CHESTERFIELD #132  NBC #300
DIRECTOR: .............. JACK WEBB
WRITER: ................. FRANK BURT
MUSIC: ............... WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT: ............... JEAN MILES
SOUND: ............ BUD TOLLESON & WAYNE KENMOROUGH
ENGINEER: ........... RACUL MURPHY
ANNCR. #1: ...... GEORGE FENNEGAN
ANNCR. #2: .......... HAL GIENSY, NBC
CASE: .............. "THE BIG SQUEALER"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE: 12:00 - 2:00 PM
RECORDING ............... MAY 8, 1955
CAST AND SOUND .... MAY 8, 1955
EDITING ................. MAY 8, 1955
SCORING ............... MAY 8, 1955
ORCHESTRA ..............
ANNOUNCERS .......... (COMMERCIAL)
BROADCAST ........... 7:00 - 7:30 PM - STUDIO "J" - BY T.R.

RELEASE DATE: MAY 17, 1955
SPONSOR: CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES
AGENCY: Cunningham-Walsh
COMMERCIAL SUPERVISION: PETE PETERSON

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:
SCT. MARTY WYNN ............. L.A.P.D.
SCT. VANCE BRASHER ............. L.A.P.D.
CAPT. JACK DONOHUE ............. L.A.P.D.

Agency

LG 0189643
FIRST COMMERCIAL 6

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: START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
19 (SING) 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!
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Put a smile in your smoking! Next time you buy cigarettes
- Stop - Remember this - It's today's Biggest cigarette
news.

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

5 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.

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

14 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.

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

19 FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes...Stop....Remember

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

21 GROUP: PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY

22 LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD...

23 WOODBLOCK: TRIPLET FIGURE

24 THEY SATISFY.
DRAGNET
May 17, 1955

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 WEBB: Friends, you've heard me say it many times and I
2 sincerely believe it... In the whole wide world, no
3 cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield. Yes, Chesterfields
4 are mild and mellow with a smooth refreshing taste. Buy
5 Chesterfield today and put a smile in your smoking.
HITCHHIKE --- L & M FILTERS

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!
10. The pure white miracle tip draws easy -
11. Lets you enjoy all the taste. Buy L & M -
12. Notice how mild they are! L & M Filters -
13. America's best filter tip cigarette!
FENN: Hear Dragnet next week, same time same station.
CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY.......................................................... JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH................................................. BEN ALEXANDER
BILL BRADLEY............................................................
SAM CREST.................................................................
TOM MARCOTT..............................................................
BERT MARCOTT............................................................
DR. JONES.................................................................
NORA ROLLENS...........................................................
ART JOLLET...............................................................
DRAGNET - RADIO

"THE BIG SQUEALER"

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...Chesterfield.
5 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
6 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
the innocent.
7 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:  
8 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to
Juvenile Detail. You get a report that a teen-age boy
has been found in a down-town alley. He's in a critical
condition. Your job...check it out.
10 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
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 crime, transcribed from official police files. From beginning to end...from crime to punishment...Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

It was Wednesday, November 16th. It was cool in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Juvenile Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The Boss is Captain Powers. My name's Friday. We were on our way into the office and it was 9:17 PM when we got to the second floor Georgia Street Juvenile... (SOUND...OPEN DOOR)...the squad room.

I dunno, Joe.
Hmm?
You see a kid like that. You start wonderin'.
Yeah.
Fifteen years old. Tryin' to hold up a liquor store.
Kind-a worries a guy.
What do you mean?
About your own kids. How they're gonna turn out.
JOE: Most kids turn out okay.
FRANK: Yeah. Can't help worryin' though.
JOE: Sure. You're a father.
FRANK: Maybe you're better off, Joe. Not havin' the worries.
JOE: You really believe that?
FRANK: I guess so.
JOE: Then why don't you stop tryin' to marry me off?
FRANK: Oh. Say that reminds me...
JOE: Yeah?
FRANK: You know the Phillips -- live down the street from us?
JOE: I don't think so.
FRANK: They were over for dinner the same night you were.
JOE: Oh?
FRANK: Last summer. Time Fay fixed fried chicken.
JOE: Oh.
FRANK: You remember 'em?
JOE: I sure remember the chicken.
BEAT:
JOE: Well, go on.
FRANK: You're gonna spend Christmas with us, aren't you?
JOE: Christmas?
FRANK: Fay told me to be sure and remind you. It's only a month or so off.
JOE: That soon, uh?
FRANK: Can we count on you?
JOE: Sure. If we're not working.

