THE BIG FRAUD
N.B.C. # 219 CHESTERFIELD # 51
FOR BROADCAST: OCT. 27, 1953

1 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE

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

3 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER

4 GIBNEY: Dragnet is brought to you by Chesterfield...made by
Liggett and Myers ... first major tobacco company to
give you a complete line of quality cigarettes.

5 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

6 PENN: You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Bunco
Fugitive Detail. An extortion ring is operating in
your city. The victims are wealthy business men. The
thieves claim they're policemen. Your job ... check 'em
out.

7 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
Oct. 27, 1953

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Friends, this month's Chesterfield poster features the
2 world's greatest golfer ... Ben Hogan. Now, here's what
3 he has to say about Chesterfields.
4 HOGAN: I'm a Chesterfield smoker and have been for seven years.
5 The reason's simple. Chesterfield is best for you.
6 They're milder and they taste great. Try them yourself.
7 FENN: Take Ben Hogan's advice ... Try Chesterfield ... The only
8 cigarette ever to give you proof of low nicotine ....
9 highest quality - and a proven record with smokers.
10 Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... Best for you.
MUSIC: THEM E

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 FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR, SLIGHT ECHO AND CORRIDOR

JOE: It was Tuesday, August 10th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Bunco-Fugitive detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Didion. My name's Friday. I'd spent the morning in court and it was 11:45 A.M. when I got back to room 38 ... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ... Bunco.

KIEFTH: (AS JOE ENTERS) Well, I'm tellin' you that you better do something about it. Gettin' terrible when a citizen has a thing like this happen to him.

SOUND: UNDER ABOVE, THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND JOE AND HE WALKS TOWARDS KIEFTH.

FRANK: (WITH KIEFTH) Alright Mr. Mather...if you'll seat down and tell me what happened.
KIETH: I gotta lot of friends in this town. I happen to know one of the councilmen real well and if you don't clean this up you're gonna be walkin' a beat in the asparagus fields.

FRANK: Just a minute Mr. Mather...here's my partner. Now if you'll tell us what happened maybe we can help you out.

KIETH: You don't need no partner...You just go out and arrest these fellas. you get 'em.

JOE: What's the matter?

FRANK: This is Mr. Keith Mather, my partner Sergeant Friday.

JOE: How d'ya do sir.

KIETH: Don't you come around here tryin' to smooth things over. I'm not gonna be happy until those hoodlums are in jail where they belong. I'm tellin' you the same as I told this fella. You do something about this or I'm gonna take it to the mayor.

JOE: (TO FRANK) What's the matter?

FRANK: I dunno. Been tryin' to find out.

KIETH: Well, what're you gonna do about it?

JOE: You like a cigarette sir?

KIETH: Yes thank you.

SOUND: JOE GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE AND TAKES ONE HIMSELF. LIGHT BUSINESS UNDER.

KIETH: (EXHALING) How 'bout it?

JOE: Sir?
KIETH: How 'bout it. What're you gonna do.

JOE: If you'd start right at the beginning and tell us what all
this is about maybe we can give you a hand.

KIETH: Well, there isn't a shoe shine in the world that's worth
five dollars. I don't care what kind of wax they use.
Not for five dollars. No sir.

JOE: Shoe shine?

KIETH: Yes. They call it imported wax. Way they charge for it
it must be brought in from Timbuktoo by dogsled.

FRANK: I'll get' the report.

JOE: Right.

KIETH: They take that match and light it, they
they burn the edges of your shoes soles. Don't do
anything but smoke up your shoes. That's all... just
smoke up your shoes. A five dollar hot foot.

JOE: Your full name?

KIETH: Kiel Shawn Mather. Right there on the street they
threatened me.

FRANK: Where'd this happen?

KIETH: Shoe shine stand on the corner of Main and Kohler. Little
place with pin up pictures all over the walls. Never
saw so many pin-ups.

FRANK: Do you know if they had a card showing the prices of
shines?

KIETH: I didn't see one. All those pictures. Hard to tell.
If you'll tell us in your own words what happened.

I was on my way to work. Have a very busy day. Lotta important appointments. I'd just parked my car and I was walking along and I went by this place. Fella standing there asked me if I wanted a shine. Just so happened that I did, so I climbed up in the chair. Climbed up and read the paper. Say this isn't catchin' these fellas...Let's have a little action here instead of all these questions.

We've got to get the information Mr. Mather. We'll pick up the men.

You want to go on with your story?

Well, I was sittin' there readin' the paper and the man asked me if I wanted imported wax. I wasn't payin' a lot of attention I guess I said yes. Next thing I know I think he's trying to give me a hot foot. I looked down and he's got this big kitchen match out and he's burning the edges of my soles. Smoke comin' up...I told him to stop it and I got down from the chair. I was plenty sore you can just bet. Plenty.

Yes sir.
KIETH: Well, I handed him a half a dollar. Figured that'd take care of the tip too. Wasn't a very good shine. Come right down to it a half a dollar was too much. All that smoke. Next thing I know he said the shine was five dollars. I almost climbed right up on top of the place. Couldn't believe my ears. C'n you imagine.... five dollars for a shine?

JOE: That's then the men got out of the car.

KIETH: That's right... these three fellas got right out of the...

JOE: say how'd you know?

KIETH: This isn't a new operation.

JOE: We get a couple of dozen complaints a week.

FRANK: Did these men actually threaten you?

