MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES

GIBNEY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"... DRUM ROLL.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield... low in nicotine...highest in quality ...

best for you.

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES

GIBNEY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE

FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about

to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect

the innocent.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned

to Robbery Detail. Two holdup men have been operating

in your city. You've got descriptions of the men and of

the car they're driving. Your job ... get 'em.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FENN: Smokers by the thousands are now changing to Chesterfield. No wonder ... more and more smokers are learning this fact for themselves. Chesterfield - the only cigarette with this proven record. Again and again, over a full year and one-half, a group of Chesterfield smokers have been given thorough medical examinations. The doctor reports no adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield. Chesterfield ... the only cigarette ever with a record like this. Chesterfield ... Best for you.
MUSIC: THEME

GIBNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For the next 30 minutes, in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by step on the side of the law through an actual case transcribed from official police files. From beginning to end ... from crime to punishment ...

Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK, SLIGHT TRAFFIC

B.G.

JOE: It was Tuesday, April 14th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Robbery Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is chief of detectives, Thad Brown. My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 10:46 A.M. when we got to the corner of Calhoun Street and Van Nuys Boulevard ... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN ... TINKLE BELL) .....the Universal Hobby Shop.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE ... B.G. OUT. JOE AND FRANK WALK ACROSS

THE FLOOR AND STOP.

RUDY: Yes sir ... what can I do for you?

JOE: Like to see Stanley McGowan, please.

RUDY: Stan's not in right now. Anything I can do for you?

JOE: When do you expect him?
RUDY: Shouldn't be long. He just went out for some coffee. Sure there's nothin' I can do?
FRANK: No sir. D'ya know where he went?
RUDY: No I don't. Probably up the street. He'll be right back though if you want to wait.
JOE: Alright sir...
RUDY: Pull up a couple of those stools. Make yourself comfortable.
JOE: Yes sir.
SOUND: JOE & FRANK TAKE A COUPLE OF STOOLS & SIT DOWN.
RUDY: You mind if I go ahead with this? Like to get it finished this afternoon.
JOE: No sir ... go right ahead.
RUDY: Pretty jazzy deals... you seen 'em?
JOE: What's that?
RUDY: These ship models. Put 'em in a bottle.
JOE: Yes sir.
RUDY: This is a new one. Just came in. Take a look. Jean Laffite's ship. Pretty isn't it?
FRANK: How do you get it inside the bottle?
RUDY: Bottle comes in two halves. Y'put the ship in and then glue the halves together. There're a couple all finished over there. Look pretty good.
JOE: How long's McGowan been working here?
RUDY: I guess it's been about 6 months. Around in there.
You guys friends of his?
JOE: We wanna talk to him.
RUDY: Oh. Funny about him.
FRANK: What's that?
RUDY: He doesn't seem to have any close friends. Y'know
like you could call up and ask a favor from. Never
hear him talk about anybody like that.
JOE: Have you ever seen any of his associates?
RUDY: Couple of times when we get ready to close, up, there
might be a guy waitin' for Stan. Most of the time he
plays it single though. I've tried a couple of times
to get him out ... y'know stop at a bar on the way
home...have a couple of drinks ... but Stan won't have
any part of it. Plays it single.
JOE: He have a car d'ya know?
RUDY: Not that I've ever seen. Say ... will you hand me
that gold paint over there?
FRANK: Yeah ... Sure, (HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF) This?
RUDY: No...the small one...that's right.
FRANK: (COMES BACK ON) Here y're.
RUDY: Thanks.

SOUND: He unscrews the cap on the bottle.

RUDY: Little bit of this goes a long way. Touch up the tops of the mast here and it'll be ready to rig.

JOE: These friends of his that pick him up ... what kind of car do they drive?

BEAT

RUDY: What're all these questions for? Who are you guys?

JOE: We're police officers. My name's Friday ... this is my partner Frank Smith.

RUDY: Cops ... what d'ya want with Stan? He done something?

JOE: We just want to talk to him. 

RUDY: Sure hope it isn't anything serious. Sure hate to lose Stan.

JOE: That right?

RUDY: He's one of the best riggers we've ever had. There's a couple of his models over there. Take a look. That one in the case. A hundred and fifty dollars. "Old Ironsides". One of the best ships we've turned out. Stan did that. He's sure got a steady hand. That's what it takes when it comes to rigging. A steady hand.

SOUND: Under above, the door opens and we hear the bell tinkles, the door closes and Stan comes in.

STAN: (Fading in) You wanna go out now, Rudy?
RUDY: Yeah ... in a minute. Couple of fellas here wanna talk to you.

