DRAGNET

CHESTERFIELD #107 NBC #275
DIRECTOR.......JACK WEBB
WRITERS........JOHN ROBINSON & EARL SCHLEY
MUSIC...........WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT...........JEAN MILES
SOUND............BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KEENWORTHY
ENGINEER........RAOUL MURPHY
ANNOR #1.....GEORGE PENNMAN
ANNOR #2.....HAL GIBNEY, NBC
CASE............"THE BIG SWITCH"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:
RECORDING: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1954 "A"
CAST AND BOUND: 11:00 AM - 1:30 PM
EDITING............T.B.A.
SCORING............T.B.A.
ORCHESTRA...........
ANNOUNCERS...........(COMMERCIAL)

BROADCAST.......7:00 - 7:30 P.M. - STUDIO "J" -- BY T.R.

RELEASE DATE......NOVEMBER 25, 1954
SPONSOR.......CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES
AGENCY.........CUNNINGHAM-WALSH
COMMERCIAL SUPERVISION, PETE PETTISON
TECHNICAL ADVISORS........
SOT, MARTY WYNN............JACK
SOT, VANCE BRASHER............J.C.D.
CAPT. JACK DONCHIE...........J.A.T.D.

Agency
Cut & Timed

LG 0186372
FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 PENN: All of us smoke for relaxation - for satisfaction ... and in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like a Chesterfield. You smoke with the greatest possible pleasure when your cigarette is Chesterfield.

5 GIB: Only Chesterfield gives you the right combination of the world's best tobaccos ... tobaccos that are highest in quality - low in nicotine ... Best for you.

8 PENN: You get the taste you want - the mildness you want ... a refreshing smoke every time. Get a carton of Chesterfields Chesterfield regular - Chesterfield king-size... Both at the same price in most places. It's America's most popular two-way cigarette.

JINGLE

IN REGULAR OR KING SIZE
YOU CAN GET 'EM EITHER WAY
THE BEST SMOKE EVER MADE'S
THE CHESTERFIELD YOU BUY TODAY.
SMOKERS COAST-TO-COAST ARE CHANGING
IT'S A CINCH TO DO....
HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY TO GET
THE ONE THAT'S BEST FOR YOU.

CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME
CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME
YOU JUST SAY - IT'S CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME.

25 GIB: This is the best - Chesterfield. And the time to change today!
DRAGNET RADIO
November 23, 1954

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Planning a change to king-size?

2 GIB: King-size Chesterfield is America's best cigarette buy.

3 FENN: You pay the same price for king-size Chesterfield as

4 for all regular size cigarettes.

5 GIB: Of the three brands that have been leaders in this
country for over thirty years...only Chesterfield is
made in king-size, and only Chesterfield gives you
proof of highest quality - low nicotine...with the taste
you want and the mildness you want. A refreshing smoke
every time.

11 GIB: Yes, king-size Chesterfield is America's best cigarette
buy. You pay the same price for king-size Chesterfield
as for all regular size cigarettes.

14 FENN: Each king-size Chesterfield gives you up to six more
puffs per cigarette. One - two - three - four - five - six more puffs per cigarette. That's 200 extra puffs
per pack...And in the whole wide world, no cigarette
satisfies like Chesterfield.

19 GIB: Buy Chesterfield and get the most for your money!
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, Thanksgiving is traditionally a time when family and friends get together.
3 I'd like to make this suggestion ... tomorrow, get a couple of cartons of Chesterfields. You'll be all set for Thanksgiving and the weekend. We know you, your family and guests will enjoy America's most popular two-way cigarette. Chesterfield - Best for you!
DRAGNET RADIO
November 23, 1954

HITCH-HIKE... L&M-231 (New 20 second spot) 28155

1 ANNCR: This is it!

2 L & M is best - stands out from all the rest!

3 L & M stands out for flavor. The miracle tip

draws easy. You enjoy all the taste.

