MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"

GIENY: Sound off for Chesterfield.

MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD" DRUM ROLL

GIENY: Low in nicotine...Highest in quality...Best for you

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES

GIENY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE

PENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

PENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Burglary Detail. In the past five weeks, 17 homes in your city have been stripped of all valuables. There's no lead to the thief...no description to work from.

Your job... get him.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Before you buy your next pack of cigarettes, think this over......A doctor has been examining a group of Chesterfield smokers, with special attention to the nose, throat and sinuses. His latest report...After a full year and a half ... says - No adverse effects from smoking Chesterfield. Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this? Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... they're low in nicotine ... Highest in quality ... Best for you.
MUSIC: THEME

GIVENY: 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.

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

SOUND: TRAFFIC B.G. AND JOE'S AND FRANK'S STEPS ON SIDEWALK.

JOE: It was Wednesday, June 3rd. It was hot in Los Angeles.

We were working the day watch out of Burglary Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Wisdom. My name's Friday. We'd just been relieved from stake-out and we were on our way to get something to eat. It was 12:27 A.M. when we got to the corner of Fedora and Arimore streets....(SOUND: DOOR OPEN.....SOUND OF FRY KITCHEN IN B.G.)

....the Cafe and Griddle Cafe.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM AND THEY WALK TO THE REAR OF THE RESTAURANT.

FRANK: Here's a couple back here Joe.

JOE: Good.

SOUND: CURTAIN MORE STEPS AND THEY CLIMB UP ON STOOLS.-

JOE: You gotta cigarette? I'm out.
1 FRANK: (LOOKING) Yeah... I think so... (FINDS THEM)... yeah.
2 SOUND: HE TEARS THE PACKAGE OPEN....
3 FRANK: Two left. Gotta get some more. Here.
4 JOE: Thanks.
5 SOUND: LIGHT BUSINESS.
6 JOE: (EXHALING) Rough night.
7 FRANK: Long.
8 JOE: Uh huh. Feels good to get in here where it's warm.
9 FRANK: Yeah. Sure cools off at night.
10 JOE: Wind that does it.
11 FRANK: Guess so.
12 SOUND: COUNTER MAN APPROACHES
13 ARNOLD: (FADE IN) What'll it be?
14 FRANK: Y'got a menu?
15 ARNOLD: Up there on the board.
16 FRANK: Oh yeah. (READING)... How's the hash?
17 ARNOLD: Pretty good... we're out of it.
18 FRANK: I didn't think a restaurant was ever out of hash.
19 ARNOLD: We are.
20 FRANK: Uh huh.
21 JOE: Gimme a stack of wheatcakes... bacon... cuppa coffee,
1 FRANK: Yeah that sounds good. I'll have the same...but make mine
2 plain hot cakes and sausage on the side.
3 ARNOLD: Yeah. Y'want the coffee now?
4 JOE AND FRANK TOGETHER: Yeah...please.
5 ARNOLD: Comin' up.
6 SOUND: HE STARTS TO FADE AWAY.
7 FRANK: (CALLING AFTER HIM) Say...put an egg with my hotcakes huh?
8 ARNOLD: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah.
9 FRANK: Over light.
10 ARNOLD: (OFF) Over light.
11 BEAT
12 FRANK: Well I'm hungry Joe.
13 JOE: Yeah sure.
14 FRANK: That the morning paper there?
15 JOE: I guess so.
16 FRANK: Hand it over huh?
17 JOE: (REACHING) Yeah...here it is.
18 SOUND: JOE REACHES FOR THE PAPER AND HANDS IT TO FRANK
19 FRANK: (TAKING THE PAPER) Thanks, (HE TURNS TO THE SPORTS
20 SECTION) Uh huh. Stars won again, that puts 'em
21 4 up. Looks like they might win the pennant.
22 JOE: Uh huh.
1 FRANK: Kelleher's sure knockin' 'em in.
2 JOE: Yeah.
3 FRANK: You aren't much of a baseball fan are you Joe?
4 JOE: Yeah. I like to watch the series on T.V.
5 FRANK: Gonna be pretty good this year. Probably be the Yanks again.
6
7 SOUND: ARNOLD FADES IN.
8 ARNOLD: (FAADING IN) Here's your coffee.
9 SOUND: HE PUTS THE CUPS DOWN ON THE COUNTER.
10 JOE: Thanks.
11 ARNOLD: Rest of it'll be right here.
12 FRANK: Good.
13 SOUND: UNDER THEY STIR THE COFFEE.
14 ARNOLD: You fellas new in the neighborhood aren't you?
15 JOE: Huh?
16 ARNOLD: You're new around here aren't you?
17 JOE: Yeah.
18 FRANK: Stevens got three hits tonight.
19 ARNOLD: Most of our trade is neighborhood people. Come in for coffee and cakes on the way home from the show.
20
21 JOE: DRINKING THE COFFEE.
22 ARNOLD: I could tell you fellas are new here. (BEAT) Haven't seen you before.
23 JOE: Yeah.
24 BEAT
ARNOLD: I'll get the rest of the order.