SOUND: STAN GET'S TO JOE AND FRANK AND STOPS.

STAN: You wanna see me?

JOE: You Stanley McGowan?

STAN: Yeah ... that's right. What's this about?

RUDY: They're cops, Stan.

STAN: Yeah.

JOE: I'm Joe Friday....this is Frank Smith.

FRANK: Like to talk to you McGowan.

STAN: Sure. What about?

JOE: Might be better if we went out in the car huh?

STAN: Doesn't make any difference to me.

RUDY: You felles stay here ... I'll go out for some coffee.

JOE: Alright sir...

RUDY: Bring you back some?

JOE & FRANK: No...no thanks.

RUDY: I won't be long.

FRANK: Okay.

SOUND: RUDY WALKS TO THE DOOR AND LEAVES THE STORE.

STAN: What've you got to talk to me about?

JOE: You seen Jim Bolland lately?
STAN: No, I haven't.
FRANK: When'd you see him last?
STAN: Couple of months ago. Why?
JOE: Where'd you see him?
STAN: He came in here. Wanted to know if I could help him out. Get him a job ... place to sleep.
JEF: Did you?
STAN: No. I told him he could bunk at my place for a couple of days. Until he got squared away. Nothin' I could do about a job.
JOE: Why'd he come to you?
STAN: I dunno. I met him at "Q". Didn't have much to do with him. Why'd you guys come to me? What makes you think I might be runnin' with him?
FRANK: We didn't say you were.
STAN: Same thing. You figure I know where he is.
JOE: Record says you knew him. We're just checkin' it out.
STAN: I got nothin' to do with him. I'm reportin' every month. You check with my parole officer, they'll tell you. I been carryin' a bucket since the day I got outta the joint. I'm gonna keep on carryin' it.
JOE: We got no beef with you McGowan. We just wanna get in touch with Bolland.
STAN: Then I'm sorry...there's nothin' I can do to help you out. Anything comes up I'll give you a call.

FRANK: He mention any of his friends in town when you saw him?

STAN: Some guy named Phil, that's all.

JOE: You know who he is?

STAN: No...I never met him. Jim said they were cookin' up some kinda deal.

FRANK: You know what it was?

STAN: No. Look...I'd like to feed you guys but there's nothing I can tell you. Far as I'm concerned...I wanna stay away from Jim and the crowd he runs with. I want no part of 'em. I did my time. Couple more months and I'll finish up the parole. I don't want to fall again.

JOE: Nothin' you can tell us about this guy "Phil" huh?

STAN: Not a thing.

FRANK: You know where he met Bolland?

STAN: Seems like Roy mentioned it. I think it was some bar down on west 7th. That's just a guess though. I couldn't back it.

JOE: You know if Phil drove a car?

STAN: Yeah.

JOE: You know what kind?

STAN: Seems like it was a Lincoln. Late model sedan.

FRANK: How 'bout the color?
STAN: Dark. I saw it once when he came by to pick up Jim. It was night...I couldn't tell too good. Just a dark color.

JOE: Where was this?

STAN: My place. I told you Jim bunked with me a coupla days right after he got in town.

JOE: You just said you offered to let him stay with you.

STAN: Well...same thing. Anyway, he was only there a couple of days.

FRANK: He say where he was goin'?

STAN: No. I didn't see him. Him and me had a beef about how he wasn't lookin' for a job. He used to sit around all day and read magazines. We finally had a fight about it. I told him to get out. I wanted no part of him. When I came home that night, he was gone. I haven't seen him since. Don't much want to.

JOE: Yeah.

STAN: What're you after him for? What's he done?

JOE: Just wanna talk to him?

STAN: He gotta peice of these market jobs around town?

FRANK: Why d'ya ask that?

STAN: Sounds like Jim. Way he works. Just figured it maybe was him. You checked the board? He violatin' his parole?

JOE: They tell us he hasn't shown up for three weeks.
STAN: That's too bad. I kinda figured maybe he'd swing it this time.

JOE: What'd'ya mean?

STAN: Couple of times up in the joint we'd get to talkin'. He said that he'd finally learned it. Figured out that there's no way to beat it. Said if he got his parole, he was goin' to stick by it. Get a job, carry a bucket. Too bad.

JOE: Yeah.

STAN: All that talk...I really believed he meant it.

JOE: So'd the parole board.

