Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

-MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

ANNCR: Buy Chesterfield! So smooth . . . so satisfying . . . .

'5 Chesterfield!
RADIO BIG HAT

MUSIC: HARP AND UP

GIBNEY: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth, so satisfying.

(COLD) Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

#287 CHESTERFIELD #119 (V.B.)

ERODCAST: FEBRUARY 15, 1955

Chesterfield, Chesterfield.

MUSIC: BIG HIT

FENN: (EASILY) Lads 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:

Robbery Detail. You get call that a well dressed man has held up a diamond merchant. He's escaped into the crowded streets of your city. Your job... get him.
So smooth... so satisfying!

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENN: You want them mild. We make them mild and mellow.

MUSIC: VIBRAPHONIC STINGS

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

In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes... Stop!... Remember this:

GIRL: a smile in your smoking!

GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

WOODBLOCK -- 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 them a try. Light up a Chesterfield.

MUSIC: CLIMB UP AND OUT.
It was Tuesday, February 8th. It was cold in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Robbery Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Chief of Detectives, Tha Brown. My name's Friday. I was on my way back from communications and it was 12:15 P.M. when I got to Room 27...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)...Robbery 2.  

SOUND: JOE ENTERS THE ROOM. THE DOOR SWINGS CLOSED BEHIND HIM AND HE WALKS INTO ROBBERY SQUADROOM. THE B.G. CHANGES AS JOE ENTERS THE ROOM, (OFF & FADE ON) You get the wire off to Ahern? Yeah. Should have an answer this afternoon. Doesn't come in...we better call him.

Two? (OFF) Yeah, thanks. HE P... . . . . . .Uh huh. Yeah, well, there's not much we can do now. uh (NO) -No... . . . . . .
I think Stoner and Benson are going to handle it. Okay... . . . . . .Check you later. G'by.
HE HANGS  

FRANK: (WTH THE A5O `ACTION) Hal over at the jail.

JOE: Yeah... Right, I heard you.

FRANK: Want to know it~ve wanna gonna handle the show u onight, T-old him Stoner and Benson would.

JOE: Hess not in. Saw him go out with Chief Brown. We can talk, to him... .when we get back.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, THE HOT SHOT PHONE RINGS.

Wanna get somethin' to eat? 'Bout that time. Where d'ya want to go? How 'bout the stake out?

FRANK: Good. I could use a couple of enchiladas.

JOE: Get your hat.

SOUND: FRANK STANDS UP:

FRANK: Wanna tag the skipper before we leave?
HOT. ONE . . . I'LL GET IT.

JOE: Diamond merchant.

FRANK: Big score?

JOE: Eighty thousand dollars word.

(END SCENE 1)

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS INTO THE OFFICE.

GEORGE: I tell you officer . . . there wasn't anything about bin that'd make a person think he was a hold-up man.

JOE: Uh huh.

GEORGE: Nothin'.

JOE: You want to tell us what happened?

GEORGE: Sure. Not much to say about. I was sitin' here lookin' at the papers. Checkin' the sales.

address we'd gotten on the hot shot phone. It was a large office building on Hope Street. From the to register, we found that the victim, a Mr. George Mars, occupied suit e 318. We checked with the uniformed officers who answered the call and then went upstairs to talk with Mars.

JOE: Huh?
Dollar day. Figured maybe I could get a good buy on suits. Been needin' them, and figured maybe I could pick up a couple on sale.

Yes sir.

GEORGE: Not for a dollar y'know... but on sale.

FRANK: Yes sir.

GEORGE: Just sitting here readin' the paper and all of a sudden the door opens. In comes this fella.

Uh huh.

Nice lookin'. Sure no reason to think there was anything wrong.

Yeah.

Told me he wanted to see some diamonds. Unset.

Uh huh. He say why he wanted to see them?

Yeah. Somethin' about openin' a store up in the Valley someplace. Around Sacramento.

I felt kinda good... y'know t'think a man'd come all the way down here to look at the stones I've got.

He say why he did that?

No. I didn't ask. Lotsa times that happens. Been in business quite a while. Word get's around.

Uh huh.

Anyway... the man said he wanted to see some stones. I went back to the safe to get 'em.
JOE: Yeah.

GEORGE: Picl up several trays and brought 'em out here. When I took another look...he was sittin right there (POINTS) there...holdin' a gun.

Uh huh.