SOUND: HE FADES OFF.

FRANK: Got one R.B.I.

JOE: What?

FRANK: Stevens. Got one R.B.I.

JOE: He got a what?

FRANK: PUTTING THE PAPER DOWN AND TAKING A DRINK OF THE COFFEE.

FRANK: R.B.I. Joe...Run batted in.

JOE: Oh yeah.

FRANK: Y'gotta know all that stuff to really watch a game.

JOE: Guess so.

FRANK: My cousin...the one up in San Francisco...?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: He watches the games all the time on T.V. Tries to second guess all the players. Pretty good at it too.

JOE: That right?

FRANK: Yeah. Course right now the Seals aren't doin' too good.

BEAT

FRANK: Sure like to see them play off the Governor's trophy with the Stars.

SOUND: ARNOLD COMES IN WITH THE FOOD.

FRANK: Long shot but I'd sure like to see it happen.
ARNOLD: (FADING IN) Here y'go.

SOUND: As he puts the plates down.

ARNOLD: Wheatcakes and bacon... Hot cakes and sausage.

SOUND: FRANK TURNS A PAPER

ARNOLD: Where's the egg?

FRANK: Inside.

ARNOLD: (LOOKING) Oh yeah.

FRANK: (SLIDING THE JAR ALONG THE COUNTER.) Here's the syrup.

SOUND: ARNOLD: Sure bad some excitement around here.

JOE: That right, ?

ARNOLD: Yeah. Don't you guys read the papers?

FRANK: That right?

ARNOLD: Yeah. Don't you guys read the papers?

SOUND: FRANK TURNS A PAGE

ARNOLD: All the burglaries. Been 17 of 'em in the last 5 weeks.

FRANK: That so?
ARNOLD: Sure. They don't know where they're goin'. Runnin' 'em silly. Say...you like a little more coffee?

JOE: Yeah. Please.

SOUND: ARNOLD PICKS UP THE CUPS AND WALKS OVER TO THE COFFEE POST AND POURS THE COFFEE.

ARNOLD: (OFF) Been at least five detectives in here in the last couple weeks askin' questions. Tryin' to come up with a lead.

SOUND: HE WALKS BACK ON MIKE...PUT'S THE COFFEE CUPS DOWN.

ARNOLD: Sure runnin' 'em ragged. (BEAT) You guys haven't read about it huh?

JOE: Yeah...I've seen something about it.

ARNOLD: Pretty funny. Just get this picture...Now get it. A guy...they figure it's one fella...He walks up to the back of a house. First off he's sure there's no body home...then he walks up to one of the windows and punches a hole in the screen...jimmys the window...walks right in and lifts the jewelry in the house and takes off. Just as cool as can be. They must have half the cops on the force lookin' for the guy. (Laughs) Runnin' rings around 'em. How're the cakes?

FRANK: Fine.
ARNOLD: Good...we gotta kinda secret receipt here. Wife made it up. Anyway, I was talkin' to one of the people who had it. Y'know one of the victims...guy over on Hobart...sells those new refrigerent things...y'know the plastic bags with the goop inside...y'know what I mean?

JOE: Yeah, I've seen 'em.

ARNOLD: Well...he sells 'em. Anyways...he got knocked off. Him and the wife were at a show, and the guy broke in. Really went through the place. Took about 3 hundred bucks worth of stuff....I think he jacked it up for the insurance, y'know....

FRANK: Yeah.

ARNOLD: Well...guy broke in right on schedule. They figure he's hittin' the places between 6 and nine. Get that...between 6 and nine p.m. Now, you'd figure they'd be able to come up with something on him, wouldn't you?

JOE: How do you mean?
They know how the guy works...what kinds a tools he's usin'. They know when he pulls the caper...sounds like Sam Spade huh?...well knowin' all that you'd think they'd get him. This fella...the one who's a salesman...he said the cops came in and went all over his house. Took fingerprints...pictures all that. Worked on his house for about five hours. Went all over the back yard lookin' for footprints. And y'know what they came up with?....(BEAT WHILE HE WAITS FOR AN ANSWER) Y'know what?

BEAT

What?

BEAT

Exactly..Nothin'. All that time...all those men, and they didn't come up with nothin'. He's sure got the cops runnin' in circles. (LAUGHS)

Y'got a check?

Yeah...here y'go. (HE WRITING) Stack of wheats...bacon... Hots....sausage and egg....two coffees....won't charge you for the refills...let's see...comes to a dollar and 25...tax is a dollar twenty nine.

ARNOLD TEARS THE CHECK OUT OF THE BOOK

(STANDING) Here you are.

