THE BIG SMOKE
M.B.C. #191 CHESTERFIELD #22
FOR BROADCAST FEBRUARY 22, 1953

1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield
3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD" ... DRUM ROLL
4 GIBNEY: Chesterfield, the first and only cigarette in America to
give you premium quality in both regular and king size ...
5 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
6 GIBNEY: ..........brings you Dragnet.
7 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
8 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and Gentlemen, the story you are about to
9 hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the
10 innocent.
11 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
12 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to
13 Homicide detail. You get a call that a 72 year old man
14 has been murdered. His invalid wife has been brutally
15 beaten. There's no lead to the assailants. Your job.....
16 get 'em.
17 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
18 (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
When you are asked to try a cigarette, you want to know - and you ought to know what that cigarette has meant to people who smoke it and who smoke it all the time. For almost a year now, a medical specialist has given a group of CHESTERFIELD smokers thorough examinations every two months. He reports no adverse effects to their noses - their throats or sinuses from smoking CHESTERFIELDS. More and more men and women all over the country are finding out every day that CHESTERFIELD is best for them. Enjoy your smoking! Try CHESTERFIELDS today. You'll find CHESTERFIELD much milder ... with an extraordinarily good taste.
"SMOKE"

1 MUSIC: THEMES

2 GIBNEY: Dragnet, the documented story 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.

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

4 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ALONG SIDEWALK. UP A COUPLE OF
STAIRS ONTO WOODED PORCH AND ACROSS THE PORCH.

5 JOE: It was Tuesday, August 12th. It was warm in Los Angeles.
We were working the day watch out of Homicide detail. My
partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Thad Brown chief of
Detectives. My name's Friday. We were on the way out
from the office and it was 8:12 A.M. when we got to 2469
North Brighton Avenue...(SOUND: DOOR KNOCK)...the front
door.

6 SOUND: DOOR OPEN

7 EMILY: Yes.

8 JOE: Mrs. Hurley?

9 EMILY: Yes. Who're you?

10 JOE: Police officers. This is Officer Smith...my name's
Friday.

11 EMILY: Oh...it's about time you got here.

12 JOE: Yes ma'am. Wonder if we could see Mrs. Stone?
EMILY: I don't think so. The ambulance man's with her now.

Givin' her some kinda pill. Something to calm her down.

Lord knows, the poor thing certainly needs something.

FRANK: Yes ma'am. We'd like to see her.

EMILY: Like I said... I don't know if you can. I'll have to ask the ambulance man.

JOE: I'm sure it's alright ma'am. If you'd let us talk to the attendant.

EMILY: You just wait here. I'll talk to him.

JOE: I don't like to be rude ma'am, but this is a murder investigation. If you'll open the door, please.

EMILY: How do I know what you say you are. How do I know you're cops.

JOE: Here's our identification.

EMILY: (LOOKING THROUGH SCREEN DOOR) Uh. Looks enough like you I guess. Alright........c'mon in.

SOUND: SHE UNLOCKS SCREEN DOOR AND THE OFFICERS WALK IN. SCREEN DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

JOE: Where is Mrs. Stone?

EMILY: Back there. In the back bedroom.

JOE: You wanna check with the attendant, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah. Right away.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS OFF MIKE.....IN PAR B.G. WE HEAR HIM KNOCK ON DOOR AND MUMBLED CONVERSATION WITH ATTENDANT.

JOE: (TO EMILY) Wonder if you could tell us what you know about this, Mrs. Hurley?
EMILY: I don't think so. The ambulance man's with her now.

Givin' her some kinda pill. Something to calm her down.

Lord knows, the poor thing certainly needs something.

FRANK: Yes ma'am. We'd like to see her.

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the ambulance man.

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attendant.

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investigation. If You'll open the door, please.

EMILY: How do I know what you say you are. How do I know you're
cops.

JOE: Here's our identification.

EMILY: (LOOKING THROUGH SCREEN DOOR) Uh. Looks enough like you I
guess. Alright..........c'mon in.

SOUND: SHE UNLOCKS SCREEN DOOR AND THE OFFICERS WALK IN. SCREEN
DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

JOE: Where is Mrs. Stone?

EMILY: Back there. In the back bedroom.

JOE: You wanna check with the attendant, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah. Right away.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS OFF MIKE....IN FAR B.G. WE HEAR HIM KNOCK ON
DOOR AND MUMBLED CONVERSATION WITH ATTENDANT.

