THE BIG SMALL

CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JACK WEBB
OFF . FRANK SMITH . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . BERT HOLSTEAD
ETHEL PARKINSON. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . HELEN KLB
HARRY ALISON. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JOHNATHON HOLE
PEGGY SMALL . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . VIRGINIA GRX G
1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield.
3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD".....DRUM ROLL.
4 GIBNEY: Chesterfield.... the only cigarette in America to give
5 you premium quality in both regular and king size ,..
6 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
7 GIBNEY:...... brings you Dragnet.
8 MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME
PENN: (EASILY) Ladies 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:

PENN: You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Forgery Detail. A forger has been hitting the merchants in your city. From the M.O. she uses you know she's an expert. You've got her description. your job....

MUSIC: UP AND FADE.

(FIRST COMMERCIAL INSERT)
There's only one premium quality cigarette in America available in both regular and king-size - and that is Chesterfield.

Premium quality in a cigarette means the world's best tobaccos - the best ingredients - the best cigarette paper...only Chesterfield gives you this premium quality in both popular sizes.

King-size Chesterfield contains tobaccos of better quality and higher price than any other king-size Cigarette. That's certainly important to every king-size smoker. Of course, it's the same fine tobacco as in regular Chesterfield. There is absolutely no difference except that king-size Chesterfield is larger...contains so much more of these premium quality tobaccos that you get more than a fifth longer smoke from king-size Chesterfield.

Yes - the modern way to sell cigarettes is the Chesterfield way...premium quality...both regular and king-size.

And either way you like 'em...Chesterfields are MUCH Milder. Chesterfield is best for you.
1 MUSIC: THEME

2 GIBNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime.

3 For the next thirty minutes, in cooperation with the

4 Los Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by

5 step on the side of the law through an actual case

6 transcribed from official files. From beginning to

7 end...from crime to punishment...Dragnet is the story

8 of your police force in action.

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

10 SOUND: JOE'S STEPS DOWN CORRIDOR...SLIGHT ECHO...CORRIDOR B.G.

11 JOE: It was Wednesday, February 6th. It was cool in Los

12 Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Forgery

13 Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is

14 Captain Welsh. My name's Friday. I was on my way

15 back from the forgery office and it was 10:22 A.M

16 when I got to the mugg room.

17 SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND JOE WALKS INTO ROOM. HE CLOSES DOOR.

18 B.G. OUT.

19 ETHIEL: (AS DOOR OPENS) I'm sure about it officer...if I ever

20 see that woman again, I'll know her. Don't you have

21 any doubt about it. I'll know her.

22 FRANK: Yes ma'am....if you'll look through this book....

23 SOUND: FRANK PUTS MUGG BOOK ON TABLE AND OPENS COVER FOR ETHIEL.

24 JOE: Have you seen anyone who might be the woman, Mrs.

25 Parkinson?
ETHEL: No...not yet, Sergeant. But if she's got her picture in here...I'll find it for you. Never forget that face. So sweet and kindly. Sorta reminded me of my mother. Rest her soul. Guess that's why I cashed the check for her. Never woulda done it if there hadn't been something' like that.

JOE: Yes ma'am. Wonder if you'd mind running over it again for us. Might have been something you forgot.

ETHEL: Oh no....No...I wouldn't forget anything about her... but I can tell you about it if you'd like.

JOE: Alright, Mrs. Parkinson. If you tell us from the beginning.

ETHEL: Fine...would you mind calling me Ethel....I don't much care for formality. Feel better when people call me by my given name.

JOE: Surely ma'am. If you'd go ahead.

ETHEL: Well, this morning's when I found out about it. Like to keeled right over when the check came back from the bank. Opened up the other mail...mostly from people who want to sell me things for the store....and there it was. The letter from the bank. With the check inside. It was stapled to one of those forms...y'know the kind they just check with the pencil.

FRANK: Uh huh.