Here's mine Joe...(REACHING) got my wallet.
ARNOLD: Hey, how come you guys are carrying guns? You ain't gonna hold up the place, are you? There isn't any money here.

JOE: We're police officers.

BEAT

ARNOLD: Detectives?

FRANK: Yeah.

ARNOLD: Oh.

SOUND: JOE PUTS THE MONEY ON THE COUNTER.

ARNOLD: Say, I hope you guys ain't sore about what I said. About you runnin' in circles.

JOE: Forget it.

ARNOLD: No...c'mon...let this one be on the house. Take your money back. Sort of a way to say I'm sorry.

FRANK: Forget it.

ARNOLD: I'd like to pop for the cakes.

JOE: No, thanks.

ARNOLD: Well....hope you'll come back again.

JOE: Yeah, sure.

SOUND: THEY START TO WALK FOR THE DOOR

ARNOLD: (OFF) Say....just a minute.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK STOP
JOE: Yeah?
ARNOLD: (FADING IN) Like to ask you a question.
FRANK: Uh huh?
ARNOLD: About this fella who's been pullin' the jobs....
JOE: Yeah?
ARNOLD: When do you figure you're gonna get him?
JOE: When he runs out of circles.
END SCENE 1
The paper had carried the story since the fifth burglary.

As the thefts continued, the stories grew in importance. The thief had been operating in the same general area. On each report, the crime lab had been sent out, pictures taken, fingerprints lifted. When the sum total of evidence was weighed and sifted we were able to establish the facts that we were looking for the same man or men...he was in possession of a one-quarter inch punch, which he used on the screens and a half-inch jimmy which he used to pry open the windows. From traces of fabric he'd left on the fourth job, we knew that he wore cotton gloves. We had no physical description of him to work with...nothing but the MO. he used. The Staats office had made run after run looking for a lead. The possibles they'd turned up were checked out, but netted us nothing. Communications had been gotten off to the rest of the nation asking for information on known criminals who used the same MO., but the replies were of no help. All recently released convicts from the State penitentiaries and work farms were checked...nothing. The pawnshops in the southland were alerted to be on the lookout for the stolen goods...nothing. Informants and other sources of information were questioned and requestioned...and at the end of five weeks, we were right where we started. The newspapers took up the stories in force.
They ran cartoons of the thief picturing him as an invisable phantom who could almost announce the time of the next house-breaking to the police and proceed according to play without interference. Every known method of apprehending the burglar was tried. None of them worked. Captain Wisdom, assigned 4 other teams of men to the case. Metro division sent out another 2 cars to aid in the rolling stake-out. Apparently we were stopped... stopped cold. Two more days passed, and on Friday, June fifth, we got a report of another burglary. 9:36 AM Frank and I checked it out.

SOUND:  OUTDOOR B.G. DOORBELL RING OFF MIKE THROUGH SCREEN DOOR.

BEAT

SOUND:  FOOTSTEPS FADE IN, AND STOP.

ANITA:  Yes? Something you want?

JOE:    Like to see Mrs. Santos if we could.

ANITA:  Who're you?

JOE:    Police officers. Is Mrs. Santos in?

ANITA:  I'm her...c'mon in.

SOUND:  SHE UNDOES LATCH ON SCREEN DOOR AND OPENS IT. THE OFFICERS START INTO THE HOUSE.

ANITA:  C'mon hurry up...I don't want to let any flies into the house.
FRANK: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: THEY GET INTO THE HOUSE AND ANITA CLOSURES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

ANITA: Never saw so many flies around as this summer. Sit down.

JOE: Thanks.

ANITA: Can I get you anything.....cuppa coffee.

JOE & FRANK: No thanks...etc.

ANITA: You don't mind if I have some.

JOE: No...go right ahead.

ANITA: Just having another cup before I get started on the house. Sort of the lull before the storm.

JOE: Ma'am?

ANITA: Kids are downstairs playing. They'll be up in a minute.

They get to running around and it's impossible to get anything done.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

ANITA: All I can do to get a second cuppa coffee in the morning.

Excuse me a minute. I'll be right back.

JOE: Sure.

ANITA: (FADING) Just make yourself comfortable.

SOUND: HER STEPS FADE.

BEAT:

FRANK: ---Look at there Joe...
JOE: Huh?
FRANK: Over the fireplace. The picture.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Wild.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Looks like one of those cut out things. Y'know, where you cut designs outta different colored paper and glue 'em on a background.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: Read an article on 'em. That French artist is makin' 'em now. Y'know...can't think of his name. Big deal now. Cut outs.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Wonder what that one means?
JOE: Y'got me.

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SOUND: ANITA FADES BACK IN.

