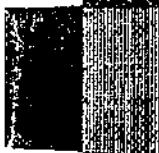
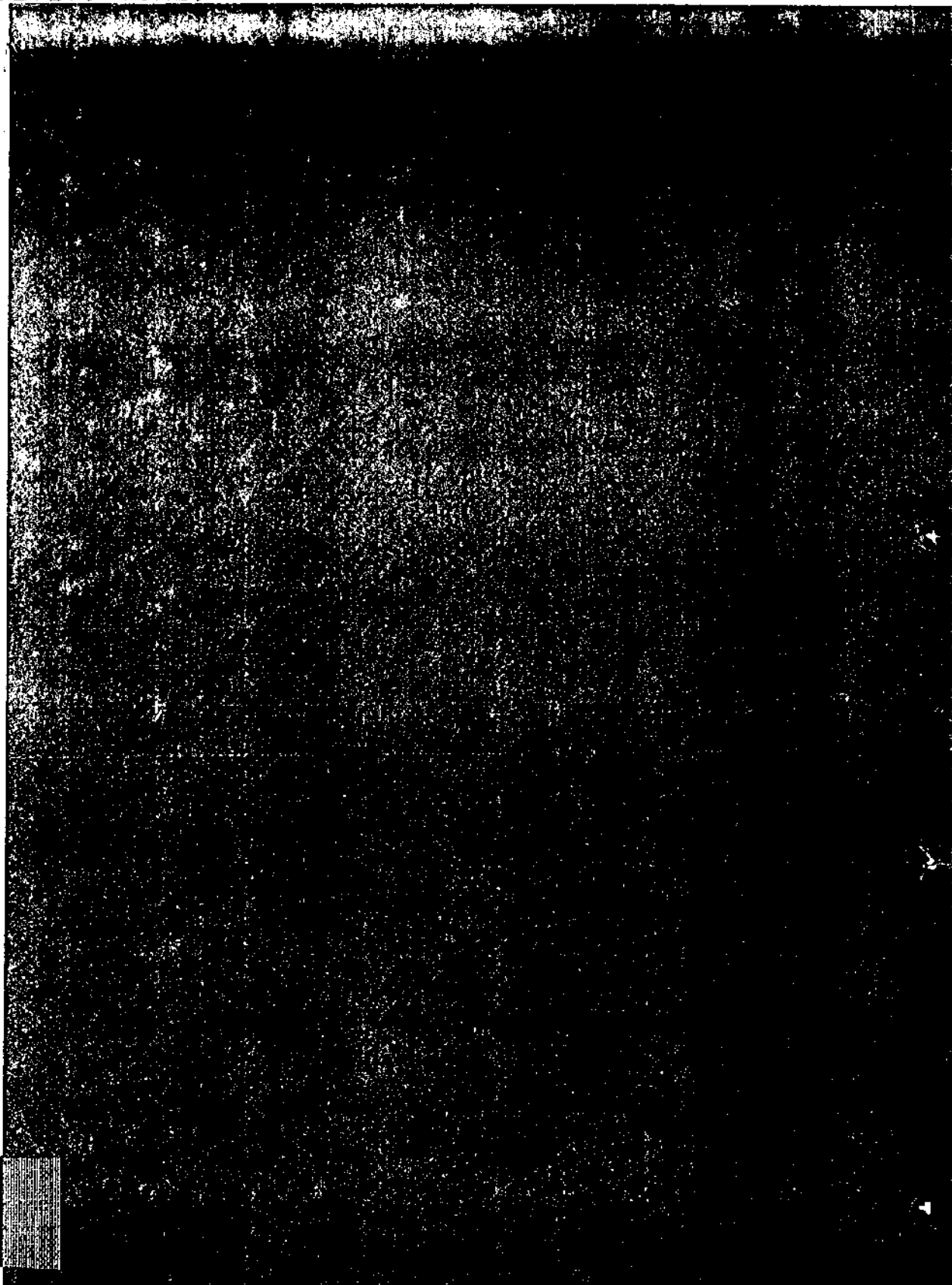


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# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

### PROGRAM #184

#### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
HELEN	JOAN SHEA
TINA	JOAN SHEA
PAUL	ARNOLD MOSS
JOE	LES DAMON
COP II	LES DAMON
JASPER	BILL SMITH
MAN	BILL SMITH
ELLIOT	BOB DRYDEN
COP	BOB DRYDEN
LANCE	CORT BENSON
MAN II	CORT BENSON
RAY	LYLE SUDROW
VOICE	LYLE SUDROW
MAN III	JACK HARTLEY
JUDGE	JACK HARTLEY

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1950

ATX01 0171507

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #184

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

OCTOBER 4, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(JOSEPH C. HAFF: NEW YORK (NEW YORK) TIMES)

HARRICE: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES PRESENT..THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

JASPAR: (STORE OWNER) Well, here you are, sir. That's -- uh --  
six dollars ~~and nineteen cents.~~

ELLIOT: ~~Hey, what do you know? I must have left my money on the~~  
~~bus.~~ Give me six bucks, will you, dear?

HELEN: (A TRIFLE ANNOYED) I told you I wasn't bringing my purse.

ELLIOT: ~~Gee, I don't want to go all the way back to the bus.~~  
(VERY AFFABLY) Say, maybe you could cash a small check?

JASPAR: (~~PLEASANTLY~~) Well, I ~~can't~~ know.

(A CHECK PRODUCED FROM AN ENVELOPE)

ELLIOT: ~~This one you don't have to worry about,~~ it's from the  
electric company for 39 dollars.

JASPAR: Got some identification, please?

ELLIOT: Sure. Here's my social security.

(CASH REGISTER IS PRESSED)

JASPAR: That'll be fine, Mr. Ewing. That's six dollars and  
thirty-three make thirty-nine and thank you.

ELLIOT: (AFFABLY) So long.

HELEN: Thank you.

(STEPS, DOOR OPEN, CLOSES, MORE STEPS, OUTSIDE NOW)

ELLIOT: Well, that's not bad, not bad at all. Four bum checks in  
one afternoon - 169 dollars. I'd say a nice day's work.

ATK01 0171508

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #184

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(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 0171509

(MUSIC: -- -- THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: New York City. The story as it actually happened. *Joseph*  
Haff's story as he lived it.

NARR: You stand there, Joe Haff, reporter for the New York  
Times, and wait in ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> shabby boarding house in  
Plainfield, New Jersey ~~where they live~~. Wait for the  
bitter man (whose face is ugly because there's been so  
much tragedy in his life) -- wait for him to talk. He  
says very little.

PAUL: (DEFEATED MAN, ABOUT 55) There's nothing to say, ~~nothing~~.  
I don't want to live it over again. You expect me to pour  
out my guts? Turn myself inside out? I'm not going to  
do it!

JOE: (VERY FRIENDLY) Look, Paul, I've known you 20 years-- not  
well, but I've known you. This doesn't make sense. I  
asked you what happened. Forget I'm a reporter, forget  
I'm from the Times. Forget the Times is -- Well, maybe  
the most powerful paper in the East, maybe in the country.  
Forget we can get behind you, maybe we can do something  
about it. Just tell me, Joe Haff -- a friend of yours.

(MUSIC: -- -- IN WITH:)

NARR: You knew this man -- Paul Winters. Knew him pretty well  
when you were working on the Jersey papers, before you got  
the job eight years ago covering Jersey for the New York  
Times.

(MORE)

PAUL: (NARRATING) We laughed, Tina and I. I mean, what the heck? Somebody made a mistake -- okay. ~~So we told the sergeant, then we told the judge --~~ only they weren't listening. We sat in jail that night and <sup>then</sup> people came -- people I'd never seen before in my life. ~~Must have been 10 or 12 people.~~ <sup>and they said</sup> ~~JABESS:~~ He's the one. Took me for 44 dollars. ~~That's the guy.~~ They're the ones.)

~~PAUL: You're crazy -- you're all crazy. You're all wrong!~~  
(PAUSE. WHISTLING) Two days later, we were indicated by a Grand Jury and the Judge passed sentence.

JUDGE: You, Paul Winters, are hereby sentenced to 18 months in the County Workhouse, convicted of the crime of passing forged checks on four counts. The defendant, Tina <sup>Winters</sup> 9 months in the Women's Penitentiary.

(MUSIC: -- UP & PAUL THEME UNDER)

PAUL: It was crazy, but there we were in jail. We never passed a bum check in our lives. We had never seen the people that said we passed the checks. And when I got out, a year and a half later, I didn't walk 25 steps from the workhouse --

COP II: You better come with me, Winters. We picked up six more of your beauties. Bergen County wants you.

PAUL: If the first arrest was a horror, the second was a nightmare.

~~AD-LIPS: Yeah, that's him. No question about it. She was with him. Took me for 57 dollars.~~

JUDGE: You are hereby sentenced to a term of 27 months for second offense on the crime of passing forged checks.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PAUL THEME IF YOU THINK NEEDED)

PAUL: So I got out once more. This time, after 2 years and 3 months in jail. And then try to get a job. I went to the outfit I had worked for before. The fund raising outfit.

MAN: Paul, if it was up to me, you know what I'd do. You'd be working just like that ... give you a raise and everything. But people are funny. You know, we're trying to raise money for the new wing. <sup>at the hospital</sup> How would it be for the man representing us to be -- You know what I mean. (PAUSE)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PAUL THEME IF YOU THINK NEEDED) \_

PAUL: So that's how it's been. Just that. For ten stinking years. Nah! Nobody believes I did it, but will they give me a job? ~~"Cover yourself up with dirt, winters, die."~~

JOE: Ten years of that.

TINA: Yes. People are very funny, Mr. Haff. Like for instance, they're very particular who washes their dirty clothes. That's what I do -- take in clothes. Maybe one out of ten families I ask let me. You see I'm ex-con too.



all time?

PAUL:

Shall I tell you how crazy it ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup>? When I got out of jail on the second offense, the 27 month sentence, what do you think happened?

JOE:

You got arrested again?

PAUL:

Sure. This time they ~~say~~ <sup>said</sup> I forged 5 checks in Essex County. But this rap I was able to beat. ~~Everybody was~~  
~~-- just like they did the first two times -- what I was~~  
~~the one who passed the checks and Tina was my accomplice.~~  
You know what my defense was? I was in jail at the time that the checks were passed. ~~So they didn't send me up.~~

JOE:

But that's crazy! It sounds like -- you were mistaken for somebody else.

PAUL:

Of course I was, ~~of course I was~~. But could I prove it? ~~What could I do about it? Do I look like the kind of a~~  
~~guy that forges checks?~~ Don't you see, Joe, Until I get a vindication, a pardon, ~~wiping out of the crime~~, I might as well put a bullet in my ~~own~~ head.

JOE:

We'll see, Paul.

PAUL:

Please don't give me any of that "we'll see". I've been "seeing" for ten years. Letters to the Governor, the district attorney, the pardon board, the Judge - Never got an answer to one. You won't "see" anything.

(MUSIC: \_\_ UP)

NARR: But you will see, Joe Haff. Because, one: You remember Paul Winters as the kind of a guy who would send the nickel back to the phone company, who raised money for hospitals, asylums. And two, you're Joe Haff, a careful reporter, who if he finds that what he's just been told is true -- he'll do something about it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ PUNCTUATES)\_

NARR: You go to the Court records, study them with quiet care. Then, you walk into your friend's office -- the assistant district attorney of Bergen County -- Ray Miller.

JOE: Ray, maybe this is all old hat to you, but I'll say it for what it's worth.

RAY: I'm listening.

JOE: Everyone of those <sup>pages</sup> checks -- ~~there were how many, 12?~~  
~~Everyone~~ was drawn on a big company. ~~The elevator firm,~~  
~~the electric company, gas company. They were all forged~~  
checks. Company's name printed on the check, payee's name typed, ~~the date stamped with a rubber stamp~~, and the sum of money printed in that -- What do you call that type, with the raised edges?

RAY: Protecto-type. I'm listening.

JOE: The work of a pro-- a real pro. Those checks <sup>all</sup> were from 33 dollars up to 59, ~~never above or below those two figures~~. And in each case, the forger went in the store on Saturday afternoons when the banks were closed. Do you know Winters? Do you know Paul Winters?

RAY: I got nine letters from Winters. I know Winters very well.

JOE: Is he a pro? Is he a professional forger? ~~He and Tina?~~

RAY: You tell me what a professional forger looks like. I'd like to hear that.

JOE: Would a professional crook spend the rest of his life trying to prove he's innocent, ~~trying to vindicate himself,~~  
~~trying to get his reputation~~

RAY: If you were a crook, Joe, you would. I would. It would be the best protective color in the world.

(MUSIC: -- IN DOUBT, AND UNDER)

NARR: He's got something. Assistant district attorney Ray Miller has got something. A crook might do just that. But it's not enough to stop you, Joe Haff, from going on to a next step. The next step is a visit to the Martin International Detective Agency -- a national clearing house for information on con men and forgers -- from seeing a fellow named Lance, head of the criminal division at the agency, a tough, non-committal, honest guy.

JOE: Here are some of the photostats of the checks passed. ~~You see how similar they are.~~ For a man who knows as much as you I'm sure they say more to you than they possibly could to me.

LANCE: That's pro work all right. Top notch pro work. Even a protectograph. Tell me something, <sup>66</sup> what names ~~did~~ <sup>he used</sup> he used as payee? ~~I mean, to whom were the checks payable?~~

JOE: Well -- Ewing was one name. Murdock. And the Essex County batch -- Toland.

LANCE: ~~Very nice, very nice~~ (Ewing, Murdock, Toland.) A bell is ringing -- not a big bell, but a little bell. ~~Hold that!~~  
~~Miss Haas! Hand me volume 2, 1911. The American Bankers Association Bulletin. Thanks, Miss Haas.~~

(PAGES BEING TURNED)

JOE: What's that *pamphlet*!

LANCE: (READING & ANSWERING) Just a bulletin put out by the Bankers' Association, -- ~~You know, they get stuck with these checks with their insurance. So they put out this bulletin every month.~~ The newest wrinkles in forgery, the newest forgers. Ah hah! Ah hah! Who's this?

JOE: (EXCITED) That's Paul's picture.

LANCE: And who is the dame?

JOE: That's Tina *the*

LANCE: Let me read you the caption under it. Or read it yourself.

JOE: (READING) "Notorious forger pair recently passing checks in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Illinois area". That's crazy! They haven't been out of Jersey ~~in -- I don't know how long!~~

LANCE: Read on.

JOE: "Wanted by police of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey." Holy mackerel! (THEN VIOLENTLY) "Names of the forgers -- William and Helen Elliot." Elliot?

LANCE: William and Helen Elliot are the smartest forgers in the East -- maybe the whole country.

JOE: But that's Paul's picture, and Tina's.

LANCE: (SMILING) You know when you started talking, I figured it had to be something like this ~~and it was~~. One of the most fantastic coincidences in history -- ~~at least that I ever heard of~~. That's not Winters, that's Elliot. And the woman is not ~~Winters' wife~~ -- it's Elliot's wife.

JOE: I tell you, that's Winters and ~~his wife~~!

LANCE: No, sir. ~~You see, I've been watching this case for quite a while.~~ If you saw the two men and the two women in the same room, you'd be able to tell them apart. But separately? Look, even you just made the same mistake. (NOW WITH ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY) In my opinion, this is Elliot and this is Elliot's wife and ~~the~~ Winters, were picked up for 8 jobs pulled by the Elliots.

JOE: Then if we can get Elliot -- ~~the two of them~~ -- bring them before the witnesses, the ones who said the couple that passed the checks were ~~the~~ Winters ~~& Tina~~.

LANCE: That's a big "if", Joe. ~~Awful big.~~

JOE: (WHO HASN'T REALLY BEEN THINKING IT THROUGH) Huh?

LANCE: ~~Sure. Pick up Elliot and his wife!~~ That's something a lot of other people would like to do too, including the police forces of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut etc.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: And there it is. The simplest thing in the world. Free a man -- vindicate a man and his ~~wife~~ by finding two of the williest, cleverest crooks that ever turned out a forged document. (MORE)

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NARR: Nobody else has been able to do it in ten years. Can  
(CONTD) you, Joe Haff? Can anybody?

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

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 Joseph Haff, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Time -- it's all time, it's all taken time. Precious time in the lives of two people who once were decent and now are broken. <sup>you</sup> Joe Haff of the New York Times ~~you~~ take, what to you, is the exciting information you have just gotten from the detective Agency, to Winters. There's no light in his ~~dark~~ eyes as he listens.

JOE: But look, Paul, now we know. We know it's this Elliot and his wife.

PAUL: All along I knew it was someone else. Now I know the name. Does that help, really?

JOE: But if we can find them. And even if we can't find them, we can bring this information into the district attorney's office.

PAUL: If -- an "if" ten thousand miles high.

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

NARR: Assistant district attorney Ray Miller is interested (maybe the "if" is not 10,000 miles high).

RAY: Sure I'm interested. Maybe I would go along with you on the fact that Elliot and Winters look alike. But the two women to look alike too?

JOE: Look at the picture.

RAY: What about those eye witnesses? <sup>if</sup> Do you know over ten people identified Winters as the forger? What are you going to do, just throw that down the drain? This fellow Jaspas who ran the liquor store--- the first one. Get him to change his mind and the rest of them and then maybe we can do something -- ~~maybe we'll have something~~  
~~we can take before the board of pardon.~~



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

JOE: Now please look at this picture carefully, Mr. Jaspar.

JASPAR: Oh, ~~God~~ <sup>not</sup> - again! Look, my affidavit's on file - that's Winters and that's all there is to it.

JOE: Suppose I told you it wasn't Winters.

JASPAR: (VIOLENTLY) ~~Get out~~. Don't try and get me mixed up. Winters' a forger and I'll stake my life on it. Get out!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HARSH.)

NARR: You persist; to other witnesses: a grocer, a butcher, a landlord; and always....

MAN III: I said everything I got to say in Court. What do you mean coming around trying to confuse somebody with pictures!

NARR: Now the "if" is 50,000 miles high - and time, always precious time, while a woman pounds her hands in scrub water, and a man ~~paddles ten-cent combs door-to-door~~ <sup>pauses to tell you something urgent</sup> (But he pauses to tell you something urgent) ----

PAUL: One thing, ~~Mr. Hoff~~ <sup>Joe</sup>, never before in my life --

JOE: Don't say it, Paul, not yet --

PAUL: I got to, ~~Mr. Hoff~~ <sup>Joe</sup>. Somebody's really trying to help me - you --- that's a thing never happened before in my life --

JOE: Thanks, but don't say it yet - till we really get something done.

PAUL: Even so, thank you.

(PAUSE )

NARR: And five years go ~~on~~ by, five incredibly long years - and then ----

(PHONE. ANSWERED.)

JOE: Joe Haff speaking.

LANCE: (ON FILTER) This is Lance over at the Martin Detective Agency.

JOE: Yes, Lance.

LANCE: A couple of friends of yours got picked up yesterday. William Elliot and his wife Helen.

JOE: You mean it?

LANCE: Yup. He's in the hoosegow in Milwaukee and they got her in Watertown, New York.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ RACES BEHIND. . . .)

NARR: Because Watertown is nearer, and Helen Elliot is a woman and maybe susceptible, you get over there. She looks so ~~startlingly~~ <sup>amazingly</sup> like Tina ~~Winters~~ <sup>Stone</sup>, it shakes you. But her sentiments are so ~~startlingly~~ <sup>amazingly</sup> different --

HELEN: Mister, as long as I'm in jail, as far as I'm concerned, the rest of the world can croak dead. ~~You know just what you can do with your Paul and Tina Winters.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE ---- )

JOE: Let's go to Milwaukee Paul. Let's see Elliot himself.

PAUL: What for? <sup>ix</sup> It's been five years now and nothing's happened -

JOE: It might work -

PAUL: How many times do you want me to die?

JOE: Okay. Then I'll go alone.

PAUL: Go, but don't tell me what happened. I don't want to know. Just leave me alone.

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

NARR: You go and the startling resemblance of the 62 year old man in the Milwaukee prison in front of you and the 60 year old man in New Jersey is amazing.

JOE: Look, Elliot, maybe nothing in the world can ever get inside of you and reach you and bother you. But will you listen?

ELLIOT: Sure. I listen to lots of things.

JOE: You got 18 years. And after you're through serving those 18 years, you then have a sentence of 11 years. That's 29 years ahead of you in jail. You're 60 Elliot. How long do you think you're going to live?

ELLIOT: I'll live.

JOE: You'll be 91 ( if you're alive) before you get out. Now look at these checks. We know you passed them -- the ones on which Winters was convicted. Suppose you admit that you passed the checks. What will they give you? Six years more? What's six years when a guy's got to serve 29? ~~It's only the difference between 35 and 29 to you -- which is no difference.~~ Because you'll be dead. You going to live to 96? Give this poor guy <sup>some</sup> -- give him a couple of years..

ELLIOT: (MOVED) You should have been a preacher. Got a pen?

JOE: ~~What are you going to do?~~

ELLIOT: I'll write you something. How's this? "These checks cashed at the Jasper Liquor Store etc., were cashed by me -- William Elliot and not by Paul Winters. I did it. He didn't. Signed: William Elliot alias Toland, Murdock and Ewing, . State Penitentiary, Michigan, ~~number 2473.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP IN PARTIAL TRIUMPH)\_

NARR: You don't let the triumph burst into words yet. You don't tell Paul, and ~~his wife~~ Tina. No, maybe there'll be another slip. Instead, you take <sup>that confession</sup> ~~it~~ to Ray Miller, the assistant district attorney.

RAY: (UNIMPRESSED) I'd forget about it.

JOE: What! What are you talking about? ~~Read the statement Elliot signed.~~

RAY: What's a statement <sup>from</sup> ~~to~~ a guy facing 29 years at the age of 62 worth? ~~It's like a confession of a guy going to the electric chair.~~

JOE: (ALMOST AT WIT'S END) But it's true! I know it's true! The way he said it -- the way he listened to me!

RAY: Okay. Maybe I believe it too. But, there's still the testimony of ten eye witnesses on the record.

(MUSIC: -- -- ~~BACKS~~ -- --)

NARR: Now you're glad you didn't tell Winters. It would have been too much to take. Another heartbreak might have killed him. You go over to Jaspar, the ~~local~~ store owner -- perhaps the hardest in the bunch to crack and if you crack him -----

JASPAR: ~~I don't care about pictures,~~ I don't care about statements of a guy in jail. I say it was Winters and nothing you can say is going to change me.

JOE: You mean you're afraid maybe he'll sue you for false arrest?

(SILENCE -- LONG PAUSE)

JOE: Look, *Mr. Jasper* Winters swore he'd sue no one for false arrest. Read what he wrote saying that.

JASPAR: (HONESTLY) Look, mister, I don't know your angle, but people have a way of denying sometimes what they put down on paper when there's money involved. Sure, maybe he said he won't sue. I got a small business, a family, kids. I can't take a chance like that.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

NARR: Are they all going to be "Jaspar's" -- all small people frightened and afraid of reprisal, of suits for false arrest? You're going to find out.

MAN III: Gee, I didn't know. (PAUSE) I'll say maybe it was Elliot, not Winters.

(MUSIC: - - - STING, IN TRIUMPH)

MAN III: Boy, that poor guy -- 12 years this has been going on and all the time it was somebody else! Sure I'll sign.

(MUSIC: - - - STING)

NARR: And others ~~come~~ in. Nine of the eye witnesses ~~came~~ in. And even then Joe Haff, you don't tell ~~the~~ Winters. No. Instead, you go to the ministers, preachers, the rabbis, the doctors -- the respectable citizens of the community. Get statements from them. Get statements from the police officers involved, from the district attorney's office, from everyone-- asking vindication for this man, asking full pardon for him. And then you tell him. He listens quietly, and after a long moment of thoughtfulness says.

PAUL: Joe, when does it go (to the board?)

JOE: Tomorrow.

PAUL: Whatever happens, I'll never forget you the rest of my life. But I'm not expecting a thing. Not one single thing. It's nearly 15 years now and if it happens, it'll be a miracle. Personally, I don't believe in miracles.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP)

NARR: It goes now before the three man pardon board of the State of New Jersey. All the careful information you have collected. And they sit and announce --

VOICE: All that can be said at this time is that the recommendation of this board has been passed along to the Governor of this State.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN EXTENUATED TENSION...)

NARR: Time, time, time. A week, a month. A month of condensed years. And then, word comes from the Governor's mansion.

VOICE: Full and unconditional pardon is herewith granted to Paul Winters ~~and his wife Tina Winters.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP, INTO...)

JASPAR: (VERY FRIENDLY) Mr. Haff, Mr. Winters, Mrs. ~~Winters~~  
It's ~~a real pleasure, folks,~~ to ~~serve~~ you. What'll it be?

PAUL: (A COMPLETELY CHANGED MAN, YOUTHFUL, VIGOROUS, ALIVE)  
I don't know Mr. Jaspar. We thought we'd have a kind of celebration and --

JASPAR: Sparkling burgundy! Or champagne!

PAUL: Let's have both. How much will that be?

JOE: Let me pay, Paul, will you?

PAUL: Oh no! This is on me ~~Joe~~ but I didn't bring any money with me. I brought my check. Will you cash my check, Mr. Jaspar?

JASPAR: Nope. I won't cash your check, Mr. Winters. On account of -- Well, there's no charge. Let's say it's a present from me and a lot of other people around here.  
(PAUSE)

PAUL: Thank you Mr. Jaspar - thank you very much.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP TO TAG. \_ \_ .)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph ~~G.~~ Haff of the New York Times with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ~~ENDING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #184

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.

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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~~ <sup>that</sup> telegram from Joseph ~~E.~~ Haff of the New York Times.

HAFF: Adjusted and happy, ~~the~~ <sup>Paul</sup> Winters are enjoying their ~~lives~~ <sup>at last</sup> at last ~~the~~ <sup>N.Y. Times</sup> vindicated people. ~~And although~~ <sup>And although</sup>

~~Paul Winters has waived all rights to sue for false imprisonment~~ <sup>Paul Winters</sup>, in the New Jersey legislature next year, a bill to re-imburse ~~him~~ <sup>him</sup> for his time in prison and his 15 years of heartbreak ~~is being~~ <sup>will be</sup> presented.

Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Haff .... 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 Wildwood New Jersey Leader. By-line Henry C. Lapidus. ~~A BIG STORY about a reporter who solved the mystery of the death at the end of an eel - fisherman's spear~~ <sup>catching a eel</sup>

(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 New York Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Les Damon played the part of Joseph Haff. 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. Haff.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.  
(PAUSE)

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR BROADCAST ON RADIO SHOW - WEDNESDAY, 10/4/50

CHAPPELL: This is the tenth Annual Newspaper Week celebrating the importance of the American newspaper, and newspaper reporter, in the life of our communities.

We are proud that we of Pell Mell, in presenting "The Big Story" program, have, in our own way, emphasized the importance of newspapers in American life. "The Big Story" is based upon the courage, intelligence, and persistence of hundreds of newspapermen and newspaperwomen in cities throughout the country. The newspaper people, whose efforts created these true stories, went beyond the call of duty to protect their communities, often risking their own lives.

~~The Big Story of American democracy is told daily~~  
by the newspaper -- without whose vigilance and exchange of ideas and information, a real democracy could not exist.

"Thus shall the press the people's trust  
maintain Unowed by influence, and unbribed by  
gain."

THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

lilly. mjb/ lc.

ATK01 0171531

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM # 185

## CAST

NARRATOR

KENNY

CHARLIE

MADDEN

GEORGE

JOLY

BARTENDER

DIANE

KILEY

POP

WESSON

STEVENS

HARVEY

BOB SLOANE

BILL QUINN

~~FRANK THOMAS JR.~~ *Frank Thomas Jr.*

JOE DE SANTIS

JOE DE SANTIS

MICHAEL O'DAY

MICHAEL O'DAY

JIM BOLES

JIM BOLES

BILL SMITH

BILL SMITH

HUMPHREY DAVIS

HUMPHREY DAVIS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1950

ATX01 0171532

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#185

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

OCTOBER 11, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(GENTLE WHINE OF WIND. OARS IN WATER)

JOEY: (SHIVERING) Gee, Dad, I'm freezin'. It's pretty cold to go fishin' for eels today.

BLAINE: Mebbe, son. But there's no better eating than a good mess of fried eels.....

(OARS STOP)

BLAINE: Joey.....Look down there....in the water.

JOEY: Dad! It's an eel!

BLAINE: Yep. Hold the boat steady, son. I'm going to try and spear him.....(GRUNT)

JOEY: Didya get him?

BLAINE: I dunno. Got something on the end of this spear, ~~way~~  
~~down deep~~.....Seems mighty heavy for an eel, though.

(GRUNTING, AS WE HEAR SPLASHING SOUNDS) Wait'll I get it near the surface and....(CUTS, THEN GASPS)

JOEY: (IN AWE) Dad! Holy Smoke! Look what you caught!

BLAINE: (IN AWE) Lord A'mighty!

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

ATX01 0171533

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #185

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 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!

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #195

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.  
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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: Wildwood, New Jersey....the story as it actually happened....Henry Lapidus' story, as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Wildwood Leader is a weekly, published every Thursday. And as a small-town newspaperman you, Henry Lapidus, are more than just a reporter. You also edit the paper, write the ads and headlines, and take a turn at makeup and in the composing room. Aside from this, you handle a few community chores in your spare time....police recorder for North Wildwood, justice of the peace, director of city publicity, and a member of the Volunteer Fire Department. Naturally, you know everybody in town, including the kids, by their first name. And you are not at all surprised, when on this cold and bleak February morning.....

(PHONE RINGS)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HENRY: Wildwood Leader. -- Lapidus speaking

JOEY: (FILTER, EXCITED) Mr. Lapidus, this here is Joey Blaine.

HENRY: Well! How are you, Joey?

JOEY: Mr. Lapidus, I got something to tell you. I was just out eel fishin' with my Dad....

HENRY: That so? Pretty cold to go spearing eels. Did you have any luck, son?

JOEY: Gee, Mr. Lapidus, that's what I'm tryin' to tell you. You oughta see what we caught! You gotta come over to Otten Canal right away!

HENRY: Sorry, Joey. I'm pretty busy right now. Tell your Dad I'll drop in at the house a little later, and take a picture of that eel,...if it's a big one.



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM 3105

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  
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HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Wildwood, New Jersey....the story as it actually happened....Henry Lapidus' story, as he lived it.....

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The Wildwood Leader is a weekly, published every Thursday. And as a small-town newspaperman you, Henry Lapidus, are more than just a reporter. You also edit the paper, write the ads and headlines, and take a turn at makeup and in the composing room. Aside from this, you handle a few community chores in your spare time....police recorder for North Wildwood, justice of the peace, director of city publicity, and a member of the Volunteer Fire Department. Naturally, you know everybody in town, including the kids, by their first name. And you are not at all surprised, when on this cold and bleak February morning.....

(PHONE RINGS)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

HENRY: Wildwood Leader. -- Lapidus speaking

JOEY: (FILTER, EXCITED) Mr. Lapidus, this here is Joey Blaine.

HENRY: Well! How are you, Joey?

JOEY: Mr. Lapidus, I got something to tell you. I was just out eel fishin' with my Dad....

HENRY: That so? Pretty cold to go spearing eels. Did you have any luck, son?

JOEY: Gee, Mr. Lapidus, that's what I'm tryin' to tell you. You oughta see what we caught! You gotta come over to Otter Canal right away!

HENRY: Sorry, Joey. I'm pretty busy right now. Tell your Dad I'll drop in at the house a little later, and take a picture of that eel,...if it's a big one.

JOEY: But we didn't catch an eel. We caught a man!

HENRY: (A BEAT) A what?

JOEY: A drowned man! My Dad's got him hooked on his spear now! But he can't pull him out of the water!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Wildwood is a summer resort known to thousands. But this is winter, and its locked and boarded cottages are covered by an icy shroud. You race by them, past the piers and bulkheads battered by the Atlantic, and finally you reach Otten's canal. There you see a dory which has drifted into shore. And in it is Frank Blaine, the fisherman, holding a water-logged, shapeless mass in the water, on the end of his spear.....

(WHINE OF WIND)

BLAINE: (PANTING) Hooked it about a hundred yards out, Henry. Couldn't pull the body up.....it's weighted down. Had to drift inshore so my boy could call.....

HENRY: Frank.....maybe the two of us could pull it up.....

BLAINE: Hebbe. The police will be along any minute....but let's try. The body's got rope around it...feels like it's anchored below.

HENRY: You grab that part of the rope.....I'll take this.

BLAINE: All right. We'll try.

HENRY: Ready?

BLAINE: Ready.

HENRY: (GRUNT) Heave!

(WE HEAR GROANING AND GRUNTING)

(SPLASHING IN WATER)

HENRY: (PANTING) Keep pulling, Frank. It's ...coming...up.

BLAINE: Something....mighty heavy's holding....it....down!

(MORE SPLASHING)

BLAINE: Look there.....it's weighted down by two cement pier blocks.

HENRY: (GRUNTING) Heave.....Frank.. Over....into the boat..... now!

(FINAL SPLASH. THUD OF BODY AND CEMENT BLOCKS INTO WOODEN BOAT)

HENRY: (PANTING) There we are!

(WE HEAR SOUND OF TWO EXHAUSTED MEN PANTING FOR A MOMENT)

BLAINE: Lord, A'Mighty, Henry, what a sight! Look at....at it.... frozen stiff as a board.

HENRY: (QUIET) Know who it is, Frank?

BLAINE: No. Can't even see his face. It's a mask....a mask of frozen mud...

HENRY: Yes. We'll have to wait awhile, Frank, till <sup>the mud</sup> his face thaws out.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The police come, and a crowd gathers. And you, Henry, Rapidus, stare down at the grisly horror, and wonder. You wait for the frozen face to thaw, and you wonder. Who was this nameless derelict? Who weighed him down with concrete, and dropped him ~~deep~~ into the cold, murky depths of Otton's Canal. Why? You didn't know all the answers then. You didn't know that a month before the trail led from the muddy bottom of the canal to a house on Nineteenth Street.

CHARLIE: Pop, looks like a blizzard's coming up. You really goin' to take the bus to Bridgeton?

POP: Yep, son. I am.....

CHARLIE: But what for?

POP: I want to see your brother. *George* Haven't paid him or his family a visit for a long time.

CHARLIE: But Pop, you can see George and Alma some other time....

POP: No, Charlie. Alma's been sick....may need an operation. Before your mother died, a year ago....well.....she took care of these here family matters. Now....I guess it's up to me. The fact is.....George needs help.

CHARLIE: You mean.....money?

POP: ~~Yep, like I said, Alma needs an operation, and I know George hasn't got a dollar to pay for it. I figure I'm only doin' my family duty if I help out. After all, George is my boy, same as you.....~~

CHARLIE: Pop, you mean you're going to give George the insurance money Mom left for the family?

POP: Yep. Got it right on me. A thousand dollars. And if George needs it, he's welcome to it, every penny. (PAUSE) That is, if you don't object, Charlie.

CHARLIE: (A BEAT) Me? Why should I, Pop? It's all in the family, isn't it? If George really needs it that much, sure, go ahead. Give it to him.

POP: (QUIETLY) I'm glad you said that, son.

CHARLIE: (EMBARRASSED) Aw, cut it out, Pop. You make me sound, like...well, never mind. (A PAUSE) What bus are you taking?

POP: The five o'clock.

CHARLIE: I dunno. I still think you're foolish, Pop. That snow's really coming down heavy. (A PAUSE) Pop, will you do something for me?

POP: What is it, son?

CHARLIE: When you get to George's will you phone me, just so  
I'll know you're okay?

POP: All right, Charlie.

CHARLIE: And another thing. I suppose you'll be stopping at the  
*Surf Bar*  
tavern for your usual, before you take the bus?

POP: Well, it's pretty sharp outside, and a man needs a nip  
in weather like this.

CHARLIE: (RESIGNED) All right, Pop, all right. I guess that's  
one thing I could never talk you out of. ~~So sure you~~  
take only one drink, though. And Pop, one last thing....

POP: ~~Yes?~~

CHARLIE: Don't tell anyone you're carrying that kind of money,  
Especially down at the tavern. You hear me, Pop?  
Don't tell anyone!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(IMPRESSION OF WIND OUTSIDE)

(B.G. TAVERN. HUBBUB OF VOICES.

CLANG OF CASH REGISTER ETC.)

POP: (SINGING, HE'S HIGH) A sailor's wife, a sailor's star  
shall be.....Yo ho, boys, ho...ho ho, yo ho.....  
(STARTS TO CACKLE)

(APPLAUSE AND LAUGHTER. AD LIES: "HEY,  
THAT'S GOOD, POP! SING SOME MORE!")

KILEY: Pop, you're sure in good voice tonight!

STEVENS: Yeah! Best singin' clamdigger on Cape May, ain't he,  
Kiloy?

KILEY: (HIGH) Here's to ya, Pop! Best-singin' clamdigger from  
Barnegate Bay to Delaware!

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#185

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

OCTOBER 11, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(GENTLE WHINE OF WIND. OARS IN WATER

JOEY: (SHIVERING) Gee, Dad, I'm freezin'. It's pretty cold to go fishin' for eels today.

BLAINE: Hebbe, son. But there's no better eating than a good mess of fried eels.....

(OARS STOP)

BLAINE: Joey.....Look down there....in the water.

JOEY: Dad! It's an eel!

BLAINE: Yep. Hold the boat steady, son. I'm going to try and spear him.....(GRUNT)

JOEY: Didya get him?

BLAINE: I dunno. Got something on the end of this spear, ~~hey~~  
~~down-deep~~. Seems mighty heavy for an eel, though.

(GRUNTING, AS WE HEAR SPLASHING SOUNDS) Wait'll I get it near the surface and....(CUTS, THEN GASPS)

JOEY: (IN AWE) Dad! Holy Smoke! Look what you caught!

BLAINE: (IN AWE) Lord A'mighty!

(MUSIC: -- HIT UP AND UNDER)

ATX01 0171543

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)  
Wildwood, New Jersey. From the pages of the Wildwood  
Leader, a story of a reporter who untied a knot....and  
roped a killer. Tonight, to Henry Lapidus of the Wildwood,  
New Jersey, Leader, for his BIG STORY, goes the  
PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: -- ~~STING~~ --  
(COMMERCIAL)



POP: Clam digger? Who's a clam digger, Kiley? Why, I was out at deep sea trollin' for tuna afore any of you was out of your diapers! I brought in more blues and mackerel and cod than all you young squirts'll ever see the rest of your life.....(YELLS) Hey, Barkeep! Barkeep!

BARTENDER: (MOVING IN) What is it, Pop?

BARTENDER: Look, Pop. You've had had enough, haven't you?

POP: (HIGH) Don't tell me I had enough, Monahan! You think I'm drunk like Kiley here....or this old coot, Stevens?

(LAUGHTER. "THAT'S RIGHT, POP. YOU TELL 'EM")

BARTENDER: Pop, listen. You said you had to get a bus to Bridgeton. And this here's a real blizzard.....

POP: I'll get the bus, I'll get the bus. Who's afraid of a little snow! Come on, Monahan, set up the drinks. Drinks for the house....! Everybody, step up! I'm buyin' for the house!

(YELLS: LAUGHTER: "ATTABOY, POP!")

STEVENS: Hey, Pop. Go easy. You ain't got that kind of money.

POP: Oh, ain't I, Stevens?

~~KILEY: There must be fifty people in here, Pop. It'll cost you more'n you got.~~

POP: ~~Is that so, Kiley? Is that so?~~ Here....you want to see money? I'll show you money. Got it right here, in my pocket....take a look at that, will you!

(THE HUBBUB, DIES DOWN. WE HEAR REMARKS:

"LOOK AT THAT FISTFUL. HOLY SMOKE!")

BARTENDER: (MOVING IN) Pop, put away that money. What are you, crazy?

POP: Now look here, Monahan.....

BARTENDER: Put it away, you old fool!- How drunk can you get, flashin' a ~~roll~~<sup>roll</sup> like that, in here? You want to get rolled or something?

POP: Rolled?

BARTENDER: Yeah. Slugged. Robbed. *Let's go home out* ~~Now beat it~~, Pop! Get on that bus and go where you're going, before you get into

*trouble!*  
*Pop: all - OK - quit drivin'! I'm join'*  
(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(WIND MUFFLED OUTSIDE TAVERN)

(TAVERN HUBBUB B.G.)

KILEY: Say, Stevens.

STEVENS: Yep?

KILEY: I wonder where Pop Leonard got that fistful of dough he just walked out with?

STEVENS: I dunno, Kiley. He must've robbed a bank.

KILEY: Yeah. He must of. I'd say he had near a thousand bucks on him, wouldn't you?

STEVENS: At least.

KILEY: That's what I figured. (A BEAT) Well, Stevens, I gotta get goin'. I've got a date.

STEVENS: (A BEAT) Now that I think of it, maybe I'd better get goin' myself!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(PHONE RING. A PAUSE. THEN AGAIN)

RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

GEORGE: (SLEEPY) Hello?

CHARLIE: (FILTER) George, Charlie down in Wildwood.

GEORGE: Oh, hello, Charlie.

CHARLIE: How's Alma?

GEORGE: Not so good. But why are you calling at this time of night.

CHARLIE: George, did Pop get there?

GEORGE: Pop? Was he coming here?

CHARLIE: Yes. On the ~~seven~~ <sup>5</sup> o'clock bus.

GEORGE: He never got here.

CHARLIE: George, I don't understand it. I asked Pop to be sure and call me when he reached ~~Bridgeton~~ <sup>Your house</sup>. I've been sitting around here at home waiting for his call. He started out to take the bus, but in this snowstorm, I dunno.....

GEORGE: Forget it, kid.

CHARLIE: But George.....

GEORGE: You know the old man. Probably stopped in a tavern somewhere, had too many, and ended up by wandering off somewhere. He's done it more than once before.....

CHARLIE: But George, this blizzard is fierce. And it's below zero.....

GEORGE: Stop worrying, kid. The old man's probably sleeping it off somewhere. He'll turn up in a few days. He always does.....

CHARLIE: But George....

GEORGE: Go to bed and forget it, kid. Good night!

(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Henry Lapidus, of the Wildwood Leader, stand in a circle of silent onlookers, on the bank of the Otten Canal, shivering in the biting cold.....and waiting. You watch Detective Lieutenant Art Madden wipe the face of the dead man with a wet towel. You watch the mask of mud ~~and ice melt away~~ <sup>disappears</sup>.....

GEORGE: Not so good. But why are you calling at this time of night.

CHARLIE: George, did Pop get there?

GEORGE: Pop? Was he coming here? -

CHARLIE: Yes. On the <sup>5</sup>~~seven~~ o'clock bus.

GEORGE: He never got here.

CHARLIE: George, I don't understand it. I asked Pop to be sure and call me when he reached <sup>your house</sup>~~Bridgeton~~. I've been sitting around here at home waiting for his call. He started out to take the bus, but in this snowstorm, I dunno.....

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(RECEIVER ON HOOK)

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ ACCENT)

NARR: And then from the crowd a boy steps forward, his face  
pale.....a boy named Charlie Leonard. And he cries out....

CHARLIE: (STRICKEN) That's Pop! That's ....My father!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ SLAMS UP AND INTO)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #185

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: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator.....  
and the BIG STORY of Henry Lapidus.....as he lived it....  
and wrote it.....

NARR: You, Henry Lapidus of the Wildwood Leader, stare down at  
the frozen body of Pop Leonard as his son, Charlie,  
steps forward to identify him. Everybody in Wildwood  
knows the old, retired fisherman, everyone calls him Pop.  
And then, while waiting for the Medical Examiner's report  
to come in you go down to headquarters and hear Charlie's  
whole story, as he tells it to Detective-Lieutenant Art  
Madden.....

CHARLIE: (AGITATED) That's all I know, Lieutenant. Pop had all  
this insurance money, <sup>\$1000</sup> and he said he was going to stop at  
*the Sandbar* ~~the~~ tavern before he took the five o'clock bus. And when  
I called my brother George in Bridgeton, Pop never got  
there.

MADDEN: ~~I see. Got any idea which tavern your father might have~~  
stopped in??

CHARLIE: Yessir. He always went to the Sandbar Tavern.  
~~It was his favorite hangout.~~

HENRY: Charlie, one question.

CHARLIE: Yeah, Mr. Lapidus?

HENRY: Your father disappeared in the blizzard two weeks ago.  
Why didn't you report to the police that he was missing?

CHARLIE: Well, I talked it over with my brother George.  
We decided we'd wait awhile. Y'see, after Mom died,  
Pop took to drinking, and he'd wander off. Sometimes,  
he'd only be gone a couple of days, sometimes a week or  
two. (MORE)

CHARLIE: But he always came back home. (BREAK) I....I didn't  
(CONT'D) figure that.....that he'd never make it....this time!

MADDEN: I see. (GENTLY) All right, Charlie. You can go now.  
We'll call you if we need you.

CHARLIE: (FADING) Yessir....

(DOOR CLOSE OFF)

HENRY: Well, Lt. Where do we go from here?

MADDEN: Let's try the Sandbar tavern, Henry.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(IN WITH TAVERN B.G. - ~~PERHAPS JUKE~~

~~BOX B.G. FOR COLOR~~)

BARTENDER: Yoy, Lieutenant. Pop Leonard was here in my place the  
day of the blizzard. He was oiled to the gills, and  
flashed a big wad of ~~bills~~.

MADDEN: What was he wearing at the time, Monahan?

BARTENDER: An old, blue and red mackinaw. Always wore it.

HENRY: You said he showed a lot of money. Who was in here  
that night?

BARTENDER: Everybody, <sup>Henry</sup>~~everybody~~. It was Saturday night, and you know  
the kind of crowd I get.....local characters, odd job  
men from inland, fishermen, sailors from all over.....

HENRY: Lt. Pop Leonard might have been slugged shortly after  
he walked out of here.

MADDEN: Probably. He couldn't have gone to Bridgeton.  
I checked with the bus line. They pulled the busses off  
after the three o'clock left that day.  
Too much snow.....

