DRAGNET - RADIO
"THE BIG LITTLE MOTHER"
N.B.C. #217 CHESTERFIELD # 49
FOR BROADCAST OCT. 13, 1953

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 Forgery
14 Detail. For the past 6 years, a forger has been passing
15 worthless checks in your city. The victims describe the
16 suspect as a woman. Her M.O. is simple, but it continues
17 to work. Your job...stop her.
18 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Smokers by the thousands are now changing to Chesterfield.

No wonder...more and more smokers are learning this fact for themselves. Chesterfield - low in nicotine - highest in quality. A published fact proved by chemical analyses of the country's six leading cigarette brands.

Chesterfield...the only cigarette ever with a record like this. Regular or king-size...Chesterfield is best for you.
MUSIC: TIM E
GIBNEY: 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: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR IN DEPARTMENT STORE.

It was Friday, September 18th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Forgery Detail. My Partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain _________. My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 10:42 A.M. when we got to the ninth floor of the Beckworth Department store...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)....the credit manager's office.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE OFFICE...THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND

THEM. B.G. OUT. WE HEAR A TYPEWRITER OFF MIKE. JOE AND FRANK TAKE A FEW STEPS AND THE TYPEWRITER FADES ON,

THEN STOPS

MYRA: (LITTLE OFF) Yes?
JOE: Like to see Mr. Donaldson, please.

MYRA: May I say who's calling?

JOE: Sergeant Friday, Los Angeles Police Department.

MYRA: Oh yes....he's expecting you....just a moment.

SOUND: SHE FLIPS KEY ON INTERCOM
DONALD: (ON FILTER) Yes?

MYRA: The gentlemen from the police department are here, Mr. Donaldson.

DONALD: (ON FILTER) Send them in please.

MYRA: Yes sir.

SOUND: MYRA FLIPS SWITCH

MYRA: You want to go right in? That's the door.

JOE & FRANK: Thank you....thanks.

SOUND: THEY WALK ON HARD SURFACE AND STOP. DOOR OPEN AND THEY ENTER THE OFFICE. FLOOR OF OFFICE IS CARPETED

DONALD: (OFF) Come on in gentlemen.

SOUND: THEY CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM

JOE: Mr Donaldson?

DONALD: Yes.

JOE: I'm sergeant Friday....this is my partner Frank Smith.

DONALD: How 'd'ya do etc.

FRANK: Hello.

DONALD: Sit down.

JOE: Thanks. You want to tell us what this is about sir?

DONALD: It's the Little Mother again. I've got the receipts here in the desk.

SOUND: HE OPENS DESK DRAWER AND TAKES OUT FOLDER. HE OPENS THE FOLDER AND TAKES OUT SEVERAL SALES SLIPS

DONALD: Is Sergeant Ferguson still working on this case?

JOE: Yes sir.
DONALD: I talked to him the last time we were stuck.

FRANK: Usual type of things charged?

DONALD: Yes... Children's shoes... dresses... sweaters. Same as always.

JOE: Wonder if I might have the slips, Mr. Donaldson?

DONALD: Sure... here you are. (EFFORT AS HE REACHES ACROSS THE DESK) All made out the same day.

JOE: Uh huh... August 22.

DONALD: Yes... our experience is that she usually comes in on a Saturday. Seems that the store is more crowded then... the girls don't take any more time to verify the accounts than they have to.

FRANK: C'n I see those Joe?

JOE: Yeah.... here.

SOUND: JOE HANDS THE SLIPS TO FRANK

JOE: (TO DONALDSON) Wonder if we could talk to the sales girl who handled her.

DONALD: Sure. I'll have her sent up.

SOUND: HE TURNS AND FLIPS THE INTERCOM

MYRA: (ON FILTER) Yes sir.

DONALD: Miss Firestone, would you please have Mrs. Allen sent up?

MYRA: Yes sir.

SOUND: HE FLIPS KEY

FRANK: I notice here that the only item she charged not for children is a woman's slip.

