CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY . . : . . . . . JACK WEBB
OFF. FRANK SMITH . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . BEN ALEXANDER
JESSE MCGOWAN. HERB VIGRAN
LOUIS CARDER . : . JACK KRUSCHEN
HAROLD DRAM . HERB ELLIS

LG 0167937
DRAGNET - RADIO
FOR BROADCAST: 9-15-53

1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield.
3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"..... DRUM ROLL
4 GIBNEY: Chesterfield...low in nicotine...highest in quality...
5 best for you.
6 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
7 GIBNEY: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.
8 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
9 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
10 to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
11 the innocent.
12 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR
13 FENN: You're a Detective Sergeant. You're assigned to Auto
14 Theft Detail. You get a call from the owner of a used
15 car lot. He tells you, he thinks he bought a stolen
16 car. Your job...check it out.
17 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

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 AND B.G.

JOE: It was Monday, May 4. It was warm in Los Angeles. We
were working the day watch out of Auto Theft Detail.
My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Nelson.
My name's Friday. I was on my way into the office and
it was 7:56 AM when I got to Room 40 (SOUND: DOOR OPEN
....B.G. CHANGE) ..... Auto Theft.

SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO THE ROOM...DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM....

SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Joe?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE WALKS OVER TO FRANK

JOE: When'd you get in?

FRANK: 'Bout 7:30. I woke up at five, couldn't get back to
sleep.

JOE: What's the matter?

FRANK: Joe, I'm so sore, I don't think I can lift a pencil
to make out a report.
JOE: Yeah. What happened?
FRANK: Baseball.
JOE: Baseball?
FRANK: Yeah. Tell you something Joe...I found out, I ain't no Chuck Stevens.
JOE: That right?
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Got out in the back yard. Gonna do a little work. Take it easy....listen to the ball game...y'know. Easy day.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: 'Bout 10....the guy next door...Neal Radcliff came over.
JOE: He's the guy with the fire department, isn't he?
FRANK: No Joe...that's Bud Hendricks. Neal works for an insurance company.
JOE: Oh yeah.
FRANK: Well, 'bout 10...Old Neal hops over the fence. Right away I figured he wanted to try out some new sales talk on me.
JOE: Sales talk?
FRANK: Yeah. Y'see, whenever his company comes out with a new policy, Neal writes a little talk to give to the customers. He always tried 'em out on me.
1 JOE: Oh yeah.
2 FRANK: He's pretty good too. Up to now, I've bought 2
3 hundred and 46 thousand dollars worth of insurance.
4 JOE: What?
5 FRANK: That's on paper Joe... just on paper.
6 JOE: Oh yeah. Well, what happened yesterday.
7 FRANK: Well, Neal's company is gonna sponsor a team in the
8 Little League. Y'know kids... they play baseball.
9 JOE: Yeah...I think I read something about it in the papers.
10 FRANK: Yeah...they're pretty good.
11 JOE: Uh huh.
12 FRANK: Well, Neal's got a sort of try out game lined up for
13 his team. Practice.
14 JOE: Yeah.
15 FRANK: Wants me to umpire.
16 JOE: Do you know anything about bein' an umpire?
17 FRANK: Sure Joe. Besides Neal figures since I'm an officer..
18 the kids'll believe me. He had a little trouble with
19 'em last week.
20 JOE: I always thought you had to go to some sort of a
21 school or something to be an umpire.
22 FRANK: Y'do Joe for the regular leagues. But this was just a
23 practice game. Neal's team and some kids in the
24 neighborhood.
25 JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: Well, I told him I'd do it. I changed my clothes and went out to the park with him. Y'know, I thought it might be good public relations for the police department.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Joe...those kids are in the wrong league.

JOE: What?

FRANK: They're murderers.

JOE: What'dya mean?

FRANK: Way they play the game...I never saw such ball.

JOE: That right.

