CHESTERFIELD #23  NBC #192  RELEASE DATE: SUNDAY MARCH 1, 1953

DIRECTOR:  JACK WEBB

SPONSOR:  CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES

AGENCY:  CUNNINGHAM-WALSH

COMMERCIAL-SUPERVISOR:  PETE FETTERSON

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:

SGT. MARTY WYNNE, L.A.P.D.

SGT. VANCE BRASHER; L.A.P.D.

CAPT. JOHN DONOHUE; L.A.P.D.

ENGINEER:  RAOUl MURPHY

ANNCR #1:  GEORGE PENNMAN

ANNCR #2:  HAL GIBNEY, NBC

CASE: "THE BIG WANT"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:

RECORDING: WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1953

CAST AND SOUND: 2:00 P.M. - 4:30 P.M.

EDITING: T.B.A.

SCORING: WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1953

ORCHESTRA: 10:00 A.M. - 2:00 P.M.

ANNCRS: 1:00 P.M. 2:00 (COMMERCIAL)

BROADCAST: 6:30 - 7:00 P.M.; "STUDIO J" - BY T.R.
CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY .................. JACK WEBB
OFF. FRANK SMITH ............... BEN ALEXANDER
HARRY .................. PAUL RICHARDS
ERNIE (DEL) .................. JACK KRUSCHEN
MAGGIE .................. JEAN TATUM
SGT. AL PINOGESE (DEL) ........ PAUL RICHARDS
JEAN .................. JOYCE McCLUSKEY
HANK PALMER .................. JACK KRUSCHEN
MABLE .................. VIRGINIA CHRISTINE.
MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield
MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"...DRUM ROLL.
GIBNEY: Chesterfield...the first and only cigarette in America
to give you premium quality in both regular and king
size...
MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
GIBNEY: ....brings you Dragnet.
MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
FENN: (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:
FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
to Bunco Fugitive detail. You get a call from another
city to pick up a burglary suspect. You know the name
he's using. You know where he's living. Your job...
ger him.
MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMERCIAL 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.
MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME

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

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

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ON CONCRETE THEN TO CARPET OF HOTEL LOBBY. TRAFFIC B.G. WHEN THEY ARE ON CONCRETE...

HOTEL LOBBY LATER.

JOE: It was Tuesday, June 4th. It was hot in Los Angeles.

We were working the day watch out of Bunco Fugitive Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Steed. My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 9:42 A.M. when we got to the corner of Selma and Fountain... (SOUND: REVOLVING DOOR) ....the Arizona Hotel.

FRANK: Guess we check over there, huh?

JOE: Yeah. You got the muggs?

FRANK: Right here.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OVER ACROSS LOBBY
HARRY: (FADING IN AS THEY WALK) I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Hartfield...Yes I know we say each room is air conditioned...Yes, Ma'am. But it is true. I know, ma'am, but the conditioning is on full now. Alright ma'am. Yes...I'll send some right up.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS STOP AND WE HEAR HARRY HANG UP THE PHONE.

HARRY: (TO JOE AND FRANK) Be with you right away.

SOUND: HARRY HITS BELL ON DESK.

HARRY: (UP) Front. Here boy...get some ice water up to Mrs. Hartfield in 502...right away...(TO OFFICERS) Now...sorry to keep you waiting.

JOE: That's alright sir.

HARRY: What is it you wanted?

FRANK: Police officers, sir. Here's our Identification.

HARRY: (FAST) Uh huh, there's nothing wrong is there? Don't know what I'd do if anything else went wrong. The air conditioning unit went out early this morning. Making excuses. Don't know how much longer the ice water's gonna hold out. What is it. What's wrong now?

JOE: Do you have a Mr. George Richmand registered here?

FRANK: Probably gives his home address as Modesto.

HARRY: Richmand...Let's see, here.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO GO THROUGH REGISTRATION CARDS. STOPS.

HARRY: Wait a minute.
1 JOE: Sir?
2 HARRY: How do I know you're what you say. Police department's always sending out circulars sayin' to be careful about this sort of thing. This is a respectable hotel y'know.
3 How do I know?
4 JOE: Here's our identification, again sir.
5 HARRY: (LOOKING) Oh...Friday. (TO FRANK) How 'bout yours?
6 FRANK: (SHOWING HIM) Here you are.
7 HARRY: (LOOKING) Uh huh. Alright. Can't be too careful. Your own office says that y'know. Careful. Anybody can come in here with a badge.
8 JOE: Yes sir. If you'd check the register for us.
9 HARRY: Yeah...sure thing.
10 SOUND: HE GOES THROUGH REGISTRATION CARDS.
11 HARRY: Yes sir. Here he is. Richmond, George. Modesto California.
12 JOE: He here now?
13 HARRY: No. Checked out day before yesterday.
14 SOUND: PHONE RING
15 HARRY: Excuse me.
16 JOE: Yes sir.
17 SOUND: HARRY PICKS UP PHONE
HARRY: Registration desk...yes, Mrs. Hartfield. Yes ma'am I know that's what we advertise. Yes ma'am. But it's on the way up. No, ma'am, I sent the boy myself. Yes ma'am...I'm sure he'll be there. Alright, Mrs. Hartfield. Yes ma'am.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP.

