MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking

FEEN: Next time you buy cigarettes - Stop ... Remember this --

In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

Chesterfield.

MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME AND UNDER

ANNCR: Ladies and gentlemen .... The story you are about to hear

is true. The names have been changed to protect the

innocent.

POSSIBLE DRUM ROLL

ANNCR: Draget - brought to you by Chesterfield.

MUSIC: DRAGNET PLAYOFF

ANNCR: You're a detective, Sergeant. Are............
FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Forgery Detail. For the past several months a man posing as an actor had been passing worthless checks in your city. You've got a description of the suspect, but no lead to his whereabouts your job....get him.
FENNEMAN: They satisfy!

FENNEMAN: Next time you buy cigarettes...Stop...Remember this--

FENNEMAN: In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

FENNEMAN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield

FENNEMAN: Today's Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made...

FENNEMAN: Come in any time...We're installing the quality
detective...the newest - the most important discovery

FENNEMAN: Another reason why the Chesterfield you

MUSIC: STING

(MORE)
1 FIRST COMMERCIAL (Continued)

2 FENNEMAN: Low in nicotine....

3 MUSIC: STING

4 FENNEMAN: Best for you!

5 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

7 FENNEMAN: Next time you buy cigarettes...stop -- Remember this --

8 in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

9 Chesterfield!

10 MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
2 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.

9 MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

11 Joe: It was Tuesday, January 10th. It was foggy in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Forgery Division. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Capt. Walsh. My name's Friday. I was on my way back to the office from a cup of coffee and it was 4:12 p.m.

17 Anita: (LITTLE OFF - FADE IN AS JOE APPROACHES) I asked her to report it herself, told her it was her duty as a citizen. It is her duty, isn't it?

21 Frank: Yes, ma'am.

24 Frank: Mrs. Neskett, this is my partner, Sergeant Friday.
Afternoon, Mrs. Neskett.

Hello, Sergeant.

Seems Mrs. Neskett's mother got stuck with a bum check.

Uh-huh.

She's a landlady over on Western.

Not a landlady exactly...only rents a couple of rooms.

More for company than anything. Dad left her plenty to

got by on.

Yes, ma'am.

And we'd help her out if it was necessary...Dick and me.

Dick's my husband. We'd help her out.

Sure.

So far she's managed pretty well by herself but if she

pulls any more fool stunts like this

(SOUND: RUSTLE OF

PAPER)...phony as a three-dollar bill. See right there...

no such account...big as life, stamped all over it.

Uh-huh.

I just don't understand her, I just don't understand her

at all.

Anybody can take a bad check, Mrs. Neskett, no matter how

careful they are. Even with good identification you can

be fooled.

When they do they report it, don't they?

Yes, ma'am, usually.

Look at the date...way last December...over a month ago.
JOE: Yeah.

ANITA: Over a month and she hasn't done a thing about it. Didn't intend to either. Didn't even want me to know. Good thing I started early this year.

PRANK: Early?

ANITA: On her income tax. That's how I found out about the check.

PRANK: Oh.

ANITA: I used to work in a tax office so I always make out mother's return. If I didn't do it, I don't know who could. Doesn't keep any records...just stubs and a few bills. Well, someday they'll audit her and she'll find out.

JOE: Why didn't your mother report this check herself?

ANITA: You tell me. The man had an honest face...that's about all I can get out of her.

PRANK: How'd she happen to take it?

ANITA: It was supposed to be for his first month's rent.

JOE: Then she's not out any cash.

ANITA: Sure she's out cash. Twenty dollars...that's what she's out. He made the check for seventy, a month's rent is only fifty. It's not a lot of money but twenty dollars is twenty dollars.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

ANITA: And there's the principle too.
JOE: Sure.

ANITA: He's an actor or something like that.

FRANK: Ma'am?

ANITA: The fellow who gave it to her. Mother says she remembered his name...from the movies. That's how she happened to take the check. I don't see why she'd trust an actor anymore than she would somebody else.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER

FRANK: (READING THE NAME) Parker Allington. You ever hear of him, Joe?

JOE: Allington?

FRANK: Uh-huh.

JOE: Sounds familiar. Think he was in pictures when I was a kid.

FRANK: Oh.

JOE: Never cared for him much though -- if it's the same guy -- the parts he played.

FRANK: What do you mean?

JOE: Heavies.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: We ran the name Parker Allington through R. and I. and turned up one package listing a drunk arrest in 1935. We called the Screen Actors Guild to see if they could help locate him. They said they'd check....and asked us to call back in an hour. 4:30 PM. We left the office and drove out to the Western Avenue address Mrs. Neskett had given us.....It was a two-story Spanish stucco with a 'Rooms for Rent' sign in the front window.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS ON PORCH....TURN OLD-FASHIONED BELL

FRANK: Somebody's coming.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR

AGNES: Yes?

JOE: Mrs. Crimp?

AGNES: Yes.

JOE: We're police officers, ma'am. This is Frank Smith. My name's Joe Friday.