FRANK: Yeah. I figured...y'know...soft ball...under-hand pitching. Be easy to call.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: It's regulation hardball Joe. Bases are a little closer but it's just like the leagues. And the way those kids throw the ball. Couple of times there, I thought they were just kiddin'. I'd hear this thump and never see the ball. I thought the kid catcher was just hittin' his hand in his glove. Then all of a sudden he'd turn around and there'd be the ball...

JOE: Yeah, well how'd you get so sore. If you just umpired the game, you stood in one place, didn't you?

FRANK: While I was umpiring the game, yeah. But this team of Neals was skunkin' the other kids so bad that we had a little reorganization.

JOE: Reorganization?
FRANK: Yeah. End of the second inning score was 14 to 2. I thought that was a little unfair on the neighborhood kids.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: So, I got out and played first base for 'em. Played five straight innings.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Finally had to quit, I could hardly move. Didn't seem to make any difference where I was... those kids weren't. They ran me ragged.

JOE: Yeah. Well, maybe you better take it a little easy today, huh?

FRANK: I got to, Joe. I rubbed liniment on my back all night. All over my arms and legs. I'm so sore... it even hurt to get dressed this morning.

JOE: Uh huh. What was the final score?

FRANK: At the end of the second... it was 14 to 2 in favor of the Little Saints. That's Neal's team.

JOE: Yeah, but what'd it end up with?

FRANK: I didn't even get one hit.

JOE: You didn't.

FRANK: Up at bat three times. Didn't even get a hit.

JOE: That's too bad. What was the final score?
FRANK: 46 to 12 when I left. That was at the end of the 7th. The little Saints were up when I left. They'd run through the batting line up twice. Way they were goin', I think they were gonna have to call the game on account of darkness.

They'd been up for over an hour. Only had one out.

JOE: They sound pretty good.

FRANK: Murderers. These kids grow up and there isn't a ball club in the country that's gonna have a chance against 'em. I never saw anything like 'em, Joe.

JOE: Sure like to have been there to see you play.

FRANK: It was pretty bad, Joe.

JOE: Was huh?

FRANK: When I left, they had me marked down for 10 errors.

JOE: Ten.

FRANK: In five innings.

JOE: Un huh.

FRANK: You gotta be pretty bad to run up a score like that.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: And I was.

SOUND: PHONE RING

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: HE WALKS TO PHONE AND PUNCHES BUTTON, PICKS UP PHONE
1 JOE: (INTO PHONE) Auto theft, Friday. Yes sir. Uh huh. Sure, we can come out. Yes sir. What's your name again please? "Uh huh...and the address? Yeah...Yeah, I got it. Alright sir...we'll be right out.

2 SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

3 FRANK: What'ya got?

4 JOE: You aren't gonna get much rest today. Used car dealer out on Washington Boulevard.

5 FRANK: Yeah?

6 JOE: He thinks he bought a stolen car.

END SCENE I

7 JOE: 8:15AM we left the office and drove out to the McGowan Car Company. It was a large lot on Washington Boulevard. Along the front of the place, there was a line of late model cars, each advertised as "today's special". We walked through the aisles of automobiles to the office in a trailer at the back of the lot. There was no one around, so we knocked on the door and waited.

8 SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. TRAFFIC ON STREET SLIGHTLY OFF

9 FRANK: He said he'd be here didn't he?

10 JOE: Yeah. I told him we'd be right out.

11 FRANK: Maybe he's gone out for breakfast.

12 SOUND: TRAILER DOOR OPENS

13 JESSE: Yeah?

14 JOE: Mr. McGowan?
JESSE: That's right.

JOE: Police officers sir. You called our office.

JESSE: Oh, yeah. . .come on in.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK TAKE A STEP UP INTO THE TRAILER. . .WOODEN FLOOR.

JESSE: C'mon in the back. Just havin' a cup of coffee. Fix you guys up with one?

JOE: No sir. . .not for me.

JESSE: (TO FRANK) How 'bout you?

FRANK: Yes sir. . .I'll have a cup with you.

JESSE: Good. Go on back and sit down. . .I'll bring it right back.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK TO THE BACK OF THE TRAILER AND SIT DOWN.

JESSE: (LITTLE OFF) Say. . .I didn't get you fellas names.