ETHEL: Well, like I said...there it was. Place that was checked said that the account was unknown. Well, you can just bet I got on the phone and called the bank people.
1 JOE : Yes ma'am.
2 ETHEL : I told them that they'd made some sort of mistake. That
they'd better set it right. I was so sure that she wouldn't
do a thing like this. Well, you know how banks are. They
said they'd check it for me and I waited on the phone while
they did. Then they said that it wasn't any mistake. Well,
you can just bet that I was hoppin' mad.
3 FRANK : Uh huh. What kind of identification did the woman use to
get you to cash the check?
4 ETHEL : Well, she had several letters from her son. Least that's
who she said they were from. I just bet she hasn't even
got a son. No sir...bet she hasn't.
5 JOE : Do you usually cash checks with that little identification?
6 ETHEL : No...I don't as a rule. Usually ask for a driver's licence
...then a social security card. I figure that if a person's
got one of those that means that he's workin'. Figures that
the check is good.
7 JOE : That's not always true ma'am.
8 ETHEL : Don't I know it now...You just bet I do. Last time I'll
cash a check for any one that I haven't known for ten years
...I think even then that I'll go to the bank and cash it
with them in tow.
9 JOE : Had you seen this woman around your store before this time?
10 ETHEL : I've been trying to think about that. The shop isn't very
bit but we do a pretty good business. Sometimes there are
several people waiting. You get in a hurry, y'know, and you
aren't sure who you talk to.
FRANK : Yes ma'am.
ETHEL : Seems to me that I've seen her in the store before. But when I stop and really think about it...I'm not too sure...
you know how it is?
JOE : Yes ma'am.
ETHEL : But when you boil it right down...I don't think I have seen her before. She just had one of those faces that you figure sure you know. Looked like such a lovely person.
FRANK : Uh huh. About how old do you figure she was?
ETHEL : Like I said I'd guess about 62...maybe a little older.
FRANK : Maybe have been 65...not much over that though. Such pretty hair. Pure white...had it fixed in a real soft wave over her forehead...old fashioned kind of. Wore it in a bun y'know.
FRANK : Ma'am?
ETHEL : A bun. Had the hair all rolled up and then pinned up back here... (INDICATES) at the back of her neck. Looks so nice to see a woman act and look her age. So many of 'em try to look younger y'know.
JOE : Yes ma'am. How bout her clothes?
ETHEL : Oh, she was well dressed. Had a sort of teal blue suit on...and a black coat. Looked kinda like it might have been cashmere. Looked real nice. Little string gloves...and all.
FRANK : You said she was a little woman...that right?
ETHEL : Yes she was. Little. Stood real straight y'know...shoulders back. But she was a little one...not more than 5 foot 1 or maybe two.
1 JOE : Uh huh. Was she slight or heavy?
2 ETHEL : Beg pardon?
3 JOE : How much would you say that she weighed?
4 ETHEL : Maybe a hundred pounds. I'm say that she wasn't much
5 heavier than that. No sir...a hundred pounds.
6 FRANK : Was there anything unusual about her. Anything that might
7 make her stand out?
8 ETHEL : No...No I don't think so. Except...maybe it was the
9 perfume.
10 JOE : Ma'am?
11 ETHEL : The perfume. Y'know how you kinda expect a little old lady
12 to wear something kinda mild...like violet maybe. Something
13 light.
14 JOE : Yes ma'am.
15 ETHEL : Well, she had real heavy perfume on. Smelled kinda like a
16 French scent. Real heavy like I said. It was the one thing
17 I couldn't figure out.
18 JOE : What's that ma'am.
19 ETHEL : Well, she did have nice clothes, and all. But all in all
20 she didn't look like she had a lot of money. Just moderate
21 y'know?
22 JOE : Yes ma'am.
23 ETHEL : Well, that perfume musta been expensive. Musta cot a lot.
24 JOE : Well, she's makin' enough to afford it ma'am.
25 (END SCENE 1)
10:34 A.M. Mrs. Parkinson continued to look through the mugg books. She was unable to identify the woman who had passed the bad check. The merchants of the city had been victimized for the past three weeks by a forger, all of them described as a kindly old lady, using letters from her son in the east as identification. Frank and I had run the description we'd gotten through R. and I. with no result. The staats office had made several runs on the M.O. and all leads furnished by them had been checked out, but they led us nowhere. We'd obtained copies of the forged checks and they'd been checked by Don Meyer in handwriting but he'd been unable to offer us any new information. The names on each of the checks were different. We'd checked each of them out, but the leads went nowhere. All of the stores in the central area had been alerted, descriptions had been distributed to the neighborhood merchants but the check passing continued.