(END SCENE I)
Six weeks before, on March 3rd, the manager of a large supermarket had arrived at work. When he opened the front door, he found that a customer had followed him into the building. When the manager told the person that the store wasn't open for business yet, the man had drawn a gun and demanded that the safe be opened. The manager complied and after taking 14 hundred dollars from the safe, the thief had fled. The manager was able to give us a good description of the holdup man and an accurate description of the car. He was unable to give us the licence number, and could tell us little about the man who remained in the car. Immediate broadcasts were gotten out on the thieves but they apparently had made good their escape. On March 12th, the procedure was repeated. Again we were able to get good descriptions, but were unable to come up with the suspects. In the following four weeks, the thieves hit five more times. Each time the M.O. employed was the same. The descriptions from each of the victims, tallied with those we had. The description of the car was the same. This information was turned over to the staats office for compilation. Their findings listed 14 possible suspects. The packages of these men were pulled from R. and I., and the mugg shots were shown to the victims. In each instance, one picture was picked as bearing a close resemblance to the holdup man. The prime suspect was identified as James Bolland, WMA...32 years old. (MORE)
JOE (CONT'D)  

He'd been arrested twice for violation of section 211 of the Penal Code. He'd been convicted once and had been sentenced to San Quentin for a period of from five to life. However, at the prison, his behavior and attitude had been good and he'd been paroled on February nineteenth....10 days before the first holdup. We'd found that Bolland had violated his parole and was wanted by the State Adult Authority. A check of his friends netted us no new information. His relatives could tell us nothing about his whereabouts. The legwork continued. Informants were questioned but were of no material aid. April 18th...  
Saturday, 8:46 P.M. I'd just gotten home from work.  

SOUND: WE HEAR THE SOUND OF JOE UNLOCKING THE DOOR TO HIS APARTMENT, AS HE OPENS THE DOOR....THE PHONE STARTS TO RING. HE CLOSES THE DOOR AND WALKS TO THE PHONE...PICKS IT UP.  

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Hello....Oh yeah Dave...uh huh...Well, I just got in. Yeah? When was that? Yeah I guess so....I'll have to call my partner. Right. Yeah....where? Uh huh....I know where it is. Well, it's 8:47 now....It'll take us about 15....20 minutes. Right. We'll see you there. G'bye.  

SOUND: JOE BREAKS THE CONNECTION ON THE PHONE AND THEN DIALS 7 NUMBERS.  

BEAT.
1 JOE: (INTO PHONE) Hello, Fay...Frank there yet? Can I talk to him....yeah. (PAUSE) Frank...I just got a call from Dave Hyde...yeah. Says he want's to see us right away. Bar down on 6th. Yeah...I'll wait downstairs. Okay...

4 What....yeah. He says he knows where we can find Jim Bolland.

7 END SCENE 2

Ten minutes later, Frank picked me up and we drove down to the cocktail lounge our informant, David Hyde had picked as a meeting place. When he walked into the place, we couldn't see Hyde but the bartender told us that he was in one of the rear booths. We walked back.

12 SOUND: BAR B.G. NOT MANY PEOPLE. JUKE BOX IN B.G. JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR. STOP.

14 DAVE: (LITTLE OFF) Hi fellas...sit down.

15 JOE: Hi Dave.

16 FRANK: Dave.

17 SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS SLIDE INTO THE BOOTH

18 JOE: What've you got for us, Dave?

19 DAVE: The lousy bum. All the things I did for him. All the things and now, he's got the chance to settle up and he says he's havin' no part of me.

22 JOE: You talkin' about Bolland?
DAVE: Bolland...wotta bum. All I done for him and this is the way he pays me back. Boy...you just wait until I spread the word around. There won't be anybody in town that'll have anything to do with him. He's through in this town.

(SPELLING) T-H-R-O-S-0-

JOE: Alright Dave...settle down and give us the word. Where'd you see him?

DAVE: Bar over on Seventh. Big man now. Gotta roll that looks like a branch of Fort Knox. Lotta money...but he's too good for his old friends. Too good. Say...how 'bout you fellas poppin' for a drink...for a pal. How 'bout it?

FRANK: You've had enough. C'mon...When'd you see Bolland?

DAVE: Just this morning. Big man. Got good clothes...Drivin' a big car. I asked him for a loan. Just to get squared away. Pick up a couple of tabs I got around town. Just to see me over the hump. And you know what the lousy bum says? Y'know?

JOE: Go ahead.

DAVE: He looks me right in the eye...Me who's split a lotta bindles with him...right in the eye and he says..."I'm stayin' away from the rackets." Get that..."I'm stayin' away." Can you imagine a thing like that?