Just as calm as can be. Pointin' the old gun right at me.

What'd he say?

GEORGE: Told me to put the diamonds on the counter. Not to make any noise. Said if I played it smart, I wouldn't get b*t.

JOE: Uh huh. I understand what he wanted. No reason to insured? Cours b

GEORGE: That...

JOE: Diamonds are...un

GEORGE: On't get to collect Ub hub. What happened then?

Wish you could have seen this fella. Just as calm as could be. Reached in his pocket and took out a pair of gloves. Put 'em on. Then be scooped all the diamonds into a little bag he was carrying and told me to get into the back room.

Yeah.

He made me lay down on the floor and then looked the door. Told me not to make any noise. Said to count to a buried...by ones, before I tried to yell.

Uh huh.

After he looked the door, I heard him leave the office. I started countin'.

All right Mr. Mars. Can you give us a description of the man?

LG 0190271
Mr. Mars? Huh? Could you describe the man for us? I was a bit of this. What man looked like. I was afraid of when you asked. What? I don’t remember. What? Outside of the fact he had the gun. I can’t tell you anything about him. I been tryin’ to pull a picture outta my head but there just isn’t anything. Maybe if we help you. Go ahead. I don’t think it’ll do any good. How old was he? I dunno. Medium I guess. Thirty . . . thirty five . . . older. . . younger? I don’t know. How tall was he? I gins you’d say he was. I don’t know. When you looked at him. . . did he seem larger or smaller than yourself? Bout the same. Then he’d be about 5 . . . . 10 or 11- I guess, so. I don’t remember.
FRANK: What about his face... can you tell us anything about it?

GEORGE: No.

FRANK: He have a mustache?

GEORGE: Might have.

FRANK: But you aren't sure...

GEORGE: No.

FRANK: He wear glasses?

GEORGE: I don't remember them.

JOE: Is there anything that'll make it easier to identify him.

GEORGE: What about his speech... he have an accent of any kind?

FRANK: He give you a name when he came &...

GEORGE: Yeah

JOE: Umm huh.

FRANK: When I came back with the diamonds, and he was holding the gun... I noticed his hands.

JOE: What is it?

GEORGE: Yeah... but it's kinds small.

FRANK: What was it?

GEORGE: I don't remember... He kinda mumbled when he said it.

FRANK: Might've he bought anything, I could get it on a sales slip.

JOE: Is there anything I can do.

GEORGE: Umm...
GEORGE: His fingernails were manicured.

JOE: What?

GEORGE: Yeah. Real clean and with some kinda polish on 'em. Y'know bow I mean?

JQE: Yes sir.

GEORGE: Like that.

JOE: All right.

FRANK: I'll check with the fellas outside, Joe. Maybe they came up with something.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT

GEORGE: (UP) Mr. Smi?

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Yes sir?

GEORGE: Sure sorry about this. Not bein' able to help more.

FRANK: Don't worry about it, Mr. Mars.

GEORGE: Sure sorry.

FRANK: I'll be right back, Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK LEAVES THE OFFICE AND CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

GEORGE: You have a cigarette, Mr. Frid6?

JOE: Here y' go.

SOUND: JOE TAKES A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET AND SHAKES ONE OUT OF THE PACK

GEORGE: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE STRIKES A MATCH
GEORGE: (AS HE LIGHTS CIGARETTE) I got it.

BEA T

GEORGE: (EXHALING) This kind of thing happen to you often?

JOE: What d'ya mean?

GEORGE: Where somebody's robbed and can't remember what the holdup man looked like.

JOE: Once in a while.

FRANK: Checked with the men in the radio unit.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: They got a guy downstairs. We better talk to him.

JOE: Suspect?

FRANK: No, an eye witness.

(END SCENE 2)

GEORGE: What do you do about it?

JOE: Find another way.

GEORGE: You usually find one?

JOE: Most of the time.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS OFF MIKE

FRANK: (FROM THE DOOR) Joe?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: (OFF) See you a minute?

SOUND: JOE WALKS OVER TO FRANK
Frank and I went down to the lobby of the building and met with the uniformed officers who'd answered the call. Marken said he'd seen the hold-up man.

SOUND: LITTLE LOBBY NOISE . STREET TRAFFIC FAR OFF

STAN: Bet I did .-

JOE: When was that ?

STAN: Yeah . Musta been right after he held up old Mars.

