THE BIG BOP

CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY ... JACK WEBB

OFFICER FRANK SMITH ... BEN ALEXANDER

IJARRISON ... VIC RODMAN

MARTIN ... HARRY BARTELL

VOICE (DBL) ... LILLI AN B(}JYEFF

N TO MI. ... LILLIAN B(JYEFF

BARRY (DBL) ... HARRY BARTELL

JERRY LANE ... VIC PERRIN
"THE BIG BOP"
JUNE 14, 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 with premium quality and best for you....
5 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
6 GIBNEY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.
7 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
8 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.
9 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
10 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Robbery Detail. For the past three weeks, a lone thief has been victimizing stores and check cashing agencies. You've got a description of the man, but you can't identify him. Your job... get him.
11 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR
12 (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
Sept. 1, 1955

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 PENNEMAN: Before you buy your next pack of cigarettes, think
2 this over.....A doctor has been examining a group of
3 Chesterfield smokers, with special attention to the
4 nose, throat and sinuses. His latest report ...
5 After a full year and a half ... says - No adverse
6 effects from smoking Chesterfield. Don’t you want
7 to try a cigarette with a record like this?
8 Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... they’re
9 low in nicotine ... Highest in quality ... Best for you.
Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For
the next 30 minutes, in cooperation with the Los
Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by
step on the side of the law through an actual case,
transcribed from official police files. From
beginning to end ... from crime to punishment ....
Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

It was Friday, June 10th. 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 Donahoe.
My name's Friday. We'd gotten a call there had been
another holdup and it was 10:36 A.M. when we got to
the corner of Alverado and Catalina Streets .......
(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) .... the Harrison Check cashing
agency.

Joe and Frank walk into the store. Traffic B.G. Curt,
their steps across cement floor
(HARDING): (FADING IN) I'm sorry .... you'll have to come back.
We've had some trouble and we're not open for business.
Come back in about an hour.
Joe: Police officers, sir.
Harrison: Oh .... where've you been. I was held up y'know.
Held right up.
Frank: Yes sir.
HARRISON: Fellas in the police car was here. They told me you'd come out. Where you been. Taken you long enough.

JOE: Didn't you use the siren?

HARRISON: Just seems us taxpayers would get better service than that.

FRANK: Call just came in four minutes ago.

HARRISON: (AFTER BEAT) Oh. Well .... all right then. Well, lemme tell you all about it.

JOE: Yessir, if you would.

HARRISON: You just bet I would. Well, now first off ... I had trouble sleepin' last night. Knew right off it was gonna be a bad day. I can always tell y'know. When I have a bad night ... the next day's always a doose.

FRANK: Did you give the officers in the radio car a description of the man who held you up?

HARRISON: Yes sir ... sure did. Gave it to them right off. Now you gonna let me tell you about the hold up?

JOE: Go ahead sir.

HARRISON: Well, I had a bad night. Real bad ... and I knew ...

JOE: Oh say, my name's Harrison ... Avrill Harrison. Don't think I got your fellas names.

HARRISON: I'm Joe Friday ... this is my partner, Frank Smith.

FRANK: AD LIB HELLOs ETC.

HARRISON: Darn fool next door kept poundin' the typewriter all night. Never let up.