JOE: (TO EMILY) Wonder if you could tell us what you know about
this, Mrs. Hurley?
EMILY: You just bet I can. You jest bet. That poor woman back there....she's lying at death's door because you didn't do your job. You know that?

JOE: Ma'am?

EMILY: At death's door. It's your job to see that things like this don't happen. That's what you're paid for. And look. Just look. Her poor husband dead, and herself all beaten. Poor thing. I just don't understand what the world's coming to when things like this can happen.

JOE: First ma'am...there was no way we could stop this. We're trying to clean it up now. We're gonna need your help to do it. Now if you'd tell me what happened.

EMILY: Uh. Well, that's what you say. But I know different.

JOE: Look Mrs. Hurley, the faster we can get started on this thing the better chance we have of getting the people responsible for it.

EMILY: I suppose so. Well, what do you want to know?

JOE: If you'd start at the beginning and tell me what you know about it.

EMILY: Yeah. Well, it started this morning. About 7 or 7:15 I think. I heard this noise at the back door. Kind of a scratching kind of noise. And a moan. Little tiny moan. Sounded like it was way off. Kinda in the distance.

JOE: Yes ma'am.
1 EMILY: At first I wasn't sure that I wasn't dreaming the whole thing. You know how it is when you're awakened outta sound sleep.

2 JOE: Yes ma'am.

3 EMILY: Well, it was like that. Took me about ten minutes before I knew that there really was something there. Well, I got up and went to the door. That's when I found her.

4 JOE: Right there at the back door. Kinda laying on the porch.

5 EMILY: I could see right away that someone had beaten her.

6 JOE: That's when I called the ambulance. Then she told me about how her husband had been killed and then I called you. The other car...the one with the men in uniform came out. They looked around and then went over to the house.

7 JOE: That'd be the Stone's house?

8 EMILY: That's right. Next door.

9 JOE: Uh huh.

10 SOUND: OFF MIKE WE HEAR FRANK FADE IN

11 JOE: (TO FRANK) How 'bout it?

12 FRANK: Pretty bad Joe. They're treating her now.

13 JOE: Can we see her?

14 FRANK: Attendant says it'll be alright for a couple of minutes.

15 JOE: Not much more than that. They're gonna take her to Georgia street.

16 JOE: Okay.
He said he'd let us know when we could talk to her.

Alright. She tell you what happened, Mrs. Hurley?

Anything at all?

Just that there were two men. That they came in and beat up on her. Killed her husband. That was enough. One look at her and you could tell that she was hurt bad.

And her an invalid. I just don't understand how anybody in their right mind could do a thing like this. I just don't understand it.

You say that she's an invalid?

Yes. They were involved in an auto accident a couple of years ago. Some drunk ran right into them. Smashed the car all up. Laid Mr. Stone up for a couple of months and put Patricia in a wheel chair for the rest of her life.

Can't walk at all. She crawled over here. Don't know how she did it. Great courage.

Yes ma'am. Did you hear anything at all last night.

Any disturbance?

Not a thing. Went to bed about ten. Slept like a rock.

Didn't hear a thing until this morning. That was about 7. 7:15 maybe. Like I said. No...didn't hear a thing.

Do you know if there was any one that the Stone's were afraid of? Anyone who might do this?

No. I can't think of a soul.
FRANK: How 'bout money ma'am. Did Mr. Stone keep large sums around the house?

EMILY: Well, now, I don't know. He might have.

SOUND: OFF MIKE WE HEAR DOOR OPEN...STEPS FADE IN

HAL: (LITTLE OFF) Joe?

JOE: (TURNING) Yeah, Hal.

HAL: You wanna see her now?

JOE: Yeah, c'mon Frank.

EMILY: You gonna want to talk to me some more?

JOE: Yes ma'am. We'll be back.

SOUND: THEY WALK DOWN HALL AND INTO BEDROOM

PAT: SOBS GENTLY AS THEY ENTER

SOUND: STEPS STOP

BEAT

JOE: Mrs. Stone?

BEAT

JOE: Mrs. Stone?

PAT: Yes... who is it?

JOE: Police officers, ma'am. We know you don't feel well, but there are a few questions we'd like to ask if you don't mind.

PAT: You got the men yet? The ones who did this?

JOE: No ma'am...not yet.

PAT: I tried to tell them. I tried. They just wouldn't listen.

