CASE THE PIG REWISION

REflEASURE CHEDULE:

RECORDING: T.B.A.

CAST AND SOUND: T.B.A.

EDITING: T.B.A.

SCORING: T.B.A.

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCINGS (COMMERCIAL) - CAPT. JACK DONOHOE

BROADCAST: 7:00 - 7:30 P.M.

BY T.R. LGO 189792
FENN: Put a smile in your smoking! Next time you buy cigarettes - stop - remember this - it's today's biggest cigarette news.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield is made the modern way - with Accu-Ray!

FENN: The Accu-Ray controller is the greatest improvement in cigarette making in years. And it's a Chesterfield exclusive. This amazing 'Quality Detective' electronically checks and controls the making of your Chesterfield - giving a uniformity and smoking quality never possible before. So buy Chesterfield today! For the first time you get a perfect smoke column from end to end.

GIBNEY: A perfect smoke column - from end to end.

FENN: From the first puff to the last puff your Chesterfield smokes smoother. From the first puff to the last puff your Chesterfield smokes cooler.

GIBNEY: From the first puff to the last puff Chesterfield is best for you.

FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes... stop... remember... Chesterfield is made the modern way - with Accu-Ray.

GROUP: PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD... (JINGLE) TRIPLET FIGURE THEY SATISFY. (JINGLE)
DRAGNET
MAY 10, 1955
SECOND COMMERCIAL
1 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT
2 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
3 PENN: Next time you buy cigarettes ... Stop ... Remember this
4 ... In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like
5 Chesterfield.
6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
7 MUSIC: VIBRA HARP STINGS
8 PENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield
9 smoothness. \
10 GIRL: So smooth ... so satisfying!
11 MUSIC: STINGS OUT
12 PENN: You want them mild. We make them mild! Mild and mellow
13 with the smooth and refreshing taste of the right
14 combination of the world's best tobaccos. So next time
15 you buy cigarettes ....
16 GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!
17 WOODBLOCK---------TRIPLET FIGURE
18 GROUP: (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
19 SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
20 PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY
21 LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!
22 WOODBLOCK -------TRIPLET FIGURE
23 GROUP: THEY SATISFY!
DRAGNET
MAY 10, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 WEBE: A know Chesterfield will do for you what they always
do for me. Put a smile in your smoking. It's the best

cigarette made for my money. Smooth - satisfying - mild
and mellow. In the whole wide world, no cigarette
satisfies like Chesterfield. Try 'em - they'll satisfy you.
DRAGNET
MAY 10, 1955

HITCHHIKE - L & M

1 L & M JINGLE: THIS IS IT
2 L & M FILTERS
3 IT STANDS OUT
4 FROM ALL THE REST
5 MIRACLE TIP
6 MUCH MORE FLAVOR
7 L & M'S GOT EVERYTHING
8 IT'S THE BEST.
9 ANNCR: And L & M is sweeping the country! The pure white
10 miracle tip draws easy - Lets you enjoy all the
taste. Buy L & M - Notice how mild they are!
12 L & M Filters - America's best filter tip
13 cigarette!
ANNCR: Out of the havoc of World War II ... and the tragic plight of a widow and her son... emerges "A Man with a Conscience".... The true story to be dramatized on "Mr. Citizen" this week. Lock in your local TV listings for Mr. Citizen.
1 FENNEGAN: Hear Dragnet next week, same time, same station.
"THE BIG REVISION"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY.................................................JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH..............................................BEN ALEXANDER
CADE BOWEN.............
ERNORY DOCKS..............
BLANCH FINNEY..............
CAPTAIN BARNARD...........
BART.......................  
LAUR...........(DBL)........
DRAGNET - RADIO

"THE BIG REVISION"

N.B.C. #299 CHESTERFIELD # 131 (J.D.)

FOR BROADCAST: T.B.A.

1 FENN: (COLD) Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

2 MUSIC: HARP AND UP

3 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.

4 GIBNEY: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth...so satisfying...

5 Chesterfield.

6 MUSIC: SIGNATURE

7 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

8 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

9 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Burglary Detail. After weeks of investigation, a suspect in a burglary is picked up. You've got the evidence for a conviction, but over two hundred thousand dollars in loot is still missing. Your job... find it.

10 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
MUSIC: THEME

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

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

SOUND. THREE SETS OF STEPS ON HARD SURFACE. SLIGHT ECHO. CELL BLOCK IN B.G. FADING AS STEPS CONTINUE.

JOE: It was Saturday, March 5th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Burglary Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Barnard. My name's Friday. We were on our way back from the cell block and it was 9:45 A.M. when we got to the interview room... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ... felony section.

SOUND: STEPS PAUSE.

FRANK: I'll get the light.

SOUND: LIGHT SNAPPED ON.

JOE: Go on in, Bowen.

CADE: (GRUNTS)

SOUND: CADE ENTERS THE ROOM. JOE AND FRANK FOLLOW. DOOR CLOSE.

B.G. OUT.
JOE: Sit down.

SOUND: CADE MOVES TO A BENCH AND SITS DOWN. AFTER A BEAT, JOE MOVES TO HIM.

