DRAGNET
"THE BIG CHEST"
N.B.C. #198 CHESTERFIELD #30
FOR BROADCAST APRIL 5, 1953

1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield.
3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD" ... DRUM ROLL
4 GIBNEY: Chesterfield...first cigarette with premium quality
      throughout in both regular and king size ...
6 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
7 GIBNEY: ... brings you Dragnet.
8 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
9 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to
      hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the
      innocent.
12 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
13 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
      to robbery detail. A pair of holdup men have been staging
      a series of robberies in your city. You have their
      description....you know their method of operation. Your
      job ... get 'em.
18 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
      (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
1 GIBNEY:  (ECHO)  Years ahead of them all.
2 FENN:  Chesterfield is years ahead of them all.
3 GIBNEY:  The quality contrast between Chesterfield and other
4 leading brands is a revealing story.
5 FENN:  Recent chemical analyses give an index of good quality
6 for the country's six leading cigarette brands. The
7 index of good quality table -- which is a ratio of high
8 sugar to low nicotine -- shows Chesterfield quality
9 highest.
10 GIBNEY:  (FILTER)  Chesterfield quality highest....
11 FENN:  Fifteen per cent higher than it's nearest competitor.
12 GIBNEY:  (FILTER)  Chesterfield quality highest.....
13 FENN:  Thirty-one per cent higher than the average of the five
14 other leading brands.
15 GIBNEY:  Yes -- Chesterfield is first with premium quality in both
16 regular and king-size.
17 FENN:  Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this?
18 Chesterfield!
MUSIC: 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'S STEPS DOWN CORRIDOR, SLIGHT ECHO. CORRIDOR B.G.

JOE: It was Tuesday, September 6th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Robbery Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Didion. My name's Friday. I was on my way into the office and it was 8:02 A.M. when I got to room 27A ...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ... Robbery.

SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO ROOM, DOOR CLOSE AND B.G. CHANGE.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Joe? That you?

JOE: Yeah. You just get in?

FRANK: (FADING ON) Couple of minutes ago.

JOE: Last run from the staats office come in yet?

FRANK: No...called 'em. They said it would be about 10. You look kinda beat.

JOE: Yeah...had trouble sleepin' last night. Went over this thing. Someplace the guys must have made a mistake. I can't figure it.
FRANK: Yeah, I been tryin' to figure an angle. I saw the skipper this morning.

JOE: What'd he say about it?

FRANK: Nothin'. Asked how we were doin'. I told him we had a couple of things cookin'. He didn't say anything. Guess he's getting plenty of heat from the front office. His pills are gettin' bigger.

JOE: Stomach's giving him trouble again, I guess.

FRANK: He had some this morning looked like they were for a horse. Never saw such big pills. He could hardly swallow 'em. Purple;

JOE: 11 jobs in three months. All the same M.O. All the same descriptions. None of 'em add up to anything we can make.

FRANK: Skipper said he had a call from the insurance company that underwrote the jewelry store they hit last Thursday.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Guy was real nasty. Said that if we couldn't clean it up he was goin' to the police commission. Get some action that way.

SOUND: PHONE BELL RINGS. JOE WALKS TO PHONE AND ANSWERS IT.
JOE: Robbery, Friday. Who? Oh, yeah, Rod. Sure I remember. How's it goin'? Uh huh. That's good. What? Yeah...uh huh. Sure. Guess we can come right down. Yeah....yeah sure. Okay Rod....thanks. We'll be right there.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP. JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS BACK ON MIKE.

JOE: Remember Rod Nealon? Guy we nailed for robbery five years ago?

FRANK: Nealon? ... yeah, I know who you mean.

JOE: Wants to see us. Says he's got some information.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: About the guys we're after.

