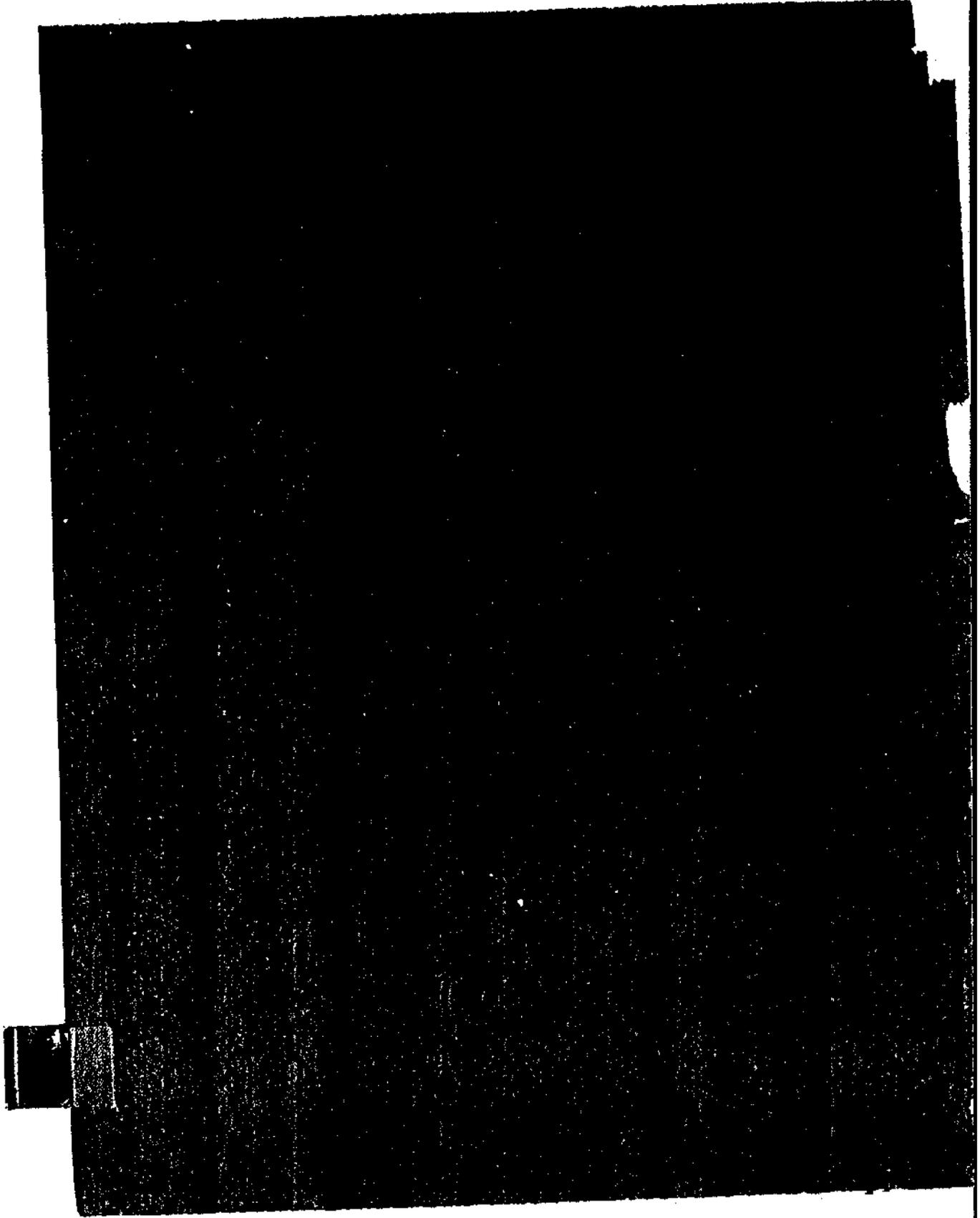


798582-005

ATX01 0059480

RTX01 0059481



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #1

*As Broadcast*

"THE KID AND THE BOX"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DANNY	MICHAEL ARTIST
COP	GEORGE PETRIE
GARRETSON	ROBERT SLOANE
EDDIE	JOHN GIBSON
ALFRED FOSTER	JIM BOLES
RUTH WARD	ANNE SEYMOUR
SLIM	GEORGE PETRIE
EDITOR	JOHN GIBSON
EXAMINER	HENRY NEELEY
BANKER	JIM BOLES
SECRETARY	DOROTHY STEELE
PRESTON	HENRY NEELEY

ATX01 0059482

PROCTER RADIO PRODUCTIONS, INC. -1-  
APRIL 2, 1947

(TYPEWRITER...3 STROKES...3 STROKES...5 STROKES)

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PICKS UP TRYING TEMPO THEMATICALLY)

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY"!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ PUNCTUATE AND GO TO THEME)

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY"-- first in a thrilling new series of exciting and authentic accounts of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death stories, presented by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES.

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ MUSIC UP TO PEAK -- OUT CLEAN)

HARRICE: Each week at this time PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE BIG STORY"-- and the "PELL MELL AWARD FOR THE BIG STORY".....a new distinction for notable service in the field of journalism! Tonight....

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

CHAPPELL: To Joseph Garretson of the Cincinnati Enquirer, for his heroism, daring, and intelligence in <sup>helping solve</sup> solving the thrilling case of "THE KID AND THE BOY" will go the first PELL MELL AWARD FOR THE BIG STORY!

(MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059483

(VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG...BONG!)

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike...and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority in this  
cigarette of distinction. Here's why.....

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ...fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos..."Distance lends  
enchantment"....and the greater distance PELL MELL  
travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater  
smoothness, mellowness, mildness....

(VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG...BONG!)

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike...and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!...."Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: --- UP THEMATICALLY AND DARKLY UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now the exciting and authentic story of "The Kid  
And The Box." Remember---~~these people lived; these~~  
~~things happened;~~

(A DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

DANNY: (SCARED) Is - is this <sup>the</sup> police headquarters? <sup>Station?</sup>

COP: Yup. Do you for something, Kid?

DANNY: Uh-huh. I found a -- a box. A box, floatin' on the river.

COP: Where is it, Kid?

DANNY: Outside -- in the basket on my bike.

COP: Well bring it in, bring it in!

DANNY: I -- I don't wanna touch it. I don't wanna look in it again. It's --

COP: Look, sonny. I got more to do than - (PAUSE) What was in the box?

DANNY: You come outside and open it. It -- it was awful!

(MUSIC: --- HIT GRUESOME AND AWAY UNDER)

NARR: A freckle-faced farm kid in blue jeans, with his two-wheeler parked outside State Police Headquarters. On the bike, a basket. In the basket, a river-soaked box. And in that box -- something "awful". (PAUSE) In that box -- tonight's Big Story!

(MUSIC: --- TO PEAK AND AWAY FOR)

NARR: You are Joseph Garretson, police reporter on the Cincinnati Enquirer. Your day is done. Your last lead's been phoned in to the rewrite, and you've had the good "go home" from the city editor. So you're driving home with your auto radio tuned to the police frequency wave

(CARRIER WAVE HUMS INSISTENTLY)

--- just in case -- and then:

GOP: (FILTER) Calling car two. Car two. Go to 2219 West Hill Road. That's 2-2-1-9 West Hill Road. Talk with Miss Ruth Ward. That's Ruth Ward. (PAUSE) Signal twelve.

(IT GOES UNDER AS IN FOLLOWING)

NARR: Signal twelve. Code COP: Calling car two. Car two. for "investigate." Go to 2219 West Hill Road. That can mean anything Talk with Miss Ruth Ward. from a cat up a tree, Signal 12. That is all. to -- murder. So --

NARR: You turn off the route that leads to a cold bottle of beer from your own icebox and head for 2219 West Hill Road. Just as you get there, police car two pulls up, and you call to the cop.

GARRETSON: (PROJECTING SLIGHTLY) Hy, Eddie.

EDDIE: (COMING ON) Joe? Joe Garretson?

GARRETSON: That's right. What's the story?

EDDIE: Look, Joe -- I just got here! Gimme time, gimme time!

(THEY BOTH LAUGH LIGHTLY. FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL)

GARRETSON: Okay to come with you, Eddie?

EDDIE: Sure. Come on, I'd like to see me try to stop you.

(FOOTSTEPS ONTO PORCH UNDER FOLLOWING)

GARRETSON: House sure is fine example of 1890 architecture.

EDDIE: Plenty of ginger bread. Where's the doorbell?

GARRETSON: Here, you pull it.

EDDIE: Oh!

(AN OLD FASHIONED BELL ECHOES FAR-OFF. DOOR OPENS IMMEDIATELY)

-5- REVISED

FOSTER: Yeah?

EDDIE: Well! You musta been expecting us. I'm <sup>back</sup> Sloan from headquarters. To see Miss Ward.

FOSTER: Okay. She sent for you. (PAUSE) Who're you?

GARRETSON: Garretson. Enquirer. (PAUSE) Who're you?

FOSTER: Her chauffeur. Buddy, you can --

EDDIE: He's with me.

FOSTER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Okay. Come in.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS A BIT MORE, THEN IS CLOSED)

EDDIE: Will you ask Miss Ward --

FOSTER: (FADING) I'll tell her you're here.

GARRETSON: (WHISPER) Ten'll get you plenty he never went to butler's school. (AS FOLLOWING SNEAKS) Friendly, huh?

MISS W: (WAY OFF. A HIGH SUSTAINED NOTE IN UNLOVELY SOPRANO)

GARRETSON: What's that!

EDDIE: That's Miss Ward. She used to be an opera singer.

MISS W: (RUNS FIVE NOTE SCALES, CONTINUING UNDER)

EDDIE: She's -- uh -- well, calls to this house are practically routine now ....

GARRETSON: Hit me again. I can still hear it.  
(SINGING STOPS)

EDDIE: Not now, you can't.

GARRETSON: That's a relief. Hey, get a load of those family portraits.

EDDIE: They ain't pretty.

GARRETSON: They go with the rest of the house. It looks inhabited but not lived in. Musty.

ATX01 0059487

EDITOR: (FILTER) (HE IS HEARD YELLING) Slim! Take Garretson on five! (NORMAL) Go ahead, Joe -- I'll listen, in.

GARRETSON: Okay. (PAUSE) A twelve-year-old boy, Danny Martin just brought into headquarters a pair of hands --

EDITOR: (FILTER) Hands!

GARRETSON: Dismembered hands. The kid found 'em in a box, floating in the river near Carrollton. He said --

EDITOR: (FILTER) Hold it, Joe. (HE YELLS) Hold the final for a page one replate! (NORMAL BUT HOT) Okay, Joe. You're all set. Give it to Slim - and keep shooting me all you get.

GARRETSON: What. Is this my big story - or are you going to send everybody and his brother out to "help" me?

EDITOR: (FILTER) Well, I'll get a fotog over there pronto - but -

GARRETSON: Look. Tonight I picked up a missing persons story - and now, this. So far, I haven't got a thing to go on but a hunch - but I want to take a crack at tying the two together. Is that a story?

EDITOR: (FILTER) Is that a story!

GARRETSON: Is it mine?

EDITOR: (FILTER) It's yours. Stay with it. I'll take you off police regular. Okay?

GARRETSON: (JUBILANT) Okay! Now gimme rewrite again!

(MUSIC: - - - - ACCENT AND CURTAIN)

HARRICE: He will be back in just a moment with the second act of tonight's Big Story.

(ORGAN: --- MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco....

(ORGAN: --- MUSIC UP TWO SECONDS - THEN FADE OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness...

*Organ*  
(ORCHESTRA: --- SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment"....and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(ORGAN: --- MUSIC UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!...."Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: --- INTRO AND GO TO BG)

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's Big Story.

NARR: Maybe you've bitten off more than you can chew, trying to put together two stories with nothing for a glue but a hunch. But the pieces -- to use a grim metaphor-- begin to fit. The medical examiner reports --

EXAMINER: The hands are those of a man of about 60 to 66. Rather well-kept. Slight indications on palmar facies of old callouses. Finger tips <sup>INDEX-</sup> are mutilated after death (FADE) and a ring ... had been pried from the third

NARR: Captain Muller was <sup>INDEX-</sup> finger of the right 65. (PAUSE) (ON CUE) hand. There were..... callouses? A retired fireman might have callouses. And another piece fits in when Eddie the detective tells you --

EDDIE: I checked the house, Joe.

GARRETSON: Yeah.

EDDIE: Only one thing out of order.

GARRETSON: Go ahead. Do I have to twist your arm, Eddie?

EDDIE: His sister said he had money. Now when a man skips --

GARRETSON: He skips with live working cash.

EDDIE: Check. But there was two thousand in cash in a wall safe. On the other hand, some securities - his life savings --

GARRETSON: Yeah?

EDDIE: They were gone -- So we sent out an alarm.

GARRETSON: That's all?

EDDIE: That's all. Right now, I'm on river patrol. Looking for -- what goes with that pair of hands. Wanna tag along?

GARRETSON: Nnnnn-no. I want to work on an idea.--

EDDIE: A soft life you lead. All you have to do is ask questions!

(MUSIC) ACCENT AND UNDER

NARR: Sure. <sup>1</sup>What's all a reporter ever does. Ask questions. And out comes a story. Oh, no, brother. You work. You track the bicycle kid to his farm, and you get him to show you the spot in the muddy Ohio where he found the box.

(SNEAK WATER GURLING AND BIRDS SINGING)

NARR: Such a nice little fella, you hate to drag his smile and freckles into this, especially on an afternoon that was put there for kids to go fishing in...the frogs...the birds singing...

(THERE IS A CLEAR BIRDCALL)

DANNY: Hear that, Mister Joe? That's a wood thrush,

GARRETSON: It is, eh?

DANNY: Yes sir. The last time I heard him, that was when I found the -- <sup>the</sup> ~~tee~~ box.

GARRETSON: Whereabouts, Danny?

DANNY: Right - there. Uh-huh. There.

GARRETSON: Good, Now look, Danny. You and I, we're going to make like Sherlock Holmes.

DANNY: Huh?

GARRETSON: (SMILE) Okay, then - Dick Tracy (PAUSE) Danny -- this box I've brought with me --

DANNY: It looks just like the -- other.

GARRETSON: It is. Exactly. Same size, same weight. Now, you see that rock, Danny. About a hundred yards upstream?

DANNY: Uh-huh.

GARRETSON: I want you to drop the box off that rock.

DANNY: Why?

GARRETSON: Well, Danny -- suppose you broke a little piece of wood off a big piece of wood -- up the river. If you found the little piece -- where would you look for the piece you broke it off of -- if you knew how fast the little piece floated?

DANNY: Well, I'd sort of figure how fast and how far, like, and then - (PAUSE) Oh. Are we - are we gonna look for the - the rest?

GARRETSON: (QUIET) We're going to look for -- the rest. (PAUSE)  
So will you drop the box for me, Danny?

DANNY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Uh-huh.

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

NARR: The kid ducks into the underbrush -- and turns up on the rock. You give him a signal -- he tosses the box into the Ohio -- you keep a stop watch on it. Slowly, slowly, it floats in the lazy current... bumps the shore, catches a swirl, finally reaches you --

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

NARR: You figure. Pencil and paper. A hundred yards in twenty minutes. And the coroner said the hands had been floating 48 hours. That means --

GARRETSON: About eight miles, Danny. Eight miles upstream.

DANNY: Let's go up there.

GARRETSON: (GENTLY) Don't you think maybe you ought to get home for supper?

DANNY: Can't I help you no more, Mister Joe?

GARRETSON: (SAME) N-no, kid. If I need you, I'll call you. Okay?

DANNY: Okay.

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

NARR: It's a good thing you eased the kid out. Because by the time you've told the cops your theory, and reached that eight-mile point yourself -- they got there before you. It's a sloping bank. A culvert empties into the river. Your detective friend Eddie comes stooping out of the concrete arc.

GARRETSON: What's the word, Eddie?

EDDIE: Nice going - Sherlock.

GARRETSON: In there?

EDDIE: Yeah. In there. (PAUSE) It was ~~Miller~~ <sup>Wesley</sup>. ~~I-knew-him~~.  
And -- well, take a look for yourself.

(MUSIC: - - - ACCENT AND FADE TO)

(DIAL PHONE. RECEIVER UP)

SLIM: (FILTER) Rewrite.

GARRETSON: Garretson. Ready for a story, Slim?

SLIM: (FILTER) Let 'er rip, Joe.

GARRETSON: (WEARILY) Okay. Dateline - Somewhere in Ohio. Police today arrested --

SLIM: (FILTER) Hold it, Joe. What's this "Somewhere in Ohio" stuff?

GARRETSON: That's all I can say.

SLIM: (FILTER) I don't get it, Joe.

GARRETSON: The police are moving the suspects from jail to jail, staying ahead of a habeas corpus.

SLIM: (FILTER) Okay. Police today arrested---

GARRETSON: (A SIGH)... and held Miss Ruth Ward and her chauffeur, Alfred Foster, in connection with the disappearance and murder of Miss Ward's brother, former fire captain,

Walter G. Ward. Captain

NARR: (OVER) You can hardly Ward's mutilated body shape the words. It's was found in a ..... been 48 hours since you've slept in anything more than snatches -- trying to keep up with the police. No sleep. It drags on to 60 hours... 72. But you stick...until finally you have to phone in -

GARRETSON: Failing to find a motive, unable to shake airtight alibis, police today released Miss Ruth Ward, sister of the murdered Captain Walter G. Ward, and Alfred

Foster, Miss Ward's

NARR: And you haven't got chauffeur. The pair had the story. Not yet been moved from place to you haven't. So you've place ..... got to dig, brother... dig. And you do. First, a little talk with Captain Ward's banker.

GARRETSON: Can you tell me, sir - was Captain Ward a heavy depositor in your bank?

BANKER: And a heavy withdrawer, lately.

GARRETSON: Sir?

BANKER: Took a large amount in securities from his safe deposit box. Against my advice, mind you, against my strong --

GARRETSON: How much, sir?

BANKER: Why, I should say, approximately \$75,000.

GARRETSON: (WHISTLES IN AMAZEMENT)

BANKER: Beg your pardon?

GARRETSON: (HASTILY) I - I think I ought to see a broker. His!

(MUSIC: STING)

GARRETSON: I'd like to speak to Mr. Preston.

SECRETARY: I'm sorry, he's out of town.

GARRETSON: Where?

SECRETARY: I'm only his secretary, Mr. --

GARRETSON: Garretson. Joseph Garretson, from the Enquirer. It has to do with an investigation.

SECRETARY: Oh.

GARRETSON: A murder.

SECRETARY: Oh. (PAUSE) Well - he's in Miami.

GARRETSON: Get him.

(MUSIC: BRIDGE TO CUT OFF)

PRESTON: (FILTER) Hello? Preston speaking.

GARRETSON: Mr. Preston -- this is Joe Garretson of the Enquirer --

PRESTON: (FILTER) Yes, Garretson --

GARRETSON: Sir -- I'm calling about some securities belonging to Captain Ward.

GARRETSON: (EAGER) Yeah, yeah, Eddie.

EDDIE: (FILTER) No positive identification. (PAUSE) Did you hear me, Joe? *No identification*

GARRETSON: (QUIET) I heard you.

(MUSIC: - - - A COMMENT)

NARR: You heard him. And there went your case. You pick up your hat and start to leave. Maybe you'll check in at headquarters...maybe you'll ask the city editor for a day off, maybe you'll - (BEAT) Wait, <sup>the girl's</sup> Brownings' secretary. She saw him. So you go and see <sup>the girl's</sup> Brownings' secretary again.

GARRETSON: Look, sis. This man who tried to sell your boss some securities. What was he like?

SECRETARY: Like?

GARRETSON: Dressed how? What did he do? How did he act, what did he -- *say?*

SECRETARY: Oh. Gee, all I noticed was - he was nervous. But nervous. And what he did to his hat! Did he ever -- wait. Give me your hat. I'll show you.

GARRETSON: Here.

SECRETARY: He did -- this. He twisted it. Like this, around and around.

GARRETSON: (PUZZLED) What are you driving at, sis? Do that again -- with the hat --

SECRETARY: (CAREFULLY, AS IF TO A DOPE) Look. He held the hat by the brim --

GARRETSON: Go on, go on.

-20- REVISED

SECRETARY: And he twisted it around and -- around. You see, when you came in, you took your hat off like a gentleman -- and you just sort of held it --

GARRETSON: But he -- he twisted it. By the brim.

SECRETARY: By the brim. Around and a -

GARRETSON: (STARTING SLOWLY AS THE IDEA HITS) a-round and around .. He twisted his hat -- like a - (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS) Sis - I think you've given me an idea that'll break this case -- or me!

MUSIC: HIT QUIZZICALLY AND FADE FOR NARRATION. QUICK ACCENT)

NARR: A picture in your mind of the kind of man who would twist a hat. Not crush it -- twist it; around and around, the way you'd strangle somebody, maybe. But now you have two things to do. One -- you make a date with the cops to meet you at Ruth Ward's house at 10:30 that night. The other thing you get at your office...That takes some persuading ~~too~~. You wait while they prepare it -- then -- You head with it straight for Ruth Ward's. And you ring the same doorbell.

SOUND: (THE SAME DOORBELL FAR OFF. THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

FOSTER: Yeah? (PAUSE) Oh. She ain't in.

GARRETSON: It's you I want to see.

FOSTER: So you see me.

GARRETSON: I want to show you something.

FOSTER: Blow, punk.

GARRETSON: It's a newspaper.

ATX01 0059497

-21- REVISED

FOSTER: Go peddle it somewheres else.

GARRETSON: Sure you don't want to see it?

FOSTER: Positive sure.

GARRETSON: Not even with your pretty puss on page one?

FOSTER: That's a lie.

GARRETSON: Okay. So long.

SOUND: (FOOTSTEPS OFF PORCH AND ONTO GRAVEL)

NARR: (WHISPER) You walk away. You listen, though. He didn't close the door. Another step...another...

SOUND: (STEPS IN CLEAR)

FOSTER: (OFF) Hey.

GARRETSON: Yes?

SOUND: (STEPS STOP)

FOSTER: (OFF) Wait.

GARRETSON: Okay.

FOSTER: (HURRIED FOOTSTEPS FADE IN)(COMING ON) Show me.

GARRETSON: Can you see in the dark?

FOSTER: I got a match.

SOUND: STRIKE MATCH

GARRETSON: Look--the <sup>headline</sup> ~~top~~ head. Ward -- Slayer -- Identified.

FOSTER: You can't prove that.

GARRETSON: Would the paper stick it's neck out in a top streamer if it couldn't?

(SILENCE)

GARRETSON: No. We've got the story, Foster. How you twisted that poor woman in there around your finger...how you found her brother had securities socked away --

FOSTER: No.

ATX01 0059498

GARRETSON: Yes! How you learned they'd go to her in his will --

FOSTER:  
HOBBS: Cut it!

GARRETSON: (HAMMERING) How you got so you couldn't wait -- and killed him! No, you're caught, Foster. And what a pret-ty pret-ty picture of you in your chauffeur's cap - (NEEDLING) the cap you twisted around - the way you twisted your hat in the broker's office when you were nervous --

FOSTER: Shut up, shut up --

GARRETSON: That was a giveaway, hard guy. Who twists a hat by the brim? Not everybody, no. But who stands outside a car, twisting a cap? Chauffeurs! Chauffeurs like you, Foster! (FAST) Sure -- you twisted the hat and gave yourself away -- nerves, nerves! Nervous because you had a pocketful of hot securities belonging to the man you killed.

FOSTER: If you don't shut up, punk, I'll --

GARRETSON: You'll what? (TEASING) Caught by a hat trick, sucker -- a hat you (NEEDLING) twisted around the way they twist the rope around a killer's neck when they string him up.

FOSTER: (A STRANGLED ANIMAL SOUND) You dirty rotten --  
(A BLOW)

NARR: He slugs you.

(SIRENS FADE IN AND REACH PEAK UNDER FOLLOWING)  
Just what you wanted. And just in time -- because it's no 10:30 o'clock. And as you go down -- the law comes screaming up out of the night in squad cars. And they get him.

SOUND: (SIRENS IN CLEAR)

MUSIC: HIPE AND UNDER

EDDIE: It was him, Joe.

GARRETSON: Confession?

EDDIE: Full.

GARRETSON: Good. I sure stuck my neck out when I got the boss to print that one copy edition with the phony headline. If Foster hadn't fallen for it -- no story. But I got him burned up enough to swing on me.

EDDIE: Yeah. And it's not the last burning he'll do.

GARRETSON: No. (PAUSE) Not the last.

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND AWAY FOR

NARR: A sore jaw, a shiner -- and the Big Story. The biggest story you, Joe Garretson, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, have worked on. You got your byline -- and that cold bottle of beer.

MUSIC: CLIMAX INTO AWARD FANFARE

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's presentation of "THE KID AND THE BOX" was based on the real life experience of Joseph Garretson, whose persistence and initiative broke "THE BIG STORY".

In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Mr. Garretson in which he tells us about other exciting developments in the case that sent Foster to the electric chair.

ORGAN: SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

-25- REVISED

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloan and directed by Harry Ingram, with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Robert Sloane played the part of Joseph Garretson. All names, except that of Mr. Garretson, were fictitious; <sup>part</sup> the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned to this station for the Kay Kayser show, which follows immediately. This is NBC, The National Broadcasting Company.

ATX01 0059501

THE BIG STORY

*As Broadcast*

PROGRAM #2

April 9, 1947

"THE BLACK THIRTY-NINE"

CAST

NARRATOR:	BERRY KROEGER
MOTHER:	JOAN-SHEA <i>Miss Youerman</i>
JOHN:	RAY JOHNSON
FROST:	JOHN SYLVESTER
ARTHUR:	TED OSBORN
PALMER	RAY JOHNSON
MATRON:	ALICE YOURMAN
MARY:	PATSY CAMPBELL
COP:	TONY RIVERS
MISS WILSON:	<del>PATSY CAMPBELL</del> <i>Joan Shear</i>
MAN:	TED OSBORN
MRS. CHRISTIANSEN:	ALICE YOURMAN
NURSE:	JOAN SHEA
JUDGE:	TONY RIVERS

ATK01 0059502

-4- REVISED

FROST: Okay, Arthur. I'll stand by for the verdict on <sup>Flossie</sup> Flossie Kane--and will you give me the word on Miller?

ARTHUR: Sure thing. (CHUCKLE) How would you get along without me, Frostie?

MUSIC: A LIGHT ACCENT AND UNDER

NARR: A normal day, everything under control, Except that the courthouse beat's been pretty dull lately. For a change, you'd like a big story. But big stories <sup>great ones</sup> ~~don't~~ make out of thin air, so you sit around the courtroom until the jury brings in its verdict. And when it does -- you raise your eyebrows and head for a phone -- fast!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ON FILTER AND IS PICKED UP

PALMER: (FILTER. HE IS ON FILTER THROUGHOUT) City Desk.

FROST: This is Frost over at the courthouse, Ben.

PALMER: Okay, Meigs. What've you got?

FROST: Verdict in the <sup>Flossie</sup> ~~Flossie~~ Kane case--and are you going to be surprised!

PALMER: What'd they give her? Ten years? Twenty?

FROST: Nope. They -- (BEAT) Hold it a minute, Ben. Here comes the clerk. He's got another verdict for me. Wait a second.

PALMER: (GOODHUMORED) What do you pay these fellas for working for you, Frostie?

FROST: (EXCITED BUT QUIET) Ben--

PALMER: (HE CATCHES IT) What's up?

FROST: Listen, Ben. I'm going to hang up on you and come in with two stories...

ATK01 0059503

PALMER: What's up? What've you got?

FROST: Two verdicts, Ben -- one guilty -- one not guilty -- only in these cases Justice wasn't blind --- she was crosseyed!

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER:

PALMER: Let me get this straight, Frostie. Flora Kane murders a rum-runner, a pardoned killer -- and the verdict is not guilty.

FROST: That's right, Ben. And Mary Miller, a young girl who's never even stayed out later than twelve o'clock, backs a car out of a gas station and is found guilty -- of homicide. She'll be sentenced Tuesday. She can get -- five years.

PALMER: Question -- what are we going to do about it? (PAUSE)  
Frostie -- what do you think?

FROST: (ANGRY) I don't like it. I think it's a miscarriage of justice.

PALMER: You don't usually get hot under the collar about a story, do you?

FROST: No.

PALMER: Hmm. You realize the paper can't stick its neck out. The big question is -- this Miller girl -- is she innocent?

FROST: I never said she was, Ben. It's the raw deal she's getting compared to Flora that I'm mad at. It's -- (PAUSE) Look, Ben. I've covered court. Cases, cases. But this isn't cases, Ben. It's -- people. You said the paper can't stick its neck out. Ben - I'll stick out mine.

PALMER: How?

FROST: I'll say I think the girl got a raw deal -- and I'll prove it!

PALMER: Meaning, she's innocent?

FROST: Meaning I think she's innocent!

PALMER: How do you know?

FROST: (QUIET) I saw Flora. And I saw the Miller girl.

PALMER: All right, Frostie. I'm giving you a center spread -- Flora and the Miller girl -- and I'll put the two stories side by side.

FROST:  
PALMER:  
KREBS:

Yes?  
When you write your stories --- give me detail. Tell the people how Lady Lou looked when they set her free. Tell them about the look in Mary Miller's eyes when she was found guilty.

FROST:  
PALMER:  
KREBS:

I get it.  
And try to write them so the two paragraphs of description will land side by side in makeup. (PAUSE)  
That's all I can do for you at this end. The rest is up to you. Go ahead. Dig. Get me the truth. (PAUSE) When will the kid be sentenced?

FROST:  
PALMER:  
KREBS:

Next Tuesday.  
This is Wednesday. (PAUSE) You've got a week to clear that girl. Think you can?

FROST:

(QUIET) I'll try.

(MUSIC:

HIT AND HIT HARD AND UNDER)

(TYPING, FAST, SLOW, FAST -- LIKE THINKING)

NARR:

~~(SLOW) In your mind as you write are pictures. Phrases come. "She might be your own daughter." "It could happen to your kid sister." "There is a smell about this case like what comes up out of the Mississippi at the foot of Canal Street when the ferries stir up muck..." But that you don't write. All you write is the facts.~~

(TYPING UP A BIT THEN BACK UNDER)

FROST:

Mary Miller was -- calm... Her face was pale and drawn... free of -- makeup... (IT GOES UNDER) Her brown curly hair... damp from a recent... shower...

(TYPING COMES UP FAST AND BACK UNDER)

NARR:  
(CONT'D)

You talk to people, ask questions, follow stray bits of information up blind alleys. And Thursday is gone. That sixth sense-- that extra instinct that turns a man into a newspaper reporter -- seems to be failing you. Mary Miller is innocent -- you're <sup>MISSING CRIMINAL</sup> sure of that all the time. But every lead you get turns sour, and it's late Friday afternoon by the time you head through busy downtown ... Dauphine ... Rampart Street .... past the honkytonks with their pianos tinkling already. (JAZZ-PIANO-BG) Old New Orleans is bright and busy outside <sup>the</sup> Parish Prison ~~or~~ ~~fulane~~. But inside ...

(~~FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE WITH LIGHT ECHO.~~)

MATRON: ~~It's late. You got five minutes.~~

FROST: ~~All right, matron.~~

(~~FOOTSTEPS GO AWAY.~~)

FROST: (GENTLE) Mary ... Miss Miller.

MARY: (UPSET) Yes?

FROST: I'm Neils Frost, from the Times Picayune.

(SILENCE)

FROST: A reporter, Mary.

(SILENCE)

FROST: Can I -- talk with you? You see, the paper's assigned me to go into your case.

MARY: Oh. (PAUSE) Can -- can you do anything? I mean - (BREAK)

They said I was guilty.

FROST: Of accidental homicide. I think you got a bad deal.

And I'm going to try my best to help you -- but first, Mary -- please tell me about the accident.

MARY: I told it in court, Mister....?

FROST: Frost.

MARY: Mister Frost. I told it in court -- but they mustn't of believed me, I guess.

FROST: Tell me.

MARY: It was just like I told it. I was only backing out of the driveway of my dad's gas station --

FROST: Your dad?

MARY: My stepfather. I call him -- dad. (PAUSE) I was backing out -- and their car came along and hit me. That's all.

FROST: Were you moving? You said--

MARY: No. Just standing still. <sup>(Said: His car grinding and stopped)</sup> They hit me, Mr. Frost -- they hit me! (SHE BEGINS TO SOB)

FROST: Shhh, Mary -- that won't --

MARY: (SOBBING) You don't believe me!

FROST: (QUIET) I need facts, to help you. So tell me -- what happened then?

MARY: Their -- their car turned over, and Mrs. Martin was hurt. Her arm was broken, I guess -- and then, her son --

FROST: That was John Martin --

MARY: Uh-huh. He was driving -- and he went for the police. They took my license number and my <sup>driver's</sup> license, and -- (QUICK STOP)

FROST: Yes --

MARY: That's all I can really remember. I got so upset -- <sup>was working & etc</sup> everything after that was awful. I almost-died, waiting for her to get better in the hospital -- but then she died and they changed it from (NOW SHE CRIES) reckless driving or something to homicide and now I don't know what they'll do to me!

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP TWO SECONDS - THEN FADE OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP TO END)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER)

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and

~~the second act of tonight's Big Story.~~

NARR:

*There is a trick... you have to keep thinking about that dead, fat...*  
Now you have something to go on -- besides the way you

feel about a bewildered, scared girl of 19, wearing a  
little faded ribbon in her hair -- in a prison cell.

The license. One fragile thread of hope -- can you  
weave it into a story? Not without *making it stronger*  
strengthening it.

It's too late to check directly now -- the license  
bureau is closed. So you do the next best thing. You  
spend Friday evening hunting up the cop who was at the  
scene of the accident. You find him at last and you  
try to corroborate Mary's story...

FROST: You say you took the girl's license?

COP: Why, sure.

FROST: (CAREFULLY) And the other driver's -- the fellow  
driving the car that was knocked over? You took his  
license?

COP: Uh -- no. No, I didn't.

FROST: Why not? Didn't he have one?

COP: Sure he had one!

FROST: How do you know, if you didn't take it?

COP: (SNARL) They had one in court, didn't they?

FROST: But you didn't see it at the scene?

COP: No I didn't see it at the scene!

FROST: Why not?

COP: Say, they had one in court, didn't they?

FROST: I asked you why you didn't take the license at the scene!

COP: Because, wise guy.

FROST: Because why?

COP: (SNEER) I don't remember.

FROST: In my book, a good cop asks for everybody's license when somebody is hurt.

COP: Listen reporter -- I didn't ask for his license because he was the one making the charge. He said her car hit his. Is that good enough for you?

FROST: (QUIET) No.

COP: Say, what are you trying to make out of that accident anyhow?

FROST: A little thing called -- justice.

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO UNDER)

NARR: So. Now it's Saturday. Two and a half days left -- to save Mary five years. You're waiting at the license bureau when it opens, and two minutes later a clerk is checking the files ...

MISS WILSON: *MARTIN ... Adams ... Charles ... FRANKLIN ... JAMES ... No John ... MARTIN ... Rex ...*  
~~Mary ... Madison ... Marshall ... Marx ... No Martin here.~~

FROST: Are you sure?

WILSON: Perfectly.

FROST: Perhaps it's mis-spelled. Look under M-A-R-T-O-N.

WILSON: All right. (PAUSE) ~~No soap.~~ *No, two cards.*

FROST: What does that mean?

WILSON: It means no drivers license was issued to John Martin.

(MUSIC: ACCENT)

NARR: You're puzzled. Martin had produced a license at Mary's trial. Where did he get it? Answer: check the duplicate license book. And there --

WILSON: Here <sup>is it</sup> Martin. John Henry. License number 490. A duplicate was issued.

FROST: What's the date?

WILSON: June 4, 1932.

FROST: And the accident was July 4... (PAUSE) Let me see that book. (PAUSE) Oh-oh. His license is number 490. And the one above it -- 489 -- is dated July 2, 1932.

WILSON: What's wrong with that?

FROST: Nothing. <sup>FRONT of today's book license number 490 is dated earlier</sup> But number 491 is dated July 6. Earlier than 490. (PAUSE) I don't get it.

WILSON: Why, that's simple. This is the -- the special book.

FROST: Meaning?

WILSON: Oh, you know -- special. When someone from City Hall wants a drivers' license in a hurry -- we make it up in this book.

FROST: (QUIET) What is an ordinary complainant in an accident case doing with a license from the politicians' book? ~~a predated license?~~

WILSON: I -- I don't know. I just work here. ~~I~~

FROST: Do you know what the public records act is?

WILSON: Why -- why, no.

FROST: It permits publication of public records in the public interest. (PAUSE) <sup>today</sup> Sister -- in a few minutes, a photographer from the Times Picayune is going to come and take a picture of this page.

WILSON: But -- but --

FROST: And this book -- with this particular page -- had better be here when he comes. (PAUSE) Or else!

(MUSIC: HIT AND FADE)

NARR: The picture of the license book and the story of the license look pretty good in Monday's paper. Good enough for every woman's club in town to rally around Mary Miller. <sup>(But it is Monday -- and the clock is ticking away. So you spend this last day as you did the first-- at the scene of the accident -- ringing doorbells. Only this time your luck is better.</sup>

WOMAN: Why, sure. The accident was right there. Right smack in front of that there gas station.

FROST: Which one? There are two of them.

MAN: Why, the second. <sup>one</sup> First one belongs to Chester Edwards.

FROST: Edwards! Wasn't he the chief witness against the girl?

MAN: He was. Shouldn't wonder, neither.

FROST: Why do you say that?

MAN: Because Edward's had a grudge against the girl's daddy for two years now, their gas stations being so close together on the highway. Shouldn't wonder if he was a witness against her, out of pure plain spite!

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO UNDER FOR)

NARR: At last things are beginning to fit together and make sense. If Mary Miller was telling the truth, then ~~John~~ <sup>is case</sup> Martin <sup>hit</sup> her. <sup>5</sup> Martin had no license at the time and he had to find a fall guy, so Mary was it. Mary was it because Edwards was willing to testify against her. But all this is speculation and it's facts you have to have, brother, facts. So you stay at the scene of the accident and ring some more doorbells.

FROST: Mrs. Christianson?

MRS. C: What do you want?

FROST: I'm a reporter...can you tell me anything about that accident on the highway?

MRS. C: There's plenty of accidents on the highway, mister.

FROST: The one by the gas station...where the woman was hurt... last July fourth. Do you remember that?

MRS. C: Can't say for sure. If you ask me some questions, maybe I'll remember.

FROST: Your window here looks right out on the scene. Perhaps you saw it.

MRS. C: Fourth of July?

FROST: Last year. Yes. Please, Mrs. Christiansen -- a young girl's in pretty bad trouble on account of that accident. Anything you can remember may help me.

MRS. C: (SUSPICIOUS) You sure you're from a paper?

FROST: Yes, yes. Here's my press card.

MRS. C: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right. What do you want to know?

FROST: Anything you can tell me -- any little thing you remember.

MRS. C: Well...

FROST: (AFTER WAITING A BIT) Yes --

MRS. C: Well -- I was washing my baby ... right here by the window.

FROST: Yes, <sup>1/8 1/2</sup>?

MRS. C: And when the accident happened, I went over to see what it was all about. I saw an old woman crying in the road. lying down...

FROST: Do you remember what she said? Was she saying anything at all?

MRS. C: Let's see...(PAUSE) Mister, what you want to know all this for anyhow?

-17-REVISED

FROST: I've told you, Mrs. ~~Christianson~~ - I want to write a story for my paper!

MRS. C: It was a long time ago, that accident. I don't understand why you want to write a story now.

FROST: (NEARLY DESPERATE AND AT END OF PATIENCE) Mrs. Christiansen -- the girl who was driving the other car --

MRS. C: You mean the Miller girl?

FROST: You know her?

MRS. C: Oh, sure.

FROST: Well, I'm trying to help her. If she's a friend of yours, won't you help me? If you can tell me one little thing about the accident, it may be just the thing that will save her from going to jail. Please -- what did you hear the woman say?

MRS. C: What did I hear her say?

FROST: Yes, Yes -- you started to tell me before!

MRS. C: Oh, I'm not sure, but I heard her say, I think, I heard her say it was nobody's fault but her own son.

FROST: Her own son! The man driving her car!

MRS. C: Sure. He's the one. And she was right, too, when she said so.

FROST: How do you know that?

MRS. C: Because I was standing by this window washing my baby when the accident happened.

FROST: I don't understand you, Mrs. Christiansen.

MRS. C: (GREAT PATIENCE WITH HIS STUPIDITY) I was standing by this window washing my baby, and that is how I know it was not Mary Miller's fault.

FROST: Why not?

ATX01 0059515

-18-REVISED

MRS. C: Because how could it be her fault when her car <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~was~~ not moving?

FROST: (QUIET) You say -- her car <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~wasn't~~ moving?

MRS. C: No. It was standing still when the other car hit it.

FROST: (QUIET) How do you know that?

MRS. C: Because I saw the accident.

FROST: For ~~heavens~~ sake, <sup>Why</sup> why didn't you say that? Why didn't you testify to that in court!

MRS. C: (BEWILDERED) Because you never asked me. Because nobody ever asked me. (PAUSE) Is that important, mister?

MUSIC: -- HIT AND GO OUT FOR

FROST: Ben -- this story is ready to run. It'll be the last in the series -- but there's one hole in it. I want to fill that up. Can you hold <sup>them</sup> ~~it~~ a while?

PALMER: I don't know, Meigs. The whole front page is made up around it -- and I'm riding the deadline.

FROST: Give me half an hour, Ben --

PALMER: Fifteen minutes.

FROST: I'll take twenty.

PALMER: (CALLING) Where will you be?

FROST: (FROM OFF) At the hospital! What you've got in that story may get the girl a new trial - but what I'm after at the hospital may free her -- ~~I~~ HOPE!

MUSIC: -- ACCENT AND UNDER RAPIDLY

NARR: ~~Who are you to hold up the Times Picayune just for one story? But it's not just a story you're after. You're burning your brains and your shoeleather for the truth that may set a dark-eyed girl free. So --~~

ATX01 0059516

*Access*  
FROST: May I see the death certificate of Mrs. Thomas Martin.

NURSE: What is your authority?

FROST: I'm from the Times Picayune.

NURSE: Oh. I've read your stories about that poor girl, and I think it's a shame the way they --

FROST: Please, nurse - there isn't much time --

NURSE: I'm sorry. If anything I could tell you could help, I'd talk and talk. But hospital records --

FROST: They're public records, nurse. Let me -- *See the records*

NURSE: I can't let you see them.

FROST: (HARD) Who pays your salary?

NURSE: Why -- why the state.

FROST: Right. This is a state institution, supported by public tax funds! And the public records act covers your records! Please, please -- my time is running out!  
(PAUSE)

NURSE: Well, sir I --

(PHONE RINGS)

NURSE: Just a minute.

(PHONE IS PICKED UP)

NURSE: ~~Herity~~ Herity Hospital -- records.

*PALMER:*  
*KREBS:* (FILTER) This is the Times Picayune. Is Meigs Frost there?

NURSE: Just a moment. (PAUSE) <sup>*3 seconds*</sup> It's for you.

FROST: Oh-oh. (PHONE JIGGLES) Hello!

*PALMER:*  
*KREBS:* (FILTER) Meigs! They're yelling for the page one lead downstairs! I can't stall them off any --

FROST: One more minute! Hold on! (NORMAL) Nurse -- please!  
The records -- in one minute, the last story on Mary  
Miller goes to press. The next one may tell of her  
being sentenced to five years -- unless you help.

NURSE: All right - but if anything happens --

FROST: (DESPERATE) If anything happens the paper will stand  
behind you! (TO PHONE) Hold on, <sup>please!</sup> Bernie!

NURSE: All right. The name was --

FROST: Martin! Mrs. Thomas Martin!

NURSE: Just a second.

(FILE DRAWER OPENED, CARDS FLIPPED)

NURSE: Here. What do you want to <sup>please!</sup> -- ?

FROST: Let me look at it. Cause of death, cause of death,  
where do they write down the --

NURSE: Here!

FROST: Cause of death - primary cause of death --

PALMER:  
KREBS: (FILTER) Meigs! Snap it up, will you!

(SILENCE -- THEN)

FROST: (QUIET) <sup>please!</sup> Bernie!

PALMER:  
KREBS: (FILTER) Yeah, yeah!

FROST: Send my story down --

PALMER:  
KREBS: (FILTER - YELLING OFF MIKE) Okay, let her go!

