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

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.

You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Juvenile Detail. For the past two weeks, there have been rumors of a teen age gang war taking place in your city. You don't know when it's going to start, you don't know where. Your job ... stop it.
DRAGNET RADIO
Nov. 10, 1953

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 PENN: Friends, stage and screen star Paul Douglas is featured on
the Chesterfield poster-of-the-month that's up all over town.

2 Here's what Paul Douglas says about Chesterfields. Quote
I've been smoking Chesterfield for twenty-two years. They're
best for me. If you try them you'll find they're best for
you. Unquote You know why Chesterfields are best for you...

3 because they're low in nicotine...highest in quality.

4 And, of course, Chesterfields are really mild...really

5 satisfying. Try them yourself today...regular or kingsize.
Dragnet, the documen 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 and Frank's steps with Ange, in corridor. Slight.

Echo, Georgia St., B.G.

It was Tuesday, September 8th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the night watch out of Juvenile Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Powers. My name's Friday. We'd just transported a prisoner from the main jail and it was 10:39 P.M.

when we got to Georgia Street Juvenile...(Sound: Door Open) ....the interview room.

Sound: Door close behind them. Couple of steps.

Frank: Sit down, Angelo.

Ange: Yeah.

Sound: Ange moves to a chair and sits down.

Joe: What do they call you? "Ange?" (Angee)

Ange: Yeah... Ange.

Joe: Why'd you tell the officers who arrested you that you were 18?

Ange: How'd they find out different?
FRANK: All they had to do was check your record.
ANGE: That don't make any difference...Some of 'em say 16...
some of 'em say 17. They're all different.
JOE: You're seventeen though?
ANGE: Yeah...17.
JOE: You wanna tell us about this burglary?
ANGE: I told those other guys. Ain't that enough?
JOE: We wanna hear it.
ANGE: Figure if you tell it once...that's enough, I copped out. I told them all about it. Why'n'cha ask them.
FRANK: Alright boy. Give us the story.
ANGE: You gotta match?
JOE: Be better if you don't smoke huh?
ANGE: My folks don't care. They let me smoke.
JOE: The law doesn't until you're eighteen.
ANGE: GRUNTS.
FRANK: C'mon Ange...tell us about it.
ANGE: Nothin' to tell. Me and a coup'le of other kids broke into a house. That's all there is to it. We just broke into the place.
JOE: What about the stuff you took?
ANGE: I told the other two guys all about that.
JOE: The officers from Burglary?
ANGE: Yeah...they said they was from Central. I told them all about it; Everything.
1. JOE: You show 'em where the plant was?
2. ANGE: I told 'em, I didn't go there though. I just told 'em
3. JOE: What'd you steal?
4. ANGE: Huh?
5. FRANK: The things you stole? Name 'em for us.
6. ANGE: Just different stuff. Y'know...like you find in a house.
7. JOE: Was there an electric mixer?
8. ANGE: Yeah...good one...y'know with the orange juice attachment. Good.
9. JOE: Uh huh....what else?
10. ANGE: Electric razor.....some silverware.
11. JOE: What kind of silverware?
12. ANGE: Y'know.....like what you eat with.
13. JOE: Uh huh. Was there a silver tea service?
14. ANGE: What?
15. FRANK: A tea service....y'know what I mean?
16. ANGE: If I knew I wouldn't ask you.
17. FRANK: Like a coffee pot...with legs...a lotta scroll work on it. Silver.
18. ANGE: Oh yeah....I know now.
19. JOE: Was there one of those?
20. ANGE: No.
21. JOE: How 'bout a German Luger?
22. ANGE: Y'mean a pistol?
23. JOE: Yeah.
ANGE: No... there wasn't one of them. Hey... you guys gonna let me go tonight?
JCE: No... you'll be held here.
ANGE: I thought you was gonna let me go tonight. How 'bout my folks? They know I'm here?
JCE: We haven't had a chance to notify them.
FRANK: Where do they live?
ANGE: Down on Wall.
JCE: They have a phone?
ANGE: Un huh. (NO) I thought you always told 'em when you picked up a kid.
JCE: You were booked as an adult.
ANGE: Oh yeah.
JCE: You fenced any of this stolen merchandise yet?
ANGE: No... we just got it last night. We just broke into the house then. Haven't had the chance to fence it.
JCE: The other officers say they were gonna pick it up?
ANGE: You gotta job?
ANGE: What?
JCE: You workin'?
ANGE: I told you I did.
JCE: Where?
ANGE: Place down on east fifth.
JCE: What d'ya do?
ANGE: I'm a messenger. Ride a bike... deliver things.
FRANK: You workin' there now?
ANGE: I'm here now...
FRANK: You know what I mean.
ANGE: No.
JOE: You're not workin'!
ANGE: The boss and me had a beef. He's a moody one too. Real moody.
FRANK: Your parole officer know you lost the job?
ANGE: I never told him.
JOE: Maybe he found out... maybe that's why he was sore at you.
ANGE: Yeah.
FRANK: You been reportin' regularly?
ANGE: Yeah... pretty much.
JOE: What's that mean?
ANGE: Once in a while. Couple of times I've missed. Just a couple. Don't have to make a federal case outta it.
JOE: Yeah... they said. Hey... my parole officer know about this yet?
FRANK: I think he's been notified. How many times have you been arrested?
ANGE: I dunno... maybe 6... 7.
FRANK: You ever been to camp?
ANGE: Yeah. I was there.
JOE: What for?
ANGE: Truancy.
JOE: How long were you there?
ANGE: Couple of weeks. Then I broke out and they sent me to Preston. I'm on parole now. You can't let me out tonight huh?
JOE: We'll book you and notify your officer. What's his name?
ANGE: Lockridge. He's a moody old guy. Hope he ain't in a mood when he sees me. Rough if he's in a mood.
JOE: That right?
ANGE: Yeah. Like he came down to see me one day and asked me how was I doin'. I told him fine...I had a job...I was doin' fine. He says that's good Ange...like that. That's good. Tells me how fine I'm doin'.
JOE: Yeah.
ANGE: Next day he comes to my house. He reads me off. Says I'm a bum. A no good. All like that. Moody.
JOE: Why'd he read you off.
ANGE: I dunno.
FRANK: Didn't he tell you?
ANGE: No...just came in and yelled at me. I wasn't doin' anything. He's moody.
JOE: You belong to a gang, Ange?
ANGE: Huh?
JOE: So you belong to a gang?
ANGE: Yeah, we gotta club...I belong to that.
FRANK: What's the name of the club?
ANGE: Little Wall Street gang. You heard of it?
FRANK: No.
ANGE: Good club. You sure you ain't heard of us?
FRANK: No.
ANGE: (TO JOE) How 'bout you?
JOE: No. Your gang fight much?
ANGE: What d'ya mean...fight?
JOE: Ever get mixed up in gang wars...anything like that?
ANGE: No...not us. We been in a couple of street fights maybe. Y'know...some kids come over to where we are and start trouble. But we never been in no gang wars. We got a good gang.
JOE: You know anybody that belongs to the Pink Rats?
ANGE: Couple guys...I don't know 'em real well.
FRANK: Who are they?
ANGE: I told you, I don't know 'em real well...just to know 'em when I see 'em...y'know like that,
JOE: You don't know any of the names?
ANGE: I think one of 'em's called "Pinky"...that's all I know.
FRANK: Why you askin' about them?
JOE: We got a rumble that they're cookin' up a gang war.
ANGE: Where'd you hear it?
JOE: We did...you know anything on it?
ANGE: No.
FRANK: You sure?
I told you. I wouldn't tell you that if it wasn't right.