END SCENE 1
JOE: For the past three months, a pair of hold-up men had been victimizing the owners of large jewelry stores and supermarkets. In each case, the description of the two suspects was the same. Suspect number one was described as WMA, 30 to 35 years old, red hair, tall and lean. Suspect number two was described as WMA, 25 to 30 years old, 5 foot 7, a hundred and twenty pounds. Victims reported that the larger of the two bandits had a slight stutter but neither of them had any visible marks or scars. In each instance, the method of operation the bandits used was the same. The two men would enter the store at about 10 A.M. The smaller of the thieves would ask to use the telephone. He would go to the rear of the store, and there he would produce a 32 caliber automatic. The other man would pull a sawed off shot gun and together the two of them would tape the victim's hands and feet and lock them in a rear room. They would then rifle the safe and leave. None of the victims could tell us if the pair used a car. Everyone concerned had been shown the mugg books but were unable to make an identification. The M.O. had been run through the states office but after the possibles had been checked out we had nothing. Communications had been gotten off to George Breerton, C.I.I. at Sacramento, but they were unable to help us in making an identification.

(MORE)
JOE: For three months, the hold-up men were able to hit where they wanted and when they wanted and it seemed as if we were unable to stop them. All sources of information had been checked but they netted no new leads. 8:25 A.M.

Frank and I drove over to see Rod Nealon. He worked in a small machine shop on south La Brea. He checked with the shop foreman and got permission to talk to us. He led us to a small lunchstand around the corner from the shop. We ordered a cup of coffee and Rod told us why he'd called.

SOUND: SMALL LUNCHROOM BG NOT CROWDED. LITTLE TRAFFIC IN STREET

OFF

ROD: I got to readin' the papers. Read about these holdups and figured that maybe I could give you guys a hand.

FRANK: We can use it, Rod.

ROD: You guys were pretty nice to me when I got picked up. Sort of figure I owe you a favor.

JOE: What's the information you got Rod?

ROD: I was in a bar the other night... let's see... Friday night. Place down on 3rd. Y'know, havin' a beer.

JOE: Yeah.

ROD: Well, I sat there for a little bit. Chewin' up a storm with the bartender and these two guys come in. Got a girl with 'em.
FRANK: Uh huh.

ROD: The three of 'em go over to a booth. Sit down and order drinks. I didn't pay much attention to 'em. Y'know...

JOE: None of my business.

ROD: Yeah...go ahead.

JOE: Well, when they put in their order, bartender and me got to kinds laughin' about it.

ROD: Why's that?

JOE: The two guys ordered bourbon but the girl ordered one of those weird mixed things. Y'know...creme de menthe...

ROD: creme de cacao and chopped up ice. Weird. I looked over at her. Usually the only people ordered things like that are young kids. I asked the bartender about it.

JOE: Yeah.

ROD: He said that's all the girl ever ordered. Said that they come in all the time. Steady customers.

JOE: Yeah. What makes you think they're the ones we're after?

ROD: Way they looked and acted. The two fellas were loaded with money. Had a roll that'd choke a horse. Right then I didn't think much about it. Figured that maybe they were just tryin' to impress the girl. Y'know.

JOE: Uh huh.
ROD: Didn't really think much about it then. On the way home, I stopped and picked up a morning paper. Read about the robberies and noticed the descriptions you had on the pair. Fit the two guys in the bar to a "T". Tall red head...short dark fella. Big one even had the accent.

FRANK: You get any names on these two fellas?

ROD: No. I didn't hear anything. Not from them anyway. I asked the bartender and he said they were called Chet... that's the big one, and the little guy's named Vince. He didn't know much about 'em. Just said that they came in a lot and had a lot of money to spend.

JOE: Any idea where they live?

ROD: No. I don't think he knew.

JOE: How 'bout a car. You see one?

ROD: Uh uh no. Like I said, I was there when they came in and I left before they did. If I'd known what the bit was, I'da stuck around and tried to get some more information for you. Didn't even figure it until I got home and saw the papers.

FRANK: You heard anything around about the two men?

ROD: Not a thing. That's straight too. I'm carrying a lunch bucket now. I got a job and I keep my nose outta trouble. I had enough of jail. Don't want any more of it.
JOE: That's good to hear, Rod.