FRANK: Ma'am?
PAT: I told them to take whatever they wanted and leave us alone. Just leave us alone. I tried to tell them. They wouldn't listen. They killed Henry. They tried to kill me.

JOE: Do you know who they were Mrs. Stone?

PAT: What?

JOE: The men who did this... Do you know who they were? Had you ever seen them before?

PAT: No.....I don't think so. It was dark. Then I heard them argue with Henry. I tried to get up. Tried to help him but I couldn't. I screamed but they didn't pay any attention. Then they killed him.

FRANK: Can you describe them for us? Tell us how tall they were...how they were dressed?

PAT: They didn't know that I was there. Then they came into my room and said that they'd killed the other one so they might as well kill me, too. I tried to tell them to go away. They wouldn't listen. They just hit me and hit me. There wasn't anything I could do.

JOE: Did they drive a car....Is there anything you can tell us that might help in identifying them? Did one of them use a name?

PAT: They locked me in a closet. Put that pillow over my head. I don't know why. I told them they could take what they wanted. Take it if they'd just leave us alone. But they didn't. They killed Henry and they tried to kill me.
JOE: Alright Mrs. Stone. Everything's gonna be alright. Don't worry now. Just try to get some rest.

PAT: Doesn't matter now. Isn't anything that matters anymore. Nothin' now that they killed Henry.

JOE: Alright ma'am. Now please. Try not to get upset.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF AND HAL WALKS INTO THE ROOM

HAL: (LITTLE OFF) Joe?

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO HAL

JOE: Yeah.

HAL: Better get her downtown.

JOE: How's it look for her, Hal? What're her chances?

HAL: Depends.

JOE: Yeah?

HAL: On how hard she wants to try.

END SCENE 1
JOE: 8:46 A.M. The ambulance removed Mrs. Stone to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. We put in a call to the crime lab and then we talked to the neighbor, Mrs. Hurley. She could add little to what she'd already told us. She said that she had heard no loud noises during the night and that she'd seen no one in the neighborhood acting suspicious. She told us, however, that Mr. Stone was known to have kept large sums of money in the house. She went on to say that he made no attempt to hide his distrust of banks and that he had often said that all of his money was on the premises. 9:02 A.M. Frank and I went next door to the Stone home. The crime lab and latent fingerprint crews had arrived and were going over the place for physical evidence. We talked to Ray Pinker of the crime lab.

RAY: This is how they got in.....

FRANK: Yeah...tore the screen.

RAY: Must have done it with their hands. Couldn't find any tool marks.

JOE: You figure the door was open then, huh Ray?

RAY: Yeah...looks that way. One of those old fashioned locks.

JOE: Find anything else?

RAY: Take a look *back here in the closet.*

SOUND: THEY WALK THROUGH THE KITCHEN AND INTO THE BACK BEDROOM.
JOE: (AS THEY WALK) Sure tore the place up.
RAY: Yeah. Went through everything. Even took the pictures off the walls. Ripped up the bedding. Isn't a drawer that they didn't go through.
JOE: Any prints?
RAY: Bergman's checking it. Hasn't found anything yet that I know of.
JOE: Vicious.
RAY: Here. Look at the mattress on the husband's bed.
SOUND: STEPS STOP
RAY: Tore it all up. Stuffing scattered around the room. Looks like a tornado went through the place. The closet's back here.
SOUND: THEY WALK INTO NEXT ROOM.
RAY: This was Mrs. Stone's room. You can see where they dragged her.
SOUND: TO FOLLOW
RAY: Must have hit her the first time about here...Then they dragged her over to this closet. Dropped her in here.
SOUND: THEY ENTER CLOSET.
RAY: You can see where she stacked those suitcases up there to pull herself out of the window.
JOE: Yeah. I don't see how she did it. Hurt like she was.
RAY: Looks like robbery was the motive then huh, Ray?
RAY: Can't agree with that Joe.
1 JOE: What?
2 RAY: C'mon back into Stone's room.
3 SOUND: THEY WALK BACK INTO NEXT BEDROOM.
4 RAY: We found the murder weapon. Checked around and it looks like they picked them up in the back yard. Here....
5    take a look.
6    SOUND: STEPS STOP. WE HEAR RAY STOOP DOWN.
7 RAY: Couple of wooden clubs. Looks like they came from a walnut tree just outside the back door. Kinda blows the robbery angle.
8 JOE: Yeah.
9 RAY: They were ready to kill the Stones when they came in.
10 END SCENE 2
9:30 A.M. The crime lab finished their investigation of the house. The back yard and the surrounding ground were gone over. In the soft earth at the foot of one of the walnut trees a pair of footprints was found and plaster casts were made of them. On the lower limbs of the trees, we found the place where the two clubs could have been taken. The rest of the yard and immediate vicinity were combed but we found nothing. 12:15 P.M. Frank put in a call to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. They told him that Mrs. Stone had been given emergency treatment and then removed to the County Hospital. Her condition was listed as critical. They said that it would be some time before we would be able to talk to her. 1:30 P.M. we began to canvas the neighborhood. From the people in the surrounding houses we found that Mr. Stone had retired from the wholesale grocery business about 10 years ago. He devoted himself to the cultivation of prize roses and the care of Mrs. Stone. The neighbors told us that the Stones were quiet and that they seldom entertained. 3:15 P.M. we went back to talk to Mrs. Hurley.