HENRY: Well, he might have walked out of here. And any one of  
fifty or a hundred men drinking in here that <sup>after 10:00</sup>~~night~~ might  
have killed him. Not much to go on, is it?



MADDEN: Not much. Let's see what Doc Wesson, the medical examiner, has to say!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BRIDGE)

WESSON: Funny thing about this corpse, Lieutenant.

MADDEN: Yes, Doc? Why?

WESSON: Hardly any blood in the body. This man Leonard was hit at the base of the skull by a blunt instrument, and he bled something fierce before he died.

HENRY: Lt., wait a minute!

MADDEN: What is it, Henry?

HENRY: Just got an idea. Pop Leonard must have been killed inside, somewhere.

MADDEN: Inside?

HENRY: Yes. Inside a car, maybe, or a house, or a building. In other words, out of the storm.

MADDEN: But how do you figure....?

HENRY: It was below zero the night of the blizzard. If he bled outside, the blood would congeal and freeze, instead of flowing freely. Does that make sense, Doctor Wesson?

WESSON: Sure does. Henry's right, Lt.

HENRY: ~~I know I'm right.~~ Another thing. When they pulled Pop Leonard out, all he was wearing was a shirt and trousers. If he were killed outside in the blizzard, wouldn't he be wearing that mackinaw of his?

MADDEN: He would. But maybe the killer stripped the coat from Pop.

HENRY: Why should he? Why should he take a chance on having incriminating evidence around?

MADDEN: I don't know. *I don't know!*

WESSON: To get back to that loss of blood, boys, I was just thinking.

MADDEN: Yes, Doc?

WESSON: The killer dropped Leonard into the canal about a hundred yards offshore. He had to take him out in a boat. Maybe if we could find a boat with bloodstains.....

HENRY: It's no good, Doc.

WESSON: No. Why not?

HENRY: Every boat along the canal has old bloodstains....from fish. All kinds of fish.....bluefish, fluko, woaks, even killie bait.

MADDEN: (WITH A SIGH) Henry's right, Doc. We're on the ~~merry-go-round~~. A man walks into a blizzard..... and then what!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And then what. The answer so far is nothing. The answer so far is frustration. Lieutenant Madden makes a check of old clothes dealers, all the way from Westwood to Bridgeton, on Charlie's description of his father's missing coat. Nothing. But suddenly, you, Henry Lapidus got an idea. You see Frank Blaine, the pol fisherman who found the body. And you have him row you out on Otten's canal.....

(OARS IN WATER. THEN STOP.)

HENRY: This the spot where you found the body, Frank?

BLAINE: Yep. This is it, Henry.

HENRY: Pretty deep right here.

BLAINE: Deepest spot on the whole canal. Still not so deep- Most of it is pretty shallow.

HENRY: Frank, tell me something.

BLAINE: Yop?

HENRY: A man would have to know this canal pretty well, to know that this particular spot was the best place to hide a corpse, wouldn't he?

BLAINE: He sure would. You can't just tell by looking down. This here canal's pretty muddy.....

HENRY: He'd have to use these waters pretty regularly....maybe even live right on the canal. And in that case he'd probably own a boat.

BLAINE: Wait a minute, Henry. You trying to say one of the neighbors did poor old Pop Leonard in?

HENRY: I'm not trying to say anything yet, Frank. But it'll do.. till a better idea comes along!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's something. You're sure of it, yald bet on it. Circumstantial maybe, abstract logic, but something. You go ~~back~~ <sup>Northway</sup> to the ~~funeral~~ <sup>funeral</sup> parlor, and take Frank Blaine with you. You want another look at Pop Leonard's body.... and also a little advice. You get it.....

HENRY: Frank, take a look at these concrete blocks the killer used to anchor the body. Ever see anything like 'em before?

BLAINE: Sure thing, Henry. They're common as dirt. All the folks along the waterfront use 'em for mooring small craft.

HENRY: (DISAPPOINTED) I see. ~~Nothing unusual about these, then. Nope. They're standard twenty-pounders.~~

HENRY: What about the rope?

BLAINE: Plain moorin' rope. You can find yards of it in every shed up and down the canal.

HENRY: That's what I thought. I.....(CUTS) Frank, wait a minute.

BLAINE: Yep?

HENRY: These knots.....the knots the killer tied around Pop's body and the concrete. They look funny to me....unusual.

BLAINE: That's right. They do.

HENRY: Frank, you're an old hand *at this - Have you ever* ~~and you've never~~ seen this kind of knot before?

BLAINE: Nope. Square knots sure. Clove hitches, sure. But not this---

HENRY: ~~Then, this could be something. This could be a break.~~  
If I could check this knot, it might give me a clue and...  
(CUTS) Wait a minute. Of course.

BLAINE: Of course what?

HENRY: The Coast Guard. They might identify this type of knot.

BLAINE: Hmm. Could be, Henry.

HENRY: It has to be. I'll see you later, Frank!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You cut off a section of the rope with one of the knots in it. Then you go to the Coast Guard station at Hereford Inlet, talk to Chief Bosun's mate Hartley. And he tells you ...

HARTLEY: That knot, Mr. Lapidus, is what we call a studdingsail halyard bend, or simply speaking, a halyard bend.

HENRY: I see. And it's not just a common knot, Chief? The ordinary person wouldn't use it?

HARTLEY: No. It's a specialized knot. I don't think there are men in the area who'd know how to tie it. It's used mostly by old time sailors, stevedores, waterfront men ...

HENRY: Thanks, Chief. Thanks ...very much!

(MUSIC: - - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now, you're getting warm, Henry Lapidus of the Wildwood Leader. Now you're reaching for the brass ring on the merry-go-round. Your next stop: The Sandbar Tavern. You ask the bartender, Monahan, a question. And he tells you ....

BARTENDER: Sure, Lapidus. My joint was loaded with strangers that ~~night~~ <sup>11:00 PM</sup> but there were a couple of Pop Leonard's neighbors here too. They were drinking with the old man.

HENRY: Yes? Who were they, Monahan?

BARTENDER: Joe Stevens and Pete Kiley. Both live up Otten's canal a ways, not far from Pop Leonard's.

HENRY: (A BEAT) I see. Monahan, tell me this. What do these two men do for a living?

BARTENDER: Stevens? He's an old-timer sailor. Works on a dredge out on Barnegate Bay now. And Kiley's a stevedore and dock-walloper.

HENRY: ~~(MUTTERS) Then they'd both probably know the halcyon~~  
bend.

BARTENDER: (PUZZLED) The what?

HENRY: Oh, nothing, nothing. Monahan...

BARTENDER: ~~Yeah?~~

HENRY: Do you remember when Stevens and Kiley left your tavern?

BARTENDER: (SLOWLY) Why, yeah. A couple of minutes after Pop Leonard. ~~First Stevens went out, then Kiley, one~~  
after the other. But I don't see....

HENRY: ~~Neither do I, yet. But I hope to, soon...~~

(CLINK OF HALF DOLLAR ON BAR)

HENRY: Change this into nickels will you, Monahan? I want to call Lieutenant Madden!

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

NARR: You brief Lt. Madden. And he starts to ask questions, First, Joe Stevens...

STEVENS: (AGITATED) What are you tryin' to do, Lieutenant? Tryin' to say I killed Pop Leonard? Why, me and Pop Leonard have been neighbors for twenty years an'...

MADDEN: Answer my question, Stevens. Where did you go after you left the tavern?

STEVENS: Why, I went to the Boulevard diner. Had somethin' to eat, an' waited for the storm to stop. Didn't leave there till three in the mornin', an' I can prove it!

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

NARR: He does. His story checks. Next, Pete Kiley...

KILEY: Look, Lieutenant, don't try to pin any killin' on me!  
I took the train to Atlantic City fifteen minutes  
after I left the Sandbar. Had a date with my girl  
there, an' I can prove it!

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

NARR: He can prove it. And he does. And for you, Henry  
Lapidus, that's a setback. You were sure....so  
sure. But now, you're almost back where you started  
from. You feel like giving up. But you don't. You  
start all over ... drop in on Charlie Leonard....

HENRY: Charlie, listen. You know everybody along the Canal,  
don't you?

CHARLIE: That's right, Mr. Lapidus. A few of 'em moved in  
while I was with the <sup>service</sup>~~army~~ in Hawaii, but I guess I  
know most of 'em. Why?

HENRY: Which of them are old-timers....you know, old sailors,  
or stevedores? <sup>who built</sup>~~Men connected with tying ropes and~~  
...(CUTS)....

CHARLIE: (A PAUSE) What's the matter, Mr. Lapidus. You  
started to say something ~~and then~~....(CUTS)...  
~~Anything wrong?~~

HENRY: ~~Why, no, Charlie, no. I...~~I just noticed that belt  
you're wearing. That belt...woven out of cord. Never  
saw anything like it before.

CHARLIE: Oh, that! I wove it myself, ~~Mr. Lapidus.~~

HENRY: You made it....yourself?

*Service*

CHARLIE: Why, sure. When I was in the ~~army~~, I had a lot of time on my hands...nothing much to do off duty but whittle and weave. An old petty officer in the Navy showed me how to weave that cord. (A PAUSE, THEN PROUDLY) Some job, eh?

HENRY: I'll say it is. It's some job. Those knots in the belt, Charlie ... they're all halyard bends, aren't they?

CHARLIE: Why, yeah...yeah...they are.

HENRY: (A BEAT) You want to know something funny, Charlie?

CHARLIE: Funny?

HENRY: ~~Yes.~~ The man who murdered your father and tied him to those concrete blocks ... used the same kind of knot. It's a pretty rare knot, Charlie, something specialized. The average ~~killer~~ *Sailor* wouldn't know how to use it.

CHARLIE: (A BEAT) Hey! Wait a minute, Lapidus. What are you trying to say?

HENRY: I'm trying to say that you may have tied a knot in a rope to hang yourself. I'm trying to say you killed your father!

CHARLIE: That's a lie!

HENRY: Is it?

CHARLIE: That's a lie, see? Why, he was my father. Why should I want to kill him?



HENRY: Because he had a thousand dollars on him. He left the Sandbar tavern and couldn't catch a bus, ~~didn't he,~~ ~~Charlie?~~ He came home drunk, and then you and he had a quarrel maybe, and you knew he had all that money on him, so you killed him!

CHARLIE: You're lying, Lapidus. I don't know who killed my father, but I didn't do it, you hear me, you hear me?

HENRY: (INEXORABLE) That's why he was found in the canal without an overcoat. He was killed inside ... here in his own house. That's why he was dropped into the deepest spot in the canal, because you lived near it and knew just where that deep spot was, didn't you, Charlie..?

CHARLIE: (HYSTERICALLY) I didn't kill him, Lapidus. I don't care what you say, I didn't kill him!

HENRY: All right. You didn't kill him. But you'd better tell that to Lieutenant Madden, down at the police station. You'd better get your hat and coat, Charlie. My car's outside, and we're going right down there...

CHARLIE: Okay. Okay, I'm not afraid, see?

(A COUPLE OF STEPS. CLOSET DOOR OPENS)

CHARLIE: ~~I'm not...~~

HENRY: (INTERRUPTS) Charlie! Wait a minute!

CHARLIE: Yeah?

HENRY: (A BEAT) Better take that other coat out of the closet and bring it with you.

CHARLIE: What other coat?

HENRY: The coat you've got stuffed away on the upper shelf of the closet .... the blue and red mackinaw, Charlie ...your father's coat!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Henry Lapidus of the Wildwood, New Jersey, Leader 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  
distinguished red package - PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES -

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Henry Lapidus of the Wildwood Leader.

LAPIDUS: Under questioning killer in tonight's Big Story finally broke down and admitted killing his father *for the* He was tried and sentenced *for* ~~to~~ murder in the second *money* degree. He is now serving from twenty to thirty years in the State Prison at Trenton. My sincerest thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Lapidus...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 Hartford, Connecticut, Times. By-line Albert I. Prince. A BIG STORY about a weird cult, and a man who could not rest ... until he found eternal sleep.

(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 Wildwood, New Jersey, Leader. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Quinn played the part of Henry Lapidus. 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. Lapidus.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)  
Stop fires -- save jobs. Remember that jobs as well as buildings go up in smoke. Fires destroy foodstuffs and materials we need to raise our production higher than ever before. You owe it to your country to do all you can to prevent fires. Heed all fire regulations. Put out burning matches and cigarettes before discarding them. It is your duty to yourself and your country to stop fires and save jobs.

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

louise/dolly  
9/28/50 pm

ATX01 0171565

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #186

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
KATHERINE	AGNES YOUNG
<del>DOROTHY</del>	AMZIE STRICKLAND
AL	BOB DRYDEN
MAC	WALTER GREAZA
HAROLD	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
VOICE	LUIS VAN ROOTEN

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1950

ATX01 0171566

NBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

REV.

#186

10:00 - 10:30 PM

OCTOBER 18, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(ALBERT I. PRINCE: HARTFORD (CONN.) TIMES)

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

(MUSIC: -- FANTASY BRIDGES INTO. . .)

VOICE: ~~We are ready any time you are.~~

KATHERINE: ~~(MRS. DURAND, A WOMAN ABOUT 35, PURITAN, TIGHT LIPPED,~~  
NOW IN TAUT CONTROL OF HER EMOTIONS. THERE IS A SING  
SONG DREAMLIKE QUALITY IN HER VOICE.) Ready -- I'm  
~~ready.~~ It wasn't any different from usual. He came  
home late --

VOICE: (INTERRUPTS) Your husband?

KATHERINE: (NO REACTION, BUT HER TONE INDICATING IT WAS HER HUSBAND)  
-- and he knew it was going to be one of his insomniac  
nights. He said, "I won't sleep." So he took his  
handkerchief and he poured some chloroform on it.

VOICE: Chloroform?

KATHERINE: He called it the scent of the gods ~~because it brought~~  
~~him sleep.~~ He took a little and put it on his  
handkerchief and put the handkerchief over his face and  
went to sleep. He had done it ~~so~~ many times before,  
~~and didn't think anything of it.~~

VOICE: He used to take chloroform to go to sleep?

KATHERINE: And about five, ~~a little after~~, I thought I heard a  
noise downstairs. ~~And I woke up.~~ I said, "Harold,  
please see what it is." And I reached over and touched  
him and he was cold. (CONTROLLED) Harold was dead.

(MUSIC: -- RISES FULLY, BACKS. . .)

ATX01 0171567

REV.

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, FLAT) Hartford, Connecticut. From the pages  
of the Hartford Times comes the story of Puritan  
morality and violent death. ~~And~~ <sup>tonight</sup>, to Albert I.  
Prince of the Hartford Times for his Big Story, goes the  
PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: ~~--- FANFARE ---~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171568



THE BIG STORY 10/18/50  
PROGRAM # 186

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 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!

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

CHAPPELL: Hartford, Connecticut. The story as it actually happened-  
Albert Prince's story as he lived it.

NARR: It was a scoop, a clean scoop -- and you'd been scooped.  
There it was in black-and-white on the front pages of  
the opposition paper. "Wife finds husband dead in bed.  
Harold Durand, prominent meteorologist and weather expert  
dead of chloroform poisoning." But the scoop didn't  
bother you much -- Albert Prince -- reporter of the  
Hartford Times -- not really. (Sure; it hurts to be  
scooped) What really bothered you, was that you knew  
Harold Durand, knew him for a quiet, good-looking,  
middle-aged scientist. ~~The head~~ <sup>of the</sup> of the Hartford Weather  
Bureau: accurate, conservative, easy with reporters.  
The man almost everybody turned to first in the paper  
to see what today's weather <sup>was</sup> going to be like, or  
tomorrow's. What hit you, <sup>what</sup> disturbed you, made you  
restless, was that there was something --

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ SNEAK)

NARR: (NO PAUSE\_ -- weird about it. That was the only word  
that accurately described it -- weird. Harold Durand  
and chloroform. So to clear up the weirdness of it,  
you sat now on the porch of a nice house in East Hartford,  
where the Widow Durand speaks to you in her small,  
controlled voice.

KATHERINE: We had been married 25 years. We were going to celebrate  
our Silver Anniversary at my folks house in Stoneham,  
Mass.

NARR: (IN VERY CLOSE) She stops, musing on what that 25th celebration might have been like and you look at the face. ~~Smooth skin~~, not an attractive woman. A woman who never learned to dress. A woman who was not allowed by her up-bringing to give in to vanity. A woman with thin, pale lips and thin, long fingers. A frail woman weighing no more than a hundred pounds. Pure Puritan stock.

KATHERINE: We were childhood friends in Stoneham. ~~Both of us were born there.~~ We played together as children. We married there in my father's big house. A beautiful, simple ceremony.

AL: Mrs. Durand, I knew your husband pretty well. ~~I remember during the hurricane in '38 how he stayed at his post -- seventy-two hours.~~ I heard him lecture at the University. I even read some of his scientific articles. Such a clear clean mind.

KATHERINE: He was like that in everything. Harold was the kind of man you dream about and meet once in a lifetime. ~~The one my father once said, "Katherine" (that's my name) -- it's a good marriage."~~

AL: That's what I mean. How does a man like that wind up with -- Well, (HE TRIES TO SOFTEN THE WORD) --drugs.

KATHERINE: The chloroform. I don't know what to say. Only that he worked so hard. He was too tired to sleep so often--

AL: Where did he get it? A man doesn't just buy chloroform in a drug store.

KATHERINE: I never thought of that. But if you knew how seriously he took his work. ~~He used to sit for hours and explain to me the meaning of the weather.~~ How ships at sea depended on his accuracy, and airplanes, and farmers with their crops and merchants. Even banks used to call. ~~How millions and millions of people were dependant upon~~  
(SHE STOPS) - -I'm terribly sorry.

AL: I beg your pardon?

KATHERINE: I've kept you out on the porch. I've offered you nothing.

AL: That's all right.

KATHERINE: I didn't even ask you inside. Surely a cup of tea. I know I'd like a cup.

NARR: For a moment, she was out of herself -- just a brief moment. But now the Puritan morality, the politeness, the kindness to other people asserts itself and the tight, pinched face-- has the smile hostesses use when you walk into a restaurant or tea shoppe.

KATHERINE: Please have a cup of tea.

AL: Thank you, I -- I don't want to trouble you, but I would appreciate it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ A WEIRD THEME, COMING IN WITH. . .)

NARR: It had almost seemed normal -- the bereaved woman talking, offering tea on the porch of a house like any other house on the clean street. Then you find yourself in the living room ~~with the door to the bedroom open.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP IN ORIENTAL WEIRDNESS AND BACKS. . .)

NARR: The altar hit you first. A red lacquered base, bright as a fire engine rising three feet above the oriental rug, in the center of the large wall. Candles in profusion, burning -- perhaps a hundred at the foot of the altar and at the apex. And an idol --a fantastic idol. Three hideous monkeys, half life size, grinning, smirking, glaring -- their eyes fantastically real, as if there were life inside these grotesque monstors.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ AN EVEN DEEPER SINISTER QUALITY. \_ \_ \_)

NARR: And the sweet, almost sickeningly sweet aroma. And then its source. Two blue incense burners and the odor of musk and sandalwood -- a fantastic horror in the ordinary house.

KATHERINE: Most people didn't know that about Harold. But Harold was a cultist, you see. Harold was a disciple, a student of metaphysics. A believer in the inner life, the pure light, the sanctified light.

AL: (ASTONISHED) I see something in the bedroom --I didn't mean to look in, but--

KATHERINE: Another altar. The main one. This one here was for the ordinary days. The one in the bedroom for cult days. Here is your tea. Cream? Lemon? Sugar?

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP)

NARR: You never tasted the tea. Never saw it, never smelled it. You could never take your eyes from those two fantastic altars. Your nose was filled with the burning incense. And even now, a block from the house, the same word -- weird, weird, again weird -- had been planted, almost physically, in your mind. For a conservative, scientific, meteorologist with a Puritan wife -- this comes to your mind (A LONG PAUSE)

AL: (HALF ALOUD) Lizzie Borden took an axe, gave her father  
forty whacks.....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN WITH. . .)

NARR: The famous poem forms in your mind. The story of the  
New England woman years ago named Lizzie Borden, killed  
her father with an axe. And you find yourself sitting  
talking to a very flat, very smart, very skeptical  
detective, name of Sargeant MacGovern.

MAC: Whatever it is you're after, I'll lay eight to one you've  
nothing.

AL: Why are you so sure?

MAC: Because I too am about to celebrate my Silver Anniversary.  
25 years at this desk.

AL: Look, Mac, ~~I got a lot of respect for you and you know~~  
~~it. You never gave me a bum steer and I don't think~~  
~~you're going to give it to me now. Just take it easy~~  
~~and answer me this question. Were the Durand's ever~~ *in*  
any time in the last ten years in any trouble? Arrests?  
Difficulties? Maybe even a fight?

MAC: Just because you went to somebody's house and they ~~ain't~~  
got it furnished the way you think they should have it  
furnished --

AL: You've seen that altar, the monkeys.

MAC: I never was in the house. But I get the general idea.  
Even so, okay, it's crazy. Incense, sandalwood, candles,  
monkeys- So I got a collection of Fearless Fosdick.  
Am I suspect two in your book?

AL: Please don't get wise with me. Mac, were they ever in?  
Ever -- any time?

MAC: (HANDS OVER FACE) Durand, Durand. Wait a minute!  
Katherine Durand, Harold Durand.

AL: ~~Now at least you're thinking.~~

MAC: Nope.

AL: Never?

MAC: Nope. Wait a minute. Hey. Hey. (DISCOVERY, BIG) Hey!

AL: What?

MAC: ~~This is from memory, so~~ -- Two years ago, the Fall. ~~I'm~~  
~~minding my own business.~~ I was on the desk. ~~Sure, now~~  
~~I got it, now I remember.~~ The two of them came in,  
Mr. and Mrs. Durand. ~~Punny I forgot~~ -- what a scene!  
You know how that kind of person whispers? That's what  
they were doing, but loud.

HAROLD: (THESE LINES AND KATHERINE'S OVERLAP AND BUMP INTO EACH  
OTHER -- VIOLENT, TENSE, SOTTO) Why did you have to come here?

KATHERINE: ~~I came because I wanted to.~~

HAROLD: We could have settled it.

KATHERINE: I've had enough.

HAROLD: We don't have to -- Sargeant, it's all a misunderstanding  
I'm going to take my wife home now, so--

MAC: Just a second. What's it all about?

HAROLD: It's absolutely nothing. She's just a little upset and--

MAC: You think I could hear it from the lady?

KATHERINE: The things he says, the things he does, the kind of  
things he brings home. The kind of things I have to put  
up with.

HAROLD: Katherine, for heaven's sake--!

MAC: : Like what, lady? What kind of things?

HAROLD: (TENSE) Since when, Katherine, do we make our private  
affairs public?

KATHERINE: I -- (THEN HAROLD'S POINT REGISTERS) (SHE RECOVERS, PURITAN TIGHTNESS AGAIN) It's nothing, Sargeant. ~~I wasn't feeling very well.~~ I think I did something very foolish. Coming here and bothering you --

MAC: Now just a second. You started to say something and all of a sudden--

KATHERINE: I'm very sorry. There's nothing to talk about and I think I would really like to go home with my husband. (AN ATTEMPT AT HUMOR) A family affair, Sargeant, that I just let get a little away from me.

MAC: (PAUSE, IN SCENE WITH AL) That's all there was to it, Al. So they had a tiff and they came in and they decided not to have the tiff -- in front of me anyhow.

AL: That doesn't gibe. 25 years of blissful harmony, childhood sweethearts -- I don't believe it.

MAC: Don't believe what?

AL: I don't believe things are the way they seem. ~~It's like~~ when you have a look at the outside of the house you think it's just a house. But when you go inside --

MAC: And that little episode I just told you, that makes you right? ~~What are you saying anyhow?~~

AL: (CAREFULLY) I'm not kidding, Mac. I'm asking you a straight question. Could this be murder?

MAC: (LAUGHING) Whoooo! Medical examiner's report says ~~(and the doc's a very careful guy)~~ "accidental death by asphixia, chloroform, poisoning." The guy thought he knew how much he was taking and he took a little more than he thought.

AL: And why couldn't it be that someone gave him a little more than he took?



MAC: On account of the medical examiner looked into that aspect. On account of two of my best men interviewed Mrs. Durand. On account of pigs don't whistle. You seriously think that frightened little lady-- you think she killed the husband she'd been married to 25 years?

AL: ~~Lizzie Borden was a frightened spinster lady too.~~

MAC: ~~What?~~

AL: ~~You know---~~ *Lizzie Borden* Lizzie Borden took an axe, gave her father forty whacks.

MAC: Yeah, I know.

AL: (NO PAUSE) And when she saw the deed was done, she gave her mother forty-one.

MAC: You're out of your head. ~~Eight to one?--Eight hundred to one--I give you!~~

AL: Okay, Mac. I've been wrong before. But then again, once in a while I've also been right.

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #186

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. 1 1)

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

(MUSIC: ~~FOR MISSING BACKGROUND~~...)

NARR: There's got to be more to this dead man, this meteorologist, scientist, Harold Durand; this bizzaro cultist with the incense and the candles and the monkeys in his living room and bedroom. There must be other bizarre things, other weird aspects. An ordinary man doesn't take chloroform before he goes to sleep at night. And a conservative scientist -- even less. Other what? Other women? Other practices in his cult? You want to know more. And so you say all this, you, Albert Prince, reporter -- you say all this to Ernie MacGovern. Sargeant Mac to you. And he says --

MAC: Look, I just ~~plain ain't~~ interested in the ~~idiosyncrasies~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~(that the word?)~~ of a fellow died of accidental asphyxia.

AL: Even when he--?

MAC: Even if he slept in bed with the three monkeys.

AL: Have you been through his private papers?

MAC: I ain't interested in papers -- private or otherwise, -- ~~not of a fellow died of~~

AL: All right. Accidental asphyxia. Will you give me permission?

MAC: ~~Permission to what? It's no police case.~~

AL: To go into his office down at the bureau, maybe his house.

MAC: I got no right to give permission like that. ~~I told you, it's not a police matter.~~

AL: All right. At least you know about it. If I get picked up for -- Oh, I don't know -- snooping I guess, breaking and entering or something --

MAC: My advise is don't snoop, don't break and/enter. Go take a trip down to Yale. The boys are having a good football game tomorrow afternoon. ~~Yale Penn State~~ <sup>date</sup> ~~(CHANGE THIS TO CONFORM WITH THE ACTUAL YALE SCHEDULE)~~

AL: Look. I still like the Lizzie Borden theory. ~~I still like the Gilligan case~~

MAC: The which?

AL: The case of a nice New England family, remember? Gilligan, She had four guests over for dinner. Killed them all and ~~buried them in the flower pots.~~

MAC: Boy, are we ~~morbid~~ <sup>dark</sup> this morning!

AL: Well, anyhow, you know what I'm doing.

(MUSIC: IN MOVEMENT, UNDER.)

NARR: The Weather Bureau was neat, precise, quiet with the big maps on the wall. All kinds of gadgets: meters, barometers, anemometers, things you've vaguely heard about, but never looked at before. And the quiet, distinguished looking cubby-hole and the closed door with the name neatly lettered -- "~~Chief of Bureau~~, Harold Durand."

(DOOR KNOB TURNED, DOOR PARTIALLY OPENED)

DOROTHY: (VERY YOUNG, VERY SWEET, VERY CONCERNED) I'm terribly sorry. You can't go in there.

AL: ~~Just~~ -- I'm from the Times and we want to do a story on Mr. ~~Durand~~

DOROTHY: ~~STARTS SNIFFING~~

AL: ~~Oh, I'm sorry.~~ You know him well?

~~DOROTHY:~~ I was his secretary.

AL: Well, miss, you can help me if you'd like to and I think help him too if you wanted.

~~DOROTHY:~~ He was the nicest boss a girl ever had. Sweet, thoughtful-

AL: Could I ask your name?

~~DOROTHY:~~ Dorothy Reiner.

AL: I know he was working on an annual report, a summary of some kind. And I thought it would be a tribute if we (the paper that is) brought it out or maybe said something about it.

~~DOROTHY:~~ He'd like that.

AL: So won't you help me?

~~DOROTHY:~~ I'm sorry. If you want to go in, go ahead, but his things are all in there and I just couldn't bring myself to do it.

AL: ~~I wish you would.~~

~~DOROTHY:~~ If I went through those papers, the pen on his desk -- his very own pen -- (SHE BREAKS A LITTLE) and -- I gave it to him for his birthday --

AL: (KINDLY) That's okay, Miss Reiner. I'll get the story myself.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER. . .)

NARR: A devoted secretary upset, as everybody who knew him apparently is. So you don't like yourself exactly for what you're doing. ~~The~~ papers are just papers. "Comparative Hi-lo's years 1946, 47, 48. New England Precipitation, 1948, 49. Weather Prediction Accuracy Ratios, 1941 through 1949." Nothing here.

(PAPERS HAVE BEEN RIFFLED DURING THIS, DRAWERS OPENED)

NARR: And then in a small mahogany humidor (he didn't smoke) --

(BOX BEING OPENED)

NARR: --a packet of letters and a diary. And when you've glimpsed at the first few words ~~in one of the letters~~ --

*See*  
~~DOROTHY:~~ (BREATHLESS, DREAMY QUALITY -- DISGUISED ON FILTER)

~~My darling, beloved Harold, --~~

NARR: You can't wait to get out of the office and into a place where you can read what you've gotten. You find a bar and you get a beer in a quiet corner with a small light and you start first the diary - reading. --

AL: Property of Katherine Durand. Her book. Entry-

KATHERINE: (BUILDING IN HYSTERIA, FILTER) I don't think I can take it any more. It's got to stop. It's got to stop.

AL: Entry. 10 days later --

KATHERINE: I know what's been going on. It's him and that girl. I know it. I thought I could deceive myself, but I can't anymore.

AL: Entry, 3 days later. One week before the death of Harold Durand.

KATHERINE: (DEAD SOBER, ) Now I know, finally, exactly what it is I have to do, -- about them. But especially about him.

(MUSIC: -- HITS) --

NARR: You almost stop there, almost get up, almost run to Sergeant Mac. But ~~almost~~, those letters. Those ~~my~~ darling, beloved Harold's letters, dated from a year ago.

~~DOROTHY:~~ (FILTER) Oh my darling, when you are away from me all I can think of are those kisses. Those special kisses that just you and I have alone in the world.

AL: Letter dated three months later--

~~DOROTHY:~~ When are you coming back from Boston? When can I say to people I meet -- "this is my husband, Harold". When?

AL: Letter dated one month before the death of Harold Durand--

DOROTHY: Harold, I don't know what you are doing. ~~I don't~~  
~~understand it and I don't like it.~~ Why are you lecturing  
so much away from home, and away from me? You said we were  
going to be married. Harold, ~~I want the truth.~~ If you've  
been lying to me, I don't know what I'll do. But I'll do  
something.

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER)

NARR: And the name, the name on all the letters -- ~~Dorothy.~~  
~~Dorothy~~ Reiner -- the devoted secretary who ~~gave him the~~  
~~pon for his birthday,~~ and couldn't go in the room because  
she couldn't bring herself to touch his things. At  
headquarters, Sergeant, Mac listens as you tell him,  
you're more convinced than ever that Dr. Jokyll  
(scientist Harold Durand) was Mr. Hyde as far as ~~Dorothy~~  
Reiner was concerned. When you both confront her she says--  
~~DOROTHY:~~ You must be out of your mind suggesting a thing like that.  
I loved him. I always loved him and --

MAC: Okay, you loved him. Only it says here in your writing--  
MAC: "If you are lying to me, Harold, I don't know what I'll do!"  
~~DOROTHY:~~ But you know what I meant, Sgt. For heaven's sake!  
All I meant was I would go out of my mind. Harold and I  
were --

MAC: Yeah, you were special. The first two people on earth that  
really loved each other. ~~Et cetera and so forth.~~ Just one  
little question. Where were you on the night -- that he  
was killed?

~~DOROTHY:~~ Killed?

MAC: Killed.

~~DOROTHY:~~ ~~(Sadly) I live with my family.~~ I was home with my father,  
my mother, my sister and my older brother.

MAC: Can they verify that?

DORCHIE: Do they have to? I mean do you really think I --?

NARR: And Mac is quietly shaking his head and so are you Albert Prince because it is obvious, very obvious she didn't do it. She's confused, she's disturbed. She was in love and he wasn't coming through on his promises -- but she didn't do it.

(MUSIC: A RIPLEE, REINTRODUCING WEIRD THEME)

NARR: But somebody did.

AL: Lizzie Borden took an axe and gave her father 40 whacks.

MAC: That's my sentiments too.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER. . .)

NARR: But if things are -- as in this case they are-- hardly what they seem, and it is a Lizzie Borden -- a violent, passionate woman inside a calm, Puritan exterior, then it's a delicate instrument that has to be played carefully. No slugging, no rapid fire cross-examination is going to bring this out. And Mac agrees. And so, you, and Sgt. Mac go and sit on the porch with her.

AL: There was never anything wrong, was there, between you?

KATHERINE: I thought I told you everything you wanted to know, Mr. Prince.

AL: It was one of those marriages made in heaven, wasn't it?

KATHERINE: (CONTROLLED) Why do you torture me like this? What do you want?

AL: A childhood romance and a marriage that sweetened and ripened every year it lasted.

KATHERINE: Please --

AL: There were no complaints by you against him were there, ever?



KATHERINE: The cruelty was always polite. The humiliation always done with gentility. ~~So kind and so horrible. -- So when I made my mind up that it had to be done --~~ Oh dear God, how I hated the cult, the incense, the altar, the hideous statues, those vulgar, burning lights -- and one night he came home and he fell down on the bed and he said to me -- (FADE)

HAROLD: Get me the bottle.

KATHERINE: You're not going to take that again!

HAROLD: Give me the nectar of the gods, the scent of the angels. (SHARPLY) Give it to me and don't stand there looking like a jackass.

KATHERINE: All right, Harold. Here you are.

~~(POURING OF A FEW DROPS ON A HANDKERCHIEF)~~

HAROLD: A few drops on a handkerchief and I shall taste the beauties of oriental sleep -- the sleep of forgetfulness. ~~You know something?~~ It would be the greatest joy in the world some night to go out, to go on and on until you go out on an everlasting diet of sleep. (HARSH) Get out of the room. You sicken me.

KATHERINE: (PAUSE) And so I waited until he'd fallen asleep and then I walked back in. The bottle was beside the bed, on a table -- the chloroform. ~~And I knew about chloroform.~~ And as I poured it, I said to him -- you want to go out on an everlasting diet of sleep, Harold. (AS IF SHE WERE LIVING THE SCENE OVER) You will, Harold. On a diet of everlasting sleep. (PAUSE) I did it and may the Lord have mercy on my soul.

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

-21-

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Albert Prince of the Hartford Conn Times with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: ~~SPRING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171586

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #186

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!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TAG..) \_ \_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Albert I. Prince of the Hartford Times.

PRINCE: When questioned in her cell, murderess in tonight's Big Story calmly ~~described~~ all the gruesome details which led to the killing of her husband. In court, although nervous, she ~~confessed to the crime and~~ pleaded guilty to a charge of manslaughter. She was sentenced to the State Prison at Weathersfield. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Prince....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 San Francisco Chronicle. By-line Kenneth C. Adams. A BIG STORY about a reporter who came across a battered hat, and death ... in the fog!

(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 Hartford Connecticut Times. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bob Dryden played the part of Albert Prince. 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. Prince.

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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL  
PELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)

This is the season of America's most shameful waste -  
forest fires - ~~that every year destroy millions of~~  
acres of priceless timber ... ~~cripple our watersheds ...~~  
and blast the ~~natural~~ resources upon which our nation's  
~~strength depends~~. Help prevent forest fires by extra  
care in the handling of matches, cigarettes and in  
extinguishing camp fires. Remember -- only you can  
prevent forest fires.

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

( Louise;JOYCE  
OCTOBER 3/50

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #187

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. MEEHAN	ALICE REINHART
EMILY	GRACE KEDDY
VICKI DAWN	GRACE KEDDY
KEN	JAMES McCALLION
ALBERT	JAMES McCALLION
HILL	OWEN JORDAN
BURKE	OWEN JORDAN
RILEY	WM. KEENE
DRIVER	WM. KEENE
ROY	JAMES STEVENS
CLERK	JAMES STEVENS
LEWIS	JOHN McQUADE
COP	JOHN McQUADE
DOYLE	SCOTT TENNYSON
EDITOR	SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1950

ATX01 0171590

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK...DOOR OPENS)

(STEPS INSIDE HOUSE)

ALBERT: Whew! Never thought we'd get home through that fog, Emily.

EMILY: Live and learn. The next time we go to a movie in weather like this it'll be...(CUTS AS)

(WE HEAR CONTACT SOUNDS OFF)

EMILY: (SUDDENLY) Albert! Listen!

ALBERT: Yes?

(PAUSE)

EMILY: (A LITTLE HYSTERICAL) There's someone in the other room...

ALBERT: Now wait a minute, Emily.

EMILY: I tell you there is! I heard someone moving around!

ALBERT: (LAUGHS) Sure. Sure you did. It's Skippy.

EMILY: (WITH RELIEF) Oh. Of course. Clean forgot we shut up the dog in your study.

ALBERT: *2* Better take him down for a walk before I turn in...

(DOOR OPENS)

Here, Skippy. Here boy....

(SHOT...THEN ANOTHER SHOT)

EMILY: Albert! ALBERT!

(MUSIC: -- HIT 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. San Francisco California. From the pages of the San Francisco Chronicle, the story of a reporter whose persistence and courage helped end a manhunt. Tonight, to Kenneth Adams of the Chronicle, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: - ~~BARFANE~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)



OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL.- the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ THEME AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: San Francisco, California. The story as it actually happened. Kenneth Adams story, as he lived it...

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

Fog. Thick, cold, mysterious, fog. It is this night in December, and outside your office window a white-gray shroud drifts and bellies and swirls wetly, like something alive. It has always fascinated you, Kenneth Adams, reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle. In this, the city of the Golden Gate, there have been many fogs, but this is the one to end them all. And now, you abandon your gin rummy game, and stand by the window, and stare moodily out into the white night, and listen to the fearful ships in the harbor...

(SNEAK HERE...INTERMITTENT, MOURNFUL FOGHORNS OFF)

And your friend, Bill Evans, another reporter, says...

BILL: Hey, Ken.

KEN: Yes?

BILL: What are you looking at?

KEN:           The fog.

BILL:           What do you see?

KEN: Nothing.

BILL: Then what's the point?

KEN: I don't know. It kind of gets me, Bill, gives me the shivers.

BILL:           Yeah?   Why?

KEN: It's hard to explain. But to me, a fog is evil, there's something frightening about it, something sinister.

(MORE)

KEN:  
(CONTD)

It's cold and clammy, it's got the feel of death, the touch of death. Look out there tonight, Bill. Seven hundred thousand people in a great American city, and every one of them blinded by the swirling mist. A ~~natural~~ <sup>nice</sup> night for murder.

BILL: (STARES. UNEASILY) Ken...you're nuts!

KEN: Am I?

BILL: I swear, you give me the creeps. How about coming back and finishing this gin game? You've ~~blacked~~ <sup>blacked</sup> me twice, and I want to get even!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: A nice night for ~~a~~ murder, a neat cliché, nicely rounded. But somehow it sticks, and so does the mood. And almost by some mysterious association, at this moment somewhere behind that clammy curtain, a killer has struck. And a hysterical woman runs down into an apartment house lobby, and sees a patrolman talking to the doorman...

EMILY: (SCREAMING) Officer! Officer!

COP. What is it? What's the matter, Lady?

EMILY: My husband. He's been murdered. ~~shot down in cold blood.~~  
A robber in my apartment, ~~he killed our dog and then Albert~~  
~~went in and...~~ (BREAKING)

COP: Lady, listen! Pull yourself together now. Did you see the killer?

EMILY: (HYSTERICALLY) Albert's dead! Don't you understand, my husband's dead.

COP: The killer, lady. Did you see him, did you get a look at him?

EMILY: No! No, I didn't see his face. But he just ran down the fire escape...~~through our window. Maybe he's on the fire escape now, I don't know, I don't know~~ (SOBS) Albert! Albert!

COP: You stay here, Lady. I'm going around to the back!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(LONELY FOG HORN OFF)

BILL: How about the three of clubs, Ken?

(SLAP OF CARD)

KEN: Can't use it.

(SLAP OF CARD)

BILL: Six of spades. No good. If I had any sense, I'd knock with the cards I have.

KEN: You'd better go for gin. You need the points.

BILL: Yeah. Ain't it the truth....

(SLAP OF CARD ON TABLE)

KEN: (CHUCKLE) Thanks, Bill.

BILL: Thanks for what?

KEN: Gin.

BILL: Why you...(CUTS AS)

(DOOR FLUNG OPEN...IN WITH SINGLE TICKER TAPE OFF)

ED: ~~All right, you two.~~ Drop those cards and get going!

KEN: What's up, Ed? ~~Good?~~

ED: (RAPIDLY) Call just came in. Man named Hendricks, Albert Hendricks, ~~a book collector,~~ just murdered by a burglar, apartment house on Oak Street. The crook got down the street on the fire escape, a cop chased him into Golden Gate Park, lost him there.

KEN: Golden Gate Park?

ED: Yeah. The police have thrown a cordon around the park, they're trying to close in on the killer in the fog. Now beat it, both of you!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Fog. White and evil, a moist shroud, a cloak for a killer. And something in you Ken Adams of the San Francisco Chronicle, something in you said this is the night, the kind of night for murder. At the park, by a miracle, you manage to locate Chief of Detectives Matt Kiley. And he tells you....

(FOGHORN OFF, INTERMITTENT, CLEARER THAN BEFORE.)

KILEY: It's murder, Adams. Trying to find anyone in this soup is murder. We've got a couple of hundred men beating this park...but you can't see your hand in front of your face.

KEN: Any particular plan of operation, Chief?

KILEY: I'm working them in a converging circle...moving in toward the center of the park.

KEN: In this fog, the killer could slip right out between 'em, and nobody would ever know the difference.

KILEY: (GRUNTS) He could. And he probably will. That's why I've given my men only one order, Adams.

KEN: What's the order, Chief?

KILEY: If they see anyone, anyone in the fog who doesn't stop at a halt order...shoot to kill.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

(FOGHORN OFF)

RILEY: Adams.

KEN: Yes Chief?

RILEY: What time is it?

KEN: Four a.m.

RILEY: Fog's thinning a little.

KEN: Seems to be.

RILEY: I'll be glad when this is over. My boys are all trigger happy. I hope they don't mistake each other in this soup and...

(THE RATTLE OF A TOMMY GUN OFF...~~THEN ANOTHER GUN~~  
~~JOINS IN~~)

KEN: Chief! Those Guns! They came from the left!

RILEY: I've got Burke and his squad beating the <sup>brush</sup>~~brush~~ there!  
They must have flushed the killer! <sup>Corr on</sup> Let's go!

(MUSIC: - BRIDGE)

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP)

RILEY: (CALLS) Burke! Burke! ~~Where the devil are you?~~

BURKE: ~~(OFF) Over here, Chief.~~

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UP FOR A MOMENT AND STOP.)

RILEY: (PANTING) What happened?

BURKE: We saw him just for a second...yelled at him to halt. He kept going. We fired..missed.....lost him in the fog. But he dropped this...

RILEY: His hat, eh?

BURKE: Yes, sir.

KILEY: Hmmm. A dirty, crummy black homburg.

BURKE: That's right, Chief. With three initials in the hatband..

R.Q.F.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: *It's* Morning, *and* The fog vanishes. So does the killer. Your sidekick, Bill Evans goes back to the office, but you, Ken Adams, go back to Headquarters with Chief of Detective *R*iley. ~~But~~ meanwhile, in a rooming house somewhere in San Francisco....

(PHONE RING...A PAUSE...PHONE RING AGAIN...ANOTHER  
PHONE RING JUST BEGINS WHEN)

(RECEIVER OFF THE HOOK)

VICKI: (SLEEPY) Hello?

ROY: (FILTER) Hello, Baby.

VICKIE: Roy! Roy, for heaven's sake, what's the idea of calling me up at this time of the morning...

ROY: Take it easy. Baby, take it easy. I just wanted to tell you, I've had a big night, just swung a big business deal..

VICKI: You? (SHE LAUGHS) I'll bet. Nickles and dimes.

ROY: (LAUGHS) Guess again, Sweetheart. I just ~~got~~ *made* myself ~~five~~ *a hand* ~~grand~~...and you're in.

VICKI: ~~Five thousand?~~ *how much*

ROY: ~~Yeah~~ *Plenty* ~~In cash..~~ Go out an' buy yourself something nice, *baby*  
~~Baby...a mink coat, or somethin'.~~

VICKI: Roy! You mean it?

BILL: Me, I've been upstairs, downstairs, everywhere ~~but in my~~  
~~lady's chamber. All the tenants in the flea-bags I went~~  
~~to wore old hats. Everybody, including George Washington,~~  
~~slept there. But nobody initialed R.Q.F. Ken, tell me~~  
~~something...~~

KEN: Yes?

BILL: Why do crummy, third-rate hotels always have such high-  
sounding pretentious names like The Grand, the Palace, the  
Ritz-Arms? What's the psychology behind it?

KEN: (LAUGHS) I don't know. Delusions of grandeur, I guess.  
~~Or maybe just an inferiority complex.~~ *By the way Bill - did y*  
*en* Look at that place  
across the street ~~for instance.~~

BILL: The Superba. ~~Some dump.~~ *No.*

KEN: Let's go over and take a look, just for luck.