JOE: Where'd you see him ?

STAN: Hall right outside the office . Right in front of the door practically .

JOE: Uh huh .

STAN: On the way to my place and this man come out of Mars . Roarin' .

JOE: Uh huh .

STAN: Yeah . Flung open the door and wham . . . right into me . Like to krocked me down . Really roarin' .

JOE: Uh huh .

STAN: Had this little black valise . Y'know . . . bout this big . . . (HE INDICATES) Yea . . . by yea . Had a death grip on it.

JOE: Did you get a good look at the man ?

STAN: Closer than I am to you . Ran right into me . Thought sure I was gonna end up on the floor . Yeah .

JOE: Can you give us a descript ? *W'-

STAN: Sure . What d'ya want to know ?

JOE: What he looked like .

STAN: Nothin' special . . Just a run of the mill crook . Seen one . . . you seen 'em all .
Well yes sir...but what'd he look like?

Yeah. What's the matter...couldn't old Mars tell you?

Not too well.

Figures.

Sir?

He's the dull one on the floor.

What d'ya mean?

All the rest of us are up...aggressive. Not old Mars...

Just sit'ta there all day lookin' at the paper. Words
around he only reads the personals. Y'know about the
young widow who wants to meet handsome business man.

Uh huh.

Yeah. Couple times I've gone in and there he was....

just sittin' there drawin' rings around some of the ads.

Wouldn't let me see 'em though.

Uh huh.

Figure it out yourself...isn't any wonder.

What's that?

He can't tell you what the hold-up man looked like.

But you can.

You just take all the odds you're offered on that one.

Yes sir...will you tell us?

Now?

Yes sir.

Yeah. Okay. How d'ya want it?
JOE: How old was he?
STAN: Guess about 28...maybe 30. Around in there.

JOE: How tall?
STAN: Like you.

JOE: That'd be about 6 feet.
STAN: That's what you are?

JOE: Yes sir.
STAN: Yeah.

JOE: How was he built?
STAN: Medium. Didn't seem to have a lot of beef. Just average.

JOE: Uh huh. How was he dressed?
STAN: Had a grey suit on...dark grey. Little red pattern goin' through it.

JOE: Single or double breasted?
STAN: Single.

JOE: What color shirt?
STAN: White...blue tie. One of them new ones. Little thin kind y'know. Little bitty knot. Had one of them bar things through the collar. Holes in y'know?

JOE: Uh huh.
STAN: Square ends.
STAN: On the bar...square ends. Not round like most of 'em.

STAN: Square.

JOE: Yeah. Was he wearin' a hat?


JOE: Uh huh. Was he clean shaven?

STAN: Yeah...how'd ya mean?

JOE: He have a mustache?

STAN: No. Didn't.

JOE: Was he wearin' glasses?

STAN: Not that I saw. Might have had 'em but he wasn't wearin' 'em.

FRANK: He say anything to you?

STAN: Not a peep. Just "Wham" and then he took off. Guess it kinds surprised him. He probably thought he could get away clean.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: Yeah. Made me real mad. Guy almost knocks you down and then doesn't even say he's sorry.

JOE: Yeah.

STAN: He took off...and when I thought about it...I went after him.

FRANK: Did you see if he was carrying a gun?

STAN: I just told you I went after him.

FRANK: Yeah.

STAN: I'm not a coward but I ain't no fool either. I'da seen a gun and I wouldn't have gone near him.
FRANK: Yes sir.

STAN: Guy didn't even wait for the elevators. Just ran off for the stairs. Fire exit y'know.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: Down three stories. All the way by stairs. Tell you it almost got me but I was so sore about being run into and then no apology....nothin'. I went after him. Got down here to the lobby and he knew I was after him.

JOE: Breathin' right down his neck.

STAN: Did you know he'd held up Mars?

JOE: No. Far as I was concerned...he was just a man with no manners and I thought I'd teach him some.

STAN: Yeah. I'm not a youngster anymore but I gotta lot of whing left. Teach him a thing or two.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: If I'da caught him that is.

JOE: Yes sir.

STAN: We got to the lobby and he ran out on the street.

JOE: Thought I had him sure there. Place was all crowded.

STAN: Dollar Day y'know.

JOE: Yes sir.

STAN: Didn't think he'd be able to run far with all those people.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: He didn't.

JOE: What?
STAN: He didn't run very far. Only to the curb and jumped in a taxi.