FROST: But use it as shirt-tail material. Here's a new lead!

PALMER:  
KREBS: (FILTER) Hold on. (YELLS) <sup>please!</sup> Nate! Take Frost on <sup>five!</sup> five!

~~Slug-it-New-Lead-Miller!~~ (NORMAL) Okay, Meigs -- what've  
you got?

FROST: This. (PAUSE) Records of the ~~Charity~~ Hospital in a last-minute check today showed that the primary cause of death of Mrs. Thomas Martin victim of the accident in which Mary Miller faces five years imprisonment, was not the accident itself. It was --

KREBS: ~~(EILBER)~~ What was it, Frost!

FROST: Wait. I'm checking the spelling; (PAUSE) It was --  
D-I-A-B-E-T-E-S. Diabetes!

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER)

NARR: You dictate the rest of the story, the complete hospital record. It shows that Mrs. Martin number 39 -- did NOT die from her broken arm -- but from diabetes she had always had, complicated by pneumonia she later contracted! And as you dictate, that Black 39 seems to fade away from your mind. It's dark stain is gone from Mary's name -- thanks to the story that appears Tuesday morning. And on that morning, in court ...

(GAVEL TWO OR THREE TIMES)

JUDGE: Miss Miller --

MARY: Yes, your honor?

JUDGE: Will you stand up, please?

MARY: (BEWILDERED) Yes, your honor.

JUDGE: Miss Miller ... on the basis of new evidence presented *here* before ~~this~~ court, this court *had this morning* has decided to grant you a new trial. *Just --*

(MUCH HUBBUB AND HANDCLAPPING)

NARR: ~~(OVER SOUND OF GAVEL BOUNDING) Over the cheering of the Courtroom and the pounding insistent gavel -- you see Mary standing bewildered.~~

(MORE)

~~NARR: And you see something which makes you wait before phoning  
your story in. It is the district attorney, whispering  
to the judge. Then---~~

JUDGE: ~~(AS HUBBUB DIES DOWN)~~ and on the request of the District  
Attorney, <sup>111122</sup> (PAUSE) this court now rules -- that your case  
be dismissed.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

NARR: Now. Now you phone the city desk. <sup>111122</sup>

FROST: City Desk? Frost.

NARR: But as you assemble your notes, the words of the lead  
lining up in your mind -- somebody taps on the window of  
the booth.

FROST: Just a minute. (PAUSE) (OPEN BOOTH) Yes? <sup>She, who is it, Mary?</sup>

MARY: Mister Frost, I -- (PAUSE) The Judge said -- ~~the judge said~~

FROST: I know, Mary. I heard.

MARY: He said the evidence was -- (PAUSE) it helped him.  
You helped. ~~111122~~

PALMER: (FILTER) Hey, Frost! What's with the verdict!

FROST: (TO PHONE) <sup>111122</sup> Hold it a minute! (GENTLE) Yes, Mary? Do you  
want to make a--a statement ~~to the press~~ to the paper?

MARY: Sort of. I just want to say -- (A PAUSE, THEN THE SOUND OF  
A KISS) Thank you, mister. -- mister reporter. Thank you.

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND GO UNDER

#23- REVISED

NARRATOR: You phone in your final story ... and a girl who might be your own kid sister is free from the grim shadow of the Black 39. (PAUSE) Later, rubbing off the lipstick, you smile. If this was the movies, the conniving witness in the case would get tossed in the clink -- and the reporter would marry the girl. But ... this isn't the movies. This is just the courtroom beat. But right now you wouldn't trade it for all the glitter in the world. You're feeling a lot better about a frightened kid with a crumpled ribbon in her hair -- and -- you got your Big Story.

MUSIC: (CLIMAX INTO AWARD FANFARE)

CHAPPELL: A year later, there was a thrilling aftermath to Meigs Frost's Big Story. And in just a moment you'll hear a telegram from George W. Healy, Jr., managing editor and vice-president of the Times-Picayune, telling of this exciting development that reporter Frost was too modest to mention himself!

ORGAN: SNEAK IN MUSIC. THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG...BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike...and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0059521

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #3

"THE STAIN ON THE SIDEWALK"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
TIPSTER	<del>KARL SWENSON</del> <i>Jerry Lewis</i>
COOPER	KARL SWENSON
NATE	GILBERT MACK
GRIFFING	JAMES VAN DYKE
BURK	JACK STANLEY
JOE	MAURICE ELLIS
SERGEANT	ARNOLD MOSS
MARSHALL	JERRY LEWIS
BANKER	JACK STANKY <sup>LE</sup>
BANKER #2	JAMES VAN DYKE
CHALMERS	ARNOLD MOSS
SHINE	MAURICE ELLIS
GIRL	EILEEN HECKART
MABEL	EILEEN HECKART
WEEPY	GILBERT MACK
<del>CONDUCTOR</del>	<del>JERRY LEWIS</del>

ATX01 0059522

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: (TELEPHONE RINGING. PICKED UP) *twice)*

GRIFFING: Hello ...

TIPSTER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT - HOARSELY) *Aaron* Griffing?

GRIFFING: ~~Yes~~: Who's this?

TIPSTER: Never mind who's this. Is this Aaron Griffing?

GRIFFING: Yes ...

TIPSTER: Got a tip for you *Aaron Griff?*

GRIFFING: (RECOGNIZING VOICE NOW) Oh .. now I've got you. Hello.

TIPSTER: (CUTS IN) Can it. Don't mention no names.

GRIFFING: Have it your way. What's the tip?

TIPSTER: Not so fast .. not so fast. Do I get protection on this .. or do I just shut up and hang up?

GRIFFING: Look .. I'll do my best but the paper might ..

TIPSTER: So long.

GRIFFING: No! Wait a minute.

TIPSTER: Do I get protection *Griffing?* Do you keep my name outa this?

GRIFFING: (AFTER A PAUSE) O.K. (BEAT) *What's your story?* ~~Spill it!~~

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

CHAPPELL: A mysterious phone call .. a hot tip ... the beginnings of tonight's BIG STORY!

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER ... 3 STROKES ... 3 STROKES ... 5 STROKES)

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ PICKS UP TYPING TEMPO THEMATICALLY TO CUT OFF AND THEME

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present "THE BIG STORY," another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death stories. Tonight ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

CHAPPELL: ... to Gene Cooper, night city editor of the Dallas News, for his notable service in "THE CASE OF THE STAIN ON THE SIDEWALK" goes the PELL MELL AWARD FOR THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

VIBRAPHONE: \_ \_ BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" - PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES!

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine, mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: \_ \_ BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: UP THEMATICALLY AND DARKLY UNDER)

CHAPPELL: And now, the exciting and authentic story of "The Stain on the Sidewalk!"

SOUND: (TYPEWRITERS AND NEWS TICKERS TO ESTABLISH, THEN TO B.G. UNDER)

NARRATOR: You are Gene Cooper, night city editor of the Dallas, Texas, News. The nine p.m. street edition has rolled, and there isn't much makeover for the midnight mail run ... so you swing your chair around, ease your feet onto the desk, take a slug of the container of coffee the copy boy just fetched, and trade the time of day with Nate, the rewrite ...

COOPER: What's working, Nate?

NATE: (TYPING STOPS) Oh ... just a feature on the Big Ellum district ... something I picked up on my own.

COOPER: For the edition?

NATE: Nope. Any old time stuff. You know how it is. Ever since I've been on rewrite, I feel the itch to write something on my own ...

COOPER: Sure, I know. How do you think I feel on the desk here when a big one breaks? Watching the other fellas roll on the story? Must be the price I pay for this desk job.

BUSINESS: THEY BOTH CHUCKLE

COOPER: Yeah, sometimes I almost wish I were on the street again, legging my own stories.

NATE: You moved up pretty fast, Gene ...

SOUND: A DOOR OPENS A LITTLE OFF. FOOTSTEPS NEAR.

BIG STORY 4/16/47

(REVISED)

COOPER: Yeah. But sometimes I get sort of a wistful, sneaking feeling I'd like to be pounding a beat again, like Charley Burns, or Aaron Griffing, down at headquarters...

GRIFFING: Somebody take my name in vain?

COOPER: H'ya, Griff? Didn't hear you come in. I was just confessing to Nate, sometimes I feel like I'd like to go the rounds again. Sometimes I wonder whether I can still cover a story!



COOPER: (LOW) Sure. YOU can say that! Take over for me.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

BURK: Sit down, Gene.

COOPER: ~~Yes, sir.~~ *Okay, what is it?*

BURK: Gene, Griff has just brought in an outside tip, which ...

COOPER: (POINTED) I wondered what it was when I saw him check with you first --

BURK: (SLIGHT SMILE) ... an outside tip, which he got from a private source. It's either a wrong steer ... or a big story. The biggest.

COOPER: ~~That's pretty big.~~ *So? Well, I'd like to --*

BURK: It's all written out here. What do you think of this, Gene?

COOPER: (AFTER A MOMENT) A private source has informed me that the son of a Corsicana banker -- uh-hm ...

(AD LIB) ... ~~Now~~ What a yarn! <sup>But know about</sup> ~~Trouble is -- no~~ names, ~~no~~ dates ...

BURK: Just the tip. Griff brought it to me because he can't work on it.

COOPER: Can't?

GRIFFING: (QUIET) Because of the source, Gene. I naturally have to protect him.

COOPER: But for a story like this, Griff ...

GRIFFING: (QUIET) A real reporter protects his sources. <sup>get him to</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>step</sup> ~~no~~ ~~out~~ out of the picture. I give it to the paper for what it's worth.

COOPER: Page one top streamer is what it's worth ... the works. (PAUSE) IF.

BURK: If?

COOPER: If we can verify.

BURK: If you can verify.

COOPER: Me?

BURK: Yes. (PAUSE) I'm sending you out on the story, Gene. You've been on the desk a while ... but I don't think you've lost your touch. Griff agrees with me. He'd rather have you handle it.

COOPER: Well, thank you, <sup>Gene,</sup> ~~Mr. Burk,~~ I ...

BURK: Matter of fact, I think you're one of the best men we've got. (PAUSE) Now ... prove it.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE AND INTO ...

SOUND: (CITY ROOM PATTERN IN B.G. AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You go back to your desk and figure. As you re-read Griffing's notes, you're aware of <sup>Source</sup> ~~a figure,~~ motionless at your elbow. You look down out of the corner of your eye and identify him by his shoes ... ~~the well-used shoes of a legman.~~ Griff. (PAUSE) You're still a little sore because he went over your head, so you wait him out. Then ..

GRIFFING: Gene...

COOPER: (A BIT MIFFED) What's on your mind, Griff?

GRIFFING: About that tip ...

COOPER: Some tip. Couldn't you get the names?

GRIFFING: (AFTER A PAUSE. VERY QUIET) I told you, Gene. I'm protecting a source. I always have. Always will.

COOPER: All right, all right. Is that all?

COOPER: Save your money, Joe. How've you been?  
JOE: Fine, fine. What're you doing in town, Dallas?  
Working? Thought you were city editor now.  
COOPER: I still am, Joe. And I'm not rustling news in your  
range. Just taking a day off. <sup>no news</sup> Nothing ~~on the fire~~  
we could use up in Dallas, is there?  
JOE: Gene - it's so quiet in town - I might even use your  
visit in a page one box! There's absolutely nothing  
doing!

MUSIC: ----- ACCENT

NARRATOR: So - the paper doesn't know. Then - you check your  
old friend down at the police station.

COOPER: Just visiting in town, Sergeant. Anything new?

SERGEANT: Not a thing you'd be interested in, Gene. Not a  
thing. In fact --

COOPER: Yeah?

SERGEANT: Things are so quiet in Corsicana - I wish you'd  
call me if anything turns up.

COOPER: I might at that, sergeant.

MUSIC: ----- ACCENT

NARRATOR: So - the police don't know. One other source might -  
the Federal marshall. So you check him.

COOPER: I'm Gene Cooper, from the Dallas News, just passing  
through. Anything interesting in this area?

MARSHALL: Not a thing, Mr. Cooper.

COOPER: You're sure?

MARSHALL: Mr. Cooper - it's our business to be sure. And we're  
sure! Nothing is doing.

MUSIC: ----- HIT HARD AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: That, say you to yourself -- that is what <sup>he</sup> ~~they~~ think<sup>5</sup>.  
~~By the time you get your hooks into this story -- the~~  
~~whole town will know you have been there. IF you get~~  
~~it -- And it's about time you started.~~ Griff's tip  
said -- a Corsicana banker. There are three banks  
in 'Cana ... and you try them, one after another.

COOPER: And so you say you do not have any children?

BANKER: No, Mr. Cooper, not one. In fact --

COOPER: Yes?

BANKER: (LAUGH) I'm not even married!!

MUSIC: - - - - ACCENT AND CUT FOR

COOPER: Two children, you say?

BANKER 2: Yes, Mr. Cooper. A son in Chicago University, and a  
daughter -- married -- living in St. Louis.

COOPER: But none of high school age -- here in Corsicana?

BANKER 2: No, no ... they're quite grown up, I'm afraid.

~~COOPER: I see -- Well, I'm sorry to have bothered you, sir.~~

BANKER 2: ~~Not at all, Mr. Cooper. May I ask the nature of~~  
~~this -- investigation?~~

COOPER: ~~Sir -- I could lie to you and say I was doing an~~  
~~informal survey on the size of bankers' families~~  
~~in Texas (THE BANKER CHUCKLES) -- but I'll tell you~~  
~~the truth -- and say -- I can't talk -- yet!~~

MUSIC: - - - - HIT HARD AND FADE FOR:

NARRATOR: Number two checked. You stroll over to bank number  
three, ~~sort of a Gothic building~~. As you toss away  
your cigarette before going into the bank, you notice  
something funny on the sidewalk outside ...

COOPER: (TO HIMSELF) <sup>That's odd.</sup> ~~Hum.~~ A red stain.

X

MUSIC:        HIT OMINOUS AND AWAY UNDER

NARRATOR:        You walk through the busy marble-floored office, past the tellers and veepees, and go into your interview with the president ..

COOPER:           Mr. Chalmers?

CHALMERS:        Yes?

COOPER:           Sir, my name is Gene Cooper. I'm the night city editor of the Dallas News.

CHALMERS:        I see.

COOPER:           May I ask you some questions, sir?

CHALMERS:        May I ask you for your credentials?

COOPER:           There's my Dallas police card.

CHALMERS:        What brings you to Corsicana, Mr. Cooper.

COOPER:           My paper has received certain information concerning a Corsicana banker. I have reason to believe the banker involved is ... you.

CHALMERS:        In the first place, Mr. Cooper, I resent your use of the phrase -- certain information. In the second place, were I "involved" ... as you put it ... I doubt if I should give you -- or your paper -- any information. Does that answer any questions you might be inclined to ask?

COOPER:           In a way, sir ... it does. Why are you scared?

CHALMERS:        Scared? How do you make that out?

COOPER:           I am forced to conclude from the way you're ... well, behaving ... that you are the person referred to in our information.

CHALMERS:        A perfectly unwarranted, illogical --

COOPER:           Natural conclusion. Mr. Chalmers ...

THE BIG STORY  
PROGRAM #3  
REVISED

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...

(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ATX01 0059533

MUSIC: ----- INTRO AND GO TO BG

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's Big Story.

SOUND: (TRAFFIC NOISE)

NARRATOR: Now, you stand outside of the bank. Puzzled, you give the stain on the sidewalk the narrow eye, squinting in the mid-morning sun. Chalmers is your man all right ... but where do you go from here? (Maybe you handled him wrong ... but a story of this kind he'd deny anyhow.) The stain .. the spots .. do they fit into the story, what you have of it? Just then ...

SHINE: Shine, mister?

COOPER: No. Not today, fella. (PAUSE) Wait. Go ahead. Shine 'em up.

SHINE: Yes sir!

SOUND: (SHOE POLISH CAN OPENING)

COOPER: You work this corner regularly?

SHINE: Yes-sirree. 'S my reg'lar corner.

COOPER: Hummm. What do you make of that stain on the sidewalk? You spill some goo, shining shoes?

SHINE: That there?

COOPER: That there.

SHINE: Well, funny about that there splotch, mister. You wouldn't believe it, but that didn't just happen. It was put.

COOPER: What do you mean -- put?

SHINE: Well now, you know the ~~old~~ man who runs the bank?

COOPER: Mr. Chalmers?

SHINE: Over yonder in the cigar store, catty-corner.

COOPER: Thanks. And here ... that's for remembering!

SHINE: Man! Thank you! (PAUSE ... PROJECTING) Hey, mister ... you got only one shoe shined.

MUSIC: FAST BRIDGE UNDER

COOPER: <sup>Boss!</sup>  
~~Mr. Burk!~~ Gene Cooper, in Corsicana!

BURK: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Yes, Gene!

COOPER: Sir ... I've talked to William Chalmers president of the ...

BURK: I know, Gene. He called me.

COOPER: He did?

BURK: In fact, he called the publisher. And the publisher put him over to me.

COOPER: I suppose he wanted the story killed ... thereby admitting it was about him!

BURK: He did.

COOPER: Well, <sup>Boss?</sup> ~~is~~?

BURK: You ought to know what the News would say to anybody in a case like that. I told Mr. Chalmers that if you had identified yourself .. you are our representative ...

COOPER: Sure ... and he threw me out.

BURK: I know that, too.

COOPER: Well, ~~is~~ .. am I still on the story?

BURK: What do you think, Gene?

COOPER: (AFTER A PAUSE) Thanks, <sup>Boss!</sup> ~~Mr. Burk!~~ If it's here .. I'll come back with it.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: Big talk...tough job. Hit the road, brother .. make with the questions! First .. You check an old source, a fence. Nothing there. You check every rooming house, every cheap hotel, every tourist cabin. Nothing. Then ... for a change ... the idea-bell rings. You call a cab and head for a dive you remember ... the Gusher Cafe. The place to find out what goes in the underworld is the gambling fringe thereof ... and this is it. A dive you remember ... and a gal singer, Mabel something, who always heard a lot of things.

(DOOR OPENS ON)

(MUSIC: ----- FIVE PIECE COMBINATION PLAYING ACCOMPANIMENT TO "MOANIN' LOW" AS MABEL SINGS LAST FEW BARS)

NARRATOR: She's still working the same old stand.

MABEL: (FINISHING NUMBER OVER SCATTERED APPLAUSE) Thanks, folks ... thanks a million. That's all, right now, I'll be back a little later...

(MUSIC: ----- COMBO HITS "WAS THAT THE HUMAN THING TO DO" AND FADES GRADUALLY TO CUT OFF AS:)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

COOPER: Hello, Mabel.

MABEL: Huh? I don't know you, do I? Well! The boy reporter!

COOPER: You recognize me?

MABEL: Sure. What're you doing in Corsicana, Gene Cooper?

COOPER: Asking questions. (BEAT) Glad to see me?

MABEL: Sure, Gene, sure. (BEAT) What do you want to know now?

COOPER: Just a guy's name, Mabel. A guy who might sing.

MABEL: Huh?

COOPER: Not sing as in night club. Sing as in ... stool pigeon. Mabel, honey ... who's a little man with big ears? Who knows everything that goes on in Corsicana ... on the other side of the law?

MABEL: Oh. Something big cooking?

COOPER: Maybe. The little man, Mabel ... the little man ...

MABEL: Well ... there's always Weepy. He gets around.

COOPER: Weepy Wallack? He still around? Thought he was jugged a ways back.

MABEL: He was. He's out now ... parole.

COOPER: Can you bring him to your dressing room?

MABEL: What's in it for Mabel?

COOPER: Bring him back here.

MUSIC: ----- PUNCTUATE AND FADE INTO

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

COOPER: Hello, Weepy.

WEEPY: I don't know you.

COOPER: I know you, Weepy. And as far as I know, you're on parole. And being on parole ... should you be in a dive like this?

WEEPY: Who're you? The law?

COOPER: Nope. The press.

WEEPY: Who sent you lookin' for me?

COOPER: Nobody. I just happened in. And Weepy ...

WEEPY: Keep talkin'.

COOPER: If you level with me ... I never saw you.

WEEPY: Talk more.

level, Weepy. It's hard lines if I tip the  
off that a paroled con hangs around a joint  
this. But I'm not holding you up. I'm  
getting all about it. Okay?

paper did you say?

in't say. But it's the Dallas News.

ER A PAUSE) You know a fella named Aaron

ding? Covers police?

ow him.

nd of yours?

orks for me. I'm his city editor.

id ... is he a friend of yours?

is. You the guy who tipped him?

did?

ffing kept his mouth shut. So can I. But ...

t else do you want to know?

REFULLY) All you know about a big job in town here.

k job?

se, but no se-gar.

could be ... a banker.

bell rings. What do you know about it?

everything.

at?

e works. I was in on it. Laid it out in stir with

mob. Cased it for them.

COOPER: On the level, Weepy. It's hard lines if I tip the cops off that a paroled con hangs around a joint like this. But I'm not holding you up. I'm forgetting all about it. Okay?

WEEPY: What paper did you say?

COOPER: I didn't say. But it's the Dallas News.

WEEPY: (AFTER A PAUSE) You know a fella named Aaron Griffing? Covers police?

COOPER: I know him.

WEEPY: Friend of yours?

COOPER: He works for me. I'm his city editor.

WEEPY: I said ... is he a friend of yours?

COOPER: He is. You the guy who tipped him?

WEEPY: No.

COOPER: Who did?

WEEPY: Griffing kept his mouth shut. So can I. But ... What else do you want to know?

COOPER: (CAREFULLY) All you know about a big job in town here.

WEEPY: Bank job?

COOPER: Close, but no se-gar.

WEEPY: It could be ... a banker.

COOPER: The bell rings. What do you know about it?

WEEPY: Everything.

COOPER: What?

WEEPY: The works. I was in on it. Laid it out in stir with a mob. Cased it for them.

COOPER: Slow up, Weepy. If you were in on it ... I can't keep you clean with the law. The paper can't print names, no matter what you tell me ... but I'll have to turn them over. The law doesn't know about this yet ... not a thing. Think it over before you sing.

WEEPY: Look. For one thing, that Griffing on your paper is a right guy. He don't sing outa turn. For another ... I was crossed after the job. ~~I didn't get my cut. I needed the money for doctoring ... but I was~~ crossed ~~(PAUSE)~~ I owe them something. ~~And one more thing.~~ Even if I get life ... it won't last long. The doc says I got a bum ticker. So ... where do I begin?

COOPER: At the beginning, Weepy ... at the beginning.

MUSIC: HIT VICTORIOUSLY AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: Weepy talks and ... what he tells you is the flesh and blood that transform<sup>s</sup> Griff's tip into ... the big story! Which you write on your portable, on the interurban heading back for Dallas!

SOUND: (TRAIN UP AND UNDER. INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE.  
MERGE WITH TYPEWRITER. EMPHASIZE LATTER)

COOPER: (OVER TYPING) Silence ... kept by a millionaire banker, William G. Chalmers, of Corsicana ... covered the kidnapping of his son, Roger, for more than ... two weeks ... until this reporter ... through indirect sources ... learned ~~(PART~~ of the details ...

SOUND: (~~TRAIN UP AND UNDER~~)

~~CONDUCTOR:~~ (~~PROJECTING~~) Rice! Next station is ... Rice! ↓

COOPER: The ransom was paid...by Mr. Chalmers to abductors who are holding his son captive...probably somewhere outside of Dallas. Mr. Chalmers was instructed to smash a bottle of red ink outside his bank to indicate acceptance of the kidnapper's terms. He was warned that his son would be killed if he informed the authorities. Complete information in the possession of this newspaper will be turned over to the police.

(TRAIN UP)

(MUSIC: HIT TRIUMPHANTLY AND FADE UNDER:)

NARRATOR: Back in Dallas, you hand your story in to Mr. Burk, the managing editor, and while he reads it, you are strangely disinterested. You ought to be ... proud. But a big question mark keeps chasing itself around in your mind. The kid ... the kid ... what will happen to him? You keep thinking about the terror in Chalmers eyes when he told you to get out of his office ... and you feel ... sick. Even when Mr. Burk comes out of his glass cage and shows you...

BURK: Look, Gene. We're copywriting this story. It's a clean exclusive.

COOPER: (QUIET AND TIRED) That's good, Boss.

BURK: As for running it ... I've called Mr. Chalmers to affirm or deny. I read it to him ... word for word.

COOPER: (TENSE) Yes? What did he say, sir?

BURK: I was able to convince him that his help and cooperation were important in apprehending the kidnappers ... in seeing that this can't happen to other men's children.

COOPER: (LOW) What about his child, <sup>Gene</sup> ~~Mr. Burk~~?

BURK: I don't know yet, Gene. We've turned all our information over to the police. They're hoping to find him soon.

COOPER: Yeah. But ...

BURK: What is it, Gene?

COOPER: Here's hoping soon isn't ... too late.

MUSIC: STING

NARRATOR: He looks at you sharply. Your eyes meet for a <sup>moment</sup> ~~second~~ and you can see he's seconding the way you feel. Then he hands you the takes. You slug it page one, banner ... and shoot it through the copy desk ... bylined Gene Cooper. Your Big Story ... and yet ... you don't feel right. Just then ...

GRIFFING: (QUIET) Gene ...

COOPER: What's up, Griff?

GRIFFING: I understand you did a fine job. I want to congratulate you, Gene.

<sup>Narrator:</sup>  
COOPER: (LOW) He turns away ... and suddenly you realize something. You were a crack reporter ... but he was a good newspaperman. It was HIS tip that was the solid foundation ... you only put up the building. And another thing ...

COOPER: (CALLING) Griff!

Narrator:

CHAPPELL:

A hot front page story ... a coveted byline ... and  
a haunting fear for the safety of a young boy. <sup>Chappell</sup> In  
just a moment, you'll hear a telegram from Gene  
Cooper himself, telling of the outcome of the  
kidnapper's sinister threats to the life of young  
Roger Chalmers.

ORGAN: SNEAK MUSIC. THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness, to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: TAG

CHAPPELL: And now we read you that telegram from Gene Cooper  
of the Dallas News.

COOPER: "Thrill of coming up with 'BIG STORY' was made  
complete when young Chalmers, who had been held  
in a farmhouse near Dallas, was returned unharmed  
to his anxious parents. Details turned over to  
police by newspaper resulted in apprehension and  
subsequent conviction of kidnappers. My sincere  
thanks to PELL MELL for tonight's award."

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Cooper. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 a Pittsburgh reporter's BIG STORY -- the BIG STORY of ... (2 GUN SHOTS) ... two shots that claimed a policeman's life in Pennsylvania and ended in an all-out gun battle in the mountain country of Arizona.

MUSIC: THEME ... FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Proctor, written by Allan E. Sloan and directed by Harry Ingram, with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Karl Swenson played the part of Gene Cooper. All names in tonight's story, except those of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Griffing, were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned to this station for the Kay Kyser show, which follows immediately.

ANNCR: This is NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #4

"THE CASE OF THE COP-KILLERS"

*A Broadcast*

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1947

CAST:

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
OLD MAN	JERRY MACY
COP ONE	WILLIAM HACKETT
JACKIE	EDWIN BRUCE
SPRIGLE	JAMES BOLES
PORREST	MASON ADAMS
GROCER	WILL GEER
WATSON	BOB SLOANE
SHERRY	LEE BRODY
CLIFF	FRANK MAXWELL
EVIE	DOROTHY STEELE
ALEC	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
VOICE	JAMES BOLES
COP TWO	FRANK MAXWELL
TUCKER	MASON ADAMS
GIRL	LEE BRODY
BOY	BOB SLOANE
OPERATOR	DOROTHY STEELE
SHERIFF	JERRY MACY
DEPUTY	WILL GEER
OLD SHERIFF	WILLIAM HACKETT
NIGHTWIND	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE

ATX01 0059545

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY.

SOUND: A DOOR IS KNOCKED ON AND OPENS CAUTIOUSLY

OLD MAN: What you want? Who're you?

COP TWO: I'm Corporal Wallace, Pennsylvania State Police.

OLD MAN: Oh. You come to get the kid?

COP TWO: Yes sir.

OLD MAN: Hmm. Just a minute. (HE CALLS) Jackie! Hey ..Jackie!

JACKIE: (OFF) What's the matter, Grampa?

OLD MAN: You got to go with this cop, Jackie.

JACKIE: Why?

COP TWO: We want to ask you some questions about your mother,  
Sonny.

JACKIE: (ON) Did she say I should go with you?

OLD MAN: Don't make a fuss, Jackie. Go with the cop.

JACKIE: (SORE) Why should I? My mother doesn't like cops.  
She shoots cops. (HE SCREAMS) She killed a couple of  
guys like you just the other day!

MUSIC: ACCENT AND AWAY FOR:

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY!

SOUND: TYPING: 3 STROKES, 3 STROKES, FIVE STROKES

MUSIC: PICKS UP TYPING TEMPO THEMATICALLY TO CUT OFF AND THEME

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS GIGARETTES present "The Big Story,"  
another in a thrilling series based on true experiences  
of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death  
stories. Tonight...

MUSIC: FANFARE

CHAPPELL: To Ray Sprigle, of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette, for his notable service in "The Case of the Cop-Killers," goes the PELL MELL AWARD FOR -- THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine, mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is - "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: HIT OMINOUSLY AND FADE FOR:)

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of The Cop Killers.

KROEGER: You are Ray Sprigle, holding down the city desk on the old Pittsburgh Post. So far today, old Smoke City hasn't come through with anything worth the big type to blow it up . . . just a routine day on the desk. And there you sit - like a captain with nothing for his troops to do. . . no orders to give. Not that you want folks hurt, or anything like that, but you'd give a pretty penny for another Johnstown Flood, or a four-alarm fire... a three, even. So -- when the phone jangles (IT DOES SO), expecting more <sup>dull routine - you pick it up and draw</sup> of the same, you draw!

SPRIGLE: City desk.

FORREST: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Who's this?

SPRIGLE: I said -- City Desk. Sprigle speaking.

FORREST: You mean the city editor?

SPRIGLE: That's what they call me. Who's this?

FORREST: I'm Jimmy Forrest, your correspondent up in Butler.  
Mr. Sprigle, I --

SPRIGLE: You're not my correspondent, son. I'll switch you over to the county editor.

FORREST: But Mr. Sprigle -- when I got hired, they said to mail in social notes and stuff like that, but if anything big happened, phone in!

SPRIGLE: I see. Something big happen, Jimmy?

FORREST: I think so. We had a nice holdup here in town.

SPRIGLE: (SMILE) What's your idea of a nice holdup?

FORREST: Well -- it was a gunman!

SPRIGLE: I'll buy that, kid. Let's have it. And make her blonde and beautiful!

(MUSIC: HIT LIGHTLY AND UNDER)

KROEGER: A gungirl -- not bad. Butler's on the far rim of the paper's territory, but a gungirl is worth a couple of sticks on page one -- so you take the story. And the small-town correspondent turns in a good job of reporting. You make a mental note, as you put the yarn into shape, to send him an extra buck for remembering to phone it in. <sup>(SLIGHT FADE)</sup> It gives the picture -- like this...

(DOOR OPENS WITH RING OF STORE BELL)

GROGER: Yes sir?

WATSON: (KILLER) Gimme a can o' milk.

GROGER: A can of milk. Yessir. Condensed or evaporated?

WATSON: What's the difference? Just a can of milk.

GROGER: Well, condensed is - -

WATSON: I said a can of milk!

GROGER: Yes sir.

(DOOR OPENS WITH RINGING OF BELL)

SHERRY: While you're at it, grocer, I want three pounds of apples.

GROGER: One thing at a time, ma'am. (SMILE) First come, first served you know.

WATSON: The lady wants three pounds of apples.

GROGER: But they're in the back room! I'll have to -

WATSON: Get them.

GROGER: But --

WATSON: I said get them. (~~COCKING OF PISTOL~~) This ain't a cap pistol. It goes off. (PAUSE) Into the back room.

GROCER: But you .. you .. (GURGLE GURGLE) Lady .. do something .. call the police .. please ..

SHERRY: (KILLER) Do like the man says, grocer. (PAUSE) This <sup>guy</sup>one goes off too.

GROCER: (WEAKLY) You too?

WATSON: (HE LAUGHS TOUGHLY, THEN) .. Check the <sup>cash</sup>register, honey. I'll tie <sup>the cash register</sup>granpa-up in the back.

SHERRY: Okay.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER RINGS, MONEY BEING SCOOPED OUT, DOOR OPENS, STAYS OPEN

WATSON: (OFF MIKE) You stay quiet, pop, nobody's gonna hurt you.

GROCER: (OFF MIKE) You can't do this. You're a no-good <sup>bandit</sup>bandit, and ~~I'll~~ .. (MFFFFFFF AS HE IS GAGGED)

WATSON: (OFF MIKE) You make too much noise.

SOUND: A BLOW AND A FALL

WATSON: (OFF) That'll hold him.

SHERRY: (ON) Hurry up. This is shopping time!

WATSON: (OFF) All right. All right.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

WATSON: (COMING ON) Get much?

SHERRY: Ten dollars. Let's go.

WATSON: Wait. I got ten from his pocket. Maybe we ought to stick around for customers?

SHERRY: No, no -- let's get out of here. I got the car right outside with the kid in it. Let's go!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS WITH RING OF STORE BELL, STAYS OPEN; CAR TAKES OFF UNDER:

KROEGER: And that is the story. Nothing world-shaking, you admit, but it has the elements .. a woman, a child, guns .. it's <sup>story</sup> ~~it's~~ a <sup>story</sup> ~~story~~. But now, you're like a captain with things for his men to do. So you make like a city editor ... for the follow-up ...

SPRIGLE: (CALLS) Cliff! Evie! Alec!

CLIFF: (FROM OFF) Ee-yup.

EVIE: Yes, Ray?

ALEC: Comin' up!

SPRIGLE: Look. They just had a stickup at <sup>Johnson's</sup> ~~Kling's~~ store, <sup>245</sup> 300 North  
<sup>Wall</sup> Main, in Butler. Cliff, grab the staff car and a  
photographer and poke around.

CLIFF: Sure thing, Ray.

SPRIGLE: You might pick up a carbon of my story for background. And  
check with young Jimmy Forrest up there. He did a nice job.

CLIFF: Right.

SPRIGLE: And ~~for Pete's sake~~ -- tell the photog to get some life into  
the pictures! The grocer was tied up and gagged. Get a  
picture of that if you have to rope him yourself! Now,  
Evie --

EVIE: Yes, Ray?

SPRIGLE: Sis, I want you to check the files and dig up anything you  
can find about a man and a woman working together in the  
Pennsylvania-Ohio area.

EVIE: Uh-huh.

SPRIGLE: And don't forget the kid angle. A gunman, a gungirl, and a  
kid, working with a car. Maybe we can dig up an  
identification.

EVIE: Right.

SPRIGLE: Now, Alec --

ALEC: Yup.

SPRIGLE: Check the police. State and local. They'll block the roads  
and warn the prowl cars. Find out what the law is doing.

ALEC: Yup.

SPRIGLE: Check Newcastle State Police -- hotfoot it up there, soon as you get the other thing written up.

ALEC: Yup.

SPRIGLE: And keep calling me. This thing isn't such a much of a much, but it might develop. So even if nothing happens -- keep calling me!

ALEC: Yup.

(MUSIC: ACCENT AND MERGE WITH:)

(TELEPHONE. LIFT RECEIVER)

SPRIGLE: City Desk.

ALEC: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Ray, this is Alec at Newcastle Barracks.

SPRIGLE: Whatcha got, Alec? Anything new?

ALEC: Yup.

SPRIGLE: What's the word?

ALEC: Plenty. Your hunch was right. <sup>that sucker</sup> ~~It~~ did develop into something.

SPRIGLE: What?

ALEC: Murder.

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER:)

(TYPEWRITER RAPIDLY GOING AND UNDER, TO FADE AT WILL)

KROEGER: Watching the story rattle out of the rewrite's mill, you feel sort of good. You haven't done anything so far but make like a city editor -- but like a good captain, you got your men where the action was. The shooting. <sup>(car)</sup> Ripping the story out in takes, it reads like this...

(CAR UP AND UNDER:)

VOICE: (HEAVY FILTER) Newcastle Barracks, calling patrols.  
Newcastle, calling patrols. Watch for woman and man,  
accompanied by child in blue Chevrolet. Just robbed store  
in Butler. Believed heading west.  
(VOICE: IT REPEATS, GOING UNDER:)

COP I: Heading west from Butler.

COP II: That means they'll come this way, *Pete, Eddie*

COP I: Let 'em come.

VOICE: (FINISHES REPEAT) Believed heading west. The man and woman  
are both armed. That is all.

(CAR UP AND UNDER:)

COP I: Hey. There's a blue Chevvie. *waiting for the signal light?*

COP II: Yeah. Man and woman in it. See a kid, *Eddie?* *Pete?*

COP I: Nope. Pull up, I'll check them.

(CAR PULLS UP. DOOR OPENS)

COP I: And cover me. *Hey, you over there!*  
(FADE IN IDLING ENGINE)  
(ANOTHER CAR PULLS UP, ENGINE IDLES)

WATSON: ~~Oh-oh. (WHISPER) Got the kid down, down!~~

SHERRY: ~~(WHISPER) Hide, Jackie. Hide!~~

WATSON: ~~(SAME) Here he comes. Cover me. Hide it under your purse!~~

WATSON: (LOUD, FRIENDLY) What seems to be the trouble, officer?

COP I: Sorry to bother you folks. Just a routine license check.  
May I see yours?

WATSON: License, huh?

COP I: That's all, sir. Routine check-up.

WATSON: Sure, I know. Take it out of the case, honey.

SHERRY: Uh-huh.

WATSON: There you are, officer.

COP I: Thank you. (PAUSE) Rod Watson, 28 years old...what's your  
occupation, Mr. Watson?

WATSON: Salesman.

COP ONE: Hmmm.

WATSON: Something wrong?

COP ONE: The lady was driving. Do you have a license, ma'am?

WATSON: She was driving on my license.

COP ONE: If you don't mind, I'll have a look around at your car.

(SINGERE)

(PAUSE) Well, sonny! What are you doing hiding back there?

JACKIE: They told me to hide.

WATSON: (SNARL)(PLUS A SMACK AS KID CRIES) I told you to ditch that brat! That's all we need! Pull your gun!

(SHOTS ON CLOSE, GROAN)

WATSON: (YELLING) <sup>you</sup> got him! Drive, Sherry -- DRIVE!

(CAR RUSHES INTO HIGH, SHOTS EXCHANGED, CAR

TAKES OFF AND UNDER SHOTS WHICH THEN STOP)

COP TWO: <sup>Eddie</sup> Pete ---- <sup>Eddie</sup> Pete -- you okay?

COP ONE: (DYING) Man's name, ---

~~COP TWO: Take it easy, Eddie. Take it ---~~

~~COP ONE:~~ → (WEAK) Man's name -- Watson. . . (WHISPER) Rod --  
Watson...

COP TWO: Come on, Eddie. I got to get you to the doctor --

COP ONE: No -- use. Man's name --

COP TWO: I got it, Eddie. Take it easy, kid -

COP ONE: Woman -- he called her -- Sherry. I never had a ---

COP TWO: Shhh, fella, shhh --

COP ONE: - - chan--ce...(GASP AND DEAD)

COP TWO: Eddie. (PAUSE) Aw, -- Eddie.

(MUSIC:     HIT HARD FOR HE IS DEAD AND FADE FOR)

KROEGER: So your hunch in playing up a smalltown robbery paid off in a story for the paper -- and death for a young cop. But your girl's work in the <sup>clips</sup> turns up something too.

EVIE: Here it is, Ray -- the record of these two cop-killers, Rod Watson and Sherry Clay: he's an auto-salesman gone wrong; she's another man's runaway wife. Nice, huh?

SPRIGLE: Beautiful. Goon.

EVIE: They're wanted all over this area for a mess of small-time holdups and car thefts. Strictly small-time operators.

SPRIGLE: Until they killed the cop. That puts them into the big-time in my book. Anything else?

EVIE: Well...she has a brother-in-law over the Ohio line, in Bellaire. His name is Claxton.

SPRIGLE: (MUSING) They've got to drop the kid off someplace...

EVIE: What's that, Ray?

SPRIGLE: Just mumbling to myself, Evie. You get that way on a city desk. That's all for now, sis.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

SPRIGLE: Gimme the darkroom.

(PHONE RINGS FILTERED AND IS PICKED UP)

TUCKER: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Darkroom.

SPRINGLE: Tucker?

TUCKER: (F) Yep.

SPRIGLE: Sprigle. Tuck -- you still got your gun permit?

TUCKER: (F) Why sure, Ray.

SPRIGLE: Your gun, too?

TUCKER: (F) That too.

SPRIGLE: Okay. Grab your gun and your camera. And make sure

they're both loaded!  
(MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER)

KROEGER: Some hours later (SOUND OF CRICKETS OR FROGS UP IN B.G. AND UNDER) you and Tucker, the photographer, are hiding out in the brush just outside the roadway to the Claxton place in Bellaire. This is your own idea...for two reasons. One -- you wouldn't send one of your men to do anything you wouldn't do -- and two -- you want a piece of this story <sup>up next to</sup> ~~too~~. So --

SPRIGLE: (LOW) Don't forget, Tuck -- the picture's the first thing.

TUCKER: IF they show.

SPRIGLE: That's the chance we take.

TUCKER: What happens if I get shot? I get killed, that's a good way to lose my job.

SPRIGLE: I'll cover them.

TUCKER: Do you hafta play cop?

SPRIGLE: Is that a way to talk to your city editor?

TUCKER: Nope. But what makes you think they'll come here?

SPRIGLE: They've got to get rid of the kid. They can move faster without him. Can't leave him with his wife, can't leave him with her husband -- have to get rid of him. Besides --

TUCKER: Shh. Car coming down the road.

(A CAR OFF.)

SPRIGLE: (HOARSE) They turned their lights out.

(CAR NEARER, SLOWLY)

SPRIGLE: (SAME) Proves they know the road. Any lights in the house?

TUCKER: No.

SPRIGLE: Get set. Give me the gun.

TUCKER: Can you use it?

-12-

SPRIGLE: If I have to -- and right now -- I don't know whether I  
want to have to -- or not! Shhhh!

(CAR QUITE CLOSE THEN STOP)

SPRIGLE: Any --- minute -- now!

(MUSIC:      CURTAIN     )

HARRICE: We will be back in just a minute with tonight's Big Story..

(COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059557

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC:) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco...

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CHAPPEL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(MUSIC: -- OUT)

CHAPPEL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

(MUSIC: -- INTRO UP AND UNDER)

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's Big Story.

KROEGER: The car stops. <sup>(CRICKETS)</sup> ~~It is~~ -- It looks like -- a Chevvy. Dimly through the dark, you make out two figures in the front seat. Tucker's camera is cocked -- so is his gun -- in your hand. You sneak up and hear ---

GIRL: (A BIT OFF) Honey -- we shouldn't of come here...

BOY: (SAME) But we had to come some place --

GIRL: (SAME) But all the cops on the roads ---

SPRIGLE: (HARD) You -- in the car. <sup>(Girl gasps)</sup> Who're you?

BOY: (AS THE GIRL GASPS) Why -- why, we're just --

SPRIGLE: (CALLS) Okay, Tuck. I've got them covered! Get that picture!

KROEGER: The flash goes off -- but in its two-hundredth of a second -- and your own flashlight -- you see enough to take all the wind out of your sails. For all they are is-- <sup>Kids</sup>

SPRIGLE: (CHAGRINED) ~~Kids~~. Just a couple of kids.

BOY: (BEWILDERED) Mister -- what did we do?

SPRIGLE: Nothing. Nothing at all. But what made you come here?

BOY: Why -- why -- (PAUSE)(DEFENSIVELY) Well, all the fellas and girls come here!

~~SPRIGLE: Aw, go on home!~~

TUCKER: Ah, love.

SPRIGLE: Ah, -- nuts!

(MUSIC: -- HIT SARCASTICALLY AND FADE UNDER)

KROEGER: A wonderful idea -- only it didn't work. And what is more -- neither do any of the police traps. Watson and the gungirl get away clean, still heading west. But you give orders..

SPRIGLE: (SORE) Keep that story alive, Alec -- stay with the police --

ALEC: Yup.

SPRIGLE: And give me everything -- bad steers, false leads -- everything! Run them all down yourself. But keep that story alive!