DONALD: Yes. We've had a couple of them in the past. Pieces of woman's clothing. I talked to Sergeant Ferguson about it when he was here.
JOE: Uh huh. Did you get the bulletin we sent out this month?
DONALD: Beg pardon?
JOE: The bulletin...giving the woman's description...samples of her handwriting...did you get it.
DONALD: Yes sir...we did. You've got to understand Sergeant. This is one of the biggest stores in the city. We do a lot of business. It'd be almost impossible to alert all of the salesgirls to watch for the woman.
JOE: Yes sir...we understand that...but was the description sent to the children's departments?
DONALD: It was. Didn't do any good though. If the woman charged large amounts it might be easier...but look at the sales slips yourself. 4 dollar shoes...3 dollar dresses...There's nothing to make a charge like that stand out. We make sure that there's an account in the name and let it go.
FRANK: Don't you use the chargeplate system?
DONALD: Yes we do...But if a customer wants to charge an item and hasn't got the plate...we usually just verify the account and let them sign the sales slip
FRANK: How about identification?
DONALD: Normally we do ask for it. But as I said...these sales are such small amounts and the woman comes in when the store is crowded...The girls just call the credit department and let her sign the receipt.
JOE: Uh huh.
SOUND: INTERCOM BUZZ
DONALD: Excuse me.
JOE: Sure.

SOUND: DONALDSON FLIPS THE SWITCH

DONALD: (INTO INTERCOM) Yes.

MYRA: (ON FILTER) Mrs. Allen's here.

DONALD: Alright. Just a moment.

MYRA: (O.F.) Yes sir.

SOUND: INTERCOM SWITCH

DONALD: The woman who waited on her is out in the office. Do you want to talk to her in here?

JOE: We don't want to take up any more of your time sir. We can see her out there.

DONALD: Alright. If there's anything else you need...I'll be here.

JOE: Yes sir.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK GET UP AND START TO THE DOOR

DONALD: (OFF) Officer.

JOE: Yes sir.

DONALD: Y'know...I feel a little funny about this thing.

JOE: Why's that sir?

SOUND: DONALDSON GETS UP FROM HIS DESK AND FADES IN

DONALD: Well, the things she's charged.

FRANK: What?
DONALD: "The things she's taken... Almost all kid's clothes. She doesn't seem to be interested in anything else. The total amounts of the articles she's taken don't add up to much. It's the principal of the thing more than the value. It just seems that the only thing she's interested in is the children. It feels a little funny to call the police about a person like that.

JOE: Yes sir.

DONALD: We've got a lot of this going on but the others... they take things for themselves... luxuries... expensive items. But she doesn't... just for the kids. She doesn't seem to be at all interested in herself.

JOE: Well, we are.

BEAT:

DONALD: Yeah... I suppose so. Well, I'll be here if you need anything more.

FRANK: All right Mr. Donaldson... thank you. We'll be in touch with you.

DONALD: You'll bring the sales slips back won't you?

JOE: Yes sir... as soon as we have had the chance to photograph them.

DONALD: Uh huh. Well, I hope you can do something about it.

JOE: Yes sir... so do we.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN... JOE AND FRANK STEP THROUGH THE DOOR

DONALD: (OFF) Anything you need you let me know.

JOE: Yes sir... thank you.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE... COUPLE OF STEPS

MYRA: Just a moment. (UP) Mrs. Allen?

MRS. A: (OFF) Yes?
MYRA: These are the police officers.

SOUND: MRS. ALLEN WALKS TO THE OFFICERS

JOE: How do you do Ma'am. I'm Sergeant Friday...this is my partner Frank Smith.

FRANK & MRS. A: EXCHANGE HELLO'S

FRANK: You want to sit down over here Mrs. Allen?

ALLEN: Yes...all right.

SOUND: THEY TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS AND SIT DOWN

MRS.: I feel just terrible about this.

JOE: Ma'am?

MRS. A: All this forgery thing.

SOUND: IN THE B.G. WE HEAR THE TYPEWRITER AND FROM TIME TO TIME

THE PHONE RINGS.

FRANK: You waited on the woman did you?

MRS.A: Yes...at least in the little girl's department.

JOE: Uh huh. Wonder if you could describe her for us?

MRS.A: I suppose so. I remember her because she was so careful about what she picked out. I was sure surprised when they told me that she didn't have any right to charge those things.

JOE: According to the sales slips, she signed the name...(SOUND: HE TAKES THE SLIPS FROM HIS POCKET)...Mrs. Timothy O'Brien.

MRS.A: Yes...that's the name she used.

FRANK: Did you ask her for any identification?

MRS.A: No...I should have but I didn't. Y'see she came in about 3 on Saturday afternoon. The department was pretty crowded. All of us girls were trying to take care of several customers.
JOE: Huh.