FRANK: My name's Frank Smith. . .this is my partner, Sergeant Friday.

JESSE: Glad to meet you. . .I talked to you on the phone didn't I Mr. Friday?

JOE: Yes sir.

JESSE: (FADING IN) Thought so. Never forget a name. Never do.

JOE: Here's your coffee.

JESSE: I'm Jesse McGowan. Guys on the row are all the time kiddin' me about my first name. Jesse. Get it?

JOE: Beg pardon?
JESSE: Jesse... Jesse James. (He sees no reaction so he goes on)
Anyway, what I wanted to tell you about was this guy who came in Saturday night.

JOE: Last Saturday?

JESSE: Yeah. Y' see we stay open until 10 on Saturday night. This guy must have come in about 9. Jack went over to take care of him but the fella said he wanted to see the manager, so Jack brought him back here.

JOE: Yeah.

JESSE: He said he had a car he wanted to sell. Brand new Merc.

Beautiful car. (To FRANK) ... I gotta box of doughnuts here if you'd like one.

FRANK: No thanks.

JESSE: Think I'll have one. Didn't get a chance to eat this morning. Got to worrying about this deal.

SOUND: He gets up and takes a couple of steps, then comes back and puts cardboard box on table, opens it.

JESSE: Got some of those new kind with the cinnamon on top.
(Takes a bite) Umm... sure good. (Takes a drink of coffee)
Well, I told this guy that we'd like to buy the car but that we were kinda over stocked on Mercs.

JOE: Yeah.

JESSE: He said that he'd just come out from the east and bought the car when he got here. Said that right after he paid for it, he lost his job and he had to get some money out of it.
FRANK: Uh huh.

JESSE: I asked him if he'd like to make a trade. Y'know... a transportation car and money to boot. Offered him a good deal on a Nash Rambler. Just got a couple 51's in.

JOE: Yes sir.

JESSE: He said that he wanted to sell the car outright. Said he was goin' to leave town and that he wanted to get his money out of the car. I asked him how much he wanted for it.

JOE: Yeah.

JESSE: He told me he'd let it go for 22 hundred bucks. That's about 8 hundred under what he must have paid for it. Right away I figured that there was something wrong. So I had our mechanic look it over. Only had 32 hundred miles on it. Hardly broke in. Beautiful... Radio, heater... white sidewalls. Continental hook up. Real Beaut.

FRANK: What'd your mechanic say about it?

JESSE: Said it was in perfect shape. So I asked the guy who was the legal owner.

JOE: Yeah.

JESSE: He said he was... that he'd paid cash for it. Had the pink slip. Made out to him alright. He had the identification to go with it.

JOE: You bought the car then.

JESSE: Yeah. Sure looked like a good deal. I gave him a certified check made out to cash for the amount, he gave me the keys. That was the last I saw of him.
JOE: Well, why do you think there's something wrong with the deal?

JESSE: For the first thing... the price he wanted for the car. It's too low. I had the feeling that if I'd given him any trouble on it, he'da come down on it.

JOE: You have the pink slip here?

JESSE: Yeah. I brought it with me this morning. I got it here in my wallet.

SOUND: UNDER HE TAKE OUT HIS WALLET AND LOOKS THROUGH IT FOR THE PINK SLIP

JOE: Any other reason you think the deal might be phoney?

JESSE: Had to put into words, Sergeant. Nothin' I could point out to you. Just a feeling. You stay in this business very long and you kinda' get to know people.

SOUND: HE FINDS THE PINK SLIP AND TAKES IT OUT OF HIS WALLET.

HE UNFOLDS IT AND HANDS IT TO JOE.

JESSE: Here it is.

JOE: Thanks.

JESSE: Yeah... there's been a lot of gags about used car salesmen. About how we're always after somebody. Most of the time though it's the other way around.

FRANK: That right.
JESSE: Yeah. The bums were put out of business right after the war. Public wouldn't stand for the way they did business. Y'gotta rely on people comin' back if you're gonna come out in the long run. I guess it's like almost any other kinda' business.