ROD: I learned. No more. Tough to learn it that way, but I guess there ain't no other. No sir. I'm clean and I'm gonna stay that way. Like I said though, you guys were nice to me. Gave me a break. I wanna help you out...Y'know sorta to say thanks.

FRANK: Yeah Rod...we appreciate it. Y'know that.

ROD: Listen...anything I can do. I'm with you fellas.

JOE: You might be able to give us a hand with this Rod. If you will.

ROD: Sure...anything. You name it...you got it. What d'ya want?

JOE: Where is this bar?

ROD: Place on third. Called Tads. Little joint.

JOE: Yeah. We know it. It's a rough place.

ROD: That's it. Most of the guys come in, are there for a contact. Y'know. Tryin' to set something up. Bunch of heavy fellas.

JOE: That's it, Rod. /\-/

ROD: What d'ya mean?

JOE: If Frank or I walk into the place, somebody'll spot us sure. We'll burn the place up. Lose the two men.

ROD: Yeah, I guess so. Yaaan...778cumel?

JOE: We'd like you to hang around there. Keep us posted.

ROD: Let us know what the guys are doin'. How 'bout it?

(BEAT)
1 ROD: Like you said...it's a rough place. They found out I was playin' footsie with you, they'd nail me sure.

2 Y'know that?

3 JOE: We'll give you all the help we can.

4 ROD: Gonna be a little expensive...sittin' in there. Can't just sit without orderin' something y'know.

5 JOE: Yeah. Here...(HE REACHES FOR HIS WALLET AND TAKES OUT A COUPLE OF BILLS) Here's ten bucks. That oughta keep you goin' for a while.

6 ROD: Yeah...for a while. What d'ya want me to find out?

7 JOE: Get an address if you can. Find out where these guys work...what they do for a living. If they own a car...

8 get the license number if you can. Who the girl is...

9 where she lives. As much as you can.

10 ROD: Okay. How'll I get back to you?

11 JOE: We'll be around. You won't have to look far.

12 ROD: Yeah, I hope not. Those two guys get on to me and I got big trouble. Y'know?

13 JOE: You don't have to do this if you don't want to, Rod.

14 ROD: Let's put it this way. You guys just stay close by. I'm 37. That's 28 years until I'm 65.

15 JOE: Yeah.

16 ROD: I wanna be around for social security.

17 END SCENE 2
JOE: We got the description of the girl who'd been seen with
the two suspects then Frank and I drove back to the office.
We checked the names, "Chet" and "Vince" through the
moniker files in R. and I. We came up with several
possibles but they were eliminated. For the next three days
we kept in constant contact with Rod Nealon. He would
report for work at 8 A.M. finish at 5, and after a dinner
downtown, he'd spend the evening in the bar on Third street.
During that time, he had no contact with the two men.
They failed to make an appearance at the bar. The kickbacks
from up north arrived but we got no new leads from them.
Saturday, September 10th, Frank and I met with Nealon for
lunch. He told us that he hadn't seen the suspects since
the night he'd told us about. He said that the bartender
told him that they hadn't been in the place on Third street
3:16 P.M. Frank and I checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.
FRANK: That went no place.
JOE: Wonder where they are?
FRANK: I dunno...nothin' around town on 'em. Figure maybe they've
decided they were runnin' their luck a little close?
JOE: Could be...but they got no reason to quit. Far as they knew,
they were in the clear. Nothin' to scare 'em off.
FRANK: You think Rod is playin' with us?
1 JOE: No reason not to. He came to us, we didn't go to him.
2 FRANK: Guess he really learned his lesson. Takes a lot of nerve
to do what he's doin. Glad to see that he's playin it ' single.
3 straight though.
4 JOE: Uh. They all learn sometime. He just learned it sooner.
5 You wanna check the book?
6 10/0 9
7 FRANK: Yeah.
8 SOUND: FRANK WALKS OFF MIKE. WE HEAR PAGES TURN.
9 FRANK: Nothin here. Fay called...wants me to call her before I
10 leave the office. Couple of teletypes here..
11 SOUND: FRANK'S STEPS BACK ON MIKE SLOWLY AS HE READS TELETYPES.
12 FRANK: Joe?
13 JOE: Yeah.
14 FRANK: This is our answer.
15 JOE: What?
16 FRANK: Teletype from San Francisco. Jewelry store was heisted for
17 a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
18 JOE: Yeah.
19 FRANK: Two men... one with a 38 automatic... one with a sawed off
20 shotgun.
END SCENE 3
JOE: We sent a teletype to San Francisco immediately asking for full details on the holdup. The answer gave the M.O. that the two thieves had used and their descriptions. In every detail, the operation matched the men we were looking for. We put in a call to Rod Nealon but found that he hadn't reported for work that day. Frank and I drove out to his apartment but his landlady told us that she hadn't seen him since the day before. Frank and I checked the places where he ate and where he spent his time when he wasn't working. None of his friends had seen him. We spent the next two days looking for him.