5 L & M stands out for effective filtration.

6 L & M's got everything! It's America's best

7 filter-tip cigarette.
"THE BIG SWITCH"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY.................................JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH...............................BEN ALEXANDER
MARIE PILSON...........................................VIRGINIA GREGG
SAM MORDELL...............................................VIC RODMAN
CHARLES PARRA...........................................HERB VIGRAN
LYDIA SHIRES............................................LILLIAN BUYEFF
POLICEMAN CALEY......................................HERB ELLIS
DRAGNET RADIO

"THE BIG SWITCH"

N.B.C. # CHESTERFIELD #

FOR BROADCAST:

1 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
2 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
the innocent.
3 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER
4 GIBNEY: Dragnet, brought to you by Chesterfield, This is the
best - Chesterfield....and the time to change...today.
5 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
6 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
to Homicide Detail. A call comes into the office. A
woman says her husband is dead. She thinks he's been
murdered. Your job...investigate.
7 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
GIBNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For the next thirty 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, THEN ON WOOD PORCH. NEIGHBORHOOD B.G. DAY

JOE: It was Wednesday, July 8th. It was sunny in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Homicide Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Lohrman. My name's Friday. It was 11:03 A.M. when we got to 906 South Norwood Street...(SOUND: DOOR OPENS)...the front door.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER FRONT ROOM.. DOOR CLOSE. B.G. CHANGE

JOE: Friday and Smith. Homicide.

CARLEY: How are ya. Carley. 1-F-14.

JOE AND FRANK AD LIB GREETINGS:

CARLEY: Mrs. Pilson, the victim's wife, is back in a bedroom.

JOE: Uh huh. What about the victim?

SOUND: NOTE BOOK PAGES BEING FLIPPED AS OFFICER READS FROM IT.
CARLEY: Name's George Pilson...Age 57...No children. Just he and his wife live here. That's about all I got. She cried so much, I thought it might be better to let her rest until you got here.

JOE: Uh huh. Where's the body?

CARLEY: In the other bedroom. I'll show you.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS BACK TO BEDROOM

CARLEY: Because she felt so bad, I thought maybe she'd like me to call her, her doctor. She said she didn't want any.

FRANK: Uh huh.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

CARLEY: Mrs. Pilson is right across the hall.

JOE: Right.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS INTO THE BEDROOM. OFFICER WAITS IN DOORWAY.

JOE: (LOOKING) Head wound.

FRANK: (GRUNTS) Looks like somebody was serious.

JOE: Yeah. We'll need the Lab and Latent Prints.

CARLEY: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Want me to call 'em?

JOE: Yeah. Better call the coroner too?

CARLEY: Right.

SOUND: (OFF SLIGHTLY) OFFICERS FOOTSTEPS GOING OFF. COUPLE STEPS

JOE: (BEAT) Way he's lying - position of his hands outside the covers - doesn't look like there was much of a struggle.
FRANK: (GRUNTS) Being in bed...coulda' been asleep when he got it.

JOE: Uh huh...Well let's talk to his wife.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS OUT OF ROOM INTO HALL. JOE KNOCKS ON DOOR.

JOE: Mrs. Pilson...Mrs. Pilson. Police officers.

MARIE: (OFF) Who is it?

JOE: Police officers. We'd like to talk to you.

SOUND: MUFFLED STEPS OTHER SIDE OF DOOR, THEN DOOR OPENS

JOE: We're sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but we'd appreciate it if you tell us what you know about this.

MARIE: (DULL) All right. Wanna go in the front room?

JOE: That'll be fine...go ahead.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS TO FRONT ROOM. UNDER FOLLOWING

MARIE: I couldn't talk to the other policeman.

JOE: We understand.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

CARLEY: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Calls are in, sergeant. Anything else I can do?

JOE: Thanks. We'll handle it now.

CARLEY: Right. I'll shove off.

SOUND: (OFF SLIGHTLY) COUPLE FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS.

STEPS OUT, DOOR CLOSES UNDER FOLLOWING

JOE: Mrs. Pilson, this is Frank Smith, my names Friday.

MARIE: Uh huh.

SOUND: THEY ALL SIT
This is like so many other mornings, except nobody sat
in his chair like you are, Mr. Friday. I used to sit
here and it was quiet. I didn't want to disturb George's
sleep.