HARRY: I may quit. Now what was it you wanted with Mr. Richmand?

FRANK: You said that he moved out?

HARRY: Yes...bag and baggage. Day before yesterday.

JOE: He leave any forwarding address?

HARRY: No. I talked to him when he left. Didn't say a word about where he was going.

JOE: Uh huh. Was there anyone in the hotel he was especially friendly with? Anyone who might know where we can reach him?


FRANK: Uh huh. Is there anyone around the place who might know where he was going. Bellboys...maybe the waitress in the coffee shop?

HARRY: No. I hardly think so. He didn't eat here. (IN SOTTO) Don't blame him.

JOE: Well thank you very much, sir. Here's our card. If you hear anything from Mr. Richmand, we'd sure appreciate a call.

HARRY: You bet. I'll give you a ring.
FRANK: He get any mail here while he was staying?
HARRY: No. Nothing. Not even a phone call. Didn't use the room for anything but to sleep. Real quiet. Good tipper though.
JOE: Did he drive a car d'ya know?
HARRY: No...No not that I know of. But, say, come to think of it...you might check with Ernie.
FRANK: Ernie?
HARRY: Yeah. Drives a cab. Usually right out front. He picked up Mr. Richmand one night. He might be able to tell you something.
JOE: Alright sir, thanks. Anything comes up...appreciate a call.
HARRY: Okay. Hope you get what you're lookin' for.
SOUND: PHONE RING. THEN PICK UP.
HARRY: Registration desk...Yes, Mrs. Hartfield. I know ma'am but the ice water is on the way up. I can't understand why it isn't there. But I am the manager, Mrs. Hartfield. Yes ma'am...I know.
SOUND: AS THE PHONE RINGS...JOE AND FRANK WALK THROUGH LOBBY AND THROUGH FRONT REVOLVING DOOR. TRAFFIC B.G. COMES IN. STEPS ACROSS SIDEWALK.
FRANK: (AS THEY WALK ACROSS SIDEWALK) Fella there might be him.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: STEPS HOLD AND THEN STOP
JOE: Excuse me.
ERNIE: Yeah?
JOE: Your name Ernie?
ERNIE: That's right. What can I do for you?

JOE: Police officers. Like some information.

ERNIE: I gotta permit to park here.

JOE: It's not that. Like to know if you remember picking up a Mr. George Richmond here.

ERNIE: Oh. Richmond huh?

JOE: Yeah... that's right.

ERNIE: (THINKING) Richmond. Name doesn't make any bells ring. What's the guy look like?

JOE: (TO FRANK) You got those muggs?

FRANK: Yeah... here you go.

ERNIE: You a cop too?

FRANK: Yes sir. I'm an officer.

ERNIE: Yeah... you kinda look like one. This the guy?

JOE: Yes sir... that's him. You remember pickin' him up?

ERNIE: Yeah... seems that I've seen him before. (PAUSE) Yeah.... Good tipper. Yeah. I picked him up. Let's see couple of days ago. Drove him downtown. Sure. Downtown.

JOE: You remember where you took him?

ERNIE: Gee, that was a couple of days ago like I said.

JOE: Yes sir.

ERNIE: I haven't got the slightest idea.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: 10:07 A.M. We continued to talk to the cab driver. He was sure that he'd picked up the suspect on Sunday night but he was unable to tell us where he'd taken George Richmand. We drove back downtown and checked with the cab company. On the driver's waybill we found that he'd made three pickups that night from the hotel on Fountain. The first stop listed was a large hotel in downtown Los Angeles. We checked with the desk clerk and the bell captain. They were unable to identify the mug shots of Richmand. The second stop was a large apartment out on Wilshire Boulevard. We checked the manager of the place and she told us that she didn't recognize the name. We showed her the mug shots of Richmand and she said that she thought she'd seen the man. She told us that two weeks before, she'd seen the man in the halls of the apartment. When she asked him what he wanted, he said that he was looking for a Miss Norman. Because of the way he'd acted, the landlady hadn't told him that there was a tenant by that name living in the place. She gave us the apartment number of the Norman woman and Frank and I went up to see her.