AGNES: Police officers?

FRANK: That's right.

AGNES: Anita.

JOE: Ma'am?

AGNES: My daughter Anita....she sent you.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.

AGNES: I told her not to. She never does anything I tell her. Never has.

JOE: Mind if we come in?

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN A LITTLE WIDER...STEPS...CLOSE DOOR

AGNES: The living room's a mess.

FRANK: Don't worry about it.

AGNES: I was just putting the ornaments away...from the tree.

It was raining last week when I took it down and I couldn't get out to the garage.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: STEPS COME TO A STOP

AGNES: I won't press any charges.

BEAT

JOE: That's up to you.

AGNES: Not against that poor man I won't. You can't force me to press charges.

FRANK: No, ma'am.

JOE: Suppose you just tell us about the check.

AGNES: There isn't much to tell.

BEAT

FRANK: Your daughter says Allington gave it to you for rent.

AGNES: Here, let me get that box out of the way so you'll have someplace to sit.

SOUND: LITTLE MOVEMENT.
JOE: I'll take care of it.

SOUND: PICK UP BOX...COUPLE OF STEPS

JOE: Over here all right?

AGNES: Yes, fine...thanks.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...THEY SIT

JOE: The check was for rent, is that right?

AGNES: That's right.

FRANK: When did you take it?

AGNES: Last month sometime -- a week or so before Christmas.

JOE: The date's on it, isn't it? 7/09

AGNES: If that's what it says.

JOE: Had you ever seen Allington before, ever met up with him?

AGNES: Not in person. May have seen him in pictures. He said he'd been in a lot of pictures, seemed familiar.

FRANK: How'd he happen to come here to rent a room?

AGNES: He saw the sign out in front...in the window. He was living in a hotel downtown and he was out this way visiting friends.

JOE: Did he mention the name of the hotel?

AGNES: No...I don't think so.

FRANK: What about the people he was visiting?

AGNES: What about them?

JOE: Did he tell you who they were?
AGNES: He may have. I couldn't say for sure...not now.

BEAT

FRANK: You said he saw the sign?

AGNES: In the window.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

AGNES: He came in and asked about the room, if it was still for rent. I showed it to him...upstairs in front...

real nice view.

JOE: He agree to take it?

AGNES: Straight off. He said he used to live in a house something like this when he first came to California years ago...when his wife was alive. It sort-a reminded him of better times....that's how he put it.

FRANK: And he gave you this check for the first month's rent?

AGNES: Yes.

BEAT

AGNES: I suppose Anita already told you...he made it out for twenty dollars extra.

JOE: Why was that?

ANTITA: He needed some cash money to hire a cab and move his things out here.

FRANK: You gave him the cash?

AGNES: Twenty dollars. I couldn't turn him down.

JOE: Why not?

AGNES: He just seemed...honest that's all. You can tell when a person's honest.
1. JOE: Sometimes.

2. AGNES: And he was so anxious to get the room. He wanted to
3. be all moved in in time for the holidays...wanted to be
4. with people I suppose. I felt sorry for him.

5. JOE: You ask for identification?

6. AGNES: There wasn't any reason. I recognized his name. Besides
7. he was going to be living here. If anything was wrong
8. with his check he'd be around to make it right.

9. JOE: And you never heard from him again?

10. AGNES: That doesn't mean he was trying to cheat me.

11. FRANK: It sure looks that way, ma'am.

12. AGNES: You folks are policemen, it's your job to suspect
13. people of being crooked. I don't blame you, it's your
14. job.

15. JOE: Yes ma'am.

16. BEAT

17. AGNES: Twenty dollars?

18. JOE: Ma'am?

19. AGNES: Twenty dollars. Is that reason to throw a man like
20. Mr. Allington in jail?

21. JOE: It might be more than twenty dollars.

22. AGNES: That's all I gave him. Don't you believe me?

23. JOE: Yes ma'am but this man has passed quite a few checks.

24. BEAT
AGNES: I told you before...I won't press charges.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am, you told us.

AGNES: You don't understand. He didn't mean any harm.

JOE: You sure of that, Mrs. Crimp?

AGNES: I'm a pretty good judge of human nature. I ought to be by now.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

JOE: He's had lots of troubles...Mr. Allington.

AGNES: Lots of troubles. An actor like him...probably pulled down a fancy salary, never had any worries. Now it's all gone, all his money...his wife...everything. If he'd never been rich it wouldn't be so hard...you don't miss something you've never had.

JOE: Yeah.

AGNES: I could see how hard it was for him...having to rent a furnished room, not having enough cash to pay for a cab just to move in. Even his clothes...one of the buttons on his suit was coming off, just hanging by a thread -- not that he wasn't neat you understand -- pants were pressed, had on a clean shirt. I just couldn't help noticing that button.

JOE: Sure.
I'll admit that when he started to give me his check, when he asked if he could make it out for more than the rest, well, I had some doubts too... for a minute or so.

But I'm not sorry I cashed it. Even if it wasn't any good, even if he knew it wasn't when he gave it to me, he didn't mean any harm. He intended to make it right.