JOE: Cigarette?

SOUND: JOE SHAKES A CIGARETTE FROM A PACK AND OFFERS IT.

JOE: Here's a light.

SOUND: JOE SNAPS LIGHTER.

CADE: (EXHALES)

BEAT

JOE: You wanna talk to us this morning?

BEAT

JOE: You're not doin' yourself any good this way, Bowen.

FRANK: We checked your apartment. Found a set of tools. Our crime lab says they're the same ones used in the Hendricks job.

JOE: We can put you in the front room of the house. You're dead, Bowen, why don't you admit it.

BEAT

JOE: This is the first time you've been nailed for anything big. You go along with us and the judge might take it into consideration. If we have to write it up this way, he's liable to throw the book in your face.

BEAT
FRANK: Who was with you on the job?

JOE: We know you didn't swing it along. Somebody had to carry the light.

FRANK: Who was it?

JOE: All right. What about the loot? Where is it?

FRANK: Stuff's not gonna do you any good at the joint.

JOE: There's over two hundred grand in furs and jewelry missing. We know you had it. Where is it?

FRANK: How 'bout it, Bowen. You're just causin' yourself a lotta grief.

SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS.

JOE: You've had it. Let's go.

SOUND: JOE MOVES BACK TO CADE.

JOE: On your feet.

SOUND: CADE STANDS UP

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: JOE AND CADE MOVE TO THE DOOR. IT OPENS AND THE BG SOUND IS HEARD. THE STEPS STOP.
CADE: Too bad, cop.

JOE: That right?

CADE: Sure. Nothin' you can do to make me tell where the stuff is. Not a thing.

JOE: Sure.

CADE: You're never gonna find out where it is. Never.

JOE: It doesn't make a lotta difference.

CADE: Huh?

JOE: You're never gonna use it.

(END SCENE 1)
Three weeks previously, on February 10th, two unidentified persons had entered a home in the Bel Air district. They'd taken furs and jewelry valued at over two hundred thousand dollars. The investigation conducted by Burglary Detail had netted one of the suspects. He was identified as Cade Bowen, WMA, 32 years. His arrest record had listed several charges of drunk driving and disturbing the peace. However, he'd never been picked up on a felony before. In spite of our efforts, we'd been unable to break him down. He wouldn't identify the other suspect or tell us where we could recover the stolen goods. All his friends and relatives were questioned. None of them could aid us. The case on him was prepared for the district attorneys office and we continued to look for the other suspect. Monday, March 7th at 8:02 A.M. I checked into the squadroom.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. FEW STEPS

JOE: (LITTLE OFF) That you, Joe?

JOE: (UP) Yeah.

SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO THE SQUADROOM

FRANK: You're late.

JOE: Couple of minutes.

FRANK: (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) Two minutes...and...46 seconds.

JOE: What?

FRANK: Two minutes and 46 seconds.

BEAT
1 JOE: What happened... you get a new watch?
2 FRANK: Y'saw it huh?
3 JOE: What?
4 FRANK: The watch. Y'saw it.
5 JOE: No, Frank, I didn't. But I figure you're building
6 somethin'.
7 FRANK: Take a look.
8 SOUND: HE MOVES TO JOE
9 FRANK: Great, huh?
10 JOE: New watch:
11 FRANK: That's just where you're wrong, buddy.
12 JOE: I am.
13 FRANK: Sure. Same old watch. Same one.
14 JOE: Looks new.
15 FRANK: I thought you'd say that. Told Fay this morning. I said
16 ..."just wait till Joe sees this watch. He'll think it's
17 a new one." That's what I said.
18 JOE: To Fay.
19 FRANK: Yeah.
20 JOE: Uh huh.
21 EXIT
22 JOE: Okay... what is it?
FRANK: Same old watch. Just had the dial refinished. That's all.
Looks good, huh?
JOE: Yeah. I thought it was new.
FRANK: Same old watch. New dial.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: Had some of that radium stuff put on. See it here....
Shines in the dark. See.
JOE: Yeah, Frank.
FRANK: Gonna be able to tell what time it is at night from now on. Just hold up my wrist and there'll be the time....
glowin' through the dark at me.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: I told Fay you'd think it was a new watch. Said you'd be surprised that I just had the dial refinished.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: That's what I told her.
BEAT
BEAT
FRANK: This morning.
BEAT
SOUND: PHONE RINGS
JOE: I'll take it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE AND PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.  

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Burglary, Friday. Uh huh. Oh yeah Emmory.

Uh huh. Sure. No...not a sign of it. Yeah. We'd like to hear it anyway. Sure. Where can we meet you? Where?

Yeah...Okay...we'll be right over.....about five minutes...

Uh huh. Right. G'bye.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

JOE: That was Emmory.

FRANK: Who?

JOE: Emmory Docks. Says he wants to see us.

FRANK: What about?

JOE: Some stolen fur coats.

(END SCENE 2)

JOE: Frank and I left the office and drove over to see the informant. We found him in Persing square watching a checker game.

SOUND: PARK B.G. SLIGHT TRAFFIC SOUNDS FROM FAR OFF MIKE. FEW STEPS ON HARD SURFACE.