KIETH: No they didn't actually come right out. I got into an argument with the man who'd shined my shoes and these three guys walked over. Big guys. Real big. Just kinda stood around... nudged me. Said I shouldn't cause any trouble that a man could get hurt by causing trouble.

JOE: You gave them the money?

KIETH: The way they put it, I had my choice of payin' or gettin' my head saved in. I can get another five bucks... I paid 'em.

JOE: Now are you sure that they didn't have a card showing the prices of the shoe shines?

KIETH: I don't think they did... Didn't pay a lot of attention to it. That make a difference?
1 JOE: Yes sir. I told you that this has happened quite a bit before. City Council passed an ordinance that all shoe shine parlors have to have a sign showing their prices. If this place doesn't have the sign, we can file on 'em. If they list the price of an imported wax shine as being five dollars, there's nothing we can do about it.

7 FRANK: We'll finish up this report and then if you'll point the place out, we'll have a look.

9 KLEIN: Then start writin'. I told you I had a lot of important appointments. I can't spend all day here.

11 SOUND: UNDER ABOVE WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN FROM THE CORRIDOR.

12 COUPLE OF STEPS: IN, AND STOP.

13 JOE: Go ahead Frank...I'll catch this.

14 SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS TO THE DOOR...STOPS.

15 JOE: Yes sir...can I help you?

16 MARTIN: I wanna give myself up.

17 BEAT

18 JOE: Sir?

19 MARTIN: This is Bunco-Fugitive isn't it? That's what it says on the door.

20 JOE: That's right.

21 MARTIN: Then I want to give myself up. I'm tired of running.

22 JOE: that's right.

23 MARTIN: Then I want to give myself up. I'm tired of running.

24 JOE: I haven't got anyplace to go.

25 MARTIN: You want to tell me what this is about?

26 JOE: You want to tell me what this is about?

27 MARTIN: I gave him every nickel I had. I haven't even got enough money to go home. All I want is enough to eat on and get back home. I gave him everything.
"FRAUD"

1 JOE: I don't think I understand sir.

2 MARTIN: It's perfectly simple...I gave him all the money I had.
3 He said it'd be alright. Now I'm broke and I want to
4 borrow enough to get home.

5 JOE: Who're you talking about? Who'd you give the money to?

6 MARTIN: A policeman.

7 END SCENE 1

8 JOE: The man who walked into our office indentified himself as
9 Martin Dietrich. From the story he gave us, it appeared
10 that he'd been the victim of a shakedown by person or
11 persons representing themselves as police officers. We
12 turned the shoe-shine parlor complaint over to other
13 officers for investigation and then we took Dietrich
14 across the street to the Federal Cafe. We sat down in a
15 booth and ordered coffee while the victim had breakfast.
16 He acted as if he hadn't eaten in several days. Frank
17 and I waited until he finished and then started to
18 question him.

19 SOUND: SMALL CAFE B.G.

20 FRANK: If you'll tell us what happened Mr. Dietrich.

21 MARTIN: Sure...I'm from Chicago. I work for a wholesale drug
22 company back there and I had to come out here on
23 business. Got in last Saturday.

24 JOE: That'd be August 7th?

25 MARTIN: Yeah...the seventh. Got in at 8:45 on the Super Chief.
26 I didn't have any business to do until yesterday...so I
27 thought I'd look the town over. Get settled you know.
"FRAUD"

1 JOE: Yes sir.
2 MARTIN: I didn't even have hotel reservations. So after I got off
3 the train, I was waiting for my baggage to be checked
4 through and I went over to the coffee shop for some
5 coffee. Sat down and started to read the paper. Must
6 have been there for fifteen-twenty minutes when this guy
7 came in and sat down next to me.
8 FRANK: Go ahead.
9 MARTIN: He just sat there for a couple of minutes. I didn't pay
10 any attention to him...busy readin' the paper y'know.
11 JOE: Yeah.
12 MARTIN: Then he asked me for a match. I gave him one and told him
13 to keep the pack. I remember tellin' him that. Next thing
14 I know, we're in a big conversation. Turns out he's from
15 Chicago too.
16 JOE: He tell you his name?
17 MARTIN: Said it was Gabriel Bush. Told me he was in the wholesale
18 liquor business. Said he was out here on a selling trip.
19 Checking up on the branch office. I went right along with
20 him. Seemed like such a nice fella. Well dressed...
21 cultured. Even knowing it...you sure wouldn't figure
22 him for what he was.
23 JOE: What's that sir?
24 MARTIN: A narcotics addict.
25 JOE: Are you sure about that?
26 MARTIN: I should be. Cost me over three thousand dollars to find
27 out.
28 FRANK: You wanna go on sir?
MARTIN: Well like I told you...we got to talkin'...bout Chicago...

tried to see if we knew any of the same people back there...
turned out we didn't. Then we went over to get our
baggage. Picked that up and we walked out side.

JOE: Uh huh.

MARTIN: Standing there waitin' for a cab and this Bush fella
asked me where I was stayin'. He said maybe we could get
together for dinner. Y' see...this is my first trip out
here. Bush said he'd made it several times before and he
knew the place pretty good. Told me he'd show me the
town. When I told him I didn't have any place to stay...
he asked me to go to his hotel with him. Said something
about a convention in town and that rooms were pretty
hard to get but I could stay with him until I found a
place.

JOE: That's what you did--huh?

MARTIN: Yeah. We got a cab and went out to a big hotel on
Wilshire. He had reservations there. He signed the card
and we went up to the room. The way he acted...you'd
never know there was anything wrong. Never even suspect
it.

JOE: Yeah...go ahead.