SOUND: APARTMENT BUZZER OFF

JOE: Wanna try it again?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: HE MOVES AND PUSHES BUTTON. WE HEAR THE BUZZER RING IN THE APARTMENT.
1 MAGGIE: (OFF) Who is it?
2 JOE: Police officers.
3 MAGGIE: (OFF) What?
4 JOE: Police officers. We'd like to talk to you.
5 BEAT:
6 MAGGIE: Just a minute.
7 BEAT:
8 SOUND: DOOR UNLOCK AND THEN OPEN.
9 MAGGIE: Now, what's this all about?
10 FRANK: Miss Margaret Norman?
11 MAGGIE: Yeah, that's right. What d'ya want with me?
12 JOE: Could we come in please? Be better than talking out
   here in the hall?
13 BEAT:
14 MAGGIE: Yeah. I guess so. C'mon in.
15 SOUND: THEY MOVE INTO ROOM AND CLOSE DOOR.
16 JOE: (AS THEY MOVE IN) My name's Friday... this is my partner
   Frank Smith.
17 FRANK: Pleased to meet you.
18 MAGGIE: Yeah, Hi.
19 JOE: You alone here Miss Norman?
20 MAGGIE: Yeah. I just got up. You'll have to excuse the way
   the place looks. kinda messy.
21 JOE: It's alright ma'am.
22 MAGGIE: You mind if I put on some coffee? I'm not gonna be able
   to answer any questions before I have a cup of coffee.
1 JOE: Go right ahead, ma'am.
2 SOUND: UNDER BELOW MAGGIE MOVES TO SMALL KITCHEN AND PUTS ON
3 MAGGIE: COFFEE POT.
4 MAGGIE: (OFF IN KITCHEN) What is it you wanted to see me about?
5 JOE: You know a man named Richmand?
6 MAGGIE: (OFF) Richmand?
7 BEAT
8 JOE: Yes ma'am. George Richmand.
9 SOUND: MAGGIE WALKS BACK INTO ROOM.
10 MAGGIE: Why d'ya ask that? What's he done?
11 JOE: Just like to know if you know him? Do ya?
12 MAGGIE: Yeah. I know him. (MOVES OFF TO KITCHEN) What d'you
13 guys want him for?
14 FRANK: Like to talk to him, Miss Norman.
15 MAGGIE: Uh huh. Don't want to tell me what it's about huh?
16 FRANK: Be better if we talked to him.
17 MAGGIE: Yeah. (COMES BACK ON) Either one of you got a
18 cigarette?
19 JOE: Yes ma'am. Here you go.
20 SOUND: JOE TAKES PACK FROM HIS POCKET AND GIVES HER ONE.
21 FRANK: Match?
22 SOUND: FRANK LIGHTS MATCH AND OFFERS IT TO HER.
23 MAGGIE: Thanks. (INHALES AND EXHALES) Thanks. Y'know, there's
24 no love lost between me and George.
25 JOB: That right?
1 MAGGIE: You bet there isn't. Lousy bum. Regular drug store
2 cowboy. Takes a girl out for dinner one lousy night...
3 and a, cheap dinner...and he figures he owns her.
4 FRANK: You know where he is now?
5 MAGGIE: No. Havent got the slightest idea. If I did know, I'd
6 sure tell you. You bet I would. Like to see him get
7 his. Way he treated me.
8 JOE: You know any of his friends? Anyone who might know
9 where he is?
10 MAGGIE: I don't think he's got a friend. Least I never met any
11 of them.
12 FRANK: He drive a car do you know?
13 MAGGIE: No. Not him. Always took a cab. Used to kill me.
14 Anywhere we went he'd take a cab. One lousy block and
15 he took a cab. Liked to be a sport. Always tipping
16 big. Regular Drug store cowboy.
17 JOE: Yes ma'am. When'd you see him last?
18 MAGGIE: Must have been a couple weeks ago. That much anyway.
19 Last time I saw him. Don't care if I never see him
20 again...way he acted. I thought he was gonna kill me.
21 FRANK: Ma'am?
22 MAGGIE: We went out to dinner and when we got back here, he'd
23 been drinkin' a lot. Got real nasty. I told him he'd
24 better be going...y'know it was late and all.
25 JOE: Yes ma'am.
MAGGIE: Well, like I said. It was late and he got real nasty.

Started yellin' at me. Called me all sorts of things.

Now, I'm not gonna let any man say things like that to me. So I told him to get out. That I didn't ever want to see him again. One lousy dinner and he thought he owned me.

FRANK: Go ahead, Miss Norman.

MAGGIE: He hauled off and hit me. Right there in the hall. Hit me as hard as he could. Almost broke my jaw. Well, you know I let out a scream and he beat it. Caused such a commotion I had to move.