EMMORY: Just a minute Joe...be with you.

JOE: Okay.

PAUSE

EMMORY: (ALMOST SILENT ....TO HIMSELF) No...not that one.
EMMORY: (Sighs) Always does it.

SOUND: He turns

EMMORY: Okay. Let's go.

SOUND: They start to walk

EMMORY: Always the same with that guy.

JOE: That right?

EMMORY: Yeah. Always the same. Set him up that way and he'll jump. Soon as he does...game's over. He can't see it...

but it's over.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMMORY: Real pidgeon for the set up. (Beat) We can sit over there and talk.

SOUND: The steps continue

JOE: You know my partner don't you, Emmory?

EMMORY: Yeah, sure. Hi.

FRANK: How y'doin'?

EMMORY: Not too bad. Guess y'can't win 'em all.

FRANK: (Grunts)

SOUND: The steps continue and then pause

EMMORY: We can talk here.

SOUND: They sit down.

EMMORY: Been a while, Joe.

JOE: Yeah. Guess a couple months.

EMMORY: See you once in a while drivin' by. Always look like you're in a hurry.
JOE: Usually am.
EMMORY: Uh huh.
BEAT
JOE: What'd you want to see us about, Emmory?
EMMORY: Fell over somethin' day before yesterday. Thought maybe it'd make sense to you.
JOE: Uh huh.
EMMORY: Met a guy who had some coats for sale. Price he was quotin'...had to be hot.
JOE: Where'd you meet him?
EMMORY: Bar over on 1st.
FRANK: He a friend?
EMMORY: Not to make a touch. I see him in the bar once in a while, but he don't ever buy a drink.
FRANK: Uh huh.
EMMORY: Other night, he got real palzy-walzy. I dunno....maybe he was gassed or somethin'...but he sure was friendly.
JOE: You met him in the bar?
EMMORY: Yeah. Stopped in to have a belt before I ate. This guy was there. Sittin' on the stool next to me. We got to talkin' and he almost knocked me over when he bought a drink. Right on the floor he knocked me.
JOE: Yeah.

EMMORY: One thing lead to somethin' else. He asked what I was doin' and I said just about anything to turn a buck. He asked me if I had any money I wasn't usin'. I said I didn't.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMMORY: He said it was too bad. Said if I could raise a couple long bills, he could turn me onto somethin' good.

FRANK: The coats?

EMMORY: Yeah. Told me how a friend of his came up with these fur coats. Wanted to dump 'em. Said the price was real good.

JOE: What kinda coats were they?

EMMORY: Mink. Full length (LENGTH). Had a couple of those scarf things too. He said they were Stone-Martin or somethin.... y'know where the skins look like they're bitin' each other?

JOE: Yeah.


JOE: Uh huh.

EMMORY: Guy made a big thing about how the price was light and if I had any loot....I could come out good. Big thing.

JOE: He say where his friend got 'em?

EMMORY: No. Matter of fact, I don't think there was a friend, coats were in his car I know if I had that kinda merchandise, I wouldn't put it in nobody else's pocket.

That's for sure.
JOE: What's this fellas name?
EMMORY: Jarvis Dean.
FRANK: (SPELLING) D-E-A-N?
EMMORY: Guess so.
JOE: What d'you know about him?
EMMORY: Not much. I told you... I see him around. He's an angle fella. Always lookin' for a touch.
JOE: He hold any kind of a job?
EMMORY: Not so's it would stand out.
JOE: How's he live?
EMMORY: Off other people mostly. Once in a while, he makes a big score and he's poppin' for drinks all over the place. Couple days and he's blown the wad and he's back on the dole.
JOE: Know where we can find him?
EMMORY: Can't give you a address.
JOE: He usually around the bar?
EMMORY: Mostly. You won't find him there for a couple of days now though.
JOE: Huh?
EMMORY: He said somethin' about goin' outta town. Down to Palm Springs. Somethin' about how he could make a contact down there and unload the coats.
FRANK: Jarvis ever been arrested?
EMMORY: I don't know. We didn't spend a lotta time talkin' about jails. Figures though.

FRANK: Why?

EMMORY: Way he talks. Some of the people I've seen him with.

Six-two-and even they can draw you a floorplan of the laundry up at Q.

JOE: Uh huh. Can you give us the name of the people?

EMMORY: All the same to you...I'd rather not. They ain't done nothin' to me, and I'd like to keep it that way. Some of 'em are pretty mean.

JOE: Yeah.

EMMORY: You understand. Isn't that I'm afraid but I don't see no reason to stir up anything.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: Dean say where this contact was at Palm Springs?

EMMORY: No. Mentioned some bar called Spanky's. That's all.

JOE: In the town itself?

EMMORY: Guess so. When I couldn't spring the money to go with him...he kinda cooled off. Y'know. Stopped bein' so friendly.

JOE: Yeah.