MARTIN: Say, I wonder if I could have another cup of coffee.

JOE: Sure.

FRANK: I'll get it.

SOUND: FRANK GETS UP FROM THE TABLE.
FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah...I'll have a cup.

FRANK: WALES OFF.

JOE: You wanna go on Mr. Dietrich?

MARTIN: Well we no sooner got in the room that Gabe started to unpack his suitcase.

JOE: Gabe?

MARTIN: Yeah...Gabriel Bush. He told me to call him Gabe. Said he was named after a great uncle or something and didn't much care for the name.

JOE: Uh huh...go ahead.

MARTIN: Well, he unpacked his bag. I guess I should have noticed something then...the way he acted.

JOE: How do you mean?

MARTIN: When he took the stuff out of his bag...he acted like he didn't want me to see what he was doing? But he did it in a funny way. So I couldn't miss noticing it. Y'know what I mean?

JOE: I think so.

MARTIN: Well, he went into the bathroom. Stayed in there a couple of minutes and then when he came out, he had his sleeve rolled up. Had a piece of cotton on his arm...like when you give a transfusion...y'know here...(INDICATES)

JOE: Yeah.
1 MARTIN: He had this little leather case, and when he went to put it away, he dropped it. Spilled the stuff in it all over the floor. I soulda gotten out right then. Right there...
2 if I'da had any brains I'da gotten out.
3 JOE: What was in the case?
4 MARTIN: All the stuff for takin' narcotics. Hypodermic needle...
5 all the stuff.
6 JOE: What'd he say when he dropped it?
7 MARTIN: He just tried to laugh it off. Then he told me that he was a diabetic. Said that he had to take insulin shots.
8 Bout that time, the other two guys came in.

12 SOUND: UNDER ABOVE, WE HEAR FRANK MAKE BACK ON THE STOOLS.
13 JOE: Here...lemme get those cups Frank.
14 FRANK: Thanks.
15 SOUND: JOE TAKES TWO OF THE CUPS AND PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE.
16 JOE: Here you are Mr. Districh.
17 MARTIN: Thanks.
18 SOUND: FRANK SLIDES INTO THE BOOTH.
19 JOE: What about the other two men?
20 MARTIN: They knocked on the door and Gabe went to let them in.
21 They had guns and told us to get out hands up. Said they were policemen.
22 JOE: They have any kind of identification?
23 MARTIN: Yeah. Badges. Show'd us them...then they started to question Gabe.
24 FRANK: Who's Gabe?
JOE: Man-he-met at the station.

FRANK: (GRUNTS)

JOE: What these two men want?

MARTIN: Said Gabe was a narcotic addict. Said they'd been after him for a long time and that they'd gotten word from the Chicago police that he was comin' out here.

JOE: Uh huh.

MARTIN: Told me that they'd been following us since we got off the train. Been following us all the time.

FRANK: What'd they do then?

MARTIN: Took us downstairs and put us in a car. Said they were going to take us to jail. I tried to talk to them...tell 'em that I didn't have any part in what Gabe was doing. That I didn't even know about the narcotics. One of 'em said they knew that.

JOE: That you weren't involved in it?

MARTIN: Yeah. Then the other one opened up the glove compartment of the car and took out a microphone. Called in here to police headquarters. Gave 'em Gabe's name and mine. Said they had us in custody and were bringing us in. I kept askin' the one guy in the back with me to let me go. Let me out of the car.

FRANK: What'd he say?
MARTIN: He told me that they'd like to but it was too late. That they'd already called in my name. Said they couldn't do anything about it now. I told 'em how it'd ruin me if the story got out. How I couldn't explain it to my bosses.

That's when they told me there was a way.

JOE: Yeah?

MARTIN: The one fella said that if I could afford to take care of all the policemen who know that I'd been picked up maybe they could fix it. The other one...the one in the front seat said it wasn't a good idea. That they should book me. They got in a discussion about it. The one guy wanted to let me go...the other one said not to. Finally the one with me...in the back seat won out. I gave 'em all the money I had...Thirty three hundred and 50 dollars.

JOE: Uh huh.

MARTIN: They pulled the car over to the curb and told me to get out. Not to say anything about what had happened. They just dropped me off and drove away. Didn't even let me have my suitcases. Left those in the car.

JOE: What'd you do then?

MARTIN: Not much I could do. I was broke. I couldn't send home for money, my family knows how much I had when I left.

FRANK: Isn't there somebody here in town who'd help?

MARTIN: I don't know anybody out here. I walked around trying to figure what to do. Wasn't any answer so I came in here. Wanted to give myself up. I figured that the least you guys could do was to lend me enough of my own money to get home.
J OE: The badge these two men showed you...it look like this one?

S OUND: UNDER ABOVE, JOE TAKES HIS BADGE OUT OF HIS POCKET

M ARTIN: (LOOKING) I think so. I was so worried that I didn't look real close at it. I think it was the same.

J OE: Either one of 'em tell you their names?

M ARTIN: Not the one in the front seat. The one who wanted to let me go said his name was Lang. Said he was a sergeant.

F RANK: He tell you where he worked?

M ARTIN: Just...Narcotics, that's all he said.

J OE: You gave him this money in cash huh?

M ARTIN: Yeah...all of it. D'you know 'em. You know these two officers?

J OE: No sir we don't. I don't think they were policemen.

M ARTIN: They said they were. The badges...the police car. Even the radio.

F RANK: Did you hear anyone talk back to them on the radio?