MRS.A: I spent quite a bit of time with her as it was and when she finally decided on the things she wanted...I wrote up the slip and she signed it. Oh of course I called up here to make sure there was an account.

JOE: Yes Ma'am. 'bout the description.

MRS.A: Well, she was a little woman...I'd say a 10.

FRANK: Beg pardon?


JOE: Uh huh. Did she have the children with her?

MRS.A: No...no she didn't. I thought it was a little funny at the time...but as I say...we were so busy with the school rush that afternoon that none of us girls had a chance to really think about anything.

FRANK: Yes ma'am. What color hair did she have?

MRS.A: Kind of a sandy color. I guess you'd call it a blonde. Wore it up in a bun...(INDICATES) Back here...y'know.

JOE: Yes Ma'am.

MRS.A: The other girls noticed it. Long...looked nice...different than all the short haircuts...kinda old fashioned and homey.

JOE: How was she dressed?

MRS.A: Not very well. Had a little blue hat...dark coat. Cloth coat. Collar came down like this...(INDICATES)...slash pockets. Nice but not expensive.

FRANK: Would you know her again if you saw her?

MRS.A: Oh my yes. Sure would. I tell you Mr...(SHE'S FORGOTTEN) I'm sorry.

JOE: Friday...Joe Friday.
Yes...Well, Mr. Friday...she was just as cute as a button. She knew just exactly what she wanted. Told me and then when I brought the dresses...she really looked them over. Looked at how they were made. How they were cut. She knew what she wanted and wouldn't be satisfied with anything else.

Uh huh. Finally picked two dresses...Four fifty. Said that they'd do. I tried to show her some more expensive models but she wouldn't hear of it. Said that four-fifty was enough to pay for a dress for school. Funny now...when you figure it wasn't her money she was spending.

Yes ma'am. Did you notice anything about the way she spoke...Any sort of an accent...something like that?

No.

Uh huh. Well, we'd like you to come over to our office and look at some pictures.

All right...I'll have to talk to the floor manager.

We'll take care of that Mrs. Allen.

All right. You think that you might have a picture of her?

We don't know.

I kinda hope not.

Ma'am?

I hope you don't have a picture. I guess it's a little sinful to even think it...but she had a reason for what she did. I'm sure of it.

Why do you say that Mrs. Allen?

Officer...I've been selling for a long time. I've met a lot of people in that time. Nice ones...nasty ones. And believe me...this is one of the sweetest people I've ever served.
FRANK: Uh huh.

MRS. A: I understand that you call her the Little Mother....

that right?

JOE: Yes ma'am...that's what the papers named her.

MRS. A: Well, it fits her to a "T". Right to a "T," Way she

bustled around those dresses. Lookin'.....testing.....

she was just like a mother hen tryin' to find something

for her brood. A little doll. Cute as a button. She's

just got to have a reason for what she's doin'.

SOUND: DOOR TO DONALDSON'S OFFICE OPENS AND DONALDSON COMES OUT:

DONALD: (FADING IN) Sergeant Friday.......

JOE: Yes, Mrs. Donaldson?

DONALD: I'm glad I caught you. I think we've got it?

JOE: Sir?

DONALD: The little mother....she's downstairs now.

(END SCENE I)
JOE: For the last six years the same woman had been operating in the downtown department stores. During that period she'd forged a total of 13 hundred dollars worth of merchandise that we knew of. Because of her M.O., there was no way of telling how much more had gone undetected. The operation was simple, she'd enter a store and go to one of the departments. There, she'd pick articles of apparel, mostly for children and then ask to charge them. She'd explain that she'd forgotten her chargeplate and after the account had been verified, she'd sign the charge slip. These slips would be put in the mail to the people who maintained the account and it wouldn't be until they noticed a discrepancy, that we'd be notified. In this interim, usually a month would pass between the time, the clothing was taken and we were told of it. In the 6 years the "Little Mother," as the newspapers had named her, had been working, almost every team of detectives in the forgery detail had worked on the case. Statements from salesgirls who'd waited on her were taken. Photostats of the sales slips were made. Witnesses were interrogated and when the sum total of actual physical evidence was weighed and sifted, there was no lead to the identity of the forger. The police department had gotten out printed bulletins and copies of composite drawings of the suspect and these had been distributed to all department stores in the area, but because of the suspect's appearance and the way she operated none of the victims became suspicious in time to notify us, The evidence continued to pile up. (MORE)
The operation continued to work; when the manager of Beckworth's department store told us that the suspect was in the store, Frank and I were able to come up with the first concrete lead since we'd been working on the case. In the company of the manager, the saleswoman, Mrs. Myra Allen, Frank and I went down to the Boy's department, where the suspect was reported to be.