JOE: Yeah.

STAN: Cab took off. I tried to get there before it left but didn't make it. Too many crowds.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: Started up and ran down the street. Lost it? Thought about goin' after the guy but then figured it wouldn't do any good. Put the thought aside until later. Get him then.

JOE: Have you seen the man before?

STAN: No. Never laid eyes on him.

FRANK: You'd know him again if you saw him though?

STAN: Betcha. Know him anyplace. Him and me was in the Rose bowl on New Year's day and I could pick him out. Isn't gonna be much trouble though. T'get him I mean.

JOE: How d'ya mean?

STAN: I got the number of the cab he took. Got it written down in my office.

JOE: Can we go up and get it?

STAN: Sure. The scientifics come out yet?

JOE: What d'ya mean?

STAN: The scientifics...y'know for the fingerprints and all. They come yet?

JOE: No sir.

STAN: They get here and it'll be toodle-oo to him. Them guys and their machines. Just a matter of droppin' a few cards into some gadget and ping...there's the name.
JOE: It'll be a little more than that.

STAN: That's what you think. Soon's the scientifics get here, have 'em come and see me. First thing.

JOE: Yes sir.

STAN: Give somethin' to really work on.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

STAN: Yeah. Good start on who the fella is.

JOE: Huh?

STAN: When he bumped into me upstairs...he dropped his hat. Flew right offa his head. Guy didn't stop to pick it up, I got it. It's a good one.

JOE: Uh huh.

STAN: Got his name in it.

END SCENE III
JOE: 12:32 P.M. the crew from the crime lab arrived and started their investigation of the office where the robbery had taken place. Frank and I got the description of the thief out and then started to check on the cab number. The suspect's hat was turned over to the crime lab. When Frank and I looked at it, we found the initials "T. R." on the inner band, and the name of a men's store in Las Vegas, Nevada. Lieutenant Lee Jones said they'd run a check on it for us. The staats office started a run on the M.O. and the description. Both the victim and Stanley Marken were taken to the city hall to look through the mugg books for a possible identification. At 1:26 P.M. we obtained the name of the cab driver who'd picked up the suspect. The company told us that his regular stand was at the corner of 6th and Broadway. When we got there, the driver was out on a call. We waited until 2:14 P.M. when he returned.

SOUND: STREET B.G. PRETTY BUSY. LOTS OF PEOPLE AND CARS.

POLICE WHISTLES IN B.G.

JAKE: Yeah...I remember him. Picked him up in front of the Jeris Building.

JOE: That's right. Can you tell us where you took him?

JAKE: Not right off. Should be on the waybill.

FRANK: Would you check for us?

JAKE: Sure. Just a minute...I'll get it.

SOUND: JAKE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF. CAR DOOR OPEN.

JOE: Be a break if it comes through.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: OFF MIKE, WE HEAR THE CAR DOOR CLOSE AND JAKE'S STEPS AS HE FADES ON MIKE.
1 JAKE: (FADING ON) Yeah...here it is. Picked him up at 12:06.
2 Dropped him at the Toddle In bar over on Fig.
3 FRANK: He go in the place?
4 JAKE: Yeah. I was makin' out the log. Saw him.
5 JOE: He say anything to you on the way over?
6 JAKE: Nothin' special. Seemed kinda nervous. Kept lookin' back. I figured there was somethin' wrong...but you get so many crackpots in this business y'can't take time to worry about all of 'em.
7 JOE: Uh huh.
8 JAKE: What'd he do?
9 JOE: Be better if we talked to him about that.
10 JAKE: Yeah...sure. One thing he said...might help you out.
11 JOE: What's that?
12 JAKE: Wanted to know where he could get an airlines schedule.
13 JOE: Yeah.
14 JAKE: Said he was anxious to get out of town.
15 (END SCENE 4)
16 JOE: The cab driver verified the description of the suspect.
17 We put in a call to the airport detail and gave them the suspect's description. The bus depots and railroad terminals were also alerted. 2:47 P.M. we drove over to the Toddle In bar.
18 SOUND: JUKE BOX IN B.G. TO BE ADDED LATER. JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR.
19 NICK: (LITTLE OFF) Hi...what'll it be?
20 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK REACH THE BAR AND STOP.
JOE: Police officers. Want to ask you a couple of questions.

NICK: Nothin' wrong is there?