EMMORY: I got to thinkin' about it. Figured maybe it'd mean somethin' to you. Guy goes around with a couple grand of furs in his car...he didn't win 'em in a raffle. Gotta be somethin' there.
1 JOE: Uh huh.
2 EMMORY: Do you any good?
3 JOE: We'll check it.
4 EMMORY: When I first heard about it...I thought it'd do some good.
5 Right away I thought of you guys. Right away.
6 "JOE: Yeah.
7 EMMORY: Always like to try and help out when I can.
8 JOE: Uh huh.
9 EMMORY: Y'know. It works out both ways. Maybe you can give me a
10 hand sometime.
11 BEAT
12 EMMORY: Like now.
13 JOE: What?
14 EMMORY: I could sure use a couple bucks. Things ain't been goin'
15 too good.
16 JOE: That's too bad.
17 EMMORY: Temporary. Won't last. Couple of days and I got a job
18 comin' up. Hotel over on Wilshire. Pearl Divin'. Guy's
19 bein' drafted and I'm in line for the job. Couple of days.
20 SOUND: JOE STANDS UP.
21 JOE: I only got a couple bucks, Emmory. You can have it if
22 it'll help.
23 EMMORY: Sure, Joe. Anything at all.
24 SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF BILLS FROM HIS POCKET AND GIVES
25 THEM TO EMMORY
JOE: Here y'are.
EMMORY: Thanks. Got a pencil?
JOE: What?
EMMORY: A pencil? Y'got one I can use?
JOE: Here y'are.
SOUND: WE HEAR EMMORY TAKE A PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET.
HE WRITES.
EMMORY: Always like to keep these things legal. Y'never know.
JOE: Un huh.
SOUND: HE TEARS A PIECE OF PAPER AND HANDS IT TO JOE.
EMMORY: There y'are. My I-O-U. Pay you back as soon as I start to work.
JOE: Don't worry about it Emmory.
EMMORY: No ... no. Gotta do these things up legal.
FRANK: Can you give us a description of this Dean.
EMMORY: Sure. You think there's really somethin' to it huh?
FRANK: We'll check it.
EMMORY: Sure figures he stole the coats. Isn't any reason he'd want to give 'em away if he didn't.
JOE: Un huh.
EMMORY: Guy like that...he don't do anything for nothin'.
Gotta be a payoff somewhere.
JOE: Then he's not gonna be disappointed.
EMMORY: Huh?
JOE: There'll be one.
(END SCENE 3)
JOE: Frank and I got the description of Jarvis Dean, and the car he was driving, and then returned to the office. We had the name run through R. and I. and found a record. The mug shot was pulled and shown to Emmory Docks. He said it was the man who'd tried to sell him the coats. We put out a local broadcast and an A.P.B. on the suspect and his car. 11:25 A.M. Cade Bowen was questioned again, but he refused to give us any information on whether Dean was his accomplice in the burglary or not. At 2:30 that afternoon, Frank and I met with Captain Barnard in his office.

BARN: You think it's the Hendricks loot?

JOE: Should be. We've checked around. There haven't been any other thefts that'd cover it.

BARN: Y'got the list?

JOE: Yeah...here it is.

SOUND: JOE HANDS BARNARD A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER

BARN: (TAKING THE PAPER) Thanks.

SOUND: HE UNFOLDS THE PAPER AND LOOKS AT IT A MINUTE.

FRANK: You can see there...two mink coats...one stole and a Stone-Martin scarf.

BARN: Uh huh...(HE READS MORE) What about the jewelry?

JOE: Our boy didn't say anything about it. Doesn't mean it's not there.

BARN: Uh huh. What about this bar in Palm Springs he mentioned...(HE CAN'T THINK OF THE NAME)
JOE: Spankys.
BARN: Yeah. Y'know anything about it?
JOE: Where it is.
BARN: What kind of a place is it?
JOE: Resort town bar.
BARN: What about the reputation?
JOE: Clean. We've never had reports about it.
BARN: Uh huh. You think that's where you'll turn the stuff?
JOE: We don't know, Skipper. All we got's the name.
FRANK: It's someplace to look. More'n we've had.
BARN: You can't get anything out of Bowen?
JOE: He won't even admit he's in Los Angeles.
BARN: What's he got to say about the evidence?
JOE: He just sits and looks at us.
BARN: Then Palm Springs is the only lead you've got?
JOE: Yeah.
BARN: Okay. Trot it down. Can you leave right away?
JOE: I can. How about you, Frank?
FRANK: Just call Fay.
BARN: That's it, then. Go on down there. See what you can find out. Be sure to check with their department.
They might have something for you.
JOE: Okay.
BARN: When'll you be back?
JOE: If it works out... should be sometime in the morning.
BARN: Check with me as soon as you get in.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: THEY STAND UP
BARN: This fella Dean got a record?
JOE: Yeah. Assault and 211.
BARN: Sounds like he might be heavy.
JOE: Possible.
BARN: Well, take it easy.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE DOOR AND OPEN IT. WE HEAR THE SOUND
OF B.G. SQUADRON.
BARN: (LITTLE OFF) If he's the fella you're after, he's not gonna want to give that stuff up.
JOE: That puts it on our backs.
BARN: Huh?
JOE: We gotta convince him.