BILL: Not me. I'm going home and soak my feet. And maybe soak  
my head, for being stupid enough to take up reporting,  
instead of bricklaying. (A PAUSE) Coming?

ken; No. You go ahead, Bill. I'll hang around awhile.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You have another beer, stare at the small broken-down hotel  
across the street, the Superba. And then, you figure, one  
more of these fleabags won't hurt, one more, just for luck.  
So you drag your weary feet up a flight of rickety stairs.  
And at the desk is the majordomo of the Superba, a big,  
blowsy bleached blonde with straggling hair, a Mrs.  
Tillie Meehan. And you tell her...



KEN: (WEARILY) This man wore an old, beat-up black hat.  
And his initials were R.Q.F. That's all I know.

MRS MEEHAN: R.Q.F., huh? Mister, listen. Was this here hat  
one of them kind the Fancy Dans wear...turned up  
on the brim, all around?

KEN: That's right. It was a Homburg.

MRS MEEHAN: Then it's him. It must be him!

KEN: Who?

MRS MEEHAN: Roy Ferris.

KEN: Roy Ferris! Listen Mrs. Meehan, do you know where I  
can find him?

MRS MEEHAN: Sure, right here in my hotel - Room Fifteen...Third  
Floor front!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP INTO)  
(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally  
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. 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 Kenneth Adams, as he lived it and wrote it..

NARR: To you, Kenneth Adams of the San Francisco Chronicle, Lady Luck is a blonde. Lady Luck is a big blowsy blond with straggly hair, Lady Luck is this Mrs. Tillie Meehan, who owns and operates the shabby, third-rate hotel called the Superba. This is where the killer who used to own the beat-up hat lives, the killer who struck and ran in the fog, Roy. Q. Ferris...

MRS.MEEHAN: Funny thing. Never could get over what that initial Q. meant. ~~Used to drive me crazy, wonderin' what it was.~~ Finally, couldn't stand it any more an' asked him. Turned out to be Quincy. Peculiar name ain't it, Quincy...

KEN: (INTERRUPTS) Mrs. Meehan, listen...

MRS.MEEHAN: Yeah?

KEN: Has this Roy Ferris been around lately?

MRS.MEEHAN: No. Matter of fact, he aint. He's been away a couple of days. (SUSPICIOUSLY) Say, what's the matter? What's he done?

KEN: Nothing. Nothing you'd be interested in. (A BEAT) How about letting me take a look at his room?

MRS.MEEHAN: Nothing doing. ~~What do you think I am? You think I'm goin' to violate the privacy of my guests, by lettin' strangers into their rooms? Not on your life, Mister.~~ I don't care who you are - it's against the law, it aint legal...

KEN: (A BEAT) I've got something here that is legal....

MRS.MEEHAN: Whatdya mean?

KEN: Ten dollars.

MRS.MEEHAN: (A PAUSE) Well, I don't see as it can do any harm. Come on!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR AND STOP)

MRS.MEEHAN: Here it is...

(KEY TURNS IN LOCK)

(DOOR OPENS)

MRS.MEEHAN: Remember, no tricks. Don't try to take nothin' or..

(CUTS) Why, the rat! The dirty, low-down skunk!

KEN: What's the matter?

MRS.MEEHAN: He's gone!..gone for good!

KEN: How do you know?

MRS.MEEHAN: Cantya see? No clothes around, nothin'. He had a big hand trunk in that corner, an' it aint there any more.  
(FURIOUS) Why, the no good tramp, he owed me three weeks rent. He must have come back here in the middle of the night, an' then sneaked out...

KEN: Mrs. Meehan, would you have any idea where he'd go?

MRS.MEEHAN: How should I know, Mister? If I knew, I'd go over an' see him, with a cop. I'd collect the rent, or see him in the clink, that's what I'd do.

KEN: What'd this Roy Ferris look like?

MRS.MEEHAN: Had a face like a rat. Slick black hair, little black mustache. The low down, no good, sneakin' bum! If I ever get my hands on him!...

KEN: You say he had a big hand trunk?

MRS. MEEHAN: Yeah. And I hope he trips on it and breaks his filthy neck, the thievin' chiseler!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You get out of there, leave the squalid room, and Mrs. Tillie Meehan. You've lost the killer for awhile. But you figure when he left the hotel, he wouldn't carry a hand trunk around the streets, he'd be looking for some kind of transportation. So...you play the hunch. Just outside the Superba, there's a taxi stand. For two hours you ask one cab driver after another. Finally.....

DRIVER: Yeah, Buddy. Now that you ask me, I remember a guy like that. ~~a guy in an old dirty hat~~, carryin' a small trunk.

KEN: Do you remember where you took him?

DRIVER: Yeah. To the Hotel Plaza-Royal, on Sutter Street.

KEN: Take me there now?

DRIVER: Sure. Hop in!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

KEN: You remember this man, Clerk?

CLERK: I'll say I do. Couldn't forget a hat like that in a hundred years. Only he registered under the name of Harper..John Harper.

KEN: What room is he in?

CLERK: Sixteen. It's a double room, second floor rear. But he's not in right now. Said he was leavin' for a day or two ...on business.

KEN: I'd like to take a look at his room.

CLERK: Where do you get that stuff, Friend? What makes you think I'm gonna. *let you?*

KEN: This!

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH )

NARR: You flash your Press Badge quickly and put it back in your pocket. An old trick, but you had to try it. You gamble ...and you win. He thinks it's a police badge...

CLERK: Oh. Police, huh? Listen, Lieutenant, I don't know what this here Ferris has done, but I don't want no trouble, see? I run a respectable hotel, nice an' quiet, an' I don't want no...

KEN: (INTERRUPTS) There won't be any trouble..if you give me the key.

CLERK: Okay. Okay, Lieutenant. Here you are. Room sixteen. Second floor!

(MUSIC: -- UP SHORT AND UNDER)

NARR: The room has two broken-down brass beds in it..peeling wallpaper. There are clothes strewn all over the place. You see Ferris's hand trunk, open it. It is empty. But on the bottom, you see the torn bits of a photograph... a woman. You gather up the pieces, put them in your pocket. And then, suddenly..

(DOOR SLAM HARD)

~~NARR: The door slams behind you. You whirl and...~~

LEWIS: (COLD AND HARD) What are you doing in my room, Buddy? Start talkin'. (SNAPS) Start talkin' fast, Who let you in?

KEN: I...the desk clerk.

LEWIS: He did, eh? What for? Who are you?

KEN: I...look. I'm a reporter...for the Chronicle.

LEWIS: Come again, Buddy. It aint good enough.

KEN: It's the truth. Here...here's my press badge...

(CLINK OF METAL ON TABLE..)

LEWIS: (A BEAT) Reporter, eh? What do you want?

KEN: Wait a minute. You're not...Roy Ferris?

LEWIS: Never heard of the guy.

KEN: Alias Harper...John Harper.

LEWIS: Oh. That crumb-bum. He was my room-mate.

KEN: Your room-mate?

LEWIS: Yeah. Came in two days ago. The hotel was full up, and the clerk asked me if I wanted to double up the room, split the rent. I said, sure, what can I lose, a buck's a buck. So he moved in...

KEN: What's your name?

LEWIS: Lewis. Pete Lewis.

KEN: Do you know where he went?

LEWIS: No. I hardly talked to the guy. Kind of peculiar character, kept by himself. He left early last night, and looks like he's gone for good.

KEN: And you don't know anything about him? You don't know where he's gone?

LEWIS: I told you, I didn't. And if you ask me it's good riddance.-

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You fill him in on the story, tell him not to leave town, the police will be looking him up. And now, again, you, Ken Adams reporter are stymied. The killer <sup>who is</sup> ~~with~~ the beat-up hat is still at large, elusive, like a wraith of fog. Back at the office, you <sup>and</sup> ~~tell~~ Bill Evans <sup>put together the town</sup> ~~the story so far~~ <sup>of a photograph</sup>

BILL: Ken, you want my advice?

KEN: I know what you're going to say...

BILL: Sure. But even if you know, I'll say it anyway. Turn this over to the police. This is their business, not yours, running after a killer.

KEN: I'll do just that, a little later, Bill. Right now, I want to keep rolling, put these photograph scraps together, see what I can get.

BILL: Keep this up, Brother, and I know what you'll get.

KEN: Yes? What?

BILL: An obituary...and a funeral.

KEN: I'll worry about that when I get to it. Now, hand me that pastepot, will you, Bill? I want to put this picture together!

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

BILL: Ken, it's a glossy, a publicity still....a girl sitting at one of those little white pianos.

KEN: Yes. And obviously, a night-club kid. You can tell by the low-cut evening gown, the professional smile. And the inscription..

BILL: (READS) Hmmm. To Roy...With Love and Kisses ...from Baby.

KEN: Hmmm. Not very original.

BILL: No. Too bad she didn't give her name. Baby, huh? ..That could be most anybody.

KEN: Bill, take a hard look at this girl. Do you think she's quality, first-class?



BILL: No. More the midway type, I'd say. The gown's cheap, so's the quality of this glossy. And Baby looks a little on the burlesque, full-blown side.

KEN: Then you figure she might play in some cheap ~~bistro~~, some roadhouse somewhere.

BILL: If she's working at the moment... yes... But San Francisco's full of joints like that. How are you going to find her?

KEN: *well* There's only one way *to find her.*

BILL: Yes? What's that?

KEN: Hand me that phonebook, will you, Bill? I want to look under classified... theatrical booking agents.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE)

(DOOR CLOSE)

KEN: Mr. Doyle?

DOYLE: (GRAVELLY VOICE, CIGAR CHEWING TYPE) Yeh, yeh. That's my monicker. What can I do for you?

KEN: My name's Adams... from the Chronicle.

DOYLE: (SUDDENLY CORDIAL) Well! Well! Sit down, Mr. Adams, sit down. Always glad to do business with the press. ~~Here, here,~~  
~~a cigar.~~

KEN: ~~No, thanks. Don't smoke, Lem.~~

DOYLE: ~~Too bad, too bad. These are something special, fourth~~  
~~Havana. But if you don't, you don't.~~ Now... what can I do for you, Mr. Adams?

KEN: Do you book girl pianists?

DOYLE: I book anything. Clowns, trick dogs, acrobats, animal acts, fiddle players, hoofers, everything. You wanna book an act for a stag or smoker, I can do that, too. Why?

KEN: Ever see the girl in this picture?

DOYLE: (A PAUSE) Yeah. Sure. I know the dame.

KEN: Who is she?

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DOYLE: Vicki Dawn.

KEN: Dawn?

DOYLE: Yeh. I know it sounds phony, Adams. But y'see, all these night-club entertainers go in for these here fancy names.. stuff like Flame O'Day, Nancy Knight, ~~sensational~~ <sup>theatrical</sup> names like that...

KEN: Vicki Dawn, eh? Know where she's working?

DOYLE: Yeh. Yeh, Adams. Last time I heard, she was poundin' the ivories out at the Seven-Eleven Club.

KEN: The Seven-Eleven. Where's that?

DOYLE: It's a second class dine-and-dance joint for the highway trade...out near San Mateo.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you're close, Ken Adams, you're sure of it...close to the end of the manhunt. This is where you call the police..and you do.. Chief of Detectives Kiley gives you a tongue lashing for not phoning sooner, and you take it, because in your heart he's right, you've got it coming. But you've gone this far...and now you want to go all the way, you've got to...

(IN WITH NIGHT CLUB B.G.OFF, MURMUR OF VOICES,ETC)

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH INTIMATE PIANO. OFF)

NARR: And so you go the Seven-Eleven Club..and there is ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> girl at the piano...this Vicki Dawn...the girl who sent love and kisses to the killer in the fog. You walk toward her...

(MUSIC: -- MOVE PIANO UP CLOSE, THEN ON)

KEN: (A BEAT) Hello.

VICKI: Oh. Hello, Honey....

KEN: That's a nice piano you play.....

VICKI: Thank you, darling. I do my best. Can I play you something special?

KEN: Why, uh...no.

VICKI: I've got a lot of numbers in this instrument, honey, sweet stuff, low down, anything you like. Don't let 'em die on the vine, lovely boy, don't be bashful, you must have a request.

KEN: I have.

VICKI: Now you're talking. What is it?

KEN: Where is ...Roy Quincy Ferris?

(MUSIC: -- THE PIANO JANGLES SUDDENLY IN DISCORD AND OUT SHARP)

VICKI: (A BEAT) Roy....Ferris?

KEN: That's right. He's wanted for murder.

(MUSIC: -- CHORD AND UNDER)

NARR: She stares at you open-mouthed. Then her eyes turn away toward a man sitting at a table.. He's got slick black hair, a small black mustache...and he sees you both ...staring at him. He gets up, goes to the checkroom. You move toward him...

KEN: Hello, Ferris.

ROY: (A BEAT) You got the wrong party, Mister.

KEN: Have I?

ROY: You heard me. You got the wrong party.

KEN: I don't think so. I see you bought a nice, new hat. A Homburg, just like the old one, eh, Ferris?

ROY: ( A BEAT) What are you talking about?

KEN: Your old hat. The one you lost in Golden Gate Park. The one with your initials in it.

ROY: Friend, look. Take your hand off my arm before I break it for you. I don't know who you are, and I tell you you've got the wrong party, see? (A BEAT) Now, listen. I've got to leave. I've got to leave, see, and I don't want you tryin' to follow me. Because if you do, I'll...

KEN: I don't think you're going to leave, Ferris?

ROY: No? Why not?

KEN: You see those three men coming through that door?

ROY: ~~Yeah~~ What of it?

KEN: The one in front happens to be..Chief of Detectives  
Matt ~~R~~iley!

(MUSIC: -- UP IN CURTAIN)

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

(MUSIC: -- ~~SCENE~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG) \_ \_

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Kenneth Adams of the San Francisco Chronicle.

ADAMS: Killer in tonight's BIG STORY refused to confess. But after a three day trial, jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment at San Quentin. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL AWARD.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Adams...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 Associated Press. By-line Walter V. Beasley. A BIG STORY about a reporter whose Big Story turned out to be a death warrant.

(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 San Francisco Chronicle. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and James McCallion played the part of Kenneth Adams. 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. Adams

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

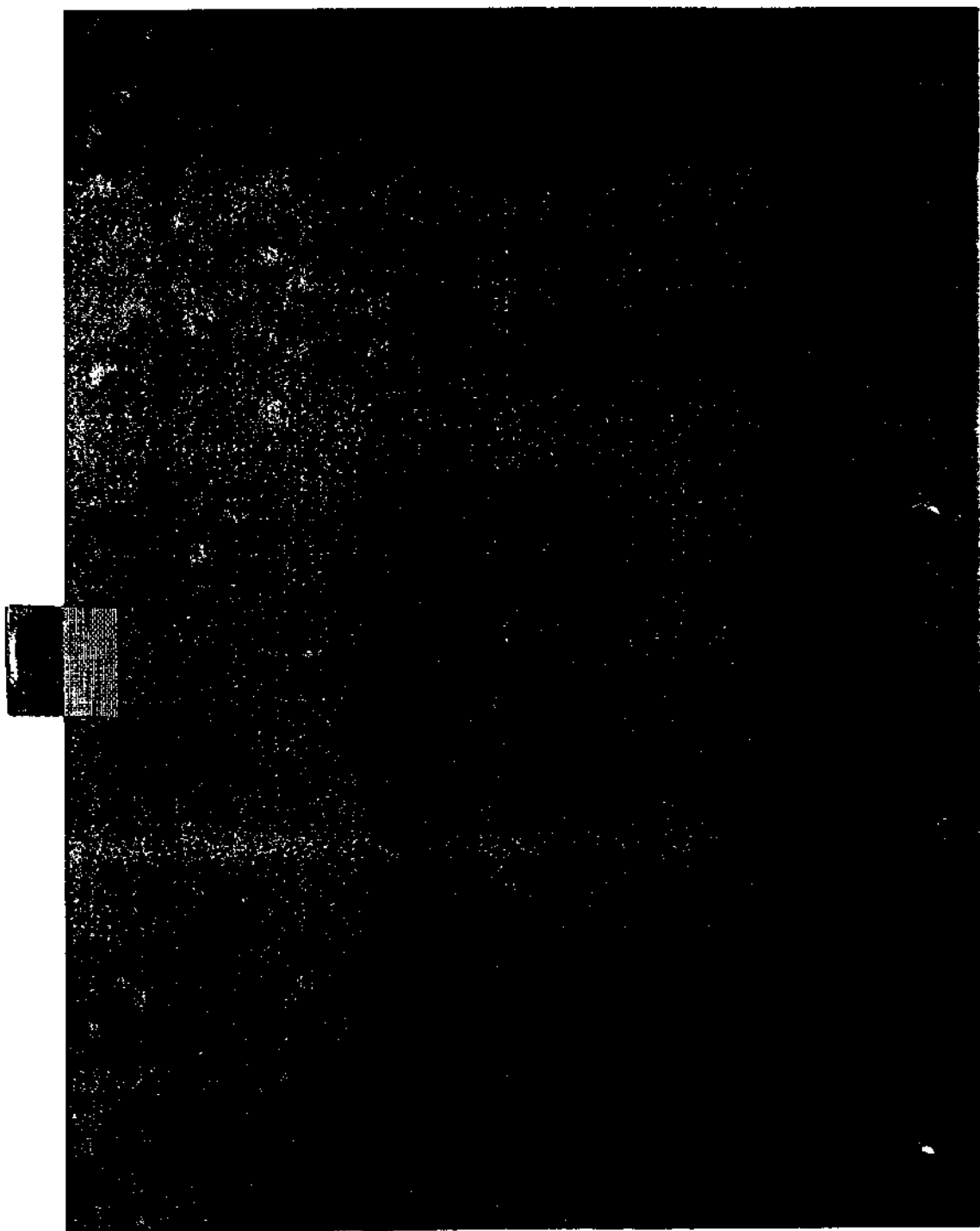
CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of PELL  
MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. (PAUSE)

By this time tomorrow night, eleven hundred American  
homes will have had a fire. And the day after that,  
another eleven hundred homes will burn. And every day  
this year this destruction will go on, unless we do  
something about it. You can stop fire in your own home  
by using just a little care. Don't smoke in bed. Have  
heating and electrical equipment repaired promptly.  
Fire prevention is your job!

This is NBC.....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ls/ro  
10/13/50

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ATX01 0171616



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #188

AS BROADCAST

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MILLIE	ANN SHEPHERD
BEESELEY	LES DAMON
NEWTON	PHIL STERLING
CLERK	PHIL STERLING
JUDGE	RAY JOHNSON
COP	RAY JOHNSON
PROSECUTOR	FRANCIS de SALES
PHOTOGRAPHER	FRANCIS de SALES
DEFENSE ATTORNEY	EUGENE FRANCIS
SHERIFF	EUGENE FRANCIS

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1950

ATX01 0171617

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#188

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

NOVEMBER 1, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: FANFARE)

CLERK: ~~Place your hand on the book... raise your right hand...~~

You swear the testimony you are about to give in these proceedings will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

BEESLEY: ~~So help me God~~, I do.

CLERK: What is your name?

BEESLEY: Walter V. Beesley.

CLERK: ~~Your~~ occupation?

BEESLEY: Newspaperman, Associated Press.

CLERK: All right, Mr. Prosecuting Attorney.

PROS: Mr. Beesley, I show you this newspaper clipping, this "murder confession" of the defendant. Will you tell the court the circumstances leading up to ---

DEFENSE: Your Honor -- I object! On the grounds that this witness, a newspaperman, who received a confidential communication is NOT a qualified witness -- when a man's life is at stake!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO FOR)

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 & FLAT) Boise, Idaho. Off the tickers of the Associated Press -- the story of a reporter who became a trial witness. ~~and~~ For his work -- to Walter Beesley for his Big Story goes the PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: ~~FANFARE~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171618

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -

"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Boise, Idaho. The story as it actually happened. Walter Beesley's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARR: You, Walter Beesley, serving the <sup>Associated Press</sup> in Idaho -- which means serving the AP's papers all over America -- are on the witness stand in a murder trial. Why? You've written a story. That story is evidence. And now, the prosecutor has shoved a photostat of your story under your nose and asked you to identify it. It's your story all right. Headline -- Killer Confesses. Byline -- by Walter Beesley. But the lawyers are arguing -- and the judge is deciding.

(GAVEL OVER HUBBUB OF CONVERSATION)

JUDGE: (ECHO) Mr. Defense Attorney - your objection is over-ruled.

DA: I would like to argue the point.

JUDGE: The court will hear the arguments of counsel in chambers. The bailiff will escort the jury, for the time being -- back into the jury room.

BIZ: (RATTLING OF CHAIRS, MANY FOOTSTEPS STOMPING OFF)

JUDGE: In the meantime, pending argument -- there will be a recess. (PAUSE) Mr. Beesley --

BEESLEY: Yes, your honor?

JUDGE: You may leave the stand. But you will, of course, hold yourself in readiness to resume?

BEESLEY: Yes sir, I will. (PAUSE) After all, Your Honor -- I am also covering this trial, ~~and~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: Coffee. That's what you need. Coffee, strong, black, hot -- and immediate. You head across Courthouse Square in Twin Falls, where trial's being held, for a cafe, when (HEAR IN B.G. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS) you hear --

FOTOG: (OFF) Walt! Hey -- Beesley! Wait up!

NARRATOR: Your turn. It's the fotografer from the local paper.

FOTOG: (COMING UP BREATHLESSLY) Where you going, Walt?

BEESLEY: Coffee. I know those lawyers. They'll take a long time.

FOTOG: I could use a cup myself -- if you don't mind. I was up all night printing and developing --

BEESLEY: I don't mind. Come on.

(MUSIC: In with  
UP WALKING DOWN HILL AND R.)

NARRATOR: He was up all night! Hah. A royal lot of sleep you've had yourself! (SNEAK SOUNDS OF RESTAURANT IN B.G., AND COFFEE CUPS CLINKING ON CLOSURE) As you explain over the coffee ---

BEESLEY: (TENSE & QUIET) I couldn't sleep a wink. It's my story that's gonna hang the poor guy . . . it's my testimony that'll put the noose around his neck. ~~It's my say so that'll string him up.~~ (PAUSE) Sleep? With that on your mind?

FOTOG: I see what you mean.

BEESLEY: No. You don't. You can't. (HARSH) They're back there arguing over whether to admit my evidence. (NEAR OUTBREAK) Has anybody asked me how I feel about having to give it?

FOTOG: But you have to give it, what's the sense of beating yourself over the head?

BEESLEY: Does he know the girl's body's been found?

SHERIFF: No.

BEESLEY: Sheriff -- how's about my talking to him?

SHERIFF: You won't get anything out of him.

BEESLEY: That doesn't answer my question. What's he doing?

SHERIFF: Hollering for a smoke.

BEESLEY: You give him one?

SHERIFF: Him? Not me.

BEESLEY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Sheriff -- let me talk to him.

~~SHERIFF: Go ahead. Nobody's stopping you.~~

~~BEESLEY: No. I mean lock me in the cell with him.~~

~~SHERIFF: The heck you say. Talk to him through the bars.~~

~~BEESLEY: No. Lock me in the cell.~~

~~SHERIFF: For Pete's sake, why?~~

~~BEESLEY: Oh. I dunno, really. Maybe to show him I'm not afraid  
of him. I'll tell it that.~~

SHERIFF: You reporters are all nuts. Come on.

(ECHOED FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR UNLOCKED, FOOTSTEPS CLOSE,  
DOOR LOCKED)

SHERIFF: Holler when you want out. I'll be eatin' lunch.

(FOOTSTEPS WALK AWAY)

BEESLEY: (GENTLE, QUIET) Hello, John.

NEWTON: Who're you? A cop?

~~BEESLEY: No, I'm a~~

~~NEWTON: A lawyer?~~

BEESLEY: ~~I'm trying to tell you~~ <sup>No</sup> ~~-~~ I'm a newspaperman. Associated  
Press.

MILLIE: (A BIT OFF) <sup>John</sup> ~~John~~ (PAUSE) John -- stay away from me, willya, please.

NEWTON: I gotta talk to you, Millie, Please.

MILLIE: No -- no.

NEWTON: Baby -- I'll get out of the car, I'll follow you up the street. I'll holler ~~right in the street, if you don't~~  
~~gimme a chance to talk to you~~ (RAISES VOICE) ~~Millie,~~  
~~baby, honest --~~

MILLIE: (EMBARRASSED) All right, all right!

(QUICK FOOTSTEPS, CAR DOOR OPENS, CAR STARTS UNDER)

MILLIE: But not long. Just around town a little -- then I got to be home!

NEWTON: Sure, Millie -- sure. Just around town a little!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY)

NEWTON: But I didn't take her home. I drove straight off, out of town --

BEESELEY: That's kidnapping, John.

NEWTON: Kidnapping, for a guy to want to talk to his own wife?

BEESELEY: She wasn't your wife any more. She got her decree.

NEWTON: Interlocutory, mister. Still had two months to go before it was final!

BEESELEY: All right, John. Have it your way. What then?

NEWTON: I drove. And all the way, I didn't tell her where we were going yet -- all the way, I begged with her. I pleaded with her, all my might I pleaded -- but it was always the same -- (CROSS) No, no, no ---

MILLIE: No, no, no, John, I won't come back. Never.

NEWTON: Millie, you never gave me a chance!

MILLIE: I never gave you a chance! When I did, what'd you do?  
John, you keep saying you love me -- (SHE SOBS) a man  
loves his wife, he don't <sup>hit</sup> beat her!

NEWTON: ~~A girl marries a guy, she don't go to court and get  
orders against him, saying he can't see her. I got so  
mad, I didn't know what I was doing!~~

MILLIE: ~~Yeah, yeah.~~

NEWTON: Honest! Listen -- you think if I didn't love you, I'd  
give a hoot? Sure I hit you -- I hit you cause I loved  
you. I loved you enough, I loved you so much, it hurt  
me so much when you left me, there was nothing I could  
do, nothing I could say --

MILLIE: So you hit me.

NEWTON: I was so crazy about you, yeah, I hit you.

MILLIE: I don't want any of that kind of love, John. I don't want  
any more of you, either. (PAUSE) Listen, where are we  
going? Where are you taking me?

NEWTON: No place.

MILLIE: No place! It's late! I got to go home! My father'll  
worry --

NEWTON: (THIS IS THE SORE SPOT) Your father! Always your father!  
This is all his fault! THAT GUY HATES MY GUTS!

MILLIE: That's not true. <sup>my father</sup> He doesn't hate anybody --

~~NEWTON: Yeah, yeah. He's a saint, that's what he is. (BURST)  
He made you go to that lawyer, he made you go to court  
against me, he put all this divorce stuff into your head  
-- just like he was against my goin' out with you, just  
like he threw everything in my way -- just like he got me  
fired from my job --- Deny that, go ahead, deny that!~~



~~MILLIE: (QUIET) Maybe he did. And if he did, he was right.~~  
~~You're no good, John -- you're --~~

~~NEWTON: (QUIET) You don't mean that. You know you don't mean~~  
~~that.~~

MILLIE: (STARTS TO SOB) John, John, you're no good for me! It don't work, it just don't work out, you and me! Let's forget it all, let's just go our ways -- listen, John -- turn around, take me home, let me go -- you don't want me, you don't need me -- there's plenty of other girls --

NEWTON: -Oh no, -- Not for me --

MILLIE: Plenty of girls, John. Nice girls -- pretty girls -- John, I'm not even pretty -- (SMILE IN TEARS) Old Ugly-face, you called me --

NEWTON: (HOLDING BACK) That was a way of speaking --

MILLIE: John, please, let me go --

NEWTON: (GOING RIGHT ON OVER HER) - that was a way of saying you were beautiful, Yeah -- like hitting you was cause of loving you, ugly-face, that was saying -- you're beautiful. (HE RISES, MORE AND MORE) And there's no other girl, no other girls in the whole world for me -- there's only you for me, only you -- and if I can't have you --

MILLIE: John -- please --

NEWTON: -- I don't want anybody.

MILLIE: (LOW) John, please. It's so late. Almost midnight, John -- please. Turn around.

NEWTON: No.

MILLIE: Then -- then just stop. Let me out. I have money,  
I can take a bus -- I can stop a greyhound --

NEWTON: No.

MILLIE: (TERRORSTRICKEN) John - do you know where you're going?  
Where are you taking me?

NEWTON: (QUIET) Mexico.

MILLIE: (WHISPER) ~~John~~ -- you're crazy!

NEWTON: Mexico. ~~It's warm down there, it's wonderful, it's new,~~  
~~it's something different for you and me, we never seen~~  
~~such country, we~~ -- we can start all over, like on a  
honeymoon -- you and me, sunshine, palm trees, you'll see.

MILLIE: (TRYING TO HUMOR HIM) Money, John, it costs --

NEWTON: (WILDLY) I got it! Every cent I got, I got with me --  
we'll make out! A brand new start, Millie --

MILLIE: (A WAIL) John, ~~John~~, take me home, take me home!

NEWTON: No, never! (PAUSE: VERY QUIET) Millie -- this is all my  
heart and all my soul, talking, Millie - believe me,  
cross my heart. I'll be good. I love you, give me  
this one chance to prove <sup>it</sup> -- Millie, everything I got  
is in this one try. Let me make this try -- and if it  
don't work -- okay.

MILLIE: Will you do one thing?

NEWTON: Anything you say, Millie, everything you say --

MILLIE: Stop? And let me send a telegram home? Please.

NEWTON: All right -- but not to tell them where we're goin'.

MILLIE: No, John. Just so they won't worry. I'll just say --  
we're trying again. Please, John - please?

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NEWTON: All right, Millie -- the very next place. ....

NEW Say is that a car following us?

MILLIE: No - I don't see anything, John.

NEWTON: It is a car! Cops! They're after me! *They're not going to get me*  
*Well they are not*  
*They're* going to *have to* catch *me* first!

(CAR UP FAST AND FASTER AND FASTEST INTO)

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY INTO)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171627

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND) --

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally  
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. 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 Walter Beesley, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: You, Walter Beesley of the Associated Press, are waiting to be called back to the witness stand in a murder trial -- where your testimony may cause a man to hang. You're remembering that man's story as he told it to you in his cell...how he kidnapped his ex-wife, and how, riding the midnight roads, (SNEAK CAR BEHIND) He spied a patrol car and sped into the night...

(CAR UP AND DOWN BEHIND)

MILLIE: (CRYING OUT ) John , John, don't go so fast --

NEWTON: I can't let them get me, I can't --

MILLIE: If you speed, John, they'll really --

NEWTON: It's not speeding they want me for -- they want to take you away from me!

MILLIE: I won't let them, John, I won't let them. Honest, honest, slow down and when they stop you -- I'll tell them everything's all right, I'll tell them I'm with you of my own free will!

NEWTON: You promise, cross your heart?

MILLIE: Cross my heart, John, I promise!

NEWTON: All right.

(CAR SLOWS DOWN, ~~STEEL BARS~~, CAR COMES ALONG SIDE  
HORN BLOWS, BOTH SLOW TO STOP)

NEWTON: (LOW) There's two of 'em. Don't say nothing unless they ask. (UP AS FOOTSTEPS COME) What's the matter, fellas? Was I goin' too fast?

COP: That's puttin' it mild. Better step out of the car.

NEWTON: (TENSE) What for?

COP: Don't start askin' questions -- get out of the car.

NEWTON: Listen, if I was speedin', okay, give me a ticket, but --

MILLIE: Do what <sup>he</sup> ~~they~~ says, John, please --

COP: Your name wouldn't be Mildred, by any chance, would it, lady? Guess you're the ones the alarm's about so --

MILLIE: (A SCREAM) No, John don't.

(A SHOT, A CRASH OF GLASS)

NEWTON: (WILDLY) Let go my arm, let go --

(BANG BANG AND CAR STARTS AND CAREENS UNDER)

MILLIE: (SOBBING) John, John, you're crazy, crazy mad! I was gonna tell them it was all right, John -- and now you went and killed two cops -- John, John, you're crazy!

(MUSIC: UP AND AWAY UNDER)

BEESELEY: (QUIET) Why did you shoot the cops, John?

NEWTON: (LOW) I don't know. Just when she promised to come with me, they come along, everything went to pieces -- I -- I lost my head.

BEESELEY: You lost your head.

NEWTON: I -- I didn't mean to kill them. In fact, I don't even know if it's true they're dead, --- I ---

BEESELEY: They're dead, John. (PAUSE) What next?

NEWTON: ~~What?~~

BEESELEY: ~~What did you do then?~~

NEWTON: ~~Oh,~~ (PAUSE) We drove. We put up in a tourist cabin that night ---

BEESELEY: Yeah.

NEWTON: And the next morning -- that was yesterday, I guess -- we took off again.

BEESELEY: For Mexico? You were heading for Mexico and you came by way of Idaho -- from Tacoma?

NEWTON: NO sir.

BEESLEY: <sup>OK</sup>Where were you going then?

NEWTON: Anyplace. Just -- anyplace. (SNEAK CAR) I just had to keep goin', that's all.....just keep goin'. (FADE)  
(CAR UP AND BACK BEHIND)

MILLIE: John where are we going?

NEWTON: Honest, Millie -- I don't know. Canada, maybe. We can cross over into Canada --

MILLIE: John please, I beg you, please -- let me go --

NEWTON: I can't

MILLIE: Please!

NEWTON: (TORTURED) I can't! The cops, ~~the cops~~ <sup>just</sup> I shot <sup>2 cops</sup>

MILLIE: They're dead, John, you can't bring them back -- but you can let me go --

NEWTON: -- so you can tell the police?

MILLIE: But John -- a wife can't testify against her husband --

NEWTON: Oh -- right away you're my wife again -- we're divorced, you forget a little thing like that?

MILLIE: (FRIGHTENED SILLY) John, John, I don't understand you -- it's one thing one minute and ~~the opposite~~ the next <sup>its the</sup>  
(WHISPER) John -- ~~I don't know~~ <sup>you're really</sup> really crazy.  
(PAUSE) let -- me out -- please let me go!

(CAR UP AND AWAY UNDER)

(MUSIC: -- WIPE IT AND DOWN BEHIND)

NEWTON: (LIKE IN A DREAM) My mind was going around and around -- I didn't know where I was going. . . what I was doing. . . I drove up one road, I drove down another, over and back, and around -- and finally, it got night...last night, it must have been. . .

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

MILLIE: John -- please. Stop. I'm so tired. . .

NEWTON: (NEAR BREAK) I'm tired too. . . but I don't know where to go .... they're lookin' for us...they must be lookin' for us. (WHISPER) It's drivin' me crazy!

MILLIE: (SOFT) John -- honey -- ~~you're so tired~~.

NEWTON: Huh?

MILLIE: If you're worried, I'll go into a hotel or a restaurant and tell on you -- honest, John, I won't. I wouldn't do that. . .

NEWTON: How do I know, how do I know?

MILLIE: (SHE MEANS IT) Cause you need me, John. You're not bad. . . you're -- you're sick. Your head's sick, John my father ~~has said~~ --

NEWTON: ~~(CLAREUP) your father, your father, your father~~

MILLIE: (SOFT) ~~But he was right, John. He told me you were~~ ~~you were~~ --

NEWTON: ~~Crazy? I was crazy? So that's it.~~

MILLIE: ~~(NEAR BREAK) Not crazy, just sick. And baby, you~~ ~~poor baby, it's all right now~~ I'll stay with you, I'll stay by you, I'll do anything you say.

NEWTON: (BREAK) Aw, Millie, Millie, what'll I do, what'll I do!

MILLIE: (SOFT) Do like I say, John. Stop somewheres -- anywheres get some sleep -- and tomorrow, when you're rested -- we'll see. But first -- you got to get some rest!

(A PATHETIC ATTEMPT AT HUMOR) Ater all -- I'm tired too and you'll start callin' me ugly-puss again if I don't get some rest!

(MUSIC: -- IN\_WITH)

NEWTON: (VERY LOW) I pulled the car into a field. I got it behind some trees. I grabbed a blanket out of the back. ~~(SNEAK NIGHT SOUNDS) (MORE)~~



NEWTON: And we walked kind of into the woods. (PAUSE) There  
(CONTD) was kind of a bridge there .... I gave Millie the  
blanket and said, go lie down, Baby ...  
go lie down, I said...and I walked away, a ways.  
(SILENCE)

BEESELEY: (GENTLE) Then what, John?

NEWTON: Nothing. She went one way with the blanket, I went  
t the other.

BEESELEY: Yeah ---

NEWTON: That's all.

BEESELEY: (SOFT) Sure, John?

NEWTON: Yessir. (PAUSE) I went one way, she went the other.  
Next morning, I went lookin' for her -- and she was  
gone.

BEESELEY: (SOFT)' Are you sure, John?

~~(SOUND EFFECTS COMING ON)...~~

NEWTON: Yessir. I went down to the road by the car, and all  
of a sudden I felt so sick -- and it was then the cops  
came and grabbed me.

*Beeesley:* <sup>(DOOR OPENS)</sup>  
*Is that the whole story?*  
SHERIFF: You through yet?

BEESELEY: Not quite, Sheriff. (PAUSE) What's that?

SHERIFF: Coffee and sammidges left over. Thought you could  
use 'em . I'll set 'em down here and come back for  
you in -- Well, it's got to be soon. The lawyers  
are comin'.

BEESELEY: His?

SHERIFF: No. The state's.

BEESELEY: Has he got a lawyer?

SHERIFF: Nope. He's been hollerin' for one, but --

BEESLEY: (QUIET: HARD) Get him a lawyer, Sheriff. Fast.

SHERIFF: Now listen --

BEESLEY: It's his right, Sheriff, and you know it. Get him a lawyer. (PAUSE) That is, unless you forget I'm from the Associated Press.

SHERIFF: All right, all right! (GOING OFF) But you better finish up quick!

CELL DOOR OPENS & SHUTS)

BEESLEY: (AFTER A SEC) Here, John, drink this coffee.))

NEWTON: ~~Gee whiz, you --~~

BEESLEY: ~~Go on, I've had lunch.~~

NEWTON: ~~Gee whiz.~~ (HE STARTS TO MUNCH AND GULP COFFEE)

BEESLEY: I just want you to tell me a few more things, John. But first, can I tell you something?

NEWTON: (THROUGH FOOD) Yessir. Sure.

BEESLEY: They found Mildred.

( A PAUSE THEN)

NEWTON: (A GULP OF COFFEE) They did?

BEESLEY: Yes.

NEWTON: Wh--where?

BEESLEY: Under the culvert. It wasn't a bridge, John. It was a culvert. She--(PAUSE) (VERY VERY GENTLE) John - John, kid-- why don't you tell me? You know she was dead. There was a bullet through the right eye, it came out the back of her--

NEWTON: (QUIET) No. (DULL) No. Not in the --(PAUSE: A SOB) I didn't shoot her in the face. She was sleeping -- I--I wouldn't shoot my baby in the -- in her poor sweet face, ~~me~~  
-- (HE BEGINS TO SOB)

BEESLEY: ~~You didn't. You did kill her.~~

NEWTON: ~~(SOBS) Yes, yes, yes~~

BEESLEY: ~~The story was a lie~~

NEWTON: ~~No, no -- it was true, except the last part -- where I~~  
~~said I -- I walked away!~~

BEESLEY: (GENTLE) You want to tell me?

NEWTON: (SOBS) Yes, yes. You're the only <sup>guy who's brave</sup> decent ~~guy~~, you --

(A RACKING BREATH) Listen. This is the truth. ~~(SNEAK~~  
~~MUSIC)~~ I -- I give her the blanket. She says -- goodnight,  
~~John~~, baby, goodnight, it's gonna be all right in the  
morning. I said, okay, ugly-face -- don't be cold -- and  
-- and she goes to sleep under the bridge --

BEESLEY: (MURMUR) Culvert --

NEWTON: Culvert, bridge, I don't know. I walk a little ways away.  
I find the gun in my pocket. All of a sudden, I realize;  
the cops. They're maybe dead. Even so, it's jail anyhow  
for me. (ANGUISH GROWING) I can't have her if I'm in  
jail, I can't have her if they're killed and I -- hang --  
and if I can't have her -- nobody can have her -- and I  
walk over there -- and she's sleeping ~~in the bed~~ -- the  
~~culvert, she's sleeping~~ -- and I lean over -- and ---  
(LONG SHUDDERING PAUSE) -- (WHISPER) I kissed her on the hair  
soft, and I shot her. Once. (PAUSE) That's all. She  
never knew nothing.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND MOURN AND AWAY FOR)

~~BEESLEY: (WITH FOOTSTEPS) Sheriff! Hey -- Sheriff!~~

~~SHERIFF: (OFF) Gamin'!!~~

~~(FOOTSTEPS TO, DOOR UNLOCKED)~~

~~SHERIFF: Get anything out of him?~~

~~BEESLEY: I got a story, yes.~~

SHERIFF: Confession?

BEESLEY: I'm not saying, Sheriff. (PAUSE) What I get is between him and me -- as a newspaperman.

SHERIFF: Say --

BEESLEY: -- and anything you need for yourself -- you'll have to get for yourself.

SHERIFF: I'll get it all right! (A BELLOW) John Newton - did you kill that girl?

NEWTON: (QUIET, MOVED) Sheriff -- I told him my story. But I ain't tellin' you nothing. And that goes for now and every time from now on!

~~(MUSIC: HUBBUB GOES)~~

NARRATOR: So there you were, <sup>Walter Beesley</sup> with a confession your story. You put it on the wire -- adding the words --

(TICKER UP BEHIND)

BEESLEY: John Newton however refuses and continues to refuse to confess to police. This is -- exclusive --

(TICKERS GO BEHIND)

NARRATOR: And there it stands. John Newton will not confess, John Newton pleads NOT GUILTY -- and leaves it to the court to decide. And after your story appears -- you, Walter Beesley, are subpoenaed as a witness.

(GAVEL UP, HUBBUB DIES DOWN)

JUDGE: ~~All right, Mr. Prosecutor. You may proceed, Mr.~~

Beesley, ~~and you may~~, this court has ruled your testimony admissible. <sup>You may</sup> Proceed, Mr. Prosecutor.

PROSECUTOR: Thank you, Your Honor. Now Mr. Beesley, I show you this story from the Associated Press wire. Do you recognize this as your story?

BEESLEY: (AFTER A LONG PAUSE) Your honor...

JUDGE: (SURPRISE) Yes?

BEESLEY: May I speak to you a second?

JUDGE: Yes.

BEESLEY: (NEAR WHISPER) Your Honor -- do I have to answer these questions?

JUDGE: Yes. (PAUSE) But may I ask the reason for your doubts?

BEESLEY: Yes sir. (HALTINGLY) Sir, I -- I'm a newspaperman. My business is -- writing stories. I just happened to get this one -- and it just happened to be a confession of murder -- by a-- a fluke. Just cause I was decent to the poor bewildered guy --

JUDGE: Mr. Beesley, the law --

BEESLEY: (WHISPER) Please, Your Honor; I -- I know my testimony's important, I know it's crucial, but -- but can't the story stand for itself? (PAUSE) Must I, must my word send this man to -- to death?

JUDGE: (VERY QUIET) Mr. Beesley, your story cannot stand by itself. You must testify to the truth of the facts it contains.--

BEESLEY: (WHISPER) But they're true, Judge. I'm a newspaperman, I don't write lies --

JUDGE: You must testify to that. And Mr. Beesley, I wish to point out that it is not your word that will send this man to his death. (PAUSE) It will be -- if he is found guilty-- no man. Not myself, not the jury -- but --the law.

~~(WHISPER) But they're true, Judge.~~

NARRATOR: You look at John Newton in his chair. You look at his mother, crushed, crumpled. You look at the parents of the girl he told you -- and only you -- he killed. You look at the other newspapermen. (LONG PAUSE) Again, you look at John Newton. Poor, bewildered, mixed-up guy -- maybe he didn't know what he was doing. Maybe he was crazy, as his lawyers are going to try to prove. It's not for you to say. (PAUSE) You take one more look: deep into your own heart and soul. And you know that whatever you do here, you will not forget it --

~~PROSECUTOR: (ANGRILY) MR. Beesley?~~

~~BEESLEY: Yes, Mr. Prosecutor?~~

~~JUDGE: Now Mr. Beesley --~~  
~~PROSECUTOR: Are you ready to testify?~~

BEESLEY: (LONG PAUSE: VERY LOW) -- (PAUSE) <sup>Yes, Your Honor</sup> -- I am, ~~yes~~.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO FOR CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Walter Beesley of the Associated Press, 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!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished  
red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- TAG) --

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Walter Beesley of the Associated Press.

BEESLEY: Despite defense  <sup>plea</sup> of insanity, my testimony based on killer's confession to me satisfied jury that he knew what he was doing, and he was sentenced to be  <sup>hanged</sup> ~~hung~~. However before his scheduled execution he committed suicide. Many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Beesley...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 Journal American - by-line Paul Schoenstein. A BIG STORY about a reporter who risked his life in tracking down over 300 of the lowest form of criminals ever to operate in a great city.

(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~~ <sup>winer</sup> ~~pages~~ of the Associated Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Les Damon played the part of Walter Beesley. 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. Beesley.

(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. (PAUSE)

At this minute a news story is being made. Fire is breaking out in somebody's home. The people didn't plan to have a fire but...a carelessly discarded cigarette, an overloaded wire....it doesn't take much.

How about your home? ~~Is there anything there that might cause a fire? Look over the danger spots yourself. Have an electrician check your wiring, a repairman look over the furnace? Always use an ashtray for cigarettes.~~

Make fire prevention your responsibility!

THIS IS NEC....THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #189

### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ILONA	PAT MOSLEY
1ST GIRL	PAT MOSLEY
2ND GIRL	GRACE KEDDY
TEACHER	GRACE KEDDY
WOMAN	JOAN ALEXANDER
MARIE	JOAN ALEXANDER
PAUL	WALTER GREAZA
PARTY BOY	MANDEL FRAMER
DRIVER	MANDEL FRAMER
RACHT	NAT PDLEN
VOICE I	NAT PDLEN
TOM	GIL MACK
BARTENDER	GIL MACK
HURAN	GRANT RICHARDS
VOICE II	GRANT RICHARDS
D.A.	GEORGE PETRIE
VOICE III	GEORGE PETRIE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1950

ATX01 0171642

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#189

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

NOVEMBER 8, 1950

WEDNESDAY

(Paul Schoenstein: N.Y. (N.Y.) Journal-American)

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

(MUSIC: - - - - "BLUES IN THE NIGHT" COMES IN .. GOES UNDER)

(A BUS COMING TO A STOP .. DOOR OPENS)

DRIVER: Okay, girls. Last stop.