How do you figure that?

I just feel it.

He hasn't done anything about making it right.

It's been over a month, Mrs. Grimp.

He was promised a job, the very next day after he was here he was supposed to start working at one of the studios.

That what he told you?

Why should he lie about it? (PAUSE) Maybe something happened at the last minute, maybe he didn't get the part. Maybe that's the money he was planning to use to pay me.

Possible.

Or he might be sick or he might have had to leave town suddenly.
FRANK: He sure got you on his side in a hurry.

AGNES: What do you mean by that?

FRANK: You certain you only met him once?

AGNES: If you're finished with me I'd like to get on with my housework.

JOE: Mind if I use your phone?

AGNES: It's in the hall. I'll show you.

SOUND: JOE RISES...STEPS UNDER

JOE: Never mind. I'll find it.

FRANK: (FADING) I didn't mean any offense, Mrs. Crimp.

AGNES: (FADING) I suppose it's just your job. There's some cookies there while you're waiting.

FRANK: (OFF) No thanks.

AGNES: (OFF) Home-made.

FRANK: (OFF) They look very good but I'm sort-a watching my diet. Right after the holidays and all.

SOUND: CLOSE DOOR...COUPLE MORE STEPS...STOP...PICK UP PHONE...

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Miss Breckhart please...I'll wait if you don't mind...Thanks...Miss Breckhart?...This is Sergeant Friday. I spoke to you a little while ago about Parker Allington. You asked me to call back...Yes, ma'am....

OH. When was that?...Uh-huh...Yes, ma'am, I see.

Thank you very much.....Yes, it helps. 'Bye.

SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE...STEPS...OPENS DOOR...STEPS UNDER
FRANK: (OFF FADING ON) (EATING) I remember this kind when I was a youngster. Mom used to make 'em every Christmas.

AGNES: (OFF FADING ON) Maybe you'd like to take a few home with you. I've got plenty extra.

FRANK: Thanks anyway but they wouldn't let me inside the front door if I showed up with an armload of cookies.

SOUND: STEPS STOP

FRANK: (LOOKING UP) Ready, Joe?

JOE: Like you to come with us, Mrs. Crimp.

AGNES: Me? What on earth for?

JOE: See if you can identify the man who gave you that check.

AGNES: You mean you've already arrested him?

JOE: No, ma'am.

AGNES: I don't understand.

JOE: We'll show you some mug shots...photographs.

AGNES: You want me to pick out Mr. Allington's picture.

JOE: If you can.

AGNES: That's silly. You don't need me for that. The studios must have pictures of him...the newspapers. Downright silly.

JOE: It wasn't Allington.

AGNES: What?

JOE: The fellow who passed that check.

FRANK: What'd you find out, Joe?

JOE: Allington died three years ago.

(END SCENE 2)
Miss Breckhart at the Screen Actors Guild had checked with the Motion Picture Relief Home. They reported that Allington had lived there from 1949 until a heart attack caused his death several years later. We managed to convince Mrs. Crimp that she had been taken by a professional swindler. At headquarters we showed her mug shots of known bad check artists.

SOUND: MUG SHOTS BEING LOOKED THROUGH

AGNES: No, that's not him.

SOUND: ANOTHER PICTURE

FRANK: How about this one?

AGNES: I don't think so. I'm pretty sure not.

SOUND: ANOTHER PICTURE.

BEAT

AGNES: That's not him either. He was older.

JOE: The picture might be out of date.

AGNES: Even so.

SOUND: STACK PHOTOS TOGETHER

FRANK: That's it.

JOE: Yeah. Guess we'll have to settle for a description.

BEAT

JOE: Mrs. Crimp?

AGNES: Yes?

JOE: Mind describing him for us?

AGNES: Well...he was medium-sized...little taller than you are maybe.
AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

JOEL: Yes, ma'am.

AGNES: He just seemed like an average man... for his age.

FRANK: Any marks or scars?

AGNES: No, not that I noticed.

JOE: Eyes?

AGNES: Beg pardon?

JOE: What color were his eyes?

AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

JOE: Eyes?

FRANK: Any marks or scars?

AGNES: No, not that I noticed.

JOE: Eyes?

AGNES: Beg pardon?

JOE: What color were his eyes?

AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

JOE: Eyes?

AGNES: Beg pardon?

JOE: What color were his eyes?

AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

JOE: Eyes?

AGNES: Beg pardon?

JOE: What color were his eyes?

AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

JOE: Eyes?

AGNES: Beg pardon?

JOE: What color were his eyes?

AGNES: I couldn't say. He was only there for a few minutes.

AGNES: They weren't new... probably cost quite a bit when he bought them. Well-dressed... except for that button.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Anything else you can tell us about him?

AGNES: No... except for his expression.

FRANK: Huh?

AGNES: Kind of sad... unhappy... like he'd been through a lot.

But I guess that won't help you though.

JOE: It might.

AGNES: Is that all?
JOE: Yes, ma'am. We'll take you home now.