(END SCENE 4)
Frank and I went down to the car pool and checked out a trip car. Two hours later, we pulled into Palm Springs. We talked with the local authorities. They had nothing on Jarvis Dean and as far as they knew, there was nothing wrong with Spanky's Bar. We got the address of the place and drove over.

7 SOUND: BAR B.G. JUKE BOX IN FAR B.G. TO BE ADDED LATER. LIGHT

CONVERSATION. STEPS ON WOODEN SURFACE.

9 BART: (FADING IN) Yeah...what'll it be?
10 JOE: Police officers...like to ask you a few questions.
11 BART: (LOOKING AT I.D.) L.A. cops, huh? Somethin' wrong?
12 FRANK: We want some information.
13 BART: Sure. C'mon back here...be easier to talk.
14 JOE: Yeah.

15 SOUND: THE THREE OF THEM WALK TO THE REAR OF THE BAR. STEPS

16 PAUSE.

17 BART: What can I do for you?
18 JOE: Like you to take a look at these pictures. Tell us if you know the man.
19 BART: No, never saw him.
20 JOE: How 'bout this one?
21 BART: (TAKING THE PICTURE) Sure. (HE LOOKS AT IT) Yeah...
22 BART: he's been around.
23 JOE: He here now?
24 BART: Uh uh (NO). Doesn't usually make it this early.
25 JOE: Have you seen him at all today?
1 BART: I think he was in this morning. Around 10... in there.
2 JOE: Uh huh. Know where we can find him?
3 BART: What's he done?
4 JOE: Police business...
5 BART: Just so it doesn't get anybody in here in trouble. That
guy's a real crackpot.
6 FRANK: What d'ya mean?
7 BART: Looney. He's good business... but if I had my druthers...
8 I'd just as soon he stayed away.
9 JOE: Why?
10 BART: Way he acts. We gotta lot of big people come in here.
11 Y'know... the picture crowd. Lotta money. They like
12 things quiet. Come down here for a rest and that's what
13 they want. Guys like that fella.... they don't help.
14 JOE: That right?
15 BART: Sure. Get's gassed... makes a big noise all about how he's
16 'buyin' drinks for the house. Customers don't like that
17 kinda stuff.
18 JOE: Uh huh.
19 BART: Drinks aren't bad enough... but he's gotta start a pitch.
20 FRANK: What?
21 BART: He's been tryin' to set somethin' up. Some kinda' deal.
22 JOE: You know what it is?
BART: Uh uh (NO) I didn't pay a lot of attention. Just hear
him talkin' to some people. Get's any worse and I'm gonna
have to 86 him.

JOE: He come in alone?

BART: Sometimes.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

BART: There's a chick he brings in once in a while. Two of 'em
sit and drink.

FRANK: You know her?

BART: She in trouble?

FRANK: Do you know her?


JOE: She around?

BART: Was.

JOE: When?

BART: Half hour ago. Said she was goin' out and get somethin'
to eat. Should be back.

JOE: Y'know where she went?

BART: Uh uh (NO) Half a dozen places inside a block she coulda
gone. You wanna talk to her...best thing would be to wait

JOE: Okay.

BART: She was carryin' a real load when she walked out. Hope
the food helps her.
I JOE: You said she lives down here?
BART: Yeah. Got a place out the south end of town.
JOE: What's she do for a living?
BART: I dunno. Don't think she's got a job. Seems I heard her say she was divorced. Probably got a chunk of dough from her old man.
JOE: Uh huh. She and this fella pretty friendly?
BART: Y'mean the guy in the picture?
JOE: Yeah.
BART: Guess you could say that. Most of the time, they're together.
FRANK: How often's he here?
BART: Comes in the place almost every night. Y'know...when he's in town.
JOE: Is that quite a bit?
BART: Yeah...three...four days a week.
JOE: You ever hear what he did for a living?
BART: No. I don't think he works steady.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, WE HEAR BLANCH WALK ON MIKE.
BART: (SOTTO) Here's your girl now.
SOUND: BLANCH HAS WALKED ON MIKE AND CLIMBS UP ON A BAR STOOL.
BLANCH: (LITTLE OFF) Bart...pour me a drink, huh?
SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK TOWARD HER.
BART: Couple of fellas here who want to talk to you, honey.
BLANCH: That so? Well...bring 'em on. Always like to talk to fellas. If they're friends of yours, old Bart....I know they're okay.
Iff 1 BART: Yeah, sure.
BLANCH: These them? Say now...they're pretty nice lookin'.
Y'know that fellas? You're pretty nice lookin'.
JOE: Wonder if we could go to a booth. Might be easier,
BLANCH: All the same to you...I'll talk right here or I won't
say a thing. What's your name, honey?
JOE: Fridy.
BLANCH: Say...that's a funny name. Like the day, huh?
JOE: That's right. This is my partner, Frank Smith.
BLANCH: Oh c'mon now...don't try to pitch that at me. Smith....
there's a phoney if I ever heard one. Bart?
BART: Yeah.
BLANCH: How 'bout that drink. Can't sit here all night, y'know.
JOE: I think you've had enough of that.
BLANCH: Oh yee do...huh? Well...you just keep your big yap shut
BART: Better take it easy, Blanch.
BLANCH: Take it easy nothin'. Ain't no fella with a name like
Friday and Smith gonna come in here and tell me to not
have a drink. Couple of phoneys...that's what they are.
Phoneys.
JOE: All right miss. Calm down. We're police officers.
BLANCH: Oh yeah....Oh yeah? Well, I'm the queen of sheba...what
d'ya think of that. Huh? What d'ya think of that Mr.
Phoney?
BART: C'mon, Blanch. Quiet down.
BLANCH: Don't yell at me, you bartender. If you had any class
at all, you'd keep these mashers out of here. Fine
lousy bar you're runnin'.