ANITA: Now then...This is about the burglar last night isn't it?
JOE: Yes ma'am. Like to go over the list of stolen articles with you.
ANITA: Uh huh. That's it. Everything they took.
JOE: Like to check it if we can.
ANITA: Wasn't anything else in the house for 'em to take.
JOE: (READING FROM REPORT) Let's see here...you listed 47 dollars in cash.
ANITA: Yeah....that's from the jar.
1 JOE: Ma'am?
2 ANITA: We got a little candy jar upstairs. Keep loose change in it. Whenever I have anything left over from my household money...I put it in there. Anthony...He's my husband.
3 FRANK: Yes, ma' am.
4 ANITA: Well, whenever Anthony's got any loose change in his pocket...he drops it in there. Adds up in time.
5 47 dollars.
6 JOE: You're pretty sure about the amount?
7 ANITA: Yeah. Y'see, we keep a little piece of paper in the jar. Got the amount written on it so's we can tell how much we've added to it. Whoever stole the money didn't take the paper...just the money. Had exactly forty-seven dollars.
8 JOE: You list a ruby and diamond woman's wrist watch.
9 ANITA: Gonna use it for a trip to Las Vegas.
10 JOE: Beg pardon?
11 ANITA: We were gonna use the money in the jar for a trip to Las Vegas. Only needed a hundred and fifty dollars more.
12 Now we gotta start all over again.
13 JOE: Yes ma'am. About the watch?
ANITA: Yeah... they stole that, too. Had two rubies on one side
...three diamonds on the other. Little gold band. Took
that too. Anniversary present from Anthony. He's my
husband.

FRANK: Uh huh.

ANITA: Give it to me on our fifth anniversary... February second.

JOE: You list a diamond ring. Wonder if you can give us a
little better description of it?

ANITA: My engagement ring. Solitaire... not very big. Had it
on my dressing table on one of those little ring gadgets
.... you know the little block of wood and the little stick...
.... you put your rings on it when you're doin' the dishes.

JOE: Not very big.

ANITA: Was there anything else of value taken?

JOE: No. Couple of cheap little costume pieces. Bracelet...
couple of pins. Nothin' really worth anything.

JOE: Like to have descriptions of the pieces.

ANITA: I can give 'em to you.

JOE: All right, ma'am.

ANITA: You really think you're gonna be able to catch the fella
that took the things?

JOE: We don't know. Gonna try.

ANITA: Yeah... that's what I thought.
FRANK: What?

ANITA: I been readin' in the papers about this fella. How he's been breakin' into houses in the neighborhood. All it says is that you're workin' on it. Nothin' more. Just that you're workin' on it. That's right isn't it?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

ANITA: Uh huh. Well, I hope you do get him. Terrible the way he's been prancin' around...breakin' in wherever he wants to. Doesn't seem to be anything you can do to stop him.

FRANK: According to what you told the officers last night, the burglary took place between 8 and nine P.M. That right?

ANITA: Yeah, that's what I told 'em.

FRANK: How can you be that sure about the time?

ANITA: Just am that's all. Y' see, Anthony and I drove over to see my sister. We left the house here at 8. Got over there and her and her husband were havin' a beef about something. Real unpleasant. So we left. Came back. Got home a couple minutes after nine. Saw the place had been robbed and called the police.

JOE: Did you discover the burglary right away?
ANITA: Couple of minutes after we got in. I went into the
bedroom to hang up my coat and I could see the stuff
all scattered around. Course, I knew right off that
something was wrong. Right away I could tell. So
could Anthony. That's my husband.
FRANK: Yes ma'am.
JOE: When you left the house, did you notice anybody
loitering around near your house?
ANITA: Didn't see anybody.
JOE: Have there been any strangers that you've noticed in
the neighborhood lately?
ANITA: No...none that I think of right off.
FRANK: Any strange cars?
ANITA: You married officer?
FRANK: Yes ma'am.
ANITA: Got any kids?
FRANK: Yes ma'am. Two.
Uh huh. Well, you just ask your wife how much time she's got to take notice of cars drivin' up and down the streets. Noticein' whether people are loiterin' in front of the house or not. You just ask her. She'll tell you. You men, all the time talkin' about how the modern conveniences help out in housework. Just zip... and the house is clean with the vacuum. Swish the dishes around and they're all clean with the new soaps. Well, maybe it's better than our mothers had it but they still haven't come up with nothin' short of a straight jacket that'll keep you from havin' to run after the kids all day. You ask you're wife. She'll tell you.

FRANK: Yes ma'am.

ANITA: (TO JOE) You ask yours too. You'll see.

JOE: I'm not married Mrs. Santos.

ANITA: Uh...then you wouldn't know. Well, you can talk to his wife. Those fellas last night get any clues?

FRANK: We haven't checked with them yet ma'am.