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND UNDER)

KROEGER: One thing -- ~~a month later~~ -- does make a story. The State Police track down the kid's grandfather -- and find the boy there. When they pick him up, the kid snarls --

JACKIE: My mother doesn't like cops. She shoots cops. She killed a couple of guys like you just the other day!

(MUSIC: -- STING)

KROEGER: Then, one afternoon, a month later, you're checking the wire-service copy and one paragraph catches your eye. . .

SPRIGLE: Chandler, Texas...A blonde gungirl and a male companion today held up ~~and kidnapped~~ <sup>and shot a</sup> one deputy sheriff ~~and shot~~ another. (PAUSE) Chandler, Texas! ~~Man -- I found 'em!~~

(TELEPHONE UNCRADLED AND JIGGLED VIOLENTLY)

OPERATOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Yes, Mr. Sprigle -- where's the fire?

SPRIGLE: (SORE) Chandler, Texas! Get me Chandler, in Texas. I'll talk to the sheriff!

OPERATOR: (SWEETLY) I'll call you back.

(PHONE HUNG UP)

KROGGER: With one hand you're rummaging through airline schedules, trying to find the first plane to the town nearest to Chandler....with the other, you're remaking the layout for page one, readying for the story you're going to get straight from the horse-town's mouth, <sup>and</sup> when.

(PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP FAST)

SPRIGLE: Yeah!

OPERATOR: I have your party, Mr. Sprigle.

SPRIGLE: Put him on! Hello! Hello!

SHERIFF: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello?

SPRIGLE: Hello -- Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Yessir, Sheriff Lou Carter speakin'. Who's this now?

SPRIGLE: This is Ray Sprigle, City editor of the Pittsburgh Post. Sheriff, tell me --

SHERIFF: You actually callin' from 'way up there?

SPRIGLE: Yes!

SHERIFF: Well, now. I was dead sure someone was a-pullin' my leg, callin' from Pittsburgh. Said, what's Pittsburgh want of me?

SPRIGLE: Sheriff -- what I want is the story on the shooting down there yesterday.

SHERIFF: Wasn't nothin' to it, friend. Just some of the boys havin' some fun.

SPRIGLE: <sup>What?</sup> What's that about some of the boys?

SHERIFF: Why sure. 'Twas Duffy Crabtree and Tot Walton, shootin' up the horse trough. (CHUCKLES) Got 'em both coolin' off in the calabozo right now. You kin o' theirs' or sumpin'?

SPRIGLE: (SORE) No, no! Not that shooting! The gunman and the desperado who shot your deputy! What about them!

SHERIFF: (AFTER A PAUSE) Somebody shot my deppity?

SPRIGLE: (YELLS) Yes! Don't you know?

SHERIFF: It's news to me, stranger. And so's all this about a  
gunwoman and a desperado. Gunwoman ye say?

SPRIGLE: (YELLS) Yes! What about her! Where is she?

SHERIFF: (HE CHUCKLES) Lastest gunwoman we had around here was  
Belle Starr. And she's daid.

SPRIGLE: Awww --

SHERIFF: Yes -- and buried!

SPRIGLE: (DESPERATE) Listen, Sheriff --

SHERIFF: Why, sure.

SPRIGLE: (DESPERATE) You are the sheriff --

SHERIFF: Only one there is.

SPRIGLE: (SAME) And this is -- Chandler.

SHERIFF: Why sure. ~~If it wasn't, I'd know it.~~

SPRIGLE: (LAST RESORT) ~~Is it the~~ Only one there is?

SHERIFF: Onliest one in Texas, friend.

SPRIGLE: (LOST) I don't suppose you know of any other?

SHERIFF: Well -- there's one down the road a piece.

SPRIGLE: Where, where?

SHERIFF: Why over in Arizona. 'Bout a thousand miles away down the  
road!

SPRIGLE: Thank you and GOODBYE!

(PHONE DOWN AND INTO)

(MUSIC: EXCITEDLY UP AND UNDER)

NARRATOR: You change focus. You phone Chandler -- Arizona --  
and there, a deputy tells you --

DEPUTY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Yessir. They been here and gone.

SPRIGLE: Where'd they go?

DEPUTY: Back into the hills. Shot up the sheriff -- and headed for the hills.

SPRIGLE: (QUIET) What are you doing about it down there?

DEPUTY: Trackin' 'em down with a posse.

SPRIGLE: Sheriff!

DEPUTY: Sir?

SPRIGLE: Do you know who the girl and the man are?

DEPUTY: It don't make no difference, we're going to get 'em anyhow. Got indians trackin' 'em.

SPRIGLE: You don't have any idea who they are?

DEPUTY: Well...their car was a <sup>(Chevy)</sup> Chevy.

SPRIGLE: Oh-oh.

DEPUTY: Said something?

SPRIGLE: Go on.

DEPUTY: And in the glovebox of the car we found a driver's license. 'Twas --

SPRIGLE: Wait. Was the name of the driver -- Rod Watson?

DEPUTY: Just a minute. (PAUSE) Yes, 'twas. 'Pears you know these desperadoes, mister.

SPRIGLE: (QUIET) I know them. Their names are Sherry Clay and Rod Watson. And you'd better take them alive.

DEPUTY: Such as why?

SPRIGLE: They're wanted up here for murder. (PAUSE) Now will you do something for me?

DEPUTY: If I can.

SPRIGLE: Tell me what happened in your town -- everything. So I can write a story for my paper.

DEPUTY: Cost ye a lot in phone money. Why don't ye come down here and foller the posse?

SFRJGLE: I will. But first -- the story. Then -- I'll be seeing you!

(MUSIC: HIT IN TYPEWRITER MOTIF AND AWAY FOR)

KROEGER: He tells you the story -- and before you write thirty -- it runs eight columns. Part of it adds another ruthless <sup>shootin'</sup> killing to the red record of Sherry and Rod. Tells how a sixty-year-old Arizona sheriff noticed <sup>was out of state</sup> a car with a <sup>case</sup> Kentucky-license stop in Florence....

OLD SHERIFF: (NICE) Reckon I'll stroll over and tell them strangers about the law.

DEPUTY: How's that, Sheriff?

O. SHER: Got a new law here. Says out of state car stayin' in Arizona more'n ten days has to register. (SMILE) Times like these, I like to save folks <sup>you're a piece</sup> money. Be right back.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD-UP-AND-UNDER. STOP)  
(FADE IN IDLING MOTOR)

O. SHER: (SMILE) Folks, I figure you're strangers here in Arizona.

WATSON: What do you want?

O. SHER: (GENTLE) Thought I'd tell you and the lady there about the law in Arizona.

WATSON: The law, hey?

(A SHOT)

O. SHER: I jest wanted to tell ye --

(TWO MORE SHOTS. CAR STARTS UP AND ROARS UNDER)

(MUSIC: SAME CUE AS WHEN THEY SHOT THE COP EARLIER AND UNDER)

KROEGER: He just wanted to help them. (PAUSE) They left him lying in the road and hit for the hills, with ~~two~~ murders and a string of <sup>stick ups</sup> car-thefts behind them. That is where you take up the story when you arrive at Chandler, Arizona.

(MUSIC: SORT OF WESTERN, UP, BUT WITH A DARK SHADE, UNDER)

KROEGER: The law could not stop them, nor the memory of a small son left behind in the east, nor surely their consciences-- but one thing did. The desert. . .the crags and pinnacles of the Oestrellas...Mountains of the Stars...impassible to car, nearly so by horse...and as you ride into the hills, the deputy shows you things...

(HORSES UP AND UNDER)

DEPUTY: Right here's where they run out of gas...left the car.

SPRIGLE: Uhuh- a blue Chevy.

DEPUTY: Car's no good without gas. There's <sup>Station</sup> none beyond Chandler. <sup>at your head into Rio hills, 1</sup>  
(PAUSE) ~~Desert got better than them, anyhow..~~

(HORSES UP AND UNDER)

DEPUTY: Right here's where they stopped a while. She lay down... <sup>walked around</sup>  
he ~~paced-up-and-down.~~

SPRIGLE: You can read that?

DEPUTY: Sure. You think that's trackin? There's an Indian, a Maricopa Indian, trackin' up ahead, he can read the rocks. Name of Nightwind.

SPRIGLE: Nightwind?

DEPUTY: (SMILE) Yep. But don't you try that "How" stuff on him, or talk squaws and hogans.

SPRIGLE: Why not?

DEPUTY: Cause rocks isn't all he can read. He's a college man. Speaks better English than you do. Come on.

(HORSES UP AND UNDER)

DEPUTY: Look up yonder.

SPRIGLE: Where?

DEPUTY: There. That peak. Devil's needle. That bighorn up there ---

SPRIGLE: You've got better eyes than I have....

DEPUTY: That bighorn, he's lookin' right down on where they are.

There's a thousand men trackin' in these hills, cowhands,  
cattle-men, desert rats --

SPRIGLE: Why so many? If the tracker is so good --

DEPUTY: It's a big desert. (PAUSE) And the sheriff, he was a good

*fine* man. (PAUSE) Leave your horse here.

(SOUND OF DISMOUNTING)

NIGHTWIND: (OFF QUIET AND DIGNIFIED) Who's that?

DEPUTY: Deputy.

NIGHTWIND: (OFF) Who is this gentleman?

DEPUTY: Newspaper fella from Pittsburgh.

NIGHTWIND: (ON) Pennsylvania?

DEPUTY: Yep. Says the fella and the gal are wanted for murder back  
there. Killed a cop.

NIGHTWIND: *Maybe a little too impulsive with their firearm.*  
~~That is an unfortunate habit we intend to correct.~~

DEPUTY: This is the tracker I was tellin' you of. Tom Nightwind,  
this is Mr. Sprigle.

SPRIGLE: Proud to meet you, Tom. *Mr. Nightwind (Reply)* What are you going to do now?

NIGHTWIND: *Use Frank's name.* They're right in there, in a cave. There's an overhang --  
there.

(A SHOT IS FIRED AND RICOCHETS. IT IS ANSWERED)

NIGHTWIND: They must know they're trapped, but they've been firing  
at intervals like that all day.

SPRIGLE: So -- what are you *planning?* going to do now?

NIGHTWIND: We could let them starve. Let wanting water drive them out-

SPRIGLE: Yes --

NIGHTWIND: (HARD) But we'd rather go in and get them.

SPRIGLE: *After nightfall?* What are you waiting for, Tom?

NIGHTWIND: <sup>NO, wait.</sup> (QUIET) Nothing. I'm going up from behind on to the overhang.

SPRIGLE: Can I go with you?

NIGHTWIND: It's dangerous up there.

SPRIGLE: It's a story.

NIGHTWIND: (AFTER A BEAT) As you like.

(SOUND OF SCRAMBLING. SNEAK WIND)

KROEGER: You scramble after Tom Nightwind up the side of the canyon hidden from the cave-mouth, where a man and a woman <sup>are reaching the end of a murdering trail.</sup> ~~have reached the end of a murdering trail.~~ Every so often --

(A SHOT AND-A-RECOCKET)

KROEGER: But they miss. Finally -- you're atop the canyon side.

(WIND IN CLEAR)

NIGHTWIND: (WHISPER) Here <sup>Mr. Sprigle</sup> -- keep this rope ready.

SPRIGLE: <sup>Oh,</sup> Right.

NIGHTWIND: And stay out of sight. <sup>They still have ammunition</sup> I think I can get the drop on them from behind that outcrop.

SPRIGLE: Good luck.

(PAUSE) (WIND UP AND UNDER. WAIT. THEN)

NIGHTWIND: (SHARPLY) You!

WATSON AND SHERRY: (EXCLAMATIONS OFF MIKE)

NIGHTWIND: All right, lay down those guns. (PAUSE) ~~Lay down those~~ guns. Stand up. Hands high. (SATISFIED) Excellent. ~~Hold~~ them higher. (CALLS) Mr. Sprigle, will you bring the rope? (PAUSE) ~~This is the end of the trail.~~

(MUSIC: -- CURTAIN)

*Sprigle: What for?  
NIGHTWIND: I don't  
imagine the girl comes  
up. Look how to  
the back up.*

NARRATOR:

The chase is over ... <sup>and with it the career of</sup> ~~chase~~ for two criminals that <sup>is "The Small Time of Billie, Pennsylvania"</sup> began with a killing, and ended in the ~~cream~~ headlines above your ... BIG STORY.

CHAPPELL:

In just a moment you'll hear a telegram from Ray Sprigle, telling of his grim experience which put a final period on tonight's BIG STORY.

NOVACHORD:

SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER:

MARTIN:

"Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE:

BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL:

Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE:

And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA:

TAG.

CHAPPELL:

And now we read you that telegram from Ray Sprigle of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette.

SPRIGLE:

"Many thanks for gracious recognition of my story. Wish to share credit with Post-Gazette staff for all-important work in keeping story alive. Was present at final chapter in death chamber at ~~Reckville~~ <sup>Rockwell</sup> Prison where I witnessed execution of the two killers. That grim experience somewhat mitigated by big kick received when I learned that the Indian tracker had named one of his sons after me. Again, many thanks."

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Sprigle. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 bring you another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the Chicago Daily Times -- byline: Jimmy McGuire. It's the story of a haggard man in a cheap suit who paused one day outside of a Chicago tenement <sup>steps</sup> ... then walked slowly up a dark flight of stairs ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HOLLOW FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS GOING UP SLOWLY

HARRICE: Rang the buzzer ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BUZZER

HARRICE: And waited for the door to open ...

(PAUSE)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENING

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

HARRICE: Behind that door ... the thrilling climax to next week's BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloan and directed by Harry Ingram, with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Jim Boles played the part of Ray Sprigle. All names in tonight's story, except that of Mr. Sprigle, were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC:        THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL:        This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL  
FAMOUS CIGARETTES and reminding you that next week  
Daylight Saving Time will be in effect in many  
localities. So consult your newspaper for the time  
of "THE BIG STORY" next Wednesday night. Stay  
tuned now to this station for the Kay Kyser show,  
which follows immediately.

ANNOUNCER:      THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*A Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #5

"THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
CARSON	JOE BOLAND
GERTIE	MARY MICHAEL
TRUCKIE	WILLIAM KEENE
WALSH	CHESTER STRATTON
McGUIRE	LAWSON ZERBE
MAN	GILBERT MACK
MRS. HORNYAK	HESTER SONDERGARD
GUARD	CHESTER STRATTON
HORNYAK	JOE DE SANTIS
FREDA	ELSPETH ERIC
BAILIFF	JOE BOLAND
STENOGRAPHER	HESTER SONDERGARD
FRANK	GILBERT MACK
COP	WILLIAM KEENE

ATX01 0059571

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY.

SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND WIND. ESTABLISH. DOOR OPEN. KILL  
TRAFFIC AND WIND. DOOR CLOSE.

CARSON: Whaddaya say, Gertie?

GERTIE: Hiya, copper? The usual?

CARSON: Yeah. Straight.

GERTIE: O. K.

SOUND: LIQUOR GURGLES INTO GLASS.

CARSON: That's the ticket. Well .. here's to crime.

GERTIE: You're gonna get me into trouble some day coming in here in your cop's uniform and mooching drinks.

CARSON: Get you in worse trouble, you keep me out. ~~(OVER)~~  
Afraid I'll tell the cops you're selling hot stuff?  
(LAUGHS, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY) Whaddayou looking at, truckie?

TRUCKIE: A cop.

CARSON: That your truck outside by the fire plug?

TRUCKIE: So ... what if it is?

CARSON: I've got a good mind to slap a ticket on you.

TRUCKIE: Go ahead. I'll tell the judge I got it off a cop in a speakeasy.

CARSON: Aaaah, whaddaya want me to do on a day like this .. freeze? Cops are people, aren't they?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

GERTIE: Watch it! Two guys coming in the door. (SCREAMS)  
Look out!

SOUND: TWO SHOTS. GROAN. CRASH OF BODY. GERTIE SCREAMS.

MUSIC: WIPE AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Patrolman Richard Carson .. having mooched his last  
drink .. lies on the floor of a cheap <sup>Chicago</sup> speakeasy.  
~~"Killed-in-the-line-of-duty."~~ That's what the tablet  
~~in the South State Street Headquarters~~ says. Killed.  
~~Remember that.~~ Because the story behind that killing  
is tonight's BIG STORY!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TYPEWRITER .. 3 STROKES .. 3 STROKES .. 5 STROKES.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ PICKS UP TYPING TEMPO TO CUT OFF AND THEME

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES present THE BIG STORY,  
another in a thrilling series based on true experiences  
of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death  
stories. Tonight...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE.

CHAPPELL: ... to James McGuire of the Chicago Daily Times, for  
his notable service in the case of "The Man Without  
A Name" goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE.

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority  
in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading  
cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now the exciting and authentic story of "The Man Without A Name."

SOUND: PATTERN OF NEWSROOM, TYPEWRITERS, TICKERS, SCATTERED AD LIB CONVERSATION, A PHONE RINGS, IS PICKED UP AND ANSWERED AD LIB IN B.G.

NARRATOR: (AS PREVIOUS PATTERN GOES UNDER) Twelve years have gone by since Patrolman Richard Carson was killed <sup>in a cheap Chicago Speakeasy</sup>. Now it's September, 1944. You are in the city room of the Chicago ~~Daily~~ Times .. and you have a right to be there. You are a reporter, you are a legman named ...

WALSH: (CALLS) Jimmy! Jimmy McGuire!

McGUIRE: (CALLS FROM OFF) Yo! Comin' up, Karin!

WALSH: Jimmy, weren't you a private detective before you sold your soul to us?

McGUIRE: (SMILING) That's right, Karin. Why?

WALSH: Then <sup>here's something</sup> ~~this~~ ought to be right up your alley. <sup>AD in Today's P.P.</sup> Read it.

McGUIRE: (HE READS) "Five thousand dollar reward for killers officer Carson on December 9, 1932. Call <sup>Superior</sup> ~~Grove Hill~~ <sup>4-8-0-6</sup> ~~1-7-5-8~~, 12 to 7 p.m." Nineteen thirty two ... ~~Officer~~ ~~Carson~~. That's a pretty old murder, boss. Haven't they solved it yet?

WALSH: Jimmy .. that's the angle. There's a man doing ninety-nine years in Joliet for that job right now ..

McGUIRE: (QUIET) Ninety-nine years ..

WALSH: So somebody's wrong: Either the cops who sent him up .. or the person who put this ad in. So check into it.

McGUIRE: Sure.

WALSH: Maybe it'll make an inside feature. ~~Okay?~~

McGUIRE: Sure. (PAUSE) Five thousand dollars. That's a lot of lettuce for a twelve-year-old murder.

WALSH: It is. But check it, eh? You never know ... it might turn out to be a big story!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR:

NARRATOR: A big story. Ah. That's for you. ~~fresh-out-of-the-air force, you don't go for this-sitting-around answering-phones-and-checking-the-fire-gong. On your own-----that's for you!~~ So you check the newspaperman's bible ... the book that lists telephone numbers first ... and the names of subscribers after. And you find out it's a (FADE) pay station in a candy store.

McGUIRE: How do you spell that again ... the name of the woman who put in the ad ...

MAN: (ACCENT) Hornyak. H-O-R-N-Y-A-K. Clara Hornyak. She put in the ad. I tell her she can take phone call here. You cops?

McGUIRE: No. Press. Chicago Times. Clara ... where is she now?

MAN: Work.

McGUIRE: Where?

MAN: *Skyscraper, Big Building on corner.*  
Edison. Commonwealth-Edison-building. She scrubwoman.

McGUIRE: Thanks. I'll hop over there and .. (TAKE) What did you say she did?

MAN: Scrubwoman.

McGUIRE: How does a scrubwoman get five thousand dollars?

MAN: Scrubbing.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND BLEND INTO:

SOUND: DELIBERATE SWISH AND SWOOSH OF SCRUBBING BRUSH

McGUIRE: (SOFTLY) Mrs. .. Mrs. Hornyak.

SOUND: SCRUBBING SOME MORE.

NARRATOR: (SOFTLY) A little woman .. Shapeless ... on her knees ... scrubbing. Eyeglasses ... little earrings. A good face. She doesn't hear you ... but her eyes. They travel up from your shoes.

McGUIRE: Uh .. Mrs. Hornyak?

MRS. H: Da?

McGUIRE: You put an ad in the ...

MRS. H: (FRIGHTENED) But ... but I say not call till ...

McGUIRE: Don't be afraid, ma'am. I won't .. hurt you. And (GENTLE) you won't lose your job or anything. I'm from the paper ... the Chicago Times. I want to write a story about you .. that is, if ..

MRS. H: I think maybe you were cops.

McGUIRE: Cops. Why is everybody afraid of the cops? Is it because it was a policeman who was killed?

MRS. H: The police .. (NEAR BREAK) My boy .. he wouldn't do like that .. (MORE) They make her say .. (MORE) My boy don't kill no cop, he don't .. (SHE SOBS)

McGUIRE: Aw, Mrs. Hornyak .. please .. ~~I didn't~~ .. (HER SOBBING DIES DOWN A BIT)

McGUIRE: (UNDERSTANDING) You mean .. the fellow in Joliet is your son? (PAUSE) And you raised all that money to get him out? (PAUSE) How long did it take?

SOUND: SWOOSH-OF-BRUSH.

MRS. H: Eleven years. I scrub eleven years. Six night in a week, every week. So many day I never go to see him in prison, hardly. Eleven year. I save. Every penny, every dollar. Five thousand for .. reward. To get my Steve out, prove he don't kill .. (PAUSE) You believe he kill cop?

McGUIRE: Mrs. Hornyak, I'm just a reporter, I ..

MRS. H: Wait. I finish to scrub hall. Then .. I show you something. Wait.

SOUND: SWOOSH SWOOSH OF BRUSH IN WATER UP AND INTO:

MUSIC: PAINFULLY AND POIGNANTLY UP AND OUT.

MRS. H: You read this. My boy write this in jail.

McGUIRE: Letter?

MRS. H: <sup>yes</sup>~~No~~ What happen to him after cop is killed.

McGUIRE: He wrote it?

MRS. H: The truth. What happen .. for real. You read it, then maybe you know what to <sup>say</sup>~~do~~, where to go, how to do.

McGUIRE: Why me? A lawyer would ..

MRS. H: (SOFTLY) You .. you are young. You like to be young man and be .. (PAUSE) Ninety-nine years, Mister! (PAUSE) I trust you.

MUSIC: TAGS SCENE WARMLY AND OUT FOR:

SOUND: ~~NEWS-ROOM-BGM.~~

McGUIRE: Karin.

WALSH: Yeah? Oh. How'd you make out, Jimmy? Anything there?

McGUIRE: Uh-huh. She's his mother.

WALSH: What?

McGUIRE: The woman who put the ad in. She's the mother of the man in Joliet.

WALSH: Oh. Is it worth anything for the edition?

McGUIRE: She scrubbed floors eleven years to save the five grand.

WALSH: I'll buy that. That's a good feature.

McGUIRE: Uh-huh. (PAUSE) Karin ..

WALSH: Yes, Jimmy?

McGUIRE: She thinks the boy is innocent. Now .. I know they always do, the mothers ... but she gave me a thing he wrote from Joliet. I read it ..

WALSH: Yes?

McGUIRE: Something ... funny about the whole case. I think there's more to the story than a woman scrubbing floors. Turn me loose on it, Karin. (PAUSE) What do you say, Karin?

WALSH: All right, Jimmy. Make it good.

McGUIRE: You mean a good story?

WALSH: Everything it's worth, Jimmy. Story, series ... any way it works out.

McGUIRE: (SOFTLY) If it works out, Karin, it'll be more than a story. It'll mean a guy's life. (PAUSE) Ninety-nine years, Karin ... ninety-nine years!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT DRAMATICALLY AND HOLD UNDER:

NARRATOR: You go to work. First ... you check the newspaper morgue. Get out all there is on <sup>Richard A.</sup> Carson, Richard A. and Hornyak, Steve. The yellowing clips tell you ...

McGUIRE: (CLIPS RUSTLE) December 10, 1932. COP IS KILLED IN  
HOLDUP ATTEMPT.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER WITH STRINGS VIBRATING

McGUIRE: December 23, 1932 .. WOMAN IDENTIFIES SUSPECT IN  
COP'S MURDER.

MUSIC: STING AND HOLD UNDER:

McGUIRE: January, 1933 .. STEVE HORNYAK DENIES GUILT.

MUSIC: STING AND BACK UNDER:

McGUIRE: November, 1933. HORNYAK GUILTY. GETS 99 YEARS!

MUSIC: ORUEL STING AND OUT.

GUARD: (LIGHT ECHO) Hornyak? Second cell down. You got  
five minutes.

McGUIRE: Thanks, guard.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON ECHO TO STOP.

McGUIRE: Hornyak?

HORNYAK: Yeh. Who you?

McGUIRE: Jimmy McGuire. Chicago Times.

HORNYAK: What do you want?

McGUIRE: I want to talk to you.

HORNYAK: What about?

McGUIRE: That ... killing. The cop.

HORNYAK: That still worth a story?

McGUIRE: That we'll see.

HORNYAK: What do you want with me? I'm just a number. <sup>7249M</sup> ~~8356B.~~

McGUIRE: Not to your mother you're not.

HORNYAK: What about my ma?

McGUIRE: She's offering a five thousand dollar reward ..

HORNYAK: Five grand?

McGUIRE: She scrubbed her heart out to raise it. To prove you  
didn't ~~do-it~~ <sup>KILL CARSON</sup> ...

HORNYAK: I didn't. How do I know you're not a stool for the  
cops.

McGUIRE: Fella, I talked to your mother.

HORNYAK: Talk some more.

McGUIRE: She showed me a ... wait. (PAUSE) Oh ... I haven't  
got it <sup>with me.</sup> But I remember it. (SOFTLY) Dear Ma. What  
I'm going to write now is how it happened. See what  
you can do with this, Ma, because I'm going crazy up  
here ... ~~it was~~ ...

HORNYAK: (MOVED) You ... you know it by heart ... like me.

McGUIRE: (EARNEST) I believe it, Hornyak. But you have to  
steer me.

HORNYAK: You ... you're gonna help me?

McGUIRE: If I can. And not just for a ... big story. Something  
smells about this case. I can't put my finger on it,  
so ... tell me ... is there anything in your letter  
I ought to work on real hard?

HORNYAK: The woman. ~~The woman.~~

McGUIRE: Which one?

HORNYAK: The one who identified me, <sup>remember her?</sup> All of a sudden ... she put  
the finger on me. (AGONY) Me! Out of a clear sky me!  
+ ...

McGUIRE: Gertie <sup>GADLIK?</sup> ~~Gellish?~~

HORNYAK: That's the one.

McGUIRE: Where is she? Got any idea?

HORNYAK: (HARD) What do I know in here? But maybe my ...  
(HE STOPS)

McGUIRE: Your what?  
HORNYAK: Skip it.  
McGUIRE: Come on, what were you going to say? My what? My girl, my wife?  
HORNYAK: Forget it.  
McGUIRE: (SORE) Look, I'm trying to help you! Give!  
HORNYAK: (FLARING UP) I said skip it. Just find that woman, that's all. Wife, I got no wife any more! (PAUSE)  
I'm sorry.  
GUARD: (OFF MIKE) Time's up!  
HORNYAK: Listen .. McGuire ..  
McGUIRE: What?  
HORNYAK: If you see my ma ... say .. say hello, huh?  
MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ POIGNANT ACCENT AND OUT.  
HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
BIG STORY.

(COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER:

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: SNEAK IN MUSIC

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: Eleven years ... that's the time Steve Hornyak has  
spent behind bars. Eleven years gone and eighty-  
eight to go -- unless you can clear him. Well,  
your work is cut out for you. First, you find out  
from his mother that Steve is married .. was, that  
is .. to a girl named Freda. So you find Freda.

McGUIRE: What happened after the trial?

FREDA: I .. I waited. ~~Five years.~~ Then, I went to the  
~~lots of times. But, after the first year,~~  
jail, I had something ~~to tell him~~ .. to ask him.  
~~All the while,~~ <sup>kind</sup> he was always so glad to see me, I  
couldn't say it. Then, he asked me (FADING).. he  
touched my hand through the wire, and he asked me...

HORNYAK: Freda, honey .. something on your mind?

FREDA: Yes ... the .. the baby. He's getting so big ..

HORNYAK: Aw ..

FREDA: He .. he needs a poppa. A kid can't grow up like  
that ..

HORNYAK: Huh?

FREDA: I don't want him to .. to ..

HORNYAK: To know.

FREDA: Aw, honey .. it .. believe me, it .. (BREAKS) You  
got to give me a divorce, you got to say I can  
divorce you!

HORNYAK: Freda .. what kind of talk is that .. what ..

FREDA: (CRIES) For the kid, for the kid .. he's got to  
grow up right ..

HORNYAK: I didn't do it, you know that! I was with you all the while!

FREDA: (WEeping) Please .. it's not for me ... it's for the kid!

HORNYAK: (YELLS) The kid, the kid, the kid! All right, divorce me, go ahead, divorce me. Anything-you-want, ~~I'll just do anything you want~~ do anything-you-want. Forget about me, I'm dead. I'm buried dead!

(SILENCE, THEN)

FREDA: (LOW) Maybe he understands now, Mr. McGuire. It wasn't for me. I couldn't do anything else.

McGUIRE: I believe you! But .. he mentioned a woman .. the one who identified him ...

FREDA: <sup>Gertie Gelfish</sup> Gertie Gelfish. She ran the speakeasy. You see, the killers came in to hold it up. Killing the cop was accidental, like.

McGUIRE: Sure. But do you know where to find Gertie?

FREDA: No.

McGUIRE: Would you help me, Freda?

FREDA: Aw, mister, believe me, I got to stay out of this, I ...

McGUIRE: Look. I know you're married again and all that ... but ... (PAUSE) He's still the kid's father. I'm trying to clear his name. Don't help me. Help him. (PAUSE) Will you?

FREDA: How?

McGUIRE: ~~I don't know yet. But will you?~~

FREDA: What can we do?

McGUIRE: We can check every angle, every lead, every name that turns up in the clips! Freda .. will you help?

FREDA: (SOBS) Yes. Yes, yes!

MUSIC: HIT DETERMINED AND BLEND INTO: (FOLLOWING AND STAY UNDER)

CAST: AD LIB: "It's a long time ago ... What was the name? .. Can't remember ... He's guilty ... Killed a cop .."

McGUIRE: (AS AD LIBS GO UNDER) What do you know about the Hornyak case?

TRUCKIE: Wasn't me that put the finger on him. Get hold of <sup>Sandrik.</sup> Gertie Golish. She did.

(AD LIBS UP AND UNDER)

McGUIRE: What do you know about the Hornyak case?

BAILIFF: Heard the judge say he was going to get Hornyak a new trial, but the judge died ten years ago.

(AD LIBS UP AND UNDER)

McGUIRE: What do you know about the Hornyak case?

STENO: Something was wrong there. Hornyak wanted to take the stand and his own lawyer wouldn't let him.

(AD LIBS UP AND HOLD)

McGUIRE: (AGAINST AD LIBS) What do you know about the Hornyak case?

FREDA: (SAME) What do you know about the Hornyak case?

McGUIRE: What do you remember?

FREDA: What do you remember?

McGUIRE: Hornyak!

FREDA: Steve Hornyak!

McGUIRE: Hornyak!

MUSIC: WIPE AND HOLD UNDER FOR:

NARRATOR: You exhaust every trail in the clips. You check and backtrack and dig, dig, dig, for ten and a half months. You even check the police records .. and, for the first time, something hits you. Like a fist between the eyes. Just a date on top of a statement ...

McGUIRE: December 23, 1932. Affidavit of Gertie <sup>G. DLIK</sup> ~~Gelfish~~ identifying Steve Hornyak. (PAUSE) December 23, 1932. (PAUSE - THEN REALIZING) December twen-ty -- three!

MUSIC: UP TO ACCENT AND OUT

McGUIRE: Uh, Frank ..

FRANK: What is it, McGuire?

McGUIRE: Just checking. What's the time and date you cops booked Steve Hornyak for killing Carson?

FRANK: What year was that?

McGUIRE: Thirty-two. December.

FRANK: Just a minute. (A LITTLE OFF) You reporters. You drive a guy nuts. Thirty two, thirty-two ... November ... December.

SOUND: RIFFLE OF PAGES.

FRANK: Ah. Here. Steve Hornyak. Booked 3:30 P.M., December 23.

McGUIRE: Twenty-three?

FRANK: Twenty-three. ~~Okay?~~

McGUIRE: ~~Okay.~~

MUSIC: HIT AND OUT.

McGUIRE: Freda, what time did you say the cops booked your husband?

FREDA: Early in the morning ... about five-thirty.  
McGUIRE: You sure?  
FREDA: They hustled him out of bed.  
McGUIRE: What day?  
FREDA: Huh?  
McGUIRE: ~~The date, Freda, what date!~~  
FREDA: ~~Oh--(PAUSE)--like I told you--~~. December twenty-second.  
McGUIRE: Twenty-second? You sure?  
FREDA: ~~Would I forget that--I'm sure it was ... the~~  
~~twenty-second. I'll never forget it as long as~~  
~~I live!~~

MUSIC: IT HITS AGAIN AND FADES.

NARRATOR: There's a secret police station, called Scotland Yard. A good place to work over the rough-hoods. Maybe that's where they brought Hornyak that December morning. So you <sup>put in</sup> reach for a phone <sup>call</sup> and <sup>in Chicago</sup> try the old trick on the cops ...  
(PHONG KINE'S ON FILTER, PICK u.P.)

SOUND: DIALING OF PHONE

COP: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Yeah.  
McGUIRE: Scotland Yard?  
COP: Who's this?  
McGUIRE: McGuire at headquarters.  
COP: Oh. Sorry, sir.  
McGUIRE: Get out the arrest book for thirty-two. December.  
COP: It's right here, sir. We have so few bookings here, it's ...  
McGUIRE: Never mind, never mind. Just give me the exact hour and date on the arrest of Steve Hornyak ....

COP: Hornyak?  
McGUIRE: Yeah ... HORNYAK!  
COP: Yes sir. (PAUSE) Hornyak, Steve. Booked for ...  
McGUIRE: I know all that! Just the time and date!  
COP: The time and date. December twenty-two -- 5:30 A.M.  
(PAUSE) Is that all, sir?

McGUIRE: That .. is all!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: You got it. What have you got? A big hole in the  
time element. Hornyak was actually arrested the  
twenty-second -- booked at Scotland Yard. Then  
re-booked as if for the first time at <sup>and these parties</sup> New-City  
station on the twenty-third. Question. What  
happened in between? Answer. Ask Gertie <sup>Gundlick</sup> Golish.  
Problem .. find Gertie Golish! <sup>Gundlick!</sup>

SOUND: ~~TRAFFIC B.G.~~ RAIN

McGUIRE: Let's try this one, Freda.  
<sup>It's pouring and AND Jim scolding wet and</sup>

FREDA: Aw, it's late. <sup>I'm</sup> tired ... I ...

McGUIRE: This one and no more ... till next time, and  
remember if you recognize Gertie <sup>Gundlick</sup> Golish, signal  
me but don't say anything .. let me do the talking.

FREDA: All right. But I'm tired ...

SOUND: DOOR OPENS .. <sup>RAIN OUT</sup> ~~TRAFFIC OUT~~ ... BARROOM PATTERN ..

PIANO IN B.G. .. GLASSES .. DOOR CLOSE.

FREDA: Table?

McGUIRE: No. Bar.

GERTIE: What'll you have?

McGUIRE: Beer.

GERTIE: How many?  
McGUIRE: Two.  
GERTIE: Draw two. Right.  
McGUIRE: Say, uh .. ~~Mary~~ .. <sup>Sister</sup>.  
GERTIE: The name is ~~Jerry~~. <sup>Mary</sup>.  
McGUIRE: ~~Jerry~~ <sup>Mary</sup> ~~Jerry~~ you got a little room out back?  
GERTIE: Why?  
McGUIRE: Oh ... you know. A fella doesn't like to drink out  
in the open .. when he's with another man's wife ..  
GERTIE: What's it worth?  
McGUIRE: The room first.  
GERTIE: Okay. Follow me.  
SOUND: PIANO AND BAR PATTERN UP .. DOOR OPENS ..  
GERTIE: Okay?  
McGUIRE: Okay. (PAUSE) Like I said .. a fella doesn't ..  
SOUND: DOOR CLOSE .. B.G. OUT ..  
McGUIRE: Like to be seen with another man's wife. Especially  
when she's ..  
GERTIE: I don't ask your business. Just ..  
McGUIRE: Especially when she's the wife .. the ex-wife of ..  
Steve Hornyak ..  
(SILENCE .. THEN:)  
SOUND: DOOR OPENS  
McGUIRE: Shut that door, Gertie! <sup>SISTER!</sup>  
SOUND: DOOR CLOSE  
GERTIE: The name is .. ~~Jerry~~. <sup>Mary</sup>.  
McGUIRE: <sup>Fred</sup> Is she telling the truth, ~~Fred~~?

FREDA: (SOFT) No. She's Gertie <sup>(C...D)...K.</sup> ~~Goltsch~~

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER:

NARRATOR: Again and again you pound at her. Fat, scared, suspicious, ridden by fears she hasn't explained, she won't give. <sup>(F...S...A...R...I...T)</sup> But you ask again and again ...

McGUIRE: Come on ... what happened between the time they picked him up and the time you identified him?

GERTIE: I told you a million times ... nothing, nothing!

McGUIRE: Listen, Gertie .. I'm a reporter. I know when cops pick up a suspect .. they hustle him in front of witnesses. They don't wait a day and a half for the memory to fade .. they hustle! You trying to tell me the cops waited so long for somebody to put the finger on Hornyak when it was a cop that was killed? What happened in those hours between December 22 and 23!

GERTIE: Nothing, nothing, ~~nothing!~~

McGUIRE: ~~Look, Gertie. If he's guilty .. nothing you say can change it. If he's innocent ... you can make it up to him with just one word!~~

GERTIE: No, no!

McGUIRE: Gertie, what are you scared of? Who's paying you to keep quiet?

GERTIE: Nobody. Nobody's paying me. I don't know. Nothing happened! Leave me be!

McGUIRE: Leave you be. You're scared!

GERTIE: All right, all right .. I'm scared!

McGUIRE: ~~Am~~ What of?

(SILENCE)

McGUIRE: Me?

(SILENCE)

McGUIRE: His mother?

(SILENCE)

McGUIRE: The cops? The State attorney? Listen, Gertie .. I don't look like much, but believe me .. what I stand for is bigger than the cops and the state attorney. The paper, Gertie .. the papers can make 'em and break 'em. All they need is the truth! Give me the truth Gertie! You scared of the cops?

GERTIE: (SCREAM) (CHOKED) Yes.

McGUIRE: Why! Why!

GERTIE: (AGONIZED) Because .. oh ~~my God~~ why did you come and start this all over again! (SOBS) Because .. because they ..

McGUIRE: They what, Gertie ... what did they do!

GERTIE: (SOBBING) I can't tell you, I can't!

McGUIRE: (LOW) Why not?

GERTIE: (SHE WRENCHES IT OUT) Because they'll <sup>get</sup> ~~kill~~ me if I talk! (SHE GASPS)

McGUIRE: (VERY QUIET) If .. you .. talk. (SHE SOBS) Then you have something to talk about. That's like a confession, Gertie. A confession. (PAUSE) Somebody will <sup>get</sup> ~~kill~~ you if you talk. No. If you tell the truth, nobody will touch you. The paper will see to that, too. Now, Gertie, what did they do?

GERTIE: They .. they said (WHISPER) .. if I don't put the  
finger on somebody .. on him .. they'll run me in  
for running a speakeasy in my delicatessen. (LOWER)  
They made me say it was ... Hornyak.

McGUIRE: (SOFT) Was it?

GERTIE: No.

MUSIC: HIT HARD THEN DROP QUIETLY UNDER FOR:

NARRATOR: On August 15, 1945, you walk past the place where  
Gertie <sup>Gardlik</sup> ~~Goldsh~~ used to run her speakeasy, and as you  
scuff a shred of garbage off the curb, you recall  
something a cop once told you about crime. Garbage,  
he said .. Where there's no garbage ... rats don't  
breed.

MUSIC: SLIGHT ACCENT AND OUT UNDER FOLLOWING:

NARRATOR: You walk a couple blocks more and you're waiting  
outside the tenement where Clara Hornyak lives, when  
a pale fellow in a cheap suit comes around the  
corner.

McGUIRE: Hello, Hornyak ..

HORNYAK: Hello, McGuire. Mister McGuire, I ..

McGUIRE: Forget it. Going upstairs right now?

HORNYAK: Yeah. First time. (PAUSE) If anybody's got the  
right to come with me, it's you ... if you want ...

McGUIRE: Thanks. I do. Let's go.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS GO UPSTAIRS AND UNDER:

NARRATOR: Silently inside your own thoughts, you walk with  
Hornyak, who used to be <sup>7249M.</sup> ~~8356E.~~ You're wondering how  
it's going to be. What will she do, what will she say  
when she sees him, his mother? .. And now ..

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP. <sup>KNOCK</sup> DOOR-BUZZER. DOOR OPENS.

HORNYAK: Ma ...

MRS. H: (SOFT, SOFT) Stevie, Stevie!

MUSIC: UP GLORIOUSLY AND TRIUMPHANTLY FOR A BIT

NARRATOR: (QUIET) It's going to be all right. You gave a guy his name back.

MUSIC: CLIMAX-INTO-FANFARE

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, you'll hear an interesting telegram from Jimmy McGuire with some unrevealed behind-the-scenes information on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA:    TAG.

CHAPPELL:    And now we read you that telegram from Jimmy McGuire of the Chicago Times.

McGUIRE:    "Thanks very much. Would like to point out that two of my co-workers deserve to share fully in credit: Karin Walsh, my City Editor who, in the face of what looked like a hopeless cause, kept me on the assignment, and Jack McPhaul who wrote series and examined with me over five hundred documents and sat in on at least forty personal interviews. Thought you might like to know that Steve Hornyak is now employed as bookkeeper-stenographer in mail order firm and is happily residing with his mother. Deeply grateful to receive PELL MELL Award. ~~James P. McGuire.~~"

CHAPPELL:    Thank you, Mr. McGuire. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 bring you another BIG STORY -- ~~A-BIG-STORY-from-the-pages-of-the-Baltimore News-Post---byline:--Ed-Freeman....It's-a-thrilling front-page-story-involving-a-glass-of-water....~~

SOUND:    WATER BEING POURED INTO GLASS

HARRICE:    ... that nobody ever drank.