1ST GIRL: Come on. We only live two blocks ~~down~~ *away - Drive to the bus stop.* ~~Make the turn.~~  
What do you care? Nobody's watching.

DRIVER: Come on, come on! It's after 2 and I'm on this run  
since 4 p.m. Even the bus is tired.

2ND GIRL: Come on, driver. Give us a break. ~~We know how to be~~ *we're*  
~~nice to fellows who give us a break.~~ *girls*

DRIVER: (SLIGHTLY SHARP) Come on -- out! I'm due back at  
the terminal fifteen minutes.

1ST GIRL: Come on, Charleen.

2ND GIRL: (OFF) Soon as I get my purse.

DRIVER: (HORRIFIED) What are you --?

(CLUNK ON HEAD)

2ND GIRL: We asked you to go. ~~You could have even had a good~~  
time, but -- (QUITE HIGH) no -- you had to get stuffy.  
Anita! Get his change.

(WE HEAR THE COINS BEING TAKEN OUT OF THE CHANGE  
SLOTS)

1ST GIRL: What are you going to do?

2 ND GIRL: (QUITE MAD) I sure ain't going to leave him here to  
blab his big mouth off.

(A SHOT)

(MUSIC: - - - - "BLUES IN THE NIGHT" NOW A STAB .. UNDER)

ATX01 0171643

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.  
New York City, N. Y. The story of a city editor who  
uncovered one of the most vicious crime syndicates in  
history and knew he had only <sup>touching</sup> ~~scratched~~ the surface.  
And for his work, to Paul Schoensteen of the New York  
Journal-American, for his Big Story, goes the PELL  
MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: - - - - ~~STING~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
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CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: New York City. The story as it actually happened --  
Paul Schoenstein's story as he lived it.

NARR: The story of the two bobby-soxers who had shot, killed  
and robbed the bus driver on East Tremont Avenue --  
that was one of several in a series that got you going,  
Paul Schoenstein, city editor of the Journal-American --  
That and the story of the wolf-girl packs -- ~~predatory~~  
~~females~~, none over 20, who snatched purses, tore  
clothes, and killed when forced into corners. That  
too. That and the woman (~~the frowzy blonde~~), who ran  
an uptown night spot and who gasped with her last  
breath --

WOMAN: (DYING) That bunch -- they say they're going to give  
you a break if you pay them and you pay them and then  
they do this to you. Two hoods that take you apart  
with ~~their hands~~ and a knife.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND IN WITH) *Paul Schoenstein*

NARR: That determined you ~~the series of horrors~~. To get  
~~to the roots, if possible the nature of the crimes,~~  
the cause of the ~~horror~~ You call Jim Huran and Leon  
Racht into your office: both of them, reporters -- ~~but~~  
~~more than that, they're~~ *both* men like you, who are after the  
facts ~~and after changing the facts~~. Racht, a big,  
raw-boned man, has been assigned to the bobby-soxer  
story.

RACHT: They picked up the two kids. They were hiding out in  
the most obvious hide-out in the world -- a friend's  
place.

PAUL: And --? Come on, Leon. I want to know what's going on here.

RACHT: It ain't pretty, ~~that's all. Occasionally, I got a little hesitation about things that aren't pretty -- like this.~~

PAUL: All right? So it isn't pretty.

RACHT: ~~The juvenile authorities will take care of them and they'll get their sentences and all that. But the real point is why they did it. I don't mean anybody put them up to it or anything like that -- you can't put your finger on it. But these are two of 10 thousand kids running around the city with crazy ideas in their heads.~~ *the girl*

PAUL: ~~(FAST) Who put them there? What are they after?~~ *All right, why?*

RACHT: (SMILING, THIS IS HIS THOUGHT TOO), ~~Exactly. Who put them there. All we have got is some dame -- some woman named Marie. Something fantastic, mysterious, exotic -- God knows what else. She's behind them some way.~~ *It's*

PAUL: (FAST) All right, Leon, that's your assignment - Get Marie..

RACHT: (SMILING) ~~That's what I want. Only 10-15, four dead ends.~~

PAUL: ~~I'm not interested in troubles, I'm interested in results.~~ *It's* You got a week. Come back with the answers.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN WITH \_.)

NARR: Leon Racht smiles the smile you know that's calling you a name for being such a tough nut. But a smile, at the same time, that suggests if the stuff is gettable, he'll get it. And you turn to Huran, who has by now pounded out a lead editorial.

PAUL: Let me hear it, Jim.

HURAN: It's a little rough.

PAUL: So it's rough.

HURAN: ~~You really offer this stuff --~~

PAUL: ~~Come on, come on.~~

HURAN: Rampant white slavery with virtual children as the vice slaves, drug dens, sale of marijuana, heroin and cocaine ~~and of the worst sort on an organized basis.~~

PAUL: ~~It's a good idea, but it won't work.~~ *It's a good idea, Jim, but*

HURAN: What's the matter, Paul?

PAUL: It just sounds sensational -- big ~~news~~ <sup>+ all</sup> -- ~~and I'm sure every word in it is true. But that's the end of our campaign -- that editorial. First I want the facts. Every single detail of this thing found out, nailed down, printed.~~

HURAN: There could be a lot of trouble.

PAUL: Then I want names named, the responsibility placed where it belongs.

HURAN: That can make it pretty hot -- get pretty high up.

PAUL: That's exactly the idea -- exactly.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

NARR: So begins an investigation into crime in the greatest city in the world ~~where all things have grown massive and out of shape.~~ It begins in a bar uptown about a minute before four o'clock in the morning, just before the legal closing time. And you are there, Paul Schoenstein, with Jim Huran, playing a role.



HURAN: What're you having?

PAUL: Give me a double.

BARTENDER: It's four o'clock, brothers.

PAUL: Maybe your watch is fast. Give us two doubles.

BARTENDER: No. My watch keeps very good time. But why don't you kind of -- Oh, I don't know -- Walk around the corner. Stop at 137. <sup>That's a place they never heard of.</sup> ~~Placed there named Congress Club.~~

PAUL: (AMUSED) ~~Congress Club?~~

BARTENDER: ~~You know. Sometimes now when the Congress get to get their work done -- supposed to -- and say they was supposed to adjourn at 12 o'clock and so they kind of stop their clocks to get the work finished.~~

HURAN: ~~(APPRECIATING) The Congress Club, 137.~~

PAUL: ~~That's a place we ought to see -- where the clock stops.~~

(MUSIC: - - - - BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: <sup>137</sup> ~~The Congress Club~~ is just a room with just a man and just a table, just a bottle and two glasses. And no clocks.

PAUL: Give us a double.

(POURING. HE DRINKS AND COUGHS)

PAUL: What do they put in these bottles?

PARTY BOY: (SUDDENLY THERE) New around here?

HURAN: Who are you?

PARTY BOY: Now that ain't a question folks ask. They call me Party Boy.

PAUL: That's nice.

PARTY BOY: I seen you <sup>2</sup> ~~1~~ walking around. Seen you wondering. Finally seen you come in. Seen you waste your money.

HURAN: You mean on the shellac?

PARTY BOY: Oh no. The stuff's good. Good as any after-hour place. No, what I mean is mostly an out-of-towner would order himself a double. A fellow knew the ropes would order himself a shorty. A shorty and a question.

HURAN: What's a shorty?

PARTY BOY: You get yourself a triple drink and pay the price of a double.

PAUL: What's a question?

PARTY BOY: That's something you ask and I answer. But you got to be interested.

PAUL: What'll you have?

PARTY BOY: I'll take a shorty.

PAUL: And I'll ask a question.

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ IN WITH \_.)~~

~~NARR: This man who calls himself Party Boy, somewhere in his 20's, well-dressed, strong body, smiling face -- he drinks the shorty, then a second shorty. And now he turns expansively to you, the vocal questioner.~~

~~PARTY BOY: Well, you asked a question, I'll give you an answer.~~

~~PAUL: You lead the way.~~

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ NOW THE BEGINNING OF "DRINKS IN THE NIGHT")~~

~~NARR: Party Boy leads the way and~~  
You start up the miserable street, stop at a miserable stair case and enter a house through a miserable hall. The shades are drawn and the doors are closed and the muffled music can't be heard from the street. But inside -

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP .. LIKE A SOLID IMPACT)~~

NARR: --~~It~~ inside it's hot and moist and fetid. A dozen dancing couples.

PARTY BOY: Take a look around. Anything you see, looks like it might be lucky, you just nod at it.

HURAN: Lucky?

PARTY BOY: You gents asked <sup>the</sup> question, didn't you? You might need a little luck for the answer.

(MUSIC: ~~SAME -- BEHIND~~)

NARR: The "luck" are bobby-soxers. Kids like the two who killed the bus driver. Some <sup>lazing around</sup> ~~cutting rugs madly~~, others just standing, waiting, ~~others just dancing together.~~ To go through with the role you're playing, you nod at a smokey-eyed readhead and Jim Huran indicates a tousled blonde -- maybe 18.

PARTY BOY: Let's go on inside to the "questioning" place. They'll be around.

(MUSIC: <sup>Up</sup> ~~IN WITH~~)

NARR: ~~He leads down the narrow hall and you follow, not even a glance or a gesture toward the two girls you indicated. Just walks with assurance and swagger and opens a door. And the "questioning" room stands revealed.~~

(WE HEAR MINGLED BABBLE OF LOW VOICES INVOLVED  
IN VARIOUS GAMBLING GAMES)

1ST VOICE: The point is six, six the point. An even bet. Put five to get five. ~~The man is rolling and it's nine, a field point. But the man's point is six.~~

2ND VOICE: ~~No, six. You don't get to draw at any number, but the house gets to draw on 12. That's the rules. That's the onest way I know to play 21, mister.~~

~~(ROULETTE WHEEL)~~

VOICE III: ~~The number is 14, black, even and below middle. The pay is 35 to 1 and there's Oh, what a shame. Not one lucky gent on number 14. Make your bets because the wheel's getting ready to spin.~~

NARR: Not just a roving dice game, not just a corner of a wall with a tough guy cutting 10% for the house, but a layout as elaborate and swank as anything in the famed sporting clubs all over the country. ~~Down to such details even as no ashtrays -- with a flunker in uniform carrying a silver ashtray and taking your ashes personally and individually.~~ And then --

ILONA: (SHE'S HIGH) Oooo, play the ~~roulette~~ <sup>dice</sup>, mister, play the ~~roulette~~ <sup>dice</sup>. That's what I love -- the ~~roulette~~ <sup>dice</sup>. This here's Dora. My name is Ilona. ~~Dora is lucky on the craps.~~

NARR: The tousled blonde and the smokey-eyed redhead -- they'r there, standing there next to you.

ILONA: Ooo, daddy, buy me a drink and let's play the ~~roulette~~ <sup>dice</sup>.

NARR: Steerers. This is the profession. Little kids that ought to be at home in bed -- half-crocked on the cut gin, eyes promising everything in the world and telling you, in their childish voices --

ILONA: I tell you, daddy, I'm the luckiest thing in the world on ~~roulette~~ <sup>dice</sup>.

NARR: Steerers, who work on a commission basis.

(MUSIC: -- UP.. SUSTAINED.. AND UNDER)

NARR: And so in the space of two hours, you, Paul Schoenstein and Jim Huran, reporters posing as two out-of-town yokels looking for a good time have found a place to drink around the clock, seen a dance hall where any girl will be your partner for the pointing at, found a roving gambling institution and seen two girls (steerers) 18 years old (if that) who make a commission.

PAUL: Well I guess that's enough for one night.

HURAN: You and me both.

PARTY BOY: Now that didn't cost you too much, gents. I mean, for that much fun.

PAUL: No. <sup>It's</sup> Fine, fine.

PARTY BOY: Well, you know where to go in the future anyhow. Introductions always a little bit expensive.

PAUL: How do you get these girls?

PARTY BOY: I just told you - You point at them.

PAUL: No - where do they come from?

PARTY BOY: Now I wouldn't know that. That ain't my concern. You especially interested in girls?

HURAN: Well who ain't?

PARTY BOY: Now ain't that the truth. Well, in that case, you ought to tie up with Marie.

PAUL: Oh, Marie.

PARTY BOY: Everybody heard of Marie. 'Cept to tell you the truth I don't know where she's operating out of these days. But you ought to tie up with her. Because, honest, what I got ain't nothing but some day, I'll get me a set-up like Marie.

(MUSIC: UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Marie again. Marie, one of the places you started from and now one of the places you come back to. One of the big names, together with Big Joe Cattison (protection). Together with Lenox Avenue Tom (hotels, with rooms for rent.) One of the big names you're after. Leon Racht has a special look on his ~~ordinarily~~ expressive face. It's four days since he went out for Marie.

RACHT: All we have really got is she's had 27 different ~~apartments~~ <sup>hideouts</sup> in the last year.

PAUL: Where is she now, Leon?

RACHT: No information at all. She works through the high-schools. Recruits a kid from some class and that kid's the colonizer for her. Brings the girl after class to one of Marie's ~~apartments~~ <sup>hideouts</sup> and that's where it begins.

PAUL: And you got no immediate lead?

RACHT: Well, just <sup>that</sup> she's supposed to be moving into ~~Wadley~~ <sup>Phillips</sup> High School.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE)

NARR: The high-school lies flat in the middle of the area where 10 percent of the houses have outside sanitation, and where two and three families live in the space where one should live. And the teachers, perhaps the most harassed human beings on earth <sup>Mr. Schenck</sup>

TEACHER: Cooperate? Sure I'll cooperate. I've talked to police, civic leagues, reform organizations, the district attorney's office -- I'll be glad to talk to you or anyone else (BITTERLY) ~~for whatever it's worth.~~

PAUL: Now just a second, Miss Hanson. I know there have been a lot of trys and a lot of flops. The way to go about this thing -- as least we think so -- is one ~~thing~~ <sup>place</sup> at a time. We want Marie.

TEACHER: (VIOLENTLY) I think if I ever saw that woman, if I ever came face to face with her, I'd kill her. The things I have seen her do to the poor kids in my class -- ~~with my bare hands -- so help me -- I'd strangle her.~~

PAUL: Like what?

TEACHER: I don't have words to say it. Every foul thing you can imagine.

PAUL: Where is she operating from now -- Marie?

TEACHER: I got a hold of two of the girls' diaries. They brought them to school to show off to each other what they were doing. I got one of the girls -- she had a little sense left -- and she told me there was a place on East 114th Street. That's the last address I ever heard of. ~~I went there one night myself -- why I don't know but I just went there. They said if I opened my mouth, they'd kill me. So up to now, I kept my mouth shut, but -- Remember those 2 girls who shot the bus driver, took his change for a thrill? I had them in my English class.~~

PAUL: Thanks, Miss Hanson. Thank you. *very much*

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: It's not very hard because the diary entry is very recent. And the house is there, and the apartment, and you and Leon Racht ~~go in~~ *are at the door,*

MARIE: (QUITE CULTURED, QUITE INTELLIGENT) Can I help you?

PAUL: We'd like to talk to you, Marie

MARIE: Oh? Have we met?

PAUL: No. You're a well-known woman, that's all.

MARIE: I'm beginning not to like what I hear.

RACHT: What do you think you hear?

MARIE: Look, you two, stand where you are! You're not coming in here.

PAUL: Oh, but we are, Marie.

(DOOR OPENS)

MARIE: I'll get on that phone and there'll be somebody here so fast --

PAUL: You do that. In the meanwhile, we'll look around.

(PHONE IS DIALED VIOLENTLY)

PAUL: Tell me, Marie, is this the place where you make highschool ~~was~~ <sup>girls</sup> into steerers?

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: There are nine rooms. Amid the squalor of the rest of the neighborhood, Marie's place is a palace -- indirect lighting, oriental rugs on the floors, the bathrooms done in onyx and gold paint. A real little paradise conjured up out of the brain of one Marie.

MARIE: Joe says to tell you to be sure to stick around.

PAUL: Big Joe?

MARIE: Joe Cattison.

PAUL: I like the way you do it. Get them out of those stinking holes they live in ordinarily with the outside plumbing. Give them a social club, music, a room of their own, a little of the feel of the good life.

MARIE: Joe says it don't matter whether you stay or not. You won't get far.



PAUL: Get them used to the good life. Maybe give them 10, 15 dollars in their pockets. Give them a taste for good liquor and then show them how easy it is to keep going.

MARIE: *Talk* Talk your head off.

PAUL: Then all they got to do is show up in one of Party Boy's places or somewhere else -- a nice, roving gambling joint where they'll bring you luck at roulette or twenty-one or chuck-a-luck -- or whatever -- for ten percent of the house's take.

MARIE: What are you -- one of them reformers?

RACHT: And that's only the beginning. First a steerer and then -- anything goes.

PAUL: Very nice, Marie. Real democratic. Any girl can rise to the top of the heap.

MARIE: Well, you think you can change human nature? *This kind of* ~~We'll~~ *will* always be around, mister. You won't.

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: And she's got something there. A terribly profound truth. It's not only poverty sending them into situations like this. *what Marie calls human na-* ~~It takes two to make a deal~~ ~~the girls and the buyers. What Marie calls "human~~ ~~nature" and what are you going to do about it?~~

(MUSIC: -- -- PUNCTUATES)

NARR: Well, you're getting somewhere -- you and Jim Huran and Leon Racht. Something besides editorial anger -- the facts. And as you walk back to your hotel which you've set up as headquarters (because home isn't the safest place on earth), there's a note waiting for you.

PAUL: (READING) "I'd stop now while I can. After all, you can't change human nature. Joe."

NARR: Big Joe Cattison talking philosophy. And with the subtle threat in your hand, you know you're getting somewhere. ~~You put the message in your wallet for a feature article and go upstairs to bed -- not to sleep.~~ You'll start again tomorrow, to go beneath the surface. Beneath the incredible horror of the surface that you've only ~~contacted~~ *touched*.

(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!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by Puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

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

NARR: You're after the story of vice in the city you make you home - Paul Schoenstein - vice in New York City. And it's big and infinite and sprawling as the city itself. Because you've touched on part one (liquor), and part two (gambling), and part three (girls), part four (threats) <sup>was</sup> ~~that were~~ no surprise. And so you sit now, with Jim Huran and Leon Racht, reporters, who have gone all the way with you, and plan the answer to the threat.

PAUL: Okay. First we run the editorial, then we start the series, Jim.

HURAN: I knew you'd figure out something like that.

PAUL: There's no figuring involved. It's the only thing you can do. We'll try <sup>editorials</sup> ~~articles~~.

RACHT: And while they're running, we'll work up the rest of it.

PAUL: I picked the right guys for the job. The rest is right. Joe Cattison, Lenox Avenue Tom -- We've all the leads.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE AND UNDER...)

NARR: Parts one and two and three and four have been comparatively easy -- ~~two yokels on the lookout for a good time could find what you found with little effort~~ What you want now are the men behind the dice games, the steerers, the Maries, the Party Boys. The men who put in the fix. ~~The men who were paid protection money and who got protection.~~

PAUL: You the guy I got to see?

TOM: Depends.

PAUL: I want to open a club. I want a nice place with good appointments -- nothing low-down. ~~Real high class place with a neon sign and chromium tables and a four-piece combo maybe.~~

TOM: It still depends.

PAUL: Marie said you were the guy I should see because she's working with me.

TOM: I never heard of Marie. But if you want a place, I'll draw you up a lease. All I know about, mister, is I own the place.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE...)

NARR: You go through a lot of motions now. One of the boys on the paper comes in to "decorate the place" -- You send one of your night men to talk terms with the landlord about the bar that's going to run the whole length of the ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup>. You make arrangements "with beer companies" -- a strictly legitimate operation, it seems. And in time, the man you've been waiting for shows up. You're a little surprised at who it is.

PARTY BOY: Going to be a nice place.

PAUL: Well, Party Boy! What brings you this nook of the world?

PARTY BOY: Bar in the back, tables out here, little space for dancing. I hear you rented the rooms upstairs too.

PAUL: You get around, don't you?

PARTY BOY: First some of the boys were worried, but I got a message for you. <sup>Pige</sup> Joe says it'll be 100 dollars a week to start.

PAUL: Protection.

PARTY BOY: Joe said he didn't like the way you talked with Marie, but that was on account of he didn't know what you were after. He says 100 to start.

PAUL: I'll be glad to meet with Joe.

PARTY BOY: Joe says fine. Joe says tonight about a little before 11. My place.

PAUL: You tell Joe I said "fine", huh?

(MUSIC: -- -- IN MOVEMENT...)

PAUL: You in on this? *Tom*

TOM: It's my place you're moving into. Didn't you know?

PARTY BOY: And this here is Buster.

PAUL: Where's Joe?

PARTY BOY: Buster's Joe. Well, he's as good as Joe anyhow.

PAUL: (A LITTLE ANGRY) Look, I want to see Joe. I don't want to kid around with --

PARTY BOY: With what?

PAUL: I want to talk with Joe direct.

PARTY BOY: I thought for a minute, maybe, you were going to say you didn't want to kid around with small time. Buster wouldn't like that, would you, Buster? Buster ain't a guy that talks a lot, but he don't like it. I can see, just looking at him.

PAUL: Well, look. No hard feelings or anything like that. Have a drink -- go ahead.

-21A-

PARTY BOY: I'll have a shorty. Tom?

TOM: A shorty.

PARTY BOY: Buster? (PAUSE) He ain't drinking.

PAUL: (A LITTLE NERVOUS) All right. So it's set then. I move in about 3 weeks. Fixtures all lined up. I think the place'll be ready about then. It's 100 a week.

PARTY BOY: 150.

PAUL: You said 100.

PARTY BOY: That was before.

PAUL: Before what?

PARTY BOY: Well, there's a couple of things Joe was asking a couple of questions about. That's all. (IN A RUSH) For instance, where are you from? ~~Where you been before~~  
~~you come here?~~ *your buddies?* Who's ~~the~~ Haran? Who's Leon Nacht?  
How do we know you ain't phoney?

PAUL: (DESPERATE CHANCE, FIGURING HE'S CORNERED) A guy cases a town. A guy lines up all the money he's got -- all the loose cash. He goes step by step, finding just what he wants. Get a good after-hours setup, gets his game room lined up. Got his girls - the steerers - coming in smooth. Made his numbers connections. All he needs is the fix and you guys put the squeeze on him!  
(A PAUSE)

PARTY BOY: What do you think, Buster? (A PAUSE) (FRIENDLY) You're in. You got your fix. But 150 a week.

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

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D.A.: Well, we got to Big Joe. And from Big Joe we got the inside on police graft and what is in fact, an integral part of the whole crime set up.

PAUL: Well, then I think I've about played out my usefulness.

D.A.: I wouldn't say that at all. We can stage arrests easy. Pick up this one and that one. But in the end, these lice have a saying -- "You can't change human nature."

PAUL: I've heard it.

D.A.: Meaning close up one place, another will open right next door. Stop one hop joint, another will spring up down the block.

PAUL: It's a tough thing to change.

D.A.: That's where you come in. If you can make this stuff live, get it so people will see it in terms of their own daughter, their own sons, the price they have to pay for this thing that hangs over our city -

PAUL: I wrote an editorial--

D.A.: Run it. Run a series of them. Not just high and mighty talk -- big words. But down to earth, human--translation of this stuff in terms of people, ordinary people. Could you do that?

PAUL: That's what I'm in business for.

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

NARR: And then it began. Not since the days of Al Capone, the days of Lucky Luciano, have the facts been poured out.

(MUSIC & SOUND: A MIXTURE OF A PRESS ROLL AND MUSIC, THE TWO IN OPPOSITION, WITH THE PRESSES FINALLY TRIUMPHANT)



PAUL: ~~(STACCATO) There are men in this city who make the~~  
~~boast "You want a little girl for luck? Just point her~~  
~~out. I'll get her for you."~~

~~(MUSIC & SOUND: PRESSES AND MUSIC)~~

PAUL: There are dens in this city where a man or woman can  
drink for 24 hours out of 24 -- drink and gamble and  
anything else he wants.

(MUSIC & SOUND: SAME)

PAUL: It is easier to get into most of the institutions of vice  
in New York City than it is to get into downtown's more  
exclusive restaurants.

(MUSIC & SOUND: SAME)

PAUL: There are operators in this city, who openly boast of  
being able to buy any policeman, from inspector down.

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

NARR: And as the articles roll out, the public reacts and the  
D.A. moves.

D.A.: 104 more arrested in vice raids over the weekend. Total  
now 293.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

D.A.: Round up includes leaders of greatest vice combine since  
Lucky Luciano went to jail.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

D.A.: Arrests now total 300-

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

D.A.: Vice group smashed.

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

NARR: You see them in the line-up in the D.A.'s office.  
Party Boy and Duchess who runs one of the dance palaces.  
Marie, Frank the Shiek, hop joint owners. Freddy the  
Dasher and Lenox Avenue Tom, hotel keepers who rent rooms  
for parties. And finally, Buster and Big Joe Cattison.  
300 men and women who have preyed on millions; 300 who  
have made a living out of the poverty and anxiety and the  
desires of ordinary people. 300 human vultures brought  
to the only rightful nest for this kind of bird of prey;  
the lockup- the jail - the facing of justice.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP\_TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Paul  
Schoenstein of the New York Journal American, 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!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S  
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still  
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes  
it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette  
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished  
red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Paul Schoenstein of the New York Journal American.

SCHOENSTEIN: Of the 300 ~~vice leaders indicted, 100 were convicted and~~ *arrested in the vice clean-up, many* received lengthy sentences. Vice in New York received a severe setback but as any honest reporter knows, it has by no means ended, but at least we ~~scratched~~ *touches* the surface. We set a foundation for future investigations - future campaigns against the many thousands who still prey on New York's millions. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Schoenstein ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500.00 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 Kenneth McCormick. A BIG STORY about a reporter who by accidentally dropping his pencil found a clue to ----murder.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ THEVE 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 New York Journal American. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Walter Greaza played the part of Paul Schoenstein.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: In order to protect the names of people actually involved  
(Cont'd) in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all  
characters in the dramatization were changed with the  
exception of the reporter, Mr. Schoenstein.

(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.

lc/mer/  
10/26/50 pm

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #190

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. KEMPER	KATHLEEN NIDAY
WOMAN	KATHLEEN NIDAY
KEN	BILL SMITH
WALSH	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
RADWALL	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
KEMPER	BOB DRYDEN
MAN	BOB DRYDEN
FRANK	BILL LIFTON
BRUNO	BILL LIFTON
MAN II	LEONARD BELL
SERGEANT	LEONARD BELL

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1950

ATX01 0171670

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#190

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

NOVEMBER 15, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE AND OUT SHARP FOR)

(TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.. FURNITURE CRASHING.. BODY  
PUNCHES, TABLES OVERTURNED .. ETC.)

RADWAY: (PANTING HEAVILY - BARELY ABLE TO TALK) You think -  
you think - because I'm an - an old man, I - can't -  
hold my own. Well - I'll - I'll show ya I -- (RECEIVES  
A VICIOUS BLOW IN THE STOMACH) (GASPING FOR BREATH)  
Don't - don't hit me there again - I -- no -- no, don't  
-- (ANOTHER BLOW IN THE STOMACH) ( A STIFLED CRY OF  
PAIN)

(THEN A BODY FALL)

(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) Detroit, Michigan. From the  
pages of the Free Press .. the story of a sneaking  
suspicion that became <sup>a</sup> dead-certainty. Tonight, to  
Kenneth McCormick of the Detroit Free Press, for his  
relentless persistence, for his Big Story, goes the  
PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

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OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure PELL MELL smoke is filtered  
further than that of any other leading cigarette.  
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CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Detroit, Michigan - the story as it actually happened...  
Kenneth McCormick's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You've seen it before, Ken McCormick of the Detroit Free Press. In twenty years of reporting, you've see it lots of times. But somehow, you've never gotten used to the look of murder. Especially violent murder. ~~No matter how it's done, or where, or why, when you come on the scene it's always the same.~~ The shattered glass, the shambles of tables and chairs, the twisted body - ~~all frozen in an ugly, shameful tableau.~~ <sup>always the same</sup> And now, on this Sunday morning in the suburb of Highland Park, as you stand in the living room of a shabby bungalow, now you're seeing it all again.

KEN: (TO HIMSELF, WITH DISTASTE) What a mess!

WALSH: (FADING IN) (THIS MAN IS ALWAYS HARASSED AND WORRIED)  
Mind showing me your press card?

KEN: Here y'are. Detroit Free Press. The name is Ken McCormick.

WALSH: I'm Captain Walsh, Highland Park detective bureau.

KEN: How do you do?

WALSH: McCormick, huh? You the guy got the Pulitzer Prize a few years ago?

KEN: You have a good memory, Captain.

WALSH: ~~Wrote a series on corruption in state government,~~  
~~didn't he?~~

KEN: ~~That's right.~~

WALSH: ~~Well, I hate to disappoint you, McConnel, but there's~~  
~~no Teapot Dome in this story. Just a plain case of~~  
~~murder.~~

KEN: What's the dead man's name, ~~McConnel~~

WALSH: Radway. George F Radway. Age 69. Worked in a candy  
factory.

KEN: Looks like he took quite a beating. What did he die of?

WALSH: Broken ribs. Probably punctured his lungs. ~~He can't~~  
~~be sure though, until after the autopsy.~~ Death  
occurred around midnight last night. Reported early  
this morning. Anything else you wanna know?

KEN: Well, I'd like to get an interview with his family.

WALSH: You can't. He hasn't got any. One of the neighbors  
found his body.

KEN: I see. What - what do you think the motive was?

WALSH: Robbery, what else? Look at the joint!

KEN: Someone sure took it apart. But - this bungalow,  
Captain - the furnishings, the way it's kept - what I  
mean, it doesn't look like the old guy had much to be  
robbed of.

WALSH: Somebody musta thought he had.

KEN: What about all these muddy tracks on the floor.

WALSH: Who knows? Anyone coulda made them. Maybe even  
Radway himself.

KEN: ~~Funny lookin' mud. That grayish-tan color looks~~  
~~more like some kind of clay.~~

WALSH: ~~So what does that prove?~~

KEN: ~~I don't know. So nothing, I guess.~~

WALSH: I hate this kind of a case. You know why? Because the motive's too broad, too impersonal. Robbery! Anyone of five thousand bums or hoodlums could have ~~a motive like that.~~

KEN: ~~But why should they pick on this particular house?~~

WALSH: ~~They'll pick on any house, it don't matter. They're nuts, most of them - drunks, hoodlums. They don't think, they don't plan. They just bust in, beat up the occupant, ransack the joint, and clear out. I hate this kind of a case.~~

KEN: Who was the neighbor, Captain? You know - the one who found the body.

WALSH: Mrs. Florence Kemper. She and her husband were good friends of Radway. Their house is on the next street, back to back with this one. You can see a corner of it through the trees.

KEN: Think I'll go over and talk to her.

WALSH: You're wasting your time. We already got her story.

KEN: Well, at least I can get her picture.

WALSH: Yeah - that's what I envy about you newspaper guys. Take a picture, write a little copy, and as far as you're concerned, that's the end of it.

KEN: I don't know, Captain. Sometimes it's just the beginning.

(MUSIC: - IN AND UNDER -)

HARR: You wait for Frank Harmon, your <sup>photo-grapher</sup> "snapper", to take his shots of the murder scene. And then the two of you start out for Mrs. Kemper's. You take a short-cut that leads through the back lots from Radway's bungalow, and you've only gone about fifty yards when you see it.

(BIRDS CHIRPING, B.G.)

KEN: Frank, look over here - along side the path. See that?

(FEW FOOTSTEPS ON GROUND)

FRANK: (PAUSE, AS HE LOOKS) Yeah, I see it. So what?

KEN: Look at the color! Grayish-tan!

FRANK: Whaddya expect from a patch of mud - magenta?

KEN: Don't you remember those tracks in the bungalow? Unless I'm color-blind, this stuff matches perfectly.

FRANK: (THOUGHTFULLY) Say - you're right!

KEN: And look there in the middle of it.

FRANK: (SLOWLY) Yeah -- looks like maybe - part of a footprint!

(MUSIC: -- LIGHT STING, THEN UNDER)

NARR: You go on to the neighbor's house. And a few minutes later, you and Frank are sitting in the neat, little kitchen, talking with Mrs. Kemper, as she peels potatoes for Sunday dinner. ~~Instinctively, you like this grey-haired, heavy-set housewife. You like the warm smile she manages, although her eyes are red from crying.~~ And you try not to notice the little tremble in her hands.

MRS. K: You see, my husband and I knew the Radways for years. And ever since his wife died, George - Mr. Radway - took most of his meals with us. He was just like one of the family. That's why it was such a - such a shock, when --

KEN: We understand, Mrs. Kemper.

MRS. K: And that's how I come to go over there this morning. I went to call him <sup>for</sup> breakfast.

FRANK: Didn't he used to come over of his own accord?

MRS. K: Mostly, yes, Mr. Harmon. But this morning we were up earlier than usual - Mr. Kemper couldn't sleep, and --

KEN: Is your husband around, now? Maybe we could talk to him,

MRS. K: No, Harold's at the eleven o'clock church service. Besides, he wasn't there with me at the bungalow when I--

KEN: Oh - you were alone then?

MRS. K: Yes. I knocked on the back door and there wasn't any answer. Then I looked through a window, and right away I knew something terrible had happened. I could see the place all topsy-turvy, and Mr. Radway lyin there - all -- twisted up.

KEN: Then you came back here and phoned the police?

MRS. K: Yes.

FRANK: Mrs. Kemper, would you mind if I took a few pictures of you? You know - just sittin here in your kitchen, sort of.

MRS. K: Why, I - I guess I wouldn't mind -- if you need them.

FRANK: Fine. Just hold it like that, peeling the potatoes.

(DOOR OPENS, OFF)

KEMPER: (FADING IN) Florence, have you -- (SUSPICIOUSLY) Who are these men - what are they doing here?

MRS. K: It's all right, Harold.

KEN: We're from the Detroit Free Press, Mr. Kemper. We just want to --

KEMPER: I know what you want. Who asked you in here, anyway? You got no regard for peoples feelings? Takin pictures -- askin questions.

MRS. K: It's all right, Harold. They don't mean any harm.

KEMPER: (TURNING ON HER) It's all your fault to begin with! I told you, Florence. I told you we shouldn't a reported it.

MRS. K: But we had to! I found the body.

KEMPER: Someone else woulda found him - someone else coulda made the report, But, no, you wouldn't listen. And now it's just like I said. Police and reporters - swarmin all over.

MRS. K: I don't mind so much, Harold. It kinda relieves me to talk to them. Maybe you'd feel better, too, if --

KEMPER: I don't wanna talk to nobody. My best friend just died. (FADING) I - I got some feelins, if you ain't.

MRS. K: I only thought --  
(DOOR SLAMS, OFF)  
(AN EMBARRASSED PAUSE)

KEN: I - I'm sorry, Mrs. Kemper.

FRANK: Yeah, we didn't intend to --

MRS. K: Please excuse him. He didn't mean it, he don't know what he's sayin. He - he's too broke up.

KEN: Sure - we understand.

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER)

NARR: The two of you leave, Frank goes back to the office with his pictures and, as Captain Walsh said, that's the end of it. But somehow, Kenneth McCormick, you don't want ~~it to be~~ ~~somehow, you don't want~~ to drop this story. Not yet. So - just for the record - you decide to check with the rest of Radway's neighbors, ~~to see if there's~~ ~~anything else. And you find there definitely is.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

MAN: Now, come to think of it, there was someone looked mighty suspicious. Stranger. Hung around the neighborhood all Saturday afternoon.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

WOMAN: I should hope to say I did see him! Why, he even came here. Pretended he was a window-washer, but I knew t'was funny - he was wearing a good, brown suit. ~~I said to my husband, I said, "Did you ever see a real window-washer in a nice suit like that?"~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

MAN II: That's right, a brown suit. Dark hair, medium height, and a pretty heavy build. He was tryin to get in to that bungalow in the worst way. ~~Ringin the bell knockin on the door.~~ "Come back three or four times 'fore it was dark.

(MUSIC: -- CLIMAX AND OUT)

WALSH: Thanks, McCormick. But we already know about this window-washer. Dragnet's been out for two hours.

KEN: You really think he did it, Captain?

WALSH: I'd bet on it! -- He's our man, all right - if we can find him. (WORRIEDLY) And with my luck, that's a question.

(MUSIC: -- IN AND UNDER)

NARR: The suspect's description is fairly complete. But you wonder if perhaps Mrs. Kemper saw him, too, and could supply a few more details. So once again you visit the little frame house. This time, Harold Kemper stays in the room, ~~although you get the feeling he'd much rather be any place else.~~ He doesn't say much until his wife starts to answer your question about the stranger --

MRS. K: Why, no, Mr. McCormick. I don't remember --

KEMPER: (TENSELY ABRUPT) Yes. Yes, there was someone. I saw him.

KEN: You did, Mr. Kemper?

KEMPER: Yes. It was late Saturday night. I - I was standing near the back window, here, and I happened to look over to George's place. (IMPROVISING FAST) He - had the kitchen light on, and I could see this guy on the back porch.

MRS. K: Why, Harold, you never mentioned that to me.

KEMPER: Well, I was too upset, that's all. I didn't think of it.

KEN: What'd this man look like, Mr. Kemper, could you see?

KEMPER: Well, he was - he was kinda tall and thin. Wearing a lumberjacket.

(MUSIC: - - - VERY SHORT PUNCTUATION AND UNDER)

NARR: But the window-washer wore a brown suit, and he wasn't tall, and he wasn't thin.

MRS. K: (UNDER SLIGHTLY) Why, Harold, that's important. ~~I~~  
~~don't see~~ how you could forget a thing like that. You should've told the police, first-off.

KEMPER: (SAME PERSPECTIVE) They didn't ask me. Besides, like I said, it slipped my mind.

(MUSIC: - - - IN WITH)

NARR: While the Kempers are talking, you move casually to the back window and look out. And it's just as you thought. Harold Kemper couldn't possibly have seen anyone on Radway's porch, because from this window the bungalow is completely obscured by trees!

(MUSIC: - - - SHARP STING AND UNDER)



-11-

NARR: Then one of those little fateful accidents happens. The pencil you've been holding in your hand drops and rolls under the davenport. You kneel to retrieve it, and there before your eyes ~~you see~~ something which, in the breath of an instant, contracts your vague conjectures to a steel-hard core of suspicion!

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

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171681

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette  
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. 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 Kenneth McCormick---as he lived  
it, and wrote it.

NARR: You, Kenneth McCormick of the Detroit Free Press, are  
kneeling by the davenport in the Kemper's living room.  
And a wild surmise is beating inside you. For under  
that davenport - obviously kicked there in an attempt  
to conceal them - are several broken clods of grayish-  
tan clay!

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

NARR: You straighten up with the realization that somehow  
you've got to get a sample of that clay - a sample  
you can match with the tracks in the dead man's  
bungalow. But with the Kempers here in the room, it's  
out of the question. You'll have to get rid of them,  
if only for a moment. So you take a long chance.  
You turn to Harold Kemper and you begin asking  
questions - about Radway, about the man in the  
lumberjacket - question after question, until finally-  
KEMPER: (DESPERATELY NERVOUS, BUT TRYING TO HIDE IT) Listen,  
mister, I - I've told ya all I know.

KEN: (WITH SOME INSINUATION) Are you sure, Mr. Kemper? You  
forgot about the man on the porch until tonight.  
Maybe there's something else you --

MRS. KEMPER: He's right, Harold. Perhaps --

KEMPER: No. No, there's nothing else. Besides, I - I can't  
stand here talking all night. I got work to do.  
(STARTING TO FADE) I gotta fix the car.

MRS. KEMPER: The car? But there's nothing---

KEMPER: (STOPPING HER SAVAGELY) It's the gas line! Whatta you know about them things!

(FRONT DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, PARTLY OFF)

MRS. KEMPER: I'm so worried about my husband, Mr. McCormick. He's takin this thing awful bad. And now we have to go to the morgue tomorrow night at nine o'clock and identify George's body. Harold hasn't seen him - dead, yet. I don't know what he'll do!

KEN: Be kinda tough for him, I guess. Say, Mrs. Kemper, could I - could I trouble you for a glass of water?

MRS. KEMPER: Why, ~~merely~~ <sup>certainly</sup> ~~that's~~ no trouble. You just sit right here. (FADING) I'll get it from the kitchen.

(MUSIC: --- IN WITH)

NARR: You cross quickly to the davenport, reach under, grab some of the clay, drop it in your pocket, and are just getting up when --

(FRONT DOOR OPENS)

KEMPER: (PARTLY OFF) Drop your pencil again, mister?

KEN: Yes. (ADOPTING THE SAME TONE) Fix your car already?

KEMPER: (HIS ANSWER IS READY) I came back for a wrench.

KEN: Oh. Well, I - uh - I'll be leaving now, Mr. Kemper. Tell your wife to never mind about that drink of water. I don't feel thirsty anymore.

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

WALSH: (FADING IN) You're way out in left field, McCormick. This Kemper was Radway's best friend.

KEN: I know that, Captain, but --

WALSH: All right, so you found some clay in his house, last night. What does that prove? ~~The tracks in the bungalow coulda been made by Radway.~~

KEN: ~~That's just it, they couldn't! Here's one of the shots Frank Harmon took of the body. Look here - you can see plainly that Radway's shoes were clean~~

WALSH: ~~(A BEAT) Well, okay, maybe the killer did leave these tracks. Even so - the mud you found ain't necessarily the same.~~

KEN: ~~But~~ look at the samples. Here's some from Kemper's, some from the murder scene, and some from the mud-patch along the path. They're all identical. That grayish-tan color is --

WALSH: You can't prove things that way, ~~hey~~. You need a thorough, detailed lab analysis. I'll send the stuff in, but it don't make much difference, anyway, because even if it is the same, Kemper coulda made those tracks at some other time.

KEN: Then why did he kick the pieces under his sofa? Why did he try to hide them?

WALSH: Maybe he didn't. Maybe his wife just brushed them out of the way.

KEN: Nuts! His wife is as neat as a pin. She'd clean the dirt up, she wouldn't push it under the furniture. And another thing - if Kemper was such a good friend, why wouldn't he have gone to the bungalow and tried to help Radway after his wife came back and told what she'd seen - unless he already knew the old man was dead!

*McConnell*

WALSH: But you went back to that house three times!

BRUNO: I don't know - I don't remember.

WALSH: Don't lie, the neighbors saw ya! Why'dya go back there, Bruno? Why? *nobody was home*

BRUNO: I don't know! I - I guess cuz ~~the man was out~~ the first times, I dunno.

WALSH: Where'dya go after it got dark? Where were ya that night?

BRUNO: (TRYING TO THINK) That night? Well - I - I went back to my room, that's all. Back to the rooming house.

WALSH: Can you prove it? Can you prove you stayed there all night?

BRUNO: I dunno - I didn't see no one - I live alone. You - you gotta take my word, mister, honest - I didn't go back to that bungalow - I didn't kill no one - honest - you gotta take my word!

(MUSIC: - - - A STAB OF PANIC, AND UNDER)

NARR: You look at that ~~stuttering~~ *timid* frightened man in the brown suit, and you know one thing - John Bruno is innocent. His story is weak, he has no alibi, no witnesses - but how many innocent people do? ~~And now your old suspicion returns. Harold Kemper. If you could only pin it down.~~ Then it strikes you there is one angle you haven't yet tried. Kemper's movements on the night of the crime.

(MUSIC: - - - SWIFT STATEMENT AND UNDER)

WOMAN: Well, every Saturday a lot of the men in the neighborhood sneak off to some tavern or other. It's terrible! I wouldn't let my husband do it!

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

MAN: Yeah, it's a beer-garden on Six-Mile Road. Kemper and Radway usually went out there together.

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

MAN: Oh, I see them there last Saturday, all right. Both pretty drunk, so I give 'em a wide berth. ~~Radway never bothered no one. But Kemper, he gets mean when he's drunk. Dirty mean. You gotta watch out for him.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ CLIMAX, THEN UNDER)

NARR: Is that it? Is that the answer? You wish you could be sure. Then you remember something. At nine o'clock tonight the Kempers will be at the morgue to identify the body. You check your watch. ~~It's a quarter to nine. You've got time, you can make it. Maybe -~~ maybe if you're there when Harold Kemper has to look at his dead friend - maybe you'll see something -

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ LIGHT OTING UNDER)~~

NARR: You grab a cab, and at one minute of nine you walk into the Medical Examiner's office at the City Morgue.

(DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS...~~FEW FOOTSTEPS ON FLOOR~~)

NARR: Mrs. Kemper is there - but she's alone!

~~(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ OUT SHARP, IN DISGUST)~~

KEN: ~~(WITH ANGRY FRUSTRATION)~~ Where is <sup>your husband</sup> he? Where is he, Mrs. Kemper?

MRS. KEMPER: Who? ~~Harold?~~ Oh, he decided not to come in. At the last minute, he thought it would be too much for him. He's waiting for me out on the street corner. (STARTING TO FADE) It's just as well, I guess, because you know how -- *(Door Open - Close)*

(FOOT STEPS, ON MIKE, TO DOOR, THROUGH HER PARTIAL  
FADE) (DOOR, ON, OPENS AND SHUTS, CUTTING OFF HER  
LAST WORDS) (RAPID FOOTSTEPS DOWN HALL, SLIGHT  
ECHO)

KEN: (TO HIMSELF) All right, if it's cat and mouse, I can  
play that, too!

(STREET DOOR OPENS...TRAFFIC NOISES, BG..  
DOOR SHUTS) (FOOTSTEPS DOWN STONE STEPS...  
ALONG SIDEWALK..BG UP SLIGHTLY..FOOTSTEPS STOP)

KEN: (BITINGLY) Enjoying the view, Mr. Kemper?