ANITA: Seems like they should be able to tell something about who did it. All that powder they was puttin' around. The pictures they was takin'. All the excitement. Took me two hours after they left before I could get the kids to sleep. All that trouble they should have something that's gonna get the things back. Sure know one thing.
1 JOE: What's that ma'am.
2 ANITA: Man that stole the watch. Wish he'd taken the book.
3 JOE: Beg pardon?
4 ANITA: The record book. It was right in the drawer of the dressing table. Way those people at the store are....
5 if you don't find him they will.
6 JOE: I don't understand Mrs. Santos.
7 ANITA: The people where we bought the wristwatch. They'll find him sure. They won't let him get away with it.
8 JOE: Ma'am?
9 ANITA: The watch...it isn't paid for.
10 END SCENE 2
11 JOE: 10:42 A.M. we started to canvass the neighborhood.
12 For the next hour, we talked to the people in the houses on both sides of the street. None of them could add anything to the story given us by the latest victim. Twelve noon, Frank and I called the office and told them we'd be on a code 7. As we were leaving our car, a tall elderly man approached us. He identified himself as Ross Dunham. He explained that he lived in the corner house on the same street as Mrs. Santos.
13 SOUND: STREET B.G.
14 ROSS: Yeah...my wife told me you were by the house this morning.
15 JOE: Yes sir.
ROSS: Got something that maybe you can use.

FRANK: What's that, Mr. Dunham?

ROSS: Well, I noticed it right off. Didn't want to say anything about it to the missus. Y'know...women get upset...thought that it'd be better not to mention it.

JOE: What is it sir?

ROSS: Night before last...Thursday...I saw the car.

JOE: What car?

ROSS: The one I wanna tell you about. I was gonna go downtown and tell you officers about it. Felt kinda like it was my duty. Y'know...public spirit?

JOE: Yes sir...about the car?

ROSS: Well, it was kinda a warm night. The missus and I were sittin' out on the porch in the glider. Just takin' the night air. That's when I saw this car go by.

JOE: Didn't think much about it at first.

ROSS: Must have been about 6:30.....right after supper. We was just sittin' there takin' the air, havin' a glass of iced tea...and then, I saw the car go by again. Slow like. Like he was lookin' the houses over.

JOE: Can you describe the car?
ROSS: Yeah. Got it written down here someplace. (HE STARTS TO GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS.) Car went by my house two more times that night. Four times all told. Four.

JOE: Uh huh.

ROSS: I think I got it in my wallet.

SOUND: HE CHECKS THE CARDS ETC. IN HIS WALLET

ROSS: Might have left it in my other pants. Thought sure....

(HE FINDS IT) No... here it is.

SOUND: HE UNFOLDS THE PAPER

ROSS: There it is. Even got the license number.

JOE: (LOOKING AT THE PAPER) Yes sir.

ROSS: It gonna help?

JOE: We don't know sir. We'll check it out.

FRANK: I'll call in Joe... have them check D.M.V.

JOE: Right.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS AWAY. OFF WE HEAR THE CAR DOOR OPEN.

ROSS: Sure hope it give you guys some help. Way the Burglar has been runnin' around here....terrible. Man isn't safe to leave his house. I been thinkin' about havin' those little bell alarms put on the windows.

JOE: Did the officers talk to you last night?
ROSS: Y'mean when they came out to see Mrs. Santos?
JOE: Yes sir.
ROSS: No they didn't. I saw the police car. Thought about
goin' down and talkin' to 'em. But the missus woulda
wanted to know what was goin' on. Told her about the
car and it'da upset her. She's kinds nervous. Breaks
out in a rash whenever anything happens like this.
JOE: Uh huh.
ROSS: Got just about every kinds ointment in the world.
JOE: Doctor says it's her mind. Says it's all in her
imagination. You believe that?
ROSS: I don't know sir.
JOE: I don't put much stock in it. I used to get rashes
when I'd eat fresh peaches. Don't anymore though.
ROSS: Say...what's the other fella doin'?
JOE: He's calling our office, to find out who that car
belongs to.
ROSS: Usin' the radio?
JOE: Yes sir.
ROSS: Gonna take long?
JOE: Shouldn't.
ROSS: Uh huh. Well, I sure hope you got this cleaned up...
catch the fella that's been doin' it. If you don't...
we're gonna have to move. Way it's affectin' the
missus...she ain't gonna be able to take it much more.
JOE: Did you get a look at the man who was drivin' the car?
ROSS: No...not very good. It was kinda dark...Couldn't see too well?
JOE: Was there more than one man in the car?
ROSS: Not that I could see. Might have been. I couldn't right-out stare at it. Made the missus suspicious.

I had to sort of glance at it on the sly, sort of.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS BACK ON MIKE
FRANK: (A LITTLE OFF) Joe?
JOE: (TO ROSS) Excuse me Mr. Dunham.
ROSS: Yeah sure.

SOUND: JOE WALKS TO FRANK
JOE: Get anything?
FRANK: Yeah. No trouble in makin' the car. Got a good suspect.
JOE: Who?
FRANK: Guy named Oakes.
JOE: Oakes?
FRANK: Yeah. Works out of Burglary...it was a police car.