SOUND: SCRAPE CHAIRS...COUPLE OF STEPS...

AGNES: Uh -- officer..?

SOUND: STOP STEPS

JOE: Ma'am?

AGNES: Would you mind doing me a favor? I'd appreciate it.

JOE: What is it, Mrs. Crimp?

AGNES: Don't tell my daughter about all this, I mean that it wasn't Mr. Allington...that I let somebody trick me. She'd say it proves that I'm not able to take care of myself. I'd never hear the end of it. She treats me like a child as it is. You don't have to tell her, do you?

JOE: No, ma'am.

AGNES: I'd sure appreciate it. Not that she doesn't have my best interests at heart. But nobody likes to be criticized all the time...especially by their own flesh and blood. You got any children, Sergeant?

JOE: No, ma'am.

AGNES: Then you don't understand how I feel.

JOE: Maybe I do.

AGNES: You couldn't.

(END SCENE THREE)
1 JOE: We drove Mrs. Crimp to her home and went off duty.
2 By the end of the week two more landladies in the
3 Western Avenue area had reported receiving bad checks
4 from a man who claimed to be Parker Allington. Their
5 stories tallied almost word for word with what Mrs.
6 Crimp had told us. January 13, 4:45 PM. Frank and I
7 came back to the office after an interview with one of
8 the victims.

9 SOUND: UNDER THE LAST BIT OF NARRATION STEPS IN CORRIDOR.....
10 FRANK: You'd think he'd wise up.
11 SOUND: OPEN OFFICE DOOR...MORE STEPS CLOSE DOOR.....
12 FRANK: Can't go on using Allington's name forever. Somebody'll
13 catch on.
14 JOE: They haven't so far.
15 FRANK: Sooner or later.
16 SOUND: OPEN DESK DRAWER...RATTLE OF CELLOPHANE UNDER
17 JOE: Thought you were on a diet.
18 FRANK: Gotta keep up my strength.
19 JOE: Oh, sure.
20 FRANK: Person needs a certain amount of sugar.
21 JOE: Yeah.
22 FRANK: It's not so high on calories. Read an article the
23 other day. Teaspoon of sugar...only thirty-five calories
24 (TAKES A BITE)
25 JOE: You lost any weight yet?
26 FRANK: (EATING) I'm holding my own.
1 JOE: You haven't lost any, uh?
2 FRANK: I don't want to get thin, Joe. I'm just sort-a watching it.
3 JOE: Yeah.

5 SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...COUPLE OF STEPS PICK UP PHONE
6 JOE: (INTO PHONE) Sergeant Friday....Yes, ma'am, this is the right extension...Ma'am?.....Would you speak up please, I can't hear you very well....Just a second.
7 SOUND: SCRIBBLE OF PENCIL.
8 JOE: (REPEATING) 2238...Yeah, I've got it....Yes, ma'am, right away.

10 SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE
11 JOE: Looks like you had it figured.
12 FRANK: Huh?
13 JOE: Somebody did catch on. Woman over near Los Feliz Boulevard.
14 FRANK: Yeah?
15 JOE: Fellow's trying to give her a phony check.
16 FRANK: Trying?
17 JOE: She says he's still there.
18 (END SCENE 4)
19 (END ACT 1)
20 GHENRY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.
21 (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
22 (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
COND COMMERCIAL DRAGNET RADIO -- 1/25/55
MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

FENNEMAN: Next time you buy cigarettes... stop - Remember this--
In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.

FENNEMAN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield smoothness.

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENNEMAN: You want them mild. We make them mild! Mild and mellow with the smooth and refreshing taste of the right combination of the world's best tobaccos. So, next time you buy cigarettes....

GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

WOODBLOCK: PLAY TRIPLET FIGURE

GROUP: (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING... JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY... LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!

WOODBLOCK: TRIPLET FIGURE

GROUP: They satisfy!

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

FENNEMAN: Remember....In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!

MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
Frank and I drove out to a side street just south of Los Feliz Boulevard. It took us twenty minutes to get to the right address. When we pulled up in front of the house a lady was standing on the porch. She spotted our car and walked down the steps.

SOUND: SNEAK IN CAR ABOVE...BRING IT TO A STOP...OPEN DOORS...

J O E A N D F R A N K G E T O U T ...M O V E T O W A R D H O U S E ...L A D Y W A L K S T O W A R D T H E M ...S T R E E T B . G .

D A I S Y : (O F F S L I G H T L Y ) (F A D I N G O N ) You the policemen?
J O E : Yes, ma'am. My name's Friday. This is Frank Smith.
F R A N K : A D L I B H E L L O
D A I S Y : You certainly didn't hurry.
J O E : Traffic's heavy this time of day.
D A I S Y : Why didn't you use your siren?
J O E : Didn't want to scare him off.
D A I S Y : Too late to worry about that...left ten...fifteen minutes ago. Oh, I'm Daisy Wilkers. Suppose you'll need my name for your records.
J O E : Miz Wilkers.
D A I S Y : Not Mrs.
J O E : Oh.
F R A N K : You see which direction he headed?
J O E : Why'd he leave in such a rush?
DAISY: Got suspicious. Might have heard my phone call. Had to talk so loud to make you understand me.