EMILY: I knew you'd be back.

JOE: Ma'am?
EMILY: I knew you'd come back to talk to me again. Coulda told you a lot but I thought that I'd just let you try and find out for yourself. Didn't do too well did you? Huh? Did you?

JOE: I don't think I understand Mrs. Hurley.

EMILY: Simple. Anything you want to know about this neighborhood...you come to the source. That's me. Anybody knows what's goin' on here, I do.

JOE: Well, if you had information that you thought we should have, why didn't you tell us before, Ma'am?

EMILY: Didn't want to.

JOE: Ma'am?

EMILY: I said, I didn't want to. I still say that you were responsible for this whole thing. Done your job and it wouldn't have happened. I still haven't forgot. No sir.

JOE: Look Ma'am. This is a murder investigation. A man has been killed, a woman has been badly beaten. We're gonna need all the cooperation from you we can get.

EMILY: I'm ready now.

JOE: What?

EMILY: I'll cooperate. Tell you what you wanna know.

BEAT

JOE: Alright, Mrs. Hurley. First...you have any idea of who might have done this?

EMILY: You just bet I have.

FRANK: Who ma'am?
EMILY: Their boy. Only one that's mean enough to do it.

FRANK: Their boy?

EMILY: Sure. Herman Junior. He's the one. You just bet.

JOE: Why do you say that?

EMILY: Because I know, that's why. Mean kid. Always had trouble with him. He caused the only trouble ever was between Patricia and me. Trouble-maker...that's what he was. Pure and simple...a trouble-maker.

FRANK: How old is the boy Mrs. Hurley?

EMILY: 36. A real monster.

JOE: You know where the boy is now?

EMILY: No...and I'm not interested. Happiest day of my life when he moved out of the house. Oh he and I used to get in some arguments. Little brat. Stand there and think he was so big. Finally, Mr. Stone saw it. Told him to get out. Moved right out of the house...bag and parcel. Right out.

JOE: You mean that Mr. Stone and the boy had arguments?

HEAT

EMILY: See...that's what I mean. No wonder people don't cooperate with you.

JOE: Ma'am?

EMILY: I say something and then you ask me if I mean it. Of course I mean it. Wouldn't say it otherwise. Like people who ask what time it is? Y'tell 'em and then they ask you if you're sure. If they don't want to believe you why'd they ask in the first place. No wonder.
JOE: Yes ma'am. Would you tell us about these arguments between Stone and his son?
EMILY: Well, now you ask that way and I will.
JOE: Thank you ma'am.
EMILY: Like I said the kid was a mean one. Used to go out of his way to do mean things. I have cats y'know. Lots of cats. Love them dearly.
JOE: Yes ma'am.
EMILY: Well, I'll never forget the time the little monster got ahold of some firecrackers. Put 'em in a can and tied the can to Alexander's tail. He was one of my persians. Terrible the way that animal worried after that. Used to sit and brood. Finally killed him. Just worried himself to death. Took me three days to get him out of a tree. After that whenever he'd see Herman Junior he'd run and hide.
JOE: Yes ma'am. But about these arguments.
EMILY: You gonna let me tell this my way or aren't you?
JOE: Go ahead Mrs. Hurley.
EMILY: Well, alright. Anyway like I said. The kid used to go out of his way to cause trouble. One day he tore up the whole bed of his father's prize roses. Three days before the big Rose show too. That was the end. Never did hear such arguments. 'Course they always did have little quarrels. But this was a doozer. Real loud. I thought that maybe Herman Junior was going to hit his father. Looked like it.