END SCENE 3
JOE: We thanked Mr. Dunham for his cooperation and the attempt to help us. As a public-minded citizen, he'd done what he thought was right. But to us, it was just another lead that didn't go anywhere. During the time we'd been working on the case we'd turned up dozens of well meaning citizens who wanted to cooperate. Each of the tips...no matter how remote, had to be checked out. This meant using additional man hours and pulling officers off of other assignments to investigate the possibilities. But in every event we appreciated the tips.

Three more days passed. The thief hit once more. In spite of the close surveillance we were keeping on the area, he somehow managed to get into the vicinity, commit the crime and leave without being observed. The pressure from local citizens clubs and insurance companies got worse. On Tuesday morning, June 10th, a meeting was held in Chief of Detectives, Thad Brown's office. The detail and results of our investigation were gone over again. Additional bulletins were gotten out requesting information on the M.O. The area of the rolling stake-out was increased to 96 square blocks, 2 square miles. A new plan for surveillance was worked out. Under the new conditions, we were able to keep the entire neighborhood under almost constant watch. Additional teams of men were assigned from Metro Division. To date, the thief had stolen jewelry, money and other personal property amounting to a little over 8 thousand dollars.
The check on the pawnshops was tightened, but none of the merchandise turned up in the normal outlets. Every night, between the hours of 5:30 and midnight, the dragnet of the area was put into effect. During the next week, the thefts stopped completely. Apparently, we'd stopped the burglar, but we still hadn't caught him. Wednesday, June 17th, I checked into work.

SOUND: SQUADROOM DOOR CLOSE. JOE'S STEPS INTO SQUADROOM. HE WALKS TO HIS LOCKER AND OPENS THE DOOR. THE PHONE RINGS OFF. JOE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PUNCHES THE BUTTON, THEN PICKS UP THE PHONE.

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Burglary, Friday....Yes, ma'am. Uh huh. Yes, ma'am. When was that? ... Uh huh. No, ma'am.... if you'll wait just a moment, I'll transfer you to Robbery. Yes, ma'am. That's all right.

SOUND: HE CLICKS THE RECEIVER BUTTON A COUPLE TIMES.

JOE: Would you give this call to 2511, please? Yes, thank you.

SOUND: UNDER ABOVE, THE DOOR TO THE SQUADROOM OPENS, AND WE HEAR FRANK ENTER. JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

FRANK: (PADDING IN) Joe?

JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: Think maybe we got something.

JOE: What's that?

FRANK: I was just down the hall with Bates.
JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: Checked out the F. I. cards that've been filed in the area we been workin'. Came up with a possible.

JOE: What've you got on it?

FRANK: Guy named Boyd Hall. He was stopped four times in the last week, in different locations, in the same general area. Told the officers that he was on his way home.

JOE: You got his address?

FRANK: Yeah.....better check it out. Ran him through R. & I. Three of 'em back in the joint, 1 dead, other four have to be checked out. Descriptions don't fit too well.

JOE: Lemme see.

FRANK: Here y'are.....124 Dewey Avenue.

JOE: Better get right out there.

FRANK: Let's go!

SOUND: THEY START TO MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR._

FRANK: Might be something, huh?

JOE: Your guess is as good as mine. We're due for a break.

END SCENE 4

JOE: Fifteen minutes later, we turned off Vermont Avenue onto Venice Boulevard. Four blocks to the left, and we turned onto Dewey. Another block and a half, and we pulled up in front of the address.

SOUND: MOTOR RUNNING....SLIGHT RESIDENTIAL B.G.
FRANK: Maybe we got something to work on, huh?

JOE: Looks like it.

FRANK: Sure this is it?

JOE: Yeah...1804 Dewey Avenue. It's a vacant lot.

END SCENE 5

END ACT I

GIENENY: 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.

FENN: 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.

FENN: 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.
Wednesday, June 17th 8:48 A.M. We canvassed the neighborhood around the vacant lot. None of the people had ever heard of Boyd Hall. We asked about anyone answering the description listed on the F.I. Cards. The neighbors couldn't help us there either. 11:17 A.M. we returned to the office and started to check out the remaining four possibles. All of them were able to establish alibis for the time of the burglaries, and were eliminated as suspects. We got in touch with the officers who'd filed the F.I. cards. They remembered the man. Each of the teams of men who'd stopped him had asked for identification. He'd produced a driver's license, personal cards and several letters to himself bearing the Dewey street address. He'd told the officers that he lived in the neighborhood and that he was returning to his home from a grocery store. The officers had checked the bag of groceries he was carrying and found nothing suspicious and let him proceed on his way. We got in touch with Sgt. Zuck (ZOOK) at the warrant office and asked him to check and see if there were any outstanding traffic warrants on Boyd Hall. He called back to tell us there were none. A.P.B.'s and local broadcasts were sent out asking for information on anyone answering the description and using the name Boyd Hall.