FRANK: Swell. I'll let Fay know.

JOE: What's all this got to do with the Phillips?

FRANK: Why nothin';

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: It's got nothin' to do with 'em, Joe. Why are you so darned suspicious?

JOE: Which one of 'em has a sister?

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: Come on, Frank. Mr. or Mrs. -- which one?

FRANK: Both of 'em for all I know.

JOE: Yeah. Well, which one has a sister who's comin' out here for the holidays?

BEAT

JOE: Well?

FRANK: Mrs. Phillips.

JOE: And they're all gonna be at your place for Christmas dinner?

FRANK: Fay hasn't asked 'em yet. She wanted to be sure that you....

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Okay to ask 'em?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: You won't regret it, Joe. You know Mrs. Phillips is darned nice looking. Good talker too. If her sister's anything like her --
1 JOE: Do me a favor, buddy.
2 FRANK: What is it?
3 JOE: Christmas is still five weeks away. Don't start sellin' me now.
4 FRANK: I wouldn't try to sell you on any girl, you know that.
5 JOE: Uh-huh.
6 FRANK: Why I've never even met this one. I was just thinkin' that sometimes you can sort-a judge by a person's family what --
7 SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS
8 JOE: I've got it.
9 SOUND: STEPS...PICK UP PHONE
10 JOE: Juvenile, Friday...Yes?...Whereabouts?...Uh-huh...I see.... Yeah.
11 SOUND: HANGS UP PHONE
12 JOE: Found a kid lyin' in an alley off Sheridan Street. He's hurt pretty bad.
13 FRANK: Accident?
14 JOE: Knife in his back.
(END OF SCENE 1)
JOE: Frank and I drove out to the address where the victim had been found. It was a dark alley that opened onto Sheridan Street in the block between Fifth and Sixth. An ambulance had been called and the boy had already been moved to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. 9:42 PM, we talked to one of the patrol car officers who had discovered the body.

BILL: We got the report about 1:05.

JOE: Uh-huh.

BILL: We were only a couple of blocks away. Headed right over.

JOE: Where'd you find him?

BILL: Show you.

BILL: Here. Against that wall.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Must-a lost a lot of blood.

BILL: Yeah.

JOE: Knife still in him?

BILL: Uh-huh, small of the back. Looked like he'd been beat up too.

JOE: He say anything about who did it?

BILL: Mumbled something. We couldn't understand him. Then he passed out.
FRANK: How old would you say he was?

BILL: Fifteen -- sixteen, maybe.

FRANK: Uh-huh.


JOE: What kind of clothes?

BILL: Jeans. Jacket -- windbreaker type.

JOE: You see anybody around who might have done it?

BILL: Not a soul. Street was deserted.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

BILL: Partner's out looking now. I'll give him a hand.

JOE: Okay.

FRANK: Who filed the complaint?

BILL: Dunno.

JOE: We'll check the board.

BILL: Fraid that won't help.

JOE: Hmm?

BILL: They don't know either.

(END SCENE 2)
JOE: While the patrol car officers searched the neighborhood
for suspects, Frank and I canvassed the area for the
person who had reported the crime. 10:16 PM we talked
to the patrons in a nearby bar and grill. They denied
having any knowledge of the assault. 10:42 PM we
entered a small cigar store on the corner of Sheridan
and Eighth.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR....WALK IN

SAM: Evenin', gents.

JOE & AD LIB HELLOS

FRANK:

SAM: What can I do for you?

JOE: We're police officers. This is Frank Smith, my name's

FRIDAY.

SAM: Sam Crest here.

JOE: Mr. Crest.

SAM: Somethin' troublin' you fellows?

JOE: Like to talk to you for a minute that's all.

SAM: I done anything I shouldn't?

JOE: Not as far as we know.

SAM: Never can tell. The way they keep makin' up new laws
nowadays a person can be a criminal without even half
tryin'.

JOE: GRUNTS

SAM: Too many rules. That's what's wrong with this country.