From a bartender at South 7th, we heard that Rod had been in the place on Sunday night—the day before and at that time he'd been pretty drunk. The bartender said that he appeared frightened and nervous. Monday, September 12, 5:30 P.M. Frank and I checked into the office to sign out for the day.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: I'll sign us out.

JOE: Okay....I'll check the box.

SOUND: JOE STARTS TO WALK AND WE HEAR PHONE BELL RING. JOE'S STEPS CONTINUE AND THEN PHONE PICK UP.
JOE: Robbery, Friday. Yeah... Where you been... we've been lookin' all over for you. Thought something happened. What.

When... Uh huh. Yeah. Well, take it easy. We'll get to you. Yeah... What model? Y'got the license number? Just a minute... okay go ahead... (AS HE WRITES) 2-N-3... 9-291?

Yeah. Okay... yeah. We'll see you there. Okay... bye.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP. FRANK WALKS IN.

FRANK: Rod?

JOE: Yeah. Says he'd been tryin' to get us all day. Says he didn't want to leave his name. Two suspects are back in town. Rod says they got a bankroll like Fort Knox.

Sportin' a new car. Got the number. Better check it right away.

FRANK: Where's he been?

JOE: Said he was worried... been tryin' to stay out of sight.

Said we better get the guys fast.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: He thinks they're on to him.

END SCENE 4
JOE: Our informant, Rod Nealon, told me on the phone that he'd been in hiding for the last two days. He said that on the night the two robbery suspects had gotten back to town, the bartender had let it drop to them that Rod had been asking questions. They'd started after him and he'd been on a two day drunk trying to hide from them. He said that he'd tried to call us at the office several times but had found that we weren't in. He was reluctant to leave his name or a message for fear that the two hoodlums might in some way find out about it. Frank drove over to his apartment but found that he wasn't there. When I'd spoken to him on the phone he told me that he'd wait there until we could pick him up. The landlady at his place hadn't seen him and told Frank that she didn't even know that Rod was in the building. While Frank was gone, I checked the license number of the car through our D.M.V. They called back to tell me that the car was registered to a Miss Dolly Keane at 18924 Elmwood Drive, Hollywood. Frank got back to the office and we drove out to see the girl. On the apartment register she was listed as the tenant of apartment 406. We knocked at the door to the manager's apartment and waited.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

BARBARA: Yes?

JOE: Are you the manager, Ma'am?
BARB: Yes...something I can do for you?

JOE: Police officers ma'am. We'd like to talk to you. Here's my identification.

BARB: (LOOKING AT I.D.) Joseph Friday?

JOE: Yes ma'am. This is my partner Frank Smith.

FRANK & BARB: How d'ya do....etc.

BARB: I'm Barbara Townsend. Would you like to come in and talk?

JOE: Thank you Miss Townsend.

SOUND: THEY MOVE INTO APARTMENT, BARBARA CLOSES DOOR BEHIND THEM.

BARB: (AS THEY ENTER APT.) It's Mrs. I'm a window woman. Husband died 7 years ago.