SOUND:    GLASS BEING SHATTERED VIOLENTLY

MUSIC:    THEME UP AND TO B.G. ON CUE

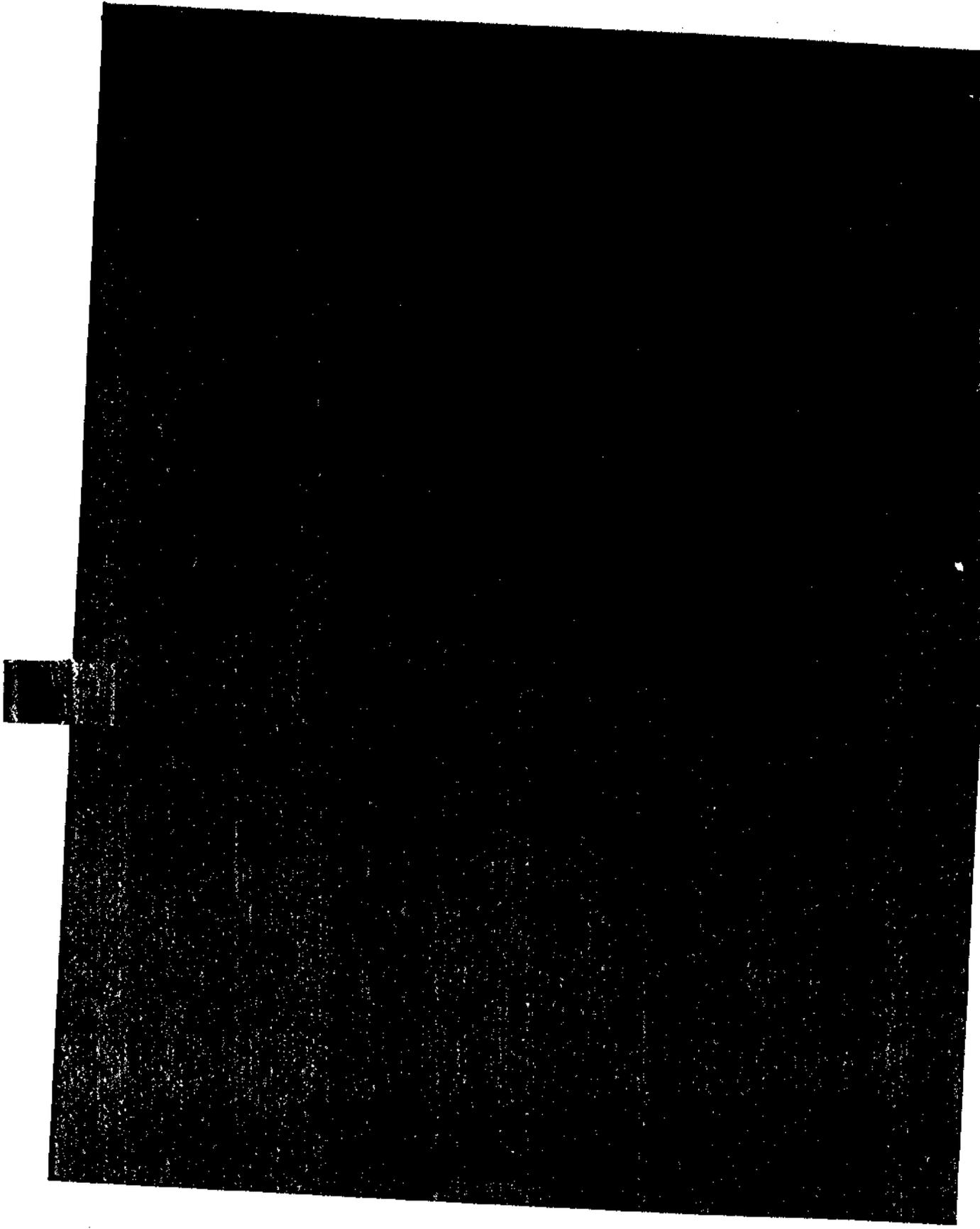
CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procktor, written by Allan E. Sloan and directed by Harry Ingram, with original music composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger and Lawson Zerbe played the part of Jimmy McGuire. All names in tonight's story except those of Mr. McGuire, <sup>and Mr. Walsh</sup> were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now to this station for the Kay Kyser show which follows immediately.

ANNCR: This is NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

RTX01 0059598



*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #6

"THE WIDOW OF HAVRE DE GRACE"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
SHERIFF	HUMPHREY DAVIS
FREEMAN	JAMES McCALLION
MRS. CARR	ELEANOR AUDLEY
MICKEY	EMILY KIPP
DOCTOR	ARNOLD MOSS
JENNY	KAY MILLER
OPERATOR	EMILY KIPP
FRANK	HUMPHREY DAVIS
LAWRENCE	TED OSBORN
WOMAN #1	ELEANOR AUDLEY
WOMAN #2	KAY MILLER
DRUGGIST	TED OSBORN

ATX01 0059599

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

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL. STOP SUDDENLY

SHERIFF: (HARSH BUT WHISPERED) You -- what're you doing prowling around a graveyard this time of night!

FREEMAN: You call three o'clock in the morning "this time of night," sheriff?

SHERIFF: Huh? Who're you?

FREEMAN: You know me, sheriff.

SHERIFF: Oh. The fella from the paper.

FREEMAN: That's right.

SHERIFF: Well -- my question still goes. What're you doing in this graveyard?

FREEMAN: I'm here to dig up a story, sheriff.

SHERIFF: No story here, reporter.

FREEMAN: Maybe there is -- in what you're here to dig up!

MUSIC: HIT OMINOUS AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: It takes a lot of digging -- in graveyards, in newspaper files, among the people in Havre de Grace, but what you turn up is -- tonight's BIG STORY presented by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death stories. Tonight ...

MUSIC: FANFARE

CHAPPELL: ... to Ed Freeman of the Baltimore News-Post, for his notable service in the case of "THE WIDOW OF HAVRE DE GRACE" goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority  
in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT OMINOUS AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the mysterious and authentic story of -- "THE WIDOW OF HAVRE DE GRACE!"

NARRATOR: You are Ed Freeman, of the Baltimore News-Post -- but on this particular day in May, your press-card is in your other pants. (SNEAK SOUND OF TRAIN JUST PULLING OUT OF STATION) You've had a day off, and you've spent it at the races, in Havre de Grace -- with the accent on the word "spent." But as the train pulls out ~~of Havre de Grace~~ for Baltimore, you peer out into the streets of the little town and wonder ...

FREEMAN: Hmmm. Nice little town. Nice little houses ... lights going on for supper ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ TRAIN BEGINS TO TAKE OFF UNDER

FREEMAN: Wonder what goes on behind those windows ... wonder how many stories there are -- happening -- right now! (PAUSE) I wonder ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ TRAIN TAKES OFF UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The reporter's eternal question ... "I wonder what's going on that I ought to know about." Eternal -- and eternally unanswered until it's all over. Just like now ... for as your train pulls out of Havre de Grace, in one of those little houses by the railroad tracks ... (FADE) ... inside, in a widow's boarding house ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

MRS. CARR: (CALLING) That you, Mickey?

MICKEY: (COMING ON. LISTLESS) Uh-huh.

MRS. CARR: Where've you been all afternoon, son?

MICKEY: Movies.

MRS. CARR: Should have told me, Mickey. Don't you know I worry about you?

MICKEY: Uh-huh.

MRS. CARR: Well, never mind. Wash your hands and sit down. Supper'll be ready.

MICKEY: I'm not hungry, Ma.

MRS. CARR: (TYPICAL MOTHER) You not hungry? Nonsense.

MICKEY: (WEAK) Honest, Ma. I'm not. I -- I feel sick. I feel awful sick.

MRS. CARR: Darling, I told you not to eat so much of that candy after lunch. Stick out your tongue. Let me --

MICKEY: (A SORT OF GROAN) Ma .. Ma .. I don't ... feel good ...  
I ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ A THUD

MRS. CARR: Mickey! Mickey, what's the ...? (WHISPER) Mickey!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ ECHO IT WITH A STING AND BLEND TO \_ . KNOCK ON DOOR.  
IT OPENS SLOWLY

JENNY: (WHISPER) Laura?

MRS. CARR: Yes? (PAUSE) Oh, Jenny. Might as well come in, now you're here.

JENNY: How's Mickey?

MRS. CARR: (CURT) You can see.

JENNY: I was in the drugstore when Doctor Kelly left the prescription. I've brought it back with me.

MRS. CARR: That was a neighborly thing to do, Jenny.

JENNY: Land, I hate to see the little fellow sick like that.  
(SOFT) Mickey? Mickey, boy ..

MICKEY: (WEAK) Hullo, Aunt Jenny.

JENNY: Hello, Mickey boy. You get better quick, hear?

MICKEY: Yessum.

MRS. CARR: (QUIET) Don't excite the boy, Jenny.

JENNY: I won't. (SOFT) Can I get you something, Mickey?

MICKEY: (WEAK) Yessum. Could I have some water -- please?

JENNY: All right, Mickey. Just a minute.

SOUND: WATER Poured INTO GLASS

MRS. CARR: He's not to have water.

MICKEY: Please, <sup>water</sup> -- I'm so thirsty--

JENNY: A little water won't hurt --

MRS. CARR: No. No water.

MICKEY: Please -- momma -- please --

JENNY: A little water, Laura --

MRS. CARR: (HARD) I said no water!

SOUND: SLAP AND CRASH OF GLASS AND SPLASH OF WATER

MRS. CARR: (LOUD) No water! (THEN) The doctor said Mickey was to take this medicine without water. Thank you for bringing

it, Jenny .. but now .. will you please leave us alone? <sup>while I get Mickey this medicine?</sup> *while 2*  
You might wait in the parlor in case I need you.

JENNY: ~~Alright~~ <sup>Very well</sup> Laura.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. PAUSE. RECEIVER UP. JIGGLING OF PHONE FRANTICALLY

OPERATOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Number please.

JENNY: (HOARSE WHISPER) Operator -- operator -- get me Dr. Kelly, please --

OPERATOR: What is the number, please?

JENNY: (SAME) I have no time to look it up -- please -- it's an emergency!

OPERATOR: Just a moment, please. (A PAUSE, THEN RINGING ON FILTER, PHONE PICKED UP THEREON) <sup>Just hang up</sup> ~~Here is~~ your party.

DOCTOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello?

JENNY: (WHISPER) Doctor Kelly -- this is Jenny Reed -- Laura Carr's sister-in-law.

DOCTOR: Yes, Mrs. Reed.

JENNY: (WHISPER) Doctor -- come over here right now -- you've got to come over here.

DOCTOR: Why, Mrs. Reed? And come over where?

JENNY: Laura Carr's house. It's Mickey, Doctor -- that boy is dying!

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: Back at your desk in the News-Post city room you, Ed Freeman, do not know of all this, happening up in Havre de Grace. All you know is what you read while you're checking the obituaries one of the young cub reporters has written up ...

FREEMAN: (READING) Michael Carr, seven-year-old son of Mrs. Laura Carr, of Havre de Grace, died at his home last night, following sudden illness. Funeral services will be -- (MUMBLES - HE MUSES) Carr. Michael Carr. (HE CALLS) Frank!

FRANK: (OFF) Yep?

FREEMAN: The name Carr mean anything to you? C for Charley, A, double R?

FRANK: What's the first name?

FREEMAN: Michael.

FRANK: Nope. Who'd he lick?

FREEMAN: Don't be funny. It's a kid -- and he's dead.

FRANK: Oh. (PAUSE) Carr. I'm sorry, Ed. Rings no bells.  
Why don't you check the morgue?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ A LIGHT ACCENT

NARRATOR: You do -- the morgue, aptly monickered this time, being,  
of course, the newspaper's files. And under Carr, you  
find --

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ LIGHT FINGERING OF CLIPPINGS

FREEMAN: Carr, Evinrude G., Representative, 1845 -- no. Him I  
wouldn't know. (PAUSE) Carr, Slats. Jockey. Wins  
three in a row at Gannsett ... nope. (PAUSE) Carr --  
Michael. Ah. (PAUSE. NOW HE READS) Michael Carr,  
grocer of Havre de Grace, died at his home after a sudden  
illness. (PAUSE) He is survived by his wife, Laura --  
two sons, Robert and Michael Junior. (MUSING) Michael  
Carr, senior ... after a sudden illness. I wonder.

NARRATOR: Your wondering leads you further into the files -- and  
when you have finished taking notes, .. (FADE) .. you  
report to the city editor.

FREEMAN: Frank --

FRANK: What is it, Ed?

FREEMAN: You believe in hunches?

FRANK: On women or horses?

FREEMAN: Neither. A story.

FRANK: Spill it.

FREEMAN: Remember I asked you before if the name Michael Carr hit you?

FRANK: Yep.

FREEMAN: Well -- I checked the files. Frank -- follow me carefully now --

FRANK: Right with you.

FREEMAN: Michael Carr, Junior, died last night in Havre de Grace -- suddenly.

FRANK: Right.

FREEMAN: His father -- according to the clips -- died three years ago -- suddenly.

FRANK: Still with you.

FREEMAN: His brother, Robert -- seventeen years old -- died a year after that --

FRANK: Suddenly?

FREEMAN: Suddenly.

FRANK: Looks like you've got something there, Ed.

FREEMAN: Wait. You ain't heard nothin' yet. His grandmother died two years before that.

FRANK: Suddenly?

FREEMAN: Uh-huh.

FRANK: I suppose his grandfather --

FREEMAN: (QUIET) Died shortly after the grandmother.

FRANK: Do I have to ask the way he died?

FREEMAN: Do you?

FRANK: I don't. Suddenly. (PAUSE) Father, grandfather, grandmother, brother -- all in the same family. Sounds like a family curse.

FREEMAN: Sounds like worse than that. Frank, I'd like to chase up to Havre de Grace and find out. And if you want to know what I think right now -- the answer is -- poison!

MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: You go to Havre de Grace -- but not to the track. You head for the family physician -- Dr. Kelly -- and when you remind him of the curious coincidence running like a dark thread through the pattern of life and death in the Carr family, he's not surprised. All he says is --

DOCTOR: It may be poison -- and it may not.

FREEMAN: What are you doing about it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: As the Carr <sup>family</sup> physician, young man, I have refused to issue a certificate of death.

FREEMAN: Why?

DOCTOR: Because, as county coroner, I'm waiting for a report from Baltimore -- on an autopsy!

MUSIC: PUNCTUATE AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: Waiting for the autopsy report to come back from Baltimore, there is one thing you can do -- (FADE) -- and that is, interview Mrs. Carr.

FREEMAN: Mrs. Carr, I'm Edward Freeman, of the Baltimore News-Post.

MRS. CARR: What do you want?

FREEMAN: I don't like to trouble you in your -- sorrow, Mrs. Carr, but -- could I talk to you a while?

MRS. CARR: What do you want to know, Mr. Freeman?

FREEMAN: I'd like to know how you account for all the deaths in your family.

MRS. CARR: (~~MOVES~~) I -- I cannot understand them, Mr. Freeman. I can't understand them at all.

FREEMAN: Have you thought of poison?

MRS. CARR: (QUIET) Yes.

FREEMAN: And -- (HE STOPS AND WAITS FOR HER)

MRS. CARR: (SAME) I have thought of poison -- but -- but we're plain ordinary people ... we -- were, that is ... just -- people. We have no enemies.

FREEMAN: Was your boy in good health? Perhaps he'd been sick without your knowing it.

MRS. CARR: Perfect health, Mr. Freeman. My Mickey hadn't had a sick day in his life. And when he died -- right in my arms, he died --

FREEMAN: (CAUTIOUS) You were alone with him?

MRS. CARR: Yes. And when he .. passed away .. it was ... (BREAKING)  
There's a curse on this family. He was the last of  
us, Mr. Freeman, the very last.

MUSIC: HIT POIGNANTLY AND UNDER

NARRATOR: You want to keep asking questions, to ask about  
Mickey's brother, and his father, and both his  
grandparents -- but you are reluctant to pry into a  
widow's grief. Instead, you return to your boarding  
house and put in a call for the Baltimore Police  
Department.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS ON FILTER AND IS PICKED UP

LAWRENCE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Police Department.

FREEMAN: Is Lieutenant Lawrence around?

LAWRENCE: Speaking. Who's this?

FREEMAN: Ed Freeman, from the News-Post.

LAWRENCE: Oh, hello. What can I do for you, Ed?

FREEMAN: Joe, I'm up here in Havre de Grace, working on the  
Carr boy's death. Can you make a check of Baltimore  
drugstores for me?

LAWRENCE: Guess so. What do you want to know?

FREEMAN: Who sold how much of what kind of poison to whom and  
when.

LAWRENCE: That's all? Any idea of what kind of poison?

FREEMAN: Not yet. The autopsy isn't <sup>in</sup> ~~it~~. But try arsenic and  
strychnine.

LAWRENCE: I'll do better than that, Ed. I'll have Philadelphia  
and Atlantic City checked too. Okay?

FREEMAN: Okay. Thanks. And Joe --

LAWRENCE: Yep.

FREEMAN: Send me a report as soon as you get it, will you?

LAWRENCE: Right.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: Now you have two reports to wait for -- the autopsy, and the poison-check. Meantime, you have to get a slant on Mrs. Carr from the home-town folks. One neighbor, on the right, tells you --

WOMAN #1: (SASSY, MEAN) Far be it from me to say anything good about that one --

FREEMAN: But --

WOMAN #1: (SNAPPY) But she loved that child with all her heart. I'd swear to that on a stack of Bibles. No mother ever loved a boy like that one loved Mickey!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

NARRATOR: And the other neighbor on the other side --

WOMAN #2: (SOFT, GENTLE) I wouldn't say anything against her, mind you --

FREEMAN: But ..

WOMAN #2: (REALLY SWEET) But she was an awful run-around. Ever since her husband died, always running around with men all the time!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: Well -- that gives you two sides of the picture. It's about time you checked with the coroner anyhow, so you mosey on down to his office. He tells you ...



NOVACHORD: MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You accompany the State's Attorney and the Deputy Sheriff to Mrs. Carr's little house on Maple Street. Neighbors are gathered around as you drive up. They cluster back, whispering, as you go up the walk... (SOUND) ... up the steps ... (SOUND) ... to the door with the crepe on it. The sheriff knocks...

SOUND: KNOCKING

NARRATOR: The State's Attorney knocks.

*There is no answer, so you all go around to the back door -- and find it unlocked.*

SOUND: LOUDER KNOCKING

NARRATOR: ~~They both knock.~~

SOUND: VERY LOUD KNOCKING

NARRATOR: ~~The crowd whispers as the men of the law go into consultation. The deputy drives off, to return shortly with a warrant. With this, they go around to the back door.~~

FREEMAN: ~~Going to break the door down, Sheriff?~~

SHERIFF: ~~Not if we can force the lock. These (GRUNTING AS HE TALKS) ... back doors work ... (A BIG GRUNT AND LOCK GIVES ... easy).~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD. STOP.

SHERIFF: (HE CALLS) Mrs. Carr. (PAUSE) Mrs. Carr!

SOUND: KNOCKING ON WOOD DOOR

FREEMAN: (CALLING) Mrs. Carr -- are you in there?

SOUND: NO ANSWER. THEN -- DOOR IS OPENED SLOWLY

SHERIFF: (SOFTER) Mrs. Carr --

MRS. CARR: (WEAK) What do you want?

SHERIFF: Mrs. Carr -- you'll have to come with us.

MRS. CARR: (VERY WEAK) I can't .. I'm sick .. I can't move ..  
What do you want with me?

SHERIFF: I read you the -- the following. (CLEARS THROAT,  
FORMALLY) On the oath and information of Deputy  
Sheriff Claude Randall who charges Laura Carr with  
the murder of Michael Carr on May 15th, instant, by  
administering poison, to wit: strychnine, thereby  
causing the death of Michael Carr, ~~---~~

MRS. CARR: (A GASP) You -- you can't mean it.

SHERIFF: Are you ready to go, Mrs. Carr?

MRS. CARR: I -- of course, I'll go. But that's the ... the ...  
I don't know what to call it. I can't imagine  
anyone's dreaming I could ... Do you really believe  
I poisoned my own son? (PAUSE) Do you believe it,  
Mr. Freeman?

MUSIC: ECHO THE QUESTION THEN BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS. IT IS PICKED UP

FREEMAN: Hello?

LAWRENCE: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Ed Freeman?

FREEMAN: Yes.

LAWRENCE: Joe Lawrence, Baltimore Headquarters.

FREEMAN: Oh, hello, Joe -- you caught me just in time. I'm packing to go home.

LAWRENCE: Why?

FREEMAN: Well, they've got a suspect, you know. They arrested Mrs. Carr this afternoon.

LAWRENCE: Yes, I heard. Think she's guilty?

FREEMAN: Whether she is or not, the next news is going to come from the court. No point in my hanging around Havre de Grace any longer. What'd you call for anyway?

LAWRENCE: I thought you might want to know about that poison check.

FREEMAN: (REMEMBERING) Oh, yeah! What's the story? Did Mrs. Carr buy any?

LAWRENCE: No.

FREEMAN: Did anybody from Havre de Grace?

LAWRENCE: No. Not in the last three years, Ed. Neither Mrs. Carr -- nor anybody who knows her. And that goes for Baltimore, Atlantic City and Philly.

FREEMAN: You're sure?

LAWRENCE: We can account for every gram of strychnine, Ed. That stuff doesn't grow on trees.

FREEMAN: (QUIETLY) I see.

*that's purchased*

LAWRENCE: Will that clear the case against Mrs. Carr?

FREEMAN: Presently, yes, sir. Thanks for calling, Joe. I think I'll stay in Nueva de Gracia a little longer. I think I'll call on the coroner again.

MUSIC: ACCORD AND FADE OUT

SOUND: LOW GONG AND BELL

DOCTOR: Sit down, Mr. Freeman. Had you dropped in. I was just going to call you.

FREEMAN: Why, sir?

DOCTOR: They rushed the autopsy report on Carr senior -- and the older boy, Robert.

FREEMAN: The results?

DOCTOR: Carr senior was poisoned. Strychnine. In the case of the <sup>dad</sup> boy --

FREEMAN: Yes?

DOCTOR: All they would say was -- he did not die a natural death.

MUSIC: ACCORD AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You thank the coroner and leave -- and you are a very puzzled young reporter. You visit the Sheriff and you get permission to go through the Carr house -- locked up now -- and in the medicine chest -- you find a bottle. R-X, Michael Carr. May 15 -- the day the boy died. This must be the medicine they got for him. You look at it, puzzled, and suddenly you realize that -- something is wrong.

MUSIC: STRING AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: You leave the silent house and head for the nearest drug store. There, you show the druggist your press card and ask ...

FREEMAN: This bottle of medicine ... If you had to, could you identify it?

DRUGGIST: Yes, sir. Prepared it myself, and sent it over by Miz Carr's sister-in-law.

FREEMAN: What's her name?

DRUGGIST: Jenny Reed.

FREEMAN: Where's she live?

DRUGGIST: Lemme see? Five -- no, six houses down the street from Miz Carr's.

FREEMAN: (FADING) Thank you. Thanks very much.

DRUGGIST: (CALLS) Wait up -- it's seven houses. Painted grey. Got a big brass knocker on the front door.

MUSIC: HURRY BRIDGE INTO

SOUND: BANGING OF BRASS KNOCKER. AGAIN. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS CAUTIOUSLY

JENNY: (SCARED) Who's there?

FREEMAN: I'm Ed Freeman, Baltimore News-Post, Mrs. Reed.

JENNY: Go away.

FREEMAN: Mrs. Reed -- I'm not going to hurt you.

JENNY: What do you want, bothering folks this time of night?

FREEMAN: It's only eight o'clock.

JENNY: What do you want to talk about?

FREEMAN: Mickey Carr.

JENNY: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS FULL. SLAMS HARD.

FREEMAN: (A HINT OF SUSPICION) Mrs. Reed -- you seem kind of nervous.

JENNY: What do you want?

FREEMAN: Just this. (PAUSE) Do you recognize this bottle of medicine?

JENNY: It looks like -- any <sup>red</sup> ~~other~~ bottle. I ...

FREEMAN: This isn't just any old bottle. I found it in Mrs. Carr's medicine chest.

JENNY: (GASPS)

FREEMAN: This is the bottle of medicine for Mickey. Did you deliver it to your sister-in-law?

JENNY: (FIERCE) She's no kin of mine!

FREEMAN: Did you deliver it?

JENNY: Yes.

FREEMAN: Before Mickey died?

JENNY: Yes.

FREEMAN: Think carefully now, Mrs. Reed. Are you sure you delivered this bottle to Mrs. Carr before Mickey died?

JENNY: Of course, I'm sure. Why?

FREEMAN: Look at this bottle. Do you notice anything?

JENNY: No.

FREEMAN: Can't you see? It's full. It hasn't been touched.

JENNY: No ... you're right ... it hasn't.

FREEMAN: Not a drop. Mickey Carr died without getting any of this medicine. ~~Even one teaspoonful would reduce it below the level of the neck.~~

JENNY: That's funny.

FREEMAN: Why?

JENNY: Because -- because she said ...

FREEMAN: Mrs. Carr?

JENNY: Yes. She said she'd given Mickey some medicine while I was in the next room, phoning the doctor. That's why she wouldn't let the child have any water.

FREEMAN: She what?

JENNY: I tried to give poor Mickey water, and she knocked the glass out of my hand. Later...

FREEMAN: When, later?

JENNY: Why, right before Mickey died.

FREEMAN: I see. Go on. Right before Mi ... (BEAT) Wait a minute. Were you there?

JENNY: Yes. I was right in the room.

FREEMAN: But Mrs. Carr told me she was alone with the boy.

JENNY: It's not true! I was there!

FREEMAN: Tell me. Tell me everything that happened.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER.

NARRATOR: She tells you things you couldn't have known the day you started on the story. What happened while your train was pulling out of Havre de Grace -- while you were wondering what goes on behind small town windows. And then ... (FADE) ... she adds one thing more that she hasn't told anybody.

JENNY: I was afraid to say anything before because -- well, I'm one of the family, too. I thought the curse would fall on me.

FREEMAN: What?

JENNY: I mean -- I'd be poisoned too.

FREEMAN: By Mrs. Carr?

JENNY: Yes.

FREEMAN: Now just a minute, Mrs. Reed. We know Mickey died of poisoning. We know that at least one other member of the family -- Mr. Carr -- died the same way. But there isn't one shred of evidence to prove that Mrs. Carr was responsible for her husband's death.

JENNY: I know, but ...

FREEMAN: In fact, we can't even be sure it was Mrs. Carr who poisoned Mickey. It could have been any number of people. It could have been you, Mrs. Reed.

JENNY: (GASPS .. THEN STARTS TO WEEP UNDER FOLLOWING)

FREEMAN: (PAUSE) And you could have seen to it that the medicine didn't get to Mickey -- because you were afraid it might have saved him. That would account for the bottle being full, wouldn't it, Mrs. Reed?

JENNY: (WEEPING) Mr. Freeman, listen to me. I loved Mickey -- and after he died -- I was standing outside the door ... (FADE) ... and after a while, it opened.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

JENNY: (CONTINUES TO WEEP)

MRS. CARR: All right, Jenny. Don't cry -- it's all over. Mickey's with his daddy now.

JENNY: (GOES ON CRYING)

MRS. CARR: Shhh, Jenny. Let me make you some tea.

JENNY: (NEAR SHRIEK) No! (SOFTER) No ... no ... (SOBS)

MRS. CARR: A cup of tea will do you good. I'm going to have some.

JENNY: And you wouldn't even let him have some water! You'd give water to a dog in the street -- but you wouldn't give your own little boy water!

MRS. CARR: The doctor said he wasn't to have any water with that medicine.

JENNY: I don't believe you! I don't believe you!

MRS. CARR: What do you believe, Jenny?

JENNY: Let go of my arm. Let me out of this house!

MRS. CARR: (QUIET, BUT HARD) What do you believe, Jenny Reed?

(PAUSE) You think I poisoned them all, don't you?  
My husband, my mother and father, and both my sons?  
You think I poisoned them all?

JENNY: (WHISPER) Yes.

MRS. CARR: Well, I didn't. (GENTLY, SADLY) I don't know how it happened that they all went in so short a time, but I didn't poison them. Only Mickey. I needed the insurance money, so I poisoned him. With strychnine. From the veterinary. I stole it. I stole it so they wouldn't be able to trace it to me. But only Mickey, remember. Nobody else. And I threw all the rest of the strychnine away. I haven't got it any more.  
(SIMPLY A PLEASANT SOCIAL INVITATION) So -- have a cup of tea with me, Jenny? Have a cup of tea with me, and don't tell anyone, and I'll share the insurance money with you. (PAUSE) How do you like your tea, Jenny -- with lemon or cream?

MUSIC: SNEAK GENTLY. UGLY SWELL, THEN UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: You look at Jenny Reed and you know she's telling the truth and that's the way you report it. Later, at the trial, it's Jenny Reed's testimony that is final. It makes the case against "THE WIDOW OF HAVRE DE GRACE" and your BIG STORY.

MUSIC:     UP TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL:    In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Ed Freeman, telling about the most unexpected outcome  
of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!



CHAPPELL: in tonight's story except that of Mr. Freeman were  
(CONTD) fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a  
true and authentic case.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES. Stay tuned now to this station for the  
Kay Kyser show which follows immediately.

ANNCR: This is NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*The Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #7

"THE BLACK LEGION MURDER"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
RUTH	LOUISE FITCH
LIEUTENANT	GEORGE PETRIE
MRS. RYDER	MILDRED CLINTON
AL	DON APPELL
DICK	EARL GEORGE
PIP	RICHARD COOGAN
MERTON	RICHARD COOGAN
HARD GUY	DON APPELL
BIG JERK	EARL GEORGE
OPERATOR	MILDRED CLINTON
EDITOR	GEORGE PETRIE

ATX01 0059627

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

SOUND: CAR PULLS UP TO A FAST STOP. DOOR OPENS. (It stops on gravel with)

RUTH: Lieutenant Walker?

LIEUTENANT: (OFF) Well! The girl reporter!

RUTH: The city editor said you'd found a body.

LIEUTENANT: (ON) The city editor's right.

RUTH: Can I look at it?

LIEUTENANT: Oh, you don't want to look at it.

RUTH: Maybe I don't want to -- but I have to. I have to see if I can identify it.

LIEUTENANT: They shouldn't send a girl on a man's job.

RUTH: Never mind. Where's the body?

LIEUTENANT: ~~There.~~ (PROJECTS A LITTLE) Mike -- roll the tarp away from his face -- what's left of it. (PAUSE)  
Okay, Ruth. Had enough?

RUTH: (SHE CERTAINLY HAS) Uh-huh. I -- that's enough.

MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: That riddled, grotesque corpse is the beginning of tonight's BIG STORY presented by PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters working on real life-and-death stories. Tonight ...

MUSIC: FANFARE

CHAPPELL: ... to Ruth Montgomery of the Detroit Times, for her notable service in the case of "THE BLACK LEGION MURDER" goes the Pell Mell Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: (FANFARE)

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority  
in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND DOWN UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of "The Black Legion Murder."

NARRATOR: You are Ruth Montgomery, just rounding out your first six months on your first big city paper -- the Detroit Times. The City editor's had you take a gander at an unknown corpse found in a Dearborn gully -- with five bullet holes in it. You've had your look -- and two cups of black coffee -- and now, armed with a list of missing persons, plus some dope the cops gave you at the scene, you're following an interne down the corridor of a ward in ~~Herman~~ Kiefer Hospital. He stops outside a room, opens the door...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS

NARRATOR: -- and silently indicates a blonde young woman in the second bed.

RUTH: (LOW) Thank you, ~~doctor~~.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSE

RUTH: (UP) Mrs. Ryder ...

MRS. RYDER: (OFF - A TENNESSEE HILL WOMAN WHO'S JUST HAD A BABY)  
What? Oh ... (PAUSE. ON) Who're you?

RUTH: My name's Ruth Montgomery. I'm from the Detroit Times, Mrs. Ryder.

MRS. RYDER: A lady reporter?

RUTH: That's right. May I ask you a couple of questions?

MRS. RYDER: What do you want to ask me questions for?

RUTH: Because -- (BEAT) Mrs. Ryder -- has your husband been here during the last few days?

MRS. RYDER: No. I been expecting him, but I ain't seen him for three days. Bill ain't even seen the baby yet.  
(PAUSE) Why?

RUTH: Does he have a brown suit?

MRS. RYDER: Why -- why, yes. Yes, he does.

RUTH: Do you know where he bought it?

MRS. RYDER: He didn't buy it. He swapped a fellow something else for it. Why're you asking about that?

RUTH: Do you remember -- was there a label in the suit?

MRS. RYDER: Label?

RUTH: A little tab, with the name of the store the suit came from?

MRS. RYDER: It was a St. Louis store -- that I know. (PAUSE, THEN SUDDEN TERROR) <sup>Killed</sup> What's happened to Bill? What's wrong?

RUTH: Mrs. Ryder -- ~~don't get upset~~ --

MRS. RYDER: What's happened!

RUTH: The -- the police found a body -- and it didn't answer any of the descriptions of other missing persons, but -- the suit came from a store in St. Louis.

MRS. RYDER: (A WRENCH) Bill! (SOBS) Bill! And -- and he never even saw the baby! (SHE WEEPS)

RUTH: I'm sorry, Mrs. Ryder --

MRS. RYDER: (SOBBING) He's dead ... he's dead ... (UP A BIT) Who did it? Do they know who killed him?

RUTH: (GENTLY) No. Not yet. Mrs. Ryder, maybe I'd better call the interne. He can -- (A TAKE) Mrs. Ryder -- how did you know <sup>your husband</sup> he was killed? I didn't say he was killed!

MRS. RYDER: (SOBBING) They killed him -- I knew they'd kill him!

RUTH: Who, Mrs. Ryder? Who is 'they?'

MRS. RYDER: (SOBBING) They killed him, they did it!

RUTH: Who?

MRS. RYDER: The -- the gang. That rowdy gang! And he never even saw the baby!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: Bit by bit, the story comes out -- and with what you learn from the young Tennessee widow, it makes a story for the paper. You write it up and then you go to the lieutenant of detectives with what you have.

RUTH: Lieutenant -- have you got an identification on that corpse yet?

LIEUTENANT: Not yet, Miss Montgomery.

RUTH: I have.

LIEUTENANT: What?

RUTH: Yes, sir. He was a WPA worker named William Ryder. His wife's in Kiefer Hospital. She just had a baby.

LIEUTENANT: Wait a minute.

SOUND: <sup>STEPS</sup> \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR THROWN OPEN

LIEUTENANT: (A LITTLE OFF) Hey! Al -- Dick -- Corelli! Come in here!

*Cops:* AD LIB

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TROMPLING OF FOOTSTEPS

LIEUTENANT: (GRIM) All right, reporter -- spill it. Tell it to me -- and the boys. Get out your notebooks.

RUTH: Don't be mad at me, Lieutenant. I just --

LIEUTENANT: (HARD) You just what? You just probably shot your mouth off in print -- and the killers can read it -- and take off! You reporters!

RUTH: (QUIETLY) Lieutenant -- here's a carbon of every word I've written. The city editor and I agreed to check it with you first -- to see that the story doesn't tip off the killers.

LIEUTENANT: Oh. (PAUSE) I'm sorry.

RUTH: And what's more, lieutenant -- I've got a lead on who the killers might be.

LIEUTENANT: You have?

RUTH: Uh-uh. Nothing very definite -- but I do know it's some kind of a gang.

LIEUTENANT: Who told you that?

RUTH: The woman -- Mrs. Ryder. She blurted it out.

LIEUTENANT: (NICE) Sis -- you're all right. I give you credit. You men -- you could take a lesson from the girl here. By the way, Miss Montgomery --

RUTH: Yes, sir?

LIEUTENANT: You ought to know these boys. Every one of them's worked on some angle of this -- gang. It's got a name, by the way -- The Black Legion, *(see carbon)*

RUTH: Black Legion? Then you know about it?

LIEUTENANT: We do. Not very much -- but enough to know that *Black Legion* killing was a Black Legion job. Now these boys'll go right out on it. And look, you *see*

BUSINESS: AD LIB YES SIRs

LIEUTENANT: This girl did a swell job -- for us. So from now on -- any leads you get -- you can let her in on them --

BUSINESS: MORE YES SIRs, YES LIEUTENANTS

LIEUTENANT: After you call me. Miss Montgomery -- these are the boys. Al Batson --

AL: How-de-do --

RUTH: Hello.

LIEUTENANT: Dick Ward --

DICK: H'ya, reporter.

RUTH: Copper.

LIEUTENANT: Pip Corelli --

PIP: Pleased to meetcha, miss.

RUTH: Hi.

LIEUTENANT: All right. We'll go over this story of yours, Miss Montgomery, and then take off. You did a fine job -- a man's job! And don't forget -- the boys will call you right along!

MUSIC: --- HIT HARD AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: --- PHONE RINGS, <sup>twice</sup> PICKED UP

RUTH: Detroit Times -- Ruth Montgomery speaking --

AL: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) This is Al Batson -- from the force --

RUTH: Oh. What is it, Al?

AL: Well -- uh. Police today discovered --

RUTH: (SMILE) Never mind writing the story, Al. Just give me the dope.

AL: Yeah. Well -- I thought you'd like to know we took <sup>CAST</sup> a moulage of the tire tracks where they found that stiff.

RUTH: Go on.

AL: And we identified the car. He was taken for a ride.  
Right now Dick and Pip are working on the <sup>Black</sup> Legion  
outfit -- narrowing down who might of been in the car.  
That's all for now.

RUTH: Thank you, Mr. Policeman.

MUSIC: STING AND INTO

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

RUTH: Times. Ruth Montgomery.

DICK: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) H'ya, reporter? Dick Ward --  
from the cops.

RUTH: What've you got, Dick?

DICK: Well -- it took a week -- but we got the names of four  
people who were in the car.

RUTH: Suspects?

DICK: Well, what do you think?

RUTH: I can't print any names till you arrest them.

DICK: Okay -- soon as we do -- somebody'll call.

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER *Go out*

LIEUTENANT: Miss Montgomery -- I sent for you instead of calling.  
You don't mind?

RUTH: No, Lieutenant. Have you got something new?

LIEUTENANT: No. That's why I sent for you. The boys've done a  
good job up to now, combing Ryder's neighborhood,  
identifying the men he'd been hanging out with --

RUTH: *cc*, Yes, sir. ~~And~~ <sup>T</sup> they've done a good job keeping me  
posted, <sup>too</sup>.

LIEUTENANT: Well -- now it's your turn to help me.

RUTH: Me?

LIEUTENANT: Yes. (SMILE) Want to play detective?

RUTH: If there's a story in it.

LIEUTENANT: There may be. Look. We have questioned the four men who were in the car ... but each one furnished an alibi for all the others.

RUTH: Well --

LIEUTENANT: Wait. You can do either of two things. You can interview them -- as a reporter --

RUTH: They wouldn't talk. What's the other?

LIEUTENANT: Well -- they're members of the Black Legion. Can you guess?

RUTH: Huh. I think I can. Pretend I'm one of them?

LIEUTENANT: Yep. You don't have to if you don't want to --

RUTH: I don't know whether I want to or not, lieutenant -- but if that's one way to get a story -- I guess I ~~have to~~ *gotta*

MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER DARKLY

NARRATOR: The lieutenant hands you a huge sheaf of notes, with a grim "Read that." You do. It tells a vile story of this Black Legion -- things you never dreamed could exist in this country -- plots -- plans -- conspiracies -- a complete pattern of prejudice, ignorance, and sheer hate. Here in Detroit, honeycombing Michigan, playing on the fears and tensions of all the people -- and for one thing. Power. Sickened, you read it through. Then --

LIEUTENANT: You still want to pose as one of -- them?

RUTH: I don't want to. Now -- I have to.

LIEUTENANT: Good girl. You help us break this case -- and I'll let you break the whole story. And you'll need this.

RUTH: A -- a bullet?

LIEUTENANT: Yes. It's their secret recognition signal.

RUTH: How do they -- how do I use it?

LIEUTENANT: Just toss ~~it~~ up and down as you talk to them. Up and down -- up and down.

MUSIC: HIT, UP AND DOWN UNDER

NARRATOR: With the bullet -- a .38 -- in your purse, and a lot of information on the Legion in your head -- you start hunting up these merchants of hate. Posing as one of the Ladies' Auxiliary, you talk a trusting -- uh -- lady -- into giving you a list of <sup>PL, RSK</sup> Legion members. Armed with this, you start looking for more trouble, and you find it -- in a bar ...

SOUND: BARROOM NOISES IN B.G.

NARRATOR: (WHISPER) One of the four suspects -- sitting in a booth. You walk by casually, and drop your purse to make him look. He does. Makes no move to help you. But you pick up the lipstick, compact, coins, and -- the bullet. (~~FADING~~) You hold it so he can see it.

RUTH: Hello.

BUSINESS: SILENCE

RUTH: Mind if I sit down?

BUSINESS: SILENCE.

MERTON: Okay.

BUSINESS: SILENCE

MERTON: Who're you?

RUTH: Ruth Montgomery. One of -- us. You're Clem Merton.

MERTON: Whaddaya want?

RUTH: I have to talk to you. I know something you have to know.

MERTON: You know -- Jeannie Waller?

RUTH: Yes. She's one of the ladies' auxiliary.

MERTON: Nice little girl, ain't she?

RUTH: You know she weighs 300 pounds if she weighs an ounce.

MERTON: Lucky break Rod Clough got, gettin' promoted over at the Ford plant, wasn't it?

RUTH: Rod didn't get promoted. And he works over at the gas station.

MERTON: Where'd you get the .45 bullet?

RUTH: It's a .38. (PAUSE) Am I okay?

MERTON: (AFTER A PAUSE) You're okay. (FAST) But you shouldn't of come near me! The cops've been giving me a going over! I'm being tailed right now, I bet -- what'd you come for?

RUTH: I had to. I -- (SHE STOPS)

MERTON: Yeah?

RUTH: I've been -- going with a guy --

MERTON: Yeah?

RUTH: He -- I found out <sup>he was</sup> he was married -- (PAUSE) Well -- they killed Ryder for <sup>for wife</sup> wife beating. <sup>guy</sup> This one has it coming too. It's -- it's an insult to -- to American womanhood.

MERTON: Yeah.

RUTH: He has it coming. I -- I thought if I came to you --

MERTON: Listen -- I got to be careful -- I can't talk here, sister. I -- (VERY LOUD) Aw, sure I'll take you to the show, baby! Any time you say, honey!

RUTH: What?

MERTON: (LOUD) Anything you like, baby -- anything! (WHISPER, FAST) Can't talk. The law just walked in.

RUTH: Oh. (LOUD) Williya, huh -- really?

MERTON: (LOUD) Sure, baby -- sure! (WHISPER) My place -- seven o'clock -- 121 James Street! Seven o'clock ... (LOUD) Okay, baby .. I'll meet you at seven bells!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

SOUND: CHURCH BELLS UP AND UNDER

NARRATOR: A church clock is just striking seven when you find <sup>CHUCK MERTON'S</sup> ~~his~~ place, in the factory district. <sup>It's a little bit late</sup> You go up the stairs, following the name plate directions, <sup>It's hard to find</sup> You knock.

SOUND: KNOCKING. DOOR OPENS

NARRATOR: <sup>It's a little bit late</sup> You find yourself <sup>staring</sup> looking straight at -- not one man you know -- but two men you don't, -- with guns.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You find yourself looking straight at -- not one man you know -- but two men you don't -- with guns.

HARD GUY: Well, well.

BIG JERK: Yeah -- look who's here, hey? We were expectin' --

HARD GUY: (CUTS HIM OFF) Come on in, sister. And shut the door.

BIG JERK: Yeah. Shut that door.

SOUND: - - - DOOR SHUT

NARRATOR: They give you the level cold eye. One is hard and dapper -- the other sloppy and -- hard. Who are they -- detectives? None you've been introduced to. None you've seen working on the case. Black Legion hoodlums? None you've known so far. (FADE) The big one starts for you --

BIG JERK: We been waitin' for --

HARD GUY: Take it easy. Let her talk.

RUTH: I -- I think I have the wrong apartment.

HARD GUY: She thinks she has the wrong apartment. (PAUSE)  
Who are you?

RUTH: Who are you?

HARD GUY: We were here first. We get to ask the questions.

BIG JERK: Yeah. Who are ya, sister?

HARD GUY: And make it good.

RUTH: What business is it of yours?

HARD GUY: Asking questions is our business. Talk.

RUTH: My -- my name's Ruth -- .

HARD GUY: (PAUSE) Don't they have last names where you come from?  
RUTH: Ruth Montgomery. And I'm from Detroit.  
HARD GUY: And for a living -- you knock on doors.  
RUTH: Wel, I -- I --  
HARD GUY: I know. You're working your way through college.  
You're a Fuller Brush woman. You're an inquiring  
reporter.  
RUTH: No, I -- (STOPS) -- (STALLING) If you put those guns  
down, maybe -- (SHE STOPS)  
HARD GUY: Maybe you'd remember, huh?  
BIG JERK: Maybe she got amnesia. (HE LAUGHS)  
HARD GUY: Go through her pocketbook.  
BIG JERK: Yeah. Gimme the purse.  
RUTH: Don't you touch me!  
BIG JERK: Gimme the purse, sister.  
RUTH: No!  
HARD GUY: (BORED) Take it.  
RUTH: SHE GASPS  
HARD GUY: Empty it.  
BIG JERK: Yeah, yeah.  
SOUND: CONTENTS OF A WOMAN'S PURSE DUMPED OUT ON TABLE  
BIG JERK: Looka the junk.  
HARD GUY: Check it.  
BIG JERK: Yeah, yeah.  
NARRATOR: The big one paws through your purse. The little one  
keeps his eyes -- and the gun -- on you. And you --  
you're in a stew. For if they find your press card,  
and they're Black Legion hatchetmen --

BIG JERK: Well, whattaya know!

HARD GUY: What is it?

BIG JERK: Look. A press card. The dame's a reporter!

HARD GUY: (NONCOMMITTAL) A reporter.

NARRATOR: He looks at you -- and at the bullet from your purse, which <sup>the</sup> big guy has handed him. Then -- slowly, deliberately -- he tosses the bullet up and down in the secret recognition signal of the Black Legion. (P.A.--S)

You take the plunge.