Too darned many rules.
1 JOE: Yes, sir.
2 SAM: Ought-a be just one.
3 JOE: How's that?
4 SAM: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."
5 Golden rule. That ought-a be more'n sufficient.
6 JOE: Uh-huh.
7 SAM: Don't work out that way though. Man could live up to it every day of his life. Still wouldn't keep him out of jail.
8
9 JOE: GRUNTS
10 SAM: Golden rule don't say nothin' about payin' income taxes or takin' out licenses or filin' social security reports. Well, does it?
11 JOE: No, sir.
12 SAM: Put you in jail if you don't do 'em.
13 JOE: Yes, sir.
14 SAM: Man can live by the golden rule -- don't make no difference.
15 JOE: It makes a difference.
16 SAM: Some maybe. Not enough.
17 FRANK: Have you been here all evening, Mr. Crest?
18 SAM: Since supper time.
19 FRANK: When was that?
20 SAM: Six-thirty. Eat at the drugstore over on Soto Street.
21 Stop servin' food at seven.
22 FRANK: Uh-huh.
23 JOE: What time did you get back to the store?
1. SAM: Five of maybe.
2. JOE: And you've been here ever since?
3. SAM: Sure. You ain't doubtin' my word?
4. JOE: No, sir.
5. SAM: I tell the truth.
6. JOE: Yes, sir.
7. SAM: May not get all my government forms figured out right
   but I'm a truthful man.
8. JOE: Yes, sir.
9. FRANK: Anybody suspicious come in here tonight?
10. SAM: Suspicious?
11. FRANK: Un-huh.
12. SAM: Fraid you'll have to explain that. I ain't no
    policeman. Folks don't look suspicious to me, just
    look like folks.
13. JOE: Well, any strangers then?
14. SAM: Sure, lots of strangers. Eight or ten maybe.
15. JOE: I see.
16. SAM: Strangers to me leastways. I don't get acquainted
    with folks easy.
17. JOE: Yes, sir.
18. SAM: Man come in, buys a pack of cigarettes or a couple of
    cigars. Don't make him a friend.
19. JOE: (GRUNTS)
20. FRANK: Had most of tonight's customers been in before?
I see.
Did you hear anything out on the street?
Traffic. Folks walkin' by. You fellows sure ain't very specific.
Anything like a fight?
Front of my place? In the neighborhood.
I didn't hear no fight. Somebody get to mixin' it up?
Looks that way.
That's the trouble with this world. People always squabblin' -- wherever you go, whatever you do, ends up in squabblin'.
Who was it?
We don't know yet.
Anybody hurt?
Yes, sir.
Probably brung it on himself.
Maybe.
Were there any youngsters hanging around your place this evening, Mr. Crest?
Youngsters?
Teen-agers.
If there was, I didn't notice 'em. Kids, uh?
FRANK: Yes, sir.
SAM: I just don't know what we're comin' to.
JOE: Well, thank you very much.
SAM: Sure, 'night.
FRANK: Goodnight.
SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS
BEAT
SAM: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Say there was one.
JOE: How's that?
SAM: One young fellow.
SOUND: STEPS
SAM: (FADING ON) Didn't hang around though. He was in a big rush.
JOE: You know him?
SAM: No. No, don't think I ever saw him before.
JOE: Could you describe him for us?
SAM: Just an ordinary, kid.
JOE: How big was he?
SAM: Not big. Come up to about here on me. (GESTURES)
JOE: Uh-huh.
SAM: Probably don't have his full growth yet.
FRANK: Do you remember how he was dressed?
SAM: Didn't pay much attention. Only in the shop a couple of minutes.
JOE: What color was his hair?
SAM: Light. Reddish or blondish.
FRANK: Nice lookin' boy?
SAM: No better or worse than most.
JOE: What time did you see him?
SAM: Must be nearly a couple of hours ago. Long about
nine o'clock.
JOE: Uh-huh.
SAM: Come chargin' in -- all out of breath.
JOE: Yes, sir.
SAM: Asked if I had a phone. I pointed out the booth over
there in the corner. 9:30
JOE: Go ahead.
SAM: Nothin' more to tell. He run over to the booth. Made
a call. Wasn't on the phone more than a few seconds.
JOE: Yes, sir.
SAM: Then he come out, left the shop.
FRANK: Anything else you can tell us about him?
SAM: Don't think so. Except that when he was leavin'....
JOE: Yes, sir?
SAM: He wasn't in a hurry like when he come in. He sort-a
peered out the door first.
JOE: Uh-huh.
SAM: Seemed as though all the steam had gone out of him.
JOE: Looked back over his shoulder.
SAM: Doggondest expression on his face.
JOE: What do you mean?