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. CROWD IN B.G. JOE, MYRA, DONALDSON.

FRANK WALK RAPIDLY DOWN THE AISLE.

DONALD: (HURRYING) Down this way.

JOE: Yes sir.

DONALD: The girl said she was over by boy's suits. I hope they were able to hold her.

JOE: Uh huh.

DONALD: Just a minute.

ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. CROWD IN B.G. JOE, MYRA, DONALDSON.

THey STOP WALKING.

JOE: Yes sir.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DONALD: I know I don't have to tell you gentlemen about the store's liability in a situation like this.

FRANK: No sir.

DONALD: No, I'm sure it's her....but it could be very embarrassing and expensive to the store if we made a mistake.

JOE: It's alright sir....we understand.

DONALD: Good. Over here.

THEY START WALKING RAPIDLY AGAIN.
ALICE: (OFF) Mr. Donaldson... Mr. Donaldson.

SOUND: THEY WALK OVER TO ALICE:

DONALD: Yes Miss Franklin; Where is she?

ALICE: It's not my fault Mr. Donaldson... You've got to believe that.

JOE: What's the matter Miss?

DONALD: Don't tell me you stopped the wrong person... you cause trouble with an innocent party and she could sue the store blind.

ALICE: I'm sorry Mr. Donaldson.

JOE: Where is the woman Miss?

ALICE: That's what I'm trying to tell you.

JOE: What?

ALICE: She wouldn't wait.

END SCENE II
A quick search of the immediate vicinity in the store failed to turn up the suspect. The department store security staff was notified, and a watch was put on all of the doors to the streets. We checked with the elevator operators. We found one who told us that she'd seen a woman who answered the description, get in her car. She explained that the woman seemed to be in a hurry and had left the elevator as soon as it had reached the main floor.

A further check of the store netted us nothing. The suspect had escaped. In the downtown crowds, it would have been almost impossible to try to find her on the streets however, an additional broadcast was gotten out on her, and all cars in the area were on the look out for the woman. The first good chance we'd had for apprehending her was gone. We had to go back to the legwork and waiting. Three months passed. During that time, Frank and I cleaned up a series of counterfeit payroll check cashings. Another 30 days went by without activity for the "Little Mother." There were four new sales slips added to the file but when the leads resulting from these were checked out, we were no closer to her than we'd been 6 years before.

Thursday, December 17th, 12:35 P.M. I checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM DOOR CLOSE......SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Joe? That you?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Just talked to the Skipper.
JOE: Yeah?
FRANK: Got a couple of more beefs about the Little Mother Forger.
JOE: When'd they come in?
FRANK: This morning.
JOE: Where are they?
FRANK: Bergman's got 'em. Checking the handwriting.
JOE: How 'bout the names she used?
FRANK: Wait a minute,....... I got 'em here.
SOUND: HE TAKES A NOTEBOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET AND TURNS A COUPLE OF PAGES.
FRANK: (FINDING THE NAMES) Here,.....Mrs. Norris Farrel,......Mrs. James Slagel and a Mrs. Ross Nieman. I called the stores and got the information on the people.
JOE: You talked to 'em?
FRANK: Yeah. Asked all the routine stuff. None of 'em can think of any friends who match the description.
JOE: How 'bout the things she charged? Anything there?
FRANK: No,.....Usual items, (REFERS TO NOTEBOOK AGAIN) Two pair of Levi's for kids.....one child's cotton dress.
JOE: One thing's different.
FRANK: What's that?
JOE: I checked the sizes of the clothes. Last bunch of sales slips we had, the dresses were for a 10 year old.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: This time she bought 'em for an eleven year old. Kids are gettin' bigger.
JOE: Yeah....well, that's a big help. All we gotta do is look for a couple of kids that're growing.

FRANK: I'm just tryin' to help Joe.

JOE: I'm sorry Frank. Just that there doesn't seem to be anywhere to go. All the time we've put in....all the people we've talked to,...and all we've got for it is a file drawer all to ourself on the thing.