M ARTIN: I don't remember. I was so upset about what was happening that I didn't pay any attention to what was going on. All I could think about was that I was going to jail. And for something that I didn't know anything about. I don't remember.

J OE: What kind of a car was it?

M ARTIN: A chevrolet.
JOE: What color?

MARTIN: Sort of a light grey.

JOE: Will you show us the hotel where this happened?

MARTIN: Sure...but I don't understand all this. The other two policemen said that if I gave them the money everything would be alright. They said they could fix it up. I don't want any trouble. All I want is enough money to get home. They said they'd fix the whole thing up. They told me there wouldn't be any trouble.

JOE: They haven't got the right to say that.

MARTIN: What?

JOE: They don't talk for us.

END SCENE 2

JOE: 12:52 P.M. we took the victim, Martin Dietrich back to the city hall. We got in touch with Lieutenant Iannone in the Internal Affairs Division and filled him in on what had happened. He started an immediate check of all police officers in the city and county. Working from the description we'd gotten from the victim, Narcotics detail was notified and they started to work. A local broadcast and an A.P.B. were gotten out on the suspects. We checked the name, Gabriel Bush through R. and I. but when the mugg shots from the packages we came up with were shown to Dietrich, he was unable to give us an identification.

3:15 P.M. we drove the victim out to the hotel where he told us the shakedown had occurred. In the company of the manager we went upstairs.

SOUND: DOOR UNLOCK AND OPEN
1 HENRY: Come right in...this is the room.
2 JOE: How 'bout it Dietrich?
3 MARTIN: Yeah. This is where he brought me.
4 JOE: (TO THE CLERK) Mr. Alden...do you know anything about the man who took this room?
5 HENRY: You mean Mr. Bush?
6 JOE: Yes sir.
7 HENRY: No I don't. I do remember when he came in. Registered with this gentleman here. Had a reservation and I had the boy bring him up to the room.
8 JOE: Do you keep any record of how reservations are made?
9 HENRY: I don't think I understand.
10 JOE: Well, if they're made by phone, wire or letter.
11 HENRY: Oh yes...we have that.
12 JOE: I wonder if you could find out how this Mr. Bush got the room.
13 HENRY: Surely. If you'll excuse me.
14 SOUND: HE TAKES A COUPLE STEPS OFF AND PICKS UP THE PHONE.
15 HENRY: (OFF...INTO PHONE) Reservation desk please. (TO JOE)
16 JOE: We'll have the information. I'm sure of it.
17 HENRY: (INTO PHONE) George? This is Henry...say do you have the reservation order for a Mr. Gabriel Bush? Yes...
18 HENRY: That's right. What...just a moment. (TO JOE) He came in the seventh didn't he?
19 MARTIN: Yeah...Saturday the seventh.
20 HENRY: (INTO PHONE) Yes that's right...Saturday. What?
21 HENRY: Alright...I'll wait. (TO JOE) He's checking it now.
JOE: How many times has this room been occupied since then?
HENRY: Be hard to say. Couple...maybe more. I can look it up.
JOE: It's cleaned after each occupancy?
HENRY: Thoroughly...every day.
JOE: Uh huh.
HENRY: That's one of the things we pride ourselves on here...I always say...that if you haven't got a clean hotel...
then you haven't got any hotel at all.
JOE: Yes sir.
HENRY: I've been thinking about turning in that little motto to the suggestion box...you know maybe the owners'll adopt it...(INTO PHONE) Yes George...Uh huh. It was huh?
HENRY: According to our records the reservation was made by phone on Friday at 3:30 P.M. Reservation was taken by George Handley. He's the one I was just talking to.
JOE: Uh huh. You took care of the registration though.
HENRY: Yes...that's right. Checked this gentleman and Mr. Bush in at the same time. I thought it was kinda funny what Mr. Bush was saying...that's the reason I remember it.
JOE: What's that?
FRAUDY!

HENRY: All the time Mr. Bush was signing the card...he was telling Mr. Dietrich here that there was a convention in town. How all the hotels were full up. That's not right. We haven't had a really big convention in a couple of months. Why right here in this place we've got several rooms we could have let Mr. Dietrich have. Not that we're not doing a good business you understand, not at all.

JOE: Uh huh.

HENRY: But we do have a few very nice rooms.

FRANK: Have you ever seen this Mr. Bush before?

HENRY: No...no I don't think I ever have. Of course you understand that there are several hundred people in and out a day. It's a little difficult to say for sure.

JOE: But you'd know if he ever took a room here before?

HENRY: Oh yes...I'd be pretty sure that he hasn't.

JOE: Uh huh. Would you know this man again if you saw him?

HENRY: I think so.

FRANK: Did you see him and Mr. Dietrich leave the hotel?

HENRY: No I didn't.

JOE: Did you see the other two men with them that night?

HENRY: No, I didn't. At least if I did, I don't remember it.

JOE: Alright sir. If we could take a look at the registration card and talk to the cashier?

HENRY: Sure.
FRANK: Do you know if their bill was paid when they checked out?
HENRY: I imagine so. I don't collect the money. Cashier does that. We can ask her.
FRANK: All right sir.
HENRY: You think you might get a clue from her?
JOE: We want to talk to her.
HENRY: She won't be able to tell you anything that I haven't filled you in on already.
JOE: Sir?
HENRY: Well...it follows. I'm the manager here. Anything goes on and I'm gonna know about it. Not only that but I've worked a lot with our security officer. Y'know... house detective.
FRANK: That right?
HENRY: Oh yes. I help him out all the time. People are always trying to get away with hotel property. But we stop 'em. Come right down to it...I could almost be a policeman myself.
JOE: Uh huh.
HENRY: All I need is the badge and a gun.
JOE: You're wrong there mister.
HENRY: Huh?
JOE: They don't make you a cop.