KEMPER: Huh? Oh -

KEN: Better than the one inside, isn't it?

KEMPER: What do you want, mister?

KEN: Just thought I'd tell you how the case is coming. You  
were his best friend - I figured you'd like to know.

KEMPER: (TRYING TO ACT NATURAL) Oh - yes, sure. Well - have  
they -- have they found anything yet.

KEN: Oh, they know who the murderer is.

KEMPER: (A BEAT) They do?

KEN: They're just making sure of their evidence. Found a  
patch of mud in the back lot, you know, with a  
footprint in it. Now they're checking it with the  
tracks in the bungalow. Soon as the lab test comes  
through they'll probably make the arrest.

KEMPER: (NERVOUSLY) Well, that - that don't seem like much to  
go on.

KEN: Oh, they've got other evidence, too. Plenty of it.



(step)

MRS. KEMPER: (FADING IN) (PLEASANTLY) Well, Mr. McCormick, I see you found my husband after all.

KEN: Yeah - we've been having a little talk. How about you, Mrs. Kemper? All finished inside?

MRS. KEMPER: Yes, I made the identification, all right. And, Harold, you know, I'm sure it won't be long before they catch the man who did it.

KEMPER: (A NERVOUS ATTEMPT AT DISPARAGEMENT) How could you know?

MRS. KEMPER: Because I saw something - and I'm sure the police saw it, too.

KEMPER: (TENSELY) What do you mean?

MRS. KEMPER: Well, on George's throat there was three or four fingerprints - just as plain as could be!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ GRIM, TRIUMPHANT STAB, THEN UNDER)

NARR: And the joke of it - the grim, grim joke of it - is that Mrs. Kemper has made a mistake. What she saw were not finger prints, which can be traced, but finger marks, which can not. Only - Harold Kemper, in the white-heat of his fear, is far beyond figuring that out. His face <sup>gives you the answer</sup> ~~is full in the light of a street lamp.~~ ~~And now, in this one, sweet moment, you see the sign you've been waiting for.~~ Now you know! - ~~unquestionably - beyond all doubt - forever.~~ This man is a murderer. More than that - he's a murderer chased by the phantom of his own fear. He's ripe for the plucking. If you can just get Captain Walsh to stretch out a hand.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP, THEN UNDER TO FADE OUT)

BRUNO: (FADING IN) (TIRED, BUT MORE REASSURED) But I toldya my story, Captain. I toldya a million times.

WALSH: (WEARILY PERSISTANT) Never mind, Bruno. Tell me again.

BRUNO: Whatsa use? I'm only gonna say the same thing. I didn't do it. So whatsa use?

WALSH: (GIVING UP WITH A SIGH) All right, Sgt. Take him out.

SGT: Yes, sir.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

KEN: (NEEDLING) What's the matter, Captain? You can't crack him?

WALSH: (STUBBORNLY) He'll crack.

KEN: When - six months from now, out of sheet exhaustion? (PAUSE) Look, Bruno is innocent, you know that. And Kemper is guilty. You just won't admit it.

WALSH: (WORRIEDLY) I got enough complications, without --

KEN: I told you what I found out about Kemper. I showed you the motive.

WALSH: ~~What? He gets mean when he's drunk? So does my brother-in-law~~

(DOOR OPENS, PARTLY OFF...FEW FOOTSTEPS FADE IN, UNDER)

SGT: (FADING IN) Captain, the lab report is here on those three samples of clay.

WALSH: (ALERT. HOPING IT'S AN OUT) What's the gist of it, Sgt?

SGT: They're all identical, sir.

KEN: (TWO BEATS) (THEN, QUIETLY) How much proof do you want, Captain?

WALSH: (WAVERING) I don't know.

KEN: If you don't wanna pull him in, at least go out to his house, now, and question him. The guy'll break, I know he will. He's on the thin edge of nothing.

WALSH: But it's late. It's after midnight.

KEN: What is it you really don't like, Captain? The lateness of the hour - or junking your pet theory?

WALSH: (TWO BEATS) Come on. Let's go.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ EXCITED BRIDGE, THEN UNDER TO FADE)

(CAR MOTOR, INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE..SLOWING DOWN)

WALSH: Don't pull in the driveway, Sgt. Just park out front.

SGT: Yes, sir.

(CAR STOPS)

WALSH: All right, Sgt. You wait here.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

WALSH: Come on, McCormick.

(FIRST CAR DOOR SHUTS..SECOND CAR DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)(FOOTSTEPS ON WALK, UP STEPS, ACROSS PORCH)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR) (DOOR OPENS)

WALSH: Evening Mrs. Kemper.

MRS. KEMPER: Hello, Captain.

WALSH: I wonder if I could see your husband for a minute.

MRS. KEMPER: (SHE HAS BEEN CRYING HEAVILY, BUT HAS STIFLED IT FOR THE MOMENT) I'm sorry, he - he isn't here. He's gone out.

WALSH: Do you know when he'll be back?

MRS. KEMPER: No, I don't.

KEN: Could we come in for a minute?

MRS. KEMPER: Yes, of course, Mr. McCormick. Come in.

(FEW FOOTSTEPS...DOOR SHUTS)

KEN: Kinda late to go out, isn't it? Do you know where your husband's gone?

MRS. KEMPER: He - he didn't tell me. Is there - any message you want to --

KEN: Mrs. Kemper - (AS TENDERLY AS POSSIBLE) - you've been crying, haven't you? (SHE DOESN'T ANSWER) Is it anything to do with--

MRS. KEMPER: No. No, it's just -- no, I ---

KEN: You'd better tell us everything, Mrs. Kemper. We'll find out anyway. You see - we know what your husband's done.

MRS. KEMPER: (BURSTS INTO TEARS) Yes - he did it - he killed George.

WALSH: How long have you known this?

MRS. KEMPER: (BETWEEN SOBS) He just told me about an hour ago. When we came back from the - from the morgue - he was all - sick-like, and ~~shaky - walking up and down -~~ then finally he told me. Said he and George ~~was drinking~~ ~~at the bungalow that night, and they got into a fight~~ <sup>that night</sup> over who was to buy more beer - Harold gets into terrible rages - and he - he beat the old man up - and then, when he saw he was dead - he upset everything to make it look like a robbery ---

WALSH: Where is he, now?

MRS. KEMPER: I don't know. But he was terribly afraid. He knew you'd be coming after him. And ~~and then he blamed me for giving him a~~ ~~he said it was my fault!~~ (BURSTS INTO FRESH SOBS)

KEN: Go on, Mrs. Kemper.

MRS. KEMPER: He said, "They're not goin to put me in no prison",  
and then ~~he~~ <sup>to the garage to get the car</sup> rushed out, ~~and got into the car, and drove~~  
~~off.~~

WALSH: Well, he won't get far. Where's your phone?

KEN: Wait a minute, Captain. The car's here!

WALSH: What!

KEN: I saw it in the garage as we came up the walk.

~~MRS. KEMPER: Then - he must of just come back before you got here.~~

~~I don't know why I didn't hear him --~~

~~WALSH: Probably know he wouldn't get far.~~

(RAPID FOOTSTEPS THROUGH ABOVE...DOOR IS OPENED)

WALSH: (PROJECTING) Sgt. Jansky?

SGT: (OFF) Yes, sir?

WALSH: Turn your spotlight on that garage. Then come with  
me. We're going in after Kemper!

(FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PORCH, DOWN STEPS, ACROSS WALK,  
THEN ON GRAVEL, THROUGH ABOVE...STAY WITH)

~~(CAR DOOR SLAMS, OFF...JANSKY'S FOOTSTEPS~~

~~APPROACH AND CONVERGE WITH OTHERS ON GRAVEL)~~

KEN: (FADING IN) Wait up, Captain. I want to be in on  
this.

WALSH: You better stand clear. (PROJECTING) Come out of  
that garage, Kemper! You don't stand a chance!

(PAUSE)

All right, we're coming in!

(SLOW SUSPENSEFUL FOOTSTEPS, UNDER)

WALSH: (IN A LOW VOICE) Jansky, you go in on the other side  
of the car. I'll take this side.

SGT: Yes, sir. Is he armed?

WALSH: I don't know. Be careful.  
(FOOTSTEPS CHANGE FROM GRAVEL TO CEMENT FLOOR)  
(CAUTIOUSLY) Kemper?  
(PAUSE)  
SGT: (PARTLY OFF) He's not on this side, Captain.  
WALSH: (PUZZLED) He's not here, either. ~~I can't understand~~  
SGT: Wait a minute! Look over there, sir! In the corner -  
just off the floor!  
MRS. KEMPER: (FADING PARTLY IN) (WILDLY) Harold! Are you in  
there, Harold?  
WALSH: (UP, QUICKLY) McCormick, ~~for God's sake~~, don't let  
her in here!  
KEN: (ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY) (PARTLY OFF) Mrs. Kemper,  
don't! Don't go in there - you'll only ---  
MRS. KEMPER: (TO KEN) No, let me alone. <sup>let me alone</sup> (FADING IN FULL) Harold!  
~~What's the letter~~ <sup>Where are you</sup>, Harold, are you --- ~~(SOUND)~~, THEN A  
TERRIBLE SCREAM!  
(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A SHATTERING, AGONIZED CRESCENDO, AND UP TO CURTAIN)  
CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Kenneth McCormick of the Detroit Free Press with the  
final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.  
(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ~~SOUND~~ \_)  
(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC:.....BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is  
filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.  
At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the  
distinguished red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: . . . . . TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Kenneth McCormick of the Detroit Free Press.

McCormick: Not out of remorse, but out of pure fear the killer in tonight's BIG STORY hanged himself, with a piece of clothesline. His wife's story brought the instant release of the window washer and closed the case. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McCormick ... the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to present you the PELL MELL \$500,000 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 SOTRY from the front pages of the Portsmouth New Hampshire Herald. By-line, Richard J. Connolly. A BIG STORY about a reporter who proved that robbery is robbery whether you've read Emily Post or not.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procketer with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Bruce Standerman from an actual story from the front pages of the Detroit Free Press. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Smith played the part of Kenneth McCormick. In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. McCormick.



# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #191

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
LEOYDS	RALPH BELL
DICK	BILL LIPTON
PAUL	OWEN JORDAN
CLERK	OWEN JORDAN
DRIVER	BILL GRIFFIS
PROPRIETOR	BILL GRIFFIS
COP	WALTER BLACK
TOUGH GUY	WALTER BLACK
BOB	JACK JASON
P.A. VOICE	JACK JASON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1950

ATX01 0171697

WNBC & NET

10:00 - 10:30 PM

THE BIG STORY

NOVEMBER 22, 1950

#191

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(DOORBELL TINKLES, DOOR OPENS)

PROPRIETOR: (AFFABLY) Yes sir, gentlemen. What will it be?

PAUL: (REFINED, LACONIC) We'd like some champagne, please.  
Have you any Moet and Chandon.

PROPRIETOR: (PLEASED) Of course I have Moet and Chandon. Don't  
get many calls for it around here.

(HE SLAPS A BOTTLE)

PROPRIETOR: Finest champagne there is -

PAUL: (INTERRUPTS) Fine, fine. My friend and I will take a  
case, please.

PROPRIETOR: (~~WEDDING~~) Do you have your car outside? I mean I'll  
carry the case out.

PAUL: Yes, we've got our car outside, but we'll carry the case  
out. <sup>WE</sup> ~~You just~~ <sup>want</sup> ~~get us~~ what you got in there.

(MOVEMENT, CASH REGISTER IS OPENED)

PROPRIETOR: (ANGRY) Get away from that register. Keep your hands  
off!

PAUL: Please don't make things difficult. We came for champagne  
and the contents of your register. We'll take them both  
now.

(MUSIC: -- HITS, THEN SHARPLY CUT FOR. . .)

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)

(MORE)

ATX01 0171698

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CHAPPELL:  
(CONT'D.)

Portsmouth, New Hampshire. From the front pages of the Portsmouth Herald, comes the story of a reporter who proved that one and one and one sometimes make four. And tonight to that reporter, Richard J. Connolly, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: ~~--- PAUSE ---~~)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171699

OPENING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL- the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S  
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still  
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes  
it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette  
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- IN, FADE UNDER...)

CHAPPELL: Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The story as it actually happened -- Richard Connolly's story as he lived it.

NARR: You're twenty-four, Dick Connolly, reporter on the Portsmouth Herald. Young in some ways, old in others. Old in the ways of the way crimes are committed, the way people strike out against other people. The shabby, shoddy, sometimes inexplicable motives that prompt actions that Society brands criminal. ~~That~~ <sup>And now well 16 -</sup> you've been at crime to fit into one of the patterns you've seen so often, as Police Chief Lloyds, hard-headed Harry Lloyds, talks to the proprietor of the liquor store held up the night before.

PROPRIETOR: One of them didn't say anything. Just stood there watching, kind of smiling. The other one did all the talking -- the smooth one.

LLOYDS: And they asked for champagne first?

PROPRIETOR: Yeah, and he knew what he was talking about. "Moet and Chandon". That's just about as good as it comes.  
(BABBLING ON) I don't guess I get a call for that stuff more than --

LLOYDS: What did they look like?

PROPRIETOR: Kids. I don't know - twenty-five, twenty-six. Well-dressed. The one who ordered the champagne, he was wearing one of them polo coats. You know, tan, fancy. And they had this big car outside -- I think it was a Cadillac. I said something about taking the case out to the car and I looked out as I said that --

LLOYDS: A Cadillac?

PROPRIETOR: Well maybe a Lincoln. One of them big jobs a half a block long.

LLOYDS: And polite you said?

PROPRIETOR: Yeah -- "please" and you know -- kind of a cultured voice, like a college boy.

LLOYDS: How much did they get?

PROPRIETOR: Twenty-two hundred and sixteen dollars.

LLOYDS: Okay. I'll get on it.

DICK: They tied your hands, didn't they? But you got out of it pretty quick.

LLOYDS: Come on, Connolly. We've been all through that. Now let the guy alone.

DICK: I'm just asking. On account of don't you think, Chief, -- Well, a guy -- two guys -- walk in. They tie this guy's wrists up, they don't do a very good job of it. This guy gets loose. Kind of amateur like.

LLOYDS: Twenty-two hundred and sixteen bucks -- that's pretty professional. They came at the right time --

DICK: Yeah, but driving up in a Cadillac or a Lincoln, polo coat, polite -- amateurs.

LLOYDS: (AFFABLY) We won't fight about it. We'll get them and then we'll ask them "You pro or amateur?"

DICK: Okay. Just an idea.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE )

NARR: You wrote the story, called them the "Considerate Bandits" forgot about it. There was a lot else to do, but your story carefully noted (before you forgot about it), that here was a crime with a definite imprint on it --- the champagne, the polo coat, the Cadillac, and a liquor store in an isolated area. (MORE)

NARR:  
(CONT'D.)

That was July 21st and on the night of July 27th (six days later,) at the Salisbury Beverage Company, Salisbury, Massachusetts, on one of the busiest intersections of Route 1 --

(TELEPHONE RINGS, IS ANSWERED)

CLERK:

Salisbury Beverages. Good evening. Yes, we have some nice muscatel in. I'll be glad to send you -- how many bottles? ... Two? The boy will be right over, Miss Devines.

(PHONE UP. SIMULTANEOUSLY THE DOOR OPENS,  
FOOTSTEPS)

CLERK:

Oh, I'll be with you in just a moment, gentlemen. I got to make up an order.

BOB:

(TOUGH VOICE, MUG-LIKE, EXAGGERATED) You go ahead, do what you got to do, buddy. Just show us where the bourbon is. We like to look over the brands.

(HE MOVES OFF, ON-MIKE STEPS MOVE QUICKLY, A  
REGISTER RINGS OPEN, HE RACES BACK)

CLERK:

What do you guys think you're doing?

BOB:

Ain't it obvious, buddy?

CLERK:

Get away from there!

BOB:

Buddy don't make no more noise. So help me, if you do, I'll bust one of these nice bottles of bourbon over the top of your head.

(MUSIC: --- HITS, GOES UNDER..)

NARR:

That was number two - six days after number one. And again you sat with Police Chief Lloyds, and this time Lloyds had changed because the heat from on top and from the public was on Police Chief Lloyds.

LLOYDS: (DRIVING) Now look. Go over it slow. Go over it slow and get it right. Just what <sup>did</sup> ~~do~~ they look like?

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: Well, I didn't take a good look, really. Because I only saw them -- their faces I mean, without the masks -- for about a minute.

LLOYD: Masks!

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: Yeah. Like those rubber masks that you put over your face. First they came in and said something about wanting some bourbon. And I had an order to make up. I said "It's over there" and turned my back and ~~went to the~~ <sup>started to go</sup> back of the store. Then I heard them opening the register. When I ~~got out~~ <sup>turned around</sup>, they had the masks on. And he said if I said anything -- the big one that is, the one who did all the talking -- he'd hit me with a bottle he held in his hand.

DICK: Champagne?

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: A bottle of bourbon.

LLOYDS: Was there a car outside?

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: I don't know. I didn't see anything. I was so frightened I --

DICK: What were they wearing?

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: Just regular clothes. No. The one with the bottle -- he had on dungarees.

DICK: Was he the one who had a polo coat on? Tan?

~~GIRL~~ CLERK: I don't think so. No, no. Like one of those army jackets. A field jacket

LLOYDS: Okay. Thanks. We'll be in touch with you. (TO NOBODY IN PARTICULAR) Where are they coming from? Where are these gangs coming from?



(STEPS ~~BY THE GIRL~~, DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS)

DICK: Maybe it's the same gang.

LLOYDS: What are you, nuts? Can you think of two more different jobs?

DICK: I don't know. Both liquor stores, both two guys, both young.

LLOYDS: (ANNOYED) One tough, one polite; one champagne, one bourbon; one polo coat, one dungarees. What are you talking about? That's two gangs. There's no connection.

DICK: Unless this one gang --- because I admit there's a lot of differences -- one gang with two personalities.

LLOYDS: Go theorize with some other cop.

(MUSIC: -- UNDER. . . )

NARR: One of the things you did at college, Dick Connolly, was major in math and it's one of the things you've kept up with -- kind of a sideline. And all of a sudden, mathematics and crime begin to yield an exciting result. Because before you open your mouth to Police Chief Lloyds (who doesn't care for your theories), you spend five days reading over the details of the two stories you've written about the crimes.

DICK: Look Chief. You know anything about permutations and combinations?

LLOYDS: Go way, will you? I'm busy.

DICK: Do you?

LLOYDS: (SHOWING HE'S NO IGNORAMUS) Why don't you write a story somewhere? Permutations and combinations is -- what's the odds on rolling a six as against a seven on the dice.

DICK: (SMILING) That's one way of looking at it. It's the science of averages. How many ways can you combine a round peg, a square peg and a triangular peg in combinations of two. How many colors can you make from mixing red and green and blue.

LLOYDS: When I want to go to school, I'll register on the G.I. Bill.

DICK: Just suppose there are three guys: Joe, and Jim and Bill.

LLOYDS: What are you talking about?

DICK: Suppose Joe and Jim and Bill are a gang and this is how they operate. They work in pairs. Crime number one: let's say it happens in Portsmouth - a liquor store. Joe and Jim do that. Then let's say crime number two: Jim and Bill knock over a place in Salisbury.

LLOYDS: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, you're on that again! The one gang with the two personalities.

DICK: It could work. Suppose Joe is the guy with the tan coat, likes champagne. And Jim is the guy who was quiet the first time and talked the second. He's the one who likes bourbon, likes to hit people on the head with bourbon bottles -- likes wearing a mask. Tough.

LLOYDS: (THINKING THE WHOLE THING IS NONSENSE) And Bill is the guy who opens the register and counts the money. Look, all I know is this. You can put out any crackpot theory you like. We've got every liquor store in New Hampshire and Massachusetts alerted and I just hope - I just hope that Joe and Bill and Jim try another one. If there is any Bill and Joe and Jim. Because, baby, we'll catch them so --

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(PHONE RINGS...)

LLOYDS: Lloyds' talking. No, it's not on. *Commissioner* Connolly, switch that intercom on. Hurry up, Yeah, I'll hang on.

(SWITCH)

P.A.: (FILTER) Attention all Police, Biddeford, Maine area. Two unarmed men tonight *held up* ~~assaulted~~ Biddeford Beer and Beverage Company, 1416 Salem Street, beat clerk into unconsciousness, stole 4 thousand dollars from register -

~~DICK:~~ (OVER THE P.A.) Took a case of champagne - watch. Maybe bourbon.

P.A.: (FILTER) Broke several *cases* ~~shelves~~ of ~~bourbon~~, rye, ~~champagne~~, and absconded with one case of scotch. Repeating. Attention all Biddeford Police --

DICK: (ON THE WORD "SCOTCH") Scotch!

LLOYDS: (ON THE PHONE) Yeah, I just got it...What do you think? ...Well, look, Commissioner, I'm no mind reader...Sure I was in touch with Biddeford Police. I told you -- these gang's are running wild. Okay. We'll try everything we can.

(PHONE HANGS UP)

LLOYDS: What does he think I'm made of? Police three states now!

DICK: It's not gangs. It's gang.

LLOYDS: You're not goig to start that now. Come on.

DICK: Don't you see it? This is the third guy. This is Jim! Jim's the one like scotch -- Jim's the one doesn't use a gun.

LLOYDS: Get out of here, will you? Just get out. If I ain't got enough trouble - permutations and combinations - Joe, Jim, Bill!!!

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(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ SHORT BRIDGE)

NARR: And as you are ushered out, the permutations whirling in your mind, you wonder whether maybe Police Chief Harry Lloyds, hard-headed as ever, maybe is right. Could it be three separate gangs or could it be three men operating -- two at a time, pulling jobs with a different stamp on each. Whoever is right, it's the most mixed up series of robberies, the weirdest set of combinations and permutations you ever saw in your life.

(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!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure, 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'S greater length of traditionally  
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. 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 Richard Connolly, as he lived it and wrote it.

NARR: Because you've got a nice manner, Dick Connolly, reporter, and because Police Chief Harry Lloyds respects the working press, he lets you come along with him to the Biddeford, Maine liquor store held up an hour and a half ago as reported on the police wires.

(CAR SPEEDING UNDER. .)

DICK: I tell you it's not three separate gangs.

LLOYDS: Look, I told you you could come along on one condition.

DICK: Okay, okay.

LLOYDS: Besides, I got to listen to the calls.

(CAR SPEEDING, INTO WHICH. .)

P.A.: (FILTER) Expect a bulletin on the Biddeford holdup next ~~three minutes. Stand by. Meanwhile, a two-eleven call~~  
~~fourteen miles north~~ -- (THIS CONTINUES AND FADES UNDER)

NARR: So you sit, half listening to the police calls and half shaping your theory into believability.

DICK: (FILTER) Okay. Joe, Bill, Jim. Joe likes champagne, wears a tan polo coat. Bill's the bourbon boy, rough guy, with the masks. Jim, scotch, no gun. Job one: Joe and Jim. Job two: Bill and Jim. Job three: --

P.A.: (BURSTS IN) Attention all cars. On the Biddeford holdup. Two bandits believed to be Biddeford holdup men seen by Biddeford police four and a half miles north on route 112. Police moving in now for arrest.

LLOYDS: We ain't going to the liquor store. We're going four and a half miles out on route 112.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT, UNDER. --)

NARR: And then perhaps the most unbelievable turn in the entire affair. Because as you pull up on route 112, four and a half miles north of Biddeford, the local cops are making an arrest.

COP: All right. In the back. Let's go. Only let me have that bag before you get in there.

LLOYDS: Hiya, Mac.

COP: Hiya, chief. Like ducks sitting on a log. Never saw anything like it in my life. They run out of the store - Biddeford that is -- grab a cab. See, it's over there. Driver's still in it. The big one, the one on the left, he tells the cabbie to take him out here and guess what they do.

LLOYDS: Wait for you.

COP: Almost exactly. They're standing out there, believe it or not, counting the cash out on the hood of the car. Did you ever hear anything like that in your life? Just waiting there. One of the prowl cars spotted them and -- bingo!

LLOYDS: Not bad. Nice evening.

DICK: Chief.

LLOYDS: Oh, oh. Here comes a theory.

DICK: Look, the two guys you got there -- that's Jim and Joe. Where's Bill?

LLOYDS: Look, you got yourself a story. One of the bands - to quote me if you want to - "terrorizing the tri-state area of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine, was captured tonight" --

DICK: (FINISHING THE THOUGHT) "by Sergeant Mac Thompson under the Supervision of Police Chief Harry Lloyds."

LLOYDS: Very good. There you are. What do you want?

DICK: I want to know where the third one is. Where's Bill?

LLOYDS: Look -- good-bye, will you? Ain't you got a deadline to meet or something?

(MUSIC: -- HITS AND UNDER.)

NARR: He's right. You have a deadline to meet and you meet it quickly, writing the story pretty much as he dictated it. Except you suggest that only two-thirds of the gang's been captured. And to make sure, you check with the taxi-driver whose cab they commandeered.

DRIVER: Yeah, my wife is always telling me I'm no good in a crisis. Well, I showed her.

DICK: Yeah, sure. You're swell in a crisis. *well happened* What ~~did you show~~ *here?*

DRIVER: ~~Two and a half years ago we was up on this Lake Winabago. So this oar in the rowboat it busts. So I never rowed a rowboat with one oar before so naturally we keep going round in ciroles.~~

DICK: What about the two guys in the cab?

DRIVER: So she never lets me forget it. "You're no good in a crisis." So I showed her.

DICK: Just what did you show her?



DRIVER: That's what the other guy said. Hey, mac - stick it in the paper, will you? Then when I show that to my wife - oh boy! ~~She can't throw up that rowboat going around in circles at times and there~~

DICK: Yeah, yeah. Sure.

(MUSIC: - - - UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you are puzzled beyond the puzzlement after the second holdup. And you risk the scorn and the indignity of being kicked out of Police Chief Lloyds' office with permutations and combinations number 16.

DICK: (SHARPLY) Okay, you got them locked up. Why were they counting cash on the hood of a taxi?

LLOYDS: How do I know? They're crazy.

DICK: No. Why did they take a taxi in the first place? Where was the get-away car? Don't you see? They were waiting for somebody. Somebody was supposed to meet them outside the liquor store and he didn't or he couldn't. So they had a rendezvous - a substitute rendezvous - four and a half miles out on route 112. That's why they were counting cash. They were waiting.

LLOYDS: For who?

DICK: If my theory's right, the two you got are Joe and Bill. The third is Jim. They were waiting for Jim.

LLOYDS: What do you want?

DICK: Let me have them alone for just a few minutes. I don't mean all alone. You come too.

LLOYDS: Thanks.

(MUSIC: - - - QUICK BRIDGE)

DICK: You didn't have a get-away car?

PAUL: That's right.

DICK: There was no plan at all? You were just going to go out and hail a cab?

PAUL: That's right.

DICK: And you weren't four and a half miles out of Biddeford counting the cash waiting to be picked up.

PAUL: No. We weren't.

DICK: Okay. You're Joe. You're the polite one. The champagne drinker, the tan polo coat. And you own a Cadillac. You used that Cadillac on the first job and you used it on the second. But it didn't show up for the third. Now where is it?

PAUL: I don't know.

LLOYDS: That's kind of stupid, bud. Because cars got licenses. They can be traced. And if it turns out like Connolly here suggests, you'll have another count against you. Obstructing justice. Where's the car?

PAUL: (RELUCTANTLY) I lent it to a friend of mine.

DICK: When? What's his name?

PAUL: Bob Croydon.

DICK: That's Jim.

(MUSIC: -- IN QUICK MOVEMENT)

DICK: (IN A RUSH) All right Croydon you were supposed to meet them outside the liquor store and you didn't do it. Then you were supposed to meet them out on Biddeford Road and you didn't do that. Don't start shaking your head. You've been spending dough all over town.

(MORE)

DICK:  
(CONT'D.)

Dough you never earned because you haven't worked in six months. I checked on you, kid. You're the one likes your scotch. You're the one decided to pull out after job number two. Only they ~~finggered~~ <sup>fingered</sup> you a little too carefully. Come on. Oh, I didn't tell you. That car parked outside there -- that's Police Chief Lloyds'. So don't - you know. Don't try hitting me on the head with a bottle or something.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT)

LLOYDS: (ELATED) I got to take my hat off to you.

DICK: Not yet.

LLOYDS: What are you talking about?

DICK: I told you. We got three of them. But I just realized it. One and one and one adds up to four.

LLOYDS: I couldn't stand anymore. What are you talking about.

DICK: Look, three jobs. Everyone utterly different from the other. Two guys on each job. The only possible way is Jim and Joe on one, Joe and Bill on two, and then one of those ~~three~~ and Sam --

LLOYDS: (EXASPERATED) <sup>Sam</sup> Who's Sam?

DICK: Sam's number four. Sam's the one that doesn't drink. No champagne, no scotch, no bourbon. He's <sup>the</sup> pro. Probably the brains. These kids are kids out for the drinks and the fun. There's a pro in this because there was real money in it. What was the total take?

LLOYDS: Close to nineteen thousand.

DICK: All right. Tough guy. Used a mask. Doesn't drink. Sam. Doesn't fit the pattern of these other three.

LLOYDS: How are you going to get him?

DICK: Permutations and combinations.

LLOYDS: Meaning what?

DICK: Guys say things - separately guys say things, which when you put them together in a general pot - they add up to something.

LLOYDS: Talk english.

DICK: Give me each of them - 2, 3 minutes alone. First Joe, then Jim, then Bill. I'll find Sam.

LLOYDS: If there is a Sam.

DICK: There's a Sam.

(MUSIC: -- BEGINS A SERIES OF FOUR STACCATO STINGS. THIS IS THE FIRST.)

DICK: Now listen and listen carefully. You were in on the first job with Bill. Who was in on the third job, because you weren't.

PAUL: Leave me alone.

DICK: Get some sense. You want to be booked for three crimes? Each one of them carries six years -- that's eighteen years. Or would you rather be booked for one. Eighteen minus <sup>12</sup>~~six~~ is <sup>6</sup>~~twelve~~. That's quite a difference.

(MUSIC: -- SPING)

DICK: We know you were in on the second job. Three eye-witnesses You're a dead-sure conviction. But it's my private theory, fellow, you weren't in on number one and you weren't in on number three. But two guys were. Who were they?

BOB: You think I'll tell you?

DICK: You'll tell me because the second one there was no assault and battery. In the third one there was. You'll want to get out of that third one because the difference between the sentence for assault and battery and robbery and just plain robbery is twenty years.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

DICK: You were in on number three. Not number one, not number two. Only nobody knows that and nobody can prove it except maybe you and me and Sam.

TOUGH GUY: Who's Sam?

DICK: That's what I'm asking you. Who's number four in the combination? Who's the guy laughing while all three of you are taking the raps on three jobs that he planned and took the gravy out of?

~~(MUSIC: -- FOURTH STING...SUSTAIN IT BEHIND...)~~

NARR: And it doesn't take very long. The ideas you've implanted in the frightened criminal selfish minds yield

PAUL: Sam's real name is Jack Tenny.

(MUSIC: -- SLIGHT STING)

BOB: 1422 South Eastern Street.

(MUSIC: -- STING)

TOUGH GUY: And he's hiding out now in a rooming house in Portsmouth-  
1512 Avenue D. No kidding - will we only come up on one rap?

MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: And that's it. Signed, sealed, delivered. Four crooks operating two at a time. One of the most spectacular, razzle-dazzle plays in all robbing history.

(MORE)

(MUSIC: -- SUSPENSEFUL? ITS UP IN THE AIR.)

NARR: You wait, having poured out the best arguments for talking, of which you are capable. You wait a little longer, as Lloyds grows impatient and, finally, a little longer.

(PAUSE)

But none of them says anything except -

TOUGH GUY: Outside, bum -- you take us for stoolies!

(MUSIC: -- THE MUSIC SPITS AND OUT)

LLOYDS: Look, <sup>come on</sup> don't take it so hard -- so you were wrong.

DICK: I'm not wrong. More than ever I know I'm right.

LLOYDS: ~~Look I talked with the Commissioner. The heat is off, he's sending in a commendation for me to the Governor. And I'll bet if I ask him, he'll get you one too -- or one of those tin badges "for service" or something --~~

DICK: (ELSEWHERE) I know there's something here -- if I could only put my fingers on it --

LLOYDS: We rounded up three, the whole gang, is that bad?

DICK: Where's Sam. Answer me that - is Sam in the hoosegow?

LLOYDS: I've been polite, I've tolerated a lot of abuse, but now you --

DICK: (INTERRUPTING) Have you mugged them?

LLOYD: (GOING ON) Now you're going too far. (ANSWER) Sure we mugged them.

DICK: Gimme pictures of the three of them.

LLOYDS: Outside. I should of known, with some you guys -- you give him a foot --

DICK: (TENSE) Give me pictures of the three in prison. Joe Jim and Bill.

LLOYDS: Hey you mean it.

DICK: Down to my toes.

LLOYDS: Waste of time. It's over, <sup>Connolly</sup> Dick. No kidding, you can relax.

DICK: Look, Lloyds, ~~I'm a guy likes to sleep as well as the~~  
~~next guy. Likes a day off, like to spend time with his~~  
~~family. I can close the whole thing easier than you.~~  
I ain't paid to find Sam.

LLOYDS: No cracks now.

DICK: Then gimme the pictures of Joe Jim and Bill!

(MUSIC: -- HARSH AND UNDER)

NARR: It was once something of an intellectual lark - permutations  
and combinations. Now it's dead earnest. If you can  
prove (absolutely prove) there is a Sam -- the pro of the  
gang, the calm collected one who took no chances....then,  
and then only can <sup>you</sup> get off this story. (No one's making  
you stay on - just you, yourself -- you!) First to the  
proprietor where the first holdup took place....

DICK: Look carefully and just answer two questions.

PROP: (COMED A LITTLE) Sure, fellow, sure.

DICK: Who held you up - which two of these three men?

PROP: (PAUSE) This one - and -- this one.

DICK: Joe and Jim. Okay, sure?

PROP: (SAME) Sure. They kill somebody?

DICK: Never mind - you never saw this one before?

PROP: No.

DICK: Okay -- Joe and Jim, no Bill.

(MUSIC: -- STING AND INTO:)

NARR: The clerk at the Salisbury store -- even more frightened  
by your manner.....

CLERK: Sure I'm sure mister. Just this one.

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REVISED

DICK: Not this one, not this one either?  
*clerk*  
~~GIRL:~~ I told you <sup>there</sup> no mister. Just that one.

DICK: Okay, then ~~it~~ <sup>there</sup> was Sam.

*clerk*  
~~GIRL:~~ Sam?

DICK: SAM!

*clerk*  
~~GIRL:~~ (UTTERLY COWED) If you say so, ~~it~~ <sup>there</sup> was Sam!

(MUSIC: -- SAME INTO:)

NARR: The cop who caught them identifies two of the three,  
Jim and Bill and you get your ~~fourth~~ <sup>next</sup> identification  
from the cabbie....

CABBIE: You gonna put it in the paper about my coming thru in the  
clinchies?

DICK: I'll do a feature story on you <sup>now</sup> just this one was <sup>next</sup> in  
the cab?

CABBIE: ~~No kidding.~~ Yeah that's ~~the one.~~ <sup>right</sup> The other two I never saw.

DICK: Okay, okay -- okay -- then it was Sam.

CABBIE: ~~Now you wouldn't kid a feller would you, mister. When's~~  
~~it gonna appear?~~

(MUSIC: -- WIPE SCENE AND INT:)

(MOOR. FOUR MEN WALK INTO THE ROOM)

DICK: Okay Chief Lloyds...

LLOYDS: (OMINOUS) Go ahead Connolly, all yours.

DICK: I asked you men a day ago who was the fourth in your  
combine. You all said "Get out, we're no stoolies". Now  
~~that~~ we know there is a fourth in the gang -- and we have  
absolute proof. I have just this to say -- we want his  
name..or else..a new charge is filed against each of you:  
obstructing justice, concealing information and -- what's  
the maximum on that Chief?

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REVISED

LLOYDS: In this case -- 20 years.

(PAUSE - A STIR)

DICK: Who's Sam?

(MUSIC: SUSTAINED, THEN BEHIND)

NARR: And finally it comes out.

PAUL: Sam's real name is Jack Tenny.

(MUSIC: SLIGHT STING)

BOB: 1422 South Eastern Street.

(MUSIC: STING)

TOUGH GUY: And he's hiding out now in a rooming house in Portsmouth-  
1512 Avenue D. No kidding - will ~~he only come up on one~~ *they only throw one*

*rip at us*

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: And that's it. Signed, sealed, delivered. Four crooks  
operating two at a time. One of the most spectacular,  
razzle-dazzle plays in all robbing history. The razzle  
stopped, the dazzle gone, --- a good story for you -  
the cushy right-hand column on page one and your by-line  
in 24 point.

(MUSIC: UP TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Richard  
J. Connolly of the Portsmouth N. Hampshire Herald, with  
the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: ~~STING~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171721

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished  
red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

27  
~~24~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Richard J. Connolly of the Portsmouth Herald.

CONNOLLY: Holdup gang quickly brought to trial. Two of the four sentenced to long terms Maine State Prison. Other two sentenced for New Hampshire holdup and since all four were linked to the Massachusetts robbery, they will all ~~serve sentences~~ *start prison* for that crime upon their release. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Connolly...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 Salt Lake City Utah Tribune - by-line T. R. Johnson: A BIG STORY about a reporter who discovered that when a grown man feels like a lost little boy...he can do terrible things.

(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 Portsmouth Herald. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bill Lipton played the part of Richard Connolly. 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. Connolly.

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

ATX01 0171723

28  
~~25~~

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

ro  
11/6/50 am

ATX01 0171724

✓ AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #192

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
GRACE	JANE ROBBIN
MRS COPPIN	AGNES YOUNG
ALICE	AGNES YOUNG
JENNY	AMZIE STRICKLAND
WOMAN	AMZIE STRICKLAND
AGNES	JOAN SHEA
BLANCHE	JOAN SHEA
T. R. JOHNSON	JOHN SYLVESTER
NEWTON	OWEN JORDAN
MEL	OWEN JORDAN
GEORGE	MERRILL JOELS
CARL	MERRILL JOELS
CHIEF	LES DAMON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1950

ATX01 0171725

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#192

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

NOVEMBER 29, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE)

(EARLY NIGHT SOUNDS BG. CAR IN TO A STOP)

BLANCHE: (ABOUT 45..IRKED) What are you stopping for?!

NEWTON: (ABOUT 32..HIGH AND WHINING) Just for a minute, Blanche...  
I...just feel good being with you like this...real good....

BLANCHE: (BORED) Oh, come on...Start the car...I don't want to be  
late for the show....

NEWTON: I like older women, Blanche...I like you...I used to watch  
your house when you went out with other men...Now you're  
with me...(BEGGING) Blanche, could...I lean my head  
against your shoulder...just for a minute?

BLANCHE: You're crazy! I knew I should never of given you a date!  
Only you kept pestering and pestering...like a ...a kid.  
Get away from me! Let me out!

NEWTON: Blanche, say you love me?

BLANCHE: You make me sick! You'd make any woman sick!

NEWTON: ~~Don't~~...don't say that...

BLANCHE: You asked for it! You make me sick! Now let me...(HORROR  
TAKE) No!...NO!

(TWO SHOTS)

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

ATX01 0171726

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) Salt Lake City, Utah...From the pages of the  
Salt Lake City Tribune, the story of a reporter who knew  
enough about children to catch a triple murderer. Tonight,  
to T. R. Johnson of the Tribune, for his Big Story, goes  
the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #192

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

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can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



(MUSIC: -- -- THEME & UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Salt Lake City. The story as it actually happened...T.R.  
Johnson's story as he lived it.

NARR: As you, T. R. Johnson, reporter for the Salt Lake City  
Tribune, drive along the main highway between Ogden  
and Salt Lake City everything seems just right. The new  
green sedan you're driving is quick to the touch. The  
sunset around you is warm and alive. And everything along  
the road is as familiar to you as the hat on your head.  
It ought to be...This is your beat. You've just passed  
through the Mormon town of ~~Plentiful~~ *E. Koppel*, waved to a few  
friends...

(IN WITH CAR SLOWING DOWN UNDER)

NARR: And now, about a mile past ~~Plentiful~~ *E. Koppel*, you decide to  
stop for some gas at Mel-~~Seaton~~ *Sutton*'s place...

(CAR TURNS IN AND STOPS...MOTOR CUT)

MEL: (FADING IN...CHEERFUL) Hi ya, T. R....How's the great  
reporter?

TR: (EARLY 30's) Looking for a story, Mel. Haven't you  
murdered your mother-in-law yet?

MEL: Nope....Decided to let the old buzzard live til

~~Thanksgiving~~ *Christmas*

(BOTH LAUGH)

MEL: What'll it be, T.R?

TR: Fill 'er up, Mel...

(SOUND PATTERN OF PUMP AND GAS UNDER)

MEL: (SLIGHT FADE) Sure thing.....How do you like driving the new car?

TR: Like it fine...

MEL: Especially driving on an evening like this, eh....Sure a great time of the year to be alive...

(MUSIC: -- UP COVERING SOUND...DOWN AND OUT UNDER)

NARR: A great time of the year to be alive, said the gas attendant. But at that very moment, back in ~~plentiful~~ *hopeful* there was a man who thought otherwise....

(AS OF BODY BEING DRAGGED HEAVILY ACROSS DRY GRASS... UNDER)

NARR: (LOW) In the half-light of dusk, a man slowly dragged Blanche Wilson's body toward a field of tall dry grass... He had almost reached the grass when....

GEORGE: (STARTLED...SHOUTING FROM OFF) Hey! Hey, you! What are you doing there?

NEWTON: (PERSPECTIVE IS WITH HIM...BREATHING HARD AND LOW)  
(CUT DRAGGING SOUND)

ALICE: (WIFE OF GEORGE...OFF..FEAR) George...he's..he's dragging something....

(GEORGE AND ALICE HEAD THROUGH GRASS TOWARD NEWTON UNDER)

GEORGE: (COMING CLOSER) I...can't see clearly. He's in the shadows.....(CALLING) Hey, you....What are you doing in our field!?

NEWTON: (JUST HEAVY BREATHING AS HE WAITS FOR THEM TO COME CLOSER)

ALICE: (MUCH CLOSER NOW) George, I can't see him at all now...  
He's back in the....

(ONE SHOT FULL ON MIKE AS)

GEORGE: (SHOT) Ugh.....

ALICE: (SCREAMS) GEORGE!

(TWO SHOTS WHICH:)

ALICE: (INTERRUPTS HER SCREAM AND KILL HER) Ah -

(MUSIC: -- WIPES)

~~(CLINK OF SILVER COINS BEING PASSED AS)~~

MEL: Two sixty nine out of three dollars -

TR: Thanks, Mel...Say hello to the wife...

(STARTS CAR AS)

MEL: Sure will...Stop by soon...

TR: Right...So long now...

MEL: So long...

(CAR INTO SECOND AND INTO THIRD AS IT GOES BACK ON  
HIGHWAY UNDER)

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Now you're back on the highway to Salt Lake City. At  
first, you don't notice that the road is strangely empty.  
As a matter of fact, you don't notice anything until  
suddenly you hear -

(\_\_\_\_ HORNS OFF AND COMING IN FAST AS:)

NARR: You look into your rear view-mirror and you think they  
must be after somebody else. But what you see in your  
mirror makes you slam your breaks on hard!

(SUIT DESCRIPTION)

NARR: The two troopers, guns drawn are on you fast....

CARL: (COP) O.K. you! Step out and don't try anything!

TR: For crying out loud! Carl Riesling! What's the matter?!

CARL: (TAKE) T.R!....Whew...You're a lucky gent....If you hadn't stopped right off we'd of started shooting.....

TR: Shooting?

CARL: Your car, T.R.....Green sedan...Same make, same colour the murderer used to get away in.

T.R.: Now wait a minute, Carl! ~~It ain't good for a reporter to have his readers start telling him what's new....What murderer?~~

CARL: Back in ~~Plentiful~~. *E. H. H.* Fellow just killed three people...

TR: Three?

CARL: I can't let you go any further in this car of yours, T.R. ~~Not unless you want your head blown off. Chief Harris has phoned for road blocks up and down the highway. Every able-bodied man is out with a shot-gun looking for a green sedan.~~

TR: Oh.....

CARL: So I guess you'd better follow us back to ~~Plentiful~~. *E. H. H.*

(MUSIC: -- SLIGHT EMPHASIS....DOWN UNDER) --

NARR: You follow in the wake of the troopers. The warm, living sunset has suddenly turned into a frightening purple and black sky. The nice time to be alive in has become a time of death....When you drive back into ~~Plentiful~~, *E. H. H.* ~~past the flat adobe houses built by the Mormon pioneers, you shiver a little.~~ Everything seems to have lost its familiar look.

(MORE)

NARR: Everything looks eerie. Maybe it was death striking three times that did it. Maybe it was death itself...still loose in these streets somewhere... *You can feel it in the Chief's office*  
~~(NIGHT SOUNDS BG... PERSPECTIVE INTERIOR OF CHIEF HARRIS'S OFFICE)~~

TR: Nobody got a look at him, Chief?

CHIEF: (ABOUT FIFTY, VERY QUIET, ALMOST CASUAL) Nope... just like I told you, T.R. a neighbor... Matt Coppin heard the screams and the shots from the Yorke's field. He started running toward it. Saw this fellow jump in his car - brand new green sedan just like yours -

TR: (CUTS IN) Don't remind me, Chief...

CHIEF: ~~(GOES RIGHT ON)~~ The car just up and went. *We found all dead* Blanche Wilson and George and Alice Yorke. The way we figure it... this fellow killed Blanche. Started dragging her toward the tall grass on Yorke's place. Alice and George seen him and go after him. He kills 'em both...

TR: How soon did you get word, Chief?