JOE: Sir?
HARRISON: Man next door...that's why I didn't get any sleep.
Some crackpot tryin' to be a writer. Awful thing.
All night long. (IMITATES TYPEWRITER) dit...dit...
dit...ding. dit...dit...ding. All night, not a wink
of sleep.
FRANK: Yes sir...if you'd tell us about the robbery.
HARRISON: I'm doin' just that.
FRANK: Yes sir.
HARRISON: Well, anyways...I got up this morning and my shoelace
broke. 'Mother sign. Bad. Shouldn't have even come
down to work.
JOE: What time was the robbery?
HARRISON: This morning. Well, I tried to blast him right outta
his room. Wouldn't work though.
JOE: The holdup man?
HARRISON: (AFTER BEAT) You fella's ain't payin' attention. No..
not the holdup man. The crackpot next door with his
typewriter. Turned the radio on. Tried to blast him
right out of his room. Didn't work though.
FRANK: It didn't?
HARRISON: No. Hadda bad tube. Darned thing wouldn't do nothin'
but whistle. (IMITATES OSCILLATOR TONE.) Wheeeeee
Woowooop and all the time that blamed dit...dit...
dit...ding. Miserable night.
JOE: We understand Mr. Harrison but if you'll tell us just
what happened this morning, we'll stand a better chance
of comin' up with something.
1 HARRISON: Ain't interested huh?
2 JOE: It's just that this is an investigation sir. The more time we lose, the harder it's gonna be to apprehend the suspect.
3 HARRISON: Oh yeah.
4 JOE: Now maybe if you'd just answer some questions for us it might be easier and faster.
5 HARRISON: Okay...fire away.
6 JOE: What time did the man come in?
7 HARRISON: (VERY CLIPPED) 'Bout 10:12.
8 JOE: Was he alone.
9 HARRISON: Yeah.
10 FRANK: Did it look like there might have been anybody else with him?
11 HARRISON: Nope.
12 JOE: Do you know if he drove an automobile.
13 HARRISON: Couldn't tell.
14 JOE: Uh huh...Well, would you tell us exactly what he said and did from the time you first saw him.
15 HARRISON: Came in...10:12. Had a gun. Walked over to me.
16 JOE: Pointed the gun, told me it was a stick up. (BEAT)
17 HARRISON: That the way you fellas want it?
18 JOE: You just relax Mr. Harrison...tell the story in your own words.
19 HARRISON: In just tryin' to do what you wanted. Yeah 20...
20 JOE: All right sir...go ahead.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Speech</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>Well, he came in. Stood around for a minute and then came over to the counter. I asked him if I could help him.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>FRANK</td>
<td>Uh huh.</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>We cash checks y’know. Payroll checks. First off I thought that’s what he wanted, to cash a check. Wasn’t though. I asked him what he wanted and he pulled out the gun. Told me to keep quiet and hand him the money. Pointed the gun right at my heart. Right here... (INDICATES) My heart.</td>
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<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>JOE</td>
<td>Yes sir.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>So I gave him the money. All there was in the drawer.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>FRANK</td>
<td>How much was taken, Mr. Harrison?</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>’Bout 1500 dollars. He just took the paper money. Didn’t want the silver. Had two paper bags. Looked like he’d carried his lunch in ’em. All kinda wrinkled up y’know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>JOE</td>
<td>Yes sir.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>Had me put the money in them. I scooped the silver in first and he made me dump it out. Here... (INDICATES) you can see it on the floor. I wanted to put it back into the drawer, but he wouldn’t hear of it. Just said to dump it out...get rid of it. Those were his exact words. &quot;Get rid of it.&quot; Said it real mean, and all the time he’s got that gun pointed right at me. Well...I dumped the money out.</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>FRANK</td>
<td>What happened then?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>HARRISON</td>
<td>Rolled all over the floor. Gonna take me an hour to pick it all up. Probably never find some of it. Rolled under the counter...never find it. It’s a bad day. I shoulda known right off when I didn’t sleep.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
FRANK: No sir...I mean what happened after you gave the man the money?

HARRISON: Didn't give it to him...he took it.

FRANK: Uh huh.

HARRISON: Then he told me to lay down on the floor. Lay there and count to a hundred...by ones. Told me not to move until I'd finished. He said if I did...he'd come back and kill me. Way he told me...you knew he meant it.

After that, he left.

FRANK: Alright sir.

JOE: Wonder if you can give us a description of the man?

HARRISON: Sure, but I already gave one to the other cops. Ain't that enough?

JOE: We'd like to have you tell us, Mr. Harrison.

HARRISON: Oh. Them other fellas don't work with you huh?

JOE: Yes sir they do. We'd just like you to describe the man to us.

HARRISON: What'sa matter...won't they tell you?

FRANK: Yes Mr. Harrison, they'll tell us. But the questions they asked you were for putting out a broadcast. We have to fill out a report and try to get the man that did it.

HARRISON: Seems like a pretty funny way to operate. Don't tell the other cops what's goin' on.

JOE: (AFTER BEAT) How tall was the man, Mr. Harrison?

HARRISON: Well, let's see...I'd say...'bout...5 feet...maybe 8...

JOE: 10 inches.

HARRISON: I'm just guessin' y'know. Not sure.

JOE: Yes sir...we understand.
HARRISON: I'd say he weighed in at maybe... oh... a hundred and 50.

Right around in there.

JOE: How old was he?

HARRISON: Maybe 25...26.

JOE: How 'bout his coloring? Was he dark or light?