JOE: Then this didn't happen here?

MAGGIE: No. Place over on Vermont. I moved the next day.

JOE: Uh huh. Where'd you meet Richmond?

MAGGIE: At the club. Say you got another cigarette?

JOE: Yeah... here you are.

SOUND: CIGARETTE BIZ. LITE ETC.

MAGGIE: (EXHALING) Thanks.

FRANK: What club's that ma'am?

MAGGIE: Where I work. Green Lantern. Downtown. I'm the cigarette girl. Met him there. Came in one night...

acted real big. Asked me if I'd have dinner with him.

As it happened I didn't have an engagement that night so I said yes. Well, we kinda went together for a while.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MAGGIE: I know someone who might be able to tell you where he is.

FRANK: Who's that?

MAGGIE: Fella named Hank. Used to hang around the club. I saw George talk to him at the bar once in a while.

JOE: Know where we can find this "Hank"?

MAGGIE: No. But I can tell you where his girl friend lives.

That help?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MAGGIE: Place over on Third. Out near Fairfax.

FRANK: What's his full name ma'am?

MAGGIE: Gee...I gotta think about that? Let's see Jeannette... that's the girl...Jeanette introduced him as Palmer.... that's it Hank Palmer. I dunno about him though.

JOE: What's that Miss Norman?

MAGGIE: He's really a mean one. Kinda quiet. Not like George. George likes to shoot his mouth off but Hank is quiet.

JOE: He's trouble, though.

MAGGIE: One night we went up to Jeannette's for a couple of drinks. Hank took off his coat. That's why I say he's rough.

JOE: Yeah?

MAGGIE: Sure...carries a gun.

END SCENE 2
JOE: 1:45 P.M. We got the description of Hank Palmer and then Frank and I drove back to the city hall. We ran the name and description through R. and I. but got no make. We sent the name to George Brenton, C.I.I. at Sacramento and got a communication off to Washington asking them for information on Palmer. We also checked the name of Palmer's girl friend through our records but got no information. We contacted Capt. Steed and arranged for a stakeout to be placed on the apartment of Palmer's girl friend, Jeannette Allen. Two days went by. Palmer and Richmond failed to make an appearance. We talked to Jeannette Allen but she couldn't supply us with any information as to where the two men might be. Descriptions of the two men were broadcast, informants were questioned. We contacted the Modesto police department and they sent all information on the places Richmond was known to frequent while he was in Los Angeles. The kickback from Sacramento and Washington gave us no new information on Richmond but Washington had him listed as having two arrests for armed robbery and A.D.W. in the east. Another week passed. The stakeouts on Jeannette Allen's apartment continued. No sign of either of the men, Sgt. Al Pinoges of the Bunco Fugitive detail worked with us in trying to trace the movements of the two men. On Saturday, June 15th, we got word from an informant that Richmond and Palmer had been seen in town. We checked with the stake out at the apartment but they'd seen nothing of the two men. Frank, Al Pinoges and I drove out to relieve the stakeout.

SOUND: DISTANT TRAFFIC AS HEARD THROUGH THE WINDOW.
1 FRANK: Boy it's hot. Air's just laying there.
2 AL: Yeah. Paper says this is the hottest June 15th on
3 record.
4 JOE: Miss Allen?
5 JEAN: Yes sergeant?
6 JOE: You haven't heard from Palmer at all since he got back?
7 JEAN: No. Not a word. I don't really believe he's in town.
8 If he was I'm sure he'd look me up. Never done this
9 before.
10 JOE: Uh huh.
11 FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Be alright if I got a glass of water, Miss?
12 JEAN: Sure...help yourself. Right out in the kitchen.
13 FRANK: Thanks. How 'bout you, Joe...you want some?
14 JOE: No...no thanks.
15 FRANK: Al?
16 AL: Yeah.
17 SOUND: FRANK WALKS OFF INTO KITCHEN AND WE HEAR TAP TURNED ON
18 AND TWO GLASSES BEING FILLED.
19 AL: (LITTLE OFF) Joe?
20 JOE: Yeah.
21 AL: Cab stopping out in front...Man getting out. Might be
22 one of 'em. (LOOKING) Guys wearing an overcoat.
23 FRANK: (COMING IN) On a day like this?
24 JOE: Comin' in here?
25 AL: Yeah....Cab's pullin away.
26 JOE: Okay...You wanna take that side of the door Frank?
FRANK: Right.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES TO SIDE OF THE DOOR.

JOE: You'd better get into the bedroom, Miss Allen.

JEAN: You think there's gonna be some trouble?

JOE: Depends on the way he wants it ma'am.