FRANK: You know where he got the money?
DAVE: No... he comes up with some story about a deal comin' through. - Big deal. Won't even help his friends. Wotta bum.

JOE: You know what kinda car he's drivin'?

DAVE: Sure... Big Lincoln. Brand new. Got red leather trim on the seats. Even got one of those seats that goes up and down... but he can't give a pal a helpin' hand. I spread this word around town and he's really finished. Isn't a guy in town that'd touch him with a twelve foot pole. A real darb... A real darb.

JOE: You know where he's living?

DAVE: I dunno. Probably got a house out in Bel Air. He looks like he can afford it.

FRANK: He runnin' with anybody? Do you know?

DAVE: Some guy who's lightin' his cigarettes. Supposed to be some gun from the east. Thinks he's such a big shot. The cheap kind... y'know... the kinda guy who has his suits cut so's you can see they're carrying a gun. Cheap.

JOE: You know this fella's name?

DAVE: Couple of times I heard old Jim call him Phil. Phil something... I dunno a real Darb. Say fellas how 'bout a drink. I'm feelin' real bad.

JOE: You still on "H"?
No...I swear to you. I haven't had a pop in a long time.
I been tryin' to get off the stuff. Figured that if I
could get drunk enough, it wouldn't be so bad. Rough go.
How 'bout a drink?
Can't do that Dave. Wanna go over to Georgia Street
Hospital...see the doctor...maybe he can help you out.
Y'mean I can get a fix there?
You know better than that. He can give you something to
make it easier.
No go. I'd rather do it the hard way.
When you gonna come out of it Dave. When you gonna
realize you can't beat narcotics by yourself?
When I know it for sure. I'm doin' alright. I haven't
had a fix for a month. Things get rough and I figure
maybe I can crawl back...but I been able to stay away
from it. I'm gonna keep it that way. I just wanna see
that bum Jim get his. That's all I want to see...
just that he get's his.
You know if Bolland is carryin' a gun?
I dunno for sure. I didn't see one. This darb Phil's
got one. Got his coat cut so's you can see it. Real
cheap. Small time.
You show us where you saw Bolland.
I'll take you there if I have to carry you on my back.

Wotta way to treat a friend. All the times I've helped him when he's had a bad yen and now he treats me this way. A real dog in the manger. I gotta lotta friends in this town. A lotta buddies. Word get's out about Jim and he's finished. Miserable bum. I think about the rough times him and me have had together and I get sick.

(SPELLING) S-i-k.

Alright...Hyde. Let's go.

If you nail him...he goin' back to the joint?

Suppose so.

How long they gonna give him?

That's up to the court.

Isn't a court in the world who'll give that bum what he's got comin'. All I wanna see is that he gets it good. I wanna see 'em turn the key and lose it, after what he did to me. Tell you somethin' else too.

What's that?

He's building a big habit.

He hooked?

He ain't chippin' with it. I'd bet money he's shootin' four-five caps a day...that much easy.

You sure about it?

Why'd I lie to you? What reason I got to lie?
JOE: Alright, Hyde...let's go.

SOUND: THEY STAND UP.

DAVE: How 'bout a quick belt before we go huh? I'm feelin' rocky. Just a quick one.

JOE: Let's pick up Bolland first. Then we'll see what we can do.

DAVE: Yeah. Then you'll take care of it, huh?

JOE: We'll see.

DAVE: Just so he gets his ... every pound. Can't wait to see the look on his face when he finds out the whistle's been blown. Can't wait.

JOE: Neither can we ... let's go.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: 9:13 P.M. Hyde, Frenk and I drove over to West Seventh street. Our informant pointed out the bar where he'd seen the suspect Bolland. He told us that when he'd seen him last, Bolland said that he'd be in the bar that night. We called the office and told them where we were and then we went into the place. Bolland wasn't there but the bartender said that he was expected. The three of us sat down in a booth in the back of the place. We ordered black coffee for our informant and waited. 9:30 P.M. ..... 10:00 ...

10:30.

SOUND: BAR B.G. JUKE BOX ... SMALL CROWD.
DAVE: There he is ... comin' in now.

JOE: When you saw him this morning, he say that this guy Phil was gonna be here?

DAVE: Not to me.

FRANK: How 'bout it Joe?

JOE: You better get out of here Dave. Use the side door.

DAVE: Yeah.

JOE: We'll check with you later.

SOUND: DAVE GETS UP AND LEAVES THE BOOTH. HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS AND WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK GET UP AND LEAVE THE BOOTH. THEY WALK UP TO THE BAR AND STOP.

JOE: Bolland?

JIM: What?