HARRISON: Dark. Had black hair... brown eyes. Mean lookin' eyes.

Like steel balls. Kind you pick up with vacuum cleaners. Steel. Hard.

JOE: Yes sir. How was he dressed?

HARRISON: Had a pair of Levi's on... Levi's and a blue shirt. Had a brown leather jacket on too. One with a fur collar.

JOE: Was he clean shaven?

HARRISON: Yeah. Face looked like he just had a shave. Had a kinda talcum powder on it.

FRANK: He wear glasses?

HARRISON: Yeah.

FRANK: What kind were they?

HARRISON: I couldn't tell you. Just glasses.

JOE: Well, did they have metal or plastic frames?

HARRISON: Plastic. Light, kinda tan plastic. Heavy... y'know the kind that don't have the little curly things around the ears. Just big pieces that went over the top.

JOE: Wonder if you'd take a look at some pictures here.

See if you can recognize the man?

HARRISON: Sure. I'd know him again if I saw him. Sure would.

JOE: Did the man touch anything with his hands?

Hi: No, no he didn't. The other officers asked me that, too. He didn't touch anything.

JOE: Was anyone else present at the time?

Hi: No, no one else. I was the only one here.
JoE:  Frank? Got these pictures?

FraNk:  Yeah. Here y'are.

SOUND:  Frank takes several mugs from his pocket and hands them to Harrison.

FraNk:  Here you are, sir.

HarriSon:  (Grunts) Take a look here. (As he goes through pictures)

JoE:  Did the man have any marks or scars you could see?

HARRIS:  No... leastways... not that I saw.

FraNk:  Was there anything unusual about him? Anything that might help us to identify him?

HarriSon:  Well, that moustache should help.

JOE:  Sir?

HARRIS:  His moustache. I think it was phonier than a 3-dollar bill

....looked like it to me.

FraNk:  I thought you said that the man was clean shaven.

HARRIS:  I did. All around the moustache. I didn't think you meant like that. He's probably clean shaven under that, too. Sure looked phoney to me.

JoE:  Why do you say that?

HARRIS:  It was red. He was dark. Had black hair, black eyebrows. Don't seem likely that he'd come up with a red moustache.

FraNk:  Now does it seem likely to you?

FraNk:  Hard to say, sir.
HARRISON: Don't seem likely to me. Not at all. Tell you something else.

JOE: What's that?

HARRISON: I think them glasses was fake too. Glass in 'em was funny. Like it hadn't been ground. Kinda flat. I think they was phoney...just like the duster.

FRANK: Duster?


JOE: Alright sir. Thank you very much. We'd like you to come down to the office and look at some other pictures. See if you can identify the man.

HARRISON: Be glad to. Rather not do it today though.

JOE: Why's that?

HARRISON: I already told you. You had a picture of him down there...I'd probably miss him. This has been a real bad day for me. Tomorrow will be better though.

JOE: Why's that?

HARRISON: Gonna get some sleep tonight. Bribed the landlady to hide that fella's typewriter ribbon.

END SCENE

JOE: Yeah.

H: She let me in his room. I took it.

JOE: What's that?

H: He ain't gonna do much typing without his ribbons.

LG 0167819
JOE: For the past three weeks, we'd heard the same story. A man had entered a check cashing agency or a small neighborhood store and at gunpoint, taken all of the currency. Each time, he'd hit just after the owner or manager had come back from the bank. The descriptions we'd gotten in each theft was the same. Each of the victims looked over the mug books, but were unable to identify the suspect. We'd gone back into the records 10 years for cards to check through the States office. The leads they turned up were run down, but led us nowhere. Communications to George Brereton in Sacramento and to Washington, D.C. had turned up no new information. We were right where we were after the first robbery... we had a suspect we couldn't identify or find. 10:45 A.M...The latest victim closed up his place of business and started to accompany us downtown. As we walked out of the store, a police car pulled up to the curb. In the back seat was a man of about 25 years of age. The officer told us that he'd caught the boy running down an alley three blocks away. The boy, who matched the description of the thief, identified himself as Rudy Martin. While the radio car officers stood by, we took the suspect to our car to see Avril Harrison, the victim.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN...SLIGHT TRAFFIC B.G.

HARRISON: (SLIGHTLY OFF IN CAR) Caught him already, huh?

JOE: Is this the man who held you up?
HARRIS: (EFFORT) Lemme get out and take a good look.