We checked with our informants, but they failed to come up with any information. Two weeks passed. The woman hit twelve more times. Her take was estimated to be over 25 hundred dollars. The checks she passed were always for the same amount, 50 dollars. When it seemed necessary, she would purchase merchandise in order to cash the check. The articles she chose were in a price range so that the store owner would often cash the check rather than lose the sale. Thursday, February 21st, 8:34 A.M. Frank and I got back to the office.

SOUND: DOOR TO SQUADROOM OPENS AND FRANK AND JOE ENTER. AS THEY DO, PHONE STARTS TO RING.
1 JOE: I'll get it.
2 SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS AND PICKS UP PHONE
3 JOE: Forgery... Friday. Yeah...?... All right... where? How soon...
4 ...Right. ..... We'll see you there.
5 SOUND: PHONE HANG UP
6 FRANK: What is it?
7 JOE: Harry Alinson.
8 FRANK: Informant?
9 JOE: Yeah... says he wants to see us right away.
10 FRANK: Yeah?
11 JOE: Says he knows the woman we're lookin' for.

END SCENE II
The working detective knows that he's only as good as his informants. Quite often when all other means of bringing a case to a successful conclusion have failed, the only thing that will break it is information supplied by an informant. Because of the fact that most of them are either thieves themselves or associate with thieves, they can usually be relied on to come up with something on a case. A good detective will go to any lengths to protect him, for as long as the informant can operate, the detective is assured of a steady flow of information.

9:45 A.M. Frank and I drove over to the coffee shop at the corner of Crawford and Spring Streets. Harry Alison wasn't there when we arrived. We sat down and ordered a cup of coffee.

SOUND: FRANK PUTS CUP BACK ON SAUCER

FRANK: Boy, that's good. Hot.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Pass the sugar will you, Joe?
JOE: Yeah...here you go.
FRANK: I like a lotta sugar.
JOE: Yeah, I've noticed.
FRANK: Fay's always callin' me down for it. Says my teeth are gonna fall out some day for all the sugar I eat.
JOE: Yeah. Wonder where Alison is?
FRANK: What time'd he say he'd be here?
JOE: 9:45.
FRANK (AS HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) It's only a couple minutes past that now. He'll be here.

JOE: Yeah. Wonder how right his story is.

FRANK: What'd he tell you on the phone?

JOE: Nothin'. Just that he knew who we were looking for. Said if we'd meet him here he'd fill us in.

SOUND: OFF WE HEAR DOOR OPEN AND FOOTSTEPS IN.

JOE: (AS DOOR OPENS) Here he is.

FRANK: Uh.

HARRY: (FADING IN) Hi Friday...Smith.

JOE: Harry. Sit down.

HARRY: (AS HE DOES) Yeah. Sorry I'm late. Got hung up in traffic.

JOE: You gotta car now, Harry?

HARRY: No...missed my streetcar. Had to wait for another. Say...

you guys had breakfast yet?

JOE: Yeah...earlier.

HARRY: You mind if I have something to eat?

FRANK: No go ahead.

HARRY: (AS HE LOOKS AROUND) Where's the waitress?

JOE: Was here a minute ago. Don't see her now.

HARRY: I'll go get it myself.

SOUND: HE STANDS UP.
HARRY: Sure you guys don't want anything to eat?

JOE: No ... thanks just the same Harry.

HARRY: Okay ... (FADEING) I'll be right back.

(BEAT)

FRANK: Here we go again.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Last time we met him he ate a meal that ran 2 and a half ......... How much money you got Joe?

JOE: A couple of bucks. How you fixed?

FRANK: Not much better. Well, let's hope that he doesn't order too much.

SOUND: HARRY'S STEPS FADE BACK IN

HARRY: How about some more coffee for you guys?

JOE: No thanks Harry.

SOUND: HARRY SLIDES INTO BOOTH.

HARRY: Chow'll be up in a minute.

JOE: How 'bout this information Harry. 'Bout the paper hanger.

HARRY: Oh yeah. Funny the way I got it.

FRANK: That right?

HARRY: Yeah. I was up in Jack's bar last night. Y'know, just havin' a beer ... shooting the breeze. All of a sudden this old broad comes into the place. Kinda set everybody back on their heels. Looked so nice.

JOE: Yeah. Go on.
HARRY : Well, she slides up on one of the stools and orders a drink.
Even Jack was taken in. Changed his apron and all. Anyway she climbs up on the stool and orders some sherry. Made a big thing of it.