JOE: Let's go outside.

BLANCH: You just try and take me there.

SOUND: JOE MOVES IN

BLANCH: You come another step and I'll knock your head off.

BART: Blanch...please ....take it easy.

JOE: All right miss, you've said enough. Let's go outside.

BLANCH: Sure...you got a big picture of that. Me goin' out then
and the two of you can gang up on me. No. That's N.O.
I ain't goin' no place with you.

JOE: You got it wrong.

BLANCH: I have, have I. Well, I'll just show you. (SHE SWINGS
SOUND: SHE 'JAWS OFF AND BEATS JOE.

BLANCH: (SCREAMING) Help Police...police. Somebody help me.

SOUND: JOE GRABS HER.

JOE: Now stop it...stop it.

BLANCH: You want another clout?

SOUND: JOE SHAKES HER.

BLANCH: Let go...y'hear...let go a me. (UP) Help. Police.

FRANK: We are the police.

JOE: C'mon...now stop it. (HE SHAKES HER AGAIN)
BLANCH: (STARTS TO CRY) All right...all right. I know when I'm licked. You don't have to shove me around any more. Just leave me alone. That's all...just leave me alone.

(SHE SOBS)

FRANK: Y'got some hot coffee?

BART: Yeah. I'll get it.

SOUND: BART TAKES OFF

JOE: Bring it to the back booth.

SOUND: JOE STARTS TO WALK WITH BLANCH.

JOE: C'mon now...everythings gonna be all right.

BLANCH: No it isn't...not ever again. Not ever.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE REAR OF THE PLACE AND STOP.

JOE: Wanna sit down.

SOUND: BLANCH SLIPS INTO THE BOOTH.

JOE: Here's a handkerchief.

BLANCH: Thanks.

SOUND: SHE BLOWS HER NOSE.

BLANCH: I never did anything like that before.

JOE: It's all right.

BLANCH: I guess I'm arrested?

JOE: We'll see.
BLANCH: I didn't mean anything by it. Nothin'. Just that I didn't know you guys. And then I was a little drunk. Just all of a sudden I wanted to hit somethin'. That's all...just hit somethin'. (SHE BLOWS HER NOSE AGAIN) You were handy.

SOUND: BART FADES IN

BART: Here's the coffee.

SOUND: HE PUTS THE CUP AND SAUCER ON THE TABLE

JOE: Thanks.

BART: You want cream or sugar?

BLANCH: No. Black.

BART: (TO JOE) Anything I can do?

JOE: No thanks.

BART: I'll be up front if there is.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: BART FADES OFF

FRANK: Go ahead, Miss. Try the coffee. It'll make you feel better.

BLANCH: Yeah. (SHE DRINKS) Hot.

SOUND: SHE PUTS THE CUP BACK ON THE SAUCER

BLANCH: I'm sure sorry about hittin' you.

JOE: It's all right.

BLANCH: Isn't really...but it's nice of you to say so.

SOUND: SHE TAKES ANOTHER DRINK OF COFFEE

BLANCH: What were you goin' to ask me when all this started?
JOE: Like you to take a look at a picture....tell us if you know the man.

SOUND: HE HANDS HER THE PICTURE

BLANCH: Sure...guess I owe you that.

(BEAT)

BLANCH: This the guy?

FRANK: Yes ma'am.

BLANCH: Sure...it's Jarvis.

FRANK: Last name Dean?

BLANCH: Yeah.

JOE: What d'ya know about him?

BLANCH: Guy....I've had a couple of drinks with him.

JOE: Uh huh. You know where he is?

BLANCH: Not now. Saw him this morning. Had a cuppa coffee. Haven't seen him since then.

FRANK: He still in town?

BLANCH: I don't think so.

FRANK: Y'know where he is?

BLANCH: No. Said he had to run up to L. A. on some business.

JOE: He say what kind?

BLANCH: No. We didn't talk much about that.

JOE: You know what he did for a living?
BLANCH: Un huh. (NO) Some kinda sales I think.
FRANK: Ma'am?
FRANK: What kinda things?
BLANCH: Watch...jewelry. Coats...Stuff like that.
JES: You know where he got 'em?
BLANCH: Didn't say. Guess he bought 'em from people. He sure
could give you good buys on things. Had a mink coat...
musta been worth a couple thousand dollars...said he'd let
let me have it for seven-fifty. If I coulda swung the
money...I'da bought it sure.
JES: Uh huh. Where'd he keep these things?
BLANCH: In his car. Had 'em in trunks in the back.
FRANK: What kind of a car is it?
BLANCH: Chevy.
JES: Can you give us a description of it?
BLANCH: Sure... (SHE TAKES A DRINK OF COFFEE)... can you tell me
what you want with Jarvis?
JES: It's a police matter.
BLANCH: Uh huh. Guess I haven't got the right to ask any
questions, after the way I acted.
JES: Be better if we talked to him anyway.
BLANCH: Kinda his fault the whole thing happened anyway.
JES: What di'ya mean?
BLANCH: We had a beef this morning. Real brawl. That's the reason I got lushed up. Because of the fight.