Then your husband usually slept during the morning hours.
Yes. He worked nights at the Beldon Aircraft Company.
Would you tell us what happened please?
What is there to tell? I came from shopping and found
him just like he is now.
What time was that?
I don't know for sure. 10:30...somewhere around there.
When did you leave the house?
About the same time I usually do. I couldn't do my house
work in the morning. Didn't want to disturb...George.
Uh huh. Well when would that be?
About 9 o'clock.
Was your husband asleep when you left?
Yes. He never closed the door and I looked in before
I left.
When you went out this morning, did you lock the house?
The back door was locked. I never lock the front when
I'm just going to be gone for a short while.
Uh huh.
It doesn't take me more than two hours to shop at the
most.
Do you know if your husband had any enemies, Mrs. Pilson?
Not that I know of. He might have, but he never said
anything to me about them.
JOE: Uh huh. Hope you won't take offence, but how did you and your husband get along?

MARIE: (BEAT) I guess I should know that I'd be suspected too.

JOE: It's a question we have to ask.

MARIE: I know, Mr. Friday. You men are strangers. How could you know what our marriage was like? And how do you sum up thirty years in one or two sentences. Good...bad.

Happy...unhappy. It was all those.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MARIE: I don't think our life was much different than most couples. (BEAT) Maybe one exception....See over there on the table.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

MARIE: My collection of elephants. I started collecting them as a little girl. I always thought that one day I'd have a little girl. I'd give them to her...We never had any children.

FRANK: Uh huh.

MARIE: So my children have been pretend. I've kept adding to the collection all these years. Each new elephant is one that my little girl...or perhaps a little boy would have added.

FRANK: I see.

MARIE: (BEAT) I was wrong before about something I said.

JOE: How's that?

MARIE: I said you were strangers.

JOE: Yeah.
1 MARIE: You're not really. Otherwise I wouldn't have told you about the elephants.
2 FRANK: Thank you, Mrs. Pilson.
3 JOE: Then you and your husband haven't had any quarrels recently.
4 MARIE: Usual words...nothing serious, though.
5 JOE: Now there's something else, we'll have to know.
6 MARIE: Yes?
7 JOE: Do you know if any personal property is missing?
8 MARIE: Stolen you mean?
9 JOE: That's right.
10 MARIE: I'd have to look first.
11 JOE: Would you do that for us?
12 MARIE: Right now?
13 JOE: If you feel up to it, we'd appreciate it if you could.
14 MARIE: You want to know about the bedroom too?
15 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
16 (BEAT)
17 MARIE: All right.
18 JOE: One other thing, Mrs. Pilson.
19 MARIE: Yes?
20 JOE: Was your husband in the habit of carrying large sums of money on his person?
1 MARIE: No. He usually carried some cash, but never large 
2 amounts.
3 JOE: I see. Would you like to start checking now, Mrs. Pilson?
4 MARIE: Do you mind if we sit a moment longer?
5 JOE: It's all right. You take your time.
6 PAUSE: 
7 MARIE: I was just remembering how like other days this is. I'd 
8 sit here reading or maybe just looking at my elephants... 
9 and thinking.
10 JOE: Uh huh.
11 MARIE: It would be real quiet and then the clock would strike 
12 twelve, (BEAT) I'd go in and wake George.
13 JOE: Uh huh.
14 MARIE: Shall we go in?
15 JOE: If you're ready.
16 MARIE: It's not quite time, but that won't make any difference 
17 now.
18 JOE: Ma'sum 
19 MARIE: He won't hear us.
20 END SCENE 1
When we checked the bedroom, Mrs. Pilson told us her husband's watch and diamond ring were missing. She said as far as she could determine nothing else had been taken from the house. In the meantime, crews from the Crime Lab and Latent Prints arrived. Frank called the office and they ran the names, "George and Marie Pilson" through R&I. They called back to say they could find no previous record for either one. Further questioning of the victim's wife failed to give us any definite lead as to who our suspect might be. We left the home and began to question some of the neighbors. 1:14 P.M., we rang the bell at the house directly across the street. We identified ourselves and Sam Mordell, the occupant, admitted us. We went into the front room.

I was beginnin' to think I'd have to go look you fellows up. Just what do you mean by that, Sir?
I saw all the cars and activity over at the Pilsons.... Couldn't figure out what it was. Thought it must be trouble of some kind. Curiosity just about got the best of me.
Uh huh.
Grab a chair. Might as well be comfortable while you're here.

Thank you, etc.

Don't mind all the wood shavin's on the floor. You see I'm a wood carver. Not my job. Just a hobby. I'm retired.