SAM: Like he was scared to death.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: While we were in the cigar store we telephoned Georgia Street Receiving Hospital and talked to Dr. Sebastian. He told us that the victim was in a critical condition and had been moved to General Hospital. He also told us that they had not been able to identify the boy. We called General and asked to be notified when he was able to talk. 11:31 PM Frank and I went back to the office. Homicide was contacted. The Patrol Car officers who had discovered the body reported that they had not found any suspects in the vicinity of the crime. 11:46 PM we checked with the Crime Lab. An examination of the weapon had revealed no useful fingerprints. It was a spring knife with an eight inch blade. 12:02 AM Frank and I went off duty and another team of detectives continued the investigation. The next morning, Thursday, November 17th... 8:12 AM.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. DOOR OPENS SLIGHTLY OFF...CLOSES...

FRANK WALKS IN

FRANK: (FAINTING ON) Mornin', Joe.

JOE: Hi.
FRANK: Anything new?
JOE: Not so far.
FRANK: How about missing persons?
JOE: Nobody's reported him.
FRANK: Funny. You'd think somebody would be lookin' for him by now. His folks...somebody.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Any coffee in that thing?
JOE: Yeah...help yourself.
FRANK: Thanks.
SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...PICK UP CUP...FILL IT FROM COFFEE CARTON...
JOE: Probably cold by now.
FRANK: Better than nothin'.
JOE: You miss breakfast?
FRANK: Wasn't very hungry.
JOE: Oh.
SOUND: FRANK TAKES A DRINK OF COFFEE
FRANK: You're right.
JOE: Hmm?
FRANK: It's cold.
JOE: Sorry.
BEAT
FRANK: Say, Joe.
JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: About Christmas...

JOE: What about it?

FRANK: We won't invite Mrs. Phillips' sister if you don't want us to.

JOE: Oh?

FRANK: Got to thinkin' last night. People shouldn't force a man to get married and raise a family if it's against his best judgement.

JOE: Who's getting married and raising a family? It's just a Christmas dinner, isn't it?

FRANK: Yeah. But you know Fay.

JOE: Well, you know me.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

JOE: I'll take it.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...PICK UP PHONE

JOE: Juvenile, Friday ....Yes, sir....Uh-huh....Thank you very much.

SOUND: HAND UP PHONE...COUPLE OF STEPS

JOE: General Hospital. Boy's comin' to.

FRANK: Can we talk to him?

JOE: For a minute or two. Better get a move on.

FRANK: Oh?

JOE: Doc said to hurry.

(END SCENE 4)
JOE: Frank and I drove out to General Hospital. The Doctor in charge of the case was waiting for us in the hall outside the patient's room.

SOUND: STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR...COME TO A STOP

DOC: Smith and Friday?

JOE: Yes, sir. Okay to go in?

DOC: Don't stay too long.

JOE: Sure.

FRANK: He gonna be all right?

DOC: Too soon to tell. If the wound was an inch higher I could give you an answer.

FRANK: Yeah?

DOC: He'd be dead.

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: We went on into the room. The shades were drawn and the victim was in semi-darkness. His eyes were open but he closed them as soon as he saw us enter.

SOUND: COUPLE OF QUIET STEPS...THEN TO A STOP

BEAT

FRANK: How you feelin', son?

BEAT

FRANK: Son?

TOM: I'm okay.

JOE: Like to talk to you for a couple of minutes.