JOE: Like you to tell us.

NICK: Look around. You won't find nothin' outta line. It's a clean place.

JOE: Yeah. Who's been in here this morning?

NICK: Huh?

FRANK: How many people have been here?

NICK: Just a couple. Kinda slow. Why?

JOE: We're lookin' for a man about 30...6 feet tall...medium build...wearin' a dark grey suit. Way we got it he was in here about 12:15...12:30.

NICK: Today?

JOE: That's right.

NICK: What's he done?

JOE: Was he here?

NICK: I don't want any trouble.

JOE: You're sayin' it the wrong way. Was the man here?

BEAT

NICK: Yeah.

JOE: Who is he?

NICK: I don't know.

FRANK: You want us to buy that?

NICK: Way it is. If you don't like the color...shove off.
A41

-20-

1 JOE : 2 NICK :

4 5 6 BEAT

7 JOE :

8 NICK :

9 JOE :

10 NICK :

11 JOE :

12 NICK :

13 JOE :

14 BEAT

15 NICK :

16 JOE :

17 NICK :

18 JOE :

19 NICK :

20

21

22 JOE :

23 NICK :

24 JOE :

25 NICK :

26 JOE :

You're wearin' big heels. Look cop. . .The door was open when you came in. No locks. Same way when he was here. Came in. . .had a drink. That's it. You try and build any more and you're gonna find out you lost the paddle. Get your coat.

Huh?

You heard it. Move.

Gonna take me down.

That's right. Gotta get somebody to watch the place. We'll wait.

Doesn't seem very fair.

What d'ya mean: I didn't have a part of the action.

Why don't you tell us-

Guy came in . . . ordered bourbon and 5 VTk. Sat here and drank it. Had a couple more and left. Doesn't mean anything to me.

Then why'ro you standin' in front of him?

I dunno. Place is clean. . .like to keep it that way.

Who is he?

Tell you true. I can't pull up a name. Try.
NICK: Try somethin'.
FRANK: He in often?
NICK: Couple times a week.
FRANK: What's the attraction?
BEAT
NICK: Why don't you tell me what it's about......maybe we
can make a deal.
JOE: We don't need you on our side.
FRANK: Why's he come in?
NICK: 'See Alice.
JOE: Who's she?
NICK: Waitress.
JOE: What's her last name?
NICK: Colbar.
JOE: She go with this fella?
NICK: I don't know if it's serious. They been out a couple
times. Dinner and a show.
FRANK: Where do we find her?
NICK: Guess she's home. Doesn't come to work until 4:30.
JOE: You got her address?
NICK: It's in the book.
JOE: Wanna get it?
NICK: No other way?
JOE: Not from here.
BEAT
NICK: Okay.
FRANK: This Tom make a phone call while he was here?

NICK: No.

JOE: What'd he have to say?

NICK: Told me he just wound up a deal. Did pretty good on it. Said he was goin' home.

JOE: He live in town?

NICK: Not regular. From V. Ios I think.

JOE: He say where?

NICK: No. Mentioned somethin' about street or anything.

JOE: You want to get the girl's address?

NICK: Yeah.

SOUND: HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF MIKE AND THEN STOPS.

NICK: Hope you understand about before.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

NICK: Why I wouldn't go with you from the front.

JOE: You tell us.

NICK: It's Alice.

JOE: Yeah.

NICK: She'd be in real trouble if it got out she was seein' Tom.

JOE: Why?

NICK: I don't think her husband would go for it.

(END SCENE 6)
We called the name and description of the waitress into R. and I., but found there was no record on her.
Frank and I left the bar and went over to her home.
It was a run-down apartment building on Court Street.
We checked with the manager and she told us that the girl's husband had left about 9:30 that morning. She went on to say that Alice Colbar seldom left the place before 3:30 and as far as she knew, was still at home. Frank and I went up to talk to the girl.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS ON CARPET. PAUSE. THEN KNOCK.

FRANK: Probably asleep.
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: ANOTHER KNOCK. THIS TIME HARDER.

BEAT

JOE: Mrs. Colbar?

SOUND: WITH THE ABOVE LINE, HE KNOCKS AGAIN.

BEAT

FRANK: Door open?

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: THEY WALK QUIETLY INTO THE ROOM.

JOE: You got your flash?

FRANK: Here.

SOUND: WE HEAR THE FLASHLIGHT SNAP ON.