JOE: You Jim Bolland?

JIM: What di'ya want?

JOE: Police officers. You're under arrest.

SOUND: FIGHT STARTS. JOE AND JIM. SHORT FIGHT THEN JOE CLIPS JIM AND KNOCKS HIM DOWN.
FRANK: Alright, Bolland ... on your feet.

SOUND: FRANK PULLS BOLLAND UP. HANDCUFFS ON

FRANK: Stand still.

SOUND: FRANK SHAKES BOLLAND DOWN.

FRANK: He's clean.

JIM: What's goin' on ... what're you pullin' a deal like this for. I didn't cause any trouble.

JOE: C'mon ... let's go.

JIM: Somebody blew the whistle on me ... somebody did. I'm gonna find out and I'm gonna get to 'em. I swear I'll get to 'em.

JOE: Where's Phil?

JIM: Huh?

JOE: Phil ... where is he?

BEAT

JIM: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

JOE: Okay Bolland ... let's go.

JIM: Listen ... you tell whoever it was blew the whistle they better start lookin' for a place to hide.

Because I'm gonna get to 'em. If it's the last thing I do ...

JOE: You called it.

JIM: What?
JOE: It might be.

(END SCENE 4)

JOE: 10:14 P.M. we returned the suspect to the city hall and questioned him. He refused to admit any complicity in the hold-ups. He refused to tell us who "Phil" was. We talked to him for five and a half hours and got nothing from him. At 3:30 A.M. he was taken over to the main jail and booked on suspicion of robbery. We checked out the room he'd told us he was living in, but were able to come up with nothing that would tie him in with the hold-ups. Three days passed. On Tuesday, April 21st, at 8:30 P.M. a special show-up was arranged. Out of 7 of the victims who were present, 5 said that the suspect looked very much like the man who'd held them up, but none of them would give us a positive identification. Jim Bolland was returned to the felony cell block and we talked to the victims. All of them commented on the fact that the suspect we had in custody was the same height, the same weight, and had the same general coloring and appearance as the person who'd robbed them. However none of them would swear positively that he was the person. At 10:15 P.M. Frank and I went up to the felony section and had Bolland brought from his cell into the interview room. His previous sullen attitude had changed considerably.

JIM: How'd I make out? You get any identifications?
JOE: 5 of 'em say you look an awful lot like the fella.

JIM: They're wrong. They gotta be ... I didn't have nothing to do with those hold-ups. If they say I'm the guy then they're makin' a bad mistake.

FRANK: They seem pretty sure about what they say.

JIM: They can't be. Look ... they saw me behind the screen. Bring 'em up here. Let me talk to 'em ... face to face. I'll talk to 'em. I got nothin' to hide. Lemme talk to 'em.

JOE: You know we can't do that.

JIM: I always thought that it was up to you to prove a guy was innocent as well as tryin' to make him for a job.

JOE: It is.

JIM: Then why don't you give me a break. I got no part in these heists.

FRANK: You look awful good for 'em.

JIM: Probably a lot of other guys who do too, but that don't mean they are. C'mon ... what do I have to do to make you believe me?

JOE: Why don't you come off it, Bolland. We got you goin' in. Why not play it smart and cop out.

JIM: How can I cop out when I got no part in it.

JOE: I'll lay it out for you. The M.O. used in the job matches yours.

JIM: Big deal. Lot of guy's work the way I used to.

JOE: Physical description we got matches you.
JIM: So I haven't got two heads. Lotsa guys look like me.  
JOE: The beef in the bar. If you didn't have anything to worry about why'd you start the fight?  
JIM: How'd I know who you guys were. Maybe you were out to pull a heist on me.  
JOE: Nice try, Bolland, but it won't work. You knew we were officers. Now why don't you save us a lot of time and tell us the truth.  
JIM: You guys wouldn't know it if it bit you.  
JOE: One way to find out.  
JIM: Yeah?  
JOE: Try it.  
BEAT  
JIM: You gotta cigarette?  
FRANK: Here.  
SOUND: FRANK THROWS A PACKAGE ON THE TABLE. JIM TAKES ONE OUT OF THE PACK.  
JIM: (OFFERING) You want one?  
FRANK: Yeah, thanks.  
SOUND: LIGHT CIGAR UNDER.  
JIM: (EXHALING) Okay ... I'll level with you. I figured you were after me for P.V. I didn't have any idea about the 211 rap.
JOE: That why you started the fight?
JIM: I swear it is.
FRANK: How 'bout the money you got? Where'd it come from?
JIM: I got real lucky with a pair of dice.
JOE: You expect us to believe that?
JIM: It's the way things are.
FRANK: Where'd you hit the luck?
JIM: I can't tell you that. Wouldn't help any.
JOE: Give you an alibi.
JIM: Either you believe it or don't. That's the way it was.
      I'm tryin' to level with you.
JOE: We got a rumble that you're back on "H". How 'bout it?
JIM: Where'd you hear that?
JOE: Around.
JIM: Yeah ... well you tell around that I haven't had a pop
      in over four years. Not since I went up to the joint.
FRANK: What about this Lincoln you're driving?
JIM: Doesn't belong to me.
JOE: Who owns it?
JIM: Phil.
JOE: Now we're back to that. You gonna tell us who Phil is?
JIM: Listen...the guy's a friend of mine...I don't want to bring nothin' down on him.