Railroad man.
FRANK: Yes, sir.

SAM: Had a rug in here, but I took it out. Always liked those eatin' places with the sawdust on the floor. You know the kind. Course Shavin's aren't sawdust, but then it's easier to save 'em this way too.

JOE: Uh huh. Well, Mr. Mordell, I wonder if you'd answer a few questions for us.

SAM: Sure thing. Anyhow, if I keep on gabbin'...I won't find out what this is all about. You go ahead and ask your questions.

JOE: Thank you... Do you usually sit in that chair when you work?

SAM: Sure do. Seldom miss a day. I call this my cab window.

FRANK: What's that, sir?

SAM: Cab window, Used to be an engineer. Sorta' got used to lookin' out and enjoyin' the scenery as it went by. Course now the view doesn't change much, but I still like to see what's goin' on in the neighborhood.

FRANK: Uh huh.

JOE: Were you sitting here this morning?

SAM: Yeah. Don't miss many days. Haven't the time. Got to get this chain finished. Lotta' work to carvin' a wood chain.

JOE: Yes, sir. Would you remember seeing anybody around the Pilson residence this morning?

SAM: You mean besides Mrs Pilson?

26
JOE: You saw her did you?

SAM: Sure...when she went shopping. Always goes Wednesday morning. Unless the weather is bad.

JOE: Uh huh. Now did you see anybody else?

SAM: Yeah. Saw a fellow come outta' there, while Mrs. Pilson was at the store.

JOE: You saw a man come outta' the house?

SAM: Yeah.

JOE: Would you know what time that was?

SAM: 10 o'clock sharp.

JOE: You're sure of the time?

SAM: That's right...See this watch (TAKING WATCH FROM POCKET)?

JOE: Yeah.

SAM: They gave me this when I retired. You can see what it says on the back...See (HOLDS WATCH OUT)?

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: Yeah, real nice.

SAM: Railroad watch. Doesn't vary a bit. I don't get a newspaper, so I listen to the radio news, when I'm workin'.

JOE: Uh huh.

SAM: I always check the time they come on, I know my watch is right. Sometimes they're a couple seconds late...or early.

JOE: Mostly though pretty much on schedule. Make good railroad men.
It was 10 o'clock sharp...by my watch. Program was three seconds late.

All right sir. Now did you see the man go in?

No...I went out to make a pot of coffee.

How long were you outta' the room?

Twenty minutes. Never take any more'n twenty minutes. You mind if I carve while we talk? Got to get this chain finished. Gonna' set a new record.

Uh huh. Could you describe this man for us?

Sure, but I can give you a better clue than that.

What's that, Mr. Mordell?

He had a truck.

Go on:

Printin' on the side.

Yeah.

Man's name. Said he sharpened lawn mowers.

Do you know the name?

Not real sure. Either Ray...or Gray.

Was there an address?

Yeah, but it was lettered too small. Anyhow I wasn't too interested. I sharpen my own mower.

Well, can you tell us what kind of truck it was?

Not the make, but it was a closed in kind....Green color.

Didn't look too new.

I see, and you say the name on the side was either Ray or Gray...is that right?
1 Sam: Yeah. My eyes are good yet, but only the Ray part was real clear. It looked like there could have been another letter in the front, though.

4 Frank: Uh huh.

5 Sam: (Beat) Just thought of something.

6 Frank: Yeah?

7 Sam: It didn't have to be Gray...It couldn't be Bray...or Tray.

9 Joe: Yes sir, but we can check that out.

10 Sam: Now can I ask you somethin'.

11 Joe: What's that?

12 Sam: What's the trouble?

13 Joe: Mr. Pilson is dead.

14 Sam: (Grunts) Couldn't have been a natural death or you fellows wouldn't have been askin' questions. (Grunts) Too bad.

15 George was a pretty good neighbor.

17 Frank: Uh huh.

18 Sam: Be tough on his wife too, being married so long and all.

19 I went to their twenty-fifty anniversary. (Grunts) It isn't easy to go on alone. I lost my wife seven years ago.

21 Joe: Uh huh.

22 Sam: Not when you been happy. It's not easy.

23 Joe: Yes sir...Mr. Mordell you said you could give us a description of the man you saw coming outa Pilson's.

25 Sam: Yeah, and if he had anythin' to do with George's death... he's gonna get what I've wanted for so long.
What's that, sir?