JOE: (UP) Mrs. Colbar?
JOE: Throw the light over there Frank... in the corner near the bed.

BEAT

FRANK: Better call an ambulance.

SOUND: JOE WALKS RAPIDLY TO THE SIDE OF THE ROOM.

JOE: Yeah. Tell 'em to step on it.

FRANK: (OFF) How's it look?

JOE: Like she's dead.

(END SCENE 7 (END ACT 1)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
February 15, 1955
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

2 WOODBLOCK -- PLAY TRIPLET FIGURE

3 GROUP: (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD

4 SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD

5 PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING -- JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY

6 LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!

7 WOODBLOCK -- TRIPLET FIGURE

8 GROUP: They satisfy!

9 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

10 FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes ... Stop ... Remember this

11 -- In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies

12 like Chesterfield! Put a smile in your smoking.

13 MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS

14 FENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield

15 quality ... highest quality ... at no extra cost to

16 you.

17 MUSIC: STINGS OUT

18 FENN: Today's Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made

19 and our factory doors are always open to prove it!

20 MUSIC: STING

21 FENN: Come in any time and see the quality detective ... the

22 newest .... the most important discovery in cigarette

23 making in over 30 years. The quality detective -

24 another reason why the Chesterfield you smoke today

25 is highest in quality ....

26 MUSIC: STING

27 FENN: Low in nicotine ....

(MORE)
SECOND COMMERCIAL (Continued)

1 MUSIC: STING
2 FENN: Best for you!
3 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT
4 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
5 FENN: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth... so satisfying...
6 Chesterfield!
7 MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL

LG 0190292
JOE: From the appearance of the room, there'd been a fight. Furniture was overturned, lamps were broken. Several bottles had apparently been smashed against the walls. The body of Alice Colbar was laying on the floor near the bed. Her face was buried in a pillow as if she'd used it to ward off additional blows from her attacker. An ambulance crew arrived and she was removed to Georgia Street Receiving hospital for treatment. A thorough search of the room failed to turn up anything to lead to the identity of the person who'd beaten her. We talked to the landlady again and found that Irvin Colbar, the victim's husband, was employed at a golf driving range out in the Valley. We checked the name and description through the record section and found that he'd had one arrest for drunk driving. He'd been fined and placed on probation. 4:26 P.M. Frank and I drove out to talk to him.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G.

IRVIN: I knew you'd be here.
JOE: That right?
IRVIN: How's Alice:
JOE: Havin' it pretty rough.
IRVIN: I don't know...just all of a sudden....there was a beef and I hit her.
FRANK: With what?
IRVIN: My hands.
JOE: What started the argument?
IRVIN: Tom.
JOE: Who's he?
IRVIN: Friend of Alice's.
JOE: You know his last name?
IRVIN: No. I've never even met him.
JOE: Wanna tell us about it?
IRVIN: Wonder you don't know already. Everybody else does.
JOE: Go ahead.
IRVIN: They've been goin' together a couple of months.
Alice works at a bar. Tom came in all the time.
Guess it got pretty serious.
JOE: Yeah.
IRVIN: I went by the place last night. Gonna pick her up
after work. She was gone. Bartender there told me
she'd left with this fella, Tom.
JOE: Un huh.
IRVIN: I got pretty sore. You can figure what it's like....
findin' your wife is runnin' around with another man.
FRANK: Yeah.
IRVIN: I had a couple of drinks. Tryin' to think what to
do. Right then, I wanted to kill both of 'em. Couple
of guys in the bar tried to calm me down. Guess I
got pretty loaded. One of 'em took me to his
place....I spent the night there.
JOE: Un huh.
IRVIN: Woke up this morning and went home. You gotta
believe me....I wasn't real sore anymore. Mad yeah....
but not so's I was gonna do anything.
JOE: Un huh.
IRVIN: Alice was asleep when I got there. I woke her up and told her I knew all about her and Tom.

FRANK: Yeah.

IRVIN: I kinda thought she'd be sorry...Y'know...say she was wrong. Somethin' like that.

FRANK: Yeah.

IRVIN: She wasn't. Told me how her and Tom were in love and that she wanted a divorce so they could get married. I tried to talk to her. Tell her how I loved her.

(BEAT) Didn't do any good. She said we were all through. For me to pack my things and get out. I guess that's when I hit her. I don't know. All of a sudden...I wanted to smash her. That's all there is.