JOE : How d'ya mean?

HARRY : Well, Jack started to pour some of it for her...And she stopped him. Said that she wanted California Sherry. Said that she didn't want any imported stuff. Said that her family was one of the first ones in the state and that she believed in using home grown products. She was kinda cute about it. Real little broad...perched up on that stool. Looked a little like a cartoon. Y'know the ones with the little old lady guzzlin' martinis...

JOE : Yeah,

HARRY : Say, hold on a minute will you...My food's ready. (HE GETS UP) be right back.

SOUND : HARRY WALKS AWAY FROM BOOTH AND OVER TO COUNTER.

FRANK : Takes him five hours to get a point over.

JOE : Nothin' you can do about it. He's gotta tell it his way.

FRANK : Suppose so.

SOUND : HARRY WALKS BACK ON MIKE, SETS TRAY DOWN ON TABLE, THEN TAKES DISHES OFF.

HARRY : Nothin' like a big breakfast. I always say that if you stoke up in the morning..you got it made for the day.

JOE : Yeah.
1 HARRY : Farm breakfast they call this. Tell ya...that's eatin'.

2 Boy...look at that sausage. Fried real good. I like it when it's like a rock. Can't stand pork that hasn't been cooked enough.

3 FRANK : Yeah. You wanna go on with the story?

4 HARRY : Yeah. You don't mind if I eat do you. Gotta big day today.

5 JOE : No...go right ahead.

6 SOUND : UNDER BELOW WE HEAR HARRY EATING.

7 HARRY : Like I said...this old broad ordered the sherry. Well, time went on and she musta had three or four of 'em.

8 JOE : Yeah.

9 HARRY : Couple of other guys came in and I moved over to make room for 'em. Ended up sittin' right next to the woman. Say pass the ketchup will you.

10 FRANK : Yeah...here you go.

11 SOUND : FRANK SLIDES KETCHUP OVER TABLE. HARRY TAKES IT AND POUNDS OUT GOB OF IT.

12 HARRY : Eggs aren't much good without a lotta ketchup. Gives 'em real flavor.

13 JOE : Yeah. Go ahead huh Harry?

14 HARRY : Well, first off I notice this perfume this broad is wearin'. Well, now I tell you...it's been a long time since I smelled anything like that. Really heavy. Like the stuff they sell in France.
1 JOE: Yeah.
2 HARRY: Didn't fit the woman. No sir...didn't seem to go with the rest of her. I tried to strike up a conversation...
3  
4 Y'know talked about the weather stuff like that, but she wouldn't have none of it. She didn't actually tell me but I could tell...the way she answered me...Y'know ...
5 ...kinds cool.
6 FRANK: What makes you think that she might be the one we're lookin' for?
7 HARRY: The way she looked...way she worked.
8 JOE: What d'ya mean the way she worked?
9 HARRY: I'm gettin' to it. Anyway...after she's had the Sherrys she reaches into her purse to pay for 'em. Fumbles around in it for a while. Well, I couldn't help seein' what was in it. Y'know...what with sittin' right next to her and all...
10 YES: Yeah.
11 HARRY: Well, she don't come up with any money. Then she starts goin' through her pockets. Still can't find any money.
12 FINALLY she asks Jack...
13 JOE: That's the bartender?
14 HARRY: Yeah...Jack...he owns the place. She asks him if he'll cash a check.
15 FRANK: Yeah.
16 HARRY: Well, now I ask ya...either one of you know Jack?
17 JOE: No...don't think so.
18 FRANK: No. I don't.
HARRY: Well, Jack wouldn't cash a check for the treasurer of the country. Not even if he had the President to vouch for him. Been stung too many times.

JOE: Uh huh.

HARRY: Well, this old broad gets to him. I can see him start to go. He kinda hems and haws around and all the time he's tryin' to figure out a nice way to say "no" to her.

Finally he just ups and says it. Right after he kinda waits and expects her to tell him off for being so mean to somebody like her. But she doesn't. Just kinda hunches her shoulders and then starts diggin' in her purse again.

Takes everything out. Puts it on the bar.

FRANK: Yeah.

HARRY: Well, it happens that her drivers license is laying on the bar right in front of me. Couldn't help but read it. Y'know?