FRANK: Suppose so.

JESSE: You should'a seen some of the cars I got stuck on during the war thought. Real gems. Cork in the transmission... cracked block's fixed up so the car would just make it here. They tell stories about what us used car dealers did to the public. I tell, you... what the public did to us was worse than the stories. I been in business here for almost twenty years. About half of my customers are old ones... people who've bought cars from me before. Any kinda business... you gotta build faith. Return business.

JOE: What kind of identification did the man have to prove he was this Louis Carder?

JESSE: Tell you the truth sergeant... I didn't ask for any. He had the pink slip... price he was askin' was right. We checked the block and body number... it was the one listed on the slip. No reason to believe that he didn't own the car.

FRANK: How 'bout it Joe?

JOE: Looks like it's one of the slips from D.M.V. in San Diego.

JESSE: Y'mean there is something wrong?

JOE: May I use your phone sir?
JESSE: You bet. It's right there...help yourself.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: He picks up the phone and brings it over to the table.

JOE: (To JESSE) Can I dial a Michigan number from here?

JESSE: Yeah.

SOUND: Joe picks up the phone and dials MI - 5211.

PAUSE

JOE: (Into phone) 2507 Please...Yeah....Auto Theft.

(BEAT) Hi, this is Joe Friday. Say...we got a pick slip out here...looks like it's one of those that were stolen from D.M.V. down south. You got the list there? Yeah...I'll wait.

JESSE: Y'mean somebody stole a pink slip from the Department?

JOE: Yes sir...near as we can figure it....about 2 dozen.

JESSE: Never heard of that.
JESSE: This is the first one of them to turn up. (INTO PHONE) Yeah. Made out to a Louis Franklin Carder... No... Charley. Yeah... a-r-d-e-r. Yeah. Yeah. Registration number's 660 - 667. Address... 4287 Ingraham Street, L.A. Engine number 58550925... no 0925... that's right. Mercury... 8... this... sold 2-53. License number 1R2-951. P.A. 326773... yeah, that's right. Legal, the same. Uh huh. Yeah. That's what we figured. You got anything on the car? Un huh. No it was sold Saturday night. Yeah... should be something out on it. Yeah. Okay... thanks.

JOE: Hello. How 'bout it... the car stolen?

JESSE: No report yet sir.

JESSE: I gotta call the bank.

FRANK: You said you gave the man a certified check?

JESSE: Yeah... I gotta stop payment on it. Ain't gonna be easy either. He can cash it anyplace. Sure looks like I'm out 22 hundred dollars.

JOE: Isn't likely he's been able to cash it by this time.

JESSE: Maybe not but I'll give long odds that he's standing in line when the doors open.

JESSE: (AS HE WAITS) Doesn't sound like there's anybody there yet.
1 JOE: Just $5.25.
2 JESSE: I'll keep tryin'. I gotta stop that check.
3 SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE
4 JESSE: Y'see what I mean?
5 JOE: What's that?
6 JESSE: About the jokes. How we're the ones always tryin' to get away with a fast deal. No such thing. Take this one for instance.
7 JOE: Yeah.
8 JESSE: I bought that car in good faith. Paid cash for it.
9 Gave the guy just what he asked for.
10 JOE: Not quite.
11 JESSE: Huh?
12 JOE: He's gonna get more than that.

END SCENE 2
We got a complete description of the suspect, Louis Carder. We put out a local and an A.P.B. on him and then we asked Dean Bergman to come out and go over the car for fingerprints. The owner of the used car lot, Jesse McGowan told us the car had been washed and cleaned thoroughly and that he didn't think we'd be able to come up with any fingerprints. 9:00 A.M. we put in a call to the bank and asked them to stop payment on the check and to notify their branch offices to do the same. McGowan supplied the number of the check and the information was gotten out to other banks and check cashing agencies in the area. Bergman finished checking the car and told us that the only print he'd been able to find was a partial thumb print under the dashboard. We rolled the prints of the man who'd wash the car along with those of McGowan and the other people on the lot who'd come in contact with the car. None of their's matched. We checked with the office and told them that we would check out the address listed on the pink slip. 9:37 A.M. we pulled up in front of 4287 Ingraham Street. It was a large two story place that had been converted into a rooming house. There were several cars parked in the front yard. We went up to the front door and rang the bell.