BEAT

DAISY: Tried to keep him here as long as I could. Did my best. You can't ask more than that.

MAN: No, ma'am.

DAISY: You might as well come inside. Suppose you'll want a full report. That's regular procedure, isn't it.

SOUND: STEPS UNDER... WALK UP A COUPLE OF STAIRS... OPEN DOOR

JOE: You familiar with police procedure?

DAISY: Watch television, go to the movies. They're got it all down pat.

JOE: Oh.

DAISY: I guess they didn't use to be so accurate. But they are nowadays... you know, documentary.

FRANK: Sure.

SOUND: CLOSE DOOR... COUPLE MORE STEPS

BEAT

DAISY: Well?

JOE: Ma'am?

DAISY: What are we waiting for? Let's get started.

JOE: Suppose you just tell us what happened.

DAISY: Where's your notebook?

JOE: Hub?
DAISY: You're going to take this down, aren't you?

BEAT

DAISY: They always do.

JOE: Well, try and remember it.

DAISY: Pretty sure of yourselves. Well... he came up to my door... oh, it must have been an hour ago by now. At least an hour.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

DAISY: Asked if I had a room for rent. I told him that was what the sign meant. He just laughed... like he thought I'd been making a joke. Didn't know I was serious.

FRANK: Did you show him the room?

DAISY: Tried to. He hardly even glanced at it. Then he said this was exactly what he'd been looking for. That's when I first began wondering about him.

JOE: What else did he say?

DAISY: That he used to live in a house like this when he was a little boy back east... that it reminded him of home. I figured he was softening me up to get me to lower the rent. Well, two can play at that game.

BEAT

JOE: What did you do?

DAISY: Upped it ten dollars. Room's not worth a cent over forty-five. I asked fifty-five.

JOE: Uh-huh.
DAISY: That way I'd be able to come down when he started playing on my sympathies. Wouldn't be out anything either.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

DAISY: Didn't bat an eye. (BEAT) When I told him fifty-five.

FRANK: Said he takes it. Just like that. Knew right away something was wrong.

FRANK: What happened next?

DAISY: We came downstairs to the living room here.

BEAT

FRANK: Go on.

DAISY: I said I'd want the first month in advance. Lot of 'em try to pay you by the week...before you can turn around they're behind...takes forever to get rid of 'em once they've moved in. I always insist on a full month.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

DAISY: Didn't bat an eye at that either. Brought out a checkbook.

JOE: Did he ask if he could make it for a little extra?

DAISY: How did you know?

JOE: He's been around before.

DAISY: Twenty-five extra...that's what he wanted. If he's been around why haven't you picked him up?

JOE: We're doing our best.
A few minutes earlier this afternoon you'd have solved the whole case.

We're just as anxious to solve it as you are, Miss Wilkers.

Did he tell you why he needed the extra cash?

Something about cab fare to get his things out here.

That's a lot of cab fare.

My own words...right to his face...exactly what I said.

He said he had to clear up his hotel bill too...claimed they wouldn't take a check if he was moving.

That when you called us?

Course not. Didn't call you until I was sure the check was no good. Not that I would have cashed it.

But there's no point in running to the police until you've got facts to back you up.

What made you sure it was phony?

The way he signed it.

What do you mean? Parker Allington.

You knew he wasn't Allington?

How could he be? Allington's dead. You didn't know he was dead?

We knew it.

Well then?
JOE: Was Allington a friend of yours?
DAISY: Nope. Went to his funeral though.
FRANK: Beg pardon?
DAISY: No law against a person going to a funeral, is there?
FRANK: No, ma'am.
DAISY: It's just over the hill there...Green Acres. That's where they have them all...for most of the actors anyway.
JOE: Uh-huh.
DAISY: I watch the papers. If it's somebody I've heard of, I go. Good thing, too. The way folks forget the old-timers...good thing a couple of people show up.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
DAISY: You take Allington's funeral. Not more than a handful there...half a dozen maybe. None of the stars he worked with. Not that he was a star himself but they shouldn't forget. He was a fine actor...never got the parts he deserved.
FRANK: You connected with show business, Miss Wilkers?
DAISY: I follow it, that's all. Oh, I don't spend all my time reading movie magazines or anything like that. But I keep up with what's going on in the field. Did you know Allington was on television just the other night?
JOE: What?
DAISY: The late show...picture must have been at least twenty
2 years old...he played the villain...did a good job
3 considering that it was twenty years ago. Gives you a
4 funny feeling though...watching somebody who isn't
5 here anymore.
6 FRANK: Yes, ma'am and as soon as you saw the name Allington on
7 the check you realized the guy was a phony and called
8 us -- that right?
9 DAISY: Approximately.
10 JOE: Approximately?
11 DAISY: Well, I told him I didn't know if I had any cash in the
12 house...said I'd have to go upstairs to make sure. Got
13 an extension phone up there.
14 JOE: I see.
15 DAISY: Then I telephoned you.
16 FRANK: What did you do next?
17 DAISY: Came back downstairs.
18 JOE: Yes?
DAISY: Told him I didn't have the money. He started acting funny...said it didn't matter...he'd cash the check someplace else. Real funny...like he was onto me.