SOUND: HARRISON GETS OUT OF CAR


HARRIS: That's him.

JOE: Are you sure?

BEAT:

HARRIS: That's the man. Even without his moustache and glasses...

I can tell.

MARTIN: He's lyin'. He don't know what he's sayin'.

HARRIS: Don't you talk that way to me, young fella. And where's my money? Huh? Whatja do with my money?

MARTIN: I haven't got it. I never took any money from you or anybody else. You're crazy!

HARRIS: (EFFORT) I'll teach you to talk to me like that.

JOE: (EFFORT AS HE RESTRAINS HARRISON) All right, Mr. Harrison, if we need anything more, we'll be back to talk to you.

HARRIS: Y'mean you ain't gonna take me downtown now that you caught the fella?

FRANK: No, sir. We'll get in touch with you later.

HARRIS: You make him tell you where he hid the money. Fifteen hundred dollars. All in paper. You make him tell you.

JOE: All right, sir. Thank you very much.
HARRIS: (GRUNTS) Yeah...Well, I'll be right here. Anything you want me to do...you just give a holler. I wanna see this fella get what's comin' to him.

JOE: We'll call you.

SOUND: HARRISON STARTS TO WALK BACK TO THE STORE.

HARRIS: (FADING) You do that. And make him tell you what he did with the money.

JOE: (TO MARTIN) All right, young fella. Let's get in back, huh?

SOUND: JOE PUTS MARTIN IN THE BACK SEAT.

FRANK: I'll check with the car, Joe. You want them to follow us in to the office?

JOE: Yeah. Tell 'em we'll take Martin to the Interrogation Room. We'll check 'em later.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: FRANK FADES OFF. JOE CLOSES CAR DOOR.

JOE: All right, Martin... Put your hands up as high as you can.

MARTIN: You ain't gonna find anything.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: MARTIN MOVES AROUND, AND JOE DOES A FAST SHAKE.

MARTIN: See...? I told you. This is a bad thing that man did. I haven't done anything to him. I didn't take his money.

JOE: Settle back, Martin.

SOUND: MARTIN SETTLES BACK IN THE SEAT.

JOE: You ever seen that man before?

MARTIN: No. No, I haven't.
JOE: He mad at you for any reason?

MARTIN: I told you.... I never saw him before.

JOE: He says he knows you. He says you had him up a little while ago.

MARTIN: He's crazy!

JOE: Why'd he say something like that without a reason?

MARTIN: I don't know.

JOE: Your wallet back here?

MARTIN: Yeah.

JOE: (EFFORT) Move a little, will you?

MARTIN: (GRUNTS AS HE MOVES)

JOE: Any money in here?

MARTIN: No. All I got is some change. Maybe 40 ... 50 cents.

JOE: Let's take a look.

SOUND: JOE GOES THROUGH MARTIN'S WALLET.

MARTIN: Just a few cards....couple of phone numbers in there.

That's all. No money.

JOE: (LOOKING) Uh huh. Who's this Johnny Salvatore?

MARTIN: Friend of mine.

JOE: Chris Teran?

MARTIN: Another friend. They haven't done nothin'. Both nice guys.

You got no right to do this. No right to arrest me.

JOE: You're not under arrest....we just wanna talk to you. If you haven't done anything wrong...then you haven't anything to worry about.

MARTIN: Sounds good...but why am I sittin' in this car with you?
JOE: All right, Martin --- tell us the real story.

MARTIN: Nothin' to tell. I was over by Central Avenue when these two cops came by and picked me up. I wasn't doin' anything.

JOE: Officers say you were running down an alley. They say you wouldn't stop when they told you to. How 'bout that?

MARTIN: I was scared. You can see how that'd happen, can't you?

JOE: What'ja do with the gun, Martin?

MARTIN: There wasn't any gun.

JOE: Victim says there was.

MARTIN: I don't know what you're talkin' about.

JOE: You registered for the draft, Martin?

MARTIN: (AFTER BEAT) Yeah.

JOE: Where's your draft card?

MARTIN: Isn't it in the wallet?

JOE: No.

MARTIN: Guess I musts lost it.

JOE: You ever been arrested?

MARTIN: How 'bout it?

JOE: Yeah. Couple of times.

MARTIN: What for?

JOE: Vag.

MARTIN: Where?
MARTIN: Here and back east.