END SCENE #3
JOE: 4:30 P.M. We talked to the cashier at the hotel. She
told us that the bill for the room had been paid by
Gabriel Bush at 2:15 the afternoon of the shakedown,
three hours after Martin Dietrich had turned over the
money to the thieves. She told us that the bill had been
paid with cash and that she could give us no further
information on the man. We obtained the registration
card the suspect had signed when he checked into the
hotel. In the usual processing of the card by hotel
employees, it had been handled so much that lifting
fingerprints from it was impossible. The card was turned
over to Don Meyers in handwriting for checking. 5:20
P.M. The victim started to look through the photographs
of police officers. Lieutenant Iannone's preliminary
investigation had failed to turn up any police officers
who matched the description of the shakedown men. A
check with officers from Narcotics detail netted us
nothing. They were still checking their sources of
information to help us in coming up with a lead. 11:16
P.M. We took the victim out for dinner and then came back
to the city hall and continued to go through the pictures.
At 1:26 A.M. he finished the last book with out finding
the men who'd claimed that they were police officers.
We checked out of the office and Dietrich spent the night
at Frank's house. The following morning, Wednesday,
August 11th, 8:04 A.M. Frank and I met with Captain
Didion in his office.

SOUND: SMALL B.G. AS OF SQUADROOM HEARD THROUGH OPEN DOOR.
DIDION: Well, where are you on it?

JOE: Not too far.

DIDION: What've you got?

JOE: Checked the files. We're pretty sure that they aren't policemen.

DIDION: You knew that goin' in. How 'bout narcotics, they come up with anything?

FRANK: Not yet. They're still workin' on it.

DIDION: Y'add it up and you haven't got anything. That right?

JOE: Pretty close skipper.

DIDION: Way this thing is set up, we've got no way of knowing how many times this has been pulled before. Victims think they've done something wrong. That if we get to 'em we're gonna lock 'em up. We're just lucky this Dietrich came in. Hadn't been for him we might not have found out about it for a while. Now I'm gonna tell you something. You listen good.

JOE: Go ahead.

DIDION: I haven't been on a sippy diet for a couple of months. Stomach's doin' fine. I want to keep it that way. You know how I feel on this kind of thing. I want it stopped. Every time these guys take a mark they're puttin' every cop in the world in a bad spot. Right off we got a victim who swears a crooked cop shook him down. I talked to Chief Brown about this yesterday afternoon. He's as hot on it as I am. I don't care how you do it...but stop 'em.

JOE: Yeah.
DIDION: You need any extra men?
JOE: Not now. Might later.
DIDION: I got Johnny DiBetta standin' by. You can use anybody else you need but clean this thing up.
FRANK: Yeah.
DIDION: You got any idea how they made the mark?
JOE: Story we got doesn't help much. Dietrich was having a cup of coffee. They approached him.
DIDION: I don't know how these con men work it. They can spot a man with a bankroll five miles off. By the time he walks up, they got a new dodge worked out and ready to work.
JOE: If we knew how to stop that, we'd be out of jobs.
DIDION: I rather have it that way. Where do you go from here?
JOE: We're gettin' descriptions out to all the hotels. Warning them about the racket. Asking them to call us if this Bush fella registers again.
DIDION: Doesn't seem he'll use the same name again.
FRANK: No reason not to. He doesn't know we're on to him.
DIDION: I suppose so. (BEAT) I got an idea last night. Might work. Least it would be something to start on.
JOE: Let's hear it Skipper.
DIDION: Figures that the only men who'll go for this dodge have got responsible positions in their home towns. If they didn't have, they wouldn't care about being brought down here along with Bush. Right?
DIDION: They got to be from out of town, so the con men can get rid of 'em fast.

FRANK: Yeah.

DIDION: Now this Dietrich...he was picked up in the Union Station. Right?

JOE: Yeah.

DIDION: Then if you're gonna pick your boys up, that's the place to do it. Try to nail 'em while they're settin' a mark.

JOE: Yeah, might work. Be better if one of us was the mark.

DIDION: That's what I had in mind. You got any good luggage Joe. Expensive looking?

JOE: I got a set my mother gave me last Christmas. Looks good.

DIDION: We'll try it then. Smith...you'll work with Di Betta. Keep a tail on Friday from the time he gets into the Union depot. And here Friday...

SOUND: DIDION TAKES A TIMETABLE FROM HIS DESK AND HANDS IT TO JOE.

DIDION: (CONTINUING) Here's a timetable.

JOE: Hub?

DIDION: Tomorrow morning you start riding the train.

END SCENE 4
END ACT 1

GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.
GIBNEY: It's taking place at your dealers ... cigarette dealers coast-to-coast!

FENN: Smokers by the thousands are now changing to Chesterfield. Join 'em today ... And you'll be smoking the only cigarette that gives you proof of low nicotine - highest quality. I want you to know that's a matter of record. And so's this. As I've been telling you ... Chesterfield is the only cigarette with this proven record with smokers ... No adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfields. Good reasons why you should change to Chesterfields? You bet. Ask for Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... Best for you.
The following morning, Thursday, August 12th, I drove out to Pasadena. At 8:12 A.M. I caught the train on its last stop before the Union Depot in Los Angeles. The only piece of luggage I carried was a leather two suiter suitcase. At 8:45 A.M., the train pulled into the station. I got off and walked up the ramp into the terminal. From there, I walked over to the coffee shop and waited for over an hour. From where I sat, I could see Frank and Sgt. John Dibetta farther down the counter. At the end of the hour, no attempt had been made to approach me and we called off the operation for the day.