JOE: Yeah...we know.

HARRY: Well, I saw her name. And I asked her if she'd let me buy the wine for her.

JOE: Uh huh. What'd she say?
1. HARRY: Well, when I called her by name...she acted kinda startled...like she didn't expect it. Then she kinda smiled and said that she was financially embarrassed at the moment. Something about coming away from the house without any money. But she said that she thought it'd be very sweet of me if I'd take care of the tab. So I paid Jack the money and then I asked her if she'd like another one, She said that she didn't think so and then she got all her stuff together and put it back into her purse and thanks me. Then she got up and left.

2. JOE: Yeah...Well, what was the name on the driver's license you remember it?

3. HARRY: Yeah. Got it written down here someplace. After she left, Jack and me got to talkin' about her. Then it hit me that she might be the one you're lookin' for. So I jotted down the name.

4. JOE: You ever seen this woman before, Harry?

5. HARRY: No. Never laid eyes on her before she walked into Jack's last night. Here it is.

6. SOUND: HE UNFOLDS PAPER AND HANDS IT TO JOE

7. HARRY: That's the name at the top of the paper. Right under it's her address.

8. (END-SCENE 3)
The name on the piece of paper was Lillian Holstead, a new
name in the case. It gave an address out in Bel Air. Frank
and I called the name into R. and I, but they had no
record on anyone answering that description. We paid the
check and thanked Harry Alison for the information then we
drove out to the address. It was a large house just off
Sunset Boulevard. Mrs. Holstead wasn't in, but the maid
told us that we'd find her husband at the Holstead School
of Dramatic Arts. She gave us the address and Frank and I
drove out to the school. It was located in a large modern
building on Wilshire. When we got there, Mr. Holstead was
working with the advance class in the drama section. We
took a seat at the rear of the auditorium and waited for
him to finish.

BERT: (OFF, AS ON STAGE) Now....I've told you a hundred times.
In order to play a part convincingly....you must not play
at that part. You must live it. If you are doing a count
....you must be a count. You must learn to live like a
count. Your actions must be those of a count. When you do
Juliet....You must be Juliet. You must understand her.
Understand her. Not just the way she might look or the way
she might react to one specific situation...but you must
know how she'll react to any given situation at any given
time. In short.....Don't act. Live. Alright. That's enough
for today. Mr. Miles will be ready for the makeup class
by the time you get there. Sorry to have kept you overtime.

SOUND: WE HEAR CLASS BREAK UP AND WALK OFF STAGE. UNDER THIS WE

HEAR:
(ON STAGE) To see me? Where are they? Yes....tell him that I'll be along presently will you.

WE HEAR BERT WALK DOWN THE STAIRS OF THE STAGE AND UP THE AISLE TOWARD THE OFFICERS.

(AS HE FADES IN) You gentlemen wished to see me?

(GETTING UP) Yes sir. You're Mr. Holstead?

That's right.

Police officers, sir. This is my partner Frank Smith.

My name's Friday.

How do you do. What is it that you'd like to see me about?

Can you tell me where your wife is sir?

Lillian? She's out of town. Why. What do you want with her?

Could you describe her for us sir?

Certainly. I don't understand what this is all about though.

Just a routine investigation sir.

Routine. What's that mean?

Just that we're conducting an investigation and a woman with the same name as your wife's came up. We're just checking it out. Now if you could give us a description of your wife?

Well, let's see. Lillian's 36....I'd say she's 5......6 and a half. Weighs maybe a hundred and thirty.

What color is her hair, Mr. Holstead?
BERT: (SERIOUS) Before she left it was sort of an auburn.
Lillian said something about dyeing it red. Might have
done it since she's been gone.

JOE: Where is your wife now sir?
BERT: She's back in Washington. They're holding a drama festival
and she's back there looking it over.

JOE: Do you have a picture of your wife here, Mr. Holstead?
BERT: Yes....I have one on my desk in the office.

JOE: Wonder if we could see it?
BERT: Surely. We can go out this way.

SOUND: THEY MOVE TO BACK OF THEATRE AND OPEN SWINGING DOORS THEN

BERT: Here....down this way.

SOUND: STEPS HOLD FOR A MINUTE;

BERT: You tell me what this investigation you're working on is
all about?

JOE: No sir....not right now.

BERT: Uh huh. Cloak and dagger stuff huh?