JOE: Oh... I'm sorry ma'am.

BARB: 'Sall right Mr. Friday. I'm used to bein' a window now. Just sit down...we can have our talk.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: THEY MOVE TO CHAIRS AND SIT DOWN.

BARB: Now then...what was it you want to talk about? Not something I've done I hope.

JOE: No, Mrs. Townsend. It's about one of your tenants, A Miss Dolly Keane.

BARB: Oh that one...might have known it.

FRANK: Why do you say that ma'am?

BARB: Just because. I always knew she was gonna cause trouble here. I knew it. I told Sinbad about it. Told him a lot of times.
JOE: Sinbad?
BARB: Yes....that's him over there in the cage.
JOE: The lovebird?
BARB: Yes Sinbad and I talk all the time. 'Course I do most of
the actual talkin'. But he understands. Real smart
bird. Real smart little fella.
JOE: Yes ma'am. But why do you say that you knew Miss Keane
would cause trouble?
BARB: She's just the type that's all. Always runnin' around.
Calivatin' away. Her and her boy friend. All that
drinkin'.......loud parties.
JOE: Uh huh.
BARB: She's got a lease or she wouldn't be here now I tell you.
Couple more parties and I'm gonna see a lawyer. See if I
can't break it. The lease I mean.
FRANK: Yes ma'am.
JOE: About this boy friend of hers. You happen to know his
name?
BARB: No.....no I don't. I didn't have nothin' to do with her.
She's not the friendly type at all. Doesn't like birds.
Told me once she couldn't stand 'em. Said it right out
loud. Sinbad heard her. Heard her say it plain as
anything. He brooded about it for days. Wouldn't eat a
seed. Just sat there on his perch and brooded.
JOE: Uh huh. Wonder if you could give us a description of the
man?

BARB: Yes....I think I can. Saw him a couple of times. Tall
man. Over six feet....red hair. He had a kind of
stutter. I never talked to him....Just heard 'em when
they came in. My door's right near the front y'know.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

FRANK: She have any other friends in the building, d'ya know?

BARB: Oh no. Isn't anybody in the building that likes her.

Well, except that Mr. Newton on the second floor. He's
 kinda flighty......impressed with a pretty girl y'know.

But she's not friendly with anybody.

JOE: Uh huh. She have any visitors....any one who came to see
her?

BARB: Just her boyfriend. The red headed one....and then there
was the other one. I don't think he was a friend of hers
though.

JOE: What other one's that ma'am?

BARB: Little man....dark. I think he was a friend of the
boyfriend. Seemed that way to me.

JOE: Any of them drive a car do you know?

BARB: Well, I don't know about the others but Miss Keane just
got one. Brand new. 1953. Don't know where she got the
money for it. But by golly she's got the car.
1 FRANK:  Does she work ma'am?

2 BARB:  I don't know. When she signed the lease she told me that
3        she was a designer for clothing company out here. If
4        that's a fact, she's got mighty cushy hours. Seems to come
5        and go whenever she pleases.
6 JOE:   When'd she get the new car?
7 BARB:  Just a couple of days ago. She told me that she had to go
8        out of town on some business. Wanted me to keep an eye on
9        her apartment. Didn't have to tell me that. I'm the
10       manager here.....course I'm gonna watch the place.
11 FRANK: Yes ma'am....but about the car.
12 BARB:  Oh yeah. Well, she had it when she came back. Just drove
13        up in it as smart as you please. Told me that she wanted
14        a garage for it. Said she didn't want to leave it on
15        the streets at night. I told her she'd just have to wait.
16        Y'see we got 18 units here and only 10 garages. All of
17        them are taken. I told her she'd just have to wait. She
18        said that maybe she'd leave it over at her sisters for a
19        few days?
20 JOE:   Her sister's?
21 BARB:  Yeah.....she has a sister in the neighborhood someplace.
22 JOE:   You know where she lives?
23 BARB:  No....no I don't. I'm pretty sure it's someplace in
24        the neighborhood.
1 JOE: You know her sister's name?
2 BARB: No...I'm sorry but I can't help you out there either.
3 Girl's married. Don't know her married name. Miss Keane never mentioned it.
4 JOE: How 'bout mail Mrs. Townsend? Miss Keane get much mail?
5 BARB: Couldn't tell you that. They got their own keys. Open their own mailboxes. I got no way of tellin' what they get.
6 JOE: Course I could see in through the little slots in the mailbox. She got just a few letters...I couldn't tell you where they were from though.
7 BARB: No...I mean I don't think she's in. Haven't heard her. Usually comes in laughin' and carryin' on. I'd know it if she was in. What's all this about anyway. What's she done?
8 JOE: We'd just like to talk to her, Mrs. Townsend.
9 BARB: Like that is it?
10 JOE: Ma'am?
11 BARB: You got somethin' secret to talk about huh?
12 JOE: No it's not that...just be better if we talked to her.
13 BARB: Oh. Well, I hope you get the chance to.
1 Joe: Beg pardon.
2 Barb: Last time I saw her... she talked about leavin' town.