While I was in the coffee shop, I watched for anyone matching the description of the suspect bush, but if he was there, we didn't see him. The operation was staged again for the next two days without results. On Sunday, August Fifteenth, I went through the usual procedure. After the waitress brought my coffee, I waited. 9:02 A.M.

COFFEE SHOP B.G. JOE IS TAKING A DRINK OF COFFEE.

(LITTLE OFF) Mind if I sit down here?

JOE PUTS THE CUP DOWN.

No go ahead. Here, I'll move the coat.

I'll get it for you.

GABE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF AND THEN COMES BACK AND SITS DOWN.
"FRAUD"

1  GABE: Not gonna need an overcoat out here. Sure is hot.
2  JOE: Guess so. This is my first trip. Thought I'd bring
3        one with me... California weather.
4  GABE: Yeah. Never know. Where you from?
5  JOE: Chicago.
6  GABE: Take the chief in?
7  JOE: Yeah. Just thought I'd have a cup of coffee before I
8        started to find a hotel.
9  GABE: Guess, I oughta introduce myself... I'm Gabriel Bush.
10  JOE: Friends call me Gabe.
11  JOE: I'm Joe Friday. You just get in too?
12  GABE: Yeah. I work for a wholesale liquor company in Chicago.
13  JOE: Small world. Where are your offices?
14  GABE: State street. We've got a little trouble with our
15        west coast office. Boss sent me out to see if I can
16        straighten it out. What're you doin' here?
17  JOE: Kinda business and pleasure.
18  GABE: What line you in?
19  JOE: Machine tools.
20  GABE: How long you gonna be in town?
21  JOE: I'm leavin Tuesday.
22  GABE: Doesn't give you a lot of time here. You know anybody
23        in town?
24  JOE: Not a soul.
25  GABE: Where'd you say you were staying?
JOE: Haven't got a place yet. Thought I'd go over to the Statler.

GABE: You aren't gonna get in there. Matter of fact you're gonna have a rough time gettin' in anyplace. Big convention in town. Aren't any rooms to be had. I made my reservation a couple of weeks ago. Office out here took care of it.

JOE: Didn't know it'd be that crowded.

GABE: I'll tell you what...

JOE: Huh?

GABE: C'mon over to my hotel. You can park your luggage there and I'll get in touch with a couple of friends here and see what they can do.

JOE: That's pretty nice of you, but I don't want you to go to any trouble. I'll find a place.

GABE: No trouble at all. Can't let a fellow Chicagoan stand out in the cold. I'm sure the boys can find you a place. Matter of fact, I'll talk to the clerk where I'm stayin'. Might even be able to fix you up there.

JOE: I do a lot of business there. They'll do what they can.

GABE: That's sure nice of you. If it's really no trouble.

JOE: Not at all. C'mon now...this all your luggage? The one bag?

GABE: Yeah, that's all.

JOE: Soon's we get the check...we'll shave off. Get you a room and we're all set. You got any plans tonight?
"FRAUD"

1  JOE:  No nothin' special.
2  GABE:  Good. I know a great place out on the Sunset Strip.
3          Good ribs and great Chicago music.
4  JOE:  Sounds good.
5  GABE:  It is.
6  JOE:  I sure appreciate this. What you're doin'!
7  GABE:  Don't think anything about it. Who knows...maybe you'll
8          be able to do something for me sometime.
9  JOE:  Yeah...maybe I can.

END SCENE 5
"FRAUD"

1 JOE: We walked out of the terminal and got into a cab. I could see Frank and Dibetta following us. The address Bush gave the cab driver was out on Wilshire Boulevard. We pulled up in front of the place and went in. The suspect signed the registration card and we went upstairs. All the time he kept up a running conversation about how difficult it was to get a hotel room. The bellboy left our bags in the room and asked if we wanted them opened. Bush made it apparent to both the boy and to me that he was the only one who was going to open his suitcase. After the bellboy left the room, Bush laid his bag on the bed and snapped it open. He took out a small leather case, trying to keep me from seeing it and the same time making sure that I did. He went into the bathroom and after about two minutes he came out. He'd taken off his coat and his left shirtsleeve was rolled back. He had a small piece of cotton on his arm.