Wanna try it again?
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: HE TWIST AN OLD FASHIONED DOOR BELL.

FRANK: I didn't know there were any of those around anymore.

Don't see many of 'em nowadays.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: Doorbell.

JOE: Oh yeah.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS

CARDER: (SLEEPY) Yeah?

JOE: Like to see Louis Carder.

CARDER: I'm him....what d'ya want?

JOE: Police officers... like to talk to you.

CARDER: Cops? What d'ya want with me.

JOE: Might be better if we talked inside.

CARDER: Huh?

JOE: Inside.

CARDER: Oh yeah. C'mon in. (HE YAWNS) I just got up.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE HOUSE. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM

CARDER: Either one of you guys gotta cigarette?

JOE: Yeah... here y'are.

CARDER: (GRUNTS) Thanks. (HE PATS THE POCKETS OF HIS BATHROBE)

How bout a match.

FRANK: Here.
What d'ya wanna see me about. Somethin' wrong?
You own a 53 mercury convertable?
Yeah. Why?
You know where it is?
Should be out in front. Why?
You leave the keys in your car when you park it?
Once in a while, I forget it, yeah. I don't know if it's there now though.
Your car's been stolen Mr. Carder.
What?
Your car's been stolen.

CARDER goes to the front door and opens it. He goes out on the porch and looks for the car then comes back in the room.
You got it back for me.... that it?
No sir. It was sold Saturday night.
Sold? To who?
A used car dealer out on Washington.
Who owns the car?
I do.
You have the pink slip on it?
No...I didn't get it back from the Department of Motor Vehicles yet. Why?
Man that sold the car had the pink slip with him.
CARDER: Well, I don't care if he did have it. Car doesn't belong to him. He had no right to sell it.
FRANK: When's the last time you saw the car?
CARDER: I guess it was Saturday afternoon. I came home early. Parked it out in front. Yeah...Saturday afternoon.
FRANK: How is it you didn't know the car was taken?
CARDER: Officer...you saw the front of this place. Must be half a dozen cars parked out there. The roomers. They use the yard.
JOE: You didn't use the car over the week end then.
CARDER: No I didn't. I got home Saturday afternoon like I told you. I spent the whole week end doin' some painting in one of the upstairs rooms. It's been vacant a long time and I figured that maybe if I put a little paint on it I might be able to rent it.
JOE: Uh huh.
CARDER: Y'see, my wife used to take care of the place. She and I had some trouble and she went back east to see her mother. Seems like the house went to pot after she left. We're really gonna have trouble when she comes back and sees this mess.
JOE: How many people you have living here?
CARDER: (THINKING) Lemme see. Nine.
Uh huh. Like you to take a look at this description and see if any of 'em fit it.

JOE HANDS HIM A PIECE OF PAPER

You figure it might be one of them?

Like you to check the description.

(HE READS THE LIST) No...no....I'm pretty sure it isn't one of them. None of 'em match this.

Wonder if you could give us their names?

Sure, I can. Why do you have to have 'em?

Sure, I can. Why do you have to have 'em?

Routine.

Oh...yeah. Well, I can give 'em to you but I'm sure they aren't mixed up in it.

Thing I can't figure is how he got the pink slip.

It was stolen.

From the state?

Yes sir. Last month, someone broke into their offices in San Diego and stole two dozen registration slips.

How much did he get for the car?

22 hundred dollars.

22 hundred. Thing cost me over 3 thousand. That was just a few months ago. Imagine...sellin' a car like that for 22 hundred. That guy's really a jerk.

Yes sir...in more than one way.