TOM: No way of stoppin' you, is there?
1 FRANK: What's your name?
2 TOM: What's yours?
3 FRANK: Smith....Frank Smith. My partner's Joe Friday.
4 TOM: cops?
5 JOE: That's right.
6 BEAT
7 JOE: Well?
8 TOM: Well what?
9 JOE: How about tellin' us who you are?
10 TOM: I forgot.
11 JOE: Oh?
12 TOM: You know -- amnesia.
13 JOE: Uh-huh.
14 FRANK: How'd you get hurt? /\ /
15 TOM: Forgot that too.
16 FRANK: We're trying to help you, son.
17 TOM: It's not my fault if I don't remember nothin'?
18 JOE: You know you're pretty sick.
19 TOM: Sure.
20 JOE: But it's not amnesia.
21 TOM: You a doc?
22 JOE: No.
23 TOM: How can you tell what's wrong with me?
24 FRANK: Who knifed you?
25 TOM: That what happened?
1 JOE: Come on, what's your name?
2 TOM: Abraham Lincoln. You guys can call me Abe.
3 JOE: We'll find out.
4 TOM: Go ahead.
5 FRANK: What were you doin' on Sheridan Street last night?
6 TOM: That where I was?
7 JOE: You want him to get away with it?
8 TOM: Who?
9 JOE: Fellow that stuck a shiv in your back.
10 TOM: Now who'd do a thing like that?
11 JOE: You tell us.
12 BEAT
13 TOM: Hey, you know what?
14 JOE: Yeah?
15 TOM: It's all startin' to come back to me.
16 JOE: Go on.
17 TOM: There was this black sedan see.
18 JOE: Uh-huh.
19 TOM: Great big job.
20 JOE: Sure.
21 TOM: I was walkin' along the street. Sedan pulled up beside me.
22 Twelve guys jumped out.
23 JOE: Yeah.
24 TOM: Told you it was a big job.
25 JOE: GRUNTS
1 TOM: Six of 'em tried to grab me.
2 JOE: Okay. That's enough.
3 TOM: Thought you wanted to know what happened. They was all wearin' masks see.
4 JOE: I said that's enough.
5 TOM: Sure. 14/0
6 JOE: Now you listen to me. We're gonna find out who you are and who stabbed you.
7 TOM: Sorry I ain't in a position to offer a reward.
8 JOE: You want your face in all the newspapers?
9 TOM: What for? I ain't important.
10 JOE: I said we're gonna find out who you are.
11 BEAT
12 TOM: Marcott.
13 JOE: Where do you live?
14 TOM: Diamond Street.
16 TOM: Now suppose you tell us what happened last night.
1 TOM: Guy jumped me. That's all I know.
2 JOE: Who was he?
3 TOM: I dunno. Never saw him before.
4 JOE: You sure of that?
5 TOM: Yeah.
6 JOE: What did he look like?
7 TOM: I dunno. It was dark.
8 JOE: Somebody your own age?
9 TOM: Heck no.
10 FRANK: How old was he?
11 TOM: Thirty -- thirty-five.
12 JOE: Why'd he pick you?
13 TOM: I dunno. Must-a thought I had some dough.
14 JOE: You never saw him before, uh?
15 TOM: That's what I said.
16 JOE: How tall was he?
17 TOM: I dunno.
18 FRANK: You get a look at his face.
19 TOM: Uh-uh. (NO)
20 JOE: Can you tell us anything about him?
21 TOM: Nope.
22 JOE: But you know how old he was.
23 TOM: Got a feelin' -- that's all.
24 JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Where do you go to school?

TOM: Taylor High.

FRANK: What year?

TOM: Tenth.

JOE: Any gangs in your school?

TOM: I dunno.

JOE: You don’t belong to one?

TOM: Nope.

JOE: You had any trouble lately?

TOM: What kind of trouble?

JOE: With the other kids at school.

TOM: Can’t you guys get anything straight? It wasn’t a kid.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Who do you live with, Marcott?

TOM: My old man.

FRANK: Where’s your mother?

TOM: Under a tombstone.

BEAT

FRANK: We’ll get in touch with your father.

TOM: What for?

FRANK: He might be worried about you.

TOM: Wanna bet?

(END SCENE 6)

(END ACT 1) (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
1. JOE: We were unable to get any additional information from
from the victim. We went back to the office and checked
the name Tom Marcott through R & I. They had nothing
on him. 9:47 AM Frank and I drove out to the address
he had given us. It was a two story stucco apartment
house badly in need of repair. We walked up to the
second floor.