18 SOUN$: GABE WALKING ON MIKE.

19 GABE: Feel a lot better now.

20 JOE: What's the matter, something wrong?

21 GABE: No...nothin' at all. Y'see I'm a diabetic...I have to take insulin shots, every so often.

23 JOE: Oh.

24 GABE: I'll get this back in my suitcase and we can start lookin' for a room for you.

26 JOE: Okay.

27 SOUN$: GABE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS AND THEN DROPS THE MPX.
"FRAUD"

1 Joe: Here...lemme give you a hand. I'll help you pick it up.
2 Gabe: (Fast) Don't worry about it...I can get it.
3 Sound: THEY PICK THE STUFF UP.
4 Joe: Here...I guess this spoon's part of it.
5 Gabe: Oh yeah.
6 Joe: I didn't know you used a spoon for insp.
7 Sound: KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
8 Joe: I'll get it.
9 Gabe: Wait a minute...lemme put this stuff away.
10 Joe: I'll open the door. See who it is.
11 Sound: JOE WALKS TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.
12 Joe: Yeah. What d'ya want?
13 Lang: Police officers...you're under arrest.
14 Joe: What for?
15 Lang: Narcotics.
16 Gabe: What're you doin'...breakin' in here like this. You've
got no right comin' in a room like this.
17 Lang: Knock it off Bush. We've been after you for a long time.
18 We've finally nailed you now don't bawl about it.
19 Joe: This other fella a cop too?
20 Lang: Yeah. This my partner...Roger Silby.
21 Joe: Listen...I had no part in this. I just met the guy. If
you want him, okay but don't tie me in with him.
22 Silby: Too bad mister...get your coat.
23 Joe: Where we goin'.
24 Lang: Downtown. We gotta book you.
But I had no part in this. I tell you I just met the guy. Just this morning. Down at the depot. I just met him. I'm not mixed up in this. You gotta believe me. If my company finds out about this, it'll cost me my job. You guys gotta give me a break.

You shoulda thought about that before mister. Little late now.

If my boss hears about this, he'll can me.

C'mon why don't you give the guy a break? He's tellin' the truth. I just met him. He's got no piece of the action.

That's rough. Maybe next time he'll be more careful if who he hangs around with. Let's go.

The two men had shown us badges when they came in. They'd flashed them by so fast that there was no way of taking a look at them. They made Bush and I get our things together and then they took us downstairs. As we walked through the lobby, I nodded to Frank and Johnny DiBetta. They fell in step with us as we walked outside. The plan was, that I'd get in the car with the suspects and then give them the marked money. After that, they'd be taken into custody. Until they'd actually taken the money, all we could prosecute on was a charge of impersonating an officer. Once the currency was in their possession, we could prove extortion, a felony. After we left the hotel, we walked up Wilshire Boulevard and stopped by a tan Chevrolet.

TRAFFIC. COUPLE OF STEPS.
LANG: Alright get in.
JOE: This a police car?
SILBY: Yeah. I'll take this one in front with me.
LANG: Right.
SOUND: THEY OPEN THE CAR DOORS
LANG: Get in.
JOE: I wish I could tell you guys that you're makin' a mistake.
LANG: We'll let the judge worry about that.
SOUND: LANG AND JOE SLIDE INTO THE CAR DOOR CLOSE
SILBY: (IN FRONT SEAT) I'll call in and tell 'em we're comin in.
LANG: Right.
SOUND: WE HEAR SILBY OPEN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.
SILBY: (IN FRONT SEAT) This is Unit 12 R. 7. We have two suspects
in custody. We are taking them to the city jail for
booking. Repeat...we have two suspects in custody. We
are taking them to the city jail for booking.
SOUND: SILBY PUTS MIKE BACK INTO THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT AND
CLOSES IT. THEN HE STARTS THE MOTOR AND THE CAR MOVES OUT
INTO TRAFFIC.
LANG: (IN THE BACK WITH JOE) Just sit back Mister...you got a
long ride.
JOE: What're they gonna do to me?
LANG: We just book you. After that it's up to the court.
JOE: But they'll turn me loose won't they?
I don't know. We gotta big drive on now about narcotics. Courts are gettin' pretty rough. Had a guy up just last week. They caught him in a car with another fella who was smokin' marijana. This one guy didn't even know it was tea. They really nailed him. (TO SILKY) How long did they give Jenkins?

SILKY: Y'mean on that tea rap last week?

LANG: Yeah.

SILKY: Five years.

LANG: (TO JOE) Y'see. They're really gettin' rough.

JOE: But I didn't have anything to do with this.

LANG: Tell the court. We know you're clean we got word about Bush here comin' out from Chicago. Department back there called us. They figured he was out here to make a buy. We been after him for a long time. You just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Rough...

JOE: But I didn't have anything to do with it. You said that yourself. You know it. Isn't there some way. There's gotta be.

LANG: I don't know. We don't like to see guys like you nailed. But the pressure's on us too. We'd like to just let you out of the car. Forget we ever saw you...but we can't do it.

JOE: Why not...why can't you?

LANG: Too many people know, we picked you up.

JOE: Who...who knows it?
Our office for one. Soon's we spotted you and Bush at the hotel...we called them. Told 'em we were going to take you into custody. My partner just called in and told them that we had you. People on the the radio know it. Must be a couple of dozen... No... there's nothin' we can do. Sorry.

Lousy deal. This is going to ruin me. You know that.

I'll lose my job. I'll be finished.

I don't know. We'd like to help you out... but you can see there isn't anyway.

There must be.

Silby?

(Off) Yeah?

How 'bout it... can't we just let him out.

You tell me how we're gonna get away with it. How we gonna explain when he isn't there to be booked.

Look, he's a nice guy. I don't want to see him get into trouble for something he didn't do.

Neither do I... but how do you figure to square it.

You're bright cops. C'mon... give the guy a break.

Suppose we could take care of the watch commander. Maybe he'd forget we called in.

Takin' care of him is expensive.

(To Joe) How much money you got on you?
JOE: 'bout twenty five hundred dollars.

LANG: Not much. Can you raise any more?

JOE: Not with out sending home. I can't do that.

LANG: (TO SILEY). How 'bout it Silby...2500 enough?

SILEY: Won't go very far. Lotta people to take care of.

LANG: It's all he's got.


LANG: We been riding together a long time Silby. This is the lousiest deal we've ever had to pull. If we take the twenty five hundred and explain it to the commander...

it'll work. Let's give the guy a chance.