CHIEF: ~~Couple of minutes later~~... I phoned for road blocks up and down and figure we'll catch him before the night is out.

TR: Isn't... isn't there anything else you... anything else anybody can do?

CHIEF: (WRY) Sorry.... Afraid I can't make it any more exciting for you....

TR: Oh now... I didn't mean it that way, Chief.

CHIEF: It's all right, (ALMOST AN AFTER THOUGHT) Oh, yes...  
Almost forgot...Had a talk with Blanche Wilson's daughter,  
Jennie...

TR: (EAGERLY) What'd she have to say?

CHIEF: Nothing....She was out when whoever it was called on  
Blanche...

TR: Oh.....(THEN) Doesn't anybody in town have any idea as to  
who he is?

CHIEF: Nope....(SIGH) Everybody'll know, though...soon as we  
catch him...

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN)

TR: (SUDDEN) Look, Chief..I'm a - reporter. Now I know it  
would be stupid of me to go traipsing around in my own  
car....But couldn't you...

CHIEF (CUTS IN QUIETLY) Nope...No chance at all....TR.....Now,  
if you reach behind you there, you'll find some checkers  
and a board. We can play a bit....Maybe later on, we'll  
go out together and take a look around....

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

NARR: You know Chief Harris as well as he knows you, T.R.  
Johnson. And it takes you just about ten seconds to  
figure out what the old man is up to....He knows there are  
hundreds of men out there in the dark with guns. He knows  
that you, as a reporter, might very easily get in the way  
of a bullet should you decide to go looking through the  
night by yourself. So...in his own neat way..he has you  
trapped. For without another car, you obviously can't  
join in the chase...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP FOR TIME PASSAGE...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You play checkers for about an hour. And with every tick of the old clock in Chief Harris' office, you get to feeling more jumpy and more helpless....Finally...

~~(SUDDEN FOLDING UP OF CHECKER BOARD WITH CHECKERS  
SLIDING ALL AROUND)~~

TR: (EDGY) No more, Chief.

CHIEF: Too bad...

(CHAIR SCRAPE AS T.R. RISES)

CHIEF: Going somewhere?

T.R. Gonna walk around town...Get some background material.  
Then I'll have my story all ready when you catch the murderer....

CHIEF: ~~Good idea, T.R.....Just stay off the road and out of~~  
dark places. (DEADLY SERIOUS) T.R?

T.R: Yeah?

CHIEF: I figure you're real angry with me by now. But when a town has three of its citizens murdered in cold blood, they got a right to shoot first and ask questions later.

TR: ~~I know, I know.~~

CHIEF: Where you figure on going? ~~first?~~

TR: Thought I'd have a talk with Blanche Wilson's daughter  
~~first~~....Jennie...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BUILD OMINOUSLY AND DOWN UNDER)

MRS.COPPIN: You feeling any better, Jennie?

JENNIE: (ABOUT TWENTY...HAS BEEN CRYING) I'll....I'll be all right, Mrs. Coppin....You've...been wonderful coming over like....like you did..

MRS.C: Pshaw.....Least anyone could do --  
(PHONE RINGS...PARTY LINE...TWO LONG, ONE SHORT)

MRS.C: That's your ring, aint it?

JENNIE: Yes...

MRS.C: (FADING SLIGHTLY) I'll take...Don't you bother....  
(RECEIVER UP)

MRS.C: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello?.....Who?.....Jennie?...Well...

JENNIE: I'll...talk.

MRS.C: It's a man, Jennie...  
(RECEIVER FUMLED AS JENNIE TAKES IT)

JENNIE: Hello?

NEWTON: (FILTER...QUITE TENSE AND ALMOST TEARFUL) Hello?....Is - that you, Jennie?

JENNIE: Yes...Who's this?

NEWTON: (FILTER) Jennie...is...is your mother there?

JENNIE: (SOMETHING ABOUT THE CALLER IS FRIGHTENING HER) My....  
Who is this?

NEWTON: Jennie, is your mother there?

JENNIE: (BEGINNING TO CRY) Mother is....mother is...dead...

NEWTON: (FILTER...TEARFUL) Oh....Isn't that too bad?....I'll bet you feel awful....

JENNIE: Please....Please...I don't want to...talk about it now...  
Please....



NEWTON: (FILTER) Oh...You poor child....You feel awful, don't you?

JENNIE: Yes, yes.....But please...

NEWTON: (CRYING) Now you know how I feel....Now you...know how.. I feel....

(JENNIE HANGS UP HURRIEDLY)

JENNIE: (CRYING) Mrs. Coppin...Mrs. Coppin...

MRS.C: What is it, Jennie? What's wrong?

JENNIE: That...that phone call....So.....strange...I can't make it out...

MRS.C: Jennie this is Mr. Johnson. He's with the paper....He came in while you were on the phone.....He just wants to help, dear....

JENNIE: That...phone call, Mrs. Coppin...It's...upset me so...

TR: Someone you know?

JENNIE: A - man....I've ... never heard his voice....before... And....when I said I felt awful about mother, he...he started to cry and....said...Now you know how I...feel.

MRS.C: Well, that's a weird thing to...

TR: ~~You're sure you never heard his voice before?~~

JENNIE: No...He ... seemed to want mother but...he asked for me...

TR: Just one more question, Miss Wilson...

JENNIE: Yes?

TR: You've no idea whom your mother was with tonight?

JENNIE: No...Mother's friends usually picked her up at the packing plant....after work...

TR: Thanks...I won't bother you any more....

JENNIE: (HER MIND STILL ON THAT CALL) Mrs. Coppin, you...you  
heard him....He ... was a man, wasn't he?

MRS.C: On the phone? He sounded like a...man...

JENNIE: He...sounded <sup>just</sup> like...a little boy...crying...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP...SLIGHT BRIDGE...DOWN AND OUT UNDER)

~~(BG OF LIGHT MACHINES OPERATING STEADILY IN BUILDING..~~

~~THIS IS THE OFFICE )~~

TR: Some of the women in the plant told me you knew Blanche  
Wilson real well....

AGNES: (YOUNGER THAN BLANCHE) Yes I did, Mr. Johnson.... Me  
being in the office, she'd drop in for a smoke and we'd  
talk....

TR: Did she have many .. admirers?

AGNES: (SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN) Too many...(QUICKLY) She wasn't  
bad...She...just liked going out, that's all.

TR: That's the parking lot out that window, isn't it?

AGNES: Yes....Belongs to the plant....

TR: In the daytime, I...imagine you can see clear over to the  
gate there, couldn't you? Clear over to the cafe,  
couldn't you?

(SLIGHT PAUSE...THEN)

AGNES: You're fishing...aren't you?

TR: (SMILE) That's my job...

(SLIGHT PAUSE..THEN)

AGNES: Yes, I can see right out to the gate and to the cafe.  
~~And if Blanche had a friend waiting in a car for her near~~  
~~the gate, I could tell the colour of his car.~~  
TR: *green sedan* No green sedan? *waiting for Blanche?*  
AGNES: Nope...  
TR: Umh...(RISING) Well....(SIGHS) I won't bother you any  
more, Agnes...Thanks....  
AGNES: Any time.....(SUDDEN THOUGHT) Wait...  
TR: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Umh?  
AGNES: The..the way you said *admitted* ~~my friends~~ kind of threw me off..  
TR: (ON MIKE..SMELLS A LEAD) What do you mean?  
AGNES: Well...this fellow wasn't a boy friend of Blanche's so I  
didn't think of him when you....  
TR: What fellow?  
AGNES: (DISMISSES IDEA ALMOST WITH A SMILE) Oh...Just a fat  
little clown who used to wait for Blanche regularly at  
the gate...No...she would never have gone out with him.  
TR: Why not?  
AGNES: Oh...Blanche used to laugh about him...He...well, if you  
were a woman, Mr. Johnson, you'd understand, I don't  
think he's important...  
TR: (PRESSING) Agnes...Anything might be important. Believe  
me. What....what was wrong with him?  
AGNES: I...don't know...He'd beg her for a date but it'd be more  
like he was just - begging to be looked at...That sounds  
wrong but....  
TR: What would Blanche do?

AGNES: Oh...Sometimes nothing....Sometimes she'd just laugh...  
Then he'd walk off slowly to the cafe by himself....

TR: To the cafe?

AGNES: Sometimes....

TR:\* Thanks...Thanks an awful lot, Agnes...

AGNES: For what? (SMILES) For remembering that fat little  
clown? He never even struck me like a man...Seemed more  
like...like a lost little boy.

(MUSIC: -- -- EMPHASIS UP...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: It's almost eleven <sup>when</sup> you leave the packing plant. You  
head across the black empty square to the cafe. "A lost  
little boy, a little boy crying"...Twice already you've  
heard that description and your mind is pounding hard at  
it for the meaning inside that description...And at the  
moment that you're wrestling with that question, about  
twenty miles away, a mother and her ~~son~~ <sup>daughter</sup> are on their way  
home from a church social...

WOMAN: Hold my hand, ~~Jasper~~ <sup>Jane</sup>, while we cross the road....

(FADE IN FAST A CAR AT TOP SPEED BEARING DOWN ON THEM  
SUDDENLY)

WOMAN: (ALARM) ~~Jasper~~ <sup>Jane</sup>! Step back! That car!

(CAR COMES FULL ON THEM AS)

(TWO SHOTS AS:)

WOMAN: (SCREAMS)

(MUSIC: -- -- UP...TO TAG)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

HARRICE: THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) -- THROAT-SCRATCH (EFFECT) --  
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measure. 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 T. R. Johnson, as he lived it and wrote it...

NARR: To you, T. R. Johnson of the Salt Lake City Tribune, death has suddenly appeared in the personality of a lost little boy. Earlier tonight, in the Mormon town of ~~Plantsville~~ *E. H. Henshaw*, death struck three times. And vanished in a green sedan. But you've heard the possible killer described as being like a little boy .. who would sometimes go into the cafe to sulk. And now you're at the counter of that very cafe...

(JUH.: BOX IN LOW B.G.)

GRACE: (HEFTY, HEALTHY BABE..FORTHRIGHT) What'll it be, T. R.?

T.R.: Coffee...Black..

GRACE: Sure thing.. How about a sweet roll to go with?

T.R.: Just coffee --

(AS OF COFFEE CUP AND COFFEE BEING POURED AND SET  
DOWN UNDER)

GRACE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Doing a story on the killings?

T.R.: Might - if I can get enough to write about -

GRACE: (SETTING COFFEE DOWN) What with every pair of pants in the county stumbling around with a gun, seems to me they should of caught the fellow by now -

T.R.: They haven't as far as I've heard -

GRACE: Can't they track down which of Blanche's admirers had himself a new green sedan?

T.R.: How about you?

GRACE: Me? What about me?

T.R.: Looking out of this cafe window here, you could just see any of Blanche's boy friends waiting at the gate for her... Any of them have a green sedan?

GRACE: Maybe you're right at that, T. R. ... I don't recall a one-

T.R.: Grace, you remember a fat little fellow used to hang around pestering Blanche for a date?

GRACE: Him? Sure - (LAUGHS) Poorest excuse for a man this side of wherever it is they make you boys -

T.R.: How so?

GRACE: Used to come in here regular either before or after Blanche'd brush him off.. And he's always ask the same thing - Miss, have you got a son?

T.R.: A - son?

GRACE: And I'd say - sure. And then he'd turn as serious as a preacher who hadn't been paid in a year. He'd lecture me.

T.R.: What on?

GRACE: Don't make your son sad, Miss. Treat him nice, Miss. Give him things, Miss. .. (LAUGHS) The funny thing about that fat little fellow - he must have had a poor memory or else the subject was on his mind. Every time he'd come in, the same question: Miss, have you got a son?

T.R.: Sounds queer to me -

GRACE: Oh, I don't know .. Just a good natured slob -

T.R.: Grace, tell me .. Did you ever get a good look at his car?

GRACE: (CATCHES ON SUDDENLY) (LAUGHS) Oh, g'wan, T.R! Don't tell me you suspect that little man? Why, he was nothing but an overgrown -

T.R.: (CUTS IN) Do me a favor! Think back. Did you ever see his car?

GRACE: (BORED) See his car? Of course I saw his car. He gave me a lift once. It was a green sed - (GASPS AS SHE REALIZES WHAT SHE'S SAYING) Oh, my ~~good~~

T.R.: (FADING SLIGHTLY) Thanks! Thanks a million!

GRACE: (CALLS AFTER HIM) T.R., wait! He couldn't of done it!

~~Not him. Why?~~ he was like a - a kid!

(MUSIC: STING UP .. DOWN UNDER)

~~(TOWN CLOCK STRIKING TWELVE: T.R.'S ECHOING STEPS~~

~~IN EMPTY STREET UNDER)~~

NARR: You rush out of the cafe and hurry through the midnight streets - to Chief Harris' office. For you, at the moment, the murderer is now the object of two chases! One along the dark highways, by men with guns .. the other is going on inside your own mind... Three times now you'd heard him described as a 'little boy.' Desperately, you keep groping for the conclusion you know is hidden somewhere in your own mind. But like the murderer himself, the conclusion keeps slipping away - escaping you! .. It's in that frame of mind that you stalk into the police chief's office.

~~(CUT EXTERIOR AS DOOR OPENED AND SLAMMED SHUT ON)~~

CHIEF: ~~(NOT QUITE AS CASUAL AS BEFORE, WEARY AND IRKED ON PHONE)~~  
How long ago? Twenty minutes you say? Was the woman badly hurt? .. I see .. I see..

NARR: (LOW) It takes you a moment to notice the Chief's face - dead white .. and the air of tenseness in the room.. And the map he has before him -

CHIEF: (SORE NOW) How should I know how he escaped our road blocks? How did he get through yours? And for that matter, what about those other two places he went through? All right.. Never mind.. I'll let you know if I hear ~~anything further~~ -

~~(RECEIVER UP)~~

CHIEF: (SORE WITH THE WORLD) Where have you been? The killer has been roaring up and down the roads, shooting every woman <sup>at</sup> he saw! Three already! <sup>he's surrounded</sup>



T.R.: (AGHAST) Oh, no..

CHIEF: What's more, we've lost him! And now I could kill him with my own hands!

T.R.: Why do you say you've lost him? He's still in the area somewhere -

CHIEF: Can't you see? Plain as the nose on your face - or as plain as that map here on my desk! All three shootings took place close to Ogden. Ogden's a big city. If I were a murderer, that's where I'd head - to a big city, to lose myself. That's where he must be right now. Heading into Ogden!

T.R.: (WITHOUT THINKING) No he's not!

CHIEF: (LOOKS AT HIM AS IF HE'S GONE CRAZY) Why not?

T.R.: Chief, look. Look!

(MAP RUSTLED)

T.R.: You've got the new shootings marked one, two, three! The line .. the line they form! See for yourself!

CHIEF: I don't know what you're driving at -

T.R.: (CUTS IN) Those three shootings form a line! .. There! Do you see it now? The murderer isn't heading into Ogden! He's heading back this way!

CHIEF: Heading back this way? But why should he?

T.R.: (DESPERATELY GROPING FOR LAST LINK) ~~I - I don't know.~~ That's what I've been trying to fit together in my mind. ~~I - I don't~~ ...(BREAKS OFF)

CHIEF: ~~What's the matter?~~

T.R.: ~~I - I - (NOW VERY LOW AND HOLDING ON TIGHT), Chief Harris,~~ listen to me. I - I'm no fancy psychologist or anything like that. But - ~~as I kept asking questions all evening,~~ something was taking hold inside my head. And when I saw that map, it - it all seemed to fit in place...

CHIEF: I don't know what you're talking about -

T.R.: Three times tonight I heard people describe a man .. and every one of them used the same words: like a little boy -

CHIEF: T. R., that madman is out shooting up the countryside. I can't sit here now and --

T.R.: Chief - listen every woman who met him or - talked to him said the same thing: like a little boy, a lost little boy! He was maybe thirty. Blanche Wilson was forty-five. He didn't want her like a man. He wanted her like a kid wants his mother!

CHIEF: I've heard enough!

T.R.: No you haven't! And I'm only telling you all this because I need your help! Grace over at the cafe definitely identified him even further. She said he drives a green sedan!

CHIEF: Well - why didn't you say so before?

T.R.: I just got here! Don't you see? Chief, he's like a child .. a lunatic child! Blanche must have given him a date and then got disgusted with him! So he had a tantrum. Like a kid. Only in his case, it was a murderous, lunatic tantrum! And it's still going on! But it's wearing off. That's why he's heading back this way! Because that's what a kid does when his tantrum wears off: he comes back to see how much damage he's done. And to get his punishment!

(PAUSE .. FINALLY:)

CHIEF: (VERY QUIETLY) OK - I think you're right - Let's go out and watch for him.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: There in the Chief's office, you were absolutely sure of yourself. But now, sitting in the Chief's car most of your nerve is gone. You've both decided that the best place to watch is the cafe. You can feel the Chief next to you beginning to lose patience. ..After all, who are you - T.R. Johnson, a reporter from Salt Lake City - to suddenly start figuring out the involved mind of a lunatic?

(IN WITH NIGHT SOUNDS..THEN TOWN CLOCK STARTS  
BONGING THREE, UNDER)

CHIEF: (SORE AT HIMSELF..ALMOST TALKING TO HIMSELF) Getting late-

T.R.: (LOW) I know, I know.

CHIEF: Been here three hours now -

~~NO ANSWER---THEN~~

CHIEF: I'm going back to the office for a spell, T.R.

T.R.: I'll stand watch out here in this vacant lot...Good view of the cafe.

(CAR DOOR OPENED AND FEW STEPS OUT...DOOR SHUT)

CHIEF: Sure you want to stay?

T.R.: For a while -

CHIEF: I'll drive back for you later...

(CAR UP AND SLIGHT FADE AND INTO)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN WITH \_...)

NARR: Now you're alone, all alone... The waiting and the autumn chill dig further into your reserve of confidence. And you begin to feel like a fool - a cold, lonely fool. So you decide to warm up a bit by walking quickly around the block. Nothing to lose - because if a car drives up in the stillness of the night you'd hear it immediately... You start walking and hoping - hoping that something will happen to prove you're not a fool.

(MUSIC: -- UP.. DOWN AND OUT UNDER)

(~~DISHES BEING WASHED~~ AS)

GRACE: (HUMMING TO HERSELF AS SHE WORKS)

(DOOR TO CAFE OPENS AND SHUTS...AS)

GRACE: (BREAKS OFF HER HUMMING AS SHE SEES WHO'S ENTERING)

(CUT DISHWASHING..FEW STEPS COME CLOSER AND OUT TO)

NEWTON: (VERY SOFTLY) Hello...

GRACE: (TRYING TO BE AS CASUAL AS SHE CAN) Oh...Hello -

NEWTON: It - it's cold out...

GRACE: Yes .. Yes, it is ...

NEWTON: I - think I'll sit in a booth .. if you don't mind.

GRACE: No .. go right ahead..

NEWTON: (AS HE SITS WEARILY..SLIGHTLY OFF) Oh.. It's good to sit down -

GRACE: How - how did you come? I - didn't hear you drive up ..

NEWTON: I - had a little accident.. My car cracked up .. So I walked..

GRACE: Oh...

NEWTON: (ALMOST A WHINE) Why do you keep looking out the window?

GRACE: (NERVOUS LAUGH) Was I? .. I - I didn't realize... Wait I'll come around the counter and take your order..

(GRACE WALKS AROUND COUNTER AND UP TO NEWTON)

GRACE: What'll it be?

NEWTON: (LIKE A CHILD FEELING AWFULLY SORRY FOR HIMSELF) I don't know . I - just feel so bad...

GRACE: (GROWING MORE NERVOUS) Hot - coffee, m-maybe?

NEWTON: How - how is everyone in town?

GRACE: In - town?

NEWTON: They're - very angry, aren't they?

-- GRACE: An - angry?

NEWTON: Oh, they must be.. They must -

GRACE: W - would you like - some .. coffee?

NEWTON: Miss -

GRACE: Y - yes?

NEWTON: Miss, do - you have a son?

GRACE: Yes...

NEWTON: ~~Oh... Miss?~~

GRACE: ~~Yes?~~

NEWTON: Don't make your son sad....Treat him - nice..(ALMOST TEARS)  
Give him things -

GRACE: I - I do..

NEWTON: I'll - have some .. coffee..

(DOOR OPENED AND SHUT AS)

T.R.: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hi, Grace...

(STEPS IN ..SITS DOWN ON SQUEAKY STOOL)

T.R.: (WEARY) How about some coffee, Grace?

GRACE: Huh?

(~~CAR STEPS OUTSIDE...DOOR SLAMMED AS~~)

T.R.: (SLIGHT ALERT) I said I'd like some...

(DOOR OPENED SLIGHTLY OFF AS)

CHIEF: (SLIGHTLY OFF, FADING OFF) Oh, there you are, T.R...

T.R.: (DISAPPOINTED) Oh..It's you, Chief...I came in for some  
coffee -

CHIEF: Nothing?

T.R.: (DEJECTED) Not a thing... I waited and waited...Maybe  
I was wrong. .. Coffee, Grace -

NARR: Now, for the first time since you came into the cafe, you sense something is wrong... Grace hasn't moved from where she was first standing. She has an empty cup in her hand and is frozen to the spot in front of the coffee urn. Her eyes are looking past you to the booths which you can't see behind you ..

T.R.: Anything wrong, Grace?

GRACE: (CAN BARELY GET THE WORDS OUT) I'll - I'll get your coffee in - a minute .. Soon as I serve that - man - behind you - in the booth ...

(SQUEAK OF STOOLS AS CHIEF AND T.R. TURN AROUND

O UNDER)

NARR: You and the Chief turn around slowly and crane your necks to look into the furthest booth... ~~And there, looking sad and lonely, is the little man with the face of a~~ sulky boy... Suddenly, Grace's control goes to pieces and she -

GRACE: (HALF SCREAM) That's him! That's him! Don't just sit there!

T.R.: His arm, Chief! He's reaching -

CHIEF: No you don't.

NEWTON: (LITTLE CRY) Ah - h .

CHIEF: Take your hand out of your pocket! Take it out, I say!

NEWTON: (CLOSE TO TEARS) I .. I .. it's not a gun. I - have a paper for you.

NARR: ~~That fat little murderer withdraws his hand and that's,~~  
~~what he was really reaching for... a paper.~~

(PAPER CRINKLED UNDER)

NARR: ~~You, T.R. Johnson, unfold the paper... read the first few~~  
~~lines and~~

T.R.: Chief.. it's - it's a confession .. all written out -

NEWTON: (CRYING NOW) See? .. I .. I brought you a confession ..  
I .. I didn't mean to hurt anybody .. They - just weren't  
nice to me, that's all .. Nobody's - ever been - nice  
to me so I -- hurt them a little to get even.. That's all.

(MUSIC: UP IN CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from T. R.  
Johnson of the Salt Lake City Tribune, with the final  
outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: STING)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #192

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished  
red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171752



(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from T. R. Johnson of the Salt Lake City Tribune.

JOHNSON: At trial of Murderer in tonight's Big Story he repudiated his confession. However after brief deliberation jury sentenced him for life to the State Asylum where he died 2 years later. Many thanks for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Johnson...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 Denver Colorado Post - by-line Bernard Beckwith. A BIG STORY about a reporter who used a dictionary to cover a 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 Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Salt Lake City Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and John Sylvester played the part of T. R. Johnson. 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. Johnson.

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

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

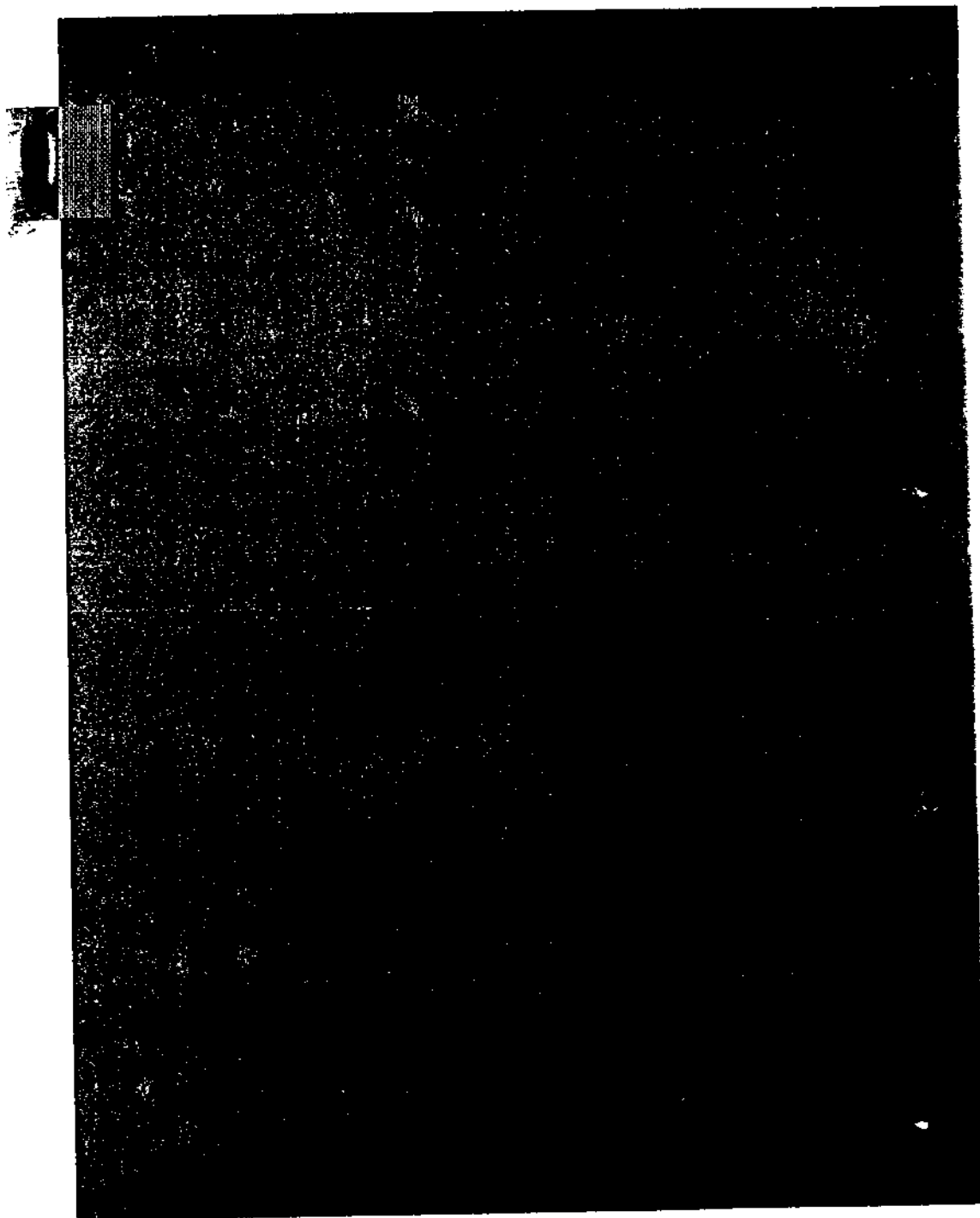
THIS IS NBC ... THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.  
lily/mer

-29-

CHAPPELL: Motorists, remember - winter-time is danger time -  
for everyone who drives a car! Take extra  
precautions when the roads are icy - use tire chains  
as needed - and above all, avoid speeding. "Take  
your time in winter-time!"  
THIS IS NBC - THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

ATX01 0171754

ATX01 0171755



THE BIG STORY

AS BROADCAST

PROGRAM #193

CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
OPERATOR	ADRIENNE BAYAN
BETTY	ADRIENNE BAYAN
BECKWITH	VINTON HAYWORTH
GRAY	SCOTT TENNYSON
DESK	SCOTT TENNYSON
DETECTIVE	JOHN MC QUADE
SERGEANT	JOHN MC QUADE
LARRY	NAT POLEN
VOICE	NAT POLEN
SHERIFF	JASON JOHNSON
DOCTOR	JASON JOHNSON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1950

ATX01 0171756

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#193

10:00 - 10:30 PM

DECEMBER 6, 1950

WEDNESDAY

ANNCR: FELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ FANFARE)

OPERATOR: Hello, Denver. Rollinsville, still waiting. (PAUSE)  
Thank you. (CALLS) Go ahead, Mr. Beckwith. There's  
your office!

BECKWITH: (PICKS UP PHONE) Night desk? Beckwith.

DESK: (FILTER) Hi, Bernie. Where you at?

BECKWITH: Rollinsville, back in the hills. Listen. In the middle  
drawer of the desk, you'll find an envelope marked "HOLD"--

DESK: (FILTER) Yeah, yeah, I got it --

BECKWITH: Good. Open it, read it. It's a story I've been  
working up on my own time --

DESK: (FILTER) What the heck --

BECKWITH: Listen. There are only two <sup>phone</sup> lines into Denver from this  
town. One is being held open for the police -- the  
other, I'm holding, starting right now. If this comes  
through, it'll be exclusive. Now -- start reading  
that story. I'll hang on here. Any questions as you go  
along -- ask me --

DESK: (FILTER) Okay, okay. But what're you waiting for up there?

BECKWITH: The end of the story. If it comes, it'll be murder.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT AND GO)

ATX01 0171757

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 & FLAT) Denver, Colorado. From the pages  
of the Denver Post -- the story of a reporter who sewed  
up a telephone line to lock up a killer. ~~And~~ for his  
work -- to Bernard Beckwith for his Big Story goes the  
PELL MELL AWARD!

(MUSIC: -- -- FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #193

OPENING COMMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the  
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HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

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HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Denver, Colorado. The story as it actually happened.  
Bernard Beckwith's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

NARRATOR: This one, you Bernie Beckwith, reporter for the  
Denver Post, have been piecing together on your own  
time --. And now -- it's ready to pop. You're holed  
up in the one-lung telephone exchange of Rollinsville --  
waiting. You've sewed up the only remaining trunk  
line into Denver -- just in case the opposition gets  
wind of the story and tries, by phone, to ~~reap the~~ *cash in on*  
~~fruits of~~ your work. But the operator's got something  
to say about that.

OPERATOR: Mr. Beckwith, I can't hold the line open for you unless  
you actually use it.

BECKWITH: But he's got the whole story in the office, op. *alright* I'm  
just waiting till the police come back --

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, I can't hold the line open for you ---

BECKWITH: All right, all right, all right! I'll talk. What's  
that book?

OPERATOR: The dictionary.

BECKWITH: Okay. Let me have it. (RUSTLE OF PAGES) I'll keep  
this line busy all right. Here goes. It isn't much  
of a story, but -- (HE READS) A. The first letter of  
the English alphabet, and one of its five vowels. One,  
any, same, some particular kind of, as "a" stone, a  
man....

(MUSIC: -- WIPES IT AND GOES DOWN BEHIND)



NARRATOR: Yes, you'll keep it up all night if necessary, to keep this line open. ~~For this story you'll read from A through Z and back again, if necessary.~~ It wasn't much of a story when you started. Just a little notice on the official police bulletin...

BECKWITH: Missing persons...Betty Gray, female, Rollinsville, Colo. Age 24, 5-1, 126 pounds, medium build...etc. etc.(UP A BIT) Sarge, got anything on this Betty Gray?

SERGEANT: Nah. Husband reported her missing. Routine. Bernie.

BECKWITH: ~~Yeah. Okay. Anything else working?~~

SERGEANT: Nope.

BECKWITH: Okay. See you, Sarge.

~~(FOOTSTEPS START, THEN STOP)~~

BECKWITH: Say -- if she lives in Rollinsville, how is it her husband didn't report it to the sheriff up there, instead of down here <sup>in Denver</sup> to you?

SARGE: Beats me. Why don't you go ask him yourself?

BECKWITH: Ah, it's not worth the trouble. ~~(MORE FOOTSTEPS)~~ but give me his name anyway.

SARGE: Paul. Paul Gray. He's a carpenter.

BECKWITH: Paul Gray, Okay, Sarge. Thanks. So long.

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

NARRATOR: By coincidence, a week or so later, you run into the Sheriff of <sup>the</sup> Rollinsville area, down in town on a case. Not meaning much, not expecting much, you ask him - -

BECKWITH: Paul Gray's wife turn up yet?

SHERIFF: Betty? What do you mean, turn up. Isn't she still in Chicago?

BECKWITH: Chicago? Is she supposed to be in Chicago?

SHERIFF: Why sure. Visiting her sister.

BECKWITH: Who says so?

SHERIFF: Paul.

BECKWITH: You know him?

SHERIFF: All my life.

BECKWITH: Okay. Skip it. (PAUSE) Chicago, eh?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY BEHIND)

BECKWITH: Just tell me this one thing, Mr. Gray. Why didn't you tell your friend, the Sheriff, your wife was missing? Why did you spread that story about going to Chicago to visit her sister?

GRAY: Well, you know how it is. A man doesn't like to go advertising to his friends, around his own home town, that his wife's --- run out on him.

BECKWITH: That's natural. ~~All right, Mr. Gray. I'm sorry I~~  
bothered you. No hard feelings.

GRAY: Why, no sir. None at all. Always did admire the way you newspaper fellows work. Sort of an extra arm of the law. ~~And that's good. That's good.~~

BECKWITH: ~~Well, thanks.~~ Ah -- just one little thing more, Mr. Gray. What was your wife wearing when you saw her last?

GRAY: Well, I never was a one for noticing women's clothes, but...sort of a blue coat...blue shoes...pocketbook was black...

BECKWITH: Hat?

GRAY: Yessir, she -- (PAUSE) Why it was the feather hat! Bought it on our honeymoon -- that was only five months ago, you know --

BECKWITH: (SYMPATHETIC) Yes.

GRAY: (SIGH) Yes, five months married, and now...(SIGH) Yes, the last thing I saw as that train pulled out of Denver Union Station was that little feather hat. ~~Fitted right close around her head, I know...just a little skullcap, all feathers. Pretty.~~

BECKWITH: (CASUAL) What train was that?

GRAY: Put her on the four-ten for Chicago. Beautiful train. Big, brand-new Zephyr. The California Zephyr, they called it. Got one of those swanky new cars with the domes on the roof.

BECKWITH: Oh yeah. Vista-Domes --

GRAY: That's it. Vista-Domes. (SAD) Last I saw of her. Well... mebbe she'll have a change of heart and come back. I dunno...I can always hope, eh?

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: Well -- it's a perfectly open story. That is -- in the newspaper-police sense, no story. But one day, about a few weeks after that --- One of the men on the staff comes in from a lecture in Chicago.

LARRY: Nice trip, Bernie. Better'n'n <sup>during</sup> ~~a plane~~ any day.

BECKWITH: What'd you take, Larry -- the Zephyr?

LARRY: Yep. First time I'd ever been in one of those Vista-Domes. 'Course, it was mostly a night ride, but you can still see so much more --

BECKWITH: Night ride? (PAUSE) When does she leave Denver?

LARRY: The Zephyr? Seven p.m.

BECKWITH: You know trains, Larry. Does the four o'clock for Chicago have a Vista-Dome, does the four o'clock Zephyr have a --

LARRY: Four o'clock Zephyr? No such animal. There's only one California Zephyr through Denver, and that's at seven p.m. And it's the only train passing through here with the Vista-Dome!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY FOR)

NARRATOR: Now it begins to look like a story. But not for the paper -- yet. Not till the police take over. So you point out the discrepancies in Gray's story to the Denver detectives. The lieutenant says --

DETECTIVE: Aw, Bernie, you're being too suspicious!

NARRATOR: But just then somebody <sup>Denver</sup> turns up with a valise that was left in a locker at the station around about the time Betty Gray first disappeared. The <sup>lieutenant</sup> ~~detectives~~ opens it --

DETECTIVE: Women's clothes!

BECKWITH: Any name on the valise?

DETECTIVE: Nope. And no way of finding out who left it. In the old days, when they issued checks, it was easier... but now, with these ten-cents-a-day keys --- wait.

BECKWITH: Laundry marks.

DETECTIVE: No. Initials, sewed on a blouse.

BECKWITH: Monogram, eh? Looks like -- E--R.

DETECTIVE: Yeah. E-R. Betty Gray. Betty Gray -- E.R. NO.

BECKWITH: Just the same, I think it wouldn't hurt to call <sup>Gray</sup> ~~him~~ in for questioning.

DETECTIVE: <sup>of</sup> ~~can do~~. (PAUSE) ~~And~~ will do.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY)

NARRATOR: They do. And Gray reels off the same story. She ran out on him. He chased her into Denver, found her in a motor camp, argued with her (CROSS FADE) finally ---

GRAY: . . . motor camp, argued with her, finally figured it was best to give her her own head and let her go away a while. Put her on the train, and haven't seen her since.

DETECTIVE: Heard from her?

GRAY: Nope.

DETECTIVE: Any idea where she might be?

GRAY: Well, her sister's, in Chicago, that is.

DETECTIVE: Ever write and try to find out?

GRAY: Well.....no.

DETECTIVE: Well! Why not?

GRAY: Oh, you know. I figured if I made out I didn't care too much, didn't write, ~~didn't write, didn't call...why on~~  
~~the one hand, she might appreciate my giving her her~~  
~~freedom to decide, and on the other hand she might~~  
kind of miss me, you know.

BECKWITH: Ah, Mr. Gray --

GRAY: Yes, Mr. Beckwith?

BECKWITH: Do you recognize these clothes?

GRAY: (NO HESITATION) No sir.

BECKWITH: They don't belong to your wife?

GRAY: To Betty? No sir. (PAUSE) Where'd they come from?

BECKWITH: Well, since they're not hers, it doesn't matter. But about this sister in Chicago -- would you mind if we communicated with her?

GRAY: Why, not at all. Betty sent a telegram from the station...might have been to her --

BECKWITH: Probably. And this would clear up the whole thing. Ah -- what's her sister's name?

GRAY: Ridgeway. Martha Ridgeway.

BECKWITH: (AFTER A PAUSE) And your wife's maiden name was -- Elizabeth Ridgeway. (PAUSE) Not Betty -- but Elizabeth. E--R (PAUSE) Okay -- you take over, ~~boys~~ <sup>St.</sup> It's yours from here on out.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARRATOR: The clothes were his wife's all right. That he finally admits. And so, you finally have a story. Carpenter Held In Connection With Wife's Disappearance. Not "held for". Just held "in connection with." Nothing really to go on but the fact that she's gone, the fact that she's gone without her suitcase of clothes -- and one other thing. An answer to a checkup in Chicago.

(TICKER UP AND DOWN)

BECKWITH: (OVER TICKER) Martha Ridgeway -- reports -- no word -- from sister Elizabeth -- since -- January 1, 1950.

NARR: And Gray says he put her on the train March 6. And it is now -- May tenth. But that isn't all he says. He blurts out the rest of the pathetic details of his marriage to you and the Lieutenant.

GRAY: Well, from the first, it didn't work out so good. I had twenty-one years on her, y'see. Well, you know, a young woman livin' in a little town like Rollinsville... (SNEAK MUSIC) not much to do. I'm stay-at-home, she was more get-up-and-go-out. So we had arguments....

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR ARGUMENT MOOD, DOWN AGAIN BEHIND)

GRAY: ...~~and~~ so when she run out on me, I give her her head a while, then tried to persuade her to come back, but she liked it in Denver. ~~'Magine she had boy friends you get to figure on that kind of thing when a girl's young and (MUSIC HAS SNEAKED AGAIN AS BEFORE) her husband's old.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP FOR POIGNANT MOOD, DOWN AGAIN BEHIND)

GRAY: (OUT OF IT AS BEFORE) ... and I agreed to let her stay in town a while...give her some money, and begged her at least to write me, let me know how she was gettin' along, it was the least thing she could do --

BECKWITH: And did she?

GRAY: Sir?

BECKWITH: Write to you?

GRAY: Yessir. She did. A lot, too. She wasn't a mean girl. She wanted me to understand her.

DETECTIVE: Do you have those letters?

GRAY: Yes Lt. Every last one.

DETECTIVE: Where are they?

GRAY: Up in my cabin. Hid away. (PAUSE) But I'd hate for them to come out. I mean, there's things in them --

BECKWITH: What kind of things?

GRAY: (GETTING SORE) ~~Now Mister Beckwith,~~ private things in a man's own private letters from his own wife. ~~I mean, all this questioning, God knows what you're tryin' to get me into, why those letters, they're sacred!~~

DETECTIVE: (QUIET) Mr. Gray, it's only fair to tell you that this -- speaking as a law officer -- has gone a little beyond just a missing persons case. And for your own protection, I think you'd better let us see those letters. Especially, if they back up your story that your wife has left you, just left you. The fact is, Mr. Gray -- it begins to look like murder.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO)

NARRATOR: He agrees to lead <sup>you</sup> the law to the letters. You go along with the police (FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENING, BEHIND) to his cabin in Rollinsville ~~back hills~~ <sup>the back hills</sup>...

(FOOTSTEPS BEHIND)

DETECTIVE: Now, where are those letters, Mr. Gray?

GRAY: B'lieve I got 'em in a Mason jar in the pantry.

(FOOTSTEPS TO STOP, CLINKING OF JARS)

DETECTIVE: No. Not here. (PAUSE) Come on, Mr. Gray. Where are they? Or aren't there any letters at all?

GRAY: (PEEVED, BUT QUIET) I got 'em. I got 'em! But I just can't remember where exactly -- well, they might be in that chest --

(FOOTSTEPS AND LID OF CHEST CREAKS OPEN)



-13-

GRAY: (CLOSE ON, QUIET) Or in this here little table -- I  
keep things in this drawer --

(DRAWER OPENED AND IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD, LID  
OF CHEST DOWN)

DETECTIVE: (~~EXASPERATED~~) No, they're not in ~~the~~ -- (UP FAST)

Gray -- put that down -- don't be a fool, Gray --

(A YELL) Look out, Bernie, look out --

(A SHOT THEN)

(MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND GO AWAY FOR)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171769

MIDDLE COMERCIAL

(MUSIC: -- BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke  
PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally  
fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: THEME UP AND DOWN FOR)

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

NARR: You, Bernard Beckwith of the Denver Post, had worked up a story on your own time -- a story for whose ending you are now waiting by a <sup>open</sup> telephone line. You'd started with a woman reported missing by her husband ... managed to persuade the police to question him, and had gone with him and them to his cabin in Rollinsville. And there, he pulled a gun from hiding -- ~~and fired.~~

~~(MUSIC: REPEAT STING AND DOWN FOR)~~

DETECTIVE: (UP) Look out, Bernie <sup>look out</sup>

BECKWITH: (SAME) <sup>(Shut)</sup> Look out yourself! He wasn't shooting at me, ~~he~~ --

DETECTIVE: Grab that phone -- get a doctor! The poor jerk's killed himself!

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO AWAY FOR)

NARR: No. Not killed himself. Just creased his own <sup>back</sup> ~~neck~~. Funny how they can miss at such close range. ~~Anyway,~~ now he lies in <sup>a</sup> prison hospital, <sup>in bed</sup> you and the law waiting outside and second-guessing the whole deal ...

DETECTIVE: All my fault, Bernie ... should've guessed he'd have a gun hidden there.

BECKWITH: Oh, not necessarily ... We really had nothing solid on him. I've got a wierd idea it was a grandstand play.

DETECTIVE: How's that?

BECHWITH: Well -- if he really wanted to kill himself -- at that range, he couldn't have missed. No, I think he'll come to and ask to see you, then start spinning some yarn about --

(DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS TO)

DETECTIVE: (QUICK) How's it going, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Fine. Just a scratch.

DETECTIVE: Can we see him?

DOCTOR: Can you? Why the first coherent thing he said was -- "Lemme talk to the law!"

DETECTIVE: Bernie -- you're batting a thousand! Come on -- let's see what he comes up with this time!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND WALK AWAY TO)

GRAY: (WEAK) ... and the minute this reporter come askin' questions. I knew it was just a matter of time before I'd get caught. So -- so I want to tell the truth. Everything else was lies ... this is how it really happened ...

(MUSIC: ~~UP AND BACK BEHIND~~)

GRAY: After so much fightin' and squabblin' those first five months we were married. I finally agreed it was best for us to break up. We got in the car, (SNEAK CAR) and I agreed to drive her as far as a hotel in Denver ... but instead, I kept on goin' -- South ...

(CAR UP, DOWN BEHIND)

BETTY: Paul -- you keep passing motor camps. Aren't you going to stop?

GRAY: Not for a while, Betty -- not for a while --

BETTY: But you promised --

GRAY: I know, I know.. Honest, I'll stop. Believe me.

BETTY: Every time you say that, I start not believing you! I wouldn't be in this mess if I hadn't of believed you! You and your lies about Denver bein' a hot little town --

GRAY: Well --

BETTY: And all the time it was Rollinsville you lived in. You and your big contracting business --

GRAY: Aw, honey --

BETTY: And all the time you were just a little old carpenter. You and your lodge in the mountains --

GRAY: Now, baby --

BETTY: And all the time it was that crummy old shack! ~~Yeah -- you and all the swell clothes you were gonna get me~~

GRAY: Look, sweetheart --

BETTY: ~~And I'm still wearing the same old things I always had --~~

GRAY: Believe me, dear --

BETTY: Believe me believe me believe me -- I wouldn't believe you if you said it was snowing and I was standing in the middle of a blizzard! Now when are you going to stop and let me off!

GRAY: Colorado Springs, honey -- Colorado Springs.

(MUSIC: -- IN MONTAGE)

BETTY: Where're we going? When're you gonna let me off?

GRAY: Pueblo, baby -- Pueblo.

(MUSIC: -- IN MONTAGE)

BETTY: When're you gonna let me off? Where're we going?

GRAY: Las Vegas, sweetheart, Las Vegas.

(MUSIC: -- IN MONTAGE)

BETTY: Look, I'm sick and tired of this. Driving all day, arguing all the way. Lying, lying, lying, ~~gonna let me off here, gonna let me off there -- come on, Paul --~~ the longer you keep this up, the longer I'm gonna take to make up my mind to come back -- and I'm telling you ~~right now, the way I feel,~~ the way you're behaving, if you don't let me off at the very next stop, the very next town -- I'll never come back! Where are we, anyhow?