8. SOUND: STEPS ALONG HALL...COME TO A STOP
9. FRANK: Must be this one.
10. JOE: Yeah.
11. SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR....
12. BEAT
13. FRANK: Don't hear anybody.
14. SOUND: ANOTHER KNOCK...A LITTLE LOUDER
15. BEAT
16. BERT: (THROUGH DOOR) Take it easy, will ya?
17. SOUND: DOOR IS OPENED
18. BERT: All right. What's all the poundin' for?
19. JOE: Mr. Marcott?
20. BERT: Yeah.
21. JOE: We're police officers. This is Frank Smith. My name's
Friday.
22. BERT: Well, what do you want?
23. JOE: Can we come in for a minute?
24. BERT: If you don't I'm gonna fall flat on my face.
25. SOUND: STEPS IN...CLOSE DOOR
26. BERT: Boy, my head's comin' apart in shreds.
1 JOE: Uh-huh.
2 BERT: Kind-a tied one on last night.
3 JOE: That so?
4 BERT: Haven’t got an aspirin, have you?
5 JOE: No, sir.
6 FRANK: Fraid not.
7 BERT: Or a can of beer?
8 JOE: Nope.
9 FRANK: Huh-uh. (NO)
10 BERT: That’s what I really need. Usually keep a couple in the refrigerator for an emergency like this.
11 JOE: (GRUNTS)
12 BERT: Bet that kid of mine’s been guzzlin’ em again.
13 JOE: We’d like to talk to you about your son, Mr. Marcott.
14 BERT: Yeah.
15 JOE: You know he didn’t come home last night?
16 BERT: Didn’t he?
17 JOE: No, sir.
18 BERT: No way of me knowing it. I work nights. Drive a hack. Don’t get home till four or five. He leaves for school before I wake up.
19 JOE: I see.
20 BERT: What’d you pick him up for?
21 JOE: He’s not under arrest.
22 BERT: Huh?
1 JOE: He's in the hospital.
2 BERT: Hospital?
3 JOE: Yes, sir. He was stabbed last night.
4 BERT: Tom?
5 JOE: Yes, sir.
6 BERT: He's gonna be all right, ain't he?
7 JOE: They don't know yet.
8 BERT: Oh.
9 FRANK: We thought you might be able to help us.
10 BERT: Help you?
11 FRANK: Find out who did it.
12 JOE: You know who your son's friends are?
13 BERT: I don't know anything about him. We don't -- well, we
14 aren't very close.
15 JOE: I see.
16 FRANK: Has he been worried about anything lately -- upset?
17 BERT: No more than usual.
18 JOE: How does he do in school?
19 BERT: Lousy.
20 JOE: Oh?
21 BERT: They're always asking me to come down and talk to 'em --
22 principal, his teachers.
23 JOE: What do they say about him?
24 BERT: I don't go.
25 JOE: Uh-huh.
BERT: Went a couple of times. When he first came to live with me. Didn't do any good.

FRANK: That so?

BERT: I can't change him. Anything I tell Tom just rubs him the wrong way. So he's on his own.

JOE: How long has your son lived with you?

BERT: Three years.

JOE: And before that?

BERT: He was with his mom.

JOE: Oh.

BERT: She divorced me a couple of years after he was born. Took him with her.

JOE: Uh-huh.

BERT: When she died there was nobody else to look after him.

JOE: He had to come back to me.

BERT: (CLEARS THROAT) Gotta get me a glass of water. Only take a second.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: STEPS FADE OFF...

FRANK: Looks like the kid was right.

JOE: Hmm?

FRANK: About his father.

JOE: Maybe.

FRANK: Sure doesn't seem very upset.
1 JOE: No.
2 SOUND: STEPS FADE ON
3 BERT: (FADE IN) I just gotta stop drinkin'.
4 JOE: GRUNTS
5 BERT: Never used to feel like this when I was younger.
6 JOE: Oh.
7 BERT: Could go on a bat for two or three days. Come out of it.
8   Feel okay. Can't take it any more. 19130
9 JOE: Well, we'll be shoving off. If you'd like to see your
10 son, he's at General Hospital.
11 BERT: Tom ask to see me?
12 SOUND: HEAT
13 JOE: He's pretty sick, Mr. Marcott.
14 BERT: You talked to him, didn't you?
15 JOE: Yes, sir.
16 BERT: Did he ask to see me?
17 JOE: No, sir.
18 BERT: I didn't think so. Guess I can't blame him for hatin' me.
19   He figures I didn't want him after his ma died. Figured
20   I had to take him.
21 JOE: Oh.
22 BERT: Tried to tell him different. He didn't believe me. We
23   just can't talk -- me and Tom.
24 JOE: GRUNTS
BERT: Father and son -- living in the same apartment -- like we speak a different language. You think I ought-a go down and see him?

JOE: That's up to you.

BERT: He didn't ask for me.

SOUND: BEAT

BERT: Funny... to live with somebody who hates you. Your own son.

JOE: Maybe you're wrong about him.

BERT: See it in his face -- eyes -- way he talks. Everytime I look at him I can see it. But Tom's the one who's wrong.

JOE: Oh?

BERT: Not his fault but he's wrong. He wouldn't believe it on a stack of Bibles -- even you guys won't.

JOE: What's that?

BERT: That I love him.

(End Scene 7)
Frank and I drove out to the Taylor High School on Grand Avenue. 10:57 AM we interviewed the principal, James Wingore. He told us that Tom Marcott was a poor student, and that he was difficult to manage. He also told us that the boy had a good mind and was capable of much better work than he performed. He was unable to throw any light on the knifing and suggested that we talk with the victim's home room teacher, Miss Nora Rollens. 11:16 AM we interviewed Miss Rollens in a small room which adjoined the principal's office.