End Scene 5
End Act 1

(Commercial Insert)
Chesterfield is best for you. Listen to this report. It's a report never before made about a cigarette ... smoked day after day, by a group of people smoking from 10 to 40 cigarettes a day for a full year -- here's Chesterfield's record. A medical specialist giving this group thorough examinations every two months for a full year -- reports no adverse effects to their nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfields. Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like that? You'll find Chesterfields best for you. They're much milder -- with an extraordinarily good taste and for your pocketbook. Chesterfield is America's best cigarette buy.
In the company of the manager, Frank and I went through the girl's apartment. In the closets we found clothing that indicated that she would return to the place. We called the office and told them that we were setting up a stakeout on the building. Frank and I went downstairs and parked the car up the street. Frank was in the front seat of the car, and I stayed in the back. 

8:30 P.M. there was still no sign of the girl. Frank called the office and found that our informant, Rod Nealon was still missing. We waited. 9:30 P.M....10:00.....11:30 P.M. A car answering the description of the girl's car pulled up in front of the apartment building.

SOUND: STREET B.G. NOT TOO BUSY.

FRANK: (OFF, IN FRONT SEAT) Joe?

JOE: Yeah.....I see 'em.

FRANK: Car matches. You see the license?

JOE: Not from here. Two people in the car. Girl and a man.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: let's go.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: CAR DOORS OPEN....STEPS ACROSS THE STREET.

FRANK: I'll cover the other side.

JOE: Right.

SOUND: STEPS CONTINUE AND THEN STOP.

JOE: Excuse me.
1 CHET: Yeah...what is it.
2 JOE: Like to see your indentification please.
3 CHET: What for. I'm doin' nothin'.
4 JOE: Police officers...Like to see your I.D.
5 SOUND: UNDER LAST SPEECH WE HEAR ANOTHER CAR PULL UP IN BACK OF
6 CAR JOE AND FRANK ARE AT.
7 CHET: I don't know what all this is about.
8 JOE: Alright mister...get out of the car.
9 SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN. AS IT DOES WE HEAR OTHER CAR COME TO
10 COMPLETE STOP
11 CHET: I don't know what you guys are tryin' to prove with all
12 this. Gettin' so a guy can't take his girl out anymore
13 without cops rousin' him.
14 FRANK: (OFF, ON OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR) Joe...Looks like the
15 other one in the car that just pulled up.
16 CHET: (UP) Vince...get outta here...it's the cops.
17 SOUND: OFF WE HEAR A CAR DOOR SLAM AND RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.
18 FRANK: (OFF) I'll get him Joe.
19 SOUND: FRANK TAKES OFF AFTER VINCE.
20 JOE: Get your hands in back of you.
22 SOUND: SHOTS FROM OFF AS FRANK AND VINCE SHOOT AT EACH OTHER.
23 JOE SNAP CUFFS ON CHET.
1. JOE: Don't worry about it...we'll get him. I'll take those keys.