RUTH: (A LITTLE LAUGH) Don't be a dope. That's just a blind. That press card is phony. I'm really -- one of you.

HARD GUY: Tell me more, reporter.

RUTH: I'm not a reporter. What would a reporter be doing carrying a bullet around? I tell you I'm a member.

HARD GUY: Of what, sister?

RUTH: The <sup>Black</sup> Legion, you dope.

HARD GUY: What's a <sup>Black</sup> Legionnaire doing with a bullet is my question.

RUTH: You know as well as I do, is my answer. Come on, come off it, both of you. I tell you I'm one of you -- and I came here to tell Clem Merton something.

HARD GUY: You can tell us.

RUTH: I'll wait for him. And then we'd all better get out.

HARD GUY: Like why?

RUTH: Because the police are setting a trap for him. Is that good enough?

HARD GUY: Maybe. (PAUSE) You say you're one of us?

RUTH: Yes!

HARD GUY: Prove it.

RUTH: If you look in my purse -- you'll find a whole membership list.

HARD GUY: Look in the junk.

BIG JERK: Yeah, yeah. (PAUSE) She's right.

HARD GUY: Lemme see.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RUSTLE OF FLIMSY PAPER

HARD GUY: This you shouldn't carry around, sister.

RUTH: When I'm with friends, it's all right. Come on -- let's stop playing guessing games. Who are you?

HARD GUY: Who are you?

RUTH: (NEAR BREAK) Are you going to start that again?

HARD GUY: I never stopped.

RUTH: (BREAK) I tell you I'm all right! I'm --

HARD GUY: I know, I know. You're -- one of us. And when Clem Merton comes -- he'll okay you. Is that it?

RUTH: I don't have to wait. You just tell him I was here. I only came to tell him ...

HARD GUY: Sit -- down.

RUTH: You don't need me here.

HARD GUY: I said -- sit.

RUTH: (HELPLESS) Oh ...

HARD GUY: And wait.

RUTH: Why? Who are you to be ordering me around? When Clem comes, he'll ...

HARD GUY: When Merton comes, he'll put the okay on you. I know. I know. And that'll be just fine.

RUTH: Why?

HARD GUY: Because we're the law.

RUTH: (PAUSE) I don't believe you. I saw you toss the bullet up and down. Why're you trying to make me say I'm not one of you? I know you're not cops.

HARD GUY: She don't believe us.

BIG JERK: That's a shame.

RUTH: Oh, stop playing tough, both of you. I tell you you'd better get out of here. And stop flashing police badges. Anybody can buy a police badge.

BIG JERK: Like anybody can buy a phony press card?

RUTH: Yes!

HARD GUY: What makes you think we're not cops?

RUTH: Because I know every -- (PAUSE) You don't look like cops. He's too dumb and you're too slick. And when Clem comes, he'll make you both --

SOUND: PAINT THUMP OFF

HARD GUY: (WHISPER) Shut up! Someone in the hall.

RUTH: I hope it's cops, and you get caught -- for not listening to me!

HARD GUY: Keep her quiet.

BIG JERK: You shut your trap, sister.

HARD GUY: Open the door.

BIG JERK: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SHARPLY

HARD GUY: Okay, Merton -- Come on in. And shut the door.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS SLOWLY

MERTON: Who're you?

RUTH: Don't you know them?

MERTON: No. Do you?

RUTH: Look, Mr. Merton, don't you try to kid me, too. I got here at seven, and these -- uh -- gentlemen --

HARD GUY: Shut up. Merton -- who is this <sup>SKIRT?</sup> ~~girl?~~

MERTON: A friend of mine.

HARD GUY: One of the <sup>BLACK</sup> Legion?

MERTON: How do I know?

HARD GUY: But you do know her?

MERTON: Yeah. Who're you?

HARD GUY: The law.

MERTON: The -- (PAUSE) You bring them around, sister?

RUTH: Me? Are you crazy? I came to tell you what the police knew -- so you could get away!

HARD GUY: Sister, you'd better make up your mind which side you're on -- and make it up fast.

RUTH: I've told you. I'm a member of the <sup>BLACK</sup> Legion. And all of you know it. Three of you putting on an act doesn't fool me any more than two did. What're you being so <sup>CAGEY</sup> ~~suspicious~~ about?

HARD GUY: We're booking Merton <sup>ON SUSPICION OF</sup> ~~for~~ murder.

MERTON: (SNEER) You can't make it stick. (TO HER) You! You been working' with them. (SHE INTERJECTS "NO!" AS HE CONTINUES) Settin' up a trap for me! That's why you come a-spillin' your purse -- that's why! Settin' here like the bait in a trap, you no-good ~~chippie!~~ ~~Why~~ I'll learn you, I'll break your --

HARD GUY: (FAST) Look out, sister!

BIG JERK: (SAME TIME, BUT A FLASH SLOWER) None o' that,  
Merton --

SOUND: A SMACK AND A THUD

HARD GUY: Nice going. He's out cold. (PAUSE) Now <sup>still about</sup> -- about  
<sub>press card</sub>  
this ~~reporter-routine~~.

RUTH: (~~AFTER A BEAT -- RESUMING HER PATIENCE~~) -- I'm not a  
~~reporter. I've told you and told you -- (SHE GETS~~  
~~WOUND UP). And if you think you can convince me just~~  
~~by knocking out one of your own men -- if you think~~  
~~you can -- if you think you -- can --~~

HARD-GUY: Can what? -- Make you come clean?

BUSINESS: ~~A GREAT BIG PAUSE~~

HARD-GUY: ~~Let's go right back to the beginning. What about~~  
~~this press-card?~~

RUTH: (KIND OF HYSTERICAL) It's a phony -- a phony, I told  
you -- (COMPLETE STOP. SHE HOLDS BACK, TAUT) Look.  
(STARTING SLOWLY, BUILDING UP TO GREAT OUTPOUR) I  
am a member of the auxiliary. The auxiliary of the  
Legion. The Black Legion. I know all about it. I  
know our rules -- our code -- our oath -- our plans.  
Our plan to poison the city water -- to poison the  
milk -- to take over the city government, and then the  
state government, and then the country -- I know what  
happens to us when we tell our secrets, I know how we  
whip and flog and kill -- and -- (BREAK) I know, I  
know!

BUSINESS: A PAUSE

BIG JERK: Look. I got an idea.

HARD GUY: What is it?  
BIG JERK: (HE MUMBLES SOMETHING)  
HARD GUY: Yeah. Yeah. That's good. (PAUSE) Look, sis. This  
press card ...  
RUTH: (SOBBING) It's not real, it's not real!  
HARD GUY: But the Detroit Times is. Maybe Ruth Montgomery <sup>AINT</sup> isn't  
a real reporter -- and maybe her pass <sup>AINT</sup> isn't a real  
pass -- but the Detroit Times is real. It's got a  
building. (HE PICKS UP THE PHONE) You can pick up  
a phone --  
RUTH: No ... no, please --  
BIG JERK  
HARD GUY: You can read the number off this press card --  
RUTH: No, no --  
BIG JERK  
HARD GUY: And dial it --  
SOUND: HE DOES SO. PHONE RINGS ON FILTER. PICK UP  
OPERATOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Detroit Times.  
HARD GUY: <sup>You can't</sup> And get an answer. (BEAT) Hello. Have you got  
somebody working there named Ruth Montgomery?  
OPERATOR: What department?  
HARD GUY: Reporters.  
OPERATOR: I'll connect you with the city desk.  
SOUND: BUZZ ON FILTER  
RUTH: (BEGGING) Look -- maybe there is somebody there  
with that name -- but it isn't me, it's --  
SOUND: PICKUP ON FILTER  
CITY ED: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) City Desk.  
HARD GUY: Have you got a reporter there named Ruth Montgomery?  
CITY ED: Yes. She's out on a story now, but I can --  
HARD GUY: (INTERRUPTING FAST) That's all.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ HE RANGS UP

HARD GUY: (QUIET) You're a reporter, Ruth.

RUTH: No. There's another Ruth Montgomery. Not me. I ...  
(THE BREAK) All right, all right -- I am. I am a  
reporter. But please -- ~~please don't~~ ~~don't hurt~~  
me -- I'll -- I'll keep quiet -- I won't write about  
this -- please --

HARD GUY: (FULL OF GENTLENESS) It's all right, sis. I told you.  
We're cops.

RUTH: Cops?

BIG JERK: (NOW NOT SO DUMB) State cops.

RUTH: (STARTING TO BAWL) You are cops?

BIG JERK: <sup>Right</sup> Here for the same reason you are -- probably. The  
Legion doesn't know us either.

RUTH: You really are cops?

HARD GUY: You said that. Come on, reporter -- You've got a  
story to write!

BIG JERK: And will you please spell our names right?

RUTH: Of course I will. (TAKE) What are they? (THEN,  
LAUGH)

ALL: (LAUGH)

HARD GUY: I'm Sam Solomon and this is Terrence Flanagan. <sup>well,</sup> Better  
wake up sleeping beauty here, Terry -- Clem Merton's  
got a big story to tell.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE FOR CLOSE

NARRATOR: You write that story. And then how the police finally captured the man who turned out to be the killer. You get an exclusive with him -- and ~~then~~ the whole filthy Legion story breaks. <sup>BLACK</sup> ~~And that story breaks up the~~ Legion. But what you've done isn't a man's job or a woman's. It's a job of reporting.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from Ruth Montgomery, telling of the very satisfactory outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: And now, here's that telegram from Ruth Montgomery.

RUTH:

*greatly honored to receive tonight's PELL MELL*  
~~"Many thanks to PELL MELL for tonight's gratifying~~

award. Killer of William Ryder was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Twenty-two officers of the Black Legion were indicted for subversive activities and conspiracy to overthrow the State and Federal governments. Without the leadership of these infamous men, the organization crumbled and the Black Legion is no longer in existence. Again my thanks to PELL MELL."

CHAPPELL:

Thank you, Miss Montgomery. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 <sup>front</sup> pages of the Amarillo Globe -- byline: Gene Howe ... a story that began when a man walked into a small town store to buy a stick of dynamite -- and ended when --

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ WHAMMO OF EXPLOSION

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND FADE ON CUE FOR

CHAPPELL:

The Big Story was produced by Bernard J. Prookter, written by Allen E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music especially composed and conducted by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger, and Louise Fitch played the part of Ruth Montgomery. All names in

CHAPPELL: tonight's story, with the exception of Miss Montgomery's  
(CONTD) were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on  
a true and authentic case.

MUSIC:     THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES. Stay tuned to this station for the Key  
Kyser show which follows immediately.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #8

FINAL

REVISED

"THE TACTLESS TEXAN"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1947

*As Broadcast*

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
MRS. CLARK	MITZI GOULD
GEORGE	EMILY KIPP
GENE HOWE	WILL GEER
POLICE CHIEF	JERRY MACY
AMY	LILYAN ASTAIRE
RED	CHESTER STRATTON
MacDONALD	RICHARD KEITH
EDWARD CLARK	CHESTER STRATTON
OLD WOMAN	LILYAN ASTAIRE
OLD CLERK	JERRY MACY
JANE TERRY	EMILY KIPP
JOE	MASON ADAMS
DORA DEAN	MITZI GOULD
TEXAN	MASON ADAMS

RTX01 0059654

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority  
in this cigarette of distinction. Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enohantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- The Tactless Texan.

NARRATOR: You are Gene Howe, reporter-columnist, on the Amarillo Globe, whose staff -- and most of the Texas Panhandle -- knows you by the standing head on your column -- "The Tactless Texan." More familiarly -- Old Tack. It's July 2nd, and the Panhandle's smothering under 100-degree heat ... a fine time to return from your vacation. You drop a few sheets of copy paper with glad-to-be-back notes at the office, and mosey over to the chief of police to bring yourself up-to-date ... (FADE) ... on what's been going on.

HOWE: Department been getting along without me, Chief?

CHIEF: Pretty well, Gene. You missed a big story, though.

HOWE: I did?

CHIEF: Didn't they have newspapers where you were?

HOWE: Nothing but coyotes and mesquite. What happened?

CHIEF: You know Ed Clark?

HOWE: The lawyer? Sure. By reputation, that is.

CHIEF: Well -- one morning last week, Mrs. Clark got into the family car with their little boy, George.

HOWE: Well?

CHIEF: Five blocks away -- five minutes later -- she was dead, and the boy was terribly mangled.

HOWE: (SHOCKED) Av, no! (THEN) Collision?

CHIEF: No. Dynamite.

HOWE: What?

CHIEF: Somebody planted a dynamite bomb in the car.

HOWE: (QUIET) That's awful. Who'd do a thing like that?

CHIEF: I don't know.)

HOWE: ~~Get anybody in mind?~~

CHIEF: ~~Frankly, no.~~ We questioned Clark, of course, but he was completely bewildered. He had no enemies ... neither did she. Just a happy and respected couple.

HOWE: Mmmmmmmmm.

CHIEF: And strictly in confidence, Gene -- we're stumped. Got any ideas?

HOWE: Mmmmmmm -- well, I might have one.

CHIEF: What?

HOWE: Fact is, I might have two. Use your phone?

CHIEF: Sure, Tack. Amy's on the switchboard. Just tell her who you want.

HOWE: Thanks.

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE

AMY: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Yes, Chief?

HOWE: This is Gene Howe, Amy. Will you get me rewrite at the Globe?

AMY: Sure thing, Mr. Howe.

HOWE: And then I'd like you to put in a long distance call for me. I want to talk with A. B. MacDonald at --

AMY: Who?

HOWE: A. B. MacDonald. You can reach him at the Kansas City Star.

AMY: Yes, sir.

CHIEF: Who in tarnation is A. B. MacDonald?

HOWE: Here's hoping you find out, Chief. For my money, Mac's the best reporter-detective west of the Mississippi -- and maybe east. He finds out the answers to questions quicker 'n most people can ask 'em. He ...

AMY: (BREAKING IN) All ready, Mr. Howe -- here's the Globe.

RED: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Rewrite.

HOWE: Hello. Red?

RED: Yeah.

HOWE: Red, break open my column and take an insert. All set?

RED: Let her go.

HOWE: Okay. If you've sold any dynamite recently, please let Old Tack know about it. I will give a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the death of Mrs. Edward Clark. Got that?

RED: Right.

HOWE: I don't promise that I can obtain any results, as I am not a natural-born detective -- (GETTING SORE) -- but I will obtain plenty to say ...

RED: ~~Plenty to say -- Yep.~~

HOWE: (And I intend to say it out plain! (PAUSE) And set that in boldface!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ HANG UP PHONE

CHIEF: Gene, I'm obliged to you. I have a funny feeling a lot of people might tell things to Old Tack that they wouldn't tell the police. Folks sort of ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS. PICK UP.

CHIEF: Yes?

AMY: That Kansas City call, Chief. I've got Mr. MacDonald for Mr. Howe.

CHIEF: For you, Gene. MacDonald.

HOWE: Thanks. (UP) Hello, Mac!

MacDONALD: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) How'e the Tactless Texan?

HOWE: Got a problem, Mac. I wonder if ...

MacDONALD: ... you wonder if I'll come down to Amarillo and work on that dynamite case.

HOWE: *MAC -- TELL ME SOMETHING -- HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT?*  
~~How'd you know?~~

MacDONALD: Only big story that's come out of Texas in the last month.

HOWE: Well -- will you come?

MacDONALD: Why not? Nothing's cooking in K.C. right now. I'll see you in Amarillo tomorrow. So long.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ HANG UP ON FILTER. ~~HANG UP REGULAR.~~

HOWE: (SLOWLY) The best reporter-detective west of the Atlantic Ocean.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: <sup>WITH</sup>  
~~You stick~~ the dynamite item in your column and spend the rest of the day studying the facts. They shape up to a perfect crime; not a single lead. That's

NARRATOR: what you greet MacDonald with when he hits Amarillo  
(CONTD) the next day. But when the two of you reach your  
desk, <sup>(FADE)</sup> somebody is already waiting there.

CLARK: Mr. Howe?

HOWE: Yes?

CLARK: I'm Edward Clark.

HOWE: Oh. Sit down, Mr. Clark. (PAUSE) I want you to  
know you have all my sympathy, sir.

CLARK: Thank you. And I want you to know I deeply appreciate  
your offering a reward ....

HOWE: I wish I could have made it more. Uh -- This is  
Mr. MacDonald of the Kansas City Star.

MacDONALD: How do you do?

CLARK: How do you do? I know you newspaper men often work  
with the police -- and they've probably given you  
all the facts. But if there is any way I can help  
you ...

HOWE: Do you have any idea at all how this tragedy might've  
come about?

CLARK: None whatsoever, Mr. Howe. (BEWILDERED) If I'd  
done anybody any wrong, anybody who might want  
revenge on me --

MacDONALD: Have you thought it might be some criminal you helped  
convict?

CLARK: (SAD SMILE) I'm a civil lawyer, Mr. MacDonald. Most  
of my practice is -- paperwork. No -- all I can say is  
I have no enemies I can think of ... and my wife ...  
(SOFT) everybody loved her ... ask anybody ...

HOWE: (GENTLE) I believe you.

CLARK: But the reward you offered, Mr. Howe -- I've been thinking that over and maybe there's a way to make it bring in more information.

HOWE: How?

CLARK: I'd like to increase the reward from five hundred to five thousand dollars. (PAUSE) Will you print that in your paper?

HOWE: I certainly will, Mr. Clark.

CLARK: Thank you. I've got to be going now.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

CLARK: Good day, Mr. Howe. Good day, Mr. MacDonald. And thank you both.

HOWE &  
MacDONALD: (AD LIBS)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

HOWE: ~~Dear-dowid.~~ (PAUSE) Well, what happens next, Mac?

MacDONALD: Why don't you run out to the automobile graveyard and take a squint at the dynamited car?

HOWE: Sounds like an idea, but -- what're you going to be doing meanwhile?

MacDONALD: Oh, I'll stay here and write up the story -- I spell better than you do.

HOWE: But ...

MacDONALD: Go on -- get out to the auto graveyard. And keep me posted on any developments.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND OUT.

HOWE: Anybody taking care of this junkheap, Grandma?

OLD WOMAN: Yes, sir.

HOWE: Where is he?

OLD WOMAN: 'Tisn't a he. It's me.

HOWE: You? Well -- good. I'd like to look at the wreck of the car in which the woman was killed.

OLD WOMAN: The lady got blowed up with the young-un?

HOWE: That's the one.

OLD WOMAN: Tsk tsk. Wasn't that a horrible thing, now?

HOWE: It was. And if you'll just point out the wreck to me...

OLD WOMAN: Oh, there ain't nothin' to see there. Just a awful twisted-up mess.

HOWE: Just the same, I'd like to look it over.

OLD WOMAN: Well now, I'd let ye, only --

HOWE: I'm a reporter from the Globe. My name is Gene Howe.

OLD WOMAN: Just the same --

HOWE: And I'm a special deputy of the police. Here's my badge.

OLD WOMAN: Now that sure is a pretty badge -- but the fact is, I'm just tryin' to tell you that old wreck ain't here any more.

HOWE: It's not here? But the police ordered that car be held for evidence. What do you mean -- it's not here?

OLD WOMAN: What I said. It ain't here. Scrap iron fella from out of state come and hauled it away.

HOWE: Why?

OLD WOMAN: (CHUCKLES) Cause he bought it - that's why.

HOWE: Have you got a duplicate bill of sale?

OLD WOMAN: Somewheres, I guess.

HOWE: Could I see it?

OLD WOMAN: Sure. It'd be in the shack. Come on.

>

(STEPS ON GRAVEL)

OLD WOMAN: Hot, ain't it?

HOWE: Yes.

OLD WOMAN: Sure is hot.

HOWE: Yes.

OLD WOMAN: Sure is.

(DOOR OPEN)

OLD WOMAN: Now, let's see. Ought to be in this here drawer.

(DRAWER OPEN)

It is. Here y'are, mister.

HOWE: (GRIM) Purchased from --- Edward Clark!

OLD WOMAN: Why -- why that's the feller whose wife got blowed up!

HOWE: You're telling me! Ma'am, do me a favor. (FADING AND PROJECTING) Call the Globe and tell A. B. MacDonald I'm on my way to the law office of Mr. Edward Clark.

(MUSIC: -- HIT AND FADE FOR:)

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

CLARK: Ah, Mr. Howe. Sit down. Sit down. I'm happy to see you.

HOWE: Thanks.

CLARK: Have you received any information?

HOWE: Yes --

CLARK: Good!

HOWE: That is -- I've found something out -- on my own.

CLARK: That's wonderful. I have the greatest confidence in you newspapermen. You sometimes--(PAUSE) What did you find out, Mr. Howe?

HOWE: The car in which your wife was ~~not~~ killed ~~and~~ *HAS BEEN SOLD,*

~~CLARK:~~ ~~German.~~

~~HOWE:~~ ~~It's been sold.~~

CLARK: (SLOWLY) I should think -- that was rather an -- important piece of -- evidence.

HOWE: What? The car -- or the fact that it was sold?

CLARK: Both.

HOWE: (QUIET) Did you realize that when you sold it?

CLARK: How did you -- ? (PAUSE) Oh. The bill of sale.

HOWE: The bill of sale.

CLARK: (TWISTEDLY) You -- suspect me. Because I sold the car, you think I --

HOWE: I'm not thinking anything, Mr. Clark. I'm just waiting for <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ story. After all, the police wanted that car kept handy as evidence. (PAUSE) Why did you sell the car?

CLARK: Because -- (HE STOPS) Mr. Howe -- are you married?

HOWE: ~~Why?~~ Yes, but what's that got to do with it?

CLARK: And do you sometimes go -- riding, in your car -- with your wife ... out into the prairie ... just for a happy ride ... picnics ... jaunts ... little trips ...

HOWE: (GENTLER) Yes ... I do.

CLARK: And if -- Heaven forbid it should happen to you -- but if your wife were killed in that car -- would you want it around where morbidly curious strangers could go to stare at it? (PAUSE) Would you?

HOWE: (AFTER A BEAT) I'm sorry, Mr. Clark. I -- apologize. (SMILE) Now you know why they call me the Tactless Texan.

~~CLARK: It's all right, Mr. Howe. You were only trying to discover the truth. (SLIGHT SMILE) But you don't suppose I'd offer a five thousand dollar reward to have you track me down, do you?~~

HOWE: ~~Again, Mrs. Clark, I'm sorry.~~

CLARK: No apologies necessary -- I appreciate your coming to me with your -- information. And so I'll tell you another reason for my selling the car. (PAUSE) I needed the money.

HOWE: You -- what?

CLARK: I needed the money.

HOWE: You needed the thirty dollars that tragic, twisted thing fetched?

CLARK: Frankly -- yes.

HOWE: Then -- (COLD) How could you offer a five thousand dollar reward?

CLARK: (CAUGHT) The -- the insurance, you see -- I thought the insurance would come in --

HOWE: Insurance -- on your wife -- and the boy?

CLARK: Yes. You see -- it -- it's been held up, naturally, this being a -- a violent -- death -- and -- Well, I was sincere in offering the reward -- and -- (EAGER) I mean it, I will pay it, I will pay it if any conclusive evidence comes in -- and the insurance has come through -- but --

HOWE: (COLD) But you needed the money.

CLARK: Yes.

HOWE: (QUIET) Thirty pieces of silver.

CLARK: Mr. Howe, I resent that. That's a -- that's a terrible thing to say. (QUIET) I'll ask you to -- leave my office.

HOWE: (QUIET) Glad to, Mr. Clark. But I kinda got a  
feeling I'll be back.

MUSIC: - - - - CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's  
BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and "Distance lends enchantment" to smoking, too. Yes, the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...

(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. When you light a PELL MELL, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: ----- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: You leave Edward Clark, cold with detestation, an unwilling suspicion beginning to bite. As you pass through his outer office, you notice a frowny old clerk, fussing about the files, muttering to himself. (FADE) You can't help hearing him say --

CLERK: (MUTTERING) What a mess. Women, women, women. Never saw such a mess. Brown filed under C -- Williamson under L --

SOUND: ----- A FILE DRAWER OPENED AND SLAMMED TANTRUMISHLY

CLERK: Tsk tsk tsk. Women, women, women. Can't even ... (STOPS ABRUPTLY. UP) You looking for someone, Mister?

HOWE: Excuse me, friend -- didn't mean to eavesdrop, but ...

CLERK: Well?

HOWE: You just gave me an idea.

OLD CLERK: Eh?

HOWE: I heard you say something about -- women messing things up.

OLD CLERK: Women. They sure do. Can't find a thing around here.

HOWE: What've women got to do with it?

OLD CLERK: Huh! Ask Mr. Clark's secretary! Sassy little snip -- I can't find a thing since she's <sup>BEEN</sup> worked ~~INC~~ here!

HOWE: Well, why don't you ask her to find whatever you're looking for?

OLD CLERK: She's out to lunch.

HOWE: Well -- uh -- I'm going downstairs. If you tell me who she is and where she is -- I can ask her to step back up here.

OLD CLERK: Jane Terry, that's who she is -- and down in Joe's Diner, that's where she is ... and I wish you would shoo her back up here so's a man could find things!

HOWE: I'll do that if you'll phone the Globe and tell A. B. MacDonald where he can find me.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SLIDING DOOR OF DINER OPENS. DINER B.G.

HOWE: Joe --

JOE: H'ya, Mr. Howe. What'll it be?

HOWE: Joe --- do you know a Jane Terry?

JOE: That's her. The cream cheese and jelly on white at the end of the counter.

HOWE: Thanks, Joe.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS

HOWE: Miss Terry?

TERRY: Yes?

HOWE: I'm Gene Howe -- from the Globe.

TERRY: Uh-huh.

HOWE: Do you mind if I talk to you? Ask you some questions?

TERRY: That depends on what kind of questions.

HOWE: Well -- they're serious questions, Miss Terry. And I'd like serious answers.

TERRY: I'll be serious, Mr. Howe.

HOWE: Good. I want to talk about two things. One is finances.

TERRY: Money?

HOWE: Yes. You're Mr. Clark's secretary --

TERRY: Oh, I don't think I ought to talk about him.

HOWE: Miss Terry, I'm also a special police officer. My badge.

TERRY: Oh gee.

HOWE: Don't worry. You won't get in trouble. Just tell me -- if you can -- about Mr. Clark's finances.

TERRY: Well -- I wish I could -- but I haven't been there long enough. But I do know --

HOWE: Yes --

TERRY: That is, I sort of guessed --

HOWE: Guessed what?

TERRY: They weren't in any too good a state -- the finances, I mean. Because Mr. Clark asked me if I could wait a week for my salary.

HOWE: When was that?

TERRY: Oh -- back a ways.

HOWE: In relation to the time his wife was killed -- before -- or after?

JOE: (BUTTING IN) Before.

HOWE: How do you know, Joe?

JOE: Scuse me for buttin in -- but it was before. Way I know -- I had to <sup>GIVE</sup> ~~carry~~ <sup>CKREDIT</sup> her/through the next week. And that was the week before Mrs. Clark got blown up. Not that I minded helpin' the kid out, 'cause ... Well ...

HOWE: All right, Joe. In other words, Miss Terry -- you might say Mr. Clark was short of cash?

TERRY: I guess he was. (RUEFUL) Matter of fact -- I haven't been paid for that week yet!

HOWE: You said, before, you haven't been working for Mr. Clark very long. What did you mean by that?

TERRY: Well, he only hired me two months ago. Isn't that right, Joe?

JOE: Check.

HOWE: Whose place did you take? And did she get fired -- or did she quit?

TERRY: Gee, I don't know.

JOE: It was Dora Dean.

TERRY: (SORE) Oh -- you knew her too!

JOE: Well, sure. She et here like you.

HOWE: What'd she look like?

JOE: Well -- (DOESN'T WANT TO COMMIT HIMSELF IN FRONT OF TERRY) -- uh -- she wasn't a bad looking dish ... (FAST) not as oute as Janie, y'know -- but --

HOWE: She was pretty.

JOE: Well -- yeah. Not my type, though. Standoffish.

HOWE: You wouldn't know where I could reach her, would you?

JOE: ~~WHERE~~ WHERE YOU COULD REACH HER?

HOWE: (SNAP) Come on, Joe -- this is important!

JOE: (GIVING UP) Okay! I'm in this fer, I might as well <sup>THE WHOLE SHEEP!</sup> ~~get hung for a whole sheep!~~ She's working right across the street in the oil company!

HOWE: Thank you. Here's a nickel. Call A. B. MacDonald at the Globe and let him know where I am.

TERRY: Mr. Howe, what was that other thing you were going to ask me? Finances and what?

HOWE: (GOING OFF) Finances -- and women!

JOE: Just like I always say -- cherchez la femme.

TERRY: Yeah. Just like you to say that!

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: Crossing the street you meet MacDonald, who's figured the angles himself and is heading for the same place you are. Together, you find Miss Dean. A very sweet, very unhappy -- and very frightened girl. Sweet enough for a man to get interested in. Unhappy enough for a reporter to wonder why. (FADE) And frightened enough to tell you ...

MISS DEAN: Yes sir. I -- I did go out with Mr. Clark.

MacDONALD: Is that why he fired you?

MISS DEAN: Oh, no. I wasn't fired. I quit.

HOWE: Why?

MISS DEAN: Do I .. Do I have to tell you that?

HOWE: It's very important that you tell us as much as you can, Miss Dean.

MISS DEAN: Why? (A PAUSE) You ... You think ~~---you think he killed---you think~~ he put dynamite in the car?

MacDONALD: We're trying to find out whether he did or not, Miss Dean. If he did -- you must help us find that out. If he didn't -- you should be only too glad to help us prove he did not. (PAUSE) What do you think?

MISS DEAN: I -- I don't know. (PAUSE. REALIZATION SINKS IN - A GASP) I -- I never --

HOWE: You never what, Miss Dean?

MISS DEAN: (WHISPER) I never thought of it that way!

MacDONALD: Thought of what, what way?

MISS DEAN: (WHISPER) Something he said once -- something he said -- to me!

MacDONALD: Tell us!

MISS DEAN: (WHISPER) It was -- well, we used to go out riding -- in -- that car. And after I quit -- because I didn't want to be -- after I quit, he asked me to come for one -- last ride. (SNEAK SOUND OF CAR UNDER) We drove out of town -- and he stopped the car -- and ~~held~~

SOUND: CAR TO STOP

CLARK: Dora -- please. I want you to come back to work for me -- please.

MISS DEAN: No -- no, I can't. I don't want to -- I can't.

CLARK: Yes you can, Dora -- I'll do anything. I'll pay you anything.

MISS DEAN: (BITTER) Pay me -- how can you talk like that!

CLARK: I'll give you anything you want -- anything. Just ask me.

MISS DEAN: All I want is for you to let me alone.

CLARK: Please, honey, please --

MISS DEAN: No!

CLARK: (WILDLY) I tell you I'll give you anything you want --  
I'll do anything for you! I'll clear out my business --  
I'll buy you a little place --

MISS DEAN: Just leave me alone, that's all I want --

CLARK: (WHISPER) Travel -- we'll travel. South America,  
you and me. We'll see the world, we'll see the  
faraway places, you and me -- I'll get rid of the  
children -- I'll get rid of my wife!

MUSIC: STING HARD AND HOLD, THEN OUT COLD

MISS DEAN: SHE IS SOBBING

MacDONALD: Miss Dean -- tell us that again. He said -- "I'll  
get rid of my wife." Just like that?

MISS DEAN: Just like that -- "get rid of." But -- but I never  
thought of it -- that way. I never thought he meant --

HOWE: Murder.

MISS DEAN: (WHISPER) <sup>YES BUT</sup> No. I never thought of it that way.

MacDONALD: I'm afraid the police will!

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

MISS DEAN: (BROKEN) Hello.

RED: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Gene Howe there?

MISS DEAN: Just a moment. It's for you, Mr. Howe.

HOWE: Oh. Thank you. Hello?

RED: Gene. This is Red. I think you've scared up some  
real information. Better get back here to the office --  
fast.

HOWE: I'll be right over.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

HOWE: Mac -- we've got to get back to the office. ~~But~~  
<sup>MISS DEAN</sup> / what you've told us is very important, ~~Miss Dean~~ --  
we'll drop you at Police Headquarters on the way.

MISS DEAN: Please -- must I?

HOWE: (GENTLE) I'm afraid you must. I want you to tell  
the Chief of Police your story -- as you told it to  
us.

MISS DEAN: But what about Mr. Clark?

HOWE: You leave that to the police. They'll pick him up.  
(PAUSE) Ready to go, Miss Dean?

MUSIC: HIT DARKLY AND FADE UNDER

NARRATOR: You leave Miss Dean with the Chief of Police and scoot  
for your office. When you get there, you and MacDonald  
find the dynamite item plus the offer of a five  
thousand dollar reward has scared up a flock of people  
with what they think is information about Mrs. Clark's  
death. One after another you and MacDonald interview  
them -- thank them -- and send them away politely --  
but disappointedly. (FADE) Until you hit one lean  
young Texan with a slow smile ...

TEXAN: I'm from over Borger way, Tack. 'Bout fifty miles  
northeast, over in Deaf Smith County --

HOWE: And you say you sold some dynamite?

TEXAN: Yes, sir. Man came into my store a while back and  
asked for three, four sticks. Said he needed 'em  
to blow down a chimbley -- so I ~~had some more~~  
<sup>SOLD HIM SOME</sup>

HOWE: And then?

TEXAN: Well, then I got to figurin', after I seen your notice in the paper. Figgereed it was kind of shortly before the car got blown up that I sold him the dynamite.

HOWE: Anything else?

TEXAN: Well, yes. I come to think of how he had an Amarillo license. Should of taken it down, but I had no suspicions then.

HOWE: Think you could identify the man?

TEXAN: Can't say for sure. Didn't pay him much mind. But what would help -- he had a mighty pretty blue-stone ring on. Couldn't take my eyes off it all the while he was in the shop.

HOWE: Will you come with us to identify him?

TEXAN: I'll come with ye to try.

HOWE: Coming, Mac?

MacDONALD: Guess not. I'll stick here and write the story. You can come back and tell me if I got the right answers.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: You walk with the dusty Texan over to the police station. And when you get outside the chief's door (FADE) you stop a moment and you hear ...

CHIEF: (HEARD MUFFLED THROUGH DOOR) Come on, Clark -- tell us the truth! Tell us the truth, ~~man!~~

CLARK: (SAME) Don't browbeat me. I've told you the truth. You have nothing to base your accusations on! Nothing!

CHIEF: Get it off your soul, Clark -- tell us! Miss Dean's words alone are enough to --

SOUND: --- KNOCKING ON DOOR

CHIEF: (CALLS) Stay out!

HOWE: (ON) It's Gene Howe!

CHIEF: (CALLS BACK) ~~Admission!~~ *WAIT A MINUTE!*

SOUND: --- DOOR IS UNLOCKED

CHIEF: Come on in, Gene.

HOWE: I heard you through the door. Clark won't admit it?

CHIEF: Not a thing.

HOWE: He may not have to. Chief -- <sup>FELLA</sup> this ~~man~~ says he sold some dynamite to a man in an Amarillo car -- just before the killing.

CHIEF: You did?

TEXAN: Yes, sir. I did.

CHIEF: Do you recognize anybody in this room as that man?

TEXAN: (~~ANSWER~~) Could ye ask that fella to stand up?

CHIEF: Stand up, Clark.

CLARK: This is ~~stomach~~ <sup>NONSENSE.</sup> The man is an obvious plant. It's all your doing, Howe. I tell you, I'll --

HOWE: (COLD) Don't point your finger at me, Clark!

TEXAN: (QUIET) Mister Howe -- it's all right for him to aim that there hand at you.

CHIEF: What are you talking about?

TEXAN: (QUIET) Mr. Howe -- that's a mighty pretty blue-stone ring he's wearing, ain't it? (PAUSE) That's the man. (PAUSE) Kin I go now?

MUSIC:     HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR:    The lean young Texan goes -- back to his store in  
                  Borger, and Edward Clark goes to a cell in the  
                  Amarillo jail, and you go to the Globe and fill in  
                  MacDonald on the wind up of <sup>7/16</sup> ~~your~~ BIG STORY!

MUSIC:     UP TO CURTAIN

CHAPPELL:    In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
                  Gene Howe, telling of the startling finish of  
                  tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: --- TAG ---

CHAPPELL: Now here's that telegram from Gene Howe of the  
Amarillo Globe.

HOWE: "Thrill gotten from tonight's distinction would be  
made complete only if A. B. MacDonald could be here  
to share honors. MacDonald, whose ability and  
persistence were invaluable to the solving of this  
case, died several years ago. Proof of his fine work  
lies in fact that he received Pulitzer Prize for  
reporting on this case. I therefore consider it  
privilege to share tonight's PELL MELL Award with  
his estate. Startling climax to this big story came  
when Clark, who managed to conceal dynamite on his  
person, blew up jail cell where he was being held,  
killing himself and thus carrying out own sentence.  
Again, my thanks to PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Howe. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of  
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 present another BIG STORY --  
A Big Story from the pages of the Boston Post and the  
Boston Globe --- bylines: Lawrence Goldberg and Joseph  
Dineen -- a story that started when the gentle beauty  
of a snow-blanketed New England street was ripped to  
jagged shreds by --

SOUND: BLAST OF MACHINE GUNS

HARRICE: ... murder!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MACHINE GUNS

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME UP AND TAKE IT AWAY

CHAPPELL: The Big Story is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music especially composed and conducted by Vladimir Solinsky. Your narrator was Harry Kroeger, and Will Geer played the part of Gene Howe. All names in tonight's story with the exception of Mr. Howe's and Mr. MacDonald's were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

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

HARRICE: Both veterans and non-veterans between 17 and 40 years of age are eligible to join the Naval Reserve. Essential to the nation's welfare, this is a civilian organization which offers the individual a chance to learn a trade ... opportunity for travel .. practical experience ... advancement and promotion. If you are interested in joining up, or would like further information, see your local Navy Recruiting Office, or any Naval Reserve group.

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell speaking for HELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned to this station for the Kay Kyser show which follows immediately.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #9

(REVISED)

"DOUBLE TROUBLE"

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1947

*As Broadcast*

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DOCTOR	ARNOLD MOSS
COP	WILLIAM QUINN
GOLDBERG	WILLIAM QUINN
CHIEF	TED OSBORN
DINEEN	ARNOLD MOSS
BILLY	JOHN SYLVESTER
VOICE	FRANK MAXWELL
MISS WEBSTER	HAZEL LOGAN
MORRISON	JOHN SYLVESTER
MR. LATHAM	TED OSBORN
INSPECTOR	FRANK MAXWELL

RTX01 0059682

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's why ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance  
lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment  
of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of "Double Trouble."

SOUND: WHEEZE AND RISE AND FALL OF AN OXYGEN RESPIRATOR, UP AND DOWN, AND CONTINUE UNDER UNTIL CUE FOR OUT

NARRATOR: (WHISPER) That's a respirator you hear -- and under it lies the town's favorite cop. You are Lawrence Goldberg, on night and day police call for the Boston Post. You've been routed out of bed at nine a.m. to cover a bank robbery in Needham, just outside town ... and right now -- because you got there first -- you're standing a death-watch in the emergency ward of Needham's hospital. (PAUSE) Breathing his life away under the respirator is Policeman Ed Champion -- victim of the bandits. Dead in another room is the bank guard. Helpless, standing by the respirator, is the chief of police ... whom you're trying to interview ...

GOLDBERG: (SOFT) Chief -- you were telling me --

CHIEF: (CHOKED) I've told you all I know, Larry --

GOLDBERG: It isn't much, Chief.

CHIEF: (BROKEN) All I know, Larry. I wasn't there ... all I know is that Ed's lying there ... dying ... Please -- can't you wait till -- later?

GOLDBERG: If you can just give me the sequence of events, Chief -- nobody else in town will talk --

CHIEF: Later, Larry -- later.

GOLDBERG: Just give me the wording of the alarm you sent out --

CHIEF: What alarm?

GOLDBERG: Your police alarm. (PAUSE) Didn't you warn the State Police, Chief?

CHIEF: *to* So help me ~~God~~, Larry -- I can't think of anything but Ed!

SOUND: RESPIRATOR ~~UP~~ ONE BREATH, SLOWLY EXHALE

NARRATOR: You start for the door, but something stops you as your hand touches the handle.

SOUND: RESPIRATOR WITH TWO BREATHS, THEN DEFLATE SLOWLY INTO DEAD SILENCE.

NARRATOR: It is -- silence. The silence that says -- death. This is that "later" the Chief promised you -- but you can wait on his grief. So --

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SLOWLY, CLOSES

NARRATOR: Outside, you meet Joe Dineen of the Globe. And if anybody from Newspaper Row is your personal opposition -- it's Dineen. But when he starts for the cop's room, you say --

GOLDBERG: Joe -- don't go in there.

DINEEN: Why not, Larry?

GOLDBERG: I left the chief of police -- he's pretty broken up. His cop just died.

DINEEN: Thanks for telling me, Larry.

GOLDBERG: I don't feel too good about it myself. Ed Champion -- the dead cop -- he was in my outfit in the war. I knew him.

DINEEN: Oh.

GOLDBERG: (COLD) It makes it a little different when it's not just a story. When you don't have to take notes to remember the right name.

DINEEN: I know.

DINEEN: Look, Larry. Tempus fugit. My angle is --

GOLDBERG: (FAST) There are two <sup>Taxi drivers</sup> ~~guys~~ on trial (HE CONTINUES) in Lynn for a stickup and murder --

DINEEN: (PICKING HIM UP) ... on trial over in Lynn court for holding up a movie house and killing --

BOTH: STOP SIMULTANEOUSLY. PAUSE.

BOTH: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) Two minds with but ...

BOTH: STOP SIMULTANEOUSLY. PAUSE.

GOLDBERG: (ABRUPTLY) ... a single thought.

DINEEN: Two hearts that beat as one. (SMILE) Thinking along the same lines that I was, eh?

GOLDBERG: Yep. Strikes me this bank job is kind of like the one those two Boston taxi drivers are on trial for, over in Lynn.

DINEEN: Same big car angle --

GOLDBERG: Same machine gun slaughter. They both (PAUSE) No. No -- I take it back, Joe.

DINEEN: Why the sudden change of heart?

GOLDBERG: I just remembered. The cabbies were positively identified. By eight separate witnesses.

DINEEN: People can be wrong.

GOLDBERG: Eight people?

DINEEN: Eight people can be eight times wronger than one people.

GOLDBERG: Go ahead. Be funny.

DINEEN: (BRISTLING SLIGHTLY) All right. You go your way and I'll go mine.

GOLDBERG: Keep your Irish down, Joe. I'm just saying that eight plain ordinary people identified those boys as -- killers. And plain John ~~and Jane~~ -- Citizens don't go sending kids to the electric chair unless they're ~~dead~~ sure.

DINEEN: I still say they might have been mistaken.

GOLDBERG: Sure they might, but --

DINEEN: Larry -- do something for me.

GOLDBERG: What?

DINEEN: Come on over to the Salem County Jail and talk to the cabbies?

GOLDBERG: What for?

DINEEN: Will you come?

GOLDBERG: (PAUSE) Okay, okay -- let's go.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO OUT WITH

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PRISON CELL GATE OPENS AND CLOSES

DINEEN: Hello, Billy.

BILLY: (VERY QUIET) Reporters.

DINEEN: Take it easy, kid. Just a few questions, that's all.

BILLY: I've seen you before. You covered the trial.

DINEEN: Yes.

BILLY: Well. Everything I told the court -- it was true.

GOLDBERG: Tell me.

BILLY: I've told it a million times. First the detectives, then the cops, then the District Attorney, then my lawyer -- what more can I say? I didn't do it!

GOLDBERG: Maybe you know who did.

BILLY: (AFTER A PAUSE. PUZZLED) What do you mean?

DINEEN: He means -- well, there's a certain similarity between the crime you're charged with -- and a case we're covering.

BILLY: (SOFT) You think I'm part of a gang, maybe --

GOLDBERG: I never said that. That's your own idea --

BILLY: (GOING RIGHT ON) .. part of a gang -- and you think I'll squeal on the ones still outside. Is that it?

GOLDBERG: I told you. That's your own idea. You just took that tack.

BILLY: Then you'll really have me, won'tcha? Then you can make a -- a byline out of it. You'll get me to hang myself -- is that it?

DINEEN: You've got the picture wrong, son. If we can prove they did it -- the Lynn killing -- then you didn't. That's all we're after. We're not the law.

BILLY: You're really on my side? *Mr. Dineen?*

DINEEN: I am.

BILLY: Is he?