JOE: Where back east?

MARTIN: K. C.

JOE: You sure that's all?

MARTIN: Yeah.

JOE: What were you doin' in that alley this morning, Martin?

MARTIN: I was on my way to see a guy.

JOE: Who?

MARTIN: A friend of mine.

SOUND: UNDER LAST COUPLE OF LINES, WE HEAR FRANK APPROACH ON SIDEWALK. HE GETS TO CAR AND OPENS THE FRONT DOOR ON THE SIDEWALK SIDE.

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: I'll call in, and we can get started.

JOE: Right.

SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK TAKE THE RADIO OUT OF THE COMPARTMENT.

FRANK: (INTO RADIO) 1K80 to Control 1 ... 1K80 to Control 1.

VOICE: (OVER SQUELCH) Control 1 to 1K80. Go ahead.


VOICE: (OVER SQUELCH) Roger, 1K80 ... KMA 367.

SOUND: FRANK SWITCHES RADIO OFF AND RETURNS THE MIKE TO THE COMPARTMENT.

FRANK: All set?

JOE: Yeah ... Let's go.

SOUND: UNDER BELOW, FRANK STARTS CAR, AND IT MOVES AHEAD IN TRAFFIC.
JOE: Now, who's this friend you were going to see, Martin?

MARTIN: You have to know that?

JOE: We have to know.

MARTIN: Chris Teren.

JOE: What were you going to see him about?

MARTIN: A job. He said he could line one up for me.

JOE: Where do you live?

MARTIN: Rooming house down on Wall.

JOE: You wanna tell us what you did with the money?

MARTIN: What money? I don't know how to tell you any better....

I didn't have nothin' to do with that guy. I don't know nothin' about any robbery. I was on my way to see a friend about a job...couple of cops pick me up. That's all there is to it...nothin' more. Now, if you think you can make this thing stick...then you go right ahead. I don't think you can.

JOE: We got a lot of time, Martin.

MARTIN: So have I. I got nothin' to do. A nights sleep and a couple of meals. That's what I stand to come up with. I got no problems. Go ahead...lock me up. You're gonna have to let me go. I don't care what that old guy says. I didn't hold him up, and not him or anybody else can say I did.

JOE: The clothes you've got on match the ones the hold-up man wore.

MARTIN: A lot of people wear these kinds clothes.

JOE: Victim identified you.

MARTIN: Guy made a mistake. I told you that.
He was pretty positive.

So he was positive. I'm sure I didn't hold up the place. That doesn't seem to make a lot of difference.

Look...you guys want to make a pinch so's you can get off the hook. Go ahead...live it up. Doesn't make any difference to me. You can hold me a couple of days but you'll end up letting me go. You put it down in the book. That's the way it's gonna be.

Alright Martin...you called it. I hope you know what you're talkin' about.

Juh?

If you fell for this one...there's five more we can tie you into. We make you on the rest of 'em and you got real trouble. You'll save us and yourself a lot of time if you'll tell the truth.

You wouldn't know it if you saw it.

There's one way to find out Martin.

Yeah?

Try us.

END SCENE 2
10:52 A.M. We took the suspect back to the city hall and talked to him for over three hours. He refused to admit any knowledge of the holdups. We checked him through R. and I. and came up with the arrest record he told us about. He'd served 10 days in the County Jail for Vagrancy. We contacted the F.B.I. and they checked him. They came back with the information that he was wanted for failure to register for the draft. In the meantime...the other victims of the hold-up man had been brought down to the office. They failed to identify Martin as the thief. We had a search of his room made but were unable to come up with anything. The two friends he'd mentioned were checked out but there was no record on either of them. The suspect was turned over to the federal authorities for prosecution on the draft evasion charge. We were back where we'd started three weeks before. The next morning, Saturday, June 11th, we started over again. This time we went back into the files fifteen years. Anyone who vaguely matched the description was checked. The M.O. of the thief was rechecked. The machines came up with an additional 17 possibles. Each of these were checked out. It took us two weeks and at the end of that time we were back where we'd started. We had nothing but a description that apparently didn't match anyone in our files, and an M.O. that didn't fit any known criminals. During the time we'd been checking out leads, the bandit was inactive. Additional cars from Metro Division had been assigned to the detail and rolling stakeouts were maintained around check cashing agencies in the city. But the hold-up man had apparently dropped from sight. Saturday, June 25th. I checked into the office.
Joe: (Into phone) Robbery, Friday... Yeah... Oh yeah Ben...

uh-huh... just a minute... (Turns and calls) Littlejohn

...(Beat) Littlejohn... (Into phone) No Ben... he isn't here. Just a second, lemme check the book.