I'm supposed to be giving an English examination during this period, Sergeant.

Yes, ma'am. This will only take a couple of minutes.

You have a student named Tom Marcott?

Certainly. He's in my home room.

What kind of a boy is he?

Noisy, lazy, impossible to discipline. Similar to a number of the others.

Uh-huh.

He's absent today though.

Yes, ma'am.

Has something happened to Tom?

He's had an accident.

An accident or a fight?
1 JOE: Why do you say that?
2 NORA: Huh. Wouldn't be the first time.
3 JOE: Has he had any fights lately?
4 NORA: Came to school with a cut lip two or three weeks ago.
5 FRANK: Does Tom have any particular enemies?
6 NORA: I really don't know. There are over seventy-five students in my homeroom. It's a little difficult to know very much about any of them.
7 FRANK: Yes, ma'am.
8 JOE: How about friends? Who does he pal around with?
9 NORA: Nobody in particular as far as I can tell. No, wait a minute -- there is one boy.
10 JOE: Ma'am?
11 NORA: Arthur Jollet.
12 FRANK: What does he look like?
13 NORA: He's small -- red-haired. Almost as troublesome as Tom.
14 JOE: Is he in school today?
15 NORA: I believe so.
16 FRANK: Is there anything else you could tell us about Tom?
17 NORA: No. Except that I don't have much hope for him.
18 JOE: Oh?
19 NORA: I've asked his father to come in and see me several times.
20 JOE: So far he's always declined the invitation.
21 NORA: Yes, ma'am.
NORA: Is Tom badly hurt?
JOE: Yes, ma'am. Pretty bad.
NORA: What was it?
JOE: Knife wound.
NORA: Oh. Seventeen years ago when I first started teaching
that would have shocked me.
JOE: I see.
NORA: I was a very naive young lady, Sergeant.
JOE: That so?
NORA: I thought all a person had to do to become a teacher was
to take the right courses, get a degree and a credential.
JOE: Un-huh.
NORA: It seemed such a simple matter. I wanted to teach
Shakespeare, Chaucer, Browning, Keats, Shelley.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
NORA: As I continue in the profession I discover that I
omitted one essential course.
JOE: What's that?
NORA: Judo.
JOE: We asked Mr. Wingore if we could interview the student
named Arthur Jollet. He asked his secretary to have the
boy sent in to us.
FRANK: Sounds like he's the one who called in the report.
1 JOE: Yeah.
2 FRANK: Must have been with Marcott when it happened.
3 SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR
4 JOE: Come in.
5 SOUND: DOOR OPENS... STEPS IN
6 ART: You want to see me?
7 JOE: That's right. Sit down.
8 SOUND: COUPLE MORE STEPS... ART SITS
9 BEAT
10 FRANK: You're Arthur Jollet?
11 ART: Ain't that who you asked for?
12 JOE: We're police officers. This is Smith. My name's Friday.
13
14 BEAT
15 FRANK: You have a friend named Tom Marcott?
16 ART: I know him.
17 JOE: He a pretty good friend of yours?
18 ART: He's a friend.
19 JOE: You been with him lately?
20 ART: When?
21 JOE: Yesterday... day before?
22 ART: Sure.
23 JOE: Where?
24 ART: Here. We got some of the same subjects.
25 JOE: How about after school?
1 ART: Yeah.
2 JOE: You saw him after school?
3 ART: Uh-huh.
4 JOE: When?
5 ART: Night before last.
6 JOE: Last night too?
7 ART: Huh-uh. (NO)
8 JOE: Where were you last night?
9 ART: Movie.
10 JOE: Who'd you go with?
11 ART: Went alone.
12 FRANK: What movie?
14 FRANK: What did you do afterward?
15 ART: Hitched a ride home.
16 JOE: Spend any time around Sheridan Street?
17 ART: Where's that?
18 JOE: Want us to show you?
19 ART: Huh?
20 JOE: Come on. We'll take you over there.
21 ART: What for?
22 JOE: Like to have you meet a man who runs a cigar store in
23 that part of town.
24 BEAT
25 ART: You kiddin' or something?
1 JOE: Young fellow came into his place last night.
2 ART: So?
3 JOE: The way he described him it could be you.
4 ART: He must be blind or something.
5 JOE: Let's find out.
6 BEAT
7 JOE: Well, come on.
8 ART: Okay, so maybe I was in his neck of the woods. What's the beef?
9 JOE: Your friend Marcott was around there too, wasn't he?
10 ART: Coincidence.
11 JOE: Uh-huh.
12 ART: What's the matter with Tom anyhow?
13 JOE: Why?
14 ART: He ain't been in school today.
15 JOE: He's in the hospital.
16 ART: Oh.
17 JOE: Good thing you called us when you did. He might be dead by now.
18 ART: Who says I called you?
19 JOE: Man who runs the cigar store.
20 ART: How the heck could he tell that I -- I mean, who I was callin'.
21 JOE: All right, Jollet, let's have the whole story.
22 ART: What story?
23 JOE: Come on, get it over with.
ART: If it's about Tom, ask him.