That's when you catch him, I mean.

Yeah.

He'll get his name in the paper.

How's that again?

That's why I'm carving this chain. It's gonna be the longest chain ever carved outta a single piece of wood.

I see.

Almost made it a couple other times, then I got too anxious and botched the whole thing...See there, shavin's?

Yeah.

When I finish, I'm gonna sweep 'em all up and weigh 'em. You know give the reporters somethin' to write about.

Well, sir, I hope this one turns out for you.

Thanks. I'll make it this time. Maybe it won't be on the front page, but my name'll be in the paper, too.

Well you can be sure of one thing.

Yeah.

You picked a better way to get there.

END SEEN II
a

Sam Mordell gave us a description of the man he'd seen.

We called the office and got out a local broadcast. And then went back to the Pilson house, found a lawnmower in the back yard. Mrs. Pilson said her husband had sent the lawnmower out to be sharpened, but didn't know who the man was that did the work. We checked the classified directory and found the name, "Gray's Lawnmower Service". The listing had been underlined in red pencil. Frank and I drove to the address: 2604 Royal Street. It was a small shop set well back from the street. The place was locked. A clock sign on the door read: "Will Be Back At", and the hands pointed to 4:30. We parked across the street and waited. At 4:43 P.M., a man answering the description we'd been given, unlocked the door and entered the shop. 4:45 P.M.:

DOOR OPENS, JOE AND FRANK ENTER SHOP, DOOR CLOSES.

How are Ya'. Either this is perfect timin', or you've been waitin' for me.

We're police officers.

Uh huh. Well I guess that writes off the timin' part.

Is your name Gray?

No. It's Parra.

You work for a man named Gray?
CHARLES: Uhuh (NO). This is my own business. I bought it from him.

JOE: Yeah.

CHARLES: He'd been here for some twenty years, so I just kept the name.

JOE: Do you pick up and deliver in your business?

CHARLES: Yeah.

JOE: Then you've got a truck.

CHARLES: That's right.

JOE: What kind?

CHARLES: Panel job. A Dodge.

JOE: What color?

CHARLES: Green... Look... I don't mind answerin' questions. I know you got a job to do, but the way I see it... this question and answer game plays better if we both know what counts and what doesn't. How about it? /5 | 6 |

JOE: For the time being, let's say you just called it.

CHARLES: Yeah.

JOE: We got a job to do.

CHARLES: That's it?

JOE: For now.

CHARLES: All right. I don't wanna' buck you guys. I got nothin' to hide. But I get the same feelin' when some body wan't cash a check for me.

FRANK: Yeah.

CHARLES: It galls me to think I'm lined up as a bad risk.
JOE: We're not accusing you of anything. We'd appreciate your cooperation, but keep this in mind. We'll still get what we came here for. Now you make the choice how you want it.

CHARLES: (SARCASTIC) Ok...whatta' ya after? Hot lawnmowers.

JOE: You said you made deliveries?

CHARLES: Yeah.

JOE: Do you keep a record of the calls you make?

CHARLES: Sure.

JOE: Can we see the record?

CHARLES: If you want. The books over at the desk...in the drawer.

FRANK: I'll get it.

CHARLES: What did ya' expect? I was gonna' pull a gun outta' the drawer?

SOUND: FRANK TAKES COUPLE STEPS, DRAWER OPENS, REMOVE BOOK UNDER FOLLOWING

CHARLES: (TO CHARLES) This the one?

CHARLES: Yeah.

FRANK: Here ya' are, Joe. (HANDS JOE THE BOOK)

JOE: Thanks

SOUND: JOE OPENS BOOK AND TURNS PAGES.

JOE: (BEAT) These all the calls for today?

CHARLES: That's right.
JOE: (LOOKING IN BOOK) Austin: Kemper...Jerome Peyton...When did you make these calls?

CHARLES: What time?

JOE: Yeah.

CHARLES: Well, Kemper this mornin'...Austin this afternoon.

JOE: They're the only ones you made today? (/6/)

CHARLES: Yeah...wait. Let me see the book a second.

SOUND: JOE HANDS BOOK TO CHARLES

CHARLES: (LOOKING) It isn't here. Guess I forgot to enter it.