JOE: And you've never met this Tom?

IRVIN: No.

FRANK: How 'bout the other guys in the bar....they know him?

IRVIN: To talk to. I think that's about it.

FRANK: Any idea where he lives?

IRVIN: No. I tried to find out last night. None of the people around the place know. If I'da found out.... I'da killed him.

JOE: You want get your coat?

IRVIN: Yeah.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS THEN STOPS.

IRVIN: What're they gonna do to me?

JOE: We don't know.
IRVIN: I didn't kill her though, huh?

JOE: She's still in a critical condition.

IRVIN: Guess it doesn't make a difference anyway. We been only married a couple of years. Won't be much without her. Never figured it'd end up like this.

JOE: Yeah.

IRVIN: I really loved her. Done anything in the world to make her happy. How d'ya answer it?

JOE: What's that?

IRVIN: Why she did it?

JOE: I don't know.

IRVIN: I asked her. She wouldn't tell me. Just said it was over. She wouldn't give me one reason.

JOE: C'mon let's go.

IRVIN: Can I see her?

JOE: We'll check on it.

IRVIN: I want to ask her. Find out why. Maybe she'll tell me now.

JOE: If she can hear you.

(End Scene 8)
Irvin-Colbar was taken to the main jail and booked in on charges of suspicion of violation of section 245 P. C. Assault with a deadly weapon. We put in a call to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital and found that the Colbar woman had been removed to County Hospital but was still unconscious. We made arrangements to be called in the event she was able to be questioned. 6:45 P. M. We talked to Lieutenant Lee Jones. He told us that the lab had been unable to come up with any useful information at the scene of the crime. He said they'd identified the manufacturer of the hat the suspect had worn and gave us their local address. He went on to say however that hairs found in the lining of the hat would act as corroborative evidence if the suspect was apprehended.

We put a call to the hat company but found their offices were closed. We contacted the Las Vegas Police Department and asked them to check on the store who'd sold the garment. We gave them a complete description of the suspect and the initials T. R. with a possible first name of "Tom". They said they'd call back the next morning with whatever information they could obtain.

Wednesday, February 9th, we got word from County Hospital that Mrs. Alice Colbar had died in her sleep without regaining consciousness. The case was turned over to Homicide officers for completion. Additional teams of men were sent out to the bar where she was employed in an effort to find some trace of the missing suspect.

11:15 A. M. 21 15

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. PHONE BELL, RECEIVER PICK UP

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP THE RECEIVER

FRANK: Las Vegas.

JOE: How'd they do.

FRANK: Checked with the clothing store where the hat was bought.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: It's a new model....only been out a couple of months.

JOE: They remember the guy who bought it?

FRANK: Yeah. Description didn't mean anything but the initials did. Clerk said the hat was bought by a Thomas Rourke.

JOE: Vegas got anything on him?

FRANK: Yeah. Couple of arrests for robbery.

JOE: He do any big time?

FRANK: No. Cases wouldn't hold.

JOE: They know where he is?

FRANK: Got an idea.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Supposed to live out in Covina.

(END SCENE 9)
Frank and I checked the name Thomas Rourke through R. and I, and found one assault arrest on a man answering his description. The mug shots were pulled and shown to the robbery victim and the witness. Both of them gave us positive identifications. We contacted the Covina Police department and told them what had happened. They assured us complete cooperation. Along with Officers J. J. O'Donnell and Sergeant Jim Austin, Frank and I left the office to take the suspect into custody. We met with Officers from the Covina P.D. and drove to 1854 Eldred Avenue. It was a small redwood house set well back on the lot. In the driveway there was a late model Plymouth coupe. From the street, there was no sign of life. The shades were drawn and the front porch was covered with advertising newspapers. While O'Donnell and Austin covered the rear of the house, Frank and I went up to the front door.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. BIRDS....A DOG BARKING IN THE FAR DISTANCE
AND NOW AND THEN A ROOSTER CROWING. JOE & FRANK TAKE GUNS FROM THEIR HOLSTERS.

BEAT

JOE: Set?
FRANK: Yeah.

BEAT

SOUND: JOE TAKES A STEP AND THEN HITS THE DOOR. IT CRASHES OPEN
AND WE HEAR THE TWO OFFICERS ENTER THE HOUSE.
FRANK: No one here.
JOE: Take that side.
FRANK: Right.

SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK TAKE OFF AND JOE WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM AND
OPENS A DOOR. COUPLE MORE STEPS AND THEN ANOTHER DOOR.
FRANK: (FROM OFF) Nothin' out back. How you doin'.
SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS, THEN STOPS.
JOE: He must be around someplace.
SOUND: STEPS TO DOOR AND THEN JOE SNAPS THE DOOR OPEN.
BEAT
TOM: (LITTLE OFF) I give up....don't shoot.
JOE: Come outta there.
TOM: Yes sir....I'll do like you say. No trouble sir...please
no trouble,
JOE: Keep those hands where I can see 'em.
TOM: Yes sir. Just like you say.
SOUND: TOM WALKS OUT OF THE CLOSET PAUSES.
JOE: Turn around. Get up to that wall.
SOUND: TOM MOVES TO THE WALL.
TOM: (AS HE MOVES) Yes sir.
SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND DOES FAST SHAKE.
FRANK: He's clean.
TOM: You won't find anything. I haven't done anything wrong.
You got the wrong man.
JOE: Yeah sure.
TOM: I'm tellin' you the truth sir. I wouldn't lie.
JOE: C'mon let's go.
TOM: Yes sir. I get a coat?

JOE: Point it out.

TOM: In the closet. Grey one.

FRANK: (MOVING) I'll get it.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES OFF TO GET THE COAT

TOM: What's this all about sir?

JOE: You don't need a picture.

TOM: I'm afraid I do. I don't know why you're doing this.

JOE: That your car in the driveway?

TOM: Yes sir.

JOE: You live here alone?

TOM: No sir. This is my sister's house.

JOE: Where's she?

TOM: Working sir.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS BACK ON MIKE

FRANK: Here...put it on...let's go.

TOM: Can't I get a hat.

JOE: Don't bother.

TOM: Hub?

JOE: We got one that'll fit.

(END SCENE 10)
JOE: The suspect was taken to the city hall and questioned.
For an hour he maintained that he didn't know anything
about the diamond robbery. While Frank and I were talking
to him, the other officers were making a thorough
search of his sister's house and grounds. 3:15 P.M., we got
word that the diamonds had been found in the backyard of
the place. When he was confronted with this information,
the suspect made a full confession. 6:08 P.M. He'd
finished giving us a statement.

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SOUND: LITTLE PAPER RATTLE

JOE: This is a true statement?

TOM: Yes sir.

JOE: You make it without promises of reward or immunity.
There's been no force exerted on you and you give this
statement of your own free will.

BEAT

TOM: Yeah.

JOE: Sign all the copies.

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING, TOM SIGNS THE PAPERS.

TOM: Too bad about Alice.

JOE: Yeah.

TOM: Nice kid. (HE SIGNS) Got too serious though.

JOE: That right?

TOM: Yeah. Talked all the time about how she was goin' to
leave her husband. How we were going to get married.

JOE: Uh huh.

TOM: She knew I was goin' back to Nevada. Wanted me to take
her.

JOE: (GRUNTS)
TOM: Silly.
JOE: Uh huh.
TOM: Nothin' between us. Little flirtation. Y'know somethin' to kill time. She didn't mean anything to me. Nothin' at all.
JOE: That right?
TOM: Yeah. I wouldn't have married her on a bet. I tell you that for true.
JOE: Uh huh.
TOM: She didn't mean a thing to me. You oughta believe it.
JOE: You don't have to convince us.
TOM: Huh?
JOE: You can talk to her husband.

(END SCENE 11)

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

On June 9th, 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.

Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

COMMERCIAL INSERT.
Thomas Emmery Rourke was tried and convicted of robbery in the first degree and received sentence 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. Irvin Franklin Colbar was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree and was sentenced to the state penitentiary for a period of from five years to life.

Script by John Robinson...Music by Walter Schumann...Hal Gibney speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES

FRNN: 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)
IT STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST

MIRACLE TIP . . . MUCH MORE FLAVOR

L & M GOT EVERYTHING

IT'S THE BEST!

ANNCR: L & M noXce how mild they are; . . . How easy they draw! Nothing compares with L & M's pure, white miracle tip for quality or effectiveness. L & M - America's best filter-tip cigars.
Cross Plug

ANNCR: Be sure and listen to Chesterfield's great Perry Como show... every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on another network.