I stalled around best I could but he took off. Caught the bus on the corner...didn't have to wait more than a minute or so for it. Sure is strange...whenever I want that bus I stand out there for half an hour.

JOE: One more thing, Miss Wilkers....

DAISY: Well?

JOE: We've got a description but it's pretty vague.

DAISY: Description?

JOE: Of this fellow who's passing himself off as Allington.

DAISY: Oh.

JOE: All we know is he's medium-sized, gray hair...fairly well-dressed.

DAISY: That's about right.

JOE: Not very specific.

FRANK: Anything you can add?

DAISY: You mean you want to know who he is?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

DAISY: Wilbur French.

JOE: What?

DAISY: Used to play bit parts in pictures.

JOE: Yeah.

DAISY: Recognized him the minute he came to the door.

(END SCENE 5)
JOE: Miss Wilkers insisted her identification of the check forger was correct. We drove back to the office.
checked the name Wilbur French through R. & I. ... nothing on him. I telephoned Miss Breakhart at the SAG. She reported that French was a member in bad standing...two years delinquent in his dues. She had no address listed for him but she was able to tell us the last company he had worked for...a small TV outfit on Santa Monica Boulevard. She also told us his file showed he was last represented by Paul Pilcher, an agent with offices on Sunset. Jan. 14, 9:35 AM. I dropped Frank off at the Santa Monica TV company and drove on out to interview Pilcher.

SOUND: STEPS IN CORRIDOR...OPEN DOOR...STEP...CLOSE DOOR

FRIEDA: Yes, sir? What can I do for you?

JOE: I'd like to see Mr. Pilcher.

FRIEDA: You a client?

JOE: Police officer. Name's Friday.

FRIEDA: Oh. Mr. Pilcher in?

JOE: Not yet.

FRIEDA: Not yet.

JOE: You expecting him?

FRIEDA: I don't know when exactly. Sometimes he plays tennis on Saturday mornings before he comes to the office.
1 JOE: Uh-huh.
2 FRIEDA: But he'll be in. He's closing a deal with T.R.C.
3 JOE: Oh.
4 FRIEDA: That's a studio. New company just getting started.
5 JOE: Uh-huh.
6 FRIEDA: Would you like to look at the trades while you're waiting? Yesterday's...they don't come out on Saturday.
7 SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPERS
8 JOE: Thanks.
9 SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...SITS
10 FRIEDA: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Mr. Pilcher in some kind of trouble?
11 JOE: Not so far as I know.
12 FRIEDA: That's a relief.
13 JOE: Mr. am?
14 FRIEDA: Just between you and me the office has been skating on kind-a thin ice lately. Financially speaking that is.
15 JOE: Uh.
16 FRIEDA: Ows me two weeks' pay. Two weeks today. If anything happened to Mr. Pilcher I'd never get it.
17 JOE: Uh-huh.
18 FRIEDA: He's an easy man to work for but a girl likes to be paid.
19 JOE: Sure.
20 SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS SLIGHTLY OFF...PICK UP PHONE
1 FRIEDA: Mr. Pilcher's office....I'm sorry he hasn't come in yet
2 ....Any minute....Would you like me to have him call
3 you?....I see. Well, if you'll try again in about
4 fifteen minutes he ought to be here. Bye.
5 SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE SLIGHTLY OFF JOE LEAPS THROUGH TRADES
6 NEXT
7 FRIEDA: Guess there wasn't much news yesterday.
8 JOE: No ma'am.
9 FRIEDA: Friday's a bad day. All that stuff about what pictures
10 are shooting. Hardly anything else.
11 JOE: Uh-huh.
12 BEAT
13 FRIEDA: I hope you weren't insulted.
14 JOE: What?
15 FRIEDA: When I asked if you were a client.
16 JOE: No, ma'am.
17 FRIEDA: Some people wouldn't like the idea of being taken for
18 an actor.
19 JOE: Some people wouldn't like the idea of being taken for a
20 cop.
21 FRIEDA: I never thought of that.
22 BEAT
23 SOUND: 'LAY DOWN TRADES
24 JOE: You got a list of your boss's clients?
25 FRIEDA: Sure.
1 JOE: Names and addresses?
2 FRIEDA: Of course.
3 SOUND: JOE GETS UP...COUPLE OF STEPS
4 JOE: Maybe you can help me then, Wilbur French.
5 FRIEDA: French?
6 JOE: I'd like his address.
7 FRIEDA: I've never heard of him.
8 JOE: Oh.
9 FRIEDA: Wait a minute I'll make sure.
10 SOUND: RATTLE THROUGH PAGES IN A BOOK
11 FRIEDA: He's not down.
12 JOE: I see.
13 FRIEDA: If he was a client I'd know the name. He'd have called in. They all do.
14 JOE: Uh-huh.
15 FRIEDA: I've only been here a couple of months but he'd have called in. Actor?
16 JOE: Yeah.
17 FRIEDA: He'd have called.
18 JOE: Maybe Mr. Pilcher can help me.
19 FRIEDA: I doubt it.
20 JOE: The Screen Actors Guild says your boss used to handle him.
21 FRIEDA: They change agents real fast. Ninety-one days.
22 JOE: What?
FRIEDA: If you don't get them so much work in ninety-one days they can get a new agent. It's in the contract.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STEPS IN