FRANK: What's that?

CHARLES: Another call I made.

JOE: Where was that?

CHARLES: On...Norwood Street. Ah...9...0...6, I think it was.

JOE: Remember the name?

CHARLES: Yeah...Pilson.

JOE: Uh huh. What time were you there?

CHARLES: Not sure...9:30...or so, I guess.

JOE: Who did you talk to?

CHARLES: Nobody. I didn't see anyone around.

JOE: Did you go in the house?

CHARLES: (BEAT) Why?

JOE: Did you?

CHARLES: Yeah, but I rang the bell a couple of times, then I knocked.

JOE: Yeah.
CHARLES: I thought maybe they were in the back of the house and couldn't hear me. The door was open a little so I walked in.

FRANK: Uh huh

CHARLES: Went into the front room. I called out, but didn't get any answer. So I left.

JOE: You didn't leave the front room?

CHARLES: That's right.

JOE: You see anybody?

CHARLES: I told you I didn't, what more do you want?

JOE: You said you called out.

CHARLES: Yeah

JOE: How loud?

CHARLES: Whatta 'ya mean?

JOE: Loud enough to wake a person sleepin' in a back bedroom.

CHARLES: I guess so. But no one answered or came out. I know that.

JOE: Uh huh.

CHARLES: Was there somebody there when I called?

JOE: Yeah.

CHARLES: Well ask them, then. I don't know what you're gettin' at, I walked into a house, but I didn't do anythin' wrong in there. If there was someone there ask them.

JOE: It wouldn't do any good.
CHARLES: What?

JOE: He can't give us the answer.

END SCENE 111)

JOE: We took back to the office and questioned him further. He continued to maintain his innocence. We ran his name through R & I and found a package for him showing one arrest for suspicion of ADW as a juvenile. We booked him on suspicion of 187-PC, murder, and Frank and I went back to his shop. We thoroughly searched both the building and his truck, but failed to turn up either the ring or watch. Thursday morning Latent Prints reported they'd found no fingerprints in the house other than those of the victim and his wife. We got a call from Ray Pinker. He said that George Pilson had been beaten about the head with some type of round instrument. He also substantiated our theory that there had been little struggle on the part of the victim. We called the County Morgue and Dr. Cefalu said he'd notify us as soon as he had posted the body.

11:26 A.M.

SOUND: HOMICIDE OFFICE B.G. FRANK FLIPS PAGES OF NOTEBOOK

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Just checking over the time elements.
1 JOE: Uh huh.
2 FRANK: Mrs. Pilson left at 9...gone about an hour and a half.
3 JOE: The neighbor saw Parra leave the house at 10...Right?
4 FRANK: Yeah.
5 JOE: Right?
6 JOE: Yeah.
7 FRANK: And if Mordell is right about how long he was gone from his
8 front window...Parra could have been there about twenty
9 minutes.
10 JOE: Uh huh.
11 FRANK: That'd give him enough time, don't you think?
12 JOE: We've still got to figure maybe he's telling the truth.
13 FRANK: Yeah.
14 JOE: And if he is that gives us several possibilities. When
Pilson didn't answer, maybe it's because he couldn't.
15 FRANK: (GRUNTS) I see what you mean.
16 SOUND: PHONE RINGS: JOE PUNCHES BUTTON AND PICKS UP RECEIVER
17 JOE: Homicide, Friday...Yeah, Uh huh...It wasn't?..Uh huh. I
18 see...Uh huh. Right, we'll be right over.
19 SOUND: RECEIVER DOWN
20 FRANK: Dr. Cetalu. Just finished postin' the body.
21 FRANK: Uh huh.
22 JOE: It's possible that Pilson wasn't killed by the head blows
23 FRANK: Yeah.
24 JOE: Mighta' been dead before he was hit.

END SCENE IV
END ACT 1)
JOE: We went over to the morgue. Dr. Cetelu said he'd found evidence of a barbiturate in the victim's body, in a quantity large enough to kill him. He also pointed out that the lack of profuse bleeding from the head wounds led him to believe the victim was dead before the beating occurred. Frank and I drove out to the Pilson residence. We talked to the victim's wife. We explained to her that it was necessary that we know more about her husband's physical condition prior to his death. We went into the front room and sat down. 12:43 P.M.