FRANK: No sir....it's not exactly that.

BERT: Here....I'll get the door.

SOUND: HE OPENS DOOR AND THE THREE OF THEM WALK INTO OFFICE.

BERT: Here's the picture.

SOUND: HE PICKS UP FRAME;
BERT: Lovely woman. Been a great help here at the school.
JOE: Yes sir. How long ago was this picture taken?
BERT: Couple of months ago.
FRANK: How long has your wife been out of town?
BERT: Weak or ten days... something like that.
JOE: Uh huh. Your wife drive a car Mr. Holstead?
BERT: Yes sir... she does... Oh I get it now. The license.
JOE: Sir?
BERT: Lillian's driver's license. That's what you're here about isn't it?
JOE: I don't understand sir.
BERT: Oh now you don't have to be cagey with me. Lillian lost her driver's license some time ago. Asked me to get her a new one. I didn't quite get a chance to do it. You've found it that's it isn't it?
JOE: No sir. We think your wife's license has been used as identification by a check forger.
FRANK: Do you know where your wife might have lost the license?
BERT: No, we don't know exactly. It must have been about three months ago. She says that she dropped it here at the school. But I've looked all over for it. Haven't been able to find it. I think she just left it somewhere. She's awfully careless about things like that.
JOE: Yes sir. Well, thank you very much sir.
BERT: Is this about the old woman that's been forging the checks?

FRANK: Why do you ask that sir?

BERT: Well, that's another thing I've been meaning to call you about. I was reading the paper one night and all of a sudden it hit me.

JOE: Sir?

BERT: Well, I could be wrong. But I think I know the girl who's doing this.

END SCENE 4

END ACT 1

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
The modern way to sell cigarettes is the Chesterfield way - premium quality in both regular and king-size... and we're the only one that does it. We tell you what Chesterfields are made of to give you that premium quality in both popular sizes. Our scientists select the best materials. They select for Chesterfield the world's best tobaccos...blend them just right - and they keep Chesterfields tasty and fresh with the best of moistening agents. Now, here's something else that's completely modern about Chesterfield...people smoke Chesterfield - and we tell you what happens... scientifically but simply....

A medical specialist is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. Forty-five per cent of this group have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years. After eight months, the medical specialist reports that he observed no adverse effects on the nose - throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

I'd say that means real mildness. And finally - we ask you to try Chesterfield and prove what we say... Chesterfield is best for you - they are much milder to give you all the pleasure that the modern cigarette can give.
1 JOE : 2:37 P.M. We ran the name Bert Holstead through R. and I. but got no make on anyone answering his description. Holstead told us that he thought we might be looking for a girl he identified as Peggy Small. He told us that the Small girl had enrolled in the dramatic school over a year before. We asked him if he had a picture of her we could have and he told us that he thought there was one in the files. He took us down the hall to the registration office and checked the files. He located a picture of the girl and handed it to Frank.

10. FRANK : Just why do you think that this might be the girl we're looking for Mr. Holstead?

12 BERT : Well, it's the funniest thing, officer. Peggy...that's Miss Small...

14 JOE : Yes sir.

15 BERT : Well, Peggy came to us about a year ago like I said. She came out here to the coast from some little town in Idaho I think it was. I'd have to check her entrance application to be sure, but I think it was Idaho.

19 JOE : Yes sir.

20 BERT : Well, right away I knew that this girl had talent. Real talent. Deep down. Talent. Right off the bat she had the feel. Woulda been a fine character actress.