SOUND: PHONE RING

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS AND PUNCHES A BUTTON ON THE PHONE.

JOE: Forgery, Friday. Who?....yes ma'am. Uh huh. Yes ma'am. I remember. Yes ma'am. Where is she now? I see. Uh huh....well, we can be right over. Yes ma'am. Right....G'bye.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

JOE: We got it.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: That was Mrs. Allen.....remember the sales lady over at Beckworths?

FRANK: (NOT TOO SURE) Oh.....yeah....I think I do. What'd she have to say?

JOE: Told me she's having lunch in a restaurant at the corner of Jackson and Hill.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Our suspect's sitting next to her.

END SCENE III
1 JOE: 12:42 P.M. We checked out of the office and drove over to the restaurant. It was located at the rear of a large drugstore. When we came into the place, Mrs. Allen met us at the entrance. She took us back down the counter, and pointed out a small woman sitting on the last stool.

7 SOUND: RESTAURANT B.G.

8 MRS. A: That's her.

9 JOE: Are you sure ma'am?

10 MRS. A: I'm positive. That's her.

16 SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS AND STOP

17 EVELYN: Something you gentlemen want?

18 JOE: We're police officers ma'am. We'd like to talk to you.

19 EVELYN: Police?

20 JOE: Yes ma'am. Do you wanna step over there to talk. Might be better.

22 EVELYN: If you want to say anything to me...you can do it right here. I haven't done anything wrong.

24 JOE: I wonder if we could see you're identification?

26 JOE: You're identification ma'am...could we see it?
EVE: Alright...just a minute. I've got it in my purse.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: EVELYN SHIFTS THE PACKAGES SHE'S CARRYING AND FINDS HER PURSE. SHE OPENS IT AND LOOKS THROUGH IT FOR HER I.D.

EVE: (AS SHE WORKS) Getting terrible...I don't know what you officers are trying to find out, but I'm going to tell you right now that if you can't prove you've got a reason for making me do this...you're in trouble.

JOE: We're not making you do anything...we don't want to cause you any embarrassment.

EVE: Funny way of showing it. I want to tell you that my husband knows people in this town. When he hears about this...(SHE FINDS HER I.D.) Here you are....here's my driver's license.

JOE: Would you take it out of the wallet, please.

SOUND: SHE TAKES THE CARD OUT OF A CELLULOID HOLDER.

EVE: Here.

JOE: (LOOKING AT THE LICENSE) Uh huh. Mrs. Evelyn Nelson.

EVE: That's who I am.

JOE: This your present address?

EVE: No it isn't. We moved a few months ago but I haven't had the chance to have it changed. Is that all you want?

JOE: No Mrs. Nelson. I wonder if we could talk to you in our office?

EVE: Why? I always thought that you had to arrest people before you could order them around.
1. JOE: We're asking you to come over to the city hall with us.
2
3. EVE: There are a few things we'd like to check out.
4
5. JOE: I wonder if we could see what you've got in the bags here?
6
7. EVE: What're you looking for?
8
9. JOE: Just like to see.
10
11. EVE: They're just some clothes for my children. Nothing in there that'd interest you.
12
13. JOE: Then it wouldn't hurt if we looked would it?
14
15. FRANK: Go ahead...you won't find anything.
16
17. JOE: Wanna give me a hand Frank?
18
19. SOUND: THEY TAKE A COUPLE OF THE PAPER BAGS AND OPEN THEM
20
22
23. JOE: No ma'am. But I wonder if you can explain this?
24
25. EVe: What's that?
26
27. JOE: Charge slip here...
28
29. SOUND: JOE TAKES THE CHARGE SLIP OUT OF THE BAG
30
31. JOE: (READING) Signed by a Mrs. Ross Nieman.
32
33. EVE: Certainly that was probably in the bag when I bought the things. I don't know anything about it.
34
35. JOE: Alright Mrs. Nelson...I'm afraid we're gonna have to ask you to come with us.
36
37. LG 0168041
1 EVE: On what charge?
2 JOE: Suspicion of forgery.
3 EVE: Me? You can't be serious.
4 FRANK: I'm afraid we are Mrs. Nelson.
5 BEAT
6 EVE: You just wait until my husband hears about this. You officers are really gonna be in trouble.
7 JOE: Yes ma'am. D'ya wanna go.
8 EVE: Just a minute. I've got to pay my check.
9 JOE: Alright Mrs. Nelson.
10 SOUND: SHE TAKES A FEW COINS OUT OF HER PURSE AND TOSSES THEM ON THE COUNTER
11 FRANK: Can I help you with those packages?
12 SOUND: EVE IS PICKING UP THE PACKAGES
13 EVE: Don't bother.
14 SOUND: THEY TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS. AS THEY DO WE HEAR MRS. ALLEN FADE IN
15 MRS. A: (LITTLE OFF) Officer?
16 JOE: Yes ma'am?
17 MRS. A: I wonder if I could see you a minute?
18 JOE: Sure...You wanna go ahead Frank?
19 FRANK: Yeah.
20 SOUND: FRANK AND EVELYN FADE OFF INTO THE CROWD
21 JOE: What is it Mrs. Allen?
MRS. A: Is that her? Is she the one?
JOE: Well yes ma'am...it looks like it.
MRS. A: That's a load off my mind.
JOE: Ma'am?
MRS. A: While you were talking to her....Just all of a sudden it hit me...
JOE: Yeah?
MRS. A: I'm not sure it is.
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