JOE: He's leavin' you way out in the cold.

JIM: Yeah I suppose so. If I find out...he won't know will he?

JOE: Not from us.

JIM: Okay...name's Phil Spence.

FRANK: How well do you know him?

JIM: Say hello to...buy him a drink. That's all.

JOE: That's not the way we get it.

JIM: I don't care how you get it. That's the way it is.

FRANK: This Spence...he ever fallen?

JIM: I hear yes.

JOE: What for?

JIM: 211...ADW.

FRANK: Where?

JIM: Here...California....

JOE: He on parole?

JIM: No...he got out clean...least that's the way I hear it.

JOE: Know where we can pick him up?

JIM: I told you I buy him a beer once in a while...I don't pay his rent.

JOE: You're the one who said you wanted to go down the middle.
JIM: Alright...but I'm givin' it to you that way....I don't know where his pad is.

JOE: He work for a living?

JIM: I don't know. I never heard him talk about a job.

JOE: You know who he runs with?

JIM: Some guy named Ed.

JOE: You ever seen him?

JIM: No.

JOE: Know where they can be reached?

JIM: Sometimes they hang around the bar where you picked me up. How 'bout it fellas...you gonna buy the story...?

JOE: We'll check it out.

JIM: I swear it. I got no part in it. Sure you got me cold for P.V. I know I gotta go back for that, but I want nothin' to do with the rest.

FRANK: We'll check it out.

JIM: You do that...you'll find that what I said is the truth.

JOE: You willing to identify these two other guys for us?

JIM: How do you mean?

JOE: Check over some muggs?

JIM: Sure.. Just as long as you believe me.

JOE: We'll see.
JIM: You won't regret it...Lotta things I can tell you if you get me out of this. Lotta information I can give you.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THE THREE OF THEM STAND UP

JIM: You're gonna give me a break huh?

JOE: We'll check it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND THE SOUND OF THE BLOCK BEGINS TO FADE IN

JIM: Say...either one of you guys got some extra buttas? I'm out.

FRANK: Yeah...here...take these.

JIM: Thanks.

JOE: Anything else you need?

JIM: Not unless you can fix it for me to shave?

JOE: We'll talk to the jailer about it.

JIM: Beard's beginning to itch. Like to get it off.

JOE: We'll see what we can do.

SOUND: STEPS STOP AND JAIL DOOR OPENS

JIM: You gonna start checkin' my story now?

JOE: Yeah.

JIM: You go to work on it. You'll find out.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: JAIL DOOR CLOSES AND IS LOCKED
JIM: I'll pay you back... just believe me... I'll pay you back.

SOUND: JIM WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR. ECHO.

BEAT

FRANK: Figure he's tellin' the truth?

JOE: Hard to say.

FRANK: The identifications weren't too sure.

JOE: Everything else is. Only one way...

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Check him out.

END SCENE 5

END ACT 1

GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET
Oct. 6, 1953
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GIBNEY: At cigarette dealers... (SOUND - CASH REGISTER)
2 In vending machines... (SOUND - COIN AND PLUNGER)
3 At supermarkets and stores coast-to-coast....

4 WOMAN: Chesterfields, please.
5 PENN: Smokers by the thousands...yes, smokers by the thousands...
6 are now changing to Chesterfield -- the only cigarette
7 ever to give you -

8 GIBNEY: One...Proof of low nicotine - highest quality. Chemical
9 analyses of the country's six leading brands confirms
10 that.
11 PENN: Two - the only cigarette ever to give you this proven
12 record with smokers. Again and again, over a full year
13 and one-half...a group of Chesterfield smokers have been
14 given thorough medical examinations. The doctor's
15 reports are a matter of record.
16 GIBNEY: No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from
17 smoking Chesterfield.
18 PENN: A responsible independent research laboratory supervises
19 this continuing program. Chesterfield - the only cigarette
20 ever with a record like this. Chesterfield - Best for you.