JOE: Were you there at the time?

EMILY: No...no I wasn't. It was a warm night. Just a couple of months ago. All the windows were open and I just couldn't help seein' into their house. Y'know...houses being so close together. You can understand it.

FRANK: Yes ma'am...we can understand.

BEAT

EMILY: I don't like the way you said that, young man.

FRANK: I didn't mean anything by it, Mrs. Hurley.

EMILY: Uh...suppose not. But I don't want you to get the idea that I'm the nosey type.

FRANK: Oh no ma'am...not at all.

EMILY: Well, anyway. Mr. Stone told Herman to get his things and get out. Right out...that night. Told him that it was about time that he got out on his own. Tried to make something of himself. That he...the father that is...Mr. Stone...was tired of supportin' a no good worthless bum. Those were his exact words. No good worthless bum. Real fight.
JOE: Uh huh. Well, did the boy leave that night?
EMILY: Oh yes. Went right into his room and packed. Said that he'd never come back. That he didn't want anything more to do with the old man. Then his father said that was the way he wanted it. That he was gonna cut him out of his will. Well, you can just believe that's when the trouble really started.
FRANK: Where was Mrs. Stone all this time?
EMILY: She was in her room but she came out. Wheeled herself right out. Told them to stop this foolishness. She always kinda pampered the boy. I think myself that's what caused him to be like he was. Y'know...tied to his mother's apron strings and all.
JOE: Yes ma'am.
EMILY: And that's when Herman said that about doing something. Said that the old man was Senile...(SEE-NILE) Said that he was crazy and that the money was his and that he was gonna see that he got it.
JOE: Uh huh.
EMILY: Said that he meant to have it if he had to kill somebody.
END SCENE 3
JOE: 4:10 P.M. We got the full name and description of the Stone boy from Mrs. Hurley. We went back to the office and ran the name through R. and I. We found a Herman R. Stone Jr. with an arrest record listing 3 arrests for drunk. We checked out his last known address, a hotel on South Hill and found that he'd moved several weeks before. The manager gave us a forwarding address and at 6:10 P.M. Frank and I drove out to see him. It was a large apartment hotel on Wilshire Blvd. We talked to the desk clerk.

CHET: Sure I know Herman. Nice guy. Once in a while he gets a little loud but most of the time he's a real nice guy.

JOE: Is he here now?

CHET: I don't think so. Lemme look.

SOUND: HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT KEY RACK.

CHET: No. Key's here. I think I saw him go out about an hour ago. He wasn't feelin' too well. Bad hangover.

FRANK: Any idea where he might be?

CHET: No. Like I said. I didn't talk to him...just saw him go out.

JOE: You know what he does for a living?

CHET: Herman?

JOE: Yes sir.
CHET: Don't think he does nothin'. Plays the horses a little bit. Picks up a buck that way. Good player. Sure knows the dogs. He's given me a couple of tips. Didn't do any good. But he sure does alright. Made a real killing yesterday. Musta hit it for about 4 or 5 thousand.

FRANK: That right?

CHET: Yeah. Showed me the money this morning. Real big roll. Least 4, 5 grand. Tips he gave me never did that good.

JOE: You got any idea where he was last night?

CHET: Say what's this all about anyway? Herm done something?

JOE: Be better if we talk to him.

CHET: Oh. Yeah...well yeah I guess you guys know what you're doin'. Huh?

JOE: Yes sir.

CHET: You asked if I knew what he was doin' last night?

JOE: Yes sir.

CHET: Sure do. Really tied one on. Course with his luck I don't wonder. Really tied one on.

JOE: Sir?

CHET: Loaded. He got in here and he had a bottle. Say you won't say anything about this to the management will you?

JOE: No sir. We won't.
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Chesterfield is the first cigarette to offer smokers premium quality in both regular and king-size! King-size Chesterfield contains tobaccos of better quality and higher price than any other king-size cigarette.
2 Chesterfield is first to name all its ingredients ... ingredients that make the best possible smoke ... And Chesterfield gives you this scientific report. No adverse effects to the nose and throat of a group smoking only Chesterfields. So - enjoy your smoking.
3 Change to Chesterfield today ... much milder with an extraordinarily good taste.
Frank: Couldn't have that happen. They don't approve of
drinkin' while I'm on duty. You understand. Kinda
stuffy but that's the way they look at it.