MARIE: I'll try to answer your questions, but today...I'm just beginning to realize what it's going to be like being alone.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. We understand, and we'll try to be as brief as possible.

MARIE: Thank you.

JOE: Mrs. Pilson, had your husband been under a doctor's care recently?

MARIE: No.

JOE: Had he been in good mental spirits?

MARIE: Yes.

FRANK: He didn't seem unusually worried about anything?

MARIE: Not that I knew of.

JOE: I see. Well now would you tell us about yourself, Mrs. Pilson?
1 MARIE: What do you mean?
2 JOE: Have you been under a doctor's care recently?
3 MARIE: No. What has all this to do with my husband's death?
4 JOE: We'd like to know if there would be any reason for you or your husband to have a prescription for a strong barbiturate.
5 MARIE: A what?
6 FRANK: A sedative.
7 MARIE: You mean to make you sleep?
8 JOE: That's right.
9 MARIE: No....we didn't ever use 'em.
10 JOE: Then you haven't had any in the house?
11 MARIE: I haven't, and I don't think George did.
12 JOE: Would it be possible that your husband could have used a barbiturate and you didn't know about it?
13 MARIE: Yes, but if he did I'm sure he'd have told me. We didn't have secrets from each other.
14 JOE: I see.
15 SOUN D: DOORBELL RINGS (OFF)
16 MARIE: I'll get it.
17 SOUN D: MARIE TAKES SEVERAL STEPS TO DOOR. OPENS DOOR.
18 LYDIA: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Oh, Marie....you poor thing. I just got back and heard the terrible news, and I came right over.
1 MARIE: Thank you, Lydia, but could you come back later?
2 LYDIA: Well sure, dear. Is there anything I can do for you?
3 MARIE: Maybe, but I can't talk now.
4 LYDIA: All right, Marie. (SOTO)...Are the police here?
5 MARIE: Yes...so won't you come back later.
6 LYDIA: Have you told 'em?
7 MARIE: Yes.
8 LYDIA: You told 'em what George tried to do?
9 MARIE: Yes....
10 SOUND: JOE GETS TO HIS FEET AND MOVES TO FRONT DOOR.
11 JOE: Excuse me, ma'am, but I couldn't help overhearing your
12 conversation.
13 LYDIA: (ON MIKE) Oh...you're the policemen?
14 JOE AND FRANK ADLIB REPLY
15 LYDIA: I'm Marie's neighbor.
16 JOE: Uh huh. What did you mean about Mr. Filson trying to do
17 something?
18 MARIE: She didn't mean anything...she was just talking.
19 JOE: (INTERRUPTS) We'll let her tell it.
20 LYDIA: Maybe I shouldn't have said anything.
21 JOE: What did you mean?
22 LYDIA: Maybe it's not important.
23 JOE: Why don't you tell us anyway.
24 LYDIA: (BEAT) George tried to kill Marie.

END SCENE V
JOE: We brought Lydia Shires into the house for further questioning. She explained that she was a close friend of Marie Pilsons. It was quite evident that Mrs. Pilson didn't want her friend to talk to us.

INDIA: If I had any idea I was goin' to cause all this trouble... I'd never have come over. I only meant to help Marie.

JOE: Would you tell us why you said that Mr. Pilson was trying to kill his wife.

INDIA: Sure, but Marie can tell you better than I can.

MARIE: (SOBS) Now don't get upset, honey. It's goin' to work out all right. (TO JOE) I'll tell you what I know, but Marie will have to fill in the details.

JOE: Go ahead.

MARIE: Last week it was, she came over to my house. Terribly worried. She was afraid she was goin' have another nervous breakdown.

MARIE: (SOBS) Please don't, Lydia... Please don't.

INDIA: Now don't fret, dear. We all want to help you.

JOE: Mrs. Pilson... Had you been under a doctor's care recently?

(BEAT)
MARIE: (SOS)

LYDIA: That's what started all this. Goin' to that doctor her husband took her to. Of course it wasn't the doctor's fault... He only did what he thought was right.

FRANK: Uh huh.

LYDIA: It was George that made her sick. Kept tellin' her she was goin' crazy. Said she was gonna die... Finally she got to believin' the things he was sayin'...

JOE: Uh huh.