JOE: We're asking you.

BEAT

JOE: Want us to take you in?

ART: Course not.

JOE: Up to you.

ART: Ain't much to tell. We were just walkin' around -- Tom and me.

JOE: Yeah.

ART: Fellow jumped out from an alley, came at us with a knife.

JOE: Go ahead.

ART: Took a swing at Tom. I ducked off.

JOE: Yeah.

ART: Called the cops. That's all I know.

JOE: Who was it, Jollet?

ART: Your guess is as good as mine.

JOE: We don't think so.

ART: Suit yourself.

JOE: Thought Tom was a friend of yours.

ART: He is.

JOE: We want to know who stabbed him.

ART: What do you expect me to do, dream up a name?

JOE: How big was he?

ART: Medium-sized.

JOE: How old?

ART: Nineteen -- twenty.
1 JOE: Tom says he was thirty-five.
2 ART: Tom ought-a know. He was a lot closer to him.
3 JOE: Okay. Let's go down to the Juvenile Bureau.
5 JOE: We'll show you some mug shots.
6 ART: Forget it. I wouldn't recognize his picture.
7 JOE: Let's try anyway.
8 ART: Take it easy, will you?
9 JOE: What's the matter?
10 ART: I don't want to be seen leavin' with you guys.
11 JOE: That so?
12 ART: Wouldn't do my reputation any good.
13 JOE: Who you afraid of?
14 ART: I ain't afraid.
15 JOE: The guy who knifed your buddy?
16 BEAT
17 ART: Look, if Tom wanted you to know he'd-a told you, wouldn't
18 be? (BEAT) Tom ain't dead?
19 JOE: Come on, Jollet.
20 ART: Give me an answer, is Tom okay or not?
21 JOE: Make any difference to you?
22 ART: Sure it makes a difference.
23 JOE: Doesn't look like it.
24 BEAT
25 ART: I'm no squealer.
26 JOE: All right. You've had your chance. Now we're taking you
27 in.
ART: You can't arrest me.

JOE: A boy was stabbed last night. You saw it. As far as we
know you're the only other person who was there. You
figure it out.

ART: I didn't have nothin' to do with it. Tom'll tell you so.

BEAT

ART: You throw me in jail, my old man'll kill me.

JOE: Tough.

BEAT: I ain't gonna take the rap.

JOE: Up to you.

ART: Okay, okay. It was Jerry.

JOE: Jerry who?

ART: Longren.

FRANK: He go to this school?

ART: Yeah.

JOE: What was it about?

ART: Tom tried to date Jerry's girl. Jerry heard about it.
Followed us last night.

FRANK: I'll get ahold of Longren.

SOUND: STEPS FADE

JOE: Okay.

ART: Wait a minute.

JOE: Yeah?

ART: Jerry finds out I squealed on him he'll do worse to me.

He ain't gonna find out, is he?
1 JOE: We won't tell him.
2 ART: He ever tumbles you can start sendin' flowers. Jerry's the big man around school.
3 JOE: Uh-huh.
4 ART: Over six foot. Lots of muscle. Lots of shove.
5 JOE: That doesn't make him a big man.
6 ART: Ruh?
7 JOE: He needed a knife.
8 MUSIC: SIGNATURE

(END SCENE 9)
1 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you have just
2 heard is true. The names were changed to protect the
3 innocent.
4 GIBNEY: On December 2nd, a hearing was held in Juvenile
5 Department, Superior Court, State of California, in and
6 for the county of Los Angeles. In a moment the results
7 of that hearing.
GIBNEY: Petitions were filed on both the victim and the subject. The victim Thomas Marcott was placed under twenty-four hour supervision in a foster home. The subject Jerome Longen, due to a previous juvenile record and the viciousness of the attack, was sentenced to a juvenile correctional establishment.

Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander

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

Hal Gibney speaking.

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)