of them spring-marries-winter things. He was twice her age, even more.

GENE: She have any boy friends?

SHERIFF: Some say.

GENE: What do you say.

SHERIFF: Well...respectin' the memory of an old friend, I --

GENE: Not as a friend. What do you say as a law officer?

SHERIFF: (LOW) I say -- (PAUSE) I say she was no good. She played Uncle Mac for a sucker whenever his back was turned.
(BEAT) -- finally, he threw her out.

GENE: (QUIET) Old man marries young girl. Young girl makes fool of old man. Old man throws young girl out. Young girl gets mad --

SHERIFF: (GETTING IT) -- mad enough to sic a boy friend on the old man, tellin' him the old man's got money, where to find the money -- you got it!

BIG STORY 9/29/50

- 13A -

REVISED

GENE: Maybe. But we haven't got the boy friend. Or the wife.

Did Uncle Mac's wife have any friends in town?

SHERIFF: Well she did have one friend - a young gal named Sally
Beets.

GENE: Beets! With a name like that -- my desk can find her!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

ATX01 0171493

GENE: Beets, desk, Beets. B for baby, double E for --
Yeah -- Sally Beets, ~~Pike in Detroit~~ And call me
back when you find her!

(MUSIC: _ HIT AND GO)

GENE: Good, desk, good! *you find her* Now -- send somebody out and ask
her where we can find Etta MacDonald -- yeh the former
wife of the man who was killed. And call me back.

(MUSIC: _ HIT AND GO)

GENE: What? (PAUSE) She knows, desk, she knows! Stick
around and follow her! And when she leads you to Etta
MacDonald -- don't call me. Call the police!

(MUSIC: _ HIT AND GO FOR)

GENE: Sheriff -- they're sticking with Sally. I've got a
hunch this is going to work out --

SHERIFF: Hope so.

GENE: It will, it will. In fact, I'm so sure of it, I'm going
to knock off detecting and go back to my own business --
asking questions.

SHERIFF: Where'll you be, in case it comes through?

GENE: (CHUCKLE) In Gardendale -- how far can I be? I'll just
mosey around town and pick up what we in the news
business call local color. (SOFTER) Matter of fact,
what I'm going to do, Sheriff, is pick up some more
material to back up that word I used to describe Uncle
Mac. (PAUSE) Beloved.

(MUSIC: _ HIT AND GO UNDER)

BIG STORY 9/27/50

-14-A-

REVISED

NARR: Your interviewing takes you up the steps of a house
on the second street up from Uncle Mac's store. But
your knocking on this door gets you --

(KNOCKING FROM UNDER)

GENE: Hello? Anybody home there?

(SILENCE)

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN AND WALK ALONG STREET TO UPCOMING
FROM UNDER)

ATX01 0171495

LITTLE GIRL: (ALONG WITH SOUND OF BOUNCING BALL) (AD-LIB: WHEREVER SHE FAILS, GENE STOPS HER) Late last night and the night be-fore -- A lemon and a pickle came a-knockin' on the door. (ON FULL NOW) Went downstairs to let them in, they hit me on the head with a rolling pin. One, two, three, four, five, six --

GENE: (COMING UP WITH STEPS) Say, little girl - does anybody live in that house?

LITTLE GIRL: (AD LIB AS INDICATED) Seven, eight -- (BOUNCE STOPS)

You made me miss!

Gene:
LITTLE GIRL: *For Sally's* And nobody lives there anyhow, so there.

GENE: Oh. Who did?

LITTLE GIRL: Sally Beets.

GENE: Oh. (PAUSE) Okay.

(FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY UNDER)

LITTLE GIRL: (WITH BALL) Sally's got a boy friend, ~~Sally's got a boy friend~~, Sally's got a boy friend, one, two, three four --

(STARTS AT END OF FIRST "BOY FRIEND") (FOOTSTEPS COME BACK TO STOP, AND)

GENE: Say -- (WHICH BUSTS UP THE GAME AGAIN)

LITTLE GIRL: (AD LIB WITH TIMING OF STEPS: NICE WORK IF THE SOUND MAN CAN GET IT. IF NOT I HAVE A PRIVATE BALL-BOUNCER) Oh you're always making me miss!