LG 0168089
JOE: Tuesday, April 21st. After we left the suspect Jim Bollard at the main jail, Frank and I went back to the city hall and checked the name Phil Spence through R. and I. There were 9 packages carrying records for men with that name. Two of them had served terms in the state penitentiary for robbery at Folsom, California. We got off communications to George Brereton at Sacramento and to Washington, requesting information on known criminals having that name. 12:30 A.M. We went back to the jail and had Bollard brought from his cell. We showed him the mug shots from the packages we had, but he failed to give us an identification. We talked to him about Phil Spence. He gave us all of the information he could about the missing suspects habits. At this point, we were still not sure that Bollard wasn't implicated in the hold-ups, but we had to check out what facts we had. The one point which seemed to verify Bollard's story was that the victims were unable to give a positive identification of him. 1:30 A.M. We went back to the office and checked out for the night. The following morning, Wednesday, April 22nd, we started to recheck Bollard's story of his movements during the times of the holdups. Upon questioning some of the witnesses, we found that they weren't as sure as they had been of the facts. That afternoon we got the kickback from Sacramento. (MORE)
JOE: It contained three more possibles. C.I.I. said that they were sending mugg shots of the men by airmail special delivery. Bolland gave us a list of places Spence was known to frequent. We came up with the name of a girl the suspect was known to see from time to time. We got the address and went out to see her.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK BEAT...DOOR KNOCK AGAIN.

FRANK: Doesn't look like she's home.

JOE: We better check with the manager.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: AS JOE AND FRANK START TO TURN AWAY...THE DOOR OPENS.

JANE: Yeah?

JOE: You Jane Schofield?

JANE: Why?

JOE: We'd like to see Miss Schofield.

JANE: Who're you?

JOE: Police officers.

BEAT

JANE: C'mon in.

SOUND: SHE STEPS ASIDE AND THE OFFICERS ENTER THE APARTMENT.

JANE: I'm her. What di'ya want?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.
JOE: Like to ask you a few questions.

JANE: I figured that. Move some of those clothes and sit down.

Can I get you anything? Drink maybe?

FRANK & JOE: No thanks...no...etc.

JANE: Alright...what d'ya want to talk about?

JOE: How longs it been since you've seen Phil Spence?

JANE: Who say's I know him?

FRANK: We understand you know him pretty well.

JANE: I've gone out with him a couple of times. That's the end of it.

JOE: When'd you see him last?

JANE: Couple of days ago. Monday night I think.

FRANK: You know where he is now?

JANE: No.

FRANK: You know where he lives?

JANE: Some hotel over on Flower.

FRANK: You know the name of the place?

JANE: No.

JOE: Have you ever been there?

JANE: No.

JOE: You know what Spence does for a living?

JANE: I dunno...got some kind of a job I guess.
JOE: He ever talk to you about what he does?

JANE: I told you I just been out with him a couple of times.

I didn't ask for his birth certificate. I just said I'd go out with him. What're all these questions about anyway? What d'ya want to talk to Phil about?

JOE: It's a personal matter.

JANE: What kinda trouble's he in now?

FRANK: He been in trouble before?

JANE: I dunno. Just with you cops around...must be something he's done.

JOE: Spence got any close friends that you know of?

JANE: Couple.

FRANK: You know who they are?

JANE: One of 'em's a guy named Jim somethin'.

JOE: How 'bout the rest?

JANE: Fella he calls Ed.

JOE: What d'ya know about Ed?

JANE: Not much. He in it too?

JOE: Ma'am?

JANE: He mixed up in the personal thing you want to talk to Phil about?

JOE: Maybe.
JANE: Never did like him. I always figured he'd end up gettin' Phil in trouble.

FRANK: Phil see quite a bit of him?

JANE: Yeah. I think he's maybe in some kind a business deal with Ed.

JOE: He ever say what the deal was?

JANE: Not to me. One night couple of weeks ago, he got real looped and him and Phil were talkin' about it.

JOE: What'd they say?

JANE: I dunno. Phil told me to go powder my nose. I don't know what they said.

FRANK: Then how do you know what they talked about?

JANE: Because when I came back, I heard Phil say something about how the deal was gonna work out alright. Then he saw me and they shut up.

JOE: Phil owns a car doesn't he?

JANE: Yeah....new Lincoln.

FRANK: He ever let anybody else drive it?