FRIEDA: Morning, Mr. Pilcher.

PILCHER: Morning.

FRIEDA: This gentleman's waiting to see you.

PILCHER: Uh?

FRIEDA: And Mr. Brogan's office called. They'll call back.

PILCHER: Mr. Brogan's getting shaved.

FRIEDA: Well?

JOE: Police officer. Name's Friday.

PILCHER: Police?

JOE: That's right.

PILCHER: What can I do for you?

JOE: Like to talk to you for a minute.

PILCHER: All right. Come on inside.

SOUND: STEPS...OPEN DOOR...STEPS...CLOSE DOOR...

PILCHER: Sit down.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: STEPS...THEY BOTH SIT

PILCHER: Cigarette?

JOE: Thanks.

PILCHER: Here's a lighter.
1 JOE: Never mind. I've got a match.
2 SOUND: THEY LIGHT UP
3 BEAT
4 PILCHER: Well?
5 JOE: You handle an actor named Wilbur French, Mr. Pilcher?
6 PILCHER: French?
7 JOE: Yes, sir.
8 PILCHER: No. No, I don't handle him.
9 JOE: Used to be his agent, didn't you?
10 PILCHER: Couple of years ago. Not any more.
11 JOE: Oh?
12 PILCHER: What's he done?
13 JOE: Could you tell me where I might find him?
14 PILCHER: Wouldn't have any idea. Don't think he's had much work lately. At least I haven't heard about him working.
15 JOE: What was his last address?
16 PILCHER: You're come to the wrong man.
17 JOE: The last address you've got for him?
18 PILCHER: I don't keep addresses of actors after they leave me.
19 JOE: Why did he leave you?
20 PILCHER: Usual reason. No work. Pretty bad as an actor.
21 SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS
22 PILCHER: Excuse me.
23 SOUND: PICK UP PHONE
24
PILCHER: Yes?...Put him on....Hello, George, how are you?.....
Glad to hear it...Mable?.....That's a shame...seems to be a lot of it going around this time of year.....
Well, what about Harvey? You make up your mind?....
Uh-huh.....I sure don't agree with you there, George.
He didn't look too old in the test.....So he's been in the business a few years, you can't hold that against him.....What do you mean a new face? You'll bring out somebody from New York who's been on television a hundred times. There won't be anything new about his face.....I'm not trying to tell you your business. I'm just trying to set a good actor in the right part.....
That's more like it.....How many week's work?.....I've read the script. Davis can't shoot that many scenes in two weeks.....Twelve hundred a week, four week's guarantee.....Fletcher paid him twelve hundred last fall. Go ahead and check.....If I was a Beverly Hills Agent you know what Harvey'd cost you.....Look, I'm not going to argue with you about it. Call Fletcher. He'll tell you what he paid Harvey. I'll be here till noon if you want to make a deal. Bye.

SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE
PILOCHER: Sorry to be so long.

JOE: Sure.

PILOCHER: Ten years ago they'd have paid him five thousand a week and been glad to get him. Eight years... now they argue about twelve hundred.

SOUND: PICK UP PHONE

PILOCHER: If Brett Harvey calls, stall him.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE

PILOCHER: Wish I could be of more help, Sergeant.

JOE: Any suggestions on how I might get in touch with French?

PILOCHER: Screen Actors Guild.

JOE: They sent me here.

PILOCHER: Oh. (BEAT) What's he done?

JOE: Bad checks.

PILOCHER: I'm not surprised. Last time I saw him he touched me for ten bucks.

JOE: Where was that?

PILOCHER: Bumped into him on the street. Is it serious?

JOE: We've got him on three or four so far. There'll be more if we don't catch him.

PILOCHER: Uh-huh.

JOE: More there are the tougher it'll be... when we do.