END SCENE 3
JOE: 10:15 A.M. We went by the used car lot and picked up the owner. We took him down to the city hall and had him check the mugg books. After going through the pictures he was unable to give us an identification of the man who'd sold him the stolen automobile. We checked the names of the people who lived at Louis Carder's house. One of them had a record of an arrest on charges of violation of section 4127 A of the Los Angeles Municipal code. He'd served a short term in the city jail and been released. His physical description however, did not match that of the suspect we were looking for. 11:35 A.M. we had the used car dealer taken back to his lot and Frank and I checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

JOE: 'Bout the only thing we got workin' for us is the check.

FRANK: Yeah. Hope they get the word out in time.

FRANK: He get's his hands on that money and he can go a long way.

SOUND: PHONE RING...FAST PICK UP

JOE: Auto theft, Friday. Yes sir we did...uh huh. Right. Yes sir. That's right. We'll be there as soon as we can make it. Right.....'bye.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP. JOE GET'S UP AND STARTS TO MOVE TOWARD DOOR.
1 JOE: He isn't goin' far.
2 FRANK: Huh?
3 JOE: He's at the bank now.
4 END SCENE 4
5 END ACT I
6 GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
At cigarette dealers...(SOUND - CASH REGISTER)

In vending machines....(SOUND - COIN AND PLUNGER)

At supermarkets and stores coast-to-coast.....

WOMAN: Chesterfields, please.

FENN: Smokers by the thousands.... yes, smokers by the thousands....are now changing to Chesterfield -- the only cigarette ever to give you - One.....

GIENEY: Proof of low nicotine - highest quality.

FENN: Chemical analyses of the country's six leading brands confirms that. Twe - the only cigarette ever to give you this proven record with smokers. Again and again, over a full year and one-half....a group of Chesterfield smokers have been given thorough medical examinations. The doctor's reports are a matter of record.

GIENEY: No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.

FENN: A responsible independent research laboratory supervises this continuing program. Chesterfield - the only cigarette ever with a record like this. Chesterfield - Best for you.
JOE: We'd gotten a call from a branch office of the bank the check had been drawn on. At 11:34 A.M. that morning, a man had walked into the bank and presented a check for the amount of 22 hundred dollars drawn on the account of Jesse McGowan. Because of the amount of the check, it had to be okayed by the head cashier. Fortunately, he'd gotten the information about the check and had stalled the suspect long enough to call us. He was able to keep him waiting until we got there. The man was taken into custody without trouble. He denied having anything to do with the stolen car and said that we'd made a mistake. We took him downtown and started to question him.

HAROLD: I tell you, I don't know what this is all about. I'd like to help you out but there's nothing I can do.

JOE: Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: You wanna get in touch with McGowan and have him come over?

FRANK: Yeah, .... right away.

SOUND: FRANK EXITS THE INTERROGATION ROOM. AS HE OPENS THE DOOR.

THE CORRIDOR B.G. COMES UP.

BEAT

JOE: You wanna tell me again where you got that check?

HAROLD: What? It's against the law to have a check?

JOE: Like to know where you got this one?

HAROLD: I won it.
Where?

I don't know what this is all about. I'm not about to get any of my friends in trouble by namin' them. I got nothin' to do with this... let alone my pals.

You'll save yourself a lot more trouble if you'll tell me where you got the check.

Alright. I won it in a poker game.

Pretty high stakes.

We gave up kids games.

Who'd you win it from?

I told you I wasn't gonna name any names.

We're gonna get 'em sooner or later. You know that.

Not from me you aren't.

You build it any way you want to.

That's the way I figure it.

When was this poker game?

Saturday night.

Where?

Sorry... that's another one I can't answer.

You been in San Diego lately?

Not for a couple of months.

When's the last time you were down there?

I don't remember right off.

It'll help you if you can.
HAROLD: What d'ya mean help me. I got no trouble. You guys make a pinch while I'm trying to cash a check. I won the money. It was payment for a debt. All I was trying to do was get my money. There's nothin' wrong with that?

JOE: If there's nothin' wrong why won't you tell us who you won the money from?

HAROLD: And have you guys throw a beef at them? Nothin' doin'. I've read where you fellas spend your time breakin' up a game of old maid.

JOE: This is a little more serious than that.