Sound: He turns the pages in the book.

Joe: No... he left about an hour ago... Yeah... he should be back.

You want him to call you? Right. Wait a minute...

...Okay. 4-0-2-8-1. Right... yeah. Okay Ben.

Sound: He hangs up the phone and walks across the office, as

He does. The door to the squadroom opens off and Frank

Walks in.

Frank: (Fading in) Joe... gotta wire here from Huewin and Davis.

Joe: San Diego?

Frank: Yeah. Something we can use.

Joe: What is it?

Frank: Here, I'll read it. (Reads) "In answer to your bulletin dated June 10th... re hold-up man with phony mustache, and glasses, robbery occurred this city last night. MO and description matches your suspect. We have identified as Jerry Lane. Are sending mug shots." Looks like a...)

Joe: Looks like a break, huh?

Joe: Might be... yeah... They got him in custody?

Frank: Might've been... ya didn't let me finish.

Joe: Huh?

Frank: He got away.
JOE: 12:15 P.M. the special delivery letter arrived from San Diego with the mugg shots of Jerry Lane. There was also a note from Carl Davis. He explained that the suspect had held up a small liquor store in the city and had badly beaten the owner. A witness was shown the mugg books and was able to pick out the bandit. He was identified as a Jerry Lane. He had only one arrest record on the books and that was for a minor offence in San Diego County. We checked the name through our identification bureau but there was no record on him in our files. The mugg from San Diego had been taken over four years previously but the victims of the robberies in Los Angeles had no trouble identifying it, even without the glasses and mustache. Additional broadcasts were gotten out carrying name; and radiograms were sent to Washington D. C. and to Sacramento requesting any available information. Another week passed while the search went on. During that time, the holdup man hit once more, this time in National City, just south of San Diego. From the reports we got, the M.O. matched the one previously used. The suspect made good his escape before the police could reach the scene. Huewitt and Davis were scheduled to see the latest victim and get a positive identification the following morning. In the meantime, all units of San Diego police and members of the State patrol were asked to be on the lookout for Jerry Lane. Tuesday morning, 11:30 A.M., Frank and I got back to the office from running down a lead.
FRANK: 'Nother one that didn't go anyplace.

JOE: Everybody's tryin' to help.

FRANK: Suppose so. If somebody could figure out some way to filter out the bad leads it'd save us a lot of legwork.

JOE: Probably save a few of us jobs too.

FRANK: Uh...suppose so.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP.

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Robbery, Friday...Yeah..alright...(TO FRANK) It's Heuwin.. (INTO PHONE) ..Yeah..Hi Pappy. Yeah. When was that. Uh huh. Anything on him? Yeah. Uh huh.. you're probably right. Well, guess the only thing we can do is put out another broadcast..Yeah. No nothin' up here. Right. If anything else turns up let us know. Right. Yeah..say hello to Carl. Okay Pappy..we'll talk to you..right.... 'bye.

SOUND: JOE HANGS UP PHONE.

FRANK: What's he got?

JOE: Lane's gotta stand for more than a 211 charge.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Latest victim just died.

END SCENE 4

END ACT 1

GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
SECOND COMMERCIAL

ACTRESS: It's so satisfying to know that my Chesterfield is

low in nicotine - Highest in quality.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield ... low in nicotine ... highest in quality.

A fact proved by chemical analyses of the country's

six leading cigarette brands.

FENNEMAN: And it's so satisfying to know that a doctor, who has

been making thorough examinations, especially of the

nose, throat and sinuses, reports no adverse effects

from smoking Chesterfields.

GIBNEY: His report is a part of a program supervised by a

responsible research laboratory and is based on

thorough bi-monthly examinations of a group of

Chesterfield smokers over a period of a year and a

half.

FENNEMAN: That's eighteen full months now. Don't you want to

smoke a cigarette with a record like this? Regular

or king-size...

ACTRESS: Chesterfield is low in nicotine ... Highest in quality.