GENE: How do you know Sally's got a boy friend?

LITTLE GIRL: Cause he came to see her yesterday, that's why!

GENE: (SUPPRESSED) Little girl -- where do you live?

LITTLE GIRL: Right next door here. Why?

GENE: Nothing, honey. Just wait right here. I want to talk to your mother!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND OUT)

MOTHER: Well -- if you say I should, I guess it's all right. But I -- I hate to subject the child to a thing like that.

GENE: (SOFT) She's a witness, ma'am. You can't deny that.

MOTHER: No, that I can't. Well -- if you think it's all right -- we'll go. I'll just get my hat, and --

(PHONE RINGS A CERTAIN WAY)

MOTHER: Excuse me -- that's our ring.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

MOTHER: Hello?

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Mrs. King?

MOTHER: Yes.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Mrs. King, this is the Sheriff. Would you come ~~back on~~ down to the hall for a few minutes?

MOTHER: Why -- why sure, Sheriff, but --

GENE: The sheriff? Let me talk to him -- please!

MOTHER: (~~THIS SPEECH BEHIND GENE~~) Now what in the world's goin' on? Murders, and strangers, and comin' and goin' -- here!

GENE: (FAST) Sheriff -- I got something! A little --

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Say -- I been lookin' for you! I don't care what you got -- I got something better! Birmingham police just called up : Your paper found Etta Mac *Ph...*

GENE: Oh, swell, ~~but~~ --

SHERIFF: (FILTER) And through her, they traced Sally Beet's boy friend, who never turned up for work today! And they're bringin' him in here for the folks to identify him!

GENE: That's swell, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: (FILTER) So I'm roundin' up the folks who seen him ~~again~~. You better come on in. I think we got it busted.

GENE: Good! But I've got a witness who says she --

SHERIFF: (FILTER) Okay -- bring her in with you!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY FOR)

SHERIFF: A little girl? You must be crazy! I've been in there all afternoon with twenty-two grownups -

GENE: Twenty-one. The girl's mother hasn't looked him over yet --

SHERIFF: Twenty-one, then. Makin' a fool of myself in front of the Birmingham law -- and ^{/and} you want me to have a child look at him!

GENE: What do you mean, making a fool of yourself?

SHERIFF: Of those twenty-one grown up adult men and women -- you know how many positively identified him as the fellow they seen asleep in Uncle Mac's store?

GENE: How many?

SHERIFF: Six. Six out of twenty-one.

GENE: Six. That's not good, is it?

SHERIFF: You ain't heard nothin' yet! Just to make sure, I lined him up with one of the Birmingham detectives and one of the reporters from your paper who come along with them ---

GENE: Oh-oh---

SHERIFF: Yeah. Oh-oh is right. Eight of 'em identified the detective -- and three your buddy! Leavin' three who weren't sure. And you want me to let a little girl look at him!

GENE: Yes, I do.

SHERIFF: Why?

GENE: (QUIET) Sheriff a child sees things grownups don't. And this child is the only person who saw him awake. And she won't be afraid to say yes or no, cause she doesn't realize what will hang -- and I do mean hang -- on her word. (PAUSE) Sheriff -- please.

SHERIFF: Oh all right ~~I'll bring him out here~~ *When you see him* Bring her
~~when I knock on the door~~ three times *I'll bring her*

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

GENE: (GENTLY) Now you're sure you know what will happen
to you if you tell a lie, Margaret?

LITTLE G: Yessir.

GENE: What?

LITTLE G: What they said in Sunday School.

GENE: What did they say?

LITTLE G: They said we wouldn't go to Heaven if we tell lies.