GIBNEY: 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 -

GIBNEY: One....Proof of low nicotine - highest quality. Chemical

analyses of the country's six leading brands confirms

that.

FENN: Two - 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.

GIBNEY: 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: With the possibility that the identification of the saleslady Mrs. Allen might be wrong, the position we were putting the police department and ourselves in became uncertain. If we were wrong, and Mrs. Nelson was not the suspect we were after, we were putting ourselves in jeopardy for a suit based on false arrest. It was possible that the sales-slip found in the paper bag, was left there when it was given to her. It was an outside chance...but it was possible. We returned the suspect to the city hall for questioning. While Frank checked her name through the files, I tried to get her to talk. For twenty minutes her attitude was one of surprise and she answered the questions I put to her with indignance. Finally, she lapsed into silence and wouldn't reply at all to further interrogation. Frank came back from R & I with the information that there was no arrest record for the Mrs. Nelson. We put out calls to the sales-girls who had waited on the "Little Mother" in the past and asked them to come down to the office to see if they could identify the suspect.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: (INTO PHONE) Yes ma'am... Room 29. Come right in the first street entrance and turn right into the police department. That's right...through the arch. Uh huh... straight down the hall and to the left... It's the only way you can go...yes ma'am. It's on the left as you go down the hall. That's right... 29... Uh huh. If you'll just ask for Sergeant Friday or Officer Smith. No ma'am Smith. Alright ma'am... We'll expect you. Thank you. G'bye.

SOUND: REVEREAKES THE CONNECTION TO THE PHONE
FRANK: I'll call the next one.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MAKES THE CONNECTION... DIALS NINE AND THEN NUMBERS

JOE: (WHILE FRANK IS DIALING) You'd save yourself and us a lot of trouble if you'd tell us the truth Mrs. Nelson.

PAUSE:

JOE: Mrs. Nelson?

FRANK: (INTO PHONE) Hello... may I speak with Miss Brundage please... in Children's wear? Yes ma'am... I will.

BEAT:

EVE: Hang up the phone.

JOE: Beg pardon?

EVE: You don't have to go through any more of this.

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP THE PHONE.

BEAT:

JOE: Alright ma'am.

PAUSE:

FRANK: You wanna tell us about it?

PAUSE:

JOE: You feel alright Mrs. Nelson?

PAUSE:

EVE: (QUIETLY) I only did it for them, the kids. I didn't want to. How do you think I felt when I knew I was stealing? How do you think I felt?
JOE: Go ahead.

EVE: My husband Paul's a good man. What he's done he thinks is right. I can't quarrel with him. But he doesn't know. He doesn't understand. (SHE STARTS TO CRY) It isn't that he doesn't love the kids. He does. He really does. It's just that he doesn't understand. You can see that can't you? He doesn't understand about them.

FRANK: Can we get you a glass of water Mrs. Nelson?

EVE: No thank you... Do either one of you have a handkerchief.

...I came away this morning without one.

JOE: Here you are.

EVE: Thanks.

SOUND: SHE TAKES THE HANDKERCHIEF AND BLOWS HER NOSE... GENTLY!!!

EVE: Y'see. With me it wasn't so bad. I knew that Paul just wanted security... Money in the bank... enough so he wouldn't ever have to worry. I knew that and I could see what he was trying to do. But the kids. They didn't know. They thought that their father didn't care. I love Paul. I couldn't let his children feel anything less than that for him.