Joe: Uh huh.

Chet: Like I said...Old Herm rolls in here and he's got this
bottle. Asks me to have one with him. Well, I don't
like to get him sore so I do. Then we have a couple more.
Old Herm. That boy can really put it away.

Frank: Yes sir. What time was this?

Chet: Well, let's see. I guess about 7:00, maybe 7:15.

Frank: Did he go out after that?

Chet: Sure didn't. Killed the bottle and then he passed right
cut. Cold. Slept there on that couch. No sir...Old
Herm didn't go anyplace.

End Scene 4

End Act 1

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
8:12 P.M. Herman Stone returned to the hotel. Frank and I talked to him for about an hour. He seemed shocked to learn of his father's death. We questioned him about the money that he'd suddenly come up with. He explained that he'd won it at the races. He gave us the name of the man who'd accompanied him to the track. Frank and I checked with him and found that Stone's story was true. We checked his shoe size and found that it was not the same as that found at the scene of the murder.

We called the office and found that we'd gotten a message from the County Hospital. Mrs. Stone was able to talk to us. She wasn't completely out of danger but, barring a relapse, she was expected to recover. Frank and I drove out to the hospital and talked to her.

PATRICIA: I wish I could help you more than I have, but there just isn't anything else.

JOE: Can you give us any sort of a description at all, Mrs. Stone?

PATRICIA: No. As I said, I didn't get a good look at them. It was so dark, and then when they came into the room, well I guess I was so frightened that I wasn't looking for anything.

FRANK: Uh huh. Did one of them use a name at anytime, Ma'am?

PATRICIA: I don't think I know what you mean.

FRANK: Well, while they were there, did you hear one of them call to the other and use any sort of a name.
1 PAT: No. Not that I know of...No, I'm pretty sure that they didn't.
2 JOE: Could you give us any idea of how tall they were?
3 PAT: That'd be pretty hard to do, Mr. Friday. I was lying down when they came into my room. I could only guess but I'd say maybe as tall as you. I don't think much taller.
4 FRANK: How 'bout their build. Was it heavy or slight?
5 PAT: I can't be sure. I guess if I must say one or the other, I'd have to say they were about medium. The one was very strong though.
6 JOE: Ma'am?
7 PAT: The one that carried me to the closet. He was strong. Just lifted me out of the bed and carried me over to the closet and just threw me on the floor.
8 JOE: Did your husband have any large amounts of money in the house?
9 PAT: Yes. Yes he did. Herman never did believe in banks. Not since the crash. Always said that he could take care of the money as well as they could.
10 JOE: Yes ma'am.
11 PAT: He had all of his savings in the house. Kept them in the mattress on his bed.
12 FRANK: Do you know about how much that might be Mrs. Stone?
I'd only be guessing, but I'd say maybe 12 or 13 thousand dollars. Herman didn't discuss finances with me. He always thought that it was a man's business. That I shouldn't have to worry about it. I tried to tell him. Tried all the time. What's that, ma'am? That he should put the money in a bank. He used to talk about it too. I know that didn't help any. Who'd he talk to, Mrs. Stone? People in the neighborhood. He used to tell them that he didn't get the interest but that he always knew just where his money was. Used to ask them if they could say the same. Uh huh. Can you think of anyone in the neighborhood who might do a thing like this? Oh no. We've lived there for a long time. No, none of them would even think about it. Yes ma'am. Did you or your husband have any enemies? Any one that you had arguments with? No. There wasn't anyone. Mr. Friday? Yes ma'am. Does my son know about this. Does he know that his father's been... Does he know about it? Yes ma'am. He does. He's outside in the hall right now. Wants to see you.
PAT: Poor boy. Never did get along with his father. I tried to make them understand each other. I tried so hard. Didn't seem to do any good.

JOE: Yes ma'am. Well, if there's nothing else you can tell us...

PAT: There's one thing. I kinda hate to mention it. Seems so silly.

FRANK: What's that Mrs. Stone?

PAT: Well, when they were arguing with Herman in the next room. They got very loud. I thought that I recognized one of the voices. I can't be sure but at the time I thought about it.

JOE: Uh huh.

PAT: Then when they came into my room I was pretty sure. But I could be wrong and I wouldn't want to cause anybody any trouble. I wouldn't want to make a mistake.