23 FRANK : Why do you say would have?

24 BERT : She didn't want to work. Wasn't interested in anything but learning how to be an old woman.
1 FRANK : Sir?
2 BERT : All she was interested in was learning to act like a little
3 old woman. We have a theory here at Holstead. Don't act...
4 live. She did just that. Learned the makeup problems...
5 dress...walk...everything. She even used to practice
6 writing like a woman of 60 or so. I used to see her
7 practicing by the hour.
8 JOE : She ever give you any reason for this?
9 BERT : No. I asked her once but she said that this was the way
10 she wanted it. I thought that she was trying to tell me to
11 keep my nose out of her affairs in a nice way so I didn't
12 ask her again.
13 FRANK : Uh huh.
14 BERT : We have presentations here you know. Each term, the class
15 presents a play that's been written and produced by the
16 students themselves. Peggy would always do the oldest
17 female part in them. Never was interested in anything else.
18 She had several good offers, but for some reason, she didn't
19 take them.
20 JOE : What do you mean, sir?
21 BERT : Well, one night, a talent scout from one of the majors
22 came out to see our play. He was quite impressed with Peggy.
23 Talked to me after the play and wanted to meet her. He
24 thought she was really an elderly woman. I told him that
25 Peggy was only 23 and I don't think that he believed me
26 until he saw her without make-up. Even then I don't think
27 he was really sure.
1 JOE : Uh huh.
2 BERT : Offered her a term contract. Good money. She'd have done
3 well but she just wasn't interested. Can't understand it.
4 JOE : Do you know where she is now?
5 BERT : No...I haven't seen Peggy since she left here. That was
6 about four months ago.
7 FRANK : Wonder if you could tell us where she lived when she was
8 enrolled here?
9 BERT : Certainly .. I have the address on her enrollment card.
10 JOE : Like to have the names and addresses of any of her close
11 friends, too, sir if we could.
12 BERT : Certainly. Glad to help. You think it could be her...
13 Peggy, The woman you're looking for?
14 JOE : Might be, yessir.
15 BERT : Funny...I got to thinkin' about it when I read about it in
16 the papers. Right away it made me think of Peggy. How she
17 used to talk about acting.
18 JOE : What's that, sir?
19 BERT : She used to always say...there was only one reason for
20 doing anything and that was to come out on it. That the
21 trouble with most people was that they didn't know where they
22 wanted to end up. But that she knew where she was going.
23 JOE : Maybe she was right.
24 BERT : Beg pardon?
25 JOE : If she's the one we're lookin' for, we know too.
26 (END SCENE 5)
JOE : 3:12 P.M. We got Peggy Small's address from Mr. Holstead and then went back to the office. We ran the name through R. and I., but there was no record on the girl. 4:02 P.M.,
Frank and I drove out to the last known address of the Small girl. It was a boarding house on 92nd street. Peggy Small was not in but the landlady told us that she usually didn't get back from work until 7 or 7:30. We asked if she knew where the girl worked but she told us that she didn't. We arranged for a stakeout on the house and at 4:37 P.M. We checked back into the office.

SOUND : SQUADROOM B.G.

JOE : Wanna check the book?

FRANK : Right.

SOUND : FRANK WALKS OVER AND LOOKS THROUGH THE BOOK.

JOE : Anything?

FRANK : (OFF) No. Call from Pay. Wants to know if I'll be home for dinner. Better give her a call.

SOUND : FRANK WALKS OVER TO PHONE AND PICKS IT UP... DIALS NINE AND THEN NO. 28709.

FRANK : She's gettin' a little hacked at me.

JOE : That so?
FRANK: Yeah. Last three nights she's waited dinner for me and then I didn't make it...Hello Honey...Yeah. I don't know yet...Yeah I think so. Uh huh. I know, I know. Yeah.
Maybe another hour or so. Yeah...Okay. Right... G'bye.
SOUND: PHONE HANG UP. FRANK TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS BACK ON MIKE.
FRANK: I don't make it tonight and she's gonna scalp me.
SOUND: PHONE RING.
JOE: ...I'll get it.
SOUND: JOE MOVES TO PHONE AND PICKS IT UP.
JOE: Forgery, Friday. Yes ma'am...what's that address again?
Alright...yes ma'am, we'll be right there.
SOUND: PHONE HANG UP.
JOE: Better order a toupee.
FRANK: Ruh?
JOE: Dry goods store out on Main...Forger's there now.
(End Scene 6)
JOE: In the process of the investigation, the police department had alerted the merchants throughout the city to the method of operation of the woman forger. Thousands of printed circulars had been distributed bearing her description. An artist's conception of the woman had been published in the daily papers, and the drawing had also been broadcast over the local television station. The clerk in the store we'd gotten the call from had noticed the similarity between a woman waiting to cash a check and the description. From the information we'd gotten on the hot shot, the woman was waiting for an authorization for the check. When Frank and I got to the store, we met a small elderly woman. She produced identification in the form of a driver's license, bearing the name Lillian Holstead. Frank and I asked her to go with us to the City Hall for questioning. A police woman was called and the interrogation started.