BEAT

JOE: Well, thanks anyway.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS
1 PILCHER: Wait a minute?
2 JOE: Yes, sir?
3 PILCHER: I suppose I could turn him up. Be a dirty trick
4 though...
5 JOE: Don't see why.
6 PILCHER: Maybe it's my fault...that he's in trouble. I didn't
7 get him enough work. Now I hand him over to you. Makes
8 me a heel, doesn't it?
9 JOE: You might be doing him a favor.
10 PILCHER: He won't think so.
11 JOE: You said you didn't know where he lives.
12 PILCHER: I don't.
13 JOE: How will you find out?
14 PILCHER: Spread the word around that I've got a job for him.
15 Tell the boys down at Cobb's. He'll hear about it.
16 JOE: Cobb's?
17 PILCHER: Drugstore at Fountain and Sunset. That's where they
18 hang out...extras and bit players.
19 JOE: Oh?
20 PILCHER: Leave your number. When I hear from French I'll get
21 in touch with you.
22 JOE: Thanks.
23 PILCHER: Still feel like a heel.
24 JOE: You shouldn't. You called the turn on him.
25 PILCHER: Huh?
26 JOE: He's a bad actor.
27 (END SCENE 6)
JOE: I left Pilcher's office and picked up Frank. The TV company had given him a still photo from the last production in which French appeared. Two of the check victims readily identified the man in the picture. The third lady was almost certain it was the same person who had posed as Allington but she refused to say positively.

Jan. 16, 3:32 PM. Paul Pilcher telephoned the office. He told us French was living at a hotel in Hollywood on Selma Avenue. When we got there the desk clerk said French was in his room...

SOUND: STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR...STOP

FRANK: This is it.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE STEPS FORWARD...KNOCKS ON DOOR

FRENCH: (OFF) Who is it?

JOE: Wanna talk to you, French.

FRENCH: Just a minute.

SOUND: DOOR IS UNLOCKED...THEN OPENED

FRENCH: Yeah?

JOE: We're police officers.

FRENCH: Want to ask you some questions.

JOE: Downtown.
1 FRENCH: What is this...a gag?
2 JOE: It's no gag.
3 FRENCH: Anybody can get hold of a badge. Who sent you -- Mike? Sammy?
4 JOE: Let's go.
5 FRENCH: Knock it off. I've been in too many pictures. I can tell actors from cops.
6 JOE: You ever hear of Parker Allington?
7 BEAT
8 FRENCH: Yeah, I've heard of him. Worked with him in pictures... used to be friends.
9 FRANK: That give you the right to sign his name?
10 FRENCH: Huh?
11 JOE: On bum checks?
12 BEAT
13 FRENCH: Now look, boys, I know why they sent you. I told Mike I got a call this morning about a job. It'd be just like him to pick a time like this...some practical joker, isn't he?
14 JOE: It won't do any good, French.
15 FRENCH: What?
16 JOE: The stall. You know who we are and why we're here.
17 BEAT
18 FRENCH: It's one of Mike's gags.
JOE: Three landladies say different.
BEAT
FRENCH: Oh.
FRANK: Get your coat.
FRENCH: It was only a few bucks.
BEAT
JOE: It was enough.
FRENCH: How'd you tumble?
JOE: One of the landladies knew Allington was dead.
FRENCH: Never figured he was that famous.
FRANK: Knew who you were too.
FRENCH: Me?
JOE: Yeah.
FRENCH: Couldn't have known I was living here.
BEAT
FRENCH: Who told you?
JOE: What's the difference?
FRENCH: Pilcher. That's why he wanted to get in touch with me.
I should-a figured it wasn't about a job. Pilcher,
wasn't it?
JOE: Forget it.
FRENCH: Some agent. Couldn't land a job if your life depended on it. Five years...over five years I was signed with him. Never had a decent booking. Nothing that lasted. Couple of days here and there. Nothing that lasted.

JOE: Don't worry about it.

FRENCH: Huh?

JOE: This one will.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE 76/54
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GISNEY: On February 7th trial was held in department 98, 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
DRAGNET RADIO
January 25, 1955
CLOSING COMMERCIAL
WEBB CLOSING - NO. 2

1 FENN: Now here is our star - Jack Webb.

2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield. I hope you'll remember that next time you're at your favorite tobacco dealers'. Buy Chesterfield and put that smile in your smoking. You'll like 'em as much as I do.
GIBNEY: Wilbur Karl Flicker, also known as Wilbur French, was found guilty on three felony warrants charging forgery. He was sentenced to the state prison as prescribed by section 470 of the California penal code for a period of 1 to 14 years.
You have just heard Dragnet -- a series of authentic cases from official files. Technical advice comes from the Office of Chief of Police, W. H. Parker, Los Angeles Police Department. Technical advisors: Captain Jack Donohoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher. Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, 

Script by Frank Burt...Music by Walter Schumann.....

Gibney speaking.

Watch an entirely different 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.

(L & M HITCH HIKE)
DRAGNET RADIO - Jan 25, 1955

L & M HITCH-HIKE

1 JINGLE....

2 THIS IS IT ... L & M FILLERS

3 IT STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE BEST!

4 MIRACLE TIP ... MUCH MORE FLAVOR

5 L & M'S GOT EVERYTHING

6 IT'S THE BEST!

7 ANNOUNCER: L & M stands out for flavor. The pure, white miracle

tip draws easy ... lets you enjoy all the taste.

8 L & M's got everything. It's America's best filter-tip

9 cigarette...

24/13