JEAN: Oh. Well, I guess you know best. I hope not. (AS SHE GOES) All I need is to have to move again.

SOUND: OFF MIKE DOOR CLOSE.

PAUSE

SOUND: FROM THE HALL WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. THEN STOP.

JOE: (WHISPERING) Stopping.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER IN KITCHEN BUZZES.

BEAT:

JOE: All set?

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

BEAT:

PALMER: (LITTLE OFF) Who're you?

AL: You Hank Palmer?

PALMER: Yeah...so what?

JOE: Police officers...you're under arrest.

PALMER: Lousy cops.

FRANK: Watch it Joe...he's got a gun.

SOUND: TWO SHOTS FROM PALMER.

AL: SLIGHT REACTION AS HE IS HIT AND FALLS.
1 JOE: I'll get him.
2 SOUND: PALMER STARTS TO RUN AND JOE FollowS HIM.
3 JOE: (AS HE RUNS) Hold it up Palmer. Stop or, I'll fire.
4 PALMER: (OFF) Get away from me cop.
5 SOUND: PALMER SHOOTS AT JOE. JOE RETURNS FIRE, KEEPS RUNNING
6 ACROSS LOBBY AND OUT ONTO STREET. TRAFFIC IN.
7 JOE: Get away from that car Palmer.
8 SOUND: PALMER FIRES AT JOE. WE HEAR CAR GUN AND COME AT JOE.
9 HE JUMPS ASIDE AND CAR GOES PAST HIM.
10 PAUSE
11 SOUND: FRANK COMES RUNNING IN.
12 JOE: Get a call in Frank. Grey Mercury, license number's
13 1869-105.
14 FRANK: Better call an ambulance too.
15 JOE: Huh?
16 FRANK: Pinoges. He's hurt bad.
17 END SCENE 3
1 JOE: June 15th, 8:40 P.M. Sergeant Al Pinoges was removed to Georgia Street receiving hospital. His condition was listed as critical. The bullet had entered his chest and was still imbedded below the left lung. His family was notified and after Frank and I got out the A.P.B. on Palmer, we drove by to pick up Mrs. Pinoges. We dropped her off at the hospital and Frank stayed with her. Palmer's description was put out as was the description of the car he'd commandeered to get away. I ran the number through our D.M.V. and found that it was registered to a William Evans, 1627 East Poinsetta, Hollywood. Along with Sergeant Ullery, I checked out the address. Mrs. Evans told us that she hadn't seen her husband for several hours. That when he left the house he had told her that he was going to a lodge meeting. We got a description of him and got out a local and A.P.B. on him. I called the hospital and found that they had operated on Pinoges but had been unable to remove the bullet. His wife had collapsed and Frank had taken her home where she was cared for by their family doctor. 12:46 A.M. A radio car out in Chatsworth picked up Evans. He told them that Palmer had forced him at gunpoint to drive him to the valley. (MORE)
JOE: There he'd forced Evans from the car and driven off.

Evans couldn't give the officers any idea of where the
suspect might have been going. Two hours later, the car
was found abandoned on South Spring. The car was placed
under surveillance and a dragnet of the downtown area
was started. Metro Division assigned 20 teams of men
to make a block by block search of the vicinity. The
details at the bus stations and at the airports were
alerted. 4:12 A.M. I got a call from Frank and I drove
over to Georgia Street Recieving Hospital.

SOUND: JOE'S STEPS DOWN CORRIDOR

JOE: (FADING IN) How's it going?

FRANK: Not good. Just saw the doctor.

JOE: How's Al?

FRANK: He just died.

END SCENE 4

END ACT 1

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET
2-22-53

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 PENN: Chesterfield is the first cigarette to offer smokers
2 premium quality in both regular and king-size. King-size
3 Chesterfield contains tobaccos of better quality and
4 higher price than any other king-size cigarette.
5 Chesterfield is first to name all its ingredients . . .
6 ingredients that make the best possible smoke . . . And
7 Chesterfield gives you this scientific report. No
8 adverse effects to the nose and throat of a group
9 smoking only Chesterfields. So - enjoy your smoking.
10 Change to Chesterfield today ... much milder with an
11 extraordinarily good taste.