GOLDBERG: I -- (BEAT) I'd like to be. But -- (HOLD)

DINEEN: But he's got to be convinced. Come on, kid -- convince him.

BILLY: (QUIET) Look. Here it is straight. The whole story. (PAUSE) On the day of the holdup, I was driving my cab. I took an hour break for lunch.

GOLDBERG: What time?

BILLY: Around eight p.m. That's when I have lunch when I'm on the owl shift. And in that hour, they -- someone -- held up the movie house.

GOLDBERG: Go ahead.

BILLY: (~~A DEEP BREATH~~) The cops say in that hour I drove to Lynn from town and stuck up the movie house. In that hour -- I say -- I had lunch. (BITTER) All I did was pick the biggest restaurant in Scollay Square. The busiest. The kind of place where everybody looks alike (NOW GETTING WOUND UP) to the guys behind the counter. The kind of place where --

GOLDBERG: Wait. Wasn't there any other hackdriver who could swear you were there at that time?

BILLY: Sure. Sure.

GOLDBERG: Then where is he? What's his name? Why didn't your lawyer get hold of him?

BILLY: (BREAK) Because he was the other guy they picked up for the holdup! We both had alibis -- but what good is an alibi when you're both suspects? And that's all the alibi we have -- we didn't do it, we didn't do it -- alibi, alibi -- who goes around <sup>making up</sup> ~~establishing~~ alibis, making a point of letting people know <sup>where</sup> ~~who~~ he is ~~at a~~ ~~given time~~ -- when he hasn't got a crime on his mind? That's all ~~the story I've got to tell~~, mister -- one hour I can't account for -- and it's gonna cost me my life.

DINEEN: (PAUSE LOW) *Convinced, Harry?*  
GOLDBERG: (PAUSE, LOW) *Yes, yes* No, ~~it's not, kid -- no it's not.~~ (UP)  
Come on, ~~Joe~~ -- let's get out of here and make like reporters.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and, when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC:     INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE:     Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR:    The two of you, both certain now of the innocence of  
the kids in Salem County Jail, hit back for Needham,  
back in your temporary city room -- the rear booth  
in Finnegan's Bar and Grill. Rear booth because it's  
nearest the pay phone .. (FADE) .. where you've told  
your city desks you can be reached.

SOUND:     PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

DINEEN:       Hello.

VOICE:       (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Lemme speak to Joe Dineen.

DINEEN:       Speaking.

VOICE:       Listen hard. Don't ask no questions. The car --

DINEEN:       Wait. Who are you?

VOICE:       Just a pal. You're a good Mick. I like you. Is that  
enough?

DINEEN:       Go ahead.

VOICE:       Okay. The big get-away car is gonna be burned in  
Norwood, right near the Cider Mill.

DINEEN:       How do you know that? Who are you?

SOUND:     PHONE HUNG UP ON FILTER

DINEEN:       Well whaddaya know. He hung up.

SOUND:     PHONE HUNG UP

GOLDBERG:    What do you know -- that I don't?

DINEEN:       It's a -- private tip.

GOLDBERG:    Okay, Joe. Private tips don't enter the agreement.  
That lets me out.

MISS WEBSTER: Monogram isn't burned. You can see that.

DINEEN: But is there anything particular you can identify about the car?

MISS WEBSTER: How do you mean -- particular?

GOLDBERG: A certain kind of tire -- balloon, sidewall --

DINEEN: Or the battery, say --

MISS WEBSTER: The battery, ~~new~~. Had a brand new one. Paid enough for it, too.

GOLDBERG: That's an idea. Hand me that stick, Joe.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ POKING ABOUT IN METAL

DINEEN: Here's the battery -- what's left of it. This the one you bought, lady?

MISS WEBSTER: No.

GOLDBERG: It isn't?

MISS WEBSTER: No. The car's mine -- but the battery -- <sup>that's</sup> ~~that's~~ the one I bought. How'd it get here?

DINEEN: That's the question, Miss Webster.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT FAST AND UNDER FOR

NARRATOR: That requires photographers and a front page blowup of the battery -- together with a plea to all garage owners, car repairmen and such in the entire Greater Boston area to try to identify said battery. Back at Finnegan's Bar and Grill, you get together with a couple of telephones. Dineen takes the garagemen working backward from Z -- Goldberg forward from A -- and you ask each one to phone back if he recognizes the battery. Somewhere around the letter M, while you're <sup>at</sup> sipping a hard-earned cherry smash -- the phone rings ...

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

BOTH: I got it!

GOLDBERG: I got it.

SOUND: RECEIVER UP

GOLDBERG: Hello?  
(FILTER THROUGHOUT)

MORRISON: Joe Dineen?

GOLDBERG: Hold on. Joe.

DINEEN: This is Dineen --

MORRISON: Or I'll talk to Larry Goldberg.

DINEEN: What is this -- a game?

MORRISON: Either one. You're the fellas got your name signed  
to the stories about the battery --

DINEEN: Now you're talking sense, friend.

MORRISON: My name's Morrison. I run a garage over in  
Dorchester.

DINEEN: Yes --

MORRISON: And that battery in the picture --

DINEEN: You recognize it?

MORRISON: Yessir. It's a sixteen-plate double-duty job with  
a --

DINEEN: Mr. Morrison -- I believe you without the details.  
Just tell me the name of the man who rented it!

MORRISON: Well now, I don't know as I can.

DINEEN: You don't know?

MORRISON: Well ... I know, but --

DINEEN: But you won't tell?

MORRISON: Well ... I don't want to get in trouble.

DINEEN: Hold on. (WHISPER) <sup>Larry</sup> Joe, he won't give.

GOLDBERG: Lemme talk to him.

DINEEN: Make it good.

GOLDBERG: Mr. Morrison -- this is Larry Goldberg --

MORRISON: Yes sir --

GOLDBERG: I just want to say one thing -- and leave the rest up to you. You don't want to get mixed up in this case, is that it?

MORRISON: That's about the size of it.

GOLDBERG: Ah. But you don't know the whole size of it. Cause it's bigger than catching a killer. It means -- if you tell us the name that goes with that battery -- it means we can get two innocent men out of jail.

*allowance*  
They'll burn, ~~the~~

MORRISON: Burn?

GOLDBERG: Electric chair, Mr. Morrison. It's the chair for them unless you tell us that name. As for that one thing I wanted to say, it's this. (QUIET) When it's all over and the papers are out -- you can say -- you, Mr. Morrison -- you can slap that front page with your hand and say -- I did that. (PAUSE) What do you say? Will you give us that name?

MORRISON: (AFTER A PAUSE) You got your pencil ready?

MUSIC: -- -- HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: You give the name -- Walter Latham -- and address to the police and then -- you roll!

SOUND: -- -- FADE IN CAR IN MOTION

NARRATOR: (SARCASTIC) IF you can call skidding through the crooked streets of Dorchester in a sleetstorm -- rolling! Finally, you pull up <sup>near</sup> ~~in front of~~ the Latham house ...

SOUND:     CAR UP AND OUT. TWO DOORS OPEN ON BRUTAL WIND AND  
CLOSE

GOLDBERG:    (AGAINST STORM) Whooooo! It'd be just like the cops  
to keep us standing out in this, after we've given them  
the tip.

DINEEN:       (SAME) I don't know. I'd rather get to Latham's and  
not get in because of too many cops -- than get in and  
never get out -- because of no cops at all.

GOLDBERG:    Listen, my fine Harvard friend --

DINEEN:       Wait. Look, Larry. Do -- you -- see -- what I --  
don't see?

GOLDBERG:    Yeah. Cops, I don't see. No cops at all!

SOUND:     WIND HOWLS A SECOND

DINEEN:       No nothin'.

GOLDBERG:    Question -- do we wait -- or do we walk into it?

DINEEN:       Question -- are we men -- or are we mice?

GOLDBERG:    I dunno. What are newspapermen supposed to be?

DINEEN:       All right -- we're mice. We'll wait for the cops.

GOLDBERG:    No. They'll come howling up any minute now. We can  
start questioning -- and if we get into trouble,  
they'll pull us out.

DINEEN:       Or carry us out.

GOLDBERG:    So it'll make a story. I'll see they spell your name  
right in the Post.

DINEEN:       You mean they can spell, Columbia?

GOLDBERG:    How would you know the difference, Harvard? (PAUSE)  
(GENTLY) Joe -- who are we kidding?

DINEEN:       You're right. Nobody. Let's get it over with.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS GOING THUMP THUMP AS IF KNOCKING OFF SNOW

GOLDBERG: (WHISPER) What're you making so much noise for?

DINEEN: (SAME) To <sup>get</sup> ~~knock~~ the snow off -- and make them think we're innocent gas inspectors or something!

GOLDBERG: Wait -- don't <sup>knock</sup> ~~ring the bell~~. Somebody's looking out the window. An old man.

DINEEN: Make up our mind -- are we inspectors or census takers or insurance men?

GOLDBERG: You call it.

DINEEN: We're reporters.

GOLDBERG: That's my boy. Now -- ~~knock~~ <sup>knock</sup>.

SOUND: ~~DOOR OPENS~~, PAUSE, DOOR OPENS

LATHAM: Ayeh?

GOLDBERG: Mr. Latham?

LATHAM: Ayeh.

DINEEN: We're from the press. I'm Joseph Dineen from the Globe, and this is Lawrence Goldberg, from the Post. May we come in?

LATHAM: Ayeh.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. DOOR CLOSES. STORM OUT

LATHAM: What you want?

DINEEN: Just the answers to some questions. Mr. Latham -- do you have two sons?

LATHAM: Ayeh.

GOLDBERG: Do they have a car?

LATHAM: Nope.

DINEEN: Did they have a car -- ever?

LATHAM: Nope.

GOLDBERG: Not even a second-hand Packard?

LATHAM: Nope.

DINEEN: All right, Mr. Latham. Have your boys ever been in trouble?

LATHAM: Kind of trouble?

GOLDBERG: With the police.

LATHAM: Nope.

DINEEN: Do you have a picture of your sons?

LATHAM: Ayeh.

GOLDBERG: Could we see it?

LATHAM: Right here on the piano.

DINEEN: I see. (PAUSE) There are three of them.

LATHAM: Ayeh. Three boys.

DINEEN: I thought you said you had two?

LATHAM: You asked me if I had two -- and I said ayeh. If I got three -- I also got two, ain't I?

GOLDBERG: Who's this?

LATHAM: Picture of Mary Johnson.

DINEEN: Who's she?

LATHAM: Friend of my boy's.

GOLDBERG: Which one?

LATHAM: Walter.

DINEEN: What's she do?

LATHAM: Sings with a band.

GOLDBERG: Here in town?

LATHAM: No. New York. Anything else you want to ask me?  
DINEEN: YES. I --

GOLDBERG: (QUICK) No, thank you, Mr. Latham. We just made a mistake, that's all. Sorry to have bothered you.

LATHAM: No bother.

GOLDBERG: Come on, Joe.

LATHAM: Goodnight.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. STORM. DOOR CLOSES

DINEEN: (SORE) Larry, what is this? You know he --

GOLDBERG: Walk. Keep walking.

DINEEN: (PAUSE. THEN) Come on, Larry. Talk.

SOUND: ~~CAR PULLS UP AND B.G.~~

DINEEN: Did you see the pictures he showed us? You know who they looked like as well as I do -- the taxi drivers they have in Salem County Jail for the Lynn job!

GOLDBERG: I know. But they aren't those taxi drivers. They just look enough alike to make mistaken identification very easy.

DINEEN: Exactly. Well -- are we going to stand here like frozen hatracks?

SOUND: CAR PULLS UP  
GOLDBERG: No. We're gonna wait till the cops come.

DINEEN: Oh sure, sure. Why?

GOLDBERG: You see those guys climbing out of the car that just pulled up in front of Latham's?

DINEEN: Oh-oh. Two of the lads from the picture! And <sup>are they</sup> in a hurry ~~to get home~~.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS OFF

DINEEN: And their old man said they didn't have a car. Come on, Larry -- let's go <sup>back to the house and</sup> talk to them.

GOLDBERG: Joe -- this time we'd really be walking right into it. The old man's probably tipping them off right now we were there.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AGAIN AND SLAMS

DINEEN: (LOW) Oh-oh. In again out again Finnegan. <sup>The brothers</sup>

GOLDBERG: Look at them take those steps! (FAST) Joe --

they're getting in the car --

- 21 -

DINEEN: *Thanks for telling me.*

SOUND: ~~CAR DOOR OPENS AND SIRENS AND CAR TAKES OFF~~

DINEEN: Come on -- let's make tracks after 'em!

SOUND: ~~SIRENS BEGIN TO COME UP FROM B.G. AND PULL UP UNDER~~

GOLDBERG: Save your gas. <sup>DINEEN: 294</sup> Here's the law.

SOUND: ~~SIRENS DIE DOWN. CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE~~

DINEEN: Welcome to ~~understand~~ Dorchester, Inspector -- and how many times did you change dog teams?

INSPECTOR: Don't be funny, Joe. The desk sergeant got the name wrong. The guys been here yet?

GOLDBERG: Yep. And they're the ones.

INSPECTOR: Where are they?

DINEEN: (SARCASTICALLY) They went that way.

GOLDBERG: In a gray Chevrolet convertible, no spare tire on the back --

DINEEN: Front right fender crumpled --

GOLDBERG: License plate -- 294 - 506.

DINEEN: (SIMULTANEOUSLY) 294 - 506.

INSPECTOR: I suppose you even know where they're going?

DINEEN: We have an idea.

INSPECTOR: Tell me.

GOLDBERG: Do Joe and I get the exclusive break if you get them?

INSPECTOR: You get it. Where are they heading?

GOLDBERG: Well, one of 'em's got a girl who sings with a band --

DINEEN: In New York.

INSPECTOR: *Thanks so much.*  
~~and~~ Do you buckos have any idea how many bands there are in New York?

GOLDBERG: ~~INSPECTOR:~~ (QUIET) They have police in New York, don't they, Inspector?

DINEEN: ~~GOLDBERG:~~ And you have teletypes, don't you, Inspector?

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE UNDER INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELETYPES

GOLDBERG: Anything on the teletype, Joe?

DINEEN: Just the routine request to apprehend. But the Inspector ought to be in New York himself by now.

GOLDBERG: You know what I could use?

DINEEN: An automatic police-tracker-downer.

GOLDBERG: Nope. A bed. A big, fat, soft, wide, deep, comfortable, double-thick, triple-inner-spring-mattress bed, B-E-D, bed.

DINEEN: Tell you what. Let's split this into watches. You sleep on the desk there an hour -- then I'll change over with you. Knock off, Larry. If anything breaks -- I'll call you.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND BLEND INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNORING IN B.G.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS AND IS GRABBED FAST

DINEEN: (LOW) Joe Dineen! (PAUSE) ~~Yeah~~<sup>Yeah</sup>, Inspector! (PAUSE)

~~Yeah~~. (PAUSE) Right. (PAUSE) Just now? (PAUSE)

Swell. (PAUSE) Nobody's got it but me? (PAUSE) And you'll sit on it till you roll in? Swell - and thanks!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE DOWN

DINEEN: (TO HIMSELF) Direct wire, which one's my direct wire -

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE UP AGAIN ~~PHONE RINGS~~

DINEEN: (LOW) City desk -- Joe Dineen at police headquarters.

Listen -- here's an exclusive lead on -- (PAUSE) Wait a minute. I'll call you right back.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE DOWN

DINEEN: Larry. (PAUSE) Hey -- Larry -- wake up!

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now here's that telegram sent by Joseph Dineen and Lawrence Goldberg.

~~HARRICE:~~ <sup>KROEGER:</sup> Capture of <sup>that</sup> Latham brothers freed innocent taxi drivers. Killers revealed movie house and bank hold-ups were part of plan to rob <sup>all</sup> banks within twenty-five mile radius of Boston. Tunnell behind Latham home contained disassembled car, ammunition, safe-cracking equipment to do job. Case ended with electrocution of killers. Please accept our combined thanks to PELL MELL for tonight's award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you Mr. Dineen and Mr. Goldberg. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you winners of the PELL MELL \$500 Award for notable service in the field of journalism.

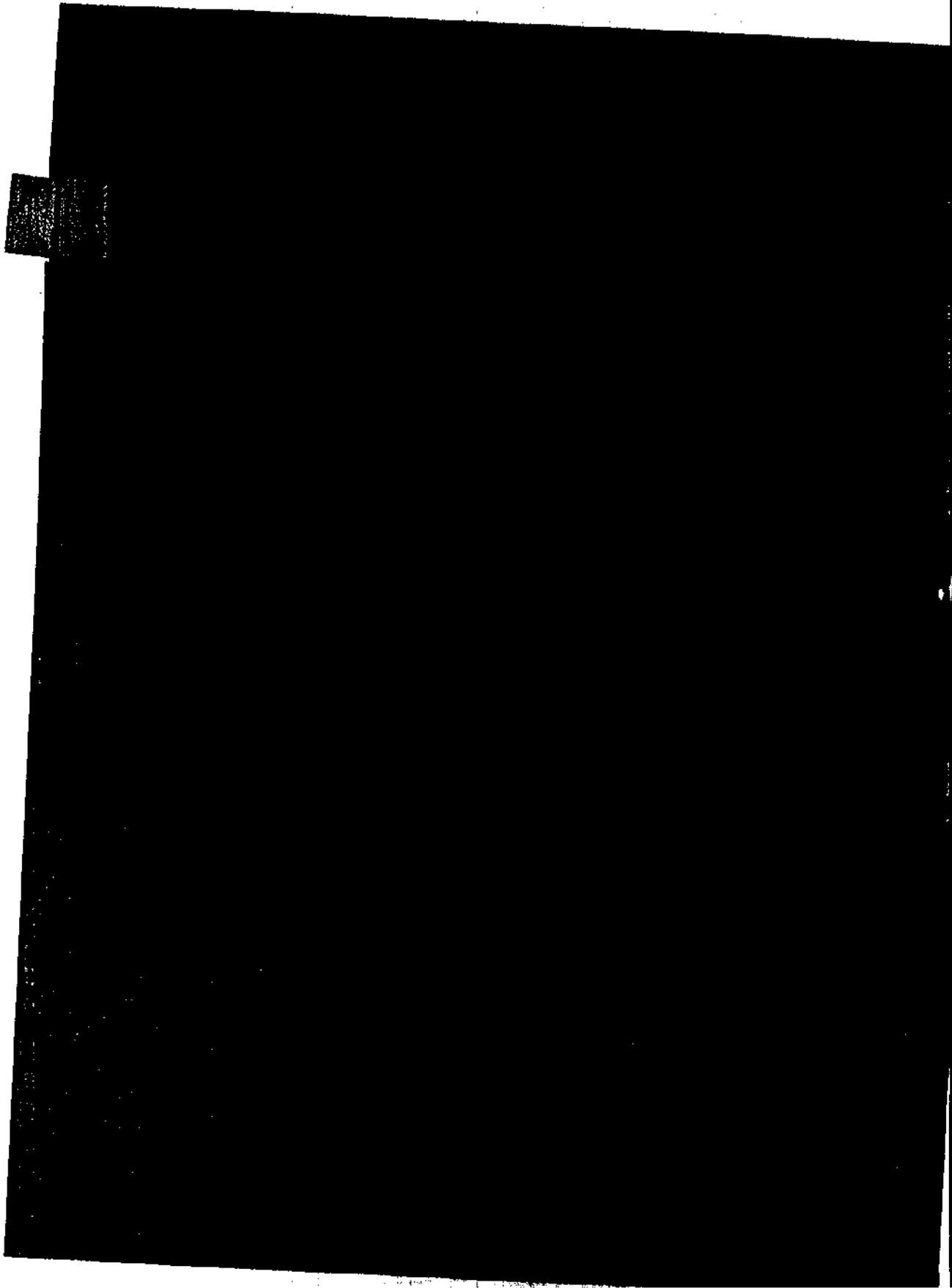
HARRICE: Listen again next week, same time, same station, when PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES will present another BIG *from the pages of the Columbus Citizen - Bayline James Amos* STORY -- a BIG STORY that began when two people went *a star* to a rifle range ---

SOUND: SEVERAL RIFLE SHOTS

HARRICE: ... and only one came back.

MUSIC: TAKE IT AWAY INTO THEME. FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Procter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimar Selinsky. Berry Kroeger narrated, Arnold Moss played Joseph Dineen, and William Quinn was Lawrence Goldberg. All names in tonight's dramatization, with the exception of Mr. Dineen's and Mr. Goldberg's were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.



THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #10

*As Broadcast*

"THE THIRTEENTH KEY"

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
AL	JAMES McCALLION
FRED	<del>JOHN GIBSON</del> GILBERT MACK
FUSCO	JOHN GIBSON
CORONER	WARD WILSON
DRALE	GILBERT MACK
DORSON	JAMES McCALLION
ANDREW	HORACE BRAHAM
<del>MR. BERLINI</del>	<del>GILBERT MACK</del>
<del>MRS. BERLINI</del>	<del>CONNIE LEMBCKE</del>
FRANCES	CONNIE LEMBCKE
LENORE	JANET FOX
LEWIS	WARD WILSON
MRS. HAMMETT	JANET FOX
DOCTOR	HORACE BRAHAM

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ SEVERAL RIFLE SHOTS

AL: There's one shot left. Here. You take it. Then we'll mark the targets.

FRED: Okay.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RIFLE SHOT

AL: Now let's go see how we made out.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH, AND UNDER

FRED: You sure it's all right for us to use this rifle range?

AL: Sure. There's nobody around this time of day. Besides -- (PAUSE) Oh-oh.

FRED: What's the matter?

AL: (KIND OF CHOKED) Did I -- did I say there was nobody around?

FRED: Yeah.

AL: I was wrong. Look. There! Lyin' in the grass. (PAUSE) She's dead.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ LET HARD AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight to James E. Fusco of the Columbus Citizen goes the PELL MELL Award for -- THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION AND DOWN UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now -- the exciting and authentic story of -- "The Thirteenth Key."

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: By the time you, James Fusco, reporter for the Columbus Citizen, reach the rifle range at McKinley Avenue and Fisher Road, the clot of police cars has drawn a cluster of ~~the~~ curious citizenry. You push through their morbid mutterings -- and your face, familiar to the law, is your own press pass. The coroner is at his work, kneeling.

FUSCO: Any identification, coroner?

CORONER: Not yet, Jimmy. ~~Go around the other side and~~ Take a look for yourself. Maybe you know her.

~~SOUND: THUNDEROUS MUFFLING~~

FUSCO: Nobody I know. (PAUSE) She's pretty.

CORONER: Was, you mean.

FUSCO: Was. (PAUSE) What caused ~~these wounds in her~~ head?

~~CORONER: On the right side of the blunt instrument:~~

~~FUSCO: And the cut in her throat?~~

CORONER: Knife. Take a closer look.

FUSCO: Do I have to?

CORONER: Look, Jimmy, I'm giving you a clue, free for nothing.

FUSCO: Okay. (PAUSE) What am I supposed to notice?

CORONER: That's not just any cut. It's -- careful. ~~That's~~ Surgical.

FUSCO: Thanks for the tip.

CORONER: (CALLS) Okay, boys -- take her away.

DRALE: (FADING ON) All through, Coroner?

CORONER: That's all for now, anyway.

FUSCO: Good afternoon, Mr. Drale. How's the detective business?

DRALE: H'ya, Jimmy? Plenty of it today. What brings you here?

FUSCO: Oh, I turn up at the best murders. Got any tips for me?

DRALE: Not now. We've just -- (BREAKS OFF) Hey, where are you going?

FUSCO: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Nowhere. I just noticed something in the grass here -- the sun was hitting it -- uh-huh!

DRALE: Find something?

FUSCO: (FADING BACK ON) Yep. It <sup>must have been</sup> ~~was~~ lying under <sup>the yard to body</sup> ~~her~~.

DRALE: It wouldn't by any chance be a key?

FUSCO: What made you ask that? It <sup>is</sup> ~~was~~ a key ring.

DRALE: It must go with -- these. I found them scattered all around.

FUSCO: Keys, eh?

DRALE: Yep. An even dozen.

FUSCO: Hmmm. I wonder where the thirteenth is?

DRALE: (HARD) How do you know there were thirteen?

FUSCO: Hey! Don't start suspecting me, ~~honey~~. All I did was figure!

DRALE: Let me in on this figuring.

FUSCO: Elementary, my dear Watson. I found the key ring -- you found 12 keys. Put 12 and one together -- and the conclusion is -- somebody took those keys off the ring to get at another key.

DRALE: Yeah. That makes sense. Sure. Thirteen keys. But who took the key? ~~Who took it?~~

FUSCO: I do. *Amore*

DRALE: Who?

FUSCO: The murderer.

MUSIC: - - - - HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: Your first stop is the nearest telephone. You give  
rewrite enough to make the first edition, whose  
one p.m. deadline you are riding. Your next stop  
is -- the Mortuary. There you find Bill Dorson  
from your own paper. (FADE) Automatically, you  
compare notes.

FUSCO: You got the angle on the cut in her throat?

DORSON: As if it had been done by a doctor, yes.

FUSCO: And the keys scattered around?

DORSON: Yeah. That I got. Did you know the police had  
sent for the folks whose daughter's been missing --  
the Bellinis?

FUSCO: No. I didn't know that.

DORSON: Well, they --

SOUND: - - - - DOOR OPENS

ANDREW: (OFF) You can come in now, boys. She's laid out.

FUSCO: Okay, Andrew.

SOUND: - - - - FOOTSTEPS. DOOR CLOSES. (SLIGHT ECHO THROUGHOUT  
FOLLOWING)

~~SOUND: - - - - SHEETS DRAWN UP FULL MOUNT~~

ANDREW: There she is.

FUSCO: (LOW - SLIGHT ECHO) Bill --

DORSON: Yeah?

FUSCO: Look.

DORSON: Hmmmmm?

FUSCO: Something I didn't notice at the rifle range.

DORSON: What's that?

FUSCO: Her hands.

DORSON: Huh?

FUSCO: Look at those long fingernails -- the perfect manicure.

DORSON: So?

FUSCO: So she couldn't be the Bellini girl. The Bellini girl worked in a laundry. This girl never worked with her hands.

MUSIC:

BRIDGE~~DORSON: Watch it. Here's Andrew now -- and the Bellinis.~~~~SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ON STONE FLOOR~~~~ANDREW: (NOT UNGENTLY) You ready?~~~~BELLINI: You -- ready, mama?~~~~MRS. BELLINI: Si, si. Sono -- pronto.~~~~BELLINI: Sta valorosa, mama. Be brave.~~~~MRS. BELLINI: Si, si ...~~~~BELLINI: All right, Mist'. We ready.~~~~ANDREW: Okay.~~~~SOUND: HEAVY DRAWER PULLED OPEN~~~~MRS. BELLINI: SHE GASPS~~~~BELLINI: (A SOB) La poverella. Poor little girl.~~~~MRS. BELLINI: (MUTTERING) Our Father, Which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is ...~~~~ANDREW: Listen, mister~~

~~BELLINI: Si, signor?~~

ANDREW: Is it your girl?

BELLINI: Our girl? No, sir. Not our girl.

~~MUSIC: FROM BEHIND AND ACCENT UNDER~~

NARRATOR: You leave Bill Dorson at the morgue to wait for a possible identification, and go back to the Citizen office to write the roundup story. You're about five paragraphs down, when the phone starts a-jumping.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS. PICK UP

FUSCO: Yeah!

DORSON: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Joe -- this is Dorson. I got a present for you.

FUSCO: Let 'er rip.

DORSON: The dead girl was just identified. She is Ellen Marion - with an O - Johnston -- that's S-T-O-N.

FUSCO: Nice going. Who is she?

DORSON: You're gonna love this. She was a second year med student at Ohio State. She was 25.

FUSCO: Folks identify her?

DORSON: Nope. They live down South. She was identified by two room-mates, who'd missed her for two days. Their names are Lenore Graham and Frances Eaton -- and if you hotfoot it over to apartment 2-B above the millinery shop on Green Street -- you'll catch them coming home!

FUSCO: But the question is -- will they talk?

MUSIC: A QUESTION

FRANCES: (HIGH AND EXCITED) No I will NOT answer any questions!

LENORE: Mr. Fusco -- she doesn't mean anything. She's just terribly upset -- we're both ~~of~~. Please .. maybe if you come back tomorrow --

FUSCO: There's no tomorrow in the newspaper business, Miss Graham. And Miss Eaton -- I have this to say. (VERY QUIET) I can go back to my office --

FRANCES: (BREAKING) Why don't you, then, why don't you!

LENORE: (SOOTHING SMALL NOISES LIKE) Shh, honey --

FUSCO: I can go back and write that you were too upset to talk about your friend --

LENORE: If you'll only come back -- later --

FUSCO: Or I can write -- you refused to reveal anything about her. They both mean the same thing -- but they sound awfully different.

LENORE: You wouldn't do a thing like that --

FUSCO: Believe me. I'm not digging for dirt in a girl's tragedy -- I'm trying to find a line to her murderer. If you'll tell me only one thing --

FRANCES: (SOBBING) <sup>KEEP SOMEBODY</sup> Nothing, nothing --

FUSCO: Just one thing. I think this is a -- a love murder -- and if you'll just tell me the name -- the names of the men she went out with --

FRANCES: She wasn't that kind of a girl! (BREAKING) Lenore, Lenore -- send him away!

FUSCO: (FAST. RACING FOR TIME) Somebody maybe you didn't know about -- somebody she might have been seeing secretly -- somebody who wrote her love-letters, letters she might have left in her room -- if you'd just let me --

MUSIC: INTRO AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to your narrator, Berry Kroeger, and the Big Story!

NARRATOR: Arrests you don't make with a press badge -- so you turn the name of the murdered girl's boy friend over to the law. They pick up Lewis Jack fast -- (FADE) -- and you get to sit in on the quizzing --

DRALE: When was the last time you saw Miss Johnston, Lewis?

LEWIS: (A VERY DULL CHARACTER) Well, I had to go upstate last week to a veterinarians' field demonstration -- ~~sheep~~, anthrax injections, <sup>and</sup> anti-blackleg serums -- that was last week, around Friday --

DRALE: The girl, when did you see the girl --

LEWIS: I'm trying. <sup>To tell you</sup> The demonstration was Friday -- and I was supposed to get back that night, only -- well, you know how those things are. I always say the best-laid plans of mice and men --

DRALE: Look, Lewis. I asked you a straight question. When did you see her last!

LEWIS: The day after I came back from the convention. Sunday. We went riding. I wanted to go to the movies, because I'd had a very studious time, and I thought the movies would be fun, but she wanted to go riding.

DRALE: So you quarreled.

LEWIS: Oh, no! Just a lovers' spat. You know how it is. You fuss about little things, and --

DRALE: You were lovers?

LEWIS: Well ... You know. Sort of, kinda. We went out a lot together, you know --

DRALE: I don't know! I'm trying to find out!

LEWIS: Why are you asking me all these questions? After all, I only went out with the girl. Gosh. You can't blame a fellow for going out with a girl.

DRALE: Lewis.

LEWIS: Uh-huh?

DRALE: I'm going to start all over again. Right at the beginning. And <sup>make</sup> the answers -- SHORT!

LEWIS: Gosh, I'll try. But could I ask a question first?

DRALE: Now he's asking the questions! What is it?

LEWIS: Could I have a drink of water?

DRALE: Holy cat! Sit there.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS. SOUND OF WATER BUBBLER AND WATER POURING IN.

DRALE: (LOW) Jimmy.

FUSCO: What?

DRALE: (SAME) What do you think? Could anybody be that dumb? Or is he playing dopey?

FUSCO: I don't know. But I've got an idea.

DRALE: (SAME) You want to take a crack at the questioning? Think you can break him?

FUSCO: No, no. But why don't you take him to the morgue -- and make him look at her -- now?

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE UNDER.

NARRATOR: Along with the detective and Lewis you get to the morgue, just in time to find a stern-looking woman -- (FADE) -- having an argument with the attendant ...

MRS. HAMMETT: (OFF) Why can't I go in? Why can't I go in and see her?

ANDREW: Are you any kin to her?

MRS. HAMMETT: I told you -- no!

ANDREW: Are you the law?

MRS. HAMMETT: Are you crazy? I told you I was her landlady!

ANDREW: Then you can't go in. Y' oughta be ashamed of yourself. What're you tryin' to do -- collect back rent? Gwan home, lady!

DRALE: What's the trouble?

ANDREW: She wants to go look at the girl. Says she's her landlady.

DRALE: What do you want to see her for?

MRS. HAMMETT: Because I knew her and her husband both.

FUSCO: Her husband? You mean she lived with those two girls AND a husband?

MRS. HAMMETT: Who're you to be askin' me questions?

DRALE: Never mind him -- answer me. What's this about a husband?

FUSCO: And what about the two girls?

MRS. HAMMETT: What two girls?

FUSCO: Lenore and Frances -- the ones who lived with her upstairs over the millinery store.

MRS. HAMMETT: Over the millinery? Mister, you're crazy. I run a boarding house over on South Wilton Street. She never lived with no two girls. She lived with her husband!

DRALE: Would you know him?

MRS. HAMMETT: I sure would.

MRS. HAMMETT: (OFF) Why can't I go in? Why can't I go in and see her?

ANDREW: Are you any kin to her?

MRS. HAMMETT: I told you -- no!

ANDREW: Are you the law?

MRS. HAMMETT: Are you crazy? I told you I was her landlady!

ANDREW: Then you can't go in. Y' oughta be ashamed of yourself. What're you tryin' to do -- collect back rent? Gwan home, lady!

DRALE: What's the trouble?

ANDREW: She wants to go look at the girl. Says she's her landlady.

DRALE: What do you want to see her for?

MRS. HAMMETT: Because I knew her and her husband both.

FUSCO: Her husband? You mean she lived with those two girls AND a husband?

MRS. HAMMETT: Who're you to be askin' me questions?

DRALE: Never mind him -- answer me. What's this about a husband?

FUSCO: And what about the two girls?

MRS. HAMMETT: What two girls?

FUSCO: Lenore and Frances -- the ones who lived with her upstairs over the millinery store.

MRS. HAMMETT: Over the millinery? Mister, you're crazy. I run a boarding house over on South Wilton Street. She never lived with no two girls. She lived with her husband!

DRALE: Would you know him?

MRS. HAMMETT: I sure would.

DRALE: Lewis, come here.  
 LEWIS: *Yes.*

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING ON  
 LEWIS: *What do you want?*

DRALE: All right, lady. Did you ever see this man before?

MRS. HAMMETT: Never in my life.

DRALE: Lewis -- did you ever see this woman before?

LEWIS: Nope. Never. Why? Did she kill Miss Johnston?

DRALE: Shut up. Did either of you ever see --

SOUND: ~~HEAVY DRAWER PULLED OPEN~~ SHEET

DRALE: (HARD) Her?

MRS. HAMMETT: SLIGHT GASP

LEWIS: (WITH A CATCH) She -- she's still -- beautiful!

DRALE: You both know her?

MRS. HAMMETT: Yes. That's her.

DRALE: That's the girl who lived at your place as a married woman?

MRS. HAMMETT: Yes. That's her.

DRALE: And that's the girl you went out with as a single girl?

LEWIS: (CHOKED) Uh-huh. That's her.

DRALE: Well -- one of you is lying -- or she was.

FUSCO: Ma'am -- what name did she give when she boarded with you?

DRALE: That's right. What name did she give?

MRS. HAMMETT: Why their <sup>married</sup> name, o' course. ~~That's her name.~~  
 Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith.

FUSCO: Ed Smith. What did he do?

MRS. HAMMETT: Why, he never did say. But their comin's and goin's were awful odd, and I know she studied over to the hospital -- and I kind of figured, the way he always carried a bag --

FUSCO: Yeah, yeah -- <sup>Go</sup> on --

MRS. HAMMETT: Why I just naturally figured he was a doctor.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE FOR

NARRATOR: It fits so well -- the police let the bumbling boy friend free -- with a warning to stay in town. And they start looking for "Dr." Ed Smith. The landlady gives one clue to the identity of this obviously <sup>-- ~~phony~~ -- gentleman.</sup> phony-named ~~paranour~~. He drove a blue coupe. And this, you add to your list of clues. You enumerate them, evaluate them -- (FADE) -- using Dorson as your foil.

FUSCO: Okay, Bill. Here's how it shapes up now. We know she was leading a double life. That puts the finger on it as a love murder. Item one -- he was a doctor.

DORSON: Check.

FUSCO: Item two -- he has the missing key.

DORSON: Check.

FUSCO: Item three -- he drives a blue coupe.

DORSON: Uh-huh.

FUSCO: And item four -- he must have been familiar with the rifle range.

DORSON: Why?

FUSCO: It's not an ordinary place to go with a girl. He must have been attracted to it somehow. And item five ..

DORSON: Yeah --

FUSCO: Item five, the landlady may be the key to the thirteenth key! Bill -- I tell you what. I'm going to call on that landlady. Why don't you wait here and start checking the sports department clips?

DORSON: What for?

FUSCO: Rifle matches, pistol matches, shooting meets. Look for contestants who are doctors -- or even nicknamed Doc!

MUSIC: HIT AND MADE UNDER

FUSCO: This Doctor Smith, ma'am -- when did you see him last?

MRS. HAMMETT: Why, the day they found her body.

FUSCO: How'd that happen?

MRS. HAMMETT: He come to turn in the key.

FUSCO: What key?

MRS. HAMMETT: The key to their apartment.

FUSCO: The thirteenth key.

MRS. HAMMETT: How's that?

FUSCO: Nothing. At about what time did he turn in the key?

MRS. HAMMETT: Oh, 'round about the middle of the afternoon.

FUSCO: Did he say anything?

MRS. HAMMETT: Yep. He said -- here you are, ma'am. We won't be needing it any more.

FUSCO: Why did he say that?

MRS. HAMMETT: Because he said they were leaving town. *The said they were* Say --

FUSCO: Hmmm?

MRS. HAMMETT: Do you think he done it?

FUSCO: ~~What~~ What do you think?

MUSIC: STING AND INTO

FUSCO: Bill, it's all wrapped up, except for one thing. All we have to do is find a middle-aged doctor who drives a blue coupe and who frequents or is familiar with the rifle range. Now what do you know?

DORSON: Only what I found in the clips.

FUSCO: Anything?

DORSON: Just this. The former pistol champion of the United States competed in a match at the range the day before the body was found. His name is Lance Cracket. He lives here in Columbus. Known in pistol and rifle circles as -- Doc.

FUSCO: Why?

DORSON: Because he's a doctor.

(MUSIC: HIT HARD AND FADE FOR:)

(LAWNMOWER OFF)

FUSCO: That must be him mowing the lawn.

DRALE: Yeah. (CALLS) Dr. Crackett!

(LAWN MOWER STOPS)

DOCTOR: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Yes.

DRALE: I'm Steve Drale, Columbus police. This is Jim Fusco, from the Citizen.

(LAWN MOWER A COUPLE OF STROKES)

DRALE: Will you come with us, Doctor?

(ONE MORE STROKE. THEN IT STOPS)

DOCTOR: What for?

DRALE: Questioning.

DOCTOR: About what?

DRALE: The murder of Miss Johnston.

(LAWN MOWER AGAIN A BIT)

DRALE: Did you know her?

DOCTOR: Yes.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TELEPHONE RINGS ON FILTER. PICK UP

DORSON: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Citizen.

FUSCO: Bill Dorson?

DORSON: Yeah.

FUSCO: Jimmy Fusco. Bill -- I think we've got the killer. I'll dictate the whole story to you -- but first let me set something with you.

DORSON: Go ahead.

FUSCO: The doctor's car was just left at a lab to have a stain analyzed. I have an idea he'll deny it's blood. I want to confront him with the truth... if it is blood. So I'll dictate the story now *with the name of the doctor*

DORSON: ~~Yeah~~ -- *Okay*

FUSCO: Then I'll call you back *with the name of the doctor* when the report comes in. If anybody wants me -- I'll be looking up the landlady first -- and then I'll be at police headquarters.

DORSON: Check.

FUSCO: All right. Ready? Here goes. Police today arrested Doctor Lance Crackett ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK

FUSCO: (PADING) ... physician and former pistol champion of the United States, for questioning in connection with the murder of Miss Ellen ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP BIG AND OUT

DORSON: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Jim, it's been three hours since we ran that story. *on Crackett is arrested.* The desk is going crazy! We've been queried by the press services and everybody.

FUSCO: I know. I know.

DORSON: And what's more, some of the papers are carrying a denial of our extra. Jim -- have you got the paper in a box? You gone crazy?

FUSCO: I don't think so.

DORSON: Then where's the dick and the doctor?

FUSCO: Frankly?

DORSON: Come on, come on!

FUSCO: I don't know!

MUSIC: --- ACCENT AND HOLD UNDER

NARRATOR: Finally -- the detective escorts the doctor in the back way to the Chief's office. He winks at you -- the detective, that is, and finds time to whisper --

DRALE: Did I do okay, Jimmy? Did I keep him out long enough?

FUSCO: Did you? You almost lost us both our jobs!

NARRATOR: They sit the doctor down. They ask him quiet, careful questions. Did he know the girl? Yes. Did he kill her? No. Did he date her? Yes. Was he her lover? No. Back and forth -- very quiet questioning, very calm answering. His case is airtight, until you ask to have it held up a moment. (MUSIC OUT) Then, you call in the landlady and ask --

FUSCO: Mrs. Hammett, is this the man who boarded with Miss Johnston?

MRS. HAMMETT: Yes.

FUSCO: Is he the one who returned the key?

MRS. HAMMETT: Yes.

FUSCO: Thank you. (PAUSE) All right, Doctor. You might as well tell us how it happened.

DOCTOR: I will.

DRALE: You killed her?

DOCTOR: No. But I did have a date with her that night. She threatened to blackmail my wife -- and me -- if I didn't give her money.

FUSCO: (QUIET) So you killed her.

DOCTOR: (SAME) No. I remonstrated with her and said I would raise the money. But she said she had to have it now.

FUSCO: So you killed her.

DOCTOR: No. I argued and pleaded and promised -- and then -- I threw her out of the car and drove away.

FUSCO: After killing her.

DOCTOR: No. Somebody else must have done that after I left.

FUSCO: That's your story?

DOCTOR: That is the truth.

FUSCO: Doctor, why did you return the key?

DOCTOR: Because I wanted to end the whole ~~affair~~ <sup>the situation</sup>. I didn't want to use that apartment any more.

FUSCO: There are only two things wrong with that explanation, Doctor. One is -- you couldn't have got that key ring from her without using force --

DOCTOR: ~~No --~~ *I didn't get the key ring.*

FUSCO: And the other is -- the time you returned the key. What time did you turn it in?

DOCTOR: At two o'clock in the afternoon.

FUSCO: The day after your quarrel. The day her body was found.

DOCTOR: That's right.

FUSCO: How did you know she was dead?

DOCTOR: I read it in the paper.

FUSCO: Are you sure?

DOCTOR: Positive. I read it in the early edition.

FUSCO: You're sure of that?

DOCTOR: Certainly.

FUSCO: Doctor -- here's a clipping of my first story -- the one from the early edition. Read it.

DOCTOR: All right. (VERY QUIET) Police were called Friday afternoon to the rifle range in Fisher Road near McKinley Avenue where -- (HE STOPS)

FUSCO: Go on.

DOCTOR: Where the <sup>unidentified</sup> body of a woman was found ~~by her~~ Coroner Murphy was called. (PAUSE) That's all.

FUSCO: You're right, that's all. Doctor -- How did you know the body was that of your girl friend, when the paper carried no name? That story appeared on the streets at one-thirty o'clock. You returned the key at two o'clock. The extra identifying the body was not out until five. How did you know the body was Miss Johnston?

DOCTOR: (QUIET) I -- I don't know.

FUSCO: You told the landlady you wouldn't be needing the key any more. How did you know <sup>that Doctor? How did you know?</sup> (PAUSE) I'll tell you how. Because you were the only one who knew -- that early -- that she was dead.

DOCTOR: You can't prove that.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS SUDDENLY. PICK UP

DRALE: ~~Hello.~~ Speaking. Yes. Thank you very much.

SOUND: PHONE DOWN

DRALE: That was it, Jim -- the news we've been waiting for.

FUSCO: Good. What did you just say, Doctor? We can't prove you did it?

DOCTOR: No. You can't prove it.

FUSCO: We can help.