JANE: Once in a while he lets Jim take it. Not often. Phil's kinda touchy about the car. Say...how'd you fellas know about me?

JOE: Routine...checkin' Phil out...your name came up.

JANE: Oh. That's all huh?

JOE: Ms'am?

JANE: I'm not mixed up in it?
You can answer that better than we can.

Yeah...well, I want you to know that I'm not. I got nothin' to do with Phil.

Uh huh.

I mean it. I just met the guy...had a couple dates with him. If he's hung up in somethin...I got nothin to do with it. You gotta believe that.

When're you gonna see Spence again?

You believe what I tell you don't you? If he's in trouble, I got no part of it.

When you gonna see him again?

Y'mean when have I got a date?

Yes ma'am.

Tomorrow night. He's gonna pick me up when I get through work.

Where's that?

Bar down on Olympic. I'm a hostess there.

Is that where you met him?

Yeah...he came in one night. We got to talkin'. He asked me for a date. I don't want you to get the wrong idea about it though.

Ma'am?
About how I met him. I don't usually go out with the customers. Boss doesn't like it. Just that Phil seemed kinda different. That's the reason I went out with him. I want you to get that straight.

Uh huh.

UNDER THE ABOVE WE HEAR A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Just a minute.

You expecting anybody?

No...I don't know who it is.

You want me to open it?

Go ahead.

JANE GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

What took you so long, Honey?

I got company Phil.

PHIL WALKS INTO THE ROOM. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

I know 'em?

I don't think so.

TO FRANK AND JOE Hi.

You Phillip Spence?

Yeah. Who're you?

Police officers. Like to talk to you.
PHIL: What about?

JOE: Might be better if we went downtown.

PHIL: For who?

JOE: What?

PHIL: I don't want to go downtown.

BEAT:

JOE: You don't have much to say about it.

PHIL: This a pinch?

JOE: If it makes you happy...mark it down that way. Wanna shake him, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: AS FRANK MOVES IN...PHIL STARTS THE FIGHT.

PHIL: You get away from me cop.

SOUND: REAL BRAWL. TABLES GOING OVER...LAMPS BROKEN...ETC...

JANE: (WHILE FIGHT IS IN PROGRESS) What're you doin' breakin up my place like this? You get outta here...get outta here and take that cheap bum with you.

SOUND: COUPLE MORE SOCKS AND JOE DECKS PHIL. HE MOVES IN.

JOE: On your feet Spence.

PHIL: (GETTING UP) Lousey deal.

SOUND: HANDCUFFS ON.
JANE: Get outta here. Big deal comin' in and breakin' up a girls apartment. Who's gonna pay for all this. Who's gonna make it right. Look at the place.

PHIL: Oh shut up. Why didn't you tell me they were here?

JOE: Why didn't you say somethin'.

PHIL: Alright Spence...let's go.

I'm comin'. All I want to know is who told you...who yapped? That lousy Eddie I bet. He's the one. I never shoulda picked him up.

JOE: He with you on the jobs?

PHIL: He told you didn't he?

JOE: How 'bout Jim Bolland? He in with you?

PHIL: No. That guy hasn't got enough sense to come in outta the rain. He's worse'n Ed. I shoulda known not to get mixed up with that dumb Eddie. I shoulda known...it always happens.

JOE: What's that?

PHIL: Y'run with a jerk and you're gonna get tripped up. Lousy Eddie shootin' off his mouth. Hasn't been for his yak you'da never got us. Boy am I gonna tell him off.

JOE: Don't plan on it.

PHIL: Ruh?

JOE: He's gonna have something to say to you too. Let's go.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE.
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On August 12th, trial was held in Department 92 of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.
We have been getting letters from people all over the country telling us that they've switched to Chesterfield. Just as I've been telling you....

Thousands of smokers are changing to Chesterfield because only Chesterfield gives proof of low nicotine...highest quality. That's why I recommend you try them today.

Regular or king-size....You'll find Chesterfield best for you.
Philip Donald Spence and Edwin Floyd Morse were tried and convicted on 4 counts of Robbery in the first degree, and were sentenced as prescribed by law. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment in the State penitentiary for a period of not less than five years. Jim Merlin Bolland was released to the State Adult authority for action on violation of his parole. He was returned to San Quentin, for the balance of his original term.
MUSIC: THEME

THREE: UNDER


MUSIC: THEME UNDER.....CONTINUES

FENN: Watch an entirely new Dragnet case history each week on your local NBC Television station. Please check your newspapers for the day and time. (BEAT) Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet transcribed from Los Angeles.

(FATIMA HITCHHIKE)