JOE: Who do you think it might have been ma'am. Who's voice do you think it was?

PAT: It sounded like Smokey's.

JOE: Who?

PAT: Smokey. He used to do some work around the yard for Herman. That was a year or so ago. I haven't seen him since then.

JOE: Do you know where we can get in touch with him ma'am?

PAT: No I don't. As I said, I haven't seen him in over a year.

FRANK: What's his full name Mrs. Stone?
PAT: I don't know. That's why I thought that it might be a little silly. I don't even know his right name. Just told us his name was Smokey. Young man. Always had a cigarette in his mouth. Chain smoker I think you call them.

JOE: Uh huh.

PAT: Herman used to kid him about it. Y'know. Smokin' all the time. I don't think Smokey liked it at all. He was a pretty serious young man. Used to get a little angry at Herman.

FRANK: Can you give us a description of the man?

PAT: Oh yes. Nice looking boy. I hope I haven't made a mistake. I hope I haven't done the wrong thing.

JOE: Don't worry about it Mrs. Stone.

PAT: What?

JOE: That's his worry now.

END SCENE 5
JOE (Cont): We continue to talk to Mrs. Stone. We got the description of the handyman who'd worked for her husband. 11:28 P.M. We went back to the city hall and ran the name and description through the moniker files in R and I. We came up with one good possible. In checking his record we found that his full name was Charles P. Roxford. His age was listed as 37 years and the rest of his description matched the one we'd gotten from Mrs. Stone. He had an arrest record listing several charges of forgery and at that time there was an outstanding warrant on him for check passing. We checked back into the office and called forgery division.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. NITE.

JOE: (On phone) Yeah... Roxford. That's right Charles R. Huh?..... We wanna talk to him about a killing out on Brighton, Yeah. What? When was that? Yeah...

Okay. We'll be right there.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP.

JOE: Sometimes there are days like this.

FRANK: What's the bit? They know where he is?

JOE: Yeah. They got him down the hall.

END SCENE 6
JOE: Charles Roxford had been picked up a few minutes before by officers in Forgery Division while he was trying to pass a bad check. They were talking to him when I called them. Frank and I went down the hall and took the prisoner to the interrogation room. We talked to him for two hours. During that time he'd admit nothing except his name and that he had been trying to pass a phoney check.

CHARLES: You're off your rocker and you know it. You got me for one thing. Passing paper. That's it and you can't make anything more out of it.

JOE: How 'bout this money we found on you?

CHARLES: Yeah how 'bout it.

JOE: Where'd it come from?

CHARLES: I won it.

JOE: Where?

CHARLES: In a crap game.

JOE: Where was the game?

CHARLES: I forgot. It was a floating game. Moved around a lot.

FRANK: You work for the Stone family a year or so ago?

CHARLES: I dunno. Might have. I worked for a lot of people.

FRANK: You work for them?

CHARLES: I might have, like I said.

JOE: They seem to think you did.

CHARLES: Alright....so I did, what's that mean?
JOE: You ever have any arguments with Stone?
CHARLES: No. We got along good. Never had no trouble.
FRANK: His wife thinks different.
CHARLES: That so?
JOE: Yeah.
CHARLES: Then she's off her rocker too. Look, maybe you guys got all night. I haven't.
JOE: You aren't goin' anyplace.
CHARLES: How 'bout bookin' me in and let's talk in the morning huh?
JOE: Fine Roxford. Soon's you answer a few questions for us.
CHARLES: I told you all I know.
JOE: Maybe you forgot something. Let's go over it again.
CHARLES: (SIGHS) Okay. Where do we start.
FRANK: You tell us what you been doin' the last few days?
CHARLES: Any day in particular or do you want a run down minute by minute?
JOE: Just tell us what you've been doing.
CHARLES: Well, now let's see. This is Tuesday isn't it?
JOE: Yeah...it's Tuesday.
CHARLES: Well, let's start with Monday. That alright with you?
FRANK: Come on...get on with it.
CHARLES: I got up yesterday morning about...I think it was about 11:30. Lit a cigarette....then I got dressed and went downstairs and had some breakfast. Interesting?
FRANK: Go ahead.
CHARLES: I can spice it up for you if you want. Kinda dull when you tell it straight.

JOE: Just tell the story.

CHARLES: What're you guys trying to prove. What're you trying to tie on me.?