(PHONE PICKED UP)

FUSCO: Get me Bill Dorson at the Citizen. Just listen in on my conversation with my paper, Dr. Crackett. (PAUSE) Bill -- about that laboratory test of the stain in the car. We just got the report. I can tell you in one word. (PAUSE) Blood.

(MUSIC: HIT AND GO UNDER FOR:)

NARRATOR: That does it. That's it: You've helped to apprehend a murderer and you've got your BIG STORY.

(MUSIC: CURTAIN)

CHAPPELL: In just a moment, we will read you a telegram from James Fusco, revealing the final outcome of tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

CHAPPELL: Now here's that telegram sent by James Fusco, of the Columbus Citizen.

FUSCO: "Thank you for dramatizing my Big Story. Doctor was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Statements I took at killer's confession were introduced as evidence in trial. I received number one ticket to execution. Again, many thanks for PELL MELL Award."

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Fusco. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you winner of 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 pages of the Richmond Times-Dispatch; <sup>by ~~John~~ ~~McCalley~~</sup> <sup>Red</sup> ~~by ~~John~~ ~~McCalley~~~~ -- Chester McCalley. A BIG STORY that reached its climax on a chicken farm ...

SOUND: CHICKENS

HARRICE: ... in the rolling hill country of Virginia where an old man offered information about -- a murder!

MUSIC: TAKE IT AWAY INTO THEME. FADE TO B.G. ON CUE.

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Procter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Berry Kroeger narrated and John Gibson played the part of James Fusco. All names in tonight's dramatization, with the exception of Mr. Fusco's were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: THEME UP FULL AND FADE

CHAPPELL: This is Ernest Chappell, speaking for the makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES. Stay tuned to this station for the Kay Kyser show, which follows immediately.

ANNCR: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

PROGRAM #11

FINAL

"THE CASE OF THE TATTOOED CORPSE"

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
POP	JACK HARTLEY
YOUNG MAN	BERRY KROEGER MASON ADAMS
SERGEANT	JIM BOLES
McCALLEY	MASON ADAMS
TOM	JUANO HERNANDEZ
DOLLY	LUISE BARCLAY
MAN	RALPH BELL
MAUD	GRACE KEDDY
CHIEF	JACK HARTLEY
BARTENDER	JUANO HERNANDEZ
FLO	LUISE BARCLAY
MYRTLE	GRACE KEDDY
EDDIE	RALPH BELL
CROSSET	JOE LATHAM
CAPTAIN	JIM BOLES
CITY EDITOR	JOE LATHAM

ATX01 0059729

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

SOUND: - - - - - TATTOOING NEEDLE UP, ESTABLISH, AND UNDER

POP: (OLD AND SCRAGGLY) There y' are. In a minute, you'll have the prettiest tattoo job in the state o' Virginia, 'f I do say so myself as perhaps shouldn't.

SOUND: - - - - - NEEDLE UP AND OUT

POP: There. How's that?

YOUNG MAN: Not bad, not bad.

POP: (INDIGNANT) Not bad! That's artist-pry! Prettiest spread eagle I ever drawed! You sure you don't want nothin' else?

YOUNG MAN: Nope. That's enough.

POP: You don't want your draft number, or your social security number on your arm, maybe?

YOUNG MAN: What for? I'll remember them.

POP: Why for identification, bub. Identification. Just in case you get murdered or somethin'. (AND OFF HE GOES INTO GALES OF MAD LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: - - - - - HIT HARD AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL: The Big Story!. Another in a thrilling series based on true-experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Red McCalley of the Richmond, Virginia, Times-Dispatch, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: - - - - - FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC:        HIT AND FADE FOR

CHAPPELL:        Now -- the exciting and authentic story of --  
                  "The Tattooed Corpse."

NARRATOR:        You, Red McCalley, of the Richmond Times-Dispatch  
                  are bored. On police duty this Saturday afternoon  
                  on the eighteenth day of July in the year 1942,  
                  you ... are ... bored. Nothing doing at the fire  
                  department, nothing doing at the hospitals, nothing  
                  doing at first precinct, and at the second  
                  precinct --

SERGEANT:        (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Second precinct ...

McCALLEY:        This is Red McCalley down at the Times-Dispatch,  
                  calling for the express purpose of hearing your  
                  lovely voice say "Nuttin' doin'."

SERGEANT:        You're wrong.

McCALLEY:        Ah. A vagrant goat has nibbled some dainty  
                  underthings off a clothesline on West Carey Street.

SERGEANT:        Guess again.

McCALLEY:        There has been an accident. Main Street ran into  
                  Belvedere.

SERGEANT:        Nope.

McCALLEY:        You tell me..

SERGEANT:        A dead one.

McCALLEY:        Now we're getting somewhere! Who, what, when, where,  
                  how?

SERGEANT:        A man. Throat cut. Some time last night. Looks  
                  like a robbery. Found on Wister Road about noon.  
                  In the morgue.

McCALLEY:        In the morgue? I'll be right over.

SERGEANT: (FILTER) Take your time, Red. He ain't going any place.

McCALLEY: Well -- I am!

MUSIC: HIT THE ROAD AND UNDER

McCALLEY: Sergeant, how long would you say he's been dead?

SERGEANT: Since about two a.m.

McCALLEY: And no papers found?

SERGEANT: Not a thing, *Red*.

McCALLEY: Any objections to my taking a complete record of the art work?

SERGEANT: Art work? *Red?*

McCALLEY: The tattooing. Anybody who's ever seen that spread eagle on his chest, that dagger on his left arm, that snake running up the right -- and the chorus girl on his back -- I ask you -- would anybody ever forget -- that?

MUSIC: HIT AND FADE INTO

SOUND: TATTOO NEEDLE UP AND UNDER

POP: (CALLING) Welcome to Pop's tattoo parlor, sonny. Be with ye in a minute!

McCALLEY: Take your time, Pop.

SOUND: NEEDLE UP THEN TO STOP

POP: There y' are, sailor. I c'n do anchors with me eyes closed.

SOUND: TINKLE OF CHANGE

POP: Thank ye kindly, sailor. Thank ye kindly.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

POP: Now, what kin I do for ye, redhead? Nice full-rigged ship on your chest? Been years since, I done a full-rigged ship. I could give ye a cut-rate.

McCALLEY: It's information I want, Pop. Not art.

POP: Art! Redhead -- for that I'll tattoo ye free! A free sample! A hula girl on your biceps --

McCALLEY: No, Pop. The reason I came to you --

POP: A double spread-eagle on your back!

McCALLEY: What's that about a double spread-eagle?

POP: You want one? Take your shirt off, Redhead --

McCALLEY: No, no! The police found a tattooed corpse with a spread-eagle on it -- among other things. Do you by any chance keep a list of the people you tattoo?

POP: Me?

McCALLEY: Yes, you!

POP: Course not. They ain't people to me, son. They're canvas. Human canvas. You sure you don't want a nice bleedin' heart?

McCALLEY: Pop -- I got a bleedin' heart -- a reportorial bleedin' heart!

MUSIC: ----- SARCASTIC ACCENT -----

McCALLEY: Here y' are, sergeant. I brought you the Sunday paper. You, I suppose, will read the comics, disregarding completely the superb story I have on page one, detailing with reportorial accuracy each epidermal design.

SERGEANT: Says here police find tattooed corpse. Two paragraphs. That what you call superb?

McCALLEY: A pleasantry, Sergeant. A cynical jocosity. I don't suppose you have anything more on said ornamented cadaver?

SERGEANT: Come again?

McCALLEY: Anything on that tattooed corpse?

SERGEANT: Tattoos.

McCALLEY: Very amusing. Will you call me if anything breaks?

SERGEANT: Well, seeing as how you keep bringing us papers, sure.

McCALLEY: (FADING) Okay. I bid you a pleasant goodnight.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

SERGEANT: Second precinct. (PAUSE) Yeah. Yeah. Just a minute. (HE CALLS) Red!

McCALLEY: (OFF) Yeah?

SERGEANT: Where you going?

McCALLEY: Home, to ~~Berry Street~~.

SERGEANT: No, you're not. You're staying here.

McCALLEY: Why?

SERGEANT: Because they just found another body out on Second Street road, that's why. Another cut throat. Another robbery. Looks exactly like the tattooed corpse job. They're bringing the body to the morgue -- and <sup>they're bringing</sup> a witness here!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND OUT

McCALLEY: Okay to talk to him now, <sup>Chief</sup> Sarge?

~~SERGEANT:~~ CHIEF Go ahead, Red. He's all yours.

McCALLEY: Thanks. Now, friend -- tell me. You say you not only found the body, but you think you saw the people who killed him?

TOM: (NEGRO) Yes, sir, I did. I seen the whole thing. I was walking along, just walking along --

McCALLEY: What time was this?

TOM: No more than just a half an hour before they brought me here. I was walking along, and this car pulled up right into the brush, longside the road. Kept the motor running. Well I just walked right by, till I heard a woman scream. Then -- I went back to see. Sure wish I hadn't.

McCALLEY: Sure glad you did. What happened then?

TOM: Well -- as I come walkin' up, I heard .. (FADE) .. a woman cryin', and another one talkin' to a man ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ AUTO IDLING IN B.G. UNDER

DOLLY: SHE IS SOBBING

MAN: Shut up! Will you shut up? Can'tcha stop her from blubberin'?

MAUD: I don't blame her. You didn't say we'd kill anybody. You just said --

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A SLAP

MAN: Shut up!

DOLLY: (SOBBING) You just said we'd get 'em drunk and take their money!

MAN: *Shut up, shut up! That's my kind of talk -- shut 'em up. He could be 'em up!*  
Come on -- let's get out of here. (ANOTHER SLAP) *Shut 'em up!*  
And quit that blubberin'!

TOM: (COMING UP) You folks havin' some trouble? Can I help you out, mebbe?

MAN: No. Get out of here. Make tracks.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ MOTOR RACED

MAN: And keep your mouth shut -- if you want to live!

SOUND: - - - - CAR ROARS AWAY

TOM: And that's just how it happened. I was right there.

McCALLEY: And then you called the police?

TOM: Yes sir. And the story I told them, it's the same  
(PAUSE)  
I told you. They said I could go on home -- and I'm  
goin' on home!

SOUND: - - - - DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES  
(STEPS)

CHIEF: Wait a minute, McCalley. Where do you think you're  
going?

McCALLEY: To write my story, Chief.

CHIEF: And how would that story be going, Red?

McCALLEY: Well, naturally, I'll tell the witness' story --

CHIEF: Then what?

McCALLEY: I imagine the lead will say something about -- oh ...  
"noting a similarity between the two murders --"

CHIEF: Yeah.

McCALLEY: Police today were of the opinion the two women and the  
man had committed both crimes. (PAUSE) Police are of  
that opinion, aren't they?

CHIEF: They are.

McCALLEY: Well, then I'll quote you.

CHIEF: No, you won't.

McCALLEY: Then I'll say "Police said."

CHIEF: No, you won't. You won't say anybody said. You won't  
say anything. You'll just report the finding of the  
second body. I'm sorry, Red -- that's how it's got to  
be. You can't print the details on the two women and  
the man.

6-11-47

McCALLEY: What's all that?

CHIEF: I shouldn't tell you, but your story in the paper about the tattooing got us an identification on that first corpse.

McCALLEY: Mike Slemmen. That I got.

CHIEF: And Ferrucie Carbone was the other corpse. Slemmen was from Philadelphia -- visiting folks here in Richmond. They recognized him from the tattoo description. The other fella was a soda clerk downtown. So be a good boy and go home. Maybe by Monday we'll have a story for you.

McCALLEY: Yeah, sure. And maybe by Monday the <sup>boss</sup> Colonel will have a new police reporter. <sup>chief,</sup> You know what I'd do if I were you?

CHIEF: What would you do if you were me -- besides throw you out on your ear?

McCALLEY:  
CHIEF:

I'd remember the fact that your witness said there were two women and a man. That their business was obviously picking up men -- and rolling them. And I'd send every man on the force out to get picked up by two women and a man. That's what I'd do.

CHIEF: You know what I'd do if I were you?

McCALLEY: What would you do if you were me -- besides waste my time talking to you?

CHIEF: I'd stop trying to play detective and stick to the newspaper game.

ATX01: 0059738

MCCALLEY: In the first place, it's not a game -- it's a business. And in the second place -- if the cops aren't going to make looking for that throat-cutting trio their business -- I am!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CURTAIN

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater distance  
the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES is  
so important to the complete and satisfying enjoyment  
of fine, mellow tobacco ... (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a fine  
smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL  
MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a  
much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally  
fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a  
PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that  
result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: - - - - INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR: There you are -- with a story the police won't let  
you print. But if you can break the case yourself,  
you can break the story -- and a better story at  
that. So you start on a round of the Richmond beer  
halls. Long about the third or fourth, or maybe  
fifth joint ... a beat-up place that smells like the  
inside of a beer barrel stuffed with tar hemp ...  
sort of a houseboat, moored down on the James River-  
front ... (FADE) ... you approach the bartender.

SOUND: - - - - FAROFF HOOTING OF A BOAT WHISTLE, BUT SOFT ... LET  
IT SOUND EVERY SO OFTEN

McCALLEY: Bartender ...

BARTENDER: Uh-hm?

McCALLEY: One -- with a head.

BARTENDER: One -- with a head.

SOUND: - - - - DRAWING OF A BEER

BARTENDER: One -- with a head.

SOUND: - - - - A HALF DOLLAR TOSSED ON THE BAR

BARTENDER: Ten out of a half. Right.

McCALLEY: Keep the change.

BARTENDER: (SOFT) What do you want to know ?

McCALLEY: (SAME) The two girls at the end of the bar. They --  
uh -- friendly?

BARTENDER: Why don't you ask them?

McCALLEY: How about the rules of the house?

BARTENDER: Rules of the house is I mind my own business and you mind yours. And if yours is tangling with women -- that's your business.

McCALLEY: Okay. What're they drinking?

BARTENDER: Beer. We don't sell anything else in Richmond.

McCALLEY: Send them two beers. On me.

BARTENDER: Two beers. On you.

SOUND: ANOTHER HALF DOLLAR

McCALLEY: On me. *See the tip. We had some is kinder stuff.*

SOUND: ~~THE WHISTLE-HOOFS A COUPLE OF TIMES~~

BARTENDER: Here y' are, girls. On him.

FLO: Oh. Well ... here's how.

McCALLEY: How!

MYRTLE: Do we know you?

McCALLEY: You could -- especially you.

FLO: (SHE LAUGHS) He's cute.

MYRTLE: I saw him first.

McCALLEY: Oh. You saw me?

MYRTLE: Sure.

McCALLEY: That calls for another round. Bartender --

BARTENDER: Yeah?

McCALLEY: Three more. One with a head.

BARTENDER: Three more. One with a head.

SOUND: ANOTHER COIN

McCALLEY: Second thought -- make it four.

BARTENDER: For who?

McCALLEY: For you.

BARTENDER: I never touch the stuff. Three. One with a head.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ BEER BEING DRAWN

FLO: You from hereabouts?

McCALLEY: Uh -- no. Norfolk. Just passing through.

MYRTLE: Aw, that's a shame.

McCALLEY: Why?

FLO: We could have some fun. Norfolk's no fun. Fulla sailors. All the time lettin' you buy your own beer.

McCALLEY: Talk me into staying.

MYRTLE: Well ... I know a nice place outside town we could go to ...

McCALLEY: You twisted my arm. Only ~~there's~~

FLO: What is it, honey?

McCALLEY: Well -- there's only one of me -- and two of you. Say we go dancing -- I don't want to leave one of you girls at the table. You know ...

MYRTLE: How about him?

McCALLEY: Who?

MYRTLE: Him -- at the end of the bar. The fella just came in. I think he's kinda cute.

McCALLEY: Okay by me. I'll ask him.

FLO: No. Let me.

McCALLEY: Okay by me.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ FOOTSTEPS AWAY. LOW CONVERSATION OFF MIKE

McCALLEY: She's pretty good at that.

MYRTLE: At what?

McCALLEY: That. Pickup.

MYRTLE: Huh. You're not so bad yourself. (LAUGHS) Honey, you and me, we're gonna have a lot of fun. I'm so thirsty tonight, why --

FLO: Myrtle, this is Eddie. Eddie, this is Myrtle. Eddie's gonna come on along with us, aren't you, Eddie?

EDDIE: Yep. Don't mind if I do.

McCALLEY: Swoll. My name's Red.

EDDIE: Pleased to meetcha. Where we going?

MYRTLE: I thought we'd take a ride out -- (SHARP) -- You got a car, haven't you?

McCALLEY: Sure.

MYRTLE: (SWEET) Well, I thought we'd take a little ride out in the country. I know some swell spots, honey.

McCALLEY: Oh, fine. That's fine. Certainly is. Yes, sir. You bet. (INSPIRATION) Tell you what. You wait a sec, while I phone my hotel and keep my reservation open another day, huh?

MYRTLE: Okay. But come back soon, honey.

McCALLEY: I sure will, baby. I sure will.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ ACCENT AND INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RINGS ON FILTER, IS PICKED UP

SERGEANT: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Police Headquarters.

McCALLEY: (TENSE) This is Red McCalley. Give me the Chief.

SERGEANT: Sure thing.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ A PAUSE, A BUZZ, THEN:

CHIEF: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Chief speaking.

McCALLEY: (FAST AND TENSE) Chief -- I have to talk fast. I'm over at Jimmy's place -- it's that sort of houseboat here on the James River-front. Know it?

CHIEF: Yeah. Sure, sure.

McCALLEY: Now listen. I've been picked up by two girls -- and a guy just joined them -- easy as you please. They seem to know each other. I've got 'em for you Chief. So get over here, but quick -- before I get taken for a ride too.

CHIEF: But look, Red. Jimmy's place is miles from headquarters -- you know that. It'll take us ten or fifteen minutes to get there. Can you hold them?

McCALLEY: I can try. But look, make it snappy, will you? I don't know how long I can stall them. These gals mean business -- dangerous business. And I ain't just fooling.

CHIEF: Hold on, Red. We'll get there.

MUSIC: HIT AND GO INTO DANCE COMBO IN B.G. PLAYING "PRAISE THE LORD AND BASS THE AMMUNITION."

SOUND: GLASSES CLINKING FOR BAR B.G.  
*He Chilly* Get some more drinks for the juke box.

FLO: He Chilly  
 Havin' fun, honey?

McCALLEY: Sure. You having fun?

FLO: Mmmmmmm, I don't know. You said we'd go for a ride. Aren't we going for a ride?

McCALLEY: Oh, sure, sure. In a few minutes.

FLO: That's what you keep saying, but we don't go.

EDDIE: Yeah, what's the matter, fella? What's about this ride in the country?

McCALLEY: Take your time, take your time. How about another beer?

EDDIE: Not for me. I need some fresh air.

McCALLEY: You, honey? Have another beer, huh?

FLO: No -- I've had enough beer.

McCALLEY: Myrtle, come on, honey. Have a nice cool glass of beer -- do you good.

MYRTLE: Uh-huh. Come on -- let's go. What are we waiting for anyhow?

FLO: Yeah -- what's up? (INTENSELY) You scared of us, redhead?

McCALLEY: (CAUGHT) Scared? Are you kidding? What of?

MYRTLE: You must be. Scared to be alone with us. Otherwise you'd take us for that ride.

McCALLEY: How about if I put "Deep Purple" on the juke box? I -- uh -- I feel like dancing.

MYRTLE  
FLO: I don't. Come on, come on, quit the stalling. Are we going or aren't we? Let's have it.

McCALLEY: I tell you, I'm not stalling. I only want to ...  
(DEEP BREATH) ~~Okay -- okay -- You win.~~

MYRTLE: ~~You mean we're going?~~

McCALLEY: (WEARILY) ~~Sure?~~

MYRTLE: ~~Well, come on -- come on -- Don't just sit there.~~

McCALLEY: (BREAKING) ~~Aw stop pushing me -- stop rushing me -- I'm coming -- if you'd only give me ---~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF MIKE

CHIEF: (CUTTING IN) Stay where you are everybody. Don't move.

McCALLEY: Oh, brother!

CHIEF: You all right, Red?

McCALLEY: Fine, Chief -- that's a great looking halo you're wearing.

MYRTLE  
FLO: Say, what is this? The cops! (YELLS) What's the matter with you? Can't a gal have a drink in peace, huh?

CHIEF: (COMING ON) Joe. Take these gals away. I'll talk to them later. What do you know, Red? Where's the guy?

McCALLEY: That's him. Right there.

CHIEF: Him?

McCALLEY: Sure.

CHIEF: Him?

McCALLEY: Yeah.

CHIEF: This is the -- ~~the~~ the guy who's working with the two dames, picking up suckers and rolling them?

McCALLEY: Why -- sure.

CHIEF: Remember you said -- if you were me, you'd have the whole plainclothes force out trying to get picked up by two gals and a guy?

McCALLEY: Yeah --

CHIEF: Well -- this is Eddie Roland -- of the force. Eddie -- meet Red McCalley -- the world's greatest reporter.

EDDIE: Please to meet you, Red. I thought you were the guy I was looking for.

CHIEF: Well, what've you got to say for yourself, reporter?

McCALLEY: Read any good books lately?

MUSIC: HIT AND HOLD UNDER

McCALLEY: I've told you a million times, Chief -- I'm sorry! I didn't mean to gum things up. But is it all right if I go talk to the fellow who saw the original two girls and the guy?

CHIEF: Sure -- if you don't try to palm him off on me as the killer.

MUSIC: UP AND HOLD UNDER FOR

McCALLEY: Look -- try to remember something about the women -- the man -- the car -- anything!

TOM: Did I tell you about the funny wheels?

McCALLEY: You did not! What about 'em?

TOM: Funniest auto wheels I ever did see. Like wagon wheels, sort of. Spoke wheels!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND HOLD UNDER FOR

McCALLEY: Come on, Sergeant -- turn loose the stolen car reports. Spoke wheels -- look for a car with spoke wheels.

SERGEANT: 1928 Plymouth coupe -- gray paint job -- peeling in spots -- reported stolen <sup>by Wheeler</sup> by Wheeler Crosset, chicken farmer. (PAUSE) Has spoke wheels.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ UP AND RUN INTO

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ CHICKEN FARM BACKGROUND AND UNDER

McCALLEY: (CALLS) Hello!

BUSINESS: \_ \_ JUST CHICKENS

McCALLEY: (CALLS) Hello! Anybody here?

BUSINESS: \_ \_ MORE CHICKENS

McCALLEY: (CALLS) I said is anybody here?

CROSSET: (SOFT) What's all the shoutin' about?

McCALLEY: <sup>How do you do?</sup> I'm from the Times-Dispatch ...

CROSSET: Don't want none. Nor no magazines either.

McCALLEY: I'm not selling the paper, sir. I'm working as a reporter.

CROSSET: What ye want with me?

McCALLEY: I found out at police headquarters you reported a car stolen ...

CROSSET: What if I did?

McCALLEY: Well -- I have an idea whoever stole your car is a murderer.

CROSSET: How come?

McCALLEY: Haven't you been reading the papers? There've been two murders in two days.

CROSSET: Never take the papers. Sell a clutch of eggs now and then and hear the news, but don't take no papers. Who killed who, hey?

McCALLEY: That's why I'm here. I think whoever stole your car did the killing.

CROSSET: Well -- tell ye the truth, my car wasn't stole.

McCALLEY: I don't follow you.

CROSSET: It was borried. Borried by a fella never returned it back.

McCALLEY: Oh. Who was it?

CROSSET: A feller came here one night with a pocketful of money. Stayed here overnight, bought a jug o' home-made liquor -- and borried my car.

McCALLEY: What kind of a fellow?

CROSSET: (~~WHISPER~~) Wore a uniform. I figured he was a skedaddler.

McCALLEY: A what?

CROSSET: You know. Off the post, like.

McCALLEY: Oh. A.W.O.L.

CROSSET: That's it. But I was smarter'n he was. I copied his name out 'n his shirt-tail, where he had it printed. Figured I'd give him a while to bring my car back -- then if he wouldn't, I'd tell the po-lice. But if you think he's a killer -- why I might as well give the name to you. (PAUSE) It was -- Criley.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ HIT HARD AND OUT

McCALLEY: Captain Rogers? Military Police?

CAPTAIN: Yes?

McCALLEY: McCalley from the Times-Dispatch. Tell me, Captain --  
(CAREFULLY) Have you been to see the Chief of  
Police?

CAPTAIN: Yes.

McCALLEY: And tell me -- have you turned Criley over to them?

CAPTAIN: (AFTER A PAUSE) Criley?

McCALLEY: Yes. The AWOL they suspect in the double murder.

CAPTAIN: Oh. You know the story, then?

McCALLEY: Sure.

CAPTAIN: Well, then I guess it's all right. But I haven't  
turned him over yet. I'm holding him for our own  
investigation.

McCALLEY: In connection with the murder?

CAPTAIN: Yes.

McCALLEY: (1 sec. off) Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN: ~~You're welcome.~~ (PAUSE) Say -- I don't believe you  
did know anything about it!

McCALLEY: Frankly, Captain -- I didn't. But now I do. All  
I need now is his first name.

CAPTAIN: Luther. Luther Criley, corporal. A.W.O.L. And you  
can't print it.

McCALLEY: (QUIET) I can't print it.

CAPTAIN: That's what I said. You can't print a story of  
military investigation until Criley is turned over  
to civil authorities.

McCALLEY: (THE SLOW BURN TONE) I get a story. The police say I can't print it. Okay, I don't. But I dig up a better one on my own -- and now the United States Army says I can't print it. What do I have to do to get a story printed in this town -- START MY OWN NEWSPAPER? (VERY QUIET) Captain --

CAPTAIN: Yes?

McCALLEY: (WITHERING) If you hear of a nice steady job playing a honky-tonk piano -- would you kindly let me know?

MUSIC: SARCASTIC AND OUT

CITY EDITOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) What do you mean, we can't print it?

McCALLEY: That's what the man said.

CITY EDITOR: Yeah? Well, here's what this city editor says. (BEAT) You get that story on the AWOL substantiated somehow -- or you don't have to come back to the office, Not even for your back pay -- and I mean it!

MUSIC: HIT AND OUT

McCALLEY: (DESPERATE) Heard anything yet, Chief?

CHIEF: About what, Red?

McCALLEY: About the AWOL the M.P.s are questioning.

CHIEF: Not yet, Red. As soon as they -- (BEAT AND TAKE) How do you know about that?

McCALLEY: Frankly -- I pulled the same thing on the M.P.s I did on you just now. Took a shot in the dark. I know his name is Luther Criley, I know he was driving the car at the second murder.

CHIEF: How'd you find that out?

McCALLEY: Checked stolen car reports. How'd you find him?

CHIEF: Private tip. But you can't print a word of it.

McCALLEY: I know, I know! But I'm gonna camp right here till I can!

CHIEF: Have a cigar.

McCALLEY: I don't want a cigar.

CHIEF: Go on. Have one.

McCALLEY: I want a story, not a cigar.

CHIEF: Have it your way. (HE STARTS WITH A CHUCKLE AND BREAKS INTO A GOOD LONG LAUGH)

McCALLEY: It's funny to you, Chief -- but it may mean my job!

CHIEF: Calm down, eager beaver. You're okay. You did a job any detective'd be proud to claim.

McCALLEY: But I can't print it --

CHIEF: And you probably know a lot we can use. Any time you want to work for me <sup>for me</sup> -- ~~no~~, seriously, I can't turn a thing loose till the M.P.s call me.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS AND IS PICKED UP

CHIEF: <sup>Richmond Police</sup> Richmond-Police (PAUSE) Put him on. (PAUSE) Yes. (PAUSE) He did? (PAUSE) Okay. We'll be right over.

SOUND: PHONE IS HUNG UP

CHIEF: As I was saying, I can't turn a thing loose until the M.P.s call me. (PAUSE) And the M.P.s just called.

McCALLEY: <sup>Willie's my best wire</sup> Gimme that phone!

SOUND: PHONE UP, RAPID-DEALING

McCALLEY: (TRIUMPHANT) City Desk? McCalley. Get that war  
off the front page! I'm coming in with the story!  
(HOLD UP PHONE)  
(PAUSE) Hey, Chief -- wait for junior!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND FADE

NARRATOR: So you sort of proved the old maxim true. If at  
first you don't succeed, keep pitching. You kept  
pitching -- and you got your BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ UP FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
Red McCalley, giving final details on tonight's  
BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now here's that telegram from Red McCalley of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

McCALLEY: Thank you for dramatizing double murder BIG STORY. Excellent police work plus widespread publicity in press resulted in apprehension of two women who were sentenced to prison for their part in crime. Killer got chair, but I could not witness execution. Was doing stretch in U. S. Navy. Again, thank you for PELL MELL Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. McCalley. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 a Big Story from the pages of the New York World-Telegram; by-line - Ed Mowery. A BIG STORY that ended on Long Island ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ GENTLE RAIN

HARRICE: ... in a gentle autumn rain ... in a graveyard!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RAIN UP

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME ... FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: "THE BIG STORY" is produced by Bernard J. Prockter, written by Allan E. Sloane and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger and Mason Adams played the part of Red McCalley. All names in tonight's story, except that of Mr. McCalley were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #12

REVISED

"THE FORGER OF FLORAL PARK"

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
BUDDY	PETER GRIFFITH
MRS. NELSON	ANN SEYMOUR
BILL	WILLIAM KEENE
ED MOWERY	WARD WILSON
BOY #1	EDWIN BRUCE
BOY #2	GRACE KEDDY
PETE	<del>NED WEVER</del> <i>Berry Kroeger</i>
NELSON	NED WEVER
KIMBALL	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE
MRS. KERRY	GRACE KEDDY
DREW	WILLIAM KEENE
MISS JENNINGS	ANN SEYMOUR
WHALEY	MICHAEL FITZMAURICE

ATX01 0059756

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

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SLOW, GENTLE RAIN ESTABLISH FOR A MOMENT

BUDDY: Mummy -- I'm cold standing here in the rain. How long do we have to wait?

MRS. NELSON: The bus'll be along in just a minute, Buddy.

BUDDY: I wish we didn't have to go.

MRS. NELSON: Buddy Nelson! Don't you want to see your father?

BUDDY: Sure. But I wish we didn't have to go to that place. Everybody looks so --. Are they all sick, Mummy? Is Daddy sick, too?

MRS. NELSON: He's -- not well, Buddy. And he needs us to go and see him and cheer him up until he can come home again.

BUDDY: I still wish we didn't have to go to that place. I don't like it. (BEAT) Mummy --?

MRS. NELSON: Yes?

BUDDY: Why do they give an unhappy place like that a name like -- Sing Sing?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ RAIN ALONE FOR A MOMENT

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ SNEAK AND TAKE IT AWAY. UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY ... another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to Ed Mowery of the New York World Telegram goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ FANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished length  
is the outward sign of a basic superiority. Here's  
the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length filters  
the smoke through the greater distance of PELL MELL'S  
traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... "Distance lends  
enchantment" ... and the greater distance PELL MELL  
travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater  
smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER FOR

CHAPPELL: Now, the moving and authentic story of ... "The Forger of Floral Park."

NARRATOR: You are Ed Mowery, reporter on the New York World Telegram, but you are principally interested, this July evening, in getting out of the office and keeping a very important appointment ... an appointment with your son. You've promised to take him to the amusement park, and then buy him an ice-cream soda, and maybe a red balloon or a blue pinwheel afterward. Seventh Heaven for a five-year-old ... and you expect to get quite a bang out of it yourself. Anyway, you're just putting on your hat when the city editor comes out of his office ... (FADE) ... and nails you ...

BILL: (COMING IN) Hey, Ed! Wait a minute!

ED: Oh. Hello, Bill.

BILL: Say, you live out on Long Island, don't you?

ED: That's right.

BILL: Anywhere near Floral Park?

ED: It's a station on my way home. Why?

BILL: Ever hear of a man named Frank Nelson?

ED: Nelson? Frank Nelson? Vaguely. Went up to Sing Sing a couple of years ago, didn't he?

BILL: That's right. On a forgery rap. Served three years and four months. Now ... he's out.

ED: So?

BILL: So he lives in Floral Park. He just phoned in ... says he's got a big story.

ED: What kind of a story?

BILL: Well, he claims he was innocent ... swears he was framed.

ED: (WEARILY) Naturally. They were all framed at Sing Sing, Bill. You know that.

BILL: Sure, Ed. Sure, I know. It's probably just another one of those things. But I've been tipped off that the other papers have sent reporters up to talk to Nelson, and I thought ...

ED: Okay, Bill. I'll stop off at Floral Park and check this ex-con's story. But there's one thing ....

BILL: Yes?

ED: He'd better make it short and sweet. I've got a date with my son tonight!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT LIGHTLY AND UNDER

NARRATOR: Nelson's home is a grimy, shabby tenement over a beer joint, and the juke box is going full blast when you get out of the taxi ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ SEGUE TO JUKE BOX B.G. AND HOLD UNDER

NARRATOR: At the door leading up to the tenement, you see two boys are picking .. (FADE) .. on a third ...

BOY #1: Yah! Yah! Buddy Nelson's father is a jailbird!

BOY #2: (JEERING) Jailbird! Jailbird!

BOYS 1 & 2 (CHANTING IN UNISON) Jailbird! Jailbird! Jailbird! Jailbird!

BUDDY: (TEARFULLY) He is not! He is not! HE IS NOT! My Dad's innocent. He didn't do anything!

BOY #1: Oh, yeah? That ain't what my father says! My old man says your old man is a crook! And my old lady won't even talk to your old lady.

BOY #2: (BEGINNING AGAIN) Buddy Nelson's father is a jailbird! Jailbird! Jailbird!

BOY #1: (JOINING IN, JEERING IN UNISON) Jailbird! Jailbird!

BUDDY: (CRYING UNDER CHANT) He is not! He is not! You stop saying that about my father! Stop! Stop! Stop!

BOYS 1 & 2: (CONTINUE EVIL CHANT) Jailbird! Jailbird! Jailbird!

MO'ERY: (FADING IN) All right, all right, kids -- that'll do.

BOY #1: Aah, who're you, wise guy?

MO'ERY: Just run along, kids -- beat it.

BOY #1: Says who? It's a free country!

MO'ERY: I said, beat it.

BOY #1: (FADING) Aah, you ain't my fadder!

BOYS 1 & 2: (CHANT "Jailbird" AS THEY FADE OFF)

MO'ERY: What's your name, son?

BUDDY: Buddy Nelson.

MO'ERY: Is your father home?

BUDDY: Yes, sir.

MO'ERY: I'd like to see him.

BUDDY: Upstairs.

MO'ERY: Will you show me?

BUDDY: Okay.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

MO'ERY: You know, I've got a boy just a little younger than you! He's a pratt.  
*Good pitcher.*  
 Buddy: I play first base. I'm a lefty. I... oh, gee, here comes another one of these reporters!

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ STEPS CREAKING DOWN, THEN STOP

PETE: (COMING IN) Well, Ed Mowery!

ED: Hello, Pete.

PETE: So you got dragged in on this bum lead, too!

ED: No good, eh?

PETE: Strictly for the funny papers. Take my advice, Ed, and go home. When I think of the trip I've got ahead of me, all the way to Yonkers ...

ED: What's wrong with Nelson's story?

PETE: Everything. He's living in a dream world, that guy. You know who he's trying to pin his rap on?

ED: Who?

PETE: Arthur Whaley.

ED: You mean that big-time forger the FBI picked up?

PETE: Yeah.

ED: Then you think Nelson's guilty, too ...

PETE: Think? Brother, I know it!

BUDDY: (SUDDENLY, HOTLY) You take that back! You take that back!

PETE: (STARTLED) Hey! Wait a minute! Who's the kid, Ed?

ED: (QUIETLY) Meet Frank Nelson's son, Pete.

PETE: Oh. Gee kid, I'm sorry. I didn't know ...

BUDDY: (IN TEARS) My dad never did anything wrong. He never did anything wrong. He's not a crook, and he shouldn've gone to jail ...

PETE: (EMBARASSED) Look, kid, I ... I ...

(BUDDY SOBBING UNDERNEATH)

ED: (QUIETLY) See you later, Pete.

PETE: Oh. Yeah, Ed. Yeah. See ... you later.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ STEPS CREAKING DOWN AND AWAY

(SOBBING CONTINUES FOR A MOMENT, THEN DIES)

ED: (GENTLY) Okay now, Buddy?

BUDDY: Yeah. I ... I guess so, Mister.

ED: Swell. Let's go up and see your Dad.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A FEW MORE STEPS ON STAIRS, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

BUDDY: (CALLS) Mother!

MRS. NELSON: (OFF) Buddy, where've you been? I ... Oh. (STOPS. ON)  
Go wash up, Buddy -- supper'll be ready soon.

BUDDY: Yes'm (FADING) This is ... I don't know his name, but  
he's <sup>Swell</sup> nice

ED: (A LITTLE EMBARRASSED) I ... Mrs. Nelson, my name is  
Mowery. I'm from the World Telegram.

MRS. NELSON: (DEAD VOICE) Oh. You came to hear my husband's story.

ED: Yes.

MRS. NELSON: You're wasting your time, Mr. Mowery. You might as  
well go home.

ED: But Mrs. Nelson, I ...

MRS. NELSON: The others were here. They listened to Frank. None of  
them believed him. No one's believed him, ever since  
they sent him to prison. Why should you?

ED: Well, I ... I ...

NELSON: (COMING IN) Alice, who is it? Who's here?

MRS. NELSON: It's a Mr. Mowery, from the World Telegram.

NELSON: Oh.

MRS. NELSON: Frank, you're not going to go through the whole thing  
again ...

NELSON: (WEARY, DEFEATED) No. No, I guess not, Alice. What's the use? No one will believe me. You wouldn't believe me, Mr. Mowery. I ... I've told everyone I can. But it's like talking to a wall... like talking to myself ... in that cell in Sing Sing.

~~MRS. NELSON: We're sorry we put you to all this trouble, Mr. Mowery, asking you to come way out here and then ...~~

~~ED: That's all right. Suppose you tell me your story anyway, Mr. Nelson. But before you begin...~~

~~NELSON: Yes?~~

ED: It's been over three years since you ~~came out of Sing Sing~~ <sup>were released, the better</sup>. Why have you waited till now to talk?

NELSON: I had no proof of my innocence. I just knew I didn't do it. But when I read that they caught Arthur Whaley ... the real forger ... I just couldn't keep quiet any longer. (PAUSE) Mr. Mowery, ~~all I ask of you is one thing... only one thing. All I ask of you is that you listen to me... with an open mind.~~

~~ED: I'll try to, Mr. Nelson.~~

~~NELSON: I'm an innocent man. I served forty months in Sing Sing prison for a crime I didn't commit. I say I served. But it could have been you, Mr. Mowery ... or anyone.~~

MRS. NELSON: It's been hard on my husband. ~~No one will give him a job.~~ He has to report to the parole board every month. It ... things like that do something to a man ... inside.

NELSON:

*They do something to a whole family*  
Oh, ~~it isn't myself. I'm thinking of ... not now.~~ It's  
my family. No one will talk to my wife, and my son..well  
he'll carry my disgrace for the rest of his life.

ED:

When did this all begin, Mr. Nelson?

NELSON:

Seven years ago. I was in the securities business in  
Wall Street, and we lived in Freeport then. One day I  
got a phone call from the District Attorney's office.  
(FADING) They wanted me to come down and see them  
right away.

KIMBALL:

Mr. Nelson, we've called you down here to ask about  
those checks drawn on the Seaboard National Bank for  
eight thousand dollars.

NELSON:

What checks? Mr. Kimball, I ... I don't know what  
you're talking about.

KIMBALL:

(FADING) Just a minute.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR OPENS OFF

KIMBALL:

Mrs. Kerry ... Mr. Drew ... Will you both come in,  
please? (UP TO MIKE AGAIN) Now ... you first, Mrs.  
Kerry. You were in the bank at the time. Is this the  
man you saw pass those checks?

MRS. KERRY:

Why, I ... I ... these glasses of mine ...

KIMBALL:

Step a little closer, Mrs. Kerry. Now ... is this the  
man you saw passing those checks?

MRS. KERRY:

Yes, sir. That's the man. That's the man, all right.

KIMBALL:

You're sure?

MRS. KERRY:

Yes, sir, I'm positive.

NELSON:

Just a minute. What's this all about? ~~What~~ ... ?

KIMBALL: You next, Mr. Drew. Is this the man you saw in the lobby of the bank, passing those checks?

DREW: (NERVOUSLY) I think so. I can't say for sure .. Looks like him. Same height. Same build and coloring.

KIMBALL: Take your time, Mr. Drew. This is important.

DREW: So's my dinner engagement. I'm in a terrible hurry, Mr. Kimball. I've got to catch a train ... I've got to ...

KIMBALL: Mr. Drew ... this man's freedom is at stake. If he passed those checks he's going to prison. Your identification is of the utmost importance. Now take your time and think.

DREW: (BEAT) All right, all right. I'll go along with Mrs. Kerry here. He's the man. Now, if you don't mind I'll leave. (FADING) I only hope I don't miss that train ...

NELSON: Mr. Kimball, what's this all about? Who are these people? Why am I here in the first place. (BEWILDERED) I don't understand.

KIMBALL: Then let me make it clear, Mr. Nelson. You're under arrest ... for forgery!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND OUT

NELSON: I was amazed, Mr. Mowery. I didn't know what to say. The next thing I knew an officer took me by the arm, and I was in prison ... in the Tombs ... awaiting trial. It was like a nightmare.

ED: I see. And who were Mrs. Kerry and Mr. Drew?

NELSON: I didn't find out until the trial that they worked for the bank. (FADE) But before the trial, my wife came down to the Tombs to see me...

MRS. NELSON: (TEARFULLY) But Frank, Frank, they can't do anything to you! They can't! You're not guilty of anything!

NELSON: I know, Alice, I know. But they say I forged some checks on this bank and they have people to identify me. All I know is -- they've gotten me mixed up with someone else and ...

MRS. NELSON: Frank. Wait. When are you supposed to have -- passed these checks?

NELSON: (WEARY SIGH) I'm so mixed up with places and dates that I ... (BEAT) Wait a minute. On .. what was it .. the fifteenth of November. Yes, that's it.

MRS. NELSON: (THOUGHTFULLY) The fifteenth of November. (SUDDENLY) Frank!

NELSON: Yes? What is it Alice?

MRS. NELSON: You couldn't have been at that bank in New York on the fifteenth. Remember? Buddy's birthday was the sixteenth, and you'd come back from Buffalo the day before, and you were in Freeport, paying bills ...

NELSON: Alice! You're right. And if I can show receipts for those bills, why ... (CUTS) Alice, there's nothing to worry about now! Everything's going to be all right now!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING

NELSON: Yes, Mr. Mowery. My wife and I thought everything would be all right then. But at the trial (FADE) We got a brutal surprise....

(~~CROWD-BUZZ-UP~~)

~~SOUND: - - - - - RAP-OF-GAVEL-TWICE~~

(~~CROWD-BUZZ-DIES~~)

KIMBALL: Your Honor ... Gentlemen of the Jury. The defendant, Frank Nelson, has submitted receipted bills proving he was in Freeport on the fifteenth of November. I submit that this evidence is irrelevant. For it was not on the fifteenth, but on the nineteenth that the witnesses saw Frank Nelson pass those forged checks at the Seaboard National Bank!

~~MUSIC: - - - - - PUNCTUATE AND OUT SHARP~~

ED: What do you mean, Mr. Nelson .. they actually switched the date of the crime at the last minute?

NELSON: No, Mr. Mowery. I guess that must have been my fault. I guesst I got the dates mixed. And I couldn't establish any alibi for the nineteenth, so ... well, I was sentenced to three years and four months in Sing Sing prison for a crime committed by a forger named Arthur Whaley.

ED: What makes you think Whaley forged those checks?

NELSON: When I read that the FBI caught Whaley, I studied his methods. They followed a regular pattern. I found out he was in the bank on the nineteenth of November. I saw his picture, and he looked something like me. And then ... then I knew those witnesses had mistaken me ... for him.

ED: I see.

NELSON: Well, Mr. Mowery ... that's it. That's my story ... all of it. (BEAT) Or ... almost all. There's a little more ... ~~but not the kind of thing you can put into words. There's the gang of kids that yells "jailbird's son" at my boy ... the young school teacher upstairs, who won't talk to my wife ... the janitor who looks the other way when I pass him on the street. And there's three years and four months in jail.~~ Three years and four months in an iron cage waiting to see my wife and my son. And then .. seeing them. I think that was even harder. They used to come and visit me ... Alice would be smiling brightly ... too brightly ... and Buddy would stare at me with a funny look in his eyes ...