HAROLD: Maybe to you. I got no problem. All I gotta do is sit tight.

JOE: You keep believin' that mister. And you keep actin' like this and you'll see what a problem you've got.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND FRANK COMES IN

FRANK: McGowan's on his way over Joe.

HAROLD: Who's McGowan?

JOE: He's the man who wrote the check you tried to cash.

HAROLD: Waste of time. He don't know me.

JOE: We'll let him decide that.

HAROLD: Go ahead...have your fun.

FRANK: Couple of questions we'd like to ask you.

HAROLD: Go ahead. I got nothin' more important to do.

SOUND: FRANK OPENS A PACKAGE
FRANK: Checked your name through our identification bureau. Came up with some pretty interesting things.

HAROLD: That right.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Lemme see Frank.

FRANK: Here.

SOUND: JOE TAKES PACKAGE AND LOOKS THROUGH IT.

JOE: Your true name Harold Drake...that right?

HAROLD: Yeah.

JOE: Your address is listed 2917 Ledgewood Drive, that right?

HAROLD: Yeah.

JOE: You told me you'd never been arrested.

HAROLD: I haven't.

JOE: Want you to take a look at a picture.

HAROLD: You got the room rigged for movies?

JOE: I'm gonna tell you something Drake. You mark it down and remember it. The sooner you stop playin' footsie with us the better it's gonna be for you.

HAROLD: When do you bring out the rubber hose.

JOE: That went out with the story you're tryin' to hand us.

FRANK: Here's the picture.

SOUND: HAROLD TAKES THE MUGG SHOT

BEAT

HAROLD: Yeah...guy looks a lot like me. Didn't know better, you might think we was twins.
JOE: If you didn't know better.
HAROLD: But we do.
JOE: Come off it Drake. We got you nailed and you know it.
You wanna sit there and dream up these fairy tales that's up to you,...but we gotta job to do. We know you'll stand for this and so do you. Now why don't you save us both a lot of trouble and cop out.
HAROLD: I'd like to do it sergeant. No lie I really would. But I can't cop out to something I had nothin' to do with.
JOE: All right,...let's start all over. Where'd you get the check?
HAROLD: Guy gave it to me to pay off a poker debt.
JOE: You gonna tell us who the guy is?
HAROLD: No.
JOE: I think it's time to stop playin' games. Let's get down to what we've got in the books. You claim you've never been arrested. We got a package on you here that shows three arrests and two convictions.
HAROLD: On a guy that looks like me.
JOE: Let's go down the hall and roll your prints. That'll clean it up.
HAROLD: I'm for that....but go on...tell me the rest of the fairy tale.
JOE: Alright...I'll lay it out for you in one syllable words.
HAROLD: That'll make it easy for you.
JOE: You broke into the offices of the D.M.V. down in San Diego on February 28th.

HAROLD: Diego's nice in February....somebody's gonna write a song about it sometime.

BEAT

JOE: You stole 26 pink slips ready for mailing to the owners.

HAROLD: You must mean somebody else.

JOE: That smile's gonna come off your face Drake when McGowan walks in here.

HAROLD: I don't know who Mr. McGowan is....but I'll be happy to meet him. Tell me...what'd I do after I stole the pink slips?

JOE: You got the address of Louis Carder and then you went to his home on Saturday night and stole his car.

FRANK: You drove it down to McGowan's used car lot and with the pink slip, you sold it to him for 22 hundred dollars.

HAROLD: I was busy that night wasn't I.

JOE: What're you tryin' to prove with all this yak Drake?

You tryin' to make it rough on yourself?

HAROLD: I'm not tryin' to do anything. All I'm doin' is goin' along with you guys.