JOE: I don't think I understand.
All his life he's worked. Put in long hours without a thought to what he was doing to himself. Every nickel he made was put away so he'd be able to feel secure. So he wouldn't have to worry about anything. It was alright when we first got married. I could understand it then. I went along with what he thought. But the last few years, it's gotten to be an obsession with him. The almighty dollar. That's all that seems important to him.

What business is your husband in Mrs. Nelson?

He owns a grocery store. Small place but it does good. Makes a good living...only we aren't living. We're existing.

Uh huh.

He gives me ten dollars a week to run the house on and buy clothes for the kids. I've tried. Lord knows I've tried. Budget meals...cheap cuts of meat...day old bread. Anyway you spend it...no matter how you figure...ten dollars doesn't go very far.

Anything we can get for you Mrs. Nelson?

No. Now that I'm telling you...it feels better, It doesn't seem so bad. I'd like to go ahead...get it all out.

Alright ma'am.
EVE: When the kids were little it was easier. Then they started to school. I'd walk down with them. Watch them go in. See them say hello to their little friends and see the look that came into their eyes when they noticed that all kids clothes weren't mended. That some of them even had shoes that hadn't been worn by their older brother. Hardest thing in the world...to stand there and see your children think they aren't as good as their friends.

FRANK: Didn't you talk to your husband about it? Didn't you ask him for additional money for the expenses?

EVE: Yes...I'd ask him and he'd tell me that I had to make do. All the time...make do. Just a little longer until he had the money in the bank. Then we'd be all right. Only the more it went on...the worse it got. It didn't seem to make any difference how much money we had...how the total in the pass book went up...he wasn't satisfied. It had to be more. A little more. (CRIES A LITTLE) I guess I'm feeling sorry for myself. But y' see he could afford to buy the kids decent clothes. At least that. You agree with me don't you?

JOE: It's hard to say ma'am.
Not for me. I'll never forget the day when my boy came home. Crying. He'd been fighting. One of the other boys at school had said something about the patches on his clothes. Just a little kid, that's all he was. Ridiculed by his friends. That's when I made up my mind to do something about it.

Does your husband know anything about your activities?

No...nothing.

How'd you explain the new clothes for the youngster's to him?

I didn't have to. Last year, he's been working so hard at the store that I hardly ever see him. The kids don't hardly know him. He even spends Sunday at the store dressing the windows.

Y'mean he spends all his time there?

Every minute he's not asleep. He let the one clerk he had go, so he could save the money. Always save the money. It doesn't make any difference who get's hurt. Get that dollar and put it away. That's what counts... put the dollar away. (SHE CRIES) Y' know something Officer......?

What's that Mrs. Nelson?
EVE: I haven't been able to sit down and talk to my husband for six weeks. Six weeks, he gets home at 12:30 .... 1:00 in the morning. He's up and gone at 6:30. Kids are always asking when daddy's comin' home. How do you answer 'em. How do you make them understand. I can't ..I've tried the only way I know how...and I did it so wrong (SHE CRIES)

FRANK: All right Mrs. Nelson...we'll try to work it out.

EVE: Can I use your phone? I've got to tell the children what to do about dinner.

JOE: I'll call for you ma'am..what's the number?

EVE: Hollywood 9-88-44.

SOUND: JOE GOES TO THE PHONE AND DIALS THEN HO....9-88-44.

JOE: (AT THE PHONE WHILE HE DIALS) Where's your husband now, Mrs. Nelson?

EVE: At the store, I guess. You gonna call him?

FRANK: I think we should ma'am...let him know what's happened.

EVE: I guess so. Somebodys got to take care of the kids.

JOE: (INTO THE PHONE) Hello...I'm calling for Mrs. Nelson...I wonder if I could speak to her son?....This is Sergeant Friday, Los Angeles Police Department. Who? Yes, No...

she's down here now. Yeah...Room 29...All right.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP
EVE: Was that my boy? I wanted to talk to him?

JOE: No ma'am... it was your husband... he's on his way down here.

END SCENE 5

JOE: 2:14 P.M. Paul Nelson walked into the office. Frank and I took he and his wife to the interrogation room. She'd asked us while we waited for him if we'd let her talk to him for a few minutes alone. We stayed out in the hall and after a brief wait, Paul Nelson opened the door and asked us to come into the room. His wife had evidently told him the full story because he was visibly shaken. He walked over to his wife and sat down beside her.