GENE: All right, Margaret. In a minute, we're going to ~~go~~
~~in there.~~ ~~You're going to see a man there.~~ I want
you to say if you've ever seen that man before. ~~Just~~
~~-- yes or no -- NOTHING else.~~ Okay?

LITTLE: Okay, mister.

(KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, ON DOOR)

(DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS, THEN TO STOP)

SHERIFF: (QUIET) Come on, son

ADAM: What now, mister? Ain't you goin' to let me go?

SHERIFF: Don't know yet, son All right. Stand there

GENE: (AFTER A BEAT) Well, Margaret?

LITTLE G: Do I have to say?

GENE: Yes, honey.

LITTLE G: Well .. that's him.

GENE: That's who, honey?

LITTLE G: That's the man that came lookin' for Sally Beets.

ADAM: That's a lie! I never seen that kid in my life before!

LITTLE G: Ooooh, you did so!

ADAM: Make her prove it, make her prove it!

LITTLE G: (SHRILLY) Mister, you're not gonna go to heaven cause you're tellin' lies' I did so see you, I did so!

ADAM: (YELLING) You did not, you never did' Sheriff, I never seen this kid, never!

SHERIFF: Take it easy, son. She still ain't proved it

LITTLE G: But I can!

SHERIFF: How?

LITTLE G: By the picture.

GENE: What picture, Margaret?

LITTLE G: He has a picture on his arm. I never saw a man with a picture on his arm, and I wouldn't forget a man with a picture on his arm. Make him roll his sleeves up, like they was rolled up when he came lookin' for Sally Beets -- and see if he ain't got a picture on his arm.

SHERIFF: All right son, roll it up -

GENE: (PAUSE) Look, sheriff. He's tattooed. (QUIET) Enough for a kid who never saw one before to remember -- and something none of the grownups ever saw or remembered.

SHERIFF: (PAUSE) Come on, son. We got a lot of questions to ask and answer, me and you.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ HIT AND GO FOR)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Gene Wortsman of the Birmingham Alabama Post Herald with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: _ _ _ ~~SPRING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: _ _ _ (BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --
THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT)

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch! (EFFECT)

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL'S greater length of traditionally fine
tobaccos travels the smoke further....

HARRICE: Filters the smoke and makes it mild.

CHAPPELL: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL
MELL. At the first puff PELL MELL smoke is filtered
further than that of any other leading cigarette.
Moreover, after 5 puffs, or 10, or 15, or 17, PELL
MELL still gives you a longer, natural filter of
traditionally fine tobaccos - to guard against throat-
scratch. Yes, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give
you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other
cigarette offers you.

HARRICE: So don't let throat-scratch spoil your smoking enjoyment.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy smooth smoking!

CHAPPELL: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguish-
red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: _ _ _ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you the telegram from Gene Wortsman of the Birmingham ~~Alabama~~ Post Herald.

WORTSMAN: To further corroborate testimony of 8 year old child in tonight's Big Story, State Police picked up truck driver who identified killer. That together with discovery of 38 revolver in killer's hideout locked up case. Killer went to chair last month after full confession. My sincerest thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD."

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Wortsman ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism

HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG STORY - A BIG STORY from the front pages of the New York Times. By-line Joseph ~~of~~ Haff. A BIG STORY about a ~~N.Y. Times~~ ^{legendary} reporter who ran into the unbelievable story of the nearly perfect crime . ~~committed against~~ ~~24 innocent people~~

(MUSIC: _ _ _ THEME WIPE AND FADE TO BG ON CUE)

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Birmingham, Alabama Post Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Grant Richards played the part of Gene Wortsman. 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. Wortsman.

(MUSIC: -- ~~THREE~~ UP FULL AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)
Here's an opportunity for every young man over 17 to secure his future and the future of America by joining the National Guard, one of our oldest proudest military organizations. A National Guardsman not only gets expert training among friends from his community, but he learns new skills to help in his civilian career. And Regular Army and Air Force pay scales apply to every hour of training a Guardsman takes. So join your hometown National Guard -- tomorrow!

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