Best for me ... Best for you.
From the information we got on the phone, it looked like Jerry Lane would be headed for Los Angeles. One of the witnesses to the latest robbery, said that the suspect drove away in either a 1942 Plymouth or Dodge coupe. The color of the car was listed as either a dark blue or black. Descriptions of the car and of the suspect were printed up and distributed to all law enforcement bodies between Los Angeles and the Mexican Border. All Gayton from the San Diego department got in touch with the Mexican authorities and a close check was kept on all cars crossing into Mexico. According to our information, Jerry Lane had robbed at least 8 places and stolen a little under 9 thousand dollars in a period of 6 weeks. The kickbacks from Sacramento and Washington netted us nothing. While we continued our investigation, the San Diego authorities followed up the leads they had. In the course of checking out the friends and associates listed on Lane's arrest record, they came up with the information that he had at one time been employed as a musician in a downtown nightclub. They interviewed the employees of the place but were not able to get a definite lead on the suspect. With the mug shot they'd sent us and knowing that he had played clarinet professionally, we checked with the local office of the musicians union. They were unable to give us the address of the suspect but they did give us the name and address of a bar where he'd worked several years before. At 8:30 P.M. that night, Frank and I talked to one of the waitresses in the place.

SOUND: PIANO PLAYING IN B.G. NOT A LARGE CROWD JUST A FEW GLASSES AND A COUPLE OF PEOPLE TALKING AND LAUGHING.
NAOMI: No...they cut out the band a year or so ago. Not enough business to keep it going.

JOE: Did you work here when they did have the band?

NAOMI: Sure...I been here since they remodeled the place. Been four years anyway. Say...you fellas like a drink? Be on the house.

JOE & FRANK: AD LIB NO THANKS.

JOE: You know a man named Jerry Lane?

NAOMI: What's he do?

JOE: Musician...play's clarinet.

NAOMI: (THINKING) Lane...yeah, seems to me I remember him. Not too tall...kinds nice looking if you went for the type.

Yeah I remember.

JOE: You know where we can get in touch with him?

NAOMI: No...I haven't got the slightest idea. He got to be a pretty big lush. We had to let him go. The union told him. Lay off the booze but he didn't pay any attention. Always showin' up late...real lush.

FRANK: Is it possible the owner might know where he is?

NAOMI: Isn't likely. Him and me are married. I know most of the stuff that goes on around here.

JOE: Can you give us any idea where we might be able to get a lead on him. Some of his friends...maybe another musician.

NAOMI: No...Say wait a minute..

JOE: Ma'am?

NAOMI: I might know someone...Lemme make a phone call.

SOUND: SHE AND THE TWO OFFICERS WALK BACK TO THE PHONE BOOTH.

JOE: If you'd give us the phone number, we can put in the call.
NAOMI: I'd rather not do that. Y'see, this girl used to see a lot of Jerry. Maybe she don't want to get mixed up in a thing like this. I'll call her and find out. If she knows...She'll tell me. If she doesn't...there's no harm done.

SOUND: STEPS STOP AND NAOMI STEPS INTO THE PHONE BOOTH.

NAOMI: Y'got a dime?

JOE: Lemme see.

SOUND: JOE FINGERS THROUGH THE CHANGE IN HIS POCKET.

JOE: No ma'am.

FRANK: Here...here's two nickles.

NAOMI: Thanks.

SOUND: SHE TURNS AND LIFTS THE RECIEVER. SHE DROPS THE TWO NICKLES INTO THE PHONE AND THEN DIALS 7 NUMBERS.

PAUSE

NAOMI: (INTO PHONE) Hello, may I speak to Betty Hodgen please? Yes. Alright. (TO JOE) They're calling her. Nice girl. Never figured out what she saw in Jerry. (INTO PHONE) Hello Betty? This is Naomi. Uh huh. Just fine and you...yeah. Oh he's fine. Yeah...say Betty, I hate to bother you but do you know where I can get in touch with Jerry Lane? Yeah...Uh huh. Yeah. Wait a minute. (TO JOE) Gotta pencil?

JOE: Yeah...here y'go.

NAOMI: What's the address Betty? (SHE WRITES) Uh huh...yeah I've got it. No...'nothin' serious. No. Oh no...business isn't that good...we've still got the piano...yeah gonna keep it. Right...thanks Betty.

SOUND: SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

NAOMI: You guys are in luck. Here's the address. Club down on 6th.

JOE: Yeah?