2. SOUND: JOE TAKES KEYS FROM DASHBOARD SWITCH—JOE RUNS INTO BUILDING. HE GOES THROUGH DOOR AND STOPS IN MARBLE FOYER.

3. JOE: How 'bout it?

4. FRANK: He's on the second floor.

5. JOE: (UP) C'mon Mister. Give it up.

6. SOUND: SHOTS FROM OFF.

7. VINCE: (OFF) Get away from me cop. Get away.

8. JOE: (UP) Throw that gun down here.

9. BEAT

10. JOE: (UP) C'mon throw that gun down here.

11. BEAT

12. FRANK: What d'ya figure?

13. JOE: I dunno. Cover me...I'll go on up.

14. FRANK: Right.

15. SOUND: WE HEAR JOE CLIMB CARPETED STAIRS SLOWLY. HE GOES UP ABOUT 8 STAIRS, THEN STOPS.

16. FRANK: (OFF) How 'bout' it?

17. JOE: Don't see him.

18. SOUND: SEVERAL SHOTS FROM VINCE NOT TO FAR OFF.


20. SOUND: JOE FIRES AT VINCE.
1 VINCE: (OFF) Stop it...stop it...don't shoot...I give up. I give up. Please don't shoot anymore. Please.

3 JOE: Alright mister...throw the gun out here. (BEAT) C'mon throw the gun out here.

5 SOUND: WE HEAR GUN HIT FLOOR OF CARPETED HALLWAY.

6 VINCE: (OFF) Alright......there it is. You got it. Now give me a break.

8 FRANK: (MOVES OFF TO GET GUN) I got it Joe.

9 SOUND: JOE MOVES TO VINCE.

10 JOE: Put your hands against the wall.

11 VINCE: I'm hurt. You shot me...now leave me alone. I'm hurt... can't you see that?

13 FRANK: (COMING IN) I'll shake him, Joe.

14 SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND SHAKES HIM DOWN.

15 FRANK: He's clean.

16 SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK PUT HANDCUFFS ON VINCE.

17 VINCE: Call a doctor huh? Get me a doctor. I'll bleed to death if you don't get me a doctor.

19 JOE: You're not hurt that bad. C'mon.....let's go.

20 SOUND: THEY GET VINCE TO HIS FEET.

21 FRANK: You can lean on me. Take it easy.

22 SOUND: THEY TAKE VINCE DOWNSTAIRS.

23 BARB: (FADING IN) You got him huh?

26 JOE: Yes ma'am. Like to use your phone if we can.

27 BARB: Sure you can...You just bet you can. Shot him huh?
JOE: You wanna call Georgia street, Frank. I'll get the other two.
FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO DOOR. HE GOES OUT ON STREET THEN RUNS BACK INTO APARTMENT.
FRANK: FADING IN AS JOE MOVES TO HIM) What's the matter something wrong?
JOE: Get a broadcast out on the other two...they're gone.

END SCENE 5

JOE: When the number two suspect had started firing at Frank, I had handcuffed the first suspect and gone to Frank's aid. On returning to the car, we found that the two suspects had escaped. The man was still handcuffed and moving around would be difficult for him. A broadcast was gotten out to all units in the area on the two escaped suspects. The car they'd driven was still parked out in front of the apartment. An ambulance arrived and removed the wounded suspect to the county hospital. Before he was taken away, he gave us the names of his two accomplices, Chester Rayburn and Dolly Keane. We called the office and told them what had happened. Additional teams of men were sent out to help us canvas the area. Frank and I went through the personal effects of Dolly Keane. In a desk drawer we found a telephone book and one of the numbers in the book bore the name, "Sis." It gave a telephone number and an address three blocks from the apartment house.

(MORE)
JOE: We got in touch with Captain Didion and informed him of the developments. Additional men from Metro Division were sent out to cover the address listed in the telephone book.

Captain Didion also told us that our informant, Rod Nealon had been found in a rooming house on third street where he'd been hiding since the two bandits had gotten back in town.