LG 0163993
When an officer is first accepted by the police force, he spends 13 weeks at the police academy. In that period of time, he learns the basic fundamentals of being a peace officer. On graduation from the Police Academy, he is assigned either to Traffic or to a tour of duty in one of the city jails. Then depending on his aptitude and the way he conducts himself in the field, he is watched for possible transfer to one of the Detective divisions as an investigator. By the time a police officer gets an assignment to the Detective Bureau, he has become a professional trouble shooter. He knows how to handle himself and he knows how to handle the law breaker. He is on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and he always wears a gun. When a hoodlum shoots an officer, he is showing society that he has no regard for the law and, at the same time, he is announcing that he will not hesitate to kill an unarmed citizen. Sergeant Alfred Pinoges had been a policeman 14 years. He'd begun in Traffic then been transferred to the Juvenile Division. From there he went to Homicide Detail and then to Bunco Fugitive Division. He was a professional peace officer and he'd been murdered. He gave his life to protect the people around him, the same people who at times, condemned him and the other officers in the department.

(MORE)
JOE: When an officer is first accepted by the police force, he spends 13 weeks at the police academy. In that period of time, he learns the basic fundamentals of being a peace officer. On graduation from the Police Academy, he is assigned either to Traffic or to a tour of duty in one of the city jails. Then depending on his aptitude and the way he conducts himself in the field, he is watched for possible transfer to one of the Detective divisions as an investigator. By the time a police officer gets an assignment to the Detective Bureau, he has become a professional trouble shooter. He knows how to handle himself and he knows how to handle the law breaker. He is on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and he always wears a gun. When a hoodlum shoots an officer, he is showing society that he has no regard for the law and, at the same time, he is announcing that he will not hesitate to kill an unarmed citizen. Sergeant Alfred Pinoges had been a policeman 14 years. He'd begun in traffic then been transferred to the Juvenile Division. From there he went to Homicide Detail and then to Bunco Fugitive Division. He was a professional peace officer and he'd been murdered. He gave his life to protect the people around him, the same people who at times, condemned him and the other officers in the department.

(MORE)
JOE: His killer was still at large and we had to find him, before he ran into some private citizen who got in his way. The search of the downtown area was intensified but netted us nothing. Frank and I checked the immediate area around the abandoned car. In talking to the people in the vicinity we found a news boy who had seen Palmer park the car. He said that he was unable to tell us where the man had gone but said that he thought he might have gone into a bar near the corner. We checked the place but the bartender was unable to give us any information. Two days passed. We rechecked the known hangouts of the two men. Neither of them had been seen.

Tuesday, June 18th, we got word that Palmer had been seen entering an apartment house on South Alvarado. 10:14 A.M. Frank and I drove over to talk to the landlady.

MABLE: Palmer and Richmond? No.....I don't think I know them.

JOE: Wonder if you'd look at these pictures Mrs. Holebrook.

MABLE: Sure....

SOUND: JOE HANDS HER THE PICTURES.....SHE LOOKS AT THEM.

MABLE: He's a mean one....haven't seen him though...(LOOKS AT OTHER PICTURE) This one.
FRANK: Ma'am?
MABLE: This one. I know him. Which one is he?
JOE: That's Richmond.
MABLE: No....that's not his name. Told me it was Rikman....
said it was John Rikman. Lives up in 206. That's in front.
JOE: He in now ma'am?
MABLE: No. He went out this morning early. First time in a couple of days. Went out early.
FRANK: You expect him back soon?
MABLE: Don't know right off. Might be. I don't generally know when they're comin' back. Don't keep tabs on 'em y'know.
JOE: Them?
MABLE: Yeah...tenants. Nice bunch...most of 'em. Quiet. Had a full place last two years.
FRANK: How long has this....Rikman?
MABLE: Yeah that's right...John Rikman.
FRANK: How long has he been here?
MABLE: Oh he's kinda new. Took over the room from a friend of his. Asked me about it. I told him that as long as the rent was paid on time....and there wasn't any loud parties....I didn't care who lived there.
JOE: Yes ma'am. Does he have any friends in the building?
Anyone that he sees quite a bit?
MABLE: Well now, there's the girl in 306. He sees quite a bit of her.
FRANK: Who's that, Mrs. Holebrook?

MABLE: That'd be Barbara MacIntyre. Nice girl. Dancer.... works downtown at one of the clubs.

JOE: Is she in now, d'ya know?


FRANK: Yes ma'am. Does Richmand drive a car?

MABLE: Richmand?...oh....well now I don't know. I don't think so. Seems like he's always comin' home in a cab. Comes in at all hours. I don't think he's gonna last here.

JOE: Why do you say that ma'am?

MABLE: Cause I don't think he will that's all. Plays the radio late...makes noise y'know. Then there was the fight. The girl didn't want to do anything about it but I certainly think she should have.

FRANK: What's that about ma'am?

MABLE: Oh one night...let's see....must have been a week ago... Richman or Richmand or whatever his name is came home and he was....well he'd been drinking quite a bit, y'know.

JOE: Uh huh.