JOE: Uh huh.

BLANCH: All the time I knew him...I figured he was a pretty good guy. Then I found out. Guess it always happens like this. Seems to with me.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

BLANCH: Every time I think I found a fella that I can trust...he turns out to be a bum. Guess I attract 'em. Like some girls are the motherly type. All the guys they attract want mothers. Me...I attract bums.

JOE: Uh huh.

BLANCH: Skull crusher would probably have a field day with me.

FRANK: Have you any idea where Dean was going in Los Angeles?

BLANCH: No. He didn't give me an address.

JOE: He say when he'd be back?

BLANCH: Uh uh. (NO) That's what we had the beef about. He just shoved off. Said somethin' about meetin' a guy up there. Said this fella was in some kinda trouble and that he had to try and square it.

JOE: He say who it was?

BLANCH: Let's see...I'm not sure I can remember.

JOE: It's pretty important.

BLANCH: Uh huh. (SHE THINKS) ...wait a minute. Yeah. It was Bowen. He had to see a guy named Bowen.
JOE: He say what it was about?
BLANCH: No...not that I remember. Just told me he and this Bowen guy were on a deal together. Bowen had loused it up.
JOE: Uh huh.
BLANCH: Said he had to take care of him.
(END SCENE 5)

JOE: The description of Deans car that the girl gave us matched the one we'd gotten from our informant. We checked the room he'd occupied in Palm Springs. We talked with the local authorities, they agreed for the suspect. Frank and I left for Los Angeles. The following morning, we contacted Captain Barnard.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.
BARNARD: It all goes together.
JOE: Huh?
BARNARD: Y'better find 'em fast.
JOE: Somethin' wrong?
BARNARD: I don't know. But it could happen.
JOE: What d'ya mean?
BARNARD: Bowen was released on a writ last night.
(END SCENE 6)
JOE: Additional bulletins were gotten out on both men. Bowen's house was put under surveillance and all of his known hangouts were watched. Two days passed without word, then on Thursday, March 10th, at 10:57 A.M. Frank and I got back to the office from checking a lead.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. COUPLE OF STEPS AND DOOR CLOSE

LAUR: Friday?

JOE: Yeah.


JOE: Okay... thanks.

SOUND: HE WALKS TO THE BOOK AND TURNS A COUPLE OF PAGES

FRANK: What is it?

JOE: Supposed to call the Sheriff's Department.

SOUND: HE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP...DIALS 2387!

FRANK: Wonder what it is?

JOE: I dunno.

FRANK: Didn't figure you would Joe. Not until you make the call. (BEAT) Just wondered what it was.

JOE: Yeah. (INTO THE PHONE) Dave Terry please. (BEAT) Dave? ....Joe Friday...yeah. Uh huh. No we haven't. Yeah Where? Any idea when it happened?? Yeah. Okay. We'll be over to see you. Right. G'bye.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE
1 JOE: We're in trouble.
2 FRANK: Huh?
3 JOE: I dunno. They found a body out on the desert this
4 morning. Looks like it was a hit and run.
5 FRANK: Bowen?
6 JOE: No.....Jarvis Dean.

(END SCENE 7)

(END ACT I)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
JOE: Frank and I left the office and went over to the Hall of Justice where we met with the Sergeant Dave Terry. He showed up the photographs taken at the scene and the reports filed by the officers who'd discovered the body. From it's appearance, it had been struck by a car traveling at high speed. A thorough search had been made of the area but no trace of Jarvis Dean's car could be found. There was no apparent explanation as to how he'd gotten out on the desert. Another local and an A.P.B. was gotten out asking that Cade Bowen be picked up for questioning on suspicion of Murder. A week went by. There was no word of the suspect. Border stations had been alerted in the event he tried to escape into Mexico. Check points at the California - Nevada border had descriptions of both the car and the suspect. Saturday, March 19th. Frank and I got back from the Staats office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. COUPLE OF STEPS
FRANK: Another dead end.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Where to now?
JOE: Check with the skipper. See if he's got any idea.
FRANK: Uh huh.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE DOOR OF THE CAPTAINS OFFICE...DOOR
KNOCK
BARN: (OFF MIKE...THROUGH THE DOOR) C'mon in?
SOUND: DOOR OPEN
BARN: Where you been. I've been lookin' for you.

JOE: Staats office. They just finished a run. Didn't come up with anything.

BARN: You don't need it.

JOE: Huh?

BARN: You got half the country lookin' for Bowen and he's in your pocket.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

BARN: Main jail. Picked up on a 502.