PEGGY: (AS OLD WOMAN) I want you gentlemen to know that I resent the implication you're making. The idea, trying to make me out a vicious criminal.

JOE: Ma'am...we're not trying to embarrass you. We just want to get to the truth.

PEGGY: I'm giving you that. I'm telling you what you want to know.

JOE: All right, ma'am...let's go over it again. What's your name?

PEGGY: Lillian Holstead.

JOE: Is this your driver's license?

PEGGY: Yes, it is.
Then the thumbprint on it should be yours too. That right?

I'd imagine so, yes.

Then suppose we go down the hall and take your fingerprints and compare it.

Look here young man...I know my rights. You're not dealing with some little school girl this time. I've lived a long time and I know just exactly what you can and what you can't do. I know for instance that you can't take my fingerprints unless you want to arrest me for something. If you want to make a fool out of yourself to that extent...then you go ahead and do it. And mark this well, young man...I'll sue you for every nickel you own. I'll let the papers know about this. They'd love to know how you treat old women. They'd just love to know.

Have you been mistreated in any way ma'am?

No. And I don't intend to be.
JOE: There's a man on the way down here ma'am. Man by the name of Holstead. Wife's name is Lillian Holstead. That driver's license we found in your purse... the one you claim is yours... is registered to his wife. He's coming down here to tell us that you aren't his wife. That you stole the license. That you were a student in his dramatic school. Now why don't you save all of us a lot of trouble. Why don't you admit that you're the woman we're looking for? That you're Peggy Small.

(BEAT)

JOE: Miss Small?

(BEAT)

PEGGY: (IN NATURAL VOICE) All right. I lose. I guess I should have known. You mind if I take this wig off...

kinda warm in here.

JOE: Go right ahead ma'am.

PEGGY: (WITH EXERTION AS SHE REMOVES WIG) Good racket while it lasted. Crumby driver's license.... I was doin' all right as long as I used the letters. They shoulda been good enough for me. Shoulda known.

JOE: What'd you do with the money, Miss Small?

PEGGY: I've got it all. Every last nickel of it. Almost had enough, too.

FRANK: Enough for what?

JOE: Ma'am?

PEGGY: Phoney town. Months I pounded on doors. Talkin' to agents...Casting directors...talking to anybody who'd listen to me. Tryin' to get a job. Tryin' to get a break in pictures. None of 'em would talk to me.

They wouldn't even see me. Phoney town.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

PEGGY: They wanted character women. Didn't want any young women. Character women...that's what they wanted.

Well, I got to be the best of 'em. They didn't want me the way I am. I wouldn't work any other way. None.

Had you fooled didn't I. Had the whole town fooled. All of 'em. Phoney place. I was goin' back east...

back to New York. They know talent back there. They recognize it. They know whether you're real there or whether you're just a phoney. They know it there.

JOE: We know it here too, ma'am. Let's go.

MUSIC: ____________________________

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

BIGNEY: On June 19th trial was held in department 89, Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.
DRAGNET RADIO
1/11/53

CLOSING COMMERCIAL:

1 FENN: And now, here is our star, Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, only the modern
3 cigarette....Chesterfield.... gives you this scientific
4 evidence on the effects of smoking. No adverse effects on
5 the nose - throat, and sinuses of the group from smoking
6 Chesterfields. And only the modern cigarette....
7 Chesterfield....gives you premium quality in both regular
8 and king-size. I know Chesterfield is best for me....and
9 best for you. Buy 'em regular or king-size. Either way,
10 they are much milder to give you all the pleasure the
11 modern cigarette can give.

LG 0163719
GIBNEY: Peggy Janis Small was tried and convicted of Forgery, 10 counts. She was sentenced to the State Penitentiary for women at Tehachepi California for the term prescribed by law. Forgery is punishable by imprisonment for a period of from 1 to fourteen years in the State penitentiary.
You have just heard Dragnet - a series of authentic cases from official files. Technical advice comes from the office of Chief of Police, W.H. Parker, Los Angeles Police Department. Technical advisors: Captain Jack Donohoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher. Heard tonight were Ben Alexander, Virginia Gregg, Johnathon Hole.


Hal Gibney speaking.

Sound off for Chesterfields. Either way you like 'em—regular or king size, you will find premium quality Chesterfields much milder.

Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet, transcribed from Los Angeles.