MABLE: Well, he went up to the girl's apartment and they had an awful brawl. Screamin' and yellin'. Awful brawl. I went up and asked her if there was something I could do but she yelled through the door and said no, that everything was alright. Course it wasn't.
FRANK: Ma'am?

MABLE: Well, the next day the poor thing had a black eye that just wouldn't stop. All bruised up. Had a bandage right here on her forehead. Musta hit her awful hard.

No....I don't think he's gonna last.

JOE: Uh huh. You're pretty sure that you haven't seen this other man though are you?

MABLE: Lemme see that picture again.

SOUND: JOE HANDS HER MUGGS AGAIN. SHE LOOKS AT THEM.

MABLE: No. No I'm positive. I never saw him. Course that don't mean that he wasn't here.

FRANK: Ma'am,

MABLE: Well, like I said...I don't pay much attention to 'em. They pay their rent and I don't bother 'em. They come and go as they please. Say what do you want them for. Is it about that Mr........?

FRANK: Richmond?

MABLE: Yeah....is it about him beatin' up that poor girl?

JOE: No ma'am.

MABLE: I should have known about him....No sir, he ain't gonna last long around here.

JOE: Wonder if we could see his room, Mrs. Holebrook?

MABLE: Well, I guess it's alright. I'll get the key.
JOE: Alright ma'am.

SOUND: MABLE WALKS OVER TO CLOSET DOOR AND OPENS IT. ON THE
DOOR IS A RACK WITH KEYS TO THE VARIOUS APARTMENTS. SHE
TAKES ONE AND WALKS BACK ON.

MABLE: Here you are. Right up the stairs and then to the front
of the hall. It's on the right at the far end of the hall.

JOE: Rather you'd come with us ma'am.

MABLE: Oh...well alright. Glad to help.

SOUND: THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR

MABLE: The way he must have beat that girl. A fiend that's
what he is. He sure isn't gonna last around here.

JOE: No ma'am...he sure isn't.

END SCENE 5
Before we looked at Richmond's apartment, we checked with his girl friend. We found that she wasn't in. The manager let us into her apartment but we found no indication where she might have gone. We went downstairs and searched Richmond's place. He wasn't there. The landlady stood by while we searched the place. In the closet we found a small arsenal. A gas grenade. A sawed off shot gun and two boxes of ammunition for it. There were also several revolvers and over 150 rounds of ammunition for them. We called the office and arranged for a stake out on the building. Sgts. Morrie Ullery, Al Girard, Danny Gilmore, Byron Miller, and Al Winters, came out. Girard and Gilmore covered the front entrance. Ullery and Miller were stationed at the back of the building, and Frank and I covered Richmond's room. The residents of the apartment were warned to stay inside their apartments and to keep their doors locked. 10:30 P.M. there was still no sign of the suspects. We waited. 11 o'clock...11:15. Midnight.

Joe?
Yeah.
Looks like it might be them. Cab pulling up in front.
How about Girard and Gilmore?
1 FRANK: No, Can't see them from here?
2 BEAT:
3 FRANK: Yeah...looks like Palmer and Richmond. They got the
girl with 'em.
4 JOE: Where is she?
5 FRANK: (LOOKING) She's walking between them. Makes it tough.
6 JOE: Yeah. They won't try to take 'em on the street.
7 FRANK: Comin' in the building.
8 JOE: Let's go.
9 SOUND: THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR
10 PAUSE: WHILE WE HEAR JOE AND FRANK'S BREATHING.
11 FRANK: Should be here pretty quick.
12 JOE: Yeah...figures, if they're comin' here.
13 SOUND: OFF MIKE WE HEAR DOOR SLAM.
14 FRANK: Upstairs. The girl's apartment.
15 JOE: Yeah. Wonder if they went in with her?
16 FRANK: Just have to wait.
17 SOUND: WE HEAR STEPS DOWN CORRIDOR.
18 JOE: Hold it.
19 SOUND: STEPS STOP THEM. KEY IN DOOR, DOOR OPENS.
20 PALMER: I don't feel right I tell ya. It's too quiet.
21 Something's up.
22 SOUND: HE REACHES INSIDE AND TURNS ON LIGHTS.
23 JOE: Alright mister...hold it right there.
24 PALMER: Cops, George...Beat it.
25 SOUND: RICHMOND AND PALMER FIRE AT JOE AND FRANK. THEN WE HEAR
26 RUNNING STEPS.
27
1 FRANK: Let's go.
2 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK START RUNNING AFTER THEM.
3 JOE: (UP) Give it up...Palmer.
4 SOUND: JOE FIRES AT THEM.
5 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK RUN DOWNSTAIRS AFTER THEM...RUNNING...
6 STEPS CONTINUE THEN WE HEAR OFF MIKE SHOTS AS PALMER AND RICHMAND REACH STREET AND THE TWO OFFICERS THERE START SHOOTING AT THEM.
7 FRANK: They made the street. Gilmore and Girard should get 'em.
8 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK GET TO STREET. THEY RUN OVER TO COVER BEHIND CAR.
9 FRANK: That car...let's go.
10 SOUND: STEPS STOP.
11 JOE: Looks like they're in that store.
12 SOUND: OFF MIKE SHOTS AS PALMER AND RICHMAND FIRE AT OFFICERS.
13 FRANK: You wanna cover me while I try to get over there?
14 JOE: Okay...take it easy.
15 FRANK: Right...go ahead.
16 SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK START TO RUN AND JOE FIRES ON MIKE.
17 JOE: (UP TO FRANK) Okay Frank...I'm comin' over.
18 SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK FIRE WHILE JOE RUNS OVER TO HIM.
19 JOE: You see Gilmore and Girard?
20 FRANK: Yeah...they're behind the Buick over there.
21 BEAT
JOE: (UP TO PALMER AND RICHMANN) C'mon outta there.