GRAY: (QUIET) Albuquerque. Just across the Rio Grande, and we'll be in Albuquerque.

BETTY: All right. Albuquerque it is! But no farther!

(MUSIC: -- DARK AND TREACHEROUS)

GRAY: But I never took her in to Albuquerque. I never meant to. All that driving, it was just to get up my nerve. And when we come to the Rio Grande, I said to myself -- 'That's the place.' So we crossed the bridge, I pulled off the road. She started <sup>berating</sup> ~~berating~~ me again -- and I choked her. (PAUSE) To death.

BECKWITH: (QUIET) Her body?

GRAY: In the river.

BECKWITH: She was wearing -- (PAUSE)

GRAY: Blue dress ... blue shoes ... black pocketbook.

BECKWITH: Hat?

GRAY: No.

BECKWITH: No feather hat?

GRAY: Feather hat, feath-- oh, yes, yes. The little feather hat, yes.

BECKWITH: Ah -- Lt. -- Could you come over here a minute please?

(STEPS)

(WHISPER) What do you think?

DETECTIVE: (WHISPER) Your first hunch was right. He killed her.

BECKWITH: (AS ABOVE) Yeah. But he's a very smart cookie. Dumped the body in the river, he says. (TENSE) Don't you see -- he knows there's no case without a corpse! A valise full of clothing -- that's not murder evidence! You need a body.

DETECTIVE: (AS ABOVE) The Rio Grande -- Albuquerque could drag it--

BECKWITH: (AS ABOVE) Listen -- that was three months ago, before the spring flood ... they won't find any body. (PAUSE) ~~Not now. (PAUSE) If there ever was a body. No. He's~~ still lying ---

DETECTIVE: You don't think he killed her? How about that suicide attempt, how about

BECKWITH: I think he killed her all right -- but not where he says. ~~That's another false lead -- to save himself time. But~~ I've got an idea.

DETECTIVE: Go ahead. Try it. What've we got to lose!

(FOOTSTEPS BACK TO STOP)

BECKWITH: Mr. Gray --

GRAY: (EAGER) Yessir? You want me to sign that confession?

BECKWITH: Later, Mr. Gray. Just a couple of little questions first. Now -- the bridge. You said you drove over the bridge --

GRAY: That's right. It was on the other side, the Albuquerque side, that I --

BECKWITH: All right. Now, we're going to check, of course, on that. It would help if we knew where to drag for your wife's body, if you could actually prove you crossed the bridge. Now, the tolltaker, the man in the booth who takes your toll -- is there any reason he might remember you --

GRAY: The man in the booth -- (PAUSE) Well, no. I don't think he would. ~~We, uh -- I mean, I -- (PAUSE) Frankly, I don't remember paying. I mean, we stopped at the booth, yes, yes, we stopped, I paid, I must have paid to get across, but -- no, I didn't exchange any words with him.~~

BECKWITH: Did he say anything? For instance, thank you... or nice evening.. or --

GRAY: (SIEZES ON THIS) Yes -- thanks, he said, thanks, Sure, Not that I really remembered, but now you mention it, of course, he said "Thanks".

BECKWITH: Then you drove on.

GRAY: That's right.

BECKWITH: And off the bridge. (PAUSE) Left or right.

GRAY: Ah -- let's see --

BECKWITH: Well, we're just trying to find out where you pushed her body in. I mean, above the bridge, or below --

GRAY: Oh. Well, let's see.. it was --

BECKWITH: (SUGGESTIVE) There's a turnoff to the right, down to the river road, and --

GRAY: That's right. Right. We turned right. Off the bridge -- to the right.

BECKWITH: And there - you choked her to death and pushed her into the river.



GRAY: Yes.

BECKWITH: Thanks, Mr. Gray.

GRAY: You're welcome. (PAUSE: EAGER TO COOPERATE) Any other information I can give you to help, I mean, now it's off my chest, I'll be glad to co-operate. Anything you want --

BECKWITH: (HARD) There is one thing we want, Gray. The truth. For a change -- the truth!

GRAY: But that's the truth, I admit everything else was lies, but -- but --

BECKWITH: Never mind the buts, Gray. There's plenty wrong with this "truthful" story of yours. In the first place, there's no toll, on that bridge. Not since 1947. And in the second place -- there is no river road turnoff anywhere near the bridge! (PAUSE) Come on, Gray -- let's have the truth!

GRAY: (QUIET) All right. The truth is -- I killed her.

BECKWITH: That we know! But where's her body?

GRAY: It's -- it's up in the hills -- I -- I buried her back in the hills. All the rest was lies. I killed her in the hills and I buried her ~~in the hills~~.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO UNDER)

(DIGGING OF SHOVELS AND FAROFF IN DISTANCE, CROWS)

DETECTIVE: You're sure it was right here?

GRAY: Yes, yes -- right here, I'm sure. It was by this creek-- I mean, the creek wasn't running yet, but I buried her right here --

DETECTIVE: (UP A BIT) Find anything, boys?

VOICE: (OFF, SHOVEL STOPS) Nope. This ground's never been dug up, I'll lay to that. It's all rock.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ STING)

(SHOVELING UNDER, SAME CROWS)

GRAY: But I'm sure it was right about here -- right here --

DETECTIVE: You were sure about the other two places too.

(DISGUSTED) The creek bottom...the rock outcrop..

GRAY: No -- it was here. I'm sure. That tree -- I remember  
that tree --

DETECTIVE: (UP) What do you say, boys?

VOICE: (COMING ON, SHOVELS OUT) Another wild goose chase.  
We keep this up, we won't find no body. We'll find gold!

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

NARR: (QUIET) Gold. ~~gold~~. The magic word rings a bell.  
Gold. These hills are pocked with ~~old gold~~<sup>more</sup>-workings...  
~~gold~~, gold...(PAUSE) You try one last hunch. One last  
gambit in this crazy stalling game this crazy killing  
husband is playing -- leading the law all over the lot.

BECKWITH: (CASUAL) Ah, Mr. Gray --

GRAY: (EAGER) Yessir?

BECKWITH: A couple of notes for my story --(CHUCKLE) If I ever  
get around to writing it. Ah -- you're a native of  
these parts?

GRAY: No sir. I'm from Utah way.

BECKWITH: I see. Came up here as a prospector, maybe?

GRAY: Me? No sir (CHUCKLE) I never had the gold fever. But  
I made my living off those who did.

BECKWITH: As a carpenter?

GRAY: Yessir, as-a carpenter. I let the other fellows dig for  
the stuff. I built their shacks and their houses

BECKWITH: And their shafts?

GRAY: And their shafts, and their offices, and all of that.  
(EXPANSIVE) But if you want to put me down as ~~an old~~<sup>a</sup>  
gold prospector, if that'll make your story better, why--

BECKWITH: Okay, Mr. Gray. Thanks. (PAUSE) You've helped a lot.  
(PAUSE) (HE CALLS) Lieutenant!

DETECTIVE: (COMING UP) What is it Bernie?

BECKWITH: (VERY QUIET) Forget the shovels. (PAUSE) Try one of  
these old mine shafts. (PAUSE) I know there are  
hundreds -- but try 'em all.

DETECTIVE: Do you know, or is it a hunch?

BECKWITH: Both. If there is a body -- it's down a mine shaft.  
I'll lay to that!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: They take off, determined to check every mine shaft in  
the Ward-Rollinsville area if it takes all night. And  
now you, Bernard Beckwith, are holed up in Rollinsville's  
combined telephone exchange-police station -- holding  
the wire open to your night desk, determined to keep  
it open until they come in with the end of your story --  
-- that is -- IF they do come in with the story. And  
if you have to read the dictionary over the phone from  
now till doomsday..

BECKWITH: Averse. Unwilling. Not favorable to. Turned away  
from the principal axis.

Aversion. Dislike. An object of dislike. Avert. <sup>Hey</sup> ~~to~~

~~Turn something aside. Preclude, prevent. Avert.~~

~~An enclosure~~

~~(DOOR OPENS, STEPS COME ON)~~

~~for keeping live birds~~

DETECTIVE: (QUIET) ~~Bernie~~

BECKWITH: Aviate. To fly a heavier- than-air-craft. Aviation, the art of flying, especially in heavier than air machines --

DETECTIVE: Hey -- Bernie!

BECKWITH: ~~Aviator. She was~~ -- (PAUSE) Oh. Hi. (PAUSE) Well?

DETECTIVE: (QUIET) Take a look at this.

(SOUND OF PACKAGE RUSTLING)

Wait. I'll unwrap it.

(RUSTLE RUSTLE)

BECKWITH: (QUIET) Oh-oh. (PAUSE) Did he identify it?

DETECTIVE: Didn't have to. He admitted to you -- twice -- she was wearing it, didn't he? (PAUSE) A little feather hat. (PAUSE) With a bullet hole in it.

BECKWITH: Yeah. (TO PHONE) Hey -- desk! I'll give you the lead in a second! (CRISP) Okay, where was the body --

DETECTIVE: Like you said. Down a mine shaft. The old Dew Drop mine.

(SOUND OF PHONE BEING TAKEN)

BECKWITH: (PROTESTS) Hey -- that's my phone -- You can't take it -- I've been holding that line -- hey --

DETECTIVE: Quiet a second. (PAUSE) Hello? Desk? Listen -- This is Detective Higgins of the Denver Police -- here's another angle for your story. Put this in. Your man Beckwith's aid was so invaluable through this investigation --

BECKWITH: Aw, listen, lemme get my story in --

DETECTIVE: That without him, the investigation might have bogged  
down. (PAUSE) What? (PAUSE) Yes -- you certainly  
can quote me!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Bernard Beckwith of the Denver, Colorado Post,  
with the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ~~STIMOT~~)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #193

-26-

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

(MUSIC: \_ \_ BEHIND)

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

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch!

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine  
tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters  
the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other  
cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Wherever you go today you'll see more and more people  
smoking PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you  
can measure.

HARRICE: Ask for the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished  
red package.

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171782

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from Bernard Beckwith of the Denver Colorado Post.

BECKWITH: Killer in tonight's Big Story finally signed 17-page statement of true story of wife's murder. He pleaded guilty, waived jury trial, and was sentenced to fifty years to life, from which there is no appeal. Thank you for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Beckwith...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 Harlingen Texas Valley Morning Star - by-line W. E. Bailey. A BIG STORY about a reporter who discovered that a too perfect alibi is a perfect set-up for 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 Alan Sloan from an actual story from the front pages of the Denver Colorado Post. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Vinton Hayworth played the part of Bernard Beckwith. 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. Beckwith.

(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.



# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

### PROGRAM 194

#### CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
MRS. COOPER	ETHEL REMEY
BILL	SYDNEY SMITH
HENNESSY	SYDNEY SMITH
WALL	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
SAM	LUIS VAN ROOTEN
RAY	JAMES STEVENS
JORGENSEN	JAMES STEVENS
ANDY	MICHAEL O'DAY
DAMON	MICHAEL O'DAY
HODGES	JOE DE SANTIS
JOE	JOE DE SANTIS
GONZALES	GIL MACK
JESSE	GIL MACK

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1950

ATX01 0171785

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#194

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

DECEMBER 13, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

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

NARR: It was a blazing hot morning in February. And the big Diesel-powered hydraulic dredge in shallow Laguna Madre, suddenly came to a halt...

(DIESEL ENGINE MOTOR SLOWS, IDLES A MOMENT, AND STOPS)

HENNESSEY: What's the matter, Joe?

JOE: Mud's stopped comin' through the suction pipe on the channel bottom, Chief.

HENNESSEY: Pump line open?

JOE: Yep. All clear. But the suction line's blocked.

HENNESSEY: Go down and check. Probably a big piece of driftwood caught in the opening.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP FOR A MOMENT)

NARR: But it wasn't driftwood. It was something else. And weeks later in every paper in southeast Texas, across the country of the Rio Grande, <sup>and something else</sup> ~~it~~ made big and sensational headlines!

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

ATX01 0171786

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)  
Harlingen, Texas. From the pages of the Valley Morning  
Star, the story of a reporter who opened a closed case...  
and a closed mouth...to find a killer. Tonight, to  
<sup>Kill</sup>  
~~William~~ Bailey of the Valley Morning Star, for his BIG  
STORY, goes the PELL MELL Award!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY

~~EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL~~

Revised 11/21/50

*Walter R. Renshaw 11/21/50*

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- -- INTRO AND UNDER)

CHAPPELL: Harlingen, Texas...the story as it actually happened...  
*Bill*  
William Bailey's story as he lived it...

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: February is hot in Harlingen, Texas. February is a humid, tropic land breeze, shimmering in ~~west~~ across Padre Island from the Gulf of Mexico. February is a wind from the south, baked and roasted and bone-dry from the arroyos of Mexico, or sneaking down along the Rio Grande from the sand wastes of the Texas southwest. And they all meet in Harlingen, and *specifically* particularly in your office, Bill Bailey reporter for the Valley Morning Star. Anyway, it is Lincoln's birthday, and you and Jesse Peters, your photographer go out to the drugstore, trying to cool off..

(DRUG STORE B.G. CLANG OF CASH REGISTER)

SAM: What'll ya have, gents?

JESSE: *Coke, Sam.*  
Coke, Sam.

SAM: Make it two, Bill?

BILL: Yeah.

(WE HEAR COKE FIZZING IN GLASS)

SAM: Hot, ain't it?

JESSE: Not in here. Aaah, this air-conditioning, this air conditioning. Manana, Manana, a man's a fool to work.

BILL: (LAUGHS) Don't mind Flashgun *Flashgun* Peters here, Sam. He's just got a little sunstroke.

SAM: Speakin' of sunstroke, you should have seen the hombre who was just in here.

BILL: Yes?

SAM: Guy just drove up from Los Fresnos. He must've been dizzy with the heat, to tell me a story like that.

BILL: What story?

SAM: Why, it seems that there was a dredge diggin' out the channel in Laguna Madre near Port Isobel. All of a sudden the suction intake pipe was blocked off, an' no more sand would come through. The crew took a look and what do you suppose was blockin' that pipe?

BILL: Well, Sam? What was blocking that pipe?

SAM: A body.

BILL: A body?

SAM: Yeah.

BILL: Come on, Jesse. Let's go!

JESSE: Wait a minute, Bill. Wa-ait a minute. What about my ~~coke~~...? *Coca cola?*

BILL: I'll buy you one <sup>later</sup> ~~in Port Isobel~~. Let's go!

(MUSIC: -- -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: Back at the office, you phone Port Isobel. The story checks. Thirty miles and thirty minutes later, you and Jesse Peters are standing on a dismal marsh in Laguna Madre. And there, stretched out in the salt grass and cactus, lies a grisly, waterlogged body. After a long look Deputy Sheriff Charlie Wall of Cameron County tells you...

WALL: Kept the body here, Bailey, till the Coroner came up from Brownsville.. He gave it the onceover, and just left.

BILL: What'd he say, ~~Deputy~~ <sup>Sheriff</sup>?

NARR:

Jesse Peters photographs the corpse, and then you both head back to Harlingen. And you think of those two small cuts in the dead man's shirt, and somehow, they bother you. But, at this point, Bill Bailey, you had no idea what was to come. You had no idea that you would trace that body back some three weeks, to a waterfront house in Port Isobel.

MRS. COOPER: Ray, I don't like it.

RAY: You don't like what, Ma?

MRS. COOPER: You and your friend, Andy Regan, signing up on that fishing boat, the Gray Gull.

RAY: The wages are good, Ma. Andy and I think it's a good deal.

MRS. COOPER: I don't know, Ray, I don't know. I've heard talk around the docks about Captain Hodges, on the Gray Gull. They say he's a <sup>big</sup> ~~big man~~ brute of a man, and mean. I've heard that he's a slave driver with his crew. And I've heard other things...

RAY: Sure, sure, Ma. I've heard all the stories about Bull Hodges, I know he's tough. But I'm not afraid of him, I can be just as tough as he is.

MRS. COOPER: Ray, please. If you've got to ship aboard the Gray Gull, if you won't change your mind, do one thing for me.

RAY: Yes? What?

MRS. COOPER: Try to keep your temper, son. You've got a fearful temper, just like your father had, and it worries me...

RAY: Look, Ma...

MRS. COOPER: (RUNNING ON) It got you into trouble once, son. Don't let it happen again. If this man Hodges tells you to do something, don't argue with him, Ray, do it.

RAY: (LAUGHS) Aw, what are we talkin' about, Ma? I'll be with Andy -- Quit worrying. I can take care of myself.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(BOATS & WATER)

ANDY: (WEAK, SICK) Ray...

RAY: Yeah, Andy?

ANDY: I can't get up. I feel...sick.

RAY: (CONCERNED) You look sick, kid. Here...let me feel your forehead.

ANDY: Hot?

RAY: Burning. You've got fever. Better stay in your bunk today.

ANDY: But the Skipper, Ray. Bull Hodges. I'm scared of what he'll do when he finds I'm in sick bay. He wants all hands at the nets...

RAY: Don't be scared, kid. Tell him you can't make it this morning.

ANDY: Ray...Ray, I ...I can't. I'm scared of Hodges. I gotta admit it, it's no way for a man to talk, but I haven't got the nerve. (GROANS) Maybe I'd better try an' get up...

RAY: Lie back, kid.

ANDY: But Hodges...

RAY: I'll tell him.

ANDY: Ray, I don't want you to get in trouble.

RAY: Don't worry. I can take care of myself.



HODGES: I'm the master here, and I'll beat the <sup>life</sup> ~~last~~ out of any man who tries to cross me. That goes for Regan, and the rest of the crew. (A BEAT) And it goes for you in particular. Understand, Cooper?

RAY: Meaning what, in particular?

HODGES: Meaning I don't like you, Cooper, never did. I don't like your face and I don't like your manner.

RAY: Now I'll tell you something.

HODGES: Yeah?

RAY: I don't like you, either. You're a blowhard, Hodges. You've pushed these other men around, you've made them knuckle under. But you don't scare me. And when I think I'm right, I'm going to tell you so.

HODGES: You're getting too big for your britches, Cooper. One of these days, I'm going to break your back!

RAY: (QUIETLY) Anytime you want to try, Skipper...I'll be around.

HODGES: That suits me fine, ~~Cooper~~. I'll be looking forward to it, before we go ashore. One of these days...it's going to be <sup>you</sup> ~~you~~...or <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

(SLIGHT WHINE OF WIND AND WATER)

HODGES: Gonzalez!

GONZALEZ: Si, Captain?

HODGES: I gave Cooper orders to stay out at the nets till dark. <sup>What's he bringin' the skiff ~~back to the ship for~~?</sup>

GONZALEZ: I do not know this, Captain.

HODGES: (COLD) Gonzalez, get the rest of the crew up here. Then stand by. There's going to be a little trouble!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

(WIND AND WATER)

HODGES: (COLD) Why'd you bring the skiff in, Cooper?

RAY: Because Regan couldn't take it, Hodges. The kid passed out.

HODGES: I told you to stay out by the nets.

RAY: I know. You told me. But when a kid with a high fever keels over and...

HODGES: (SNAPS) Gonzalez!

GONZALEZ: Si, Capitain?

HODGES: Heave a pail of water over Regan's face. When he comes to, he's going out again.

RAY: No, he's not.

HODGES: Tryin' to tell me how to run my ship again, eh?

RAY: I'm trying to tell you this kid is going to bed.

HODGES: Stand aside, Cooper.

RAY: You can't send him out again, Hodges. You send him out, and it'll be over my dead body.

HODGES: All right, ~~Cooper~~, it'll be over your dead body. You asked for it, ~~you've been asking for it right along, and~~

~~now you're going to get it. I told you it was going to~~

~~be you or me before we get through.~~ (GRUNT AND GROAN)

~~I told you!~~ (GRUNT)

(THUD OF BODY ON DECK)

(A BEAT. THEN CROWD BUZZ UP)

GONZALEZ: Captain, you kill him. You kill him with the knife.  
Madre a Dios! Madre a...

HODGES: Shut up, Gonzalez. Grab him by the arms. You, Garcia,  
take his legs. Pick him up, both of you. (ROARS) Pick  
him up!

(THEY AD LIB: SCARED: "SI, SI")

HODGES: Now! Throw him overboard!

(A PAUSE)

(A SPLASH OFF)

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

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURNTABLE)

(COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY

~~EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL~~

Revised 11/21/50

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

HARRICE: This is Cy Harrice, returning you to your narrator...  
and the BIG STORY of Bill Bailey...as he lived it...  
and wrote it...

NARR: You, Bill Bailey, of the Valley Morning Star, get back  
to your office in Harlingen. Deputy Sheriff Charlie  
Wall of Cameron County has already closed the case of  
the partially decomposed body found in Laguna Madre,  
he's already arranged for burial. But somewhere, deep  
inside of you, Bill Bailey, the same nerve jangles out  
a kind of rhythm, something's wrong, something's wrong  
somewhere. And you turn to Jesse Peters, the  
photographer who made the trip with you...

BILL: Jesse, you've got the pictures of that corpse?

JESSE: Sure. But don't tell me you're gonna print 'em.

BILL: No. No, they're too grisly, they'd be in bad taste.  
But tell you what you can do. With those pictures.

JESSE: Yeah? What?

BILL: Blow 'em up big.

JESSE: Why?

BILL: I want to take a good look at them..under a magnifying  
glass.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

JESSE: Well, Hawkshaw? What do you see under the glass?

BILL: Jesse, the way those two tiny tears in the shirt run..  
They're almost parallel, and they run horizontally.

JESSE: Okay, Bill, okay. So this here dead tramp had a ripped  
shirt. Is that so unusual?

BILL: (SUDDENLY) Jesse.

JESSE: Yeah?

BILL: Grab my shirt and try to rip it.

JESSE: Are you nuts?

BILL: No. Go ahead. Tear my shirt.

JESSE: You want me to ruin it? What the devil are you trying to..

BILL: Go ahead. Rip it. ~~I've got another shirt.~~

JESSE: Okay. You asked for it.

(A PAUSE)

(A RIPPING SOUND OF CLOTH)

JESSE: There you are, Bill. Always glad to help out a friend.

BILL: (GROWING EXCITEMENT) Jesse! That does it!

JESSE: That does what?

BILL: Don't you see? The shirt ripped up and down, not horizontally. That's the natural way for the cloth to tear, vertically. But these cuts in the dead man's shirt <sup>are</sup> ~~at~~ horizontal.

JESSE: So what?

BILL: So this. If you were going to stab someone to death, how would you do it?

JESSE: Why, I'd...

BILL: I'll tell you how. If you knew anything about knives, you wouldn't hold the blade vertically, because the ribs would stop it. But you would hold the blade sidewise or horizontally, so that it would slip in between the ribs.

JESSE: In other words, the dead man was stabbed twice under the heart. In other words ---

*In other words*

BILL: (QUIETLY) That's right, Jesse, <sup>1</sup> This is murder.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE)

BILL: Sheriff Wall, I've presented my evidence. The dead man's shirt wasn't just ripped accidentally, those two tears were made by a knife.

WALL: I'll go along with you on that, Bailey. But the case is officially closed. We've already buried the body.

BILL: But can't we open the case again? This is different.. this is murder. Why not order an autopsy, dig up the body, ask the Coroner to take another look?

WALL: (A BEAT) All right, Bailey. ~~You win.~~ I'll talk to Coroner Damon...right away!

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

NARR: The autopsy order goes through. They dig up the body, bring it to a funeral parlor. There, Coroner John Damon makes his examination. And then...

DAMON: Bailey, you're right. There are two knife wounds under the heart. Hard to make out because of the decomposed condition of the body, you'd never find 'em unless you were looking for them, but they're <sup>there.</sup> ~~there.~~

WALL: Question is now..who is this <sup>corpse?</sup> ~~stiff?~~

DAMON: That's the question all right, Sheriff. Can't tell a thing by the face. There isn't any left.

BILL: Coroner..what about the fingerprints?

DAMON: Still intact...but very faint, <sup>too faint to make anything out of.</sup> ~~Too faint for photographs.~~

BILL: If we could only get those prints to the identification <sup>lab</sup> ~~basement~~ at Austin, somehow...Maybe, just maybe, they're on record.

DAMON: Well, Bailey, there's only one way we can do it.

BILL: How?

CORONER: I'll have to amputate the fingertips...~~pickle 'em in~~  
~~embalming fluid~~....and send them to Austin!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You, Bill Bailey of the Valley Morning Star, wait. You wait for word from Austin, and you wonder. If there is no word from Austin, there is nowhere else to go. So.. you wait. One day...Two..Three..and then...

(PHONE RING)

(RECEIVER OFF HOOK)

BILL: Bailey, ~~Valley Morning Star~~ <sup>appearing</sup>.

WALL: (FILTER) Bailey, Deputy Sheriff Wall. Just got word from Austin. They've got a check on those fingerprints!

BILL: ~~What?~~ <sup>where are they?</sup>

WALL: They belong to a sailor named Ray Cooper. Got in a scrape some years back, and they had his prints on records.

BILL: A sailor named Cooper, eh?

WALL: That's right. Home's in Port Isobel. I'm drivin' down there now. If you want to come along, get down here fast!

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE)

WALL: You don't know where your son is, Mrs. Cooper?

MRS.COOPER: No. No, ~~Deputy~~ <sup>Bill</sup>, I don't. (A BRAT) Why are you looking for him? What's he done?

WALL: I...(PAUSE) We'll get to that in a little while.



BILL: Meanwhile, Mrs. Cooper, suppose you tell us when you last saw Ray.

MRS.COOPER: Why, two weeks ago. He shipped aboard Captain Hodges fishing boat...the Gray Gull, <sup>with his best friend Andy Regan</sup> And when it came back to port..Ray wasn't on it.

BILL: What happened, Mrs. Cooper. Why wasn't he aboard?

MRS.COOPER: I...after he didn't come home, I finally went down and talked to Captain Hodges...and the crew. I talked to Andy <sup>Co.</sup> Regan, ~~a neighbor of ours, and Ray's best friend.~~ They all told me the same story.

WALL: What story?

MRS.COOPER: They said the boat was in the channel in Laguna Madre when my son and Captain Hodges..well, they had a quarrel.

BILL: And then?

MRS.COOPER: Then they said Ray quit the boat..jumped overboard and waded to shore through the shallows. And that's the last they saw of him.

WALL: (THOUGHTFULLY) I see.

MRS.COOPER: I don't know, I don't understand it. Why didn't Ray come home? What happened to him? (A BEAT) And why are you looking for him?

BILL: Mrs. Cooper, we...

MRS.COOPER: (AGITATED) What is it? You know something, why don't you tell me? Why didn't my son, ~~why didn't Ray~~ come home?

BILL: (QUIETLY) I'm afraid he'll never come home, Mrs. Cooper.

MRS.COOPER: (SHOCK) ~~Holla~~... never... ~~come home?~~

BILL: I'm sorry, but your son...is dead!

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

NARR: You find the Gray Gull in the harbor, go aboard with Sheriff Wall, and as the eight-man crew gathers around... you ask Captain Hodges a few questions...

BILL: You say Cooper jumped off the boat and waded through the shallows to shore?

HODGES: That's right. *Hailing*

WALL: How far?

HODGES: Why, I guess it must have been a hundred and fifty yards out, <sup>Sheriff</sup> ~~Deputy~~.

BILL: What was this fight about, between Cooper and yourself, Captain?

HODGES: Why, this here Cooper was loafin' on the job, an' I told him to hit it up. He wouldn't and we had some words.

WALL: And that was the last time you saw him.

HODGES: That was the last time Sheriff. And for my part, it was good riddance. This here Cooper now, he'd steal the eyeteeth from your mouth, if he could. He was a real troublemaker. ~~(A PAUSE) That night, boys?~~

CHORUS: ~~That's right, Captain. He was a real troublemaker all right.~~

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The crew is unanimous in backing up the skipper...a little too unanimous. You wonder. Somehow..it hits a wrong note. You suggest an idea to Sheriff Wall. A simple idea. Question each of the men one by one, in his office. You and the Sheriff do just that.

BILL: When was the last time you saw Ray Cooper, Jorgensen?

JORGENSEN: Cooper? Last time I saw him he'd jumped ship and waded through the shallows about 150 yards to shore. An' for my part, it was good riddance. You couldn't trust him, he was nothin' but a troublemaker. And he'd steal the eyeteeth from your mouth, if he could.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ MONTAGE)

WALL: And the last time you saw Cooper, Gonzalez, was when he was wading through the shallows?

GONZALEZ: Si, si, <sup>Sheriff</sup> About 150 yard to the shore. And for my part, Senor, it was the good riddance. You could not trust thees man, Cooper, he was nothing but how you call it, troublemaker. And he would steal the eyeteeth from your mouth, if he could!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ MONTAGE)

WALL: You say you couldn't trust Cooper, Regan?

ANDY: (AGITATED) I...I no, Sheriff. You couldn't trust him, he was nothin' but a troublemaker. And he'd steal the eyeteeth from your mouth, if he could!

BILL: How far did you say he waded to shore, Regan?

ANDY: (RISING) I told you, Mr. Bailey. A hundred and fifty yards!

BILL: Exactly a hundred fifty yards? No more, no less?

ANDY: (AGITATED) No more, no less. A hundred and fifty yards. Now why don't you let me alone? I've told you all I know!

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

NARR: Sheriff Wall questions the others. And they all say the same thing...in the exact words. It's too pat. And you tell the Sheriff.

BILL: Sheriff, something is rotten here. Why should eight men make the same statement, almost word for word?

WALL: I'll tell you why, Bailey. Because one of them did it, and told them what to say. They're all covering up for the killer.

~~BILL:~~ ~~All right. But who's the killer? Which one?~~

~~WALL:~~ (SHRUG) ~~Search me.~~

BILL: <sup>Look</sup> Let's talk to this kid, Andy Regan again.

WALL: <sup>^</sup> Why?

BILL: I don't know. He seemed a little hysterical. He didn't say what he had to say glibly, like the others. He seemed to be fighting it. He's the best chance we've got for a break!

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: You and Sheriff Wall take young Andy Regan to the funeral parlor. He's wide-eyed, scared, biting his lip...

ANDY: What do you want? What'd you bring me in here for?

BILL: Andy, Ray Cooper was a friend of yours, wasn't he?

ANDY: (A BEAT) I..I..no. No, he wasn't.

WALL: He was your neighbor, and your best friend.

ANDY: What makes you say that? Who told you that?

WALL: <sup>Paul</sup> ~~Your~~ mother.

ANDY: (A BEAT) <sup>Paul</sup> ~~My~~...mother?

WALL: That's right.

ANDY: ~~W~~..(RISING, HYSTERICAL) Well, she lied, see? I don't care what she said, she lied. Why don't you let me alone? I told you what I know, what are you hounding me for? I didn't kill Ray.

BILL: Then who did?

ANDY: (A BEAT) I don't know.

BILL: Who are you protecting, Andy? Whom are you afraid of?

ANDY: Nobody, nobody.

WALL: Who told you to say what you did, word for word?

ANDY: (HYSTERICAL) Nobody, I said, nobody, nobody.

BILL: Somebody on the Gray Gull killed your best friend, Andy. Somebody's scared you to death, so that you're afraid to tell. But you don't have to be afraid. We have laws to protect you, Andy, you don't have to be afraid.

ANDY: (STUBBORNLY) All I know is what I told you. All I know is what I told you, see?

BILL: (A BEAT) Andy, I'm going to show you something. Take a look into this casket...

(CASKET DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

ANDY: (WE HEAR ANDY'S QUICK INTAKE OF BREATH)

BILL: This is what's left of your friend, Andy. Your best friend, Ray Cooper. (A BEAT) Not very pretty is it?

ANDY: (BREAKS AND SOBS) Ray! Ray! If it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't..be..here...now. You wouldn't be..(HE SOBS)

WALL: (QUIET) Who knifed your best friend, Andy? Who killed Ray Cooper?

ANDY: (NUMBLY) I didn't want to tell you before, ~~I~~ <sup>nobody ~~could~~ tell me</sup> ~~was~~ scared, <sup>of the Captain.</sup> But I've got to tell you, I've got to tell you now. I can't be quiet any more, I can't be afraid any more.

-23-

BILL: Who killed Ray Cooper, Andy?

ANDY: (SOBS) It was the Skipper! Captain Hodges! He...he  
killed Ray! He did it!

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from <sup>Bill</sup>~~William~~  
Bailey of the Valley Morning Star with the final  
outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171806

THE BIG STORY

~~EXPERIMENTAL COMMERCIAL~~

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0171807

(MUSIC: -- TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from <sup>Bill</sup>~~William~~ Bailey of the Valley Morning Star.

BAILEY: Killer in tonight's Big Story was indicted by Grand Jury, for murder, <sup>A</sup>at the trial he was found guilty and sentenced to fifty years, a virtual life sentence at his age. My sincere appreciation for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Bailey..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 Los Angeles Daily News - by-line Joseph Saldana. A BIG STORY about a reporter who gave a girl the most valuable <sup>present</sup> anyone can get!

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with <sup>com. and + music</sup>music <sup>by</sup> Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Max Ehrlich from an actual story from the front pages of the Valley Morning Star. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Sydney Smith played the part of <sup>Bill</sup>~~William~~ Bailey. 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. Bailey.



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

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.....Right now - get the  
handsome PELL MELL Christmas gift carton, especially  
designed to brighten the season. This Christmas  
give PELL MELL!

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY,

# AS BROADCAST

## THE BIG STORY

### PROGRAM 195

#### CAST

NARRATOR  
EVA  
VOICE III  
MRS. LOCKLAND  
NEIGHBOR  
JOE  
VOICE II  
DETECTIVE  
GARAGEMAN  
JERRY  
PROSECUTOR  
BOB  
COP  
VOICE  
PETE  
KID  
SANTA CLAUS  
JUDGE  
DANNY

BOB SLOANE  
PATSY CAMPBELL  
PATSY CAMPBELL  
BETTY GARDE  
~~BETTY GARDE~~ *Margaret Linden*  
GEO PETRIE  
GEO PETRIE  
BILL GRIFFIS  
BILL GRIFFIS  
BILLY LIPTON  
BILLY LIPTON  
BERNARD GRANT  
BERNARD GRANT  
CARL EMORY  
CARL EMORY  
MICHAEL O'DAY  
MICHAEL O'DAY  
SCOTT TENNYSON  
SCOTT TENNYSON

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 20, 1950

ATX01 0171810

WNBC & NET

THE BIG STORY

#195

( ) ( )  
10:00 - 10:30 AM

DECEMBER 20, 1950

WEDNESDAY

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

(MUSIC: -- FANFARE, CHRISTMAS THEME: "HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE  
CHRISTMAS," THEN OUT FOR...)

(DOOR OPENS)

EVA: (ENTERS QUICKLY VERY FRESH, ABOUT 21, WITH A GIRLISH BUT  
CULTURED VOICE, IN LOVE) We better get moving, darling.  
Do you know how many days there are left?

JERRY: (SULLEN, OFF) What?

EVA: Only 26 days left to Christmas.

JERRY: (ON MIKE) Sit down.

EVA: (QUICKLY, DISREGARDING HIS MOOD) <sup>got</sup> Your present ~~I got~~, and  
I'm not going to tell you about it. But I've got to get  
something for your mother, my mother and father and --

JERRY: It's going to be a great, big, merry Christmas, isn't it?

EVA: (NOT LOOKING AT HIM) What did you say, honey? (THEN  
SEEING HIM) (GASP) What are you doing with a gun?

JERRY: Eva, you ever been pistol whipped?

EVA: What's the matter with you?

JERRY: This --

(HE STRIKES HER WITH GUN)

EVA: (CRIES OUT)

JERRY: You lousy two-timer! This and this and this and this --  
(ON EACH "THIS," A BLOW)

~~EVA: Jerry, what's the matter with you?~~

~~(A SHOT)~~

(MUSIC: -- THE CHRISTMAS THEME POISONED, UNDER...)

ATX01 0171811

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. Los Angeles, California. The story of a reporter who thought he could spend the great holiday season -- in the spirit of goodwill and peace, and spent it instead, with murder. And for his work, to Joseph Savana of the Los Angeles Daily News, for his Big Story, goes the PELL MELL Award.

(MUSIC: -- -- TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #195

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch!  
Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth  
smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered  
through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes. At the  
first puff by actual measure 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'S  
greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still  
travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes  
it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a  
smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette  
offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can  
measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: CHRISTMAS THEME, WHICH AS IT GOES BEHIND, AND THE  
NARRATION PROCEEDS, TURNS TO ITS OPPOSITE, UNDER....)

CHAPPELL: Los Angeles, California. The story as it actually  
happened ... Joe Saldana's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: THEME)

VOICE: (FLAT, ROUTINE) ~~This coroner's~~ jury is herewith in  
session. Let all persons (THROWING THIS AWAY) with  
information proceed to testify under the jurisdiction  
of the Honorable William B. Lafferty.

NARR: *He* Eyes were blue, the forehead high, the fine dark  
blonde hair tied ~~behind with a George Washington~~  
~~bow.~~ A sweet and moving face, but disturbed. And  
now, as you watched, Joe Saldana, reporter for the  
Los Angeles Daily News, she grew more and more  
frightened, more and more silent --

COP: I'm the officer on the beat. I got the call to come up  
to the house. He was laying on the bed, bleeding in  
the stomach. She was standing ~~there with~~ the gun,  
~~holding it like she didn't even know she was holding~~  
~~it.~~ "I shot him," she said. "I killed him, but I  
didn't mean to."

(MUSIC: IN WITH)

NARR: The jawline tightens on the smooth, pale, white skin,  
now bruised by the beating. What little life there  
was in the eyes seems to go out as the wheels of justice  
in this coroner's jury room begin grinding fine.

VOICE:

(ROUTINE) All <sup>other</sup> persons having business with this coroner's jury herewith come forth to give final testimony in this inquest of the people of the State against Eva Lockland. (NO PAUSE) There being none, Honorable William B. Lafferty will herewith pass sentence.

JUDGE:

It is the decision of this Jury that Gerald Lockland met his death through fire-arms at the hands of his wife, Eva Lockland, who is herewith remanded to the police authorities to be held for trial for murder in the first degree.

(MUSIC: - - - BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR:

Open and shut, open and shut. Like her small, full mouth that seemed to want to say something, but said nothing throughout the proceedings - if you ever saw one, Joe Saldana, here was a life sentence in the making, or maybe a death sentence. So with very little preconceived idea, except maybe that of getting a story, you go see her in the county jail where she now sits -- ~~the soft, round fingers being picked apart by her nails as you talk to her.~~

JOE:

I'm Joe Saldana, of the Daily News, Mrs. Lockland.

EVA:

(POLITE) How do you do, sir.

JOE:

~~They gave you an awful bouncing, didn't they?~~

EVA:

~~I don't know. I don't know anything. I still don't know how it happened.~~

JOE:

My paper and I and a lot of readers, we'd appreciate it if you'd make a statement.

EVA:

Would that be any good?

JOE: Sure. How old are you anyway?

EVA: 21.

JOE: How long were you married?

EVA: Two years.

JOE: You want to tell me about it?

EVA: (EASILY) Sure, I'll tell anybody. I don't want to die.

JOE: Well, go ahead then.

EVA: (SHE TALKS VERY EASILY, WITHOUT SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS) (SHE ALWAYS HAS A CULTURED SOUND IN HER VOICE WHICH IS CONTRADICTIONARY TO THE DETAILS OF HER STORY) I used to love to watch Jimmy Cagney in the movies or George Raft -- how they moved and looked. If you could call it a kind of cross between being passionate and soft and tough too -- Jerry was like that.

JOE: (SOFTLY, SO AS NOT TO INTERRUPT ALMOST) How long did you know him before you got married?

EVA: (SHE'S WITH HER JERRY) My family wouldn't put up with it - I knew that. My father teaches at college. (IN ANSWER NOW) Oh -- I knew him about 2 days. But we got married and moved into his house. My folks thought I was away at school. There were always a lot of people there -- friends of Jerry's mostly. Kids our age. And from the beginning, his mother hated me -- just hated me. I overheard her once with Jerry right after we were married.

MRS. L: (BIG, BUT MOTHERLY, ENVELOPING IN HER VOICE) Jerry, you made a terrible mistake.

JERRY: Don't start that again, Ma, will you?

MRS. L: I know the kind -- I know them very well. Slumming, that's what she's doing. Just slumming.



JERRY: You're wrong, Ma. She's a heck of a good kid.  
MRS. L: I'm telling you here and now she'll louse you up, she'll  
two-time on you.

~~(DOOR OPENS)~~

JERRY: (SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) Hello, baby.  
EVA: (FLAT, PLEASANT) I just heard what you were saying.  
MRS. L: What're you doing -- sneaking around behind doors?  
EVA: That's not fair, Mrs. Lockland. Why do you say those  
things to Jerry, I'm not like that.  
MRS. L: ~~You're a tramp. Once a tramp always a tramp. You're a~~  
~~tramp. (VIOLENT) What were you fooling around with Bob~~  
~~for?~~

(PAUSE)

EVA: (NARRATING) That's how she'd do it. ~~Just leave it~~  
~~hanging in mid-air~~ Lies. Because Bob Cunningham was  
one of Jerry's friends, one of the kids in the house all  
the time. He was one of Jerry's friends and I talked to  
him, that's all. But she'd leave an idea hanging there  
and if I'd try to answer it --

JERRY: (ANNOYED) Don't make an issue of it. Let's just don't  
make an issue of it, huh?

EVA: So I hoped maybe it would pass, go away. Then about two  
weeks before (SOFTLY) the shooting, (UP AGAIN) Bob lost  
a button from his coat and he asked me to sew one on for  
him.

~~(A MAN BEING PUSHED OUT THE DOOR - SIMULTANEOUS WITH)~~

JERRY: Now just get out and stay out, Bob!  
*Bob wait a minute!*  
EVA: (HORRIFIED) Jerry!

JERRY: Give me that coat.

(HE THROWS THE COAT)

BOB: You're all wet, Jerry.

JERRY: Keep out!

(DOOR IS SLAMMED VIOLENTLY)

EVA: He asked me to ~~sew~~ a button that fell off --

JERRY: Don't make it worse than it is. Don't make an issue out of it.

(PAUSE)

EVA: I should have talked to ~~him~~ *Jerry, Mr. Sullivan* but what could I say? Just a button on a guy's coat. And then I -- Well, it got to be shopping time and I thought I'd get them all presents. It was 26 days left to Christmas and I got him what I knew he always wanted. Cuff links and a tie-clasp, gold, with his initials and I hid it in one of my bureau drawers.

MRS.L: What are you doing -- hiding one of the presents for your boyfriend?

EVA: That's all she said. And the next day when I came in, he sat me down on the bed (THE MEMORY KILLS HER) and he hit me ten times across the face with the pistol I thought he had gone crazy! And then --

JERRY: That's just a taste. Here. Here's the gun.

EVA: Jerry, don't!

JERRY: Here's the gun! Go ahead. Get me out of the way! Go ahead. Why don't you do what you want to do? Take it in your hand, point it at me.

EVA: For ~~God's~~ *Heaven's* sake, leave me alone!

JERRY: Pull the trigger. Go ahead! You got his present in the drawer. I know!

EVA: Jerry, you're crazy! It's yours!

JERRY: You're no good.

EVA: Stay away! (HYSTERICAL) Jerry, don't hit me again --

(GUN GOES OFF)

( A LONG PAUSE)

EVA: It took me a half a minute more maybe and then I saw he was lying on the bed - dead. (PATHETIC) ~~and~~ I shot him - I killed Jerry.

JOE: Take it easy, Eva. There's nothing you can do -- maybe nothing ~~can~~ <sup>anything</sup> do. But I'm going to ~~see~~ <sup>try</sup>

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: But you can see from the way she smiles politely that she doesn't believe you. And, as a matter of fact, you only half-believe yourself. What can you do? Well, one thing -- the trial's in a few days. You can get her the best lawyer there is. Danny Torchin is the best.

JOE: This much I found out, Danny. The kid -- Jerry, her husband, age 23, on probation for burglary three years ago, suspended sentence for breaking and entering five years ago -- no angle.

DANNY: (NON-COMMITTAL) The best defense is an offense. What's the other side of the coin -- her side.

JOE: Good kid, good family. Father's a teacher. Graduated with honors, left college at the end of the second year. Would have made Phi Bet.

DANNY: What's she hanging around with this kind of kid for then?

JOE: Why do millions of girls her age think Cagney and Raft are the greatest thing in the world? Will you take the case?

DANNY: There's no dough involved, is there?  
JOE: Come on. You can't pay your income tax already.  
DANNY: I'm going to need facts. I'm going to need a lot of facts.  
JOE: You're a great guy.

(MUSIC: -- BRIDGE AND UNDER)

NARR: Getting Torchin the best lawyer there is is fifty percent of the battle. But only with the facts can he do anything. So you start to get them. What about this Bob Cunningham kid?

BOB: ~~(NICE KID) I've a lot of respect for Eva. I've done~~  
things in my time - sure. Who hasn't? Had ideas. But I wouldn't put a finger on the wife of one of my best friends, would I?

JOE: I don't know. Would you?

BOB: ~~You can take it or leave it: I wouldn't.~~ What I can't figure out, I swear, is why ~~Mrs. Lockland~~ <sup>she</sup> treated her like that. ~~I don't understand that: why she was so down on her.~~ The first time she laid eyes on her, she had no use for her. I only wish I had met her before Jerry did.

(MUSIC: -- A TOUCH)

NARR: Partially established fact of the character of Eva <sup>her mother-in-law</sup> Lockland. Her neighbor comments on ~~that Lockland~~ house..

NEIGHBOR: A filthy, dirty house. In all the time she lived there, I never saw that Mrs. Lockland lift her finger to do a stitch of work -- never.

JOE: Anything peculiar going on there?