He was placed in protective custody. Frank and I went over to the sister's apartment.

SOUND: DOOR BUZZER OFF, PAUSE...DOOR OPEN

PAT: Yeah? What d'you want.

JOE: Police officers. You Patricia Saxon?

PAT: Yeah...so what?

FRANK: Want to look at your apartment.

PAT: What for ... there's nothin' here that means anything to you.

JOE: Your sister been here tonight?

PAT: No....I haven't seen her last couple of days.

JOE: Anyone here with you?

PAT: No.

JOE: We're gonna have to look.

PAT: Yeah...Maybe I don't want you to.

SOUND: OFF.....IN THE BACK OF THE APARTMENT, WE HEAR A SHOTGUN FALL TO THE FLOOR.

JOE: Let's go Frank.

SOUND: THEY MOVE INTO THE APARTMENT.
PAT: (FOLLOWING THEM) There's no one here. Isn't anybody with me.

FRANK: Closet in the bedroom.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: COUPLE OF MORE STEPS. THEN STOP.

FRANK: That's it.

PAT: Better stay away from there...he's got a shotgun.

JOE: Cover that side Frank.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES OFF MIKE INTO POSITION. STOPS. JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF SLOW STEPS. STOPS.

JOE: (UP) Alright Rayburn. Open the door slow and throw that gun out here.

BEAT:

JOE: (UP) Rayburn? I'll tell you once more...we know you're in there. Throw the gun out here.

BEAT:

FRANK: He's not coming out.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SLOWLY. WE HEAR GUN SLIDE OUT.

CHET: Alright cop......here it is. I don't want no trouble.

Hear...No trouble. You got the gun.

SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS.

JOE: Stand up Rayburn...You too, Miss Keane.

SOUND: THEY DO.
1 DOLLY: Don't shoot huh....Please don't. We didn't mean
2 nothin'. Don't shoot. We give up.
3 JOE: Come out of there. Keep your hands behind your head.
4 FRANK: I'll get 'em.
5 SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND SHAKES THEM DOWN
6 PAT: There wasn't anything else I could do. I had to do
7 what they told me. Came in here with that gun and
8 wanted something to cut those handcuffs off with. I
9 had to do what they said.
10 JOE: Yeah sure.
11 PAT: They'd have killed me if I didn't. I know it. They'd
12 have killed me.
13 CHET: Couple more minutes and we'd have had it made. Just a
14 couple more minutes. That's all. That's all we needed.
15 Dough we got up north you'd never have got us. We'd
16 have had it made.
17 DOLLY: One more big job. That's what you said. Just one more
18 and we'd be through. Well wise guy where are we now?
19 JOE: Where he said you'd be
20 DOLLY: What?
21 JOE: You're through.
22 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard was true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On January 18th, trial was held in department 87, Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.
FENN: Now, here is our star -- Jack Webb.

WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Did you know that Chesterfields shows up year after year as first choice of young America? Now, that's based on a survey made in 274 colleges and universities. The reason is we're first with premium quality in both regular and king-size.

Chesterfields. It's a good mild smoke with a wonderful taste.
Chester Lloyd Rayburn and Vincent Robert Parker were tried and found guilty on 9 counts of robbery in the first degree. They were sentenced to the State Penitentiary for the term prescribed by law. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than five years. Lillian Keane, alias Dolly Keane was tried and convicted of being an accessory. She received sentence as prescribed by law. Aiding a principal in a felony is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of not more than five years.
FATIMA HITCH-HIKE

1 GALLUP: Now, new Fatima has the tip for your lips.
2 Fatima tips of perfect cork.
3 King size for natural filtering.
4 Fatima quality for a much better flavor and aroma.
5 So remember -- new Fatima has the tip for your lips.
6 Fatima. See how smooth they are. 29/10

7 GIBNEY: Remember, Fatima is made by the makers of Chesterfields --
8 Liggett and Myers -- one of tobacco's most RESPECTED names.

10 ORCH: CLOSING THEME UP TO END