(MORE)
JOE: We got in touch with the Department of Motor Vehicles and asked them to give us all the information they could on the suspect carrying California Operator's License Number Z - 941-511...Issued 12-5-52. They checked their files and told us that there was no record of a Boyd Hall being issued that license. They also stated that no such number had been given out in the "Z" series. This left little doubt that the license was a forgery and the name an alias. In the meantime, the rolling stake-out continued. Two days passed while we followed down leads. Saturday, June 20th, Frank and I were in position for the nightly surveillance. 8:30 P.M.

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE RUNNING SLOWLY. SLIGHT TRAFFIC OFF.

OCCASIONAL CAR PASS. POLICE RADIO IN B.G.

FRANK: 3 and a half hours to go.

JOE: Yeah.

BEAT

FRANK: You talked to Ann lately?

JOE: Just as soon you didn't bring that up.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: Last few weeks, I've broken 4 dates with her.

FRANK: She hacked?
JOE: I dunno. She won't talk to me.

FRANK: Kinda wish Fay would act like that. She talks all the time. Came home the other night and found one of those magazines with the adds about gettin' to be a mailman.

Y'know the kind I mean?

JOE: Yeah, I've seen 'em.

FRANK: Right where it says..."Regular hours...good pay" she's got that outlined in red. Next morning she asked me if I'd sent in the coupon.

JOE: What'd you say?

FRANK: What do y'say. It was before breakfast and I didn't want to have to eat out.

(GRUNTS)

FRANK: Sure hope we break this thing soon. If we don't...how'd you like to take a double apartment?

JOE: I don't think it'll get that bad.

FRANK: That's from where you sit.

SOUND: PAUSE WHILE WE JUST HEAR THE CAR RUN

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: Up at the corner...gettin' off the streetcar.

JOE: (LOOKING) Yeah.

FRANK: Description fits.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: CAR PICKS UP SPEED FOR ABOUT A HALF A BLOCK, THEN SLOWS AND STOPS. CAR DOOR OPENS. FRANK AND JOE GET OUT OF THE CAR AND WALK ACROSS THE SIDEWALK. WE HEAR OTHER FOOTSTEPS

FADE IN.

JOE: Excuse me.

BOYD: (NOT ANGRY) Are we going to have to go through this again?

JOE: Beg pardon sir?

BOYD: You're police officers aren't you?

JOE: Yes sir...we are.

BOYD: And you want to see my identification.

JOE: Yes sir.

BOYD: All right. I'll be glad when you fellas find whatever it is you're looking for. This is the fifth time I've been stopped y'know.

FRANK: That right?

BOYD: Yeah. Here...will you hold this shopping bag for me?

FRANK: Sure what've you got in here?

SOUND: BOYD HANDS FRANK THE SHOPPING BAG.

BOYD: Loaf of bread...groceries. I've got my driver's license in my wallet. Here.

JOE: Would you take it out sir?

BOYD: Sure. (HE TAKES HIS WALLET OUT OF HIS POCKET) There... you can see.
JOE: Uh huh. Boyd Hall. That's you?

BOYD: That's what it says.

JOE: 1804 Dewey Street. That's where you live?

BOYD: Yeah. I just came back from the store.

JOE: Uh huh. Well, we're sorry we bothered you Mr. Hall.

BOYD: Perfectly all right. I know you're only doing what we pay you for.

JOE: Tell you what...to make up for causing you any inconvenience...let us drive you home.

BOYD: Oh that's not necessary...it's just a couple of blocks.

JOE: I don't mind the walk. Don't like to put you fellas out.

BOYD: Don't worry about it. Get in the back seat.

JOE: Now really...I appreciate the thought...but it's not necessary.

BEAT

JOE: Get in the back seat Hall.

BEAT

BOYD: All right.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN

JOE: Wanna take the shopping bag in front Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: Go ahead Hall.

SOUND: JOE AND HALL GET IN THE BACK SEAT. FRANK GET'S IN THE FRONT. FRANK SLIDES ACROSS THE SEAT AND STARTS THE MOTOR.

THE CAR MOVES UNDER.

BOYD: Way you guys acted, you'd think there was something wrong.

JOE: Nothin' is, is there?

BOYD: No...I was just saying the way you guys acted...never mind.

JOE: How long you lived in the neighborhood Hall?

BOYD: Little while. We just bought the house.

JOE: 'bout how long would you say?

BOYD: Not long.

JOE: How long?

BOYD: Couple of months.

JOE: Un huh. I think it's right at the next block Frank.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah.

BOYD: Say, I sure appreciate this but you guys don't have to go out of your way. Just drop me off at the corner. I can walk. It's just a little ways down.

JOE: No trouble at all.

BOYD: Really.

SOUND: THE CAR SLOWS AND TURNS THE CORNER.
FRANK:  (LITTLE OFF) Here we are.