(FADE)

BUDDY: What's the matter Dad? Why don't you come home? Don't you want to live with us any more?

NELSON: Of course I do, Buddy. But I have to stay here a while yet.

BUDDY: Why?

MRS. NELSON: Buddy, please ... don't ask so many questions.

BUDDY: I just want to know when Dad's going to come home. You were gonna take me to the opening ball game, remember Dad.

NELSON: (CHOKED) Yes. I remember (PAUSE) Alice ...

MRS. NELSON: (SOFTLY) Yes, dear?

NELSON: How are you?

MRS. NELSON: Fine. Just fine. (LOW) Frank ... you look ~~so~~ so tired ... so white. Do you get enough to eat?

NELSON: Sure. Don't worry, hon.

MRS. NELSON: I won't. (BREAKING) Oh, Frank, if I could only touch you .. for just a moment. This wire between us. Like a wall. Isn't there any way I can see you alone for a minute? Isn't there anyplace we can sit and talk .. isn't there anything we can do? (BREAKS INTO TEARS)

NELSON: Please honey. Don't cry. Don't waste time with tears. We only have a few minutes left. Talk to me. Come on, honey, talk to me. Please.

MRS. NELSON: (CHOKING BACK TEARS) All right. Is .. is there anything I can bring you?

NELSON: No ... just let me look at you .. ~~and Buddy.~~

Mrs. Nelson: But there must be something you want. Isn't there anything you want, Frank?

NELSON: (VERY LOW) Anything I want? Sure ... there's lots of things I want. ~~[I want to look at you ... to walk with you, arm-in-arm somewhere by ourselves.] (WORKING-UP)~~ To have all the time I want to say all the things I want to say. I want to be home .. to see the leaves, raked up on the front lawn .. and have roast lamb with mint jelly for Sunday dinner .. ~~[to read the paper in my own living room ... to walk around in my own house,~~ to trip over Buddy's roller skates on the front steps .. to watch you combing your hair and feel its softness ... Sure .. sure, there's lots of things I want ... not new things .. not different things. (WAY UP) I just want all the things that I've had and loved and don't have and can't have now!

(SILENCE)

(MORE)

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE: Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger, and tonight's BIG STORY.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ TRAIN-IN-MOTION

NARRATOR: On your way back to New York to write the story, you listen to the train wheels and think of the disappointed boy you were going to take to the amusement park, And then you think of another boy ... a crying, broken-hearted kid ... with a brand on his name for the rest of his life. And then, you think of a hopeless man with haunted eyes, and the thought spins around in your mind again ... (IN RHYTHM WITH TRAIN WHEELS) It could have been you! It could have been you! It could have been you!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ UP IN WASH AND OUT WITH

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING

(PAUSE)

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PHONE RING AGAIN ... RECEIVER OFF HOOK

ED: (SLEEPY) Hello?

BILL: (FILTER) Ed, this is Bill Walker, *Sorry to wake you so early, but* down at the office.

ED: Yes?

BILL: We've just read your story, *and* It's terrific, ~~Ed~~ ... terrific. A great piece of writing!

ED: Thanks for the orchid, Bill. But let's face it ... the story's a hunk of dynamite. And the point is ... are you going to print it?

BILL: Print it? I'll say we are! ~~On Page One!~~

ED: ~~Page ... One?~~

~~Bill:~~ You've just sold us a bill of goods, Ed. We're gambling with you that Nelson is innocent and we're going to break our backs to prove it.

ED: ~~Bill!~~ Bill, I ... I don't know what to say ... <sup>Bill!</sup> Say it to Nelson, Ed. Tell him the New York World Telegram is behind him .. one hundred percent!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR: From here in, it's your baby. You've opened your big typewriter, and now you've got to prove your words ... or eat them. So first, you .. (FADE) .. look up the clerk in charge of records and ask her for the transcripts on the trial proceedings ...

MISS JENNINGS: The trial record's all in this folder, Mr. Mowery.

ED: Hmmm. People of the State of New York against Frank Nelson, Defendant. Thanks, Miss Jennings ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ PAPER CRACKLING AND RUFFLING

ED: Let's see ... Prosecution ... Prosecution ... Defense ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ RIFFLE PAGES

ED: Uh ... Miss Jennings?

MISS JENNINGS: Is something wrong, <sup>no,</sup> ~~sir?~~

ED: Can you tell me where I'll find the decision of the Court of Appeals?

MISS JENNINGS: Why, if I remember right~~ly~~, sir, the appeal never went through.

ED: Why not?

MISS JENNINGS: Because Mr. Nelson was a poor man. He couldn't afford to pay the stenographic charges.

ED: What do you mean, Miss Jennings? A defendant has to pay for his own defense material?

MISS JENNINGS: Oh, <sup>sure, that's</sup> ~~yes, sir~~. And it can mount up into a considerable sum, <sup>yes, sir</sup> ~~sir~~. Thirty cents a page for the stenographer, a dollar per page for the printer, a dollar and a half per page for briefs ...

ED: ~~Miss Jennings~~. Miss Jennings, wait a minute. One question.

MISS JENNINGS: Yes, Mr. Mowery?

ED: Does the state have to spend ~~this~~ money for its Prosecution transcript?

MISS JENNINGS: The state? <sup>Are you kidding?</sup> ~~Oh no, Mr. Mowery~~. ~~Naturally not~~. All the District Attorney has to do is order it.

ED: I see. The Prosecutor gets it free ... but the defendant pays through the nose. And if he's broke ... he's out of luck.

MISS JENNINGS: <sup>Did you see the 15.</sup> ~~Yes, sir~~. As you know, ~~if~~ you don't present your arguments in print, the Appellate justices ~~don't~~ even know you exist ...

ED: Miss Jennings!

MISS JENNINGS: Yes, Mr. Mowery?

ED: I want you to order a printed copy of the defense transcript.

MISS JENNINGS: Yes, <sup>Miss Jennings</sup> ~~sir~~. But who'll pay?

ED: I'll pay for it, Miss Jennings. Just get me that Defense transcript!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ STING AND UNDER

DREW: Why, I ... I ...

ED: Was it?

DREW: Look here, Mr. Mowery, I resent your tone of voice. You've no right to come snooping around and asking me ...

ED: (HARD) Was this the man you saw in the bank, Mr. Drew?

DREW: (BREAKS) Yes. Yes, it was.

ED: This is the forger, Arthur Whaley. Yet you identified Frank Nelson as the criminal.

DREW: Well, I ... I ...

ED: Why?

DREW: (AGITATED) I ... I don't know. I was in a terrible hurry that day. I had to catch a train. I ... well, I thought it was him ...

ED: But you weren't sure?

DREW: No. No, I guess I wasn't. But Mrs. Kerry was so sure ... well, I thought I'd go along and say 'yes. As I told you, Mr. Mowery ... I was nervous and upset ... and I was worried about missing that train ...

ED: How long would you have had to wait for the next train, Mr. Drew?

DREW: The ... next train? Why ... why, I would have lost a whole hour ...

ED: I see. You would have lost an hour. Frank Nelson lost three years and four months out of his life! Just because you couldn't <sup>take time to investigate</sup> tell the difference between him and Arthur Whaley.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ STING

ED: Look, Whaley, you pulled that forgery job at the Seaboard Bank. Why don't you admit it?

WHALEY: Suppose I did. What's it to you?

ED: They sent an innocent man to jail. He took your rap ...

WHALEY: Nelson?

ED: Nelson.

WHALEY: He's served his time. He's clear. I'm not. Why should I stick my neck out?

ED: Why not? You could sign a confession.

WHALEY: Uh-huh. Not me.

ED: Why not?

WHALEY: Because I'm in deep enough as it is. I'm not looking for more trouble.

ED: Look, Whaley. You've been writing bad checks for years. They've already got enough on you now to send you up for life. What difference does it make if you admit this extra job?

WHALEY: What difference does it make to Nelson whether I sign a confession or not? He's served his time, hasn't he? He's free now, isn't he?

ED: In a way -- yes.

~~WHALEY: Well, then...~~

~~ED: But his wife and kid aren't free.~~

WHALEY: What d' ya mean -- his wife and kid?

ED: Unless you clear Nelson's name, they'll never be free of disgrace. Nelson paid the state of New York forty months of his life for something he didn't do. Something you did. And his wife and son -- they'll be paying for it for the rest of their lives.

WHALEY: ~~I see.~~

ED: Give those people a break, Whaley. Give 'em a chance to live again. You passed those Seaboard checks -- didn't you? *Didn't you?*

WHALEY: (LOW) Yes.

ED: How about it then? ~~How about a confession?~~

WHALEY: All right, Mowery. You win. Call in a stenographer. I'll dictate a full confession.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

NARRATOR: That's it. That's all you need. That's your Big Story about a little guy ... about Frank Nelson ... who could have been you ... or YOU. The governor comes through with a full pardon, and on the same day you go out (FADE) to see the Nelsons ...

MRS. NELSON: (TEARFULLY) We'll always be grateful to you, Mr. Mowery ... and to your newspaper. We'll be grateful to you ... for the rest of our lives.

ED: (EMBARRASSED) Well, Mrs. Nelson, *any reporter could* ~~when you stop to think~~ *last time the same thing* ~~of it, I didn't do much.~~

NELSON: *But you did it, Mr. Mowery.* You believed me, ~~Mr. Mowery.~~ *to his* You were the only one to believe me ... when all the others just laughed. For the first time in seven years, we ... well, we can hold up our heads again. I ... I ... well, what else can I say ... except thanks.

BUDDY: (DOOR OPENS) (COMING IN) Oh, h'ya, Mr. Mowery!

ED: Hello, Buddy. Have you told the other kids about your father being cleared?

BUDDY:           The other kids? No. Why should I? They'll read it  
                  in your paper, won't they?

ED:               Yes. They sure will, son. They sure will.

MUSIC:    - - - - - HIT AND GO UNDER

NARRATOR:       And they did. Everybody read it. And you're glad  
                  you had a chance to write it because this was a good  
                  story about good people, and it made a BIG STORY  
                  for you.

MUSIC:    - - - - - UP FOR CURTAIN

CHAPPELL:       In just a moment, you will hear from Ed Mowery in  
                  person, with a final comment on tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: (SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER)

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance  
PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of  
greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple  
act of enjoying a cigarette. (SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES -  
"Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: And now, here's the New York World Telegram's ace reporter in person, Ed Mowery.

MOWERY: In sponsoring this NBC Series, PELL MELL, in my opinion, is doing a tremendous public service. The task of the press is difficult when justice is at stake. I was happy to see New York State grant the victim of tonight's broadcast the sum of \$115,000. for false imprisonment, but the case ended on a note of irony when he died one year and one month after his exoneration. Currently, I am trying to substantiate the claim made by a man, now serving life for first degree murder, that he is innocent. This man appealed to me as an outgrowth of tonight's "Big Story." I'm most grateful to PELL MELL for the Award.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Mowery. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 bring you another BIG STORY -- a BIG STORY from the pages of the Cleveland Plain Dealer -- byline: J. C. Daschbach. A BIG STORY that reached its climax when a police car chased a delivery truck through the heavy traffic of downtown Cleveland and ...

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ TWO RACING MOTORS. SIREN. CRASH

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

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Procter and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Tonight's drama was written by Max Erlich. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger and Ward Wilson played the part of Ed Mowery. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Mowery were fictitious, but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC: - - - - - THEME UP FULL AND FADE

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

HARRICE: Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday night over most of these same stations in the Jack Benny time spot. Stay tuned now to this station for the Kay Kyser show, which follows immediately.

ANNOUNCER: THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

*As Broadcast*

THE BIG STORY

FINAL

PROGRAM #13

"LITTLE BIG SHOT"

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1947

CAST

NARRATOR	BERRY KROEGER
DUKE	BOB READICK
LEFTY	JACK GRIMES
DASCHBACH	ROBERT SLOANE
GORDON	JASON JOHNSON
ROSS	FRANCIS DE SALES
ED	JASON JOHNSON
MAE	HARRIET PRIESTLY
JOE	JACK GRIMES
NOLAN	ROBERT SLOANE
MIKE	RAY MORGAN
COP	FRANCIS DE SALES
MAN #1	BOB READICK
OPERATOR	HARRIET PRIESTLY
INSPECTOR	RAY MORGAN
MAN #2	BERRY KROEGER

ATX01 0059781

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

SOUND: - - - - - POOL ROOM EFFECTS. CONTINUED UNDER

DUKE: (TOUGH 18) Eight ball in the side ...

LEFTY: (THE SAME) Two bits you don't, Big Shot.

DUKE: No dice.

LEFTY: What's the matter?

DUKE: Don't want to take your money. I'd rather give you  
some. Wanna make fifty bucks, Lefty?

LEFTY: Huh?

DUKE: All you gotta do is help me with a little job.

LEFTY: What kind of a job?

DUKE: The works. Rubbing somebody out.

LEFTY: Are you crazy?

DUKE: No ... Think about it, kid ...

MUSIC: - - - - - ANTICIPATES -- LOW AND UNDER

DUKE: Eight ball in the side.

MUSIC: - - - - - SWEEPS IN TO CRASHING CLIMAX AND UNDER FOR:

THE BIG STORY #13

- 2 -

6-25-47

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY. Another in a thrilling series based on true experiences of newspaper reporters. Tonight ... to J. C. Daschbach of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, goes the PELL MELL Award for THE BIG STORY!

MUSIC: - - - - PANFARE

(OPENING COMMERCIAL)

ATX01 0059783

OPENING COMMERCIAL

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes,  
one is "Outstanding!" - the cigarette in the  
distinctive red package - PELL MELL.

HARRICE: Ladies and gentlemen, PELL MELL'S distinguished  
length is the outward sign of a basic superiority.  
Here's the reason ...

CHAPPELL: Nature's best filter for a fine smoke is ... fine,  
mellow tobacco! And PELL MELL'S greater length  
filters the smoke through the greater distance of  
PELL MELL'S traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ...  
"Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the  
enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness,  
mildness ...

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

HARRICE: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is -  
"Outstanding!" And, of America's leading  
cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!"

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC: ----- INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

CHAPPELL: Now, the exciting and authentic story of -- "Little Big Shot."

NARRATOR: You're J. C. Daschbach -- a reporter on the Cleveland Plain Dealer -- and an old hand at the newspaper game ... You've covered every kind of story from multiple births to wholesale murder --- and the yarn you're working on now is just a routine assignment ...

DASCHBACH: Anything new yet?

GORDON: ~~Not that I know of...~~ *also*

NARRATOR: You're up in Fairfield, -- in a local police station -- and while you're waiting for something to happen -- you get to talking to a man by the name of Gordon. Gordon is the superintendent of a State Reformatory -- and even though he can't give you any lowdown, you park there with him --- chewing the fat ...

(MUSIC OUT)

DASCHBACH: If we have to sit around here much longer, I'm going to need inner springs.

GORDON: With all the weight you carry around, I thought you had them.

DASCHBACH: Not where they do any good.

GORDON: *(for any time)*  
Well, I don't imagine anything is going to break on this case for a long while yet --- but if you're looking for a story for your paper, I think I know where you might find one.

DASCHBACH: Where?

GORDON: Up at the Reformatory ... where I work.

DASCHBACH: What's up there?

GORDON: A couple of kids who say they know something about that Cleveland murder. At least they talk pretty big.

DASCHBACH: About a murder? What murder?

GORDON: I don't know. They don't talk to me, of course ... but I've got big ears.

DASCHBACH: What did you hear?

GORDON: Just that a fresh kid named Lefty goes around telling everybody he's in on a murder. I wrote the police about it -- but I guess they think he's just bragging.

DASCHBACH: What do you think?

GORDON: I think there's something to it. A kid like Lefty doesn't go around bragging without anything to back it up. The right man might get him to talk.

DASCHBACH: Might at that.

GORDON: Would you like to see this kid?

DASCHBACH: It's a lot better than sitting here. When can we go?

GORDON: Whenever you're ready.

DASCHBACH: Okay! Just give me a chance to check with the boss and we're off!

MUSIC: ----- BRIEF BRIDGE AND HOLD TENSION CHORD UNDER -----

DASCHBACH: How about it, Paul? Can I drive out to the Reformatory and see if this boy's got a story?

~~BOSS: (FILTER) Sure! Go to it, Docie. And if the kid starts talking -- stay with it until he stops!~~

MUSIC: ----- UP AND FINISH -----

LEFTY: Reporter, huh? Why should I tell you anything?  
What's in it for me?

DASCHBACH: Look, Lefty -- I didn't come here to bargain with  
you ...

LEFTY: Then beat it.

DASCHBACH: (CONTINUING) ... but if you can be helpful in solving  
a murder case, I might be able to put in a good word  
for you.

LEFTY: Peddle your papers, reporter. I thought you was  
gonna get me out of the clink.

DASCHBACH: Well, a good word might go a long way toward ...

LEFTY: Cut it out, will you? I'm up to here in good words.

DASCHBACH: But I don't even know if you've got a story. Anybody  
could go around saying he knew something about a  
murder -- just to crack the headlines.

LEFTY: You think I'm stringin' you?

DASCHBACH: You might be. What murder is it? Or hasn't it been  
committed yet?

LEFTY: You got a nerve makin' a crack like that. I ought  
to spit in your eye.

DASCHBACH: (PURPOSELY) Now I know you're stalling, Lefty. You  
don't know anything about a murder.

LEFTY: I don't, huh? Did you ever hear of a guy named Duke  
Reynolds?

DASCHBACH: (WRITING) Duke ... Reynolds ... No. What about  
him?

LEFTY: He offered me fifty bucks to help him knock off his  
aunt.

DASCHBACH: When was this?

LEFTY: About six months ago. Him and his uncle ... (STOPS).

DASCHBACH: Go on. What's his uncle's name?

LEFTY: Wait a minute. Do you swear you can get me out of this dump?

DASCHBACH: I swear I can put in a good word for you, Lefty -- and that's all. Now what's his uncle's name?

LEFTY: Fewster ... Ed Fewster ... He's an elevator starter in an office building -- and him and his wife and Duke all lived together in a house over near the tracks. (NOW STARTING TO FADE AS MUSIC COMES UP UNDER) ... I didn't know Duke so good in those days 'cause he didn't start hangin' around the pool room till ... (OUT) ...

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ COMES UP UNDER FOR BRIEF FLARE, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: The kid begins to talk ... slowly at first -- about everything but what you want to hear ... You have to handle him like a prima donna ... flattering his ego ... cajoling him ... making him mad, if it works ... but always driving him on with new questions -- so he won't dry up ... Bit by bit you piece together a story that started some seven months ago -- in an old house near the tracks ... the story of a tough kid named Duke ... his Uncle Ed ... and his Aunt Mae ... (MUSIC OUT) ...

ED: Are you goin' out again tonight, Mae?

MAE: Just for a ride, honey.

DUKE: On a night like this? It's freezin'.

MAE: Mind your own business, Big Shot.

6-25-47

DUKE: What's the matter? You got a date with ~~that barber~~ <sup>the girl</sup> again?

MAE: (WORRIED) What ... barber?

DUKE: ~~The one that does your hair for nothin'.~~ The one you got a crush on!

MAE: Don't you dare talk to your aunt like that!

DUKE: Ahhh -- shut up. You ain't foolin' anybody, Mae. I know what's goin' on.

MAE: You don't know a thing.

ED: Well, I do. And if I ever catch you with the goods, I'll break your neck!

MAE: Sure! Break my neck! Yell at me! Tell me I'm no good! But don't ever treat me like a lady! Don't ever show me a good time!

ED: Oh, for cryin' out loud ...

MAE: What are you kickin' about? Spendin' all your money on the horses! Lettin' me cook for you -- and wash your socks! Why don't you take me out once in a while -- instead of steppin' on me all the time?

ED: You go out enough.

MAE: I wouldn't go out at all if I waited for you to take me!

DUKE: <sup>You're *smacking my heart*</sup>  
(HUMS "HEARTS-AND-FLOWERS" VERY BROADLY)

MAE: You keep quiet, you little gangster! I'll go out any time I feel like it!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MAE: And I feel like it right now!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DUKE: Pardon my dust.

ATX01 0059789

ED: She's a cutie -- ain't she ...

DUKE: She musta been -- ten years ago. Only she's no bargain now.

ED: You're tellin' me.

DUKE: Well, why do you let her get away with it? I wouldn't take that kind of stuff from a dame. Not me!

ED: What would you do, Big Shot?

DUKE: Kick her out. Get rid of her ... before she makes a monkey out of you.

ED: I'd like to get rid of her, all right -- once and for all.

DUKE: Well, what are you lookin' at me for? You want me to buy you an ax?

ED: Don't be so smart. (THEN LOW AND MEAN) I've thought about doing it that way -- lots of times ... only I'd never get away with it.

DUKE: You mean ... bumpin' her off?

ED: Why not? She's got it comin' to her after all the runnin' around she's been doin' ... and that dough of hers could get me out of a jam with the bookies.

DUKE: What dough?

ED: She's insured, you punk. For over two grand.

DUKE: (WHISTLES) Whaseouur? *Two grand?*

ED: With that kind of a roll I could pay off all my debts and have a little left over.

DUKE: Hey ... you're serious about this?

ED: Wake up, will you? Of course I'm serious. I'm in a jam!

DUKE: Well ... why don't you go ahead and do it?

ED: And wind up in the electric chair? Don't be a chump.  
This job's got to be done for me.

DUKE: Yeah ... I guess you're right. I guess a job like  
that has to be done by a pro.

ED: Well? How about it, tough guy? You're always  
braggin' about the rough necks you go around with.  
You think you could fix it up for me?

DUKE: (SWALLOWING HARD) Well ... er ... yeah ... I guess  
I could get it arranged ... Sure ... I got  
connections ...

ED: How much would it cost?

DUKE: Why ... uh ... I think I could swing it for about  
... a hundred and fifty bucks.

ED: Okay, Big Shot --- swing it!

MUSIC: BRIDGE. THEN DOWN AND TENSE UNDER FOR MONTAGE

JOE: A hundred and fifty bucks? Go on -- get out of here.

DUKE: But, Joe, I thought somebody from the old Aarons  
gang ...

JOE: Get out of here, I said.

DUKE: (MEEK) Okay.

MUSIC: UP FOR CHORD, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

DUKE: What about you, Nolan? Don't you know anybody  
who ...

NOLAN: I don't know a soul.

DUKE: But you've pulled big jobs. You ...

NOLAN: Beat it, screwball. I didn't hear a word you said.

MUSIC: AS BEFORE

ED: What the <sup>4</sup>devil is holding you up, Duke? You told me ...

DUKE: I told you I'd get it done and I will! I can handle a deal like this. Anytime.

ED: When? You been stallin' me off for three weeks.

DUKE: It'll be done, Ed -- it'll be done -- if I have to do it myself!

MUSIC: ----- UP AND FINISH

SOUND: ----- POOLROOM-EFFECTS-IN-B:G:

LEFTY: Not me, Duke. I wouldn't go in with you for a million bucks. Not on a job like that.

DUKE: But you won't have to do nothin', Lefty. I just want you around in case anything goes wrong.

LEFTY: That's just why I don't want to be around ... in case anything goes wrong.

DUKE: Don't be a sap. It's easy dough.

LEFTY: Yeah? How do you know? You ain't ever monkeyed around with anything like this before.

DUKE: So what? You think I ain't got the <sup>ALSO</sup>guts to try it?

LEFTY: I don't think anything.

DUKE: Ahhh ... don't be a small timer all your life. Come on, Lefty. I'm gonna do all the work. All you gotta do is sit in the car and ... (STOPS)

LEFTY: And what?

DUKE: Well ... gimme a hand ... if she starts screamin' or anything.

LEFTY: Not on your life.

DUKE: You gonna make me do it alone?

LETTY: Do it any way you like -- only don't count me in.

MUSIC: \_\_\_\_\_ BRIDGE \_\_\_\_\_

ED: You sure you ain't scared, <sup>Duke</sup> ~~kid~~? You sure you can do it alone? I don't want you to maff this job.

DUKE: I'll do all right, <sup>Ed</sup> Don't worry about me.

ED: I'm not. I'm worried about myself.

DUKE: I thought you had a perfect alibi.

ED: I have -- if you do it tomorrow night. I'll be at the bowling alley -- from nine o'clock till eleven thirty.

DUKE: That's plenty of time.

ED: Is it? You won't get cold feet at the last minute and back down, will you?

DUKE: Not any more than you will.

ED: But if anything goes wrong ...

DUKE: Ahhh -- shut up ... If you don't trust me -- come along in the car and do it yourself!

ED: Don't be funny. You got a gun?

DUKE: I'm not gonna use a gun. It makes too much noise.

ED: What are you gonna use?

DUKE: This ...

SOUND: \_\_\_\_\_ SNAP OF PEN KNIFE WITH BIG BLADE ON SNAP SPRING \_\_\_\_\_

ED: Where'd you get that knife?

DUKE: Borrowed it ... from a friend of mine.

ED: Borrowed it? You half wit! Do you want everybody and his brother to know what you're up to?

DUKE: Take it easy, will you? He don't even know I've got it.

ED: All right, all right. Let's get our signals straight for tomorrow night.

DUKE: I got 'em straight. Me and Mae are gonna drop you off at the bowling alley about nine o'clock.

ED: That's it.

DUKE: Then we drive out Lake Shore till we come to ... Wait a minute. She's gonna ask me where we're goin'.

ED: And you're gonna tell her! Don't you remember? You gotta pick up a package for your boss -- on the other side of the county line.

DUKE: Oh, yeah.

ED: And as soon as you find a real dark road, you'll turn in and ...

MAE: (OFF) Ed ... *Ed*.

ED: (PROJECT) Yeah? *Mae?*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF

MAE: (NEARER) For cryin' out loud ... ain't you ever comin' to bed?

ED: (SWEETLY) In a minute, honey ... in just a minute.

MUSIC: BRIDGE INTO SOUND

SOUND: CAR PULS UP TO A STOP. TRAFFIC IN B.G.

ED: Okay, Duke -- I'll get out here. The bowling alley is just across the street.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

MAE: Can't you take me, Ed?

ED: I told you, honey -- it's just for men tonight. We got teams.

MAE: I know. Always some excuse.

DUKE: When do we pick you up, Ed?

ED: Don't bother about it, kid. Mike Foley'll drive me home. I'll see you then.

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ DOOR CLOSES

DUKE: Yeah ...

MAE: All right, Ed. Have a nice time.

ED: Thanks, Baby ... The same to you ...

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ RISING STING AND BUILD INTO CURTAIN CLIMAX

HARRICE: We will be back in just a moment with tonight's BIG STORY.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

MIDDLE COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: MUSIC UP - THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

MARTIN: (OVER MUSIC) "Distance lends enchantment" ... and,  
when you light a PELL MELL, distance lends  
enchantment to smoking, too. For the greater  
distance the smoke travels in PELL MELL FAMOUS  
CIGARETTES is so important to the complete and  
satisfying enjoyment of fine, mellow tobacco ...  
(MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: Ladies and gentlemen, Nature's best filter for a  
fine smoke is fine, mellow tobacco. Because of PELL  
MELL'S greater length, the smoke is drawn through a  
much greater distance of PELL MELL'S traditionally  
fine, mellow tobaccos. You have only to smoke a  
PELL MELL to realize the outstanding advantages that  
result: greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness ...

NOVACHORD: SNEAK IN MUSIC

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" ... and the greater  
distance PELL MELL travels the smoke, lends real  
enchantment to the simple act of enjoying a  
cigarette. (MUSIC OUT)

CHAPPELL: PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES! ... "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

MUSIC:            INTRODUCTION AND UNDER

HARRICE:            Now we return you to our narrator, Berry Kroeger,  
and tonight's BIG STORY.

NARRATOR:          You're sitting in the superintendent's office -- in  
a state reformatory -- and across the desk from you  
is a fresh kid who's telling you a story that has  
all the earmarks of an unsolved murder. You don't  
remember the case -- if there was any such case --  
and none of the names he's mentioned mean anything  
to you -- but everything he's told you so far rings  
awfully true -- so you ask for more --

DASCHBACH:          Go on, Lefty. What happened after they dropped  
Fewster at the bowling alley?

LEFTY:              Well ... er ... are you gonna print this in the  
newspaper?

DASCHBACH:          I am if the story's true.

LEFTY:              You gonna say I squealed on him?

DASCHBACH:          Not necessarily. I don't have to name names, if  
you don't want to.

LEFTY:              I don't want to. I want my name left out of it.

DASCHBACH:          Okay, Lefty. Don't worry about all that now. Just  
tell me the story.

LEFTY:              Well ... er ... can I get a glass of water?

DASCHBACH:          Sure ... sure ... Keep talking ... I'll pour it  
for you.

SOUND:            PITCHER AND GLASS ... POUR WATER UNDER

DASCHBACH:          Go ahead, kid...

LEFTY: Well ... er ... I ain't so sure about the rest of it ... I mean ... I just heard all this ... I can't prove none of it ...

DASCHBACH: Come on, come on -- quit stalling.

LEFTY: Stallin' my eye! I'm a sap to take a chance like this. If Duke ever finds out I ratted on him, he'll come after me!

DASCHBACH: Oh, I wouldn't say that.

LEFTY: He'll croak me, I tell you! I know that guy! He'll ...

DASCHBACH: Wait a second, wait a second. Take it easy, Lefty. Have a drink of water and settle down. Duke can't do anything to you.

LEFTY: Why not?

DASCHBACH: 'Cause if you're telling me the truth, they'll be sending him away for a long time. Besides -- you said he went around bragging about all this -- didn't you?

LEFTY: He did brag about it! He was actin' like a big shot -- all the time!

DASCHBACH: Then what are you worried about? ... Let's hear the rest of your story.

LEFTY: Okay -- gimme the water ...

DASCHBACH: Sure ...

MUSIC: COMES UP SLOWLY, THEN DOWN BEHIND

NARRATOR: His hands are shaking now ... and the water slops over the side of the glass ... but he gets it down anyway ... Then he starts to talk again -- and you

NARRATOR:  
(CONTD)

keep hammering at him for the rest of the story ...  
For a moment you wonder if there's any more to tell  
-- and then you find out there's plenty!

MUSIC: - - - - - BRIEF FLARE AND DOWN INTO SOUND OF CAR UNDER - MOTOR  
FAST

MAE: Where are you takin' me, Duke?

DUKE: No place.

MAE: You're goin' there in an awful hurry.

DUKE: Well ... I gotta pick up a package that was delivered  
to the wrong address this afternoon. The boss thinks  
it was my truck that made the mistake.

MAE: Way out here?

DUKE: Yeah ... I guess we got lost ...

MAE: You'll get lost again if you start lookin' for it  
now. Turn back.

DUKE: Wait a minute, Mae.

MAE: Turn back. I'm not going to look for any package.

DUKE: But ... the road's right here ...

SOUND: - - - - - CAR SLOWS DOWN

MAE: What road? This is just an old dirt driveway ...  
with empty lots all around.

DUKE: That's all right. I know where ... I'm goin' ...

MAE: Well, I don't. What are you actin' so mysterious  
about?

DUKE: Who? Me?

MAE: Duke ... your hands are shakin' ... Are you nervous  
about something?

DUKE: Don't be silly, I'm just ... cold.

MAE: It ain't so cold tonight.

DUKE: Leave me alone, will you?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR STOPS

MAE: What ... are you stoppin' here for?

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ CAR DOOR OPENS - OUTDOORS UNDER

DUKE: Get out.

MAE: What?

DUKE: Get out, I said --- and make it snappy. (VERY NERVOUS) I ain't got all night!

MAE: Are you crazy?

DUKE: (EFFORT) Come on, come on. It won't do you any good to give me an argument. Get out of there.

MAE: (STRUGGLING) Let me go!

SOUND: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A BLOW WITH FIST

MAE: Ohhhhh ....

DUKE: Now maybe you'll do like I tell you. (EFFORT) Get out of there!

MAE: What are you gonna do?

DUKE: Stop askin' so many questions!

MAE: Duke ... you're hurtin' me ...

DUKE: I'll hurt you more if you ... don't get a move on ...

MAE: No, please! I'll do anything you say!

DUKE: You're no good, Mae. You're no good.

MAE: Who put you up to this? Who? Tell me -- Ed?

DUKE: You had it comin' to you, all along.

MAE: Let me go! Please! Give me a chance. I never did anything to you!

DUKE: Shut up!

MAE: Duke! No! Put that knife down!

DUKE: Let go of my hand!

ED: What ... happened, Duke? Is it ... done?

DUKE: Yeah ... it's done.

MUSIC: UP SHARPLY, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS. RECEIVER UP

COP: Police Headquarters -- Sergeant Davis talking.

ED: (FILTER) Hello, Sergeant -- this is Mr. Fewster.  
Ed Fewster ...

COP: Yeah?

ED: (FEIGNING CONCERN) You gotta help me, Sergeant ...  
My wife ... she's missing .. She ain't come home  
yet ...

COP: How long has she been gone?

ED: All night! Somethin' must of happened to her!

COP: Now take it easy, Mr. Fewster. Let me get this  
down.

ED: Her name's Mae! She's about thirty five years old  
-- red hair -- and kind of short ... (YIELDING AS  
MUSIC COMES UP UNDER) ... The last time I seen her,  
she was wearin' a brown overcoat with imitation fur  
on the ... (OUT)

MUSIC: COMING UP UNDER TO HIGH CHORD, THEN HOLD TENSE UNDER

MAN 1: On Hampton Road, Officer. A red headed woman about  
35 years old. I found the body about five minutes  
ago -- while I was making my morning rounds!

MUSIC: SHARP STING AND UNDER

COP: You recognize the body, Mr. Fewster?

ED: (HALF CRYING) It's her, all right ... It's my  
wife ...

MUSIC: UP AND FINISH. THEN START AGAIN UNDER NARRATOR

NARRATOR: That's the story ... (MUSIC HERE) ... the story you pumped out of Lefty ... after five hours of cross examination ... In your inside coat pocket, you've got twelve pages of notes -- and a sure "scoop" on all the other papers in town. You've got the solution of an unsolved murder, too ... if this kid was telling you the truth. And that's a big story -- if this story is true ... ! (MUSIC OUT)

SOUND: ----- JIGGLE RECEIVER

DASCHBACH: Hello? ... Hello ...

OPERATOR: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Number, please ...

DASCHBACH: Operator -- you cut me off ... I was talking to Cleveland ... The Plain Dealer ...

OPERATOR: I'm sorry, sir. Here's your party again ...

DASCHBACH: Hello? ... Paul?

BOSS: (FILTER THROUGHOUT) Hello, Doxie -- you still there?

DASCHBACH: Yeah -- I'm here. What about the story? Did you get the clips?

BOSS: Got them right in front of me.

DASCHBACH: Well? What's the dope? Is any of it true -- or was the kid faking?

BOSS: I don't know anything about the kid -- but Mae Fewster was murdered, all right.

DASCHBACH: When?

BOSS: In February of this year ... listen to this (READING QUICKLY) At ten o'clock on the morning of February 6th, the body of Mrs. Mae Fewster was found in an empty lot off Hampton Road by a salesman who ...

DASCHBACH: Hampton Road! That's it! That's the story!

BOSS: It's not a story yet, Doxie. That kid might be trying to hang a rap on his pal. You'll have to check everything with the police.

DASCHBACH: I know. I'll get right over there.

BOSS: Wait a minute! If you show your face around Headquarters, every paper in town'll know you've got something hot!

DASCHBACH: Don't worry, Paul. I'll sneak in the side door!

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ BRIDGE:

DASCHBACH: I've told you everything I know, Inspector. Mae Fewster was murdered on the night of February 5th -- and according to this Lefty kid -- her nephew did the job.

INSPECTOR: Well, the murderer was never found, Mr. Daschbach -- so it's entirely possible that the story is true. However ...

DASCHBACH: Yes?

INSPECTOR: On the morning after the murder -- both the nephew and the husband were questioned thoroughly by Officer Reilly and Captain Brown. The husband had a perfect alibi.

DASCHBACH: And the kid?

INSPECTOR: He had one, too -- but there didn't seem to be any motive for him, so it wasn't checked.

DASCHBACH: Can you check it now?

INSPECTOR: I can do better than that. I can have them both brought in!

DASCHBACH: When?

INSPECTOR: Just as soon as we can get our hands on them!  
Fewster should be easy. He's elevator starter over  
at the Grant Building.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND HOLD TENSE UNDER

SOUND: CROWD B.G.

ED: (PROJECTING A LITTLE) Going-up? Up car, please. *There*  
COP: No -- I'm not going up. Your name Fewster?

Ed Fewster?

ED: That's right.

COP: Come with me.

ED: Huh? What for? Let me go!

COP: Take it easy, Mr. Fewster. I've got a warrant for  
your arrest.

MUSIC: STING AND UNDER

DASCHBACH: What about the kid, Inspector? Where is he?

INSPECTOR: (~~FILTER THROUGHOUT~~) Haven't located him yet. He  
works for a department store and he's out on calls --  
in a delivery truck.

DASCHBACH: Are you sure he hasn't taken a notion to ...

INSPECTOR: Hold tight, Daschbach -- we'll catch up with him!

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY AND FADE OUT UNDER SOUND

SOUND: DELIVERY TRUCK PULLING UP TO STOP. TRAFFIC IN B.G.

MAN 2: Got three packages for Landau -- and one for Gross.  
The big one's glass.

DUKE: Okay, okay -- I won't break anything.

MAN 2: Take your time, Big Shot. I still remember that  
mirror you ...

DUKE: Can it, will you? That mirror was broke before I  
got my hands on it.

MAN 2: Sure, sure ...

SOUND: - - - - - TOUCH OF SIREN AS CAR PULLS UP ALONGSIDE

DUKE: Hey ... what's goin' on here?

MAN 2: What's the matter? Ain't you ever seen a police car?

COP: (OFF) Say -- are either of you two guys Duke Reynolds?

MAN 2: (PROJECTING) Yeah. He's ...

DUKE: Shut up.

MAN 2: Huh?

DUKE: Shut up and start <sup>the motor!</sup> ~~the motor!~~ Go ahead or I'll knife you -- good!

MAN 2: Okay ... Big Shot ...

SOUND: - - - - - START MOTOR UNDER

~~COP: (OFF) Wait a minute. Did you say Duke Reynolds was ...~~

DUKE: ~~(PROJECT) He's inside, Officer. I delivered a package ... (THEN=LOW)~~ Come on -- get movin'!

SOUND: - - - - - CAR STARTS UP UNDER

COP: (OFF) Hey! Stop that truck!

DUKE: Step on it, Lou! All you got!

MAN 2: Don't be a chump, Duke. You can't get away from 'em in this thing!

DUKE: Step on it, I said!

SOUND: - - - - - TRUCK INCREASING SPEED. START SIREN OFF AND UNDER

DUKE: Faster! Faster!

MAN 2: We'll get killed if I keep givin' her the gas!

DUKE: Do like I tell you! Turn right -- here! The next corner!

MAN 2: Okay, Big Shot ...

DUKE: And stop callin' me big shot!

SOUND: TIRES SQUEAL UNDER

MAN 2: That was a close one, Duke.

DUKE: Keep goin'. They're right behind us!

MAN 2: You better jump! They'll come up alongside and force me to the curb!

DUKE: Don't let 'em!

SOUND: SIREN UP CLOSE

MAN 2: I can't help it, Duke! I can't help it!

DUKE: Look out!

SOUND: SQUEAL OF BRAKES AND CRASH. NOT TOO BIG

COP: (SLIGHTLY OFF - AFTER PAUSE) All right, boys. Come out of there -- with your hands up!!

DUKE: We're comin' ... (DAZED) ...

COP: Which one of you is Duke Reynolds?

DUKE: I am.

COP: Okay, Reynolds. You're under arrest!

MUSIC: BRIDGE

DUKE: (SWEATING) I didn't do it. I tell you I didn't do it!

INSPECTOR: Don't be a fool! Don't lie! Your uncle talked! I've got his confession in my pocket!

DUKE: You haven't got a thing! You're tryin' to trick me, you punk!

INSPECTOR: Come on, come on, wise guy -- tell the truth or I'll tell it for you!

DUKE: Leave me alone!

INSPECTOR: Not until you start talking! Not until you tell me how you and your uncle planned the whole thing! How you dropped him off at a bowling alley and drove her out to Hampton Road! How you stabbed her twenty two times -- with a borrowed knife!

DUKE: No!

INSPECTOR: You killed Mae Fewster -- killed her in cold blood -- for a hundred and fifty bucks!

DUKE: No!

INSPECTOR: Don't lie to me. We've got the whole story!

DUKE: No!

INSPECTOR: Got it from a pal of yours -- up at the reformatory. He squealed on you. He said you bragged you were going to kill Mae Fewster. That's the trouble with you, kid -- you talk too much.

DUKE: (BREAKING) All right, all right, I talk too much.

INSPECTOR: (LOW) Take it down, Sergeant.

COP: Right.

DUKE: (CRYING) Like you say -- I talk too much ... I went around tellin' everybody how tough I was ... I ain't tough at all ...

INSPECTOR: Come on, kid ... stick to the facts ...

DUKE: Here's the facts! I killed her... I stabbed her -- in the throat and chest -- and then went back and stabbed her some more.

INSPECTOR: Did your uncle give you a hundred and fifty bucks for the job?

DUKE: A hundred and seventy five ... He gave me twenty five extra ...

INSPECTOR: Why did you do it, kid? Why did you kill her?  
DUKE: (CRYING) Don't you know? ~~Can't you see it all over~~  
~~me?~~ (THEN MISERABLY) I thought I was a big shot!

MUSIC: UP FOR CLIMAX, THEN DOWN AND UNDER

NARRATOR: That's your story ... You get all the details from  
Inspector Thompson ... and you go back to your office  
to write it up ... It's a by-line for you ... but you  
don't really care. Tough as you are, this story  
about a little big shot kind of softened you ...  
You jam it through the typewriter and ~~write number~~ <sup>hand it to the</sup>  
~~30 at the end~~ <sup>copy boy</sup> ... You've finished a big story -- and  
you're ready for the next.

MUSIC: UP AND CURTAIN

CHAPPELL: In just a moment we will read you a telegram from  
J. S. Daschbach, revealing the final outcome of  
tonight's BIG STORY.

(CLOSING COMMERCIAL)

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

NOVACHORD: SNEAK IN MUSIC, THEN FADE BUT CONTINUE UNDER

MARTIN: "Distance lends enchantment" - and the greater distance PELL MELL travels the smoke lends the enchantment of greater smoothness, mellowness, mildness to the simple act of enjoying a cigarette.  
(SLIGHT PAUSE)

VIBRAPHONE: BONG, BONG, BONG, BONG ... BONG!

CHAPPELL: Four notes that are alike ... and one that is "Outstanding!" And, of America's leading cigarettes, one is "Outstanding!" PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES - "Outstanding!"

HARRICE: And - they are mild!

ORCHESTRA: \_ \_ TAG

CHAPPELL: Now we read you that telegram from J. C. Daschbach of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DASCHBACH: Deeply gratified to receive PELL MELL Award. Both uncle and nephew in tonight's Big Story consistently accused the other of having instigated the murder. However, both were sentenced to life imprisonment in the state penitentiary. The uncle has since died, but the nephew, who had pleaded guilty and thrown himself on the mercy of the court, is still in prison. Again, my thanks to PELL MELL.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Daschbach. The makers of PELL MELL FAMOUS CIGARETTES are proud to have named you the winner of 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 pages of the Atlanta Journal; by-line: Morgan Blake. A BIG STORY that reached its climax in a Federal Penitentiary, when one newspaper reporter armed with faith, faced four desperate convicts ... armed with knives.

MUSIC: \_ \_ \_ \_ THEME. HIT AND FADE TO B.G. ON CUE

CHAPPELL: THE BIG STORY is produced by Bernard J. Prockter and directed by Harry Ingram, with music by Vladimir Selinsky. Your narrator was Berry Kroeger. Tonight's BIG STORY was written by Robert Sloane, who also played the part of J. C. Daschbach. All names in tonight's story except that of Mr. Daschbach were fictitious; but the dramatization was based on a true and authentic case.

MUSIC:            THEME UP FULL AND FADE

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

HARRICE:            Don't forget, friends, to listen to the new comedy  
hit - the Jack Paar Program - heard every Sunday  
night over most of these same stations in the Jack  
Benny time spot. Stay tuned now to this station  
for the Kay Kyser show, which follows immediately.

ANNOUNCER:            THIS IS NBC -- THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.