NEIGHBOR: Just millions of kids going in and out all the time.  
Kids 21, 22, 23. And racing around in cars all the time.  
(SLYLY) And why is it the front blinds were <sup>always</sup> drawn <sup>ever since</sup> all the  
time? ~~In all the time~~ they lived there?

(MUSIC: -- A TOUCH...)

NARR: Little established except one of her neighbors was  
unnecessarily malicious - or possibly accurate. A  
garageman two blocks away --

GARAGEMAN: I don't know. They used to drive around in this big,  
powerful Oldsmobile. And money? (WHISTLES) Used to get  
a car painted about <sup>4 times</sup> ~~twice~~ a year. Jerry comes in here  
once and says, "I want this car painted tonight."  
"I'll give you a 20 dollar bonus you have it by 5 tonight!"

(MUSIC: -- A TOUCH...)

NARR: A kid Jerry Lockland went to school with --

KID: I seen lots of guys lose their head, but not like him.  
Once he had a fight with a guy and knocked him down.  
Know what he did?

JOE: You tell me.

KID: He started to kick him in the head. That's right. I  
swear, he'd a kicked that guy's brains out if I hadn't  
stopped him.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND UNDER)

NARR: The nature of the girl and the nature of the husband that  
she shot, something of the nature of the house -- all  
given to Danny Torchin and then a quiet Danny and a  
slightly composed Eva (now that she knew something was  
being done for her), at the trial ---

PROSECUTOR: (SURE OF HIMSELF) The state will show, ~~ladies and gentlemen, that the defendant Eva Lockland was in love with Robert Cunningham, carried on her illicit affair under the very nose of her husband and mother-in-law.~~  
*the defendant Eva Lockland*  
That ~~she~~ *she* did, in fact, nag her husband, flaunt her affair, proceed to provoke her husband so that she could in self defense ~~(and I place that phrase in quotation marks -- "in self defense")~~ *and did then* shoot her husband in cold blood.

BIZ: AD LIB COURT REACTION

NARR: ~~(OVER-BABBLER) The packed, shocked court room reacted and one screaming voice -- Mrs. Lockland -- took over.~~

MRS.L: Why did you kill my son, you murderess, you! Coming into my home and --

(GAVEL)

NARR: ~~(IN CLOSE) Danny Torchin touching her hand (with the skin bitten off and torn by her nails) reassuring her -- And then, waiting for the right, the exact, the perfect moment~~

DANNY: I call Eva Lockland to the stand.

NARR: (IN CLOSE) The same clear, earnest eyes -- the high, troubled forehead, the white, honest shirt and the straight-forward story.

EVA: If anybody said to me, "Eva, what would you like to have most in the world -- what one thing?", I should have said, "To be happily married to Jerry Lockland." -- If things had been different, I'd have given everything, everything that I ever hoped to own or have, just to be able to have a little place. Not a lot of money. Curtains maybe, and a picture hanging on the wall maybe, and to be married to Jerry Lockland.

(MUSIC: ~~SOMEONE~~ IN WITH..)

NARR: Danny Torchin has a certain kind of smile on his face -- that he keeps when things are going well. The jury -- even the women -- are nodding sympathetically as Eva talks. And when they file out, and file back in within 19 minutes, you have a momentary fear --

VOICE #2: How do you find?  
(LONG PAUSE)

VOICE #3: Not guilty.

(MUSIC: ~~CHRISTMAS~~ THEME COMES UP, SWEETLY AND BACKS...)

NARR: A lovely present, the most precious gift on earth -- freedom -- is given to the girl. And it's a good feeling for you and Danny Torchin, the jury, and the world. And you go out to buy your own family some presents two days later.

(STREET SCENE, A SANTA CLAUS IS TINKLING A BELL)

SANTA CLAUS: (SING-SONG QUALITY) Put a nickel in the pot and keep it boiling. Put a nickel in the pot and keep it boiling.

NARR: And in the midst of a half-million people --

JOE: Ooops! I beg your pardon, Miss.

EVA: That's all right.

JOE: Eva!

EVA: (SOFTLY) Mr. Saldana.

JOE: Only ten days left before Christmas. I'll bet you're making up the time that you lost.

EVA: (SADLY) Well, I'm shopping for friends and family and --

JOE: What's the matter, kid?

EVA: Nothing, nothing.

JOE: Hey, come on! This is Joe Saldana.

EVA: I thought I ought to take a rest maybe and get over it, but I decided work was better -- doing something. I've been to 20 places, Mr. Sildana. People are funny. I nearly got a job yesterday 'til the man realized who I was. You see, they still believe <sup>jury</sup> ~~his~~ mother. Not even what the jury said stops them.

JOE: You mean after the trial people still -

EVA: I don't want to bother you.

SANTA CLAUS: Put a nickel in the pot, miss, for those with troubles.

EVA: Here.

(COIN)

SANTA CLAUS: Bless you, miss, and a very Merry Christmas.

(ANOTHER COIN)

SANTA CLAUS: Bless you, sir. A Merry Christmas .

MARR: And she's gone in the crowd, lost. Her life's been saved to be ruined. What can you do?

~~SANTA CLAUS: Put a nickel in the pot to keep it boiling.~~

JOE: (BITTERLY) Ten days left before Christmas!

(MUSIC: -- UP TO TAG )

(MUSIC: -- TURNTABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #195

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- THEME AND UNDER).

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

NARR: Heading back to your office Joe Saldana through the holiday shoppers -- 10 days ~~last~~ before Christmas, the heart of the happiness goes out of it for you. Because of Eva Lockland, the girl now lost in the crowd. You bump into a few people. They accept your apologies ~~joyfully~~ in the spirit of the time. You don't say hello to the elevator operator, you don't nod at the switchboard-girl. But when Night Editor Pete Salt throws a teletype message at you, another problem moves in and displaces the problem of Eva Lockland.

JOE: "Another wolf-pack robbery." (THEN) What's this "another"?

PETE: Where've you been? Oh, you been on that Lockland thing. Sure. Just a great little gang of people have come to our fair city. Five weeks ago they stuck up and beat a grocery store. <sup>man</sup> Described as three kids of under 25, fast car -- in and out.

JOE: Any shooting?

PETE: Just the beating. ~~Just the grocery store~~ <sup>and incidentally</sup> (SOFTLY) -- One of the nice boys stepped on ~~the~~ <sup>the grocer's</sup> hand.

(MUSIC: -- A NEW THEME, REPORTER'S EXCITEMENT, UNDER..)

NARR: You're a reporter again, involved in another story. You read back on the clips. The first one, the same: big car, fast get-away, and a woman in a drug store slugged. And then, two days later (3 days before Christmas) --

(TELETYPE)

JOE: (READ, OVER THE SOUND) "Los Angeles Wolf-pack strikes again. Three armed youths robbed ~~Girton's~~ Dry Goods Store, ~~injured six Christmas shoppers~~, leaving proprietor dead from bullet wounds."

NARR: (CONTINUING JOE'S READING INTERPRETIVELY) Four wild crimes in the space of 12 days. Always fast, always a big car. Identified in the first two crimes as red, in the third as blue, in the dry goods store, green. And slowly -- for no reason, absolutely none, except perhaps for your own wishful thinking --

(MUSIC: -- THE DISTORTED CHRISTMAS THEME COMES IN)

NARR: -- You find yourself wondering about a connection.

JOE: (ALoud WITH REALIZING IT) Ah, ridiculous! What's the connection?

PETE: What did you say?

JOE: Nothing, Pete, nothing.

PETE: Sonny, you ought to take it ~~easy~~. I heard you plain as day. ~~"What's the connection?"~~ <sup>is the</sup> you said. What connection?

JOE: ~~I don't know. I don't know. Unless I'm slipping or~~  
(TENSE) ~~unless I'm sharper than I've been in a long time.~~  
~~Maybe there is a connection.~~

PETE: <sup>don't</sup> What're you talking about?

JOE: I'll let you know when, as and if.

(MUSIC: -- IN MOVEMENT..)

NARR: It's five days to Christmas and even ~~the~~ detective's office shows it: a wreath hanging over the sign "keep out". And a holiday smile on ~~the detective's~~ <sup>his</sup> face, which fades as he listens.

JOE: Look, lieutenant, one admission I got to make before I say another word. I'm prejudiced. ~~Flat prejudiced in this case.~~ And that's why I decided to take it here, to you, because I don't think you're ~~no prejudiced~~ *all*.

DETECTIVE: Okay, so you're prejudiced. Go on.

JOE: You remember the Lockland shooting?

DETECTIVE: I can always remember back to murder cases two weeks old.

JOE: And now this wolf-pack gang. Every case, they use the same big, powerful car, it seems. Two witnesses said an Oldsmobile. Everytime it was a different color -- red, blue, and green.

DETECTIVE: Black ~~once~~ *the last time*.

JOE: That's my point. When I was checking up on Jerry Lockland to find out what kind of a kid he was, a garageman told me -- Well, first of all, all kinds of kids were running around in and out of this house, that age too. No visible means of support, lots of money. And the garageman said he'd plunk down a 20 dollar bonus to have the car painted that same day.

DETECTIVE: You want this to be Mrs. Lockland, don't you? I heard about you and the girl -- I don't mean that way. Just you're interested.

JOE: Yeah. I want it to be Mrs. Lockland. What do you think?

DETECTIVE: I'll tell you. (SLOWLY) No doubt about your being prejudiced -- no doubt.

JOE: So I guess just forget it?

DETECTIVE: I didn't say that. What I was going to say was I don't mind how prejudiced a guy is this way, just so long as he makes sense. I think maybe you do.

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

*sit in the car*

NARR: You and the lieutenant and five plain clothesmen settle down for a watch around the house on Carolton Street, where Mrs. Lockland lives. The blinds are drawn as usual and the sun is shining on the clear, December afternoon. It looks like a bust -- nothing to be seen, nothing to be heard.

DETECTIVE: Hey! Who's that coming out of the house?

JOE: That's her. *Mrs. Lockland*  
~~the lady in person~~

DETECTIVE: What's she carrying?

JOE: Well, I'll be -- wash! She's carrying wash out!

DETECTIVE: Well, that's ordinary enough.

JOE: Not for her, it ain't. Every story I ever heard about that dame she never lifted a finger to do housework in her life! And in this weather?

DETECTIVE: Watch it!

(CAR, POWERFUL MOTOR, PULLS UP AND SEEMS ABOUT TO STOP, OFF-MIKE )

JOE: There's two of them in that car!

DETECTIVE: They're stopping!

(THE CAR WHICH HAS NEARLY COME TO A STOP, PICKS UP AND TEARS OFF)

JOE: No they're not! Now I know about the wash. A signal!

DETECTIVE: Well, we get signals too.

(A CLICK).

*21-5 as in 74*  
DETECTIVE: Hello. Send out a 21 call. Black Olds sedan. License California 1619. Let's go!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ~~SOUND~~: IN THE MOVEMENT...)

NARR:

*You? Best. I want to see the fleeing car & within a*  
~~the police signals work quite well and they don't get~~  
~~while catching with it. The occupants give up after~~  
~~more than a mile and a quarter.~~

DETECTIVE:

*15 minutes later you're all at Mrs. Lockland's*  
~~Frisk them -- and good. Let's go, you two. No can do~~

~~back to the house now, even with the laundry basket~~

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

MRS. LOCKLAND: (HIGH AND MIGHTY) What do you mean breaking into my house like this?

DETECTIVE: Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Lockland. Just that these kids seemed kind of apprehensive -- drove up to your place and then drove off. We thought we'd maybe scared them off.

MRS. L:

*My son*  
Don't get fresh with me, ~~young man~~, just because you've got a police badge in your pocket somewhere. This is a decent house and just because these boys happened to be friends of my dead son--

JOE:

Tell her about the gun, lieutenant. Maybe she ought to know about the gun.

DETECTIVE:

Good idea. One of these friends of your dead son -- he had a gun in the car, under the driver's seat. And I'm laying about 10 to 1, on account of the calibre is the same---- (HARSH NOW) that the bullet that killed the man in the dry goods store came from this gun!

NARR:

~~There's a silence as she looks from one to the other,~~  
wondering how much they've told, how much you, Joe Saldana, and the police know. And in that moment, the door opens--

(DOOR OPENS.)

NARR:

--and Bob Cunningham, the one Eva was supposed to have killed Jerry Lockland for -- he walks in.

MRS. L.: Outside, outside! We're busy! *This is Bob Cunningham*

JOE: Let him stay, Mrs. Lockland, ~~but~~

MRS. L.: I'm going to have you arrested for false entry! I'm going to have you thrown off that dirty paper of yours! ~~I'll have your badge!~~

JOE: What's up -- a little operation we're interfering with Mrs. Lockland? Is that what Eva did? That's what happened wasn't it? Was her husband Jerry tied up with these kind of kids and this kind of operation and she was a decent influence and pulling him away from this sort of thing?

MRS. L.: Shut up!

JOE: And so you screamed out in Court -- "Why did you kill my boy?" Hey, it's beginning to tie up!

MRS. L.: You're a liar, a dirty liar! You can't prove a word of what you said!

BOB: I can.

JOE: What, Bob, what?

BOB: Kid like me -- you'll find them all over -- scared kids. Made an easy buck once, don't know how to get out of it. She's got a setup all right. This is headquarters. She sits and plans the whole works and we do it. She gives us a car, gets it painted, changes the color -- smart operator. (Like when the wash is out, don't come in here because the house is being watched.) I only wish I <sup>had</sup> had the nerve to <sup>come</sup> go and tell you <sup>high</sup> myself.

JOE: That's okay, kid.

DETECTIVE: Yeah, it's fine. So I think there's a car outside big enough to hold the whole bunch of you.

JOE: Aftor you, Mrs. Lockland.

MRS. L: Got out of my way!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HITS, THEN UNDER, . .)

(PHONE RINGING, ANSWERED ON FILTER)

EVA: (ON FILTER) Hello.

JOE: It's me, Eva.

EVA: Hello, Mr. Saldana.

JOE: I want to read you something. It's in my paper tomorrow morning. "Mrs. Lockland proven female Fagen. Woman heading juvenile gang runs school for crime." Good?

EVA: Very good.

JOE: Then there's a sort of a picture of you, and under it, it says, "Eva Lockland exonerated." (PAUSE) So go out and get yourself any job you want in town. -- and - Merry Christmas. (THERE'S A LONG PAUSE) Didn't you hear me? Hey, did you hear me?

EVA: I heard you, Joe. And the same to you.

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

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Joseph Saldana of the Los Angeles Daily News with the final outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ TURN TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #195

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 Joseph Saldana of the Los Angeles Daily News.

SALDANA: Two young men caught in the gang car sentenced to life imprisonment San Quentin. Mrs. Lockland sentenced life imprisonment Tehachapi. And Eva Lockland joined my wife and me in one of the finest Christmases we've ever had. Merry Christmas, and many thanks for tonight's PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Saldana...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 Duluth, Minn. News Tribune - by-line Fred Weinberg. A BIG STORY about a reporter who followed a murderer into a trap and wished he had left deeper tracks in the snow.

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Arnold Perl from an actual story from the front pages of the Los Angeles Daily News. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and George Petrie played the part of Joseph Saldana. 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. Saldana.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_THEME UP FULL AND FADE FOR)\_

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for the makers of  
PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES....Right now - get the  
handsome PELL MELL Christmas gift carton, especially  
designed to brighten the season. This Christmas give  
PELL MELL!

THIS IS NBC...THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

# AS BROADCAST

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #196

## CAST

NARRATOR	BOB SLOANE
ANNA	CONNIE LEMBCKE
MAMA	JANE ROBBIN
FRED	BOB READICK
SCHULT	PHIL STERLING
JOHN	<del>LOU POLAN</del> <i>Gil Mack</i>
MAN I	LOU POLAN
NURMI	<del>LOU</del> VAN ROOTEN
JERRY	ALLEN STEVENSON
GUS	GIL MACK
MIKE	<del>GIL MACK</del> <i>Gil Mack</i>

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1950

ATX01 0171836

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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) Duluth, Minnesota...From the pages  
of the Duluth News Tribune, the story of a reporter who  
was young enough to take the biggest chance of all!...  
Tonight, to Fred H. Weinberg of the News Tribune, for his  
Big Story, goes the PELL MELL AWARD.

(MUSIC: TURNTABLE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0171837

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #196

OPENING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL

CHAPPELL: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.. At the first puff by actual measure 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's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure. PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

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

CHAPPELL: Duluth, Minnesota... The story as it actually happened....  
Fred Weinberg's story as he lived it.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ HIT & GO UNDER)

NARR: Snow....thick, heavy snow...choking the street outside  
with silent white fingers.... You Fred Weinberg, police  
reporter for the Duluth News Tribune lean against the big  
window of Mama Toewe's\* Finnish Bar and Grill and stare out  
into the desolate night...You're not a kid anymore.  
You beat is the ~~Duluth~~ waterfront. But things you felt  
as a kid about nights like this come back to you now..  
~~Things without shape, hidden things out there in the snowy~~  
~~night~~. Suddenly, you shake yourself - as if your mood was  
something physical, something sitting on the back of your  
neck -

(FOG HORN, ETC.)

MAMA: (FINNISH....NORMALLY CHEERFUL....ABOUT FIFTY) You cold,  
Fred?

FRED: Nah....Just got a shiver, *Mama Toewe* that's all -

MAMA: You sick maybe?

FRED: Nah....I feel low, that's all....Watching that snow out  
there -

MAMA: Fred?

FRED: (ABSORBED LOOKING OUT) Uh?

MAMA: You need sweetheart, that's what...(LOW CHUCKLE)

FRED: (IRKED) What good would I do a dame?! I'm always working  
til two in the morning.

MAMA: (CHUCKLE) When I was young, *I* meet good man - I wait for  
him anytime. It don't make no difference morning or night-

\*TOEWE-PRONOUNCED: TOE-WEE)

FRED: They don't make 'em like you any more, Mama Toewe -

(PAUSE...THEN:)

MAMA: (SIGHS) Look at that crazy snow....Waterfront tough enough  
without snow like that -

FRED: I thought you liked it?

MAMA: Not like that. In old country they say - big snow make  
good man blind...bad man to see better...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN WITH:)

MARR: Mama Toewe's last remark fits your mood just like the cold  
thing on the back of your neck....And while your spirits  
sink lower, only a few blocks away from where you are a  
big hulk of a man slowly gropes his way up a dark wooden  
stairway....

(CREAKING STEPS....OUT TO A LANDING....SOFT

RAP ON DOOR....PAUSE...REPEAT RAP)

ANNA: (SLEEPY, ON OTHER SIDE OF DOOR) Who- who is it?

JOHN: (BREATHING HARD....LOW) Anna Weston?

ANNA: Who - is it? ... It's - after one...

JOHN: Something happen to Mike...Mike Kangas...Something bad-

(RATTLE OF DOOR CHAIN AS DOOR HURRIEDLY

OPENED TO:)

ANNA: (ALARM) Mike?! What happened to - (STABBED) Ugh-!

(BODY TO FLOOR....STEPS RESUME DOWN STAIRS UNDER:)

JOHN: ~~(HUMMING SAME SONG AS:)~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...SLIGHT BRIDGE....OUT TO:)

FRED: (SIGHS WEARILY) Well...I think I'm going to say  
good-night to you, Mama Toewe-

MAMA: Where you go now? Home?

FRED: No...Got another half hour before I'm through. It's only  
one thirty - goodnight.... (SLIGHTLY OFF)



(FRED OPENS STREET DOOR AND STEPS OUTSIDE..)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN\_WITH:)

MARR: For a moment, the glare of the snow blinds you. You put up your collar, pull your hat down tighter and as you turn your back to the bitter lake wind you suddenly hear -

(CLANGING GONG OF PATROL WAGON COMING IN FAST  
AND UNDER:)

MARR: The patrol wagon slows down for you, you leap aboard and it takes you a full minute before you can ask Sergeant Schulte-

(PATROL WAGON UNDER:)

FRED: (BREATHLESS) Why - why the wagon, Sergeant?

SCHULTE: (ABOUT FIFTY) To pick up stray bums like you and to answer murder calls that come into the station -

FRED: Murder?! Where?!

SCHULTE: Hotel Bethel -

FRED: That flophouse?! ..Hgh'....How do you know it's murder?

SCHULT: Someone at the Hotel had the gall to ring for an undertaker. The stiff-handler got there, took one look and screamed for the cops....The dead guy had been stabbed to death!

FRED: ~~Hotel Bethel, Eh? Who's running that fleabag now?~~

SCHULT: How should I know? It changes hands every week.... Just my luck! On a night like this...Worst joint in the whole district....Swenson got knifed there a week ago trying to break up a free-for-all. Al Youngberg gets slugged a month ago on a routine call -

FRED: ~~Some of those loggers can get awful mean with a load on -~~

(WAGON TO A STOP...)

SCHULT: OK....Here we are...The Ritz!

(MUSIC: EMPHASIS...DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: Everything you felt before about a night like this hits you double as you walk into the lobby of the Hotel Bethel.. Dingy...a few caved-in chairs...a couple of rusty cuspidors...In one corner, a dying rubber plant, under it the dead body of a man stretched out on his face. And standing around him, looking down silently - about fifteen giant lumberjacks....

SCHULT: OK. Who's the manager here?!

NO ANSWER...THEN:

SCHULT: (ANGER RISES) What's the matter?! Don't anybody here talk?! I said - who's the manager?!

NO ANSWER...THEN:

SCHULT: I'm asking just once more! Who put in the call for the undertaker?!

FRED: (LOW) Try the fellow in the white shirt, Sargo...

SCHULT: Eh?....Oh....OK! You - in the white shirt! You don't look like a logger to me! Where's the manager?!

NURMI: (SCARED AND DETERMINED TO SAY LITTLE OR NOTHING) Mo....

SCHULT: Well why didn't you say so?!

NO ANSWER

SCHULT: Answer my questions or I'm going to lock you up! Understand?!.....How did this corpse get in your lobby?!-

NURMI: Somebody found him outside-

SCHULT: Outside where?!

NURMI: On the sidewalk -

SCHULT: Then what?!

NURMI: It was snowing. So they brought him in.

SCHULT: Who?

NURMI: I - don't know ...

SCHULT: Who's this guy on the floor?

NURMI: I - don't know....

SCHULT: Any of you men standing around... Do you know this man on the floor?!

NO ANSWER

SCHULT: (LOW.. GRUMBLING) Talking to these guys is like shoutin' into a forest....

FRED: (LOW) Let's turn him over and take a look at his face.

NARR: Slowly, you turn the corpse over. Then you take a look at his face -- and you feel sick. You'd seen men before who'd been stabbed to death by a lumberjack's knife.... but never one with the end of his nose sliced cleanly off....

SCHULT: (NOT SHOUTING NOW BUT WITH A HARD, QUIET ANGER) Who - did a thing like that?

NO ANSWER

SCHULT: (VOICE RISING) If you won't talk --

FRED: (LOW) They won't, Serge....

SCHULT: (LOW) I know they won't. And I've got a mind to lock them up ..... everyone in this joint!

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REVISED

FRED: (LOW) That won't do you any good. Most of these guys are honest, hard-working men....What we want to know is who is he and did he stay here?.....How about a room-check?

SCHULT: Well....The manager said he didn't know him -

FRED: That's what he would say -

SCHULT: (ALoud NOw) OK.....Every one of you men - get up to your rooms! I'll give you three minutes to get into your own rooms, understand?! Get your work cards and any other identification you got - get it ready! And if any one of you is thinking of trying to get away, just remember - I got men in front, in the back and out in the alley!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...DOWN UNDER: (MONTAGE:))

SCHULT: You live in this room?

MAN: I: Yeah.....

SCHULT: Let's see your work card -

MAN I: Here is work card -

SCULT: (READING) Lars Hanson ... OK, manager...Is he the guy he claims to be?

NURMI: (STILL SCARED) Yes....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...DOWN FOR:)

SCHULT: What's your name ?

JOHN: John -

SCHULT: Your full name -

JOHN: John Arvola.....

SCHULT: You live in this room?

JOHN: Yeah -

SCHULT: OK, manager...Is he telling the truth?

NURMI: Yes.....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...DOWN...)

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SCHULT: You live in this room?

GUS: Yeah -

SCHULT: Let's see your work card -

GUS: I'm still looking for it....

SCHULT: Well, step on it...I ain't got all night!

(SOUND OF DRAWERS BEING PULLED OUT UNDER)

FRED: (LOW) Why don't you ask them if they've got knives?  
Or better still - why don't we do a search?

SCHULT: We won't find anything!

GUS: Here's my work card -

SCHULT: (READING) Gus Keller?....OK, what do you say, manager?

NURMI: That's him -

(MUSIC: UP...DOWN UNDER)

SCHULT: Why's this door locked?

NURMI: I - don't know.....

SCHULT: Open it -

(KEY IN LOCK ...DOORKNOB TURNED AND AS DOOR  
SWINGS OPEN)

EFFECT: (ACCORDION (VERY MOURNFUL, EERIE) HITS HARD AT OPENING  
NOTES OF MINOR KEY FINNISH FOLK SONG LIKE "MUSTALAISLAULU"  
("I WAS BORN A GYPSY) AND CONTINUES AS:)

SCHULT: For crying out loud, *where is that music coming from*  
~~who feels like playing a squeeze box~~  
~~in this place? After what's happened?!~~

NURMI: ....I - I don't know....

SCHULT: *Wait to*  
~~Make~~ 'em stop! It gives me the creeps!

EFFECT: (BY NOW SEVERAL MALE VOICES ARE HUMMING ALONG WITH THE  
ACCORDION, LOW AND MOURNFUL...CONTINUE UNDER)

NURMI: They - won't stop...sometimes they sing like that half  
the night.....

el-12/27/50 pm

SCHULT: I don't care! ~~Make~~ <sup>tell</sup> 'em stop! I get the feeling something is going on behind my back and I don't like it!

FRED: (SLIGHTLY OFF, FROM INSIDE ROOM) Sergeant! I think I found something!

SCHULT: (TAKE) What?! ~~Where's the guy who belongs in this room?!~~

FRED: ~~(SHORT FADE IN) Downstairs... in the lobby!~~

SCHULT: ~~What do you mean?!~~ (SHOUTS IN EXASPERATION) For crying out loud, stop that dirge! I can't think!

FRED: Let 'em sing! You can't stop them anyway!

Here... Look at this snapshot I found on the mirror there! I think it's something you'll understand!

SCHULT: (TAKES A LOOK) That's - that's the guy in the lobby.... And a woman with him!

FRED: Look on the back - "To Mike, from Anna."...And here's his work card. Found it in the top drawer..."Mike Kangas, lumberjack...age -42."

SCHULT: (TO MANAGER) Hey, you!

NURMI: ..Y-yes?

SCHULT: Why did you say you didn't know the dead man in the lobby?!

NO ANSWER

SCHULT: Listen, you! This is your last chance! You answer my questions - or I'll have your hotel license cancelled! Understand?!

NURMI: Y-yes...

SCHULT: Whose room is this?!

NURMI: ....Mike -Kangas....

SCHULT: The guy in the lobby, right?

NURMI: -Y-yes....

SCHULT: Where did he come from?

NURMI: ...I - don't know...

SCHULT: Did he have any friends - or enemies here in the hotel?

EFFECT: (MUSIC: OF ACCORDION CUTS AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN)

SCHULT: ~~I said - did he have any friends - or enemies in the hotel -~~  
~~here?~~

NURMI: I - don't know....

SCHULT: (EXASPERATED) You don't know anything, do you?!

NURMI: .....No.....

SCHULT: (TAKE....TO FRED) Now where are you going? Fred?

FRED: I'll see you in a little while, Sergeant...I got a call  
to make -

(MUSIC: \_ UP.....DOWN UNDER:)

(PHONE RINGS....AGAIN...RECEIVER UP)

MAMA: Hello?

FRED: (FILTER) Mama Toewe?... This is Fred Weinberg -

MAMA: Oh...I just get ready to close up...How you feel? Better?

FRED: Mama, I need you help ....Do you know a woman around here-  
about forty, I'd say....kind of nice looking....somebody  
like that who's been going around with a Finnish logger  
named Mike Kangas?

MAMA: (RUMINATING) Mike - Kangas? ...I - don't know... Name  
is familiar but I don't -

FRED: Her first name is Anna, Mama. ...Anna...I don't think she  
looks Finnish -

MAMA: (TAKE) Anna! Sure! Nice woman, Fred....Very nice....  
Sure! She go with Finnish logger named Mike...No....Wait..  
...Not Mike...John...Sure, John.

FRED: Look, Mama Toewe...His name I've got, Mike Kangas...It's  
hers I need...Anna what?

MAMA: Sure...Anna Weston...Lives by 127 Lake Avenue...

FRED: Thanks! Thanks a million!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP... OMINOUS DOWN UNDER:)

NARR: In the excitement of a story, you forget your mood, you forget the snow-filled night, you forget everything except two things: the sight of Mike Kangas' face with part of his nose sliced off.... And Anna Weston's address...Now, you reach the door to her building - an ancient wooden structure, You would swear it's leaning with the wind...

~~(SAME STREET D.C.)(FOG HORNS OFF, ETC...)~~

(FOREGROUND FRED OPENS DOOR)

NARR: (LOW) You open the door to the hallway and it's pitch black inside. You slide your fingers along the wall searching for the mail-boxes. And then - you hear a weird sound, close to you.

ANNA: (RASPING BREATHING, HALF-UNCONSCIOUS)

NARR: (LOW) You try not to be afraid. But you don't quite succeed. ..You fumble in your pocket. Then you strike a match ----

(MATCH STRUCK)

NARR: (LOW) In the tiny circle of flame, you see a hand reaching up at you ....You draw back and the match burns your fingers. But not before you see who belongs to the hand.

*Anna: Please help me*  
A woman - Anna Weston. Lying on the hall floor! - in a pool of blood.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP TO CURTAIN FOR ACT I)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURNABLE)

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)



THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #196

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Puff by puff you're always ahead when you smoke PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

CHAPPELL: Guard against throat-scratch.

HARRICE: Enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure - 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 Fred Weinberg, as he lived it and wrote it..

NARR: You sit in the silent room at the City Hospital where you brought Anna, Fred Weinberg, and watch her deadly pale face. You had found her ~~unconscious~~ <sup>some</sup>. How long ago? ...Hours..You're so groggy now you can't remember. Now, you try talking with Sergeant Frank Schulte on the other side of the woman's bed. You haven't much to say...But talking helps keep you awake...

FRED: ~~(LOW) (WEARY) It's getting dark again outside...~~

SCHULT: ~~(SAME) Yeah...~~

FRED: ~~Still snowing...~~

SCHULT: ~~Yeah..~~

FRED: When'd the doctor say the hypodermic would wear off?

SCHULT: I don't know...Any time now, I guess.

FRED: Said six hours, didn't he?

SCHULT: Yeah..

FRED: Gave it to her eleven this morning, didn't he?

SCHULT: You can tell time, can't you?

FRED: Just figuring, that's all..

(PAUSE)

FRED: ~~Serge~~

SCHULT: Uh?

FRED: I - can understand a guy stabbing her boy friend to death...Jealousy or something like that..But - why should he want to do a thing like cutting his nose off?

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

(PAUSE, THEN)

ANNA: (GROAN AS SHE BEGINS TO COME TO)  
FRED: I think she's coming to!  
ANNA: (VERY, VERY WEAK) (GROANS...THEN) ~~W-w~~...W-water...  
p-please..  
FRED: She wants some water!  
SCHULT: I heard her!  
(PITCHER AND GLASS AND WATER POURED UNDER:)  
ANNA: (GROANING WITH PAIN)  
SCHULT: Miss Weston, here..Water...I'll - hold it for you..Here..  
(ANNA GULPING SOME WATER..OUT TO:)  
ANNA: (FEEBLY) Th - thanks..  
(GLASS ON NIGHT TABLE..THEN)  
SCHULT: Miss Weston, I - know y . don't feel like talking but  
- we need your help -  
ANNA: Who..who are you?  
SCHULT: I'm Sergeant Schulte..This is --  
FRED: Fred Weinberg, News Tribune..I found you, Miss Weston -  
ANNA: Oh..(SUDDEN TAKE) M-Mike..What - what happened to Mike?!  
SCHULT: (FINDS IT HARD) ~~He~~..we - found him at - the Hotel Bethel..  
~~He~~ --  
FRED: Miss Weston, the same person who - hurt you..~~the same~~  
~~person~~ - (CAN'T SAY IT)  
ANNA: ~~He~~ - He's dead, isn't he? ..(TEARS) Mike is - dead..~~can~~  
~~can~~...  
FRED: I'm - afraid he is, Miss Weston...But we have no idea who  
did it. That's why -  
ANNA: (BITTER) He - did it! John...John Arvola -  
FRED: (TAKE) John Arvola! Sarge - at the hotel!

ANNA: I - I used to go with him...Then - Mike came along..And -  
now..(TEARS)

SCHULT: (HURRIED) Listen, Miss Weston..We'll send the doctor in to  
see you.. Thanks..You - you'll be all right..Let's go  
Fred.

(MUSIC: — UP...DOWN UNDER)

SCHULT: (HARD) You're ~~sure~~ this is his room?

NURMI: Yessir - Two - twenty..eight..

SCHULT: Gimme the key!

(KEY IN DOOR, IMPATIENTLY..DOOR OPENED)

FRED: Nobody here! Sergeant.

SCHULT: (KICKING HIMSELF HARDER AND HARDER) I knew it! I never  
should have dismissed that detail of men.

NURMI: But - but his clothes...everything..It's still here..He  
- owes me for a - week..He'll come back..Maybe he just  
- went out -

SCHULT: (TAKES HIS ANGER OUT ON NURMI) No he didn't! He's gone!

NURMI: But - but he owes me for a week!

(DRAWERS BEING PULLED OUT UNDER ABOVE)

FRED: (SLIGHTLY OFF) He's gone all right! His clothes are here  
~~all right~~ but no work cards or anything! Nothing to tell  
us where he comes from or where he might be off to!

NURMI: (TAKE) His accordion! It's not here! Now I know he's  
gone! A week's rent -

SCHULT: I'm glad you're out something. Why didn't you cooperate  
with us last night?!

NURMI: I - I don't know anything..

FRED: You're lying! You're the manager here! You know these guys!  
You know which of them pal together and which of them  
hate each others guts!

NURMI: (FRIGHT GROWS) I - I don't know!

SCHULT: Who were Arvola's friends in this place?!

NURMI: I - I don't know!

FRED: Did he ever have any fights with any one here?!

NURMI: I - don't know, I told you..I don't know!

SCHULT: ...Is there a phone on this floor?! Or don't you know?!

NURMI: Right outside...in - the hall..

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...DOWN TO:)

SCHULT: (INTO PHONE) Sergeant Schulte calling! On the Mike Kangas killing - Get this: check the files for John Arvola - (SPELLS) A-R-V-O-L-A-...about forty, six foot three or thereabouts, reddish hair, probably armed! Check the files and send out a general alarm!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP AND DOWN TO:)

FRED: (INTO PHONE) Flora?....Put me through to the desk! Hurry! ...Hello, Jack?! Listen! This is Fred...On the stabbings! Anna Weston talked..Yeah - A logger named John Arvola..jealousy..Schulte has turned in a general alarm! The way I figure it Arvola, will probably try to make it to one of those abandoned logging camps up north! That means through the railroad yards, up Thompson's Hill and over the Boulevard Drive! ...I got to hang up now! ~~I'm leaving with Schulte now for the Boulevard Drive, on top of the hill.~~

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP...DOWN UNDER)

NARR: You're now up on Thompson's Hill with Sergeant Schulte, Down below, you can hear the engines in the freight yards...

(SNOW AND SOME WIND..STEAM ENGINES SHUTTLING  
AROUND IN THE DISTANCE..UNDER:)

NARR: You have all you can do to keep your eyes open. No sleep  
- and the blinding snow make it impossible for you to  
see two feet ahead. ~~Only your brain is awake. This is a~~  
~~manhunt, it keeps telling you. A manhunt - for a logger~~  
~~named John Arvola. He killed a man and cut off his nose.~~  
~~Why?~~ ...You move a step closer to Sergeant Schulte -

FRED: (LOW) Can - you see anything?!

SCHULTE: (SAME) Yeah..Snow -

(GUNFIRE OFF)

SCHULT: That was down below - Come on!

(MUSIC: -- UP...DOWN TO:)

(SAME B.G.)

SCHULT: (BREATHLESS...DISGUSTED) A hobo...flushed up from the  
yards!

FRED: (BREATHLESS) Hurt?

SCHULT: Scared..(CALLS OUT) Take him in for the night! He could  
use a warm bed..

(MUSIC: -- IN WITH)

NARR: After the false alarm, you just stand there in the snow...  
John Arvola must have flown the coop long ago. But  
the manager -- You're certain he knows something. You're  
sure! Maybe Schulte scared him. Maybe you ought to try  
another tack...So you make some excuse and leave the  
Sergeant. You go straight back to the hotel.

NURMI: (LESS SCARED BUT TIGHT-LIPPED) Honest, Mr. Weinberg..if  
I knew anything I'd tell you -

FRED: (KNOWS HE'S NOT GETTING ANYWHERE) Sure, sure..

NURMI: I'd - cooperate with the police..or with you, in a minute if -

FRED: (LOW) You think any of these loggers standing around the lobby know where he might have gone?

NURMI: (HESITANT) No....none of them...

FRED: (WEARY) Well...Thanks, anyway..

NURMI: Night...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ IN WITH)

NARR: You slowly start walking out of the hotel. All eyes in the lobby are on you. You go through the front door, walk a few steps and...Suddenly, the back of your neck feels tight..Someone is following you..A man.. You're positive!

~~(QUICK CRUNCHING STEPS OUT TO:)~~

NARR: You turn a corner and wait...

(CRUNCHING STEPS SLOWLY APPROACH..THEN PULL ON MIKE WHEN:)

FRED: OK! What do you want?!

GUS: You're Weinberg, aren't you?

FRED: Yeah...You were following me. Why?

GUS: To tell you something -

FRED: Your - face is familiar...I saw you somewhere -

GUS: (CUTS IN) Last night..When you went through the hotel.. Gus Keller -

FRED: That's right! You had the room next to Arvola! What do you want to tell me?

GUS: Arvola...He left early this morning -

FRED: Where?!

GUS: Up North...An abandoned camp..Three Stars..

FRED: How do you know?!

GUS: Last night, when he played the accordion - he was talking  
...to the man on the other side of him. He asked - Is  
the Three Stars working again?...And the man said - No..

FRED: So that's why he started playing!

GUS: Mike Kangas was a friend of mine!

FRED: How do I know you're not lying?! Why didn't you tell the  
police last night?!

GUS: I don't talk to the police. ~~I'm not a stoolie!~~ ... But  
~~I'll~~ I'll talk to you - because Mike was my friend...~~Good night!~~

(CRUNCHING STEPS START UP AND AWAY AND INTO:)

(MUSIC: -- UP HARD...DOWN UNDER)

(~~SAME~~)

NARR: He turned and walked away so fast, you just stood there...  
Then suddenly - you turned and hurried into the nearest  
drug store with a phone..And because you were very  
young - and over-excited - and because you didn't quite  
believe the man's story, you did something which nearly  
cost you your life...Something very foolish -

FRED: (LOW AND EXCITED) Flora!? ...Fred! Put me through to  
Jerry! .....Jerry?! Listen! Take your camera.  
Meet me at Superior and Lake in ten minutes! I'll have  
my car! We're going North! I got a tip on Arvola! ...  
What?! ...No -- Schulte is up on Thompson's Hill so I  
can't reach him.. Ten minutes!

(MUSIC: -- HARD...UP .....DOWN TO)

(LOW WAILING WIND...THEN CREAK AS OF OLD CABIN  
DOOR..OUT TO:)



FRED: (LOW) Shine your flashlight in, *this hut* Jerry...

(PAUSE, THEN)

JERRY: (LOW) Nothing...

FRED: (LOW) Can you see up ahead? How many more of these huts?

JERRY: (LOOKS..THEN) Three, I think -

FRED: Come on..

(GRUNCHING STEPS INTO:)

(MUSIC: -- UP...DOWN TO:)

(SAME WIND...CREAKING DOOR..OUT TO:)

JERRY: (BEAT..THEN) Nothing. *in her letter*

(SQUEAK AS OF AN ACCORDION BEING CARRIED OFF..)

FRED: (LOW) I heard something!

JERRY: (BEAT) I didn't hear a thing..

FRED: (LOW) Maybe a bird -

JERRY: Maybe...Let's finish this. I got goose-pimples as big as my head -

FRED: Just one more cabin ...

(STEPS CRUNCH UP...HOLD..OUT TO CREAK OF DOOR...

THEN:)

JERRY: (BEAT..THEN) Nothing...Let's go -

FRED: (TAKE..LOW) Wait! Flash it in the corner again..Near that stove -

JERRY: (BEAT) ( A TAKE) A box! With food!

FRED: Let's take a look inside..

(STEPS ACROSS WOODEN FLOOR..OUT TO:)

JERRY: (LOW) ~~SNOW SHOES!~~

FRED: (LOW) He must be around somewhere!

JOHN: (DRUNK..SLIGHTLY OFF IN DOORWAY) ~~OK!~~ What do you want?!

FRED: Arvola!

JERRY: (WHISPER) He's got a gun! ~~Now we're in danger!~~

FRED: ~~(WHISPER) Don't try to reach for your gun!~~

(STEPS ACROSS FLOOR:)

JOHN: OK! What you want here?!

FRED: (THINKING ON HIS FEET) Listen...Arvola..I - I just - left Anna...

JOHN: (TAKE) Anna?! (BRUTAL NOW) Anna dead!

FRED: No...No! Listen, John...She'll - she'll be all right..

~~You - you didn't hurt her too bad..She - she wanted me to find you, and give you a message..~~  
~~I have a message for you!~~

JOHN: (STAGGERED BY ANN'S BEING ALIVE) Anna - is - living?

~~(ALMOST DRUNK TEARS) Anna - is - living?~~ .....I - want-  
a drink...(ANGER RISES) Drink, drink! Where's -  
bottle?!

(CLINK OF BOTTLE)

JERRY: Here...here's a bottle..

JOHN: Don't move, you! ...Give me bottle!

(BEAT...THEN CORK OUT OF BOTTLE AND GUZZLE)

JOHN: Good...(THEN TEARFUL VOICE AGAIN) Anna's...~~living!~~  
~~what message?~~

FRED: She - she's going to be all right, John...She - wanted me to tell you that - that she made a mistake..She - forgives you, John...She - wants you to come back -

(GUZZLE)

JOHN: ~~(GETTING MORE DRUNK AND MORE TEARFUL)~~ I - tell her...Anna - me - I am better man as Mike Kangas! Better, you hear?!

JERRY: Sure, sure...

JOHN: I tell her..Anna, look...Who has bigger nose?! Me or Mike Kangas?! I tell her..Anna, bigger nose means better man! ~~I tell her..~~

FRED: So that's why you cut his nose -

JOHN: (DRUNKEN LAUGH) Sure, sure...Now Mike got smaller nose...

~~(CLOCK TO TEARS) Anna...Anna...Anna...!~~

FRED: She wants you to come back, John...She wants to marry you. She loves you, you!

JOHN: (SLOBBERING NOW) Anna say that?! ...Anna say that?!

~~(GUGGLE)~~

JOHN: ~~But...but how I get! Police catch me..They say I kill Mike Kangas...~~

FRED: Anna figured it out for you, John. Anna said you tell the police Mike went after you and you defended yourself! That's it! You'll get two years maybe and she'll wait for you!

~~(GUGGLE)~~

JOHN: (READY TO PASS OUT) ~~Anna...say that? Anna...say that?!~~

(THEN SUDDENLY HE REARS UP AND ROARS) You lie!...I..kill you! You..lie!

(STAGGERING HEAVY STEPS UNDER ABOVE AS HE MAKES FOR THEM DRUNKENLY..THEN CRASH OF CAMERA AND HE FALLS TO FLOOR...)

FRED: (LONG LOW EXHALE OF RELIEF)

JERRY: (SADLY) Well..there goes a good camera...

FRED: Yeah...

FRED: Give me a hand with him...We'll take him to the car..

JERRY: Nope..I'm going to sit and let the water out of my knees  
for about fifteen minutes...

FRED: Fifteen minutes?

JERRY: It's about how long it'll still take Schulte to get here..  
I put in a call to the police before I left..

FRED: (WEARY SARCASM) Thanks...

JERRY: I didn't want you getting any ideas that you had a bigger  
nose than the police, that's all...

(MUSIC: \_ \_ UP\_TO TAG)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Fred  
Weinberg of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune with the  
final outcomes of tonight's BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ TURN\_TABLE)

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #196

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

GROUP: Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Guard against throat-scratch! Enjoy the smooth smooth smoking of fine tobaccos.

CHAPPELL: Smoke PELL MELL - the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.

HARRICE: Remember this - the further a puff of smoke is filtered through fine tobaccos, the milder it becomes.

CHAPPELL: At the first puff by actual measure 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'S greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further - filters the smoke and makes it mild.

HARRICE: Thus, PELL MELL'S fine mellow tobaccos give you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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 Fred Weinberg of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune.

WEINBERG: At trial of killer in tonight's Big Story, Anna Weston who finally recovered testified against him. Her evidence convinced the jury. He was sentenced to Minnesota's State Prison at Stillwater for life...P.S. Since then, have learned that it's wiser to call the cops...My sincere appreciation for tonight's Pell Mell Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Weinberg..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 Cincinnati Times Star - by-line Patricia Carmichael. A BIG STORY about a reporter who found that it's a wise father who knows his own daughter especially when she leads him to-- Murder!

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter with music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's program was adapted by Abram S. Ginnes from an actual story from the front pages of the Duluth Minnesota News Tribune. Your narrator was Bob Sloan, and Bob Readick played the part of Fred Weinberg.

(MORE)

CHAPPELL: (CONT'D) In order to protect the names of people actually involved in tonight's authentic BIG STORY, the names of all characters in the dramatization were changed with the exception of the reporter, Mr. Weinberg.

(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