RICHMANN...PALMER... C'mon. Throw the guns out.

SOUND: SHOTS FROM OFF MIKE.

PALMER: You come in and take us, Cop.

J O E: Give it up Richmam...you're in a dead end. There's no way out.

PALMER: Then we'll make one.

FRANK: They're comin' out Joe.

SOUND: PALMER AND RICHMANN COME OUT SHOOTING. JOE AND FRANK FIRE

PALMER: (OFF) Okay...Okay...I quit. You got Richmam...I quit.

DON'T shoot any more. Please don't shoot any more. You won't shoot anymore. Please.

J O E: Throw the gun over here.

PALMER: (OFF) Alright...here it is. I'm throwing it out.

DON'T shoot anymore...please.

SOUND: WE HEAR GUN SLIDE ALONG PAVEMENT TO JOE AND FRANK.

FRANK: I'll check Richmam.

J O E: Right.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK OVER TO PALMER. FRANK'S STEPS

CONTINUE OFF.

PALMER: I haven't got any gun. I gave it to you. I'm hurt...

P A L M E R: can't you see that? I'm hurt bad.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS BACK ON MIKE.

FRANK: I told Gilmore to call the ambulance. Richmam's dead.

How 'bout this one?
1 JOE: He's hit. I don't know how bad.
2 PALMER: I should have known not to kill a cop. Never would have
3 been like this if I hadn't killed that cop. I didn't
4 mean to. I got scared. That's all scared. You can
5 understand that can't you?
6 JOE: Yeah sure. Wanna shake him Frank?
7 FRANK: Yeah.
8 SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN TO SHAKE PALMER.
9 JOE: Watch it Frank...he's got another gun.
10 SOUND: COUPLE OF SHOTS FROM PALMER, TWO FROM JOE.
11 PAUSE
12 JOE: Palmer?
13 BEAT
14 JOE: Palmer?
15 BEAT
16 FRANK: I'll check him.
17 SOUND: SLOW FOOTSTEPS THEN STOP.
18 JOE: How 'bout it?
19 FRANK: He's dead.
20 JOE: Yeah.
21 FRANK: Look here Joe.
22 JOE: Huh?
23 SOUND: FRANK TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS ON MIKE. WE HEAR
24 CARTRIGES IN HIS HAND.
25 FRANK: Had these in his pockets.
1 JOE: Must be 50 or 60 rounds of ammunition there.
2 FRANK: Yeah. Doesn't look like he wanted to quit.
3 JOE: He didn't have much choice.
4 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
5 PENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard was true. The
6 names were changed to protect the innocent.
7 GIBNEY: On July 26 an inquest was held in the Coroner's office
8 in and for the County Of Los Angeles. In a moment the
9 results of that inquest.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET
2-22-53

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1  FENN: And now, here is our star - Jack Webb.
2  WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, as I’ve told you
3     before .... Chesterfield is the first cigarette to give
4     you premium quality throughout in both regular and king-
5     size.... And Chesterfield is the cigarette that gives
6     you this scientific report. No adverse effects to the
7     nose, and throat of a group smoking only Chesterfields.
8     As a two pack-a-day Chesterfield smoker, I know it’s the
9     cigarette that’s best for me. They really are much
10    milder. And I’m sure when you try ‘em ... regular or
11   king-size ... you’ll agree Chesterfield is best for you.
At the coroners inquest, it was found that the deaths of George Thomas Richmond and Henry Donald Palmer were justifiable homicide. It was found that they were armed and were killed while resisting arrest.
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 Chesterfield much milder. Chesterfield is best for you.

Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet, transcribed from Los Angeles.