FRANK: I'll check and see if McGowan's here.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: FRANK EXITS ROOM. JOE TAKES CIGARETTE OUT OF POCKET AND LIGHTS IT.
Can I have one of those?
Sure... here.
He gives Harold a cigarette and lights it for him.
Y'know, I wouldn't have your job for all the money in the world.
That right?
Yeah. Lousy way to live. Goin' around tryin' to get people to cop out to things they didn't do.
That's the way it looks to you.
From any where I sit... it turns up that way.
Cousla things wrong.
What?
Your record for one thing.
If you can prove it's mine.
All we gotta do is walk down the hall and you've had it. Soon as we check the prints we've turned the key.
Sounds good the way you tell it.
Gonna sound better the way the judge says it.
Who's writin' for you?
You were arrested in 1939 for auto theft. Served three years. Arrested in 1945, suspicion grand theft auto. Dismissed.
Y'see... they knew they had the wrong guy.
No body's told us. Another arrest in 1946 ... grand theft auto. Served 4 years.
HAROLD: A case of mistaken identity.

JOE: That what happened both times?

HAROLD: Some people got very bad eyes. Now you take this fella McGowan you're bringin' in here. Wouldn't be at all surprised if he had bad eyes.

JOE: Y'know...one way to get yourself out of this is to tell us where you got the check.

HAROLD: I don't know how to do it any more simple than I have. I won it playin' poker. I'm not gonna tell you who I won it from. Wouldn't do any good.

JOE: I don't know who'd been givin' you advice mister but you aren't playin' it very smart.

HAROLD: Really?

JOE: The guy who dreamed up this routine probably spent the next twenty years at "a".

HAROLD: As a matter of fact he's still walkin' around.

JOE: Let's go down the hall and check your prints.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND FRANK ENTERS, WITH McGOWAN.

FRANK: C'mon in Mr. McGowan.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

JESSE: That's the man.

JOE: You sure about it?

JESSE: I'll swear to it in court.

HAROLD: What're you tryin' to do? Cause me a lotta trouble.

I haven't done anything and you know it. Now you come in and say "that's the man". You know what that can do to me?
JOE: Alright Drake. That's enough.

FRANK: Let's go Mr. McGowan.

SOUND: THEY MOVE TO THE DOOR. DOOR OPEN.

JESSE: I'll swear to it in court. That's the man who sold me the car.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE SHUTTING OFF McGOWAN.

HEAT

JOE: That's it Drake.

HAROLD:

JOE: Yeah. We roll your prints and check 'em against the record. They got a couple of partials from San Diego. If your's match up...and I think they will, you've had it.

HAROLD: No way out huh?

JOE: Not that I can see.

HAROLD: What happens...now this is just a wild question...for the sake of argument...but what happens if I cop out. Plead guilty?

JOE: We got nothin' to say about that.

HAROLD: You can't help out huh?

JOE: No.

HAROLD: Save the taxpayers a lotta money. No trial.

JOE: I told you...we got nothin' to say about that.

HAROLD: Not much to gain by coppin' out then huh?

JOE: We got you made if you do or not. Maybe make it a little easier if there's no jury trial. That's up to the judge.
HAROLD: Nothin' you can do?

JOE: It'll go into the book that way.

HAROLD: Uh huh. (BEAT) You gotta another cigarette?

JOE: Yeah. Here.

SOUND: HE LIGHTS THE CIGARETTE FOR HAROLD

HAROLD: EXHALES SLOWLY.

JOE: Let's go. Might as well get the prints and finish this thing up.

SOUND: JOE STANDS UP

BEAT:

JOE: Let's go Drake.

HAROLD: No hurry. Lemme finish the cigarette.

JOE: C'mon Drake, we got other things to do.

HAROLD: So've I.

JOE: What.

HAROLD: One to ten years.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On September 15th, trial was held in Department 98, Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.

FEEN: And now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
This is brief -- but I think very much to the point.
Chesterfield is the only cigarette that gives you proof
of low nicotine - highest quality. That's what I want
in my cigarette. That's what you should look for in
yours. Chesterfield.....regular or king-size........
Best for you. Try them.
Harold Alex Drake was tried and convicted of grand theft auto counts, and was sentenced as prescribed by law. Grand theft auto is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of from one to ten years. A hold was placed on the suspect by San Diego County for prosecution on the burglary charge.
THEME: UNDER


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

(FATIMA HITCHHIKE)