PAUL: Well, I guess I've really done it haven't I?

FRANK: Sir?

PAUL: I've really ruined everything. My home... my kids..... everything. All the time it was happening, I never knew it. Never had an idea.

EVE: Don't blame yourself too much Paul.

PAUL: But I should have known, I should have seen it myself. Even when you tried to tell me, I was too busy to see it. Too wrapped up with the business.

EVE: It wasn't for me Paul....it was for the children.

PAUL: It doesn't make any difference who it was for....I'm the one who caused it. I'm the one....it's my fault. I'm sorry Evelyn....How can I ever make it up to you.
Don't think about that now Paul. It won't do any good.

What's been done can't be changed.

How 'bout it, officer?

Sir?

What happens now?

Well, your wife will be given a preliminary hearing.

She'll have the chance to plead guilty. If she does, the court will decide what to do.

What is the punishment for what she's done?

According to Section four seventy three of the penal code, it's imprisonment in the State penitentiary for 1 to fourteen years or for not more than a year in the country jail.

Is there any way out of it?

What d'ya mean?

Any way of getting Evelyn out of it. If I went to the judge and told him why she did it. If I told him that it was my fault... would that make a difference?

I don't know Nelson... that's be up to the court.

But I could try.

Yes sir....

If I paid the money back. For all the things she's taken. I can afford it. I could go to the stores and pay them. Maybe they'd feel different then. I could make it up to 'em. Everything would be alright.

This things been going on for 6 years Nelson.
PAUL: But if I did pay the stores back... it'd make it up to them wouldn't it?

JOE: Maybe... but how 'bout your wife.

PAUL: What?

JOE: How you gonna make it up to her?

END SCENE 6

The following morning, the suspect was released on bail.

That afternoon, Frank and I met with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and their Attorney. We talked over the case. It seemed that the husband's change of heart was permanent. He swore that he would never give his wife cause for unhappiness again. Two weeks later, in department 89 of the Superior court, Mrs. Nelson entered a plea of guilty to 14 counts of forgery. When the court reviewed the circumstances and was informed that Mr. Nelson intended to make full restitution, the suspect was placed on probation for a period of three years. After the hearing, Frank and I had a brief talk with the couple. They thanked us for our consideration and understanding. Apparently, the cause of trouble between the Nelsons had been erased. Another two weeks by. January 22nd, Frank and I got back from lunch and checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM DOOR CLOSE... FEW FOOTSTEPS TO BRING THEM INTO THE ROOM.
PAUL: (LITTLE OFF) Here they are dear.
EVE: Mr. Friday ... Mr. Smith.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK OVER TO THEM

JOE: Mr. and Mrs. Nelson...how are you.
EVE: Just fine, sergeant. How are you two.
FRANK: 'Bout breakin' even. What can we do for you?
PAUL: It's what we want to do for you.
JOE: Sir?
EVE: (TO PAUL) You got the boxes honey?
PAUL: Yeah...here they are.

SOUND: PAUL TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF MIKE AND PICKS UP TWO BOXES OF COOKIES.
EVE: It's not much...but we thought that you'd like them.
JOE: Made 'em ourselves. To say thanks.
FRANK: That's not necessary...X'didn't have to do that. Etc.
PAUL: No...we wanted to. Toll House cookies...Eve made a box for each of you. Real good...lots of chocolate.
JOE: That's real nice.
EVE: We just hope you'll enjoy 'em.
JOE: I'm sure we will.
FRANK: Yes ma'am.
JOE: How're things goin' with you...?
EVE: Just fine. Paul and I've gotten everything straightened out. I help him out in the store now...that way he's got more time to spend with the kids. Things just couldn't be much better.
JOE: Well, we're glad to hear it.

EVE: It's a funny thing to say Mr. Friday...but it's true.

Best thing that ever happened to us.

JOE: What's that Mrs. Nelson?

EVE: My gettin' arrested.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY:

FENN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.

Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, we've been getting letters from people all over the country telling us that they've switched to Chesterfield. Just as I've been telling you...thousands of smokers are changing to Chesterfield because only Chesterfield gives proof of low nicotine...highest quality. That's why I recommend you try them today. Regular or king-size...You'll find Chesterfield best for you.