SOUND:  CAR STOPS

BOYD:  Well, I sure wanna thank you officers. It's a real pleasure to know that our taxes are paying for the kind of service you've just given me.

JOE:  It's gonna get better.

BOYD:  Huh?

JOE:  Never mind. Get outta the car! We'll walk up with you.

BEAT

BOYD:  Yeah.

SOUND:  THE CAR DOORS OPEN. JOE AND FRANK GET OUT. THEN HALL.

FRANK:  I'll carry the bag for you.

BOYD:  Might be better if I took it.

FRANK:  No trouble.

JOE:  Which is your house, Hall?

BOYD:  This one right here.

JOE:  (LOOKING) That's 1802....then, that one's 1806. 1804'd be right here.

BEAT

BOYD:  Don't suppose it'd do any good to say somebody stole the house?

BEAT

JOE:  Afraid not. You wanna tell us about it?

BOYD:  Yeah. Might as well.
1 JOE: Let's get back in the car.
2 SOUND: THE THREE OF THEM MOVE A FEW STEPS TO THE CAR AND GET IN
3 JOE: All right Boyd.
4 FRANK: Say...what all' you got in this shopping bag. Sure is
5 heavy.
6 SOUND: FRANK LOOKS THROUGH THE SHOPPING BAG.
7 FRANK: Box of breakfast cereal and a loaf of bread. Sure heavy
8 for just that.
9 SOUND: HE LIFTS THE BOX OF CEREAL OUT AND SHAKES IT
10 FRANK: Not this.
11 SOUND: WE HEAR HIM TAKE THE LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD OUT OF THE BAG.
12 FRANK: You should take this bread back, Hall...something wrong
13 with it. Too heavy for a loaf of just plain French bread.
15 FRANK: Yeah...sure is bad. Look here. It's cut right in half.
16 See here, Joe?
17 JOE: Yeah.
18 FRANK: Looks like maybe they hid something in it, huh?
19 BEAT
20 FRANK: How 'bout it, Hall?
21 BEAT
FRANK: Let's take a look.

SOUND: **HERE IT COMES BOYS....TAKE A LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD APART.**

CLINK OF PUNCH AND JIMMY.

FRANK: All hollowed out. Punch and Jimmy inside. Tools like this can get a fella in trouble.

JOE: Where'd you get 'em?

JOE: Hello?

JOE: Let's go, Frank.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK STARTS THE CAR AND IT MOVES FORWARD

BOYD: Suppose you guys think you're pretty smart, don't you?

JOE: No. It took us eight weeks to catch you.

BOYD: I should have let it go. Should have gotten out while the gettin' was good.

JOE: Yeah....you should have.

BOYD: How you gonna know....I figured ten weeks, then quit.

Another two weeks...that's all I needed.

JOE: Where's the stuff you took?

BOYD: My hotel room.

JOE: You shoved any of it?
BOYD: No... it's all there. Every bit of it, but the money.
I lived on that. Figured when I got enough, I'd hit for the border. Sell it in Mexico.

JOE: Let's stop on the way in and pick it up.

BOYD: All right. Place over on Sixth. I'll show you.

JOE: Okay.

BOYD: I had it all figured. All the way down the line. Every angle. How 'bout it... answer a question for me?

JOE: Sure.

BOYD: Is there any way to beat it? Anyway to come out on top?

JOE: You know the answer better than we do.

BOYD: Huh?

JOE: You tried, what d'you think?

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

FENN: (QUIETLY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On October 15th, trial was held in Department 96, 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: (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
1 FENNEMAN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, as you heard
3 George Fenneman tell you earlier, we've received
4 the full year and one-half report. It comes from
5 the doctor who has been examining Chesterfield
6 smokers with special attention to the nose, throat
7 and sinuses. The report shows again...No adverse
8 effects from smoking Chesterfields. I think that's
9 very important to you as a smoker. And I hope
10 you'll keep it in mind next time you buy cigarettes
11 and get Chesterfields. Regular or king-size......
12 Chesterfields are low in nicotine - highest in
13 quality.....Best for you.
GIBNEY: Lawrence Phillip Harris, alias Boyd Hall, was tried and convicted on 6 counts of Burglary in the first degree, and received sentence as prescribed by law. Burglary in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for a period of not less than five years.
NET RADIO
Sept. 8, 1953

McCALL'S MAGAZINE PLUG

1 PENNEMAN: Dragnet wishes to thank the editors of McCall's magazine for their interesting personal story about Jack Webb......nobody's Man Friday.....

4 in the current September issue of McCall's.
MUSIC: TTIJEM E

2

THEME: UNDERT

3 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, ________________________

9


11 Hal Gibney speaking.

12 MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES

13 FENN: Watch an entirely new Dragnet cast history each week on
your local N.B.C. television station. Please check your
newspaper for the day and time. (BEAT) Chesterfield
has brought you Dragnet, transcribed from Los Angeles.

17 (PATIMA HITCHHIKE)