NAOMI: Betty says he's there almost every night.
9:42 P.M. We called the office and had another team of men sent out. We notified Homicide Detail that we'd picked up another lead and they sent out a team of men to give us any help we might need in apprehending the suspect. The address we'd been given was the Georgetown Club, a small place of West Sixth. When we got there, the place was crowded and the band was in the middle of the second set. We checked with one of the bartenders.

HARRY: Sure ... that's Jerry playin' clarinet ... see ... grey suit.

JOE: He work here?

HARRY: No ... he shows up almost every night and sits in with the band. Union doesn't like it ... they've talked to the boss about it. He's tryin' to get the bum outta here. Causes a lotta trouble.

FRANK: That right?

HARRY: Sure ... he's always either drunk or else he acts like he's high on dope. You want me to get him for you?

JOE: Yeah .. tell him there are a couple of friends who'd like to talk to him outside.

HARRY: Do it right away. Don't suppose you want me to say you're cops?

JOE: No.

HARRY: Yeah .. I figured that. Okay ... I'll get him.

SOUND: HARRY FADES

FRANK: Quite a place huh?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Watch him. He's probably armed.

JOE: Get him outside. Be easier to take there.
FRANK: Bartender's got him now.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THEY GET OFF BARSTOOLS AND WALK TOWARD BACK OF THE PLACE

JOE: Let him get outside before we move.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO DOOR. PAUSE.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THEY PUSH THE DOOR OPEN AND WALK OUT ONTO THE SIDEWALK

JERRY: (AS THE DOOR OPENS ... HE IS A LITTLE HIGH) Well, where are they? You said a couple of friends ... where are they?

HARRY: They said they'd be here ... wait a minute ... here they are.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK OUT OF THE PLACE. AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM, THE MUSIC DROPS TO B.G. LEVEL. SLIGHT TRAFFIC NOISE OFF MIKE.

JERRY: (FADING IN) I know you? Where'd I know you fellas from?

JOE: You Jerry Lane?

JERRY: Yeah. What d'ya wanna see me about. I gotta get back in there.

HARRY: If you guys don't need me anymore ... I'll get back to work.

FRANK: Thanks.

HARRY: (FADING) No problem.

SOUND: HARRY GOES BACK INTO CLUB. AS THE DOOR OPENS. WE HEAR THE MUSIC LOUDER.

JERRY: Now what's all this about. I don't know you guys.

JOE: Police officers. You're under arrest.

JERRY: What for?

JOE: Frank?
FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND SHAKES JERRY DOWN

FRANK: Stand still.

JERRY: What're you tryin' to do. You got nothin' on me. (TO
FRANK) You stay away from me cop. Leave me alone.

SOUND: HE TRIES TO BREAK AWAY. WE HEAR JOE GO AFTER HIM.

JOE: Hold it up mister.

SOUND: A SMALL TYPE FIGHT

JERRY: (CRYING) Leave me alone. I didn't do anything. You
got no reason to shove me around. Ya cut my lip.

JOE: Roll up your sleeve.

JERRY: Huh?

JOE: That makes two of us.

JERRY: You heard me. Roll 'em up.

SOUND: JERRY DIES

JOE: How bad a habit you got?

JERRY: What you after me for? What've I done? I have, too much!

I don't know what you're talkin' about. I don't know

anything about what you're sayin'.

JOE: Nice try Lane, but it won't work. We got half a dozen
positive identifications on you .... All right put
your hands in back of you.

SOUND: I didn't hurt anybody.

JOE: Let's see. Ya killed a man.

JERRY: Y'heard he died. The last one ... I heard he died ....

that true? Did he die?
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: THEY START TO MOVE

JERRY: I didn't know what I was doin' y'know .... I wasn't responsible .... I didn't feel so good. It wasn't my fault. He wouldn't give me the money. I didn't know what I was doin'. That's gonna make a difference, isn't it? I didn't know what I was doin'.

JERRY: I don't know Lane .... it'll be up to the jury. But you can bet on one thing.

JERRY: What's that?

JOE: They'll know what they're doin'.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: The story you have just heard is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On December 17th, trial was held in Department 92, 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.
GIBNEY: Gerald Carlyse Lane was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and was executed in the lethal gas chamber at the State Penitentiary, San Quentin, California.
GIBNEY: 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, __________________________


GIBNEY: Chesterfield has brought you "Dragnet", transcribed from Los Angeles.