(END SCENE 8)

JOE: Cade Bowen had been picked up the night before at the corner of 7th and Hill. He'd been observed by a radio car driving in an erratic manner and had refused to stop when the officers directed him to. After a 10 block chase, he'd been halted but when the officers asked to see his identification, he told them he didn't have any. He was taken to the main jail and booked on charges of drunk driving. A check of his fingerprints had revealed his name and we were identified. His car had been impounded and the crime lab was going over it. We had the suspect brought to the city hall.

CADE: What is it this time...I held up the Federal reserve?

JOE: Come off it Bowen. You know where you're sittin'. This is the last time around for you.

CADE: I've heard that before.

JOE: You won't again.
FRANK: Where've you been for the last week?
CADE: Sleepin'.
FRANK: Where?
CADE: Anyplace I could find a soft mattress. You guys oughta pull some strings and get some new bedding over to the main jail. Those bunks are hard.
JOE: Sure. You know a man named Jarvis Dean?
CADE: What?
JOE: Jarvis Dean...do you know him?
CADE: Might.
FRANK: That's not an answer.
CADE: Best I can do.
JOE: Look mister. We're gettin tired of playin with you. You're in trouble and it doesn't come in a bigger size. I'm not gonna tell you to play it smart, because you wouldn't know what I was talkin' about. But you snap to and answer the questions. Now...do you know Jarvis Dean?
CADE: I've met him.
FRANK: When'd you see him last?
CADE: Couple of weeks ago.
JOE: We understand he was with you on the burglary.
CADE: It's a fairy tale.
FRANK: We got it straight.
CADE: I didn't know you listened to gossip.
1 JOE: Where'd you get the car you were drivin' last night.
2 CADE: Bought it.
3 JOE: From who?
4 CADE: Used car dealer.
5 JOE: Then you tell us why it's registered to Jarvis Dean.
6 CADE: I don't know anything about it.
7 JOE: Last time we talked to you...it was for a burglary beef.
8 It's a lot more serious this time.
9 CADE: That so?
10 JOE: Yeah. Suspicion of murder.
11 CADE: Who'd I kill?
12 JOE: Jarvis Dean.
13 CADE: Outta your head.
14 JOE: Sure. Then you tell us why he'd let you drive his car?
15 CADE: I don't know if it is his car.
16 JOE: The Department of Motor Vehicles says it is.
17 FRANK: We checked it. All of the stolen merchandise was found.
18 CADE: You got no right to go through my things.
19 FRANK: Last time we heard of the stuff, Jarvis Dean had it.
20 JOE: What's the matter... did you two have a fight about what
to do with it?
1 FRANK: Maybe you got sore because he was lettin' you carry the beef yourself. That what happened?
2 JOE: C'mon, Bowen. You're boxed in.
3 CADE: I don't know what you're talkin' about.
4 BEAT
5 JOE: Frank...you wanna check the office. See if there's any word from the crime lab?
6 FRANK: Yeah.
7 SOUND: FRANK WALKS TO THE DOOR AND EXITS THE ROOM. HALL B.G.
8 IN AS THE DOOR IS OPEN.
9 BEAT
10 JOE: Cigarette, Bowen?
11 CADE: I want nothin' from you.
12 JOE: Suit yourself.
13 SOUND: JOE TAKES A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT.
14 JOE: (EXHALING SLOWLY)
15 PAUSE
16 CADE: Tell you what cop.
17 JOE: Yeah?
18 CADE: You win. I'll tell you.
19 JOE: About Dean?
20 CADE: I don't know anything about him. I'm talkin' about the burglary.
21 JOE: Yeah.
CADE: I did it. You don't have to go any farther.

JOE: No deal. We got you on somethin' bigger. I think we can make that hold up.

CADE: I'm willin' to cop out to the other.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS AND FRANK WALKS INTO THE ROOM. B.G. IN AND DOOR CLOSE.

JOE: How'd you do?

FRANK: Here's the report.

SOUND: HE HANDS JOE A PIECE OF PAPER.

PAUSE

JOE: Wraps it up.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO CADE

JOE: Let's go Bowen.

CADE: Huh?

JOE: We don't have to talk to you anymore. The crime lab just finished goin' over the car.

CADE: Yeah.

JOE: They found where you had the fender repaired.

CADE: Some drunk ran into me.

JOE: They checked the springs underneath. Found traces of fabric. Matched the jacket Dean had on when he was killed.

FRANK: We got enough to make you on.
CADE: You can't prove I was drivin' the car. There's no way you can prove it.

JOE: We think we can.

CADE: Go ahead. You just take it into court. Try. By the time you get through the judge and jury will be laughin'.

JOE: That right?

CADE: Sure. They'll tell you how far out you are. They'll laugh right in your face.

JOE: They'll tell you somethin' too.

CADE: Yeah.

JOE: And they won't be laughin'.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On July 16th, 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.
Cade Niel Bowen was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and received sentence as prescribed by law. On recommendation of the jury, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary, San Quentin.
MUSIC: THEME

MUSIC: THEME UNDER


Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander,

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

MUSIC: THEME UNDER... CONTINUES

FENN: 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)