SILEY: If it goes wrong, it's on your neck.

LANG: Yeah...I'll take the beef.

SILEY: Okay. Shove him out. We gotta take Bush in though.

LANG: Alright. (TO JOE) Gimme the money.

JOE: (REACHING FOR HIS WALLET) Here you are.

SOUND: HE TAKES THE MONEY OUT OF HIS WALLET AND HANDS IT TO LANG.

LANG: Okay. (UP) Silby?

SILEY: Pull over...let's let him out.

JOE: Where are we?

SILEY: 4th and Spring.

JOE: Would you mind droppin' me off a couple of blocks up the street?

SILEY: This isn't a taxi service mister. You're comin out of this smellin' like a rose. Don't press your luck.
1 JOE: Just up a couple of blocks... near first.
2 LANG: What's there?
3 JOE: The city hall... You're under arrest. 24/30
4 END SCENE 6

5 JOE: The three men were taken into custody and the marked money was booked as evidence. We got in touch with the victim, Martin Dietrich and asked him to come down to the city hall to give an identification. He looked at the suspects and stated positively that they were the men who'd shaken him down.

11 MARTIN: That's them.
12 JOE: You'll sign a complaint.
13 MARTIN: You bet I will. I want to see them get theirs.
14 LANG: What's all the beef. Little con game that's all. So we took the mark.
16 SILBY: Shut up Lang. They still gotta prove it.
17 LANG: That ain't gonna be hard with the help your friend Gabe handed out to him. Imagine bein' so dumb you pick a cop as a mark.
18 GABE: Both of you went along with it.
21 LANG: You're dumb Gabe... face it.
22 JOE: Let's go.

23 SOUND: JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS TOWARD LANG.
25 SOUND: LANG STEPS BACK.
26 LANG: Keep your hands off me cop. You got me in custody.
27 That's enough. Now keep your hands off me.
JOE: Don't press Lang.

LANG: Look at the big man.

JOE: I'm gonna tell you something Mister. I want you to remember it. As a con man you're a flop. You wouldn't know a mark if he came up and hit you in the teeth.

Besides being bad at that, you're a liar. The worse kind of liar. You go around tellin' people you're a cop. You flash a tin badge and right off you're the law. You don't care what you do or who you hurt. I've been in this business a long time. I've seen a lot of 5 - tens come across this desk. Guys who take old women...Cheap crumbs with the handkerchief switch and the smack game but at least they don't try to hide behind a phoney badge. They're willin' to take a chance out figuring a mark. You don't qualify there. Right now, we don't know how many people you've pulled this cheap deal on but we're gonna find out. We'll get every name there is and we'll make you for all of 'em. I live in this town. I work here. I like it. There are 45 hundred men in this city who feel the same way. All cops. Men who are trying to prove that the law's here to protect people not to cut 'em down. Guys who spend 24 hours a day with a gun hanging on their belt, tryin' to prove that cops are honest and decent. They spend 365 days a year markin' up a good score and you come along and tilt the whole thing.

(MORE)
JOE: You've hit maybe ten people with this racket...maybe more. But every one of those people thinks he's been taken by a cop. A cop who's hand was reaching for money that wasn't his. Those ten people tell ten more and before you know it, there's another hundred people who hate cops in any form. And we didn't build it. We got no part in it. We can lay the whole thing at your feet. We can spell it out in two hundred and seventy-six point type in every newspaper in the country that we nailed you...tell the public the whole story and it doesn't make any difference. They know different. They know because of you. In ten minutes, you hold every police officer in the country up for ridicule. In ten minutes you tear down what's taken years to put up. You build a picture in the public's mind that every cop can be bought...that he's got a price. You can walk out of it, but we gotta live with it. Every time a citizen looks at us he's tryin' to figure what the tab is. How much it's gonna cost. They're afraid to turn to us for help, because they figure maybe we're in with the thieves and we got no way to tell 'em that they're wrong. No way to let 'em know that we're on their side. All we got is to try to do the job, knowing that the people think we're thieves.
That's what you've built mister. A long hard time for every honest cop in the country...tryin' to undo what you've done. You're a cheap lousey crumb, and you've set honest law back mo'ren't a couple of years. And you did it all by yourself. Without help....all by yourself.... because you're rotten all the way through.

Let's go.

LANG AND THE OTHERS GET UP FROM THE CHAIRS. THEY TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS.

You wanna take 'em outside Frank.....I'll be right with you.

Yeah.

STEPS TO DOOR DOOR OPEN AND THE MEN EXIT THE SQUAD ROOM.

DOOR CLOSE.

I never thought of it that way Mr. Friday.

What?

What you said. I believed those men were policemen. I'da thought what you said....about all of 'em lookin' for a handout.

Yeah.

Too bad y'can't tell people. Let 'em know. I'm sure glad I came in here. Got it all straightened out. I might have been paying for this the rest of my life.

That's what's wrong.

Huh?
JOE: A lot of people still are.

MUSIC: 

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

GIBNEY: On December 17th, trial was held in Department 92, Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.

FENN: Now here is our star, Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT.
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 FENW: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, we'd like to express our appreciation to all of you who have made our Dragnet theme song so popular. Whenever or wherever you hear it, we hope it'll remind you to try our Chesterfields ... to join the thousands who are changing to Chesterfields and getting the one cigarette that's low in nicotine - highest in quality. Chesterfield ... Best for me ... Best for you.

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

(FATIMA HITCH HIKE)