LYDIA: That's when she had the breakdown.

JOE: How long ago was this?

LYDIA: About three weeks ago.

JOE: Go ahead.

LYDIA: George took her to this doctor. Got some medicine for her. Somethin' for her nerves. To make her rest.

JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

FRANK: That maybe the office... I'll get it.

SOUND: FRANK TAKES A COUPLE STEPS AND PICKS UP RECEIVER

FRANK: Hello... That's right... No he isn't. Who's calling...?

JOE: Uh huh. Well would you like to leave a message?... I see

... No, my name is Smith... Hello (BEAT)

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP RECEIVER, TAKES COUPLE STEPS OVER, UNDER FOLLOWING:
FRANK: (GRUNTS) Hung up...Some woman asking for Mr Pilson.
MARIE: (SHARP) Did she give her name?
FRANK: No, just said she was a friend of the family.
MARIE: (BITTER) It was her. I know it. I wish I'd talked to her.
JOE: Who was it, Mrs Pilson?
MARIE: (BEAT) I don't know her name. But she lied. She's no friend of mine. She caused all this.
JOE: What do you mean?
MARIE: That's why George was trying to kill me. With me outta the way he could have her. She'd come and live in my home.
LYDIA: Marie...you never told me about her.
MARIE: I still had some pride.
JOE: This medicine you got from the doctor. Was it a barbiturate?
MARIE: Yes, that's how he was gonna' kill me.
JOE: Go on.
MARIE: He'd come in and sit on my bed in the early morning. When he came in from work. He'd wake me up and tell me I was going to lose my mind.
JOE: Uh huh.
MARIE: Time after time he did it. I began to think he was right.
JOE: I couldn't remember doing things.
JOE: That's when you went to the doctor?
He took me. The doctor gave me a prescription. I wasn't supposed to take only so many of the capsules, George saw to it that I took more.

How's that, ma'am?

He'd put them in my food...or in my drinks.

You're sure he did that?

Yes. I counted the capsules in the bottle, every time I took one. I got so I couldn't remember if I'd taken any or not, so I'd count them.

Uh huh.

I wrote the number down on paper...so I'd be sure. Some were always missing. I knew he'd been givin' them to me.

Go on.

That's when I told Lydia about it. She took me to her doctor. When he examined the capsules, he told me they were strong enough to kill me if I took too many.

Is that right, Mrs. Shires?

Yeah...My doctor told her not to take them any more.

(TO MARIE) You stopped taking the sedative?

Yes. I told George about what the other Doctor had said.

He got mad and said I shouldn't have gone to him. Then he started tellin' me I'd go crazy if I didn't take them.

He kept after me.

(TO MRAT) Is that why you killed him, Mrs. Pilson?

You can't mean Marie did it.
JOE: Please, Mrs. Shires....

MARIE: He kept after me. I knew he was tryin' to get rid of me. He'd stay out all night when he wasn't workin'.

JOE: Did he tell you about another woman?

MARIE: No. He didn't have to. I knew. A couple times she called here. I answered the phone. When she heard my voice she hung up.

JOE: Uh huh. So you gave him the barbiturate you'd been takin'; is that right?

MARIE: To make him sleep. He always had a sandwich when he came home from work. I fixed it before I went to bed.

FRANK: When did you hit him?

MARIE: When I came from the market I suppose, You'll want the weapon won't you?

JOE: Yeah, and the watch and ring too.

MARIE: All right.

LYDIA: Marie....how could you do it?

MARIE: It had to be. He was goin' to kill me. She was gonna live in my home, with my children。(BEAT) Lydia.

LYDIA: Yeah.

MARIE: I want you to take my family.

LYDIA: What?

MARIE: My elephants. I want you to have them.

LYDIA: All right, Marie.
JOE: Do you want to tell us where the weapon is, Mrs. Pilson?

MARIE: All right. (BEAT) I didn't believe George; but he was telling the truth.

JOE: Uh huh.

MARIE: He told me it would happen.

JOE: Yeah.

MARIE: He said I'd kill somebody.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On November 3rd, trial was held in Department 97, Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.

FENN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
GIBNEY: Marie Ellen Pilson was examined by three psychiatrists appointed by the State and found to be insane. She was confined to Mendicino State Hospital for the criminally insane for treatment.