JOE: What'd you do last night?

CHARLES: Had dinner and went to a show.

FRANK: Where'd you eat dinner?

CHARLES: Place down on Spring.

JOE: You eat alone?

CHARLES: Yeah.

JOE: What'd you do then?

CHARLES: Like I said.....I went to a show.

FRANK: Who went with you?

CHARLES: Nobody. I didn't say anybody went with me.

FRANK: Oh....I must have thought you said that.

CHARLES: Yeah.....I went alone.

JOE: Where'd you go after that?

CHARLES: Walked around....had a couple of drinks.

JOE: Where?

CHARLES: Bar down on Fifth.

FRANK: What time was that?

CHARLES: About 12:30 or so.

JOE: Anybody with you?

CHARLES: No.

FRANK: You know the bartender?
1 CHARLES: No I never went in the place before.
2 JOE: Then you got no way of provin; you were there?
3 CHARLES: No. Do I have to?
4 FRANK: It'd help.
5 CHARLES: Why? I'm a big boy now. I don't have to explain
6 anything to you guys. Now get off my back huh? I'm
7 getting sick of playin' footsey with you.
8 JOE: Where'd you go after you left the bar?
9 CHARLES: I went home.
10 FRANK: Where's that?
11 CHARLES: Place over on Fourth.
12 JOE: What time'd you get in?
13 CHARLES: I dunno. Maybe 1:30......2:00.
14 FRANK: The desk clerk see you come in?
15 CHARLES: No. He was asleep.
16 JOE: How long ago did you say you worked for the Stones?
17 CHARLES: I didn't you said I worked for 'em a year ago.
18 JOE: Is that right?
19 CHARLES: I guess so. I forget. Why what's this bit about
20 the Stones.
21 JOE: You got anyway of provin' where you were last night?
22 CHARLES: Like I said.....I don't have to.
23 JOE: That's the way you look at it Mister.
24 FRANK: You're in trouble if you can't come up with an alibi
25 we can't break.
26 CHARLES: That right.
JOE: Yeah.

CHARLES: Why?

FRANK: Because Mrs. Stone got a good look at you.

CHARLES: She couldn't have. The lights were......out.

BEAT

JOE: Okay, Roxford wanna tell us about it.

PAUSE

FRANK: C'mon Roxford.

CHARLES: Alright, I shoulda known. I shoulda known. Never should have done it. But I didn't have any choice. You can figure that can't you.

JOE: What d'ya mean?

CHARLES: I owed this money. The guys were getting tired of waitin'. They said that I had to come up with it. I didn't have a choice.

FRANK: That right.

CHARLES: Sure. You can see it can't you. I had to come up with the money. I tried to win it back. More I played, the more I owed 'em. There wasn't any other way. I knew that old man Stone had it. Wasn't doin' him any good.

JOE: Who was with you?

CHARLES: Jackie Forbes.

FRANK: Know where we can find him?
CHARLES: Yeah, I'll tell you.

JOE: Wanna get the stenographer Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK GETS UP AND MOVES OUT OF THE INTERROGATION ROOM. B.G. IN AS DOOR IS OPEN.

CHARLES: Shoulda known. But there wasn't any choice. There wasn't any other way.

JOE: Why'd you kill him?

CHARLES: He knew who I was. No choice. I had to.

JOE: That right?

CHARLES: Sure. You can see that yourself can't you. I couldn't find any other way.

JOE: How hard did you try?

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On December 10, 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.
FENN: And now, here is our star - Jack Webb.
WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, as I've told you before .... Chesterfield is the first cigarette to give you premium quality throughout in both regular and king-size.... And Chesterfield is the cigarette that gives you this scientific report. No adverse effects to the nose, and throat of a group smoking only Chesterfields.
As a two pack-a-day Chesterfield smoker, I know it's the cigarette that's best for me. They really are much milder. And I'm sure when you try 'em ... regular or king-size ... you'll agree Chesterfield is best for you.
"SMOKE"

GIBNEY: Charles Richard Roxford and Jack Allen Forbes were tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. They were executed in the lethal gas chamber at the State Penitentiary, San Quentin California.
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.


For a million laughs, tune in Chesterfields Martin and Lewis show Tuesday on this same N.B.C. station, and sound off for Chesterfields. Either regular or king size, you will find premium quality Chesterfields much milder. Chesterfield is best for you.

Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet, transcribed from Los Angeles.