Look Ange...if this thing breaks loose...there's gonna be a lotta kids hurt. If you got no part in it...why not give us the story.

I'm givin' it to you. Ain't nothin' more I can tell you.

I didn't hear nothin' about no war. I told you...I belong to the Little Wall Street gang. We don't get mixed up in no wars. Couple of street fights maybe...but no wars.

You're gonna stand on that?

I haven't got another way.

What d'ya hear about the Rats? About the war I mean. Who they gonna fight?

Way it comes to us, they're gonna cut into the Orchids.

Y'mean from the south side?

Yeah.

They're rough guys.

That's what we hear.

How'd it start?

What d'ya mean?
ANGE: What's the beef. The Orchids won't go that far away from home to stage something. Gotta be a reason. You guys know what it is?

JOE: Way we got it, a girl friend of one of the Orchid gang moved over into the Pink Rat territory. She started to go with one of the Rats. The Orchids didn't like it so they drove over one night and beat up one of the Rats.

FRANK: Next night, the Rats went over to the south side and kicked around one of the Orchids. That's the way it started. Couple of nights ago, one of the Rat Kids was ridin' down the street on a motor bike. Car full of Orchids came up alongside of the boy and before he could do anything about it, they wrapped a piece of bicycle chain around his head.

ANGE: Kill him?

JOE: No...he's still in county hospital. Not doin' too well.

FRANK: We got word that there's gonna be a party this Saturday night at one of the Rat's house. We figure maybe that's where the trouble's gonna be.

ANGE: You're not throwin' any coconuts at me.

JOE: Huh?

ANGE: This is for real?

FRANK: It's the way we get it. Those kids get started and somebody's gonna get hurt real bad.

ANGE: Maybe a lot worse than you got it figured.
What'dya mean?
I heard about a job the Orchids did last week.
Yeah.
They broke into a place and cleaned it out. Musta been for Saturday night.
How d'ya mean?
They stole a couple of rifles. Somethin' worse.
Yeah?
A twelve gauge shotgun.

END SCENE 1

10:45 P.M. Angelo Marcal was rebooked at Georgia Street Juvenile on a charge of burglary. His shoes and his bolt were taken from him and he was held in detention. We put in a call to his parole officer and told him what had happened. After that, we drove by Marcal's home to inform his parents of the arrest but we found no one home. We left our card with a notation asking them to call us when they returned. Before the Marcal boy had been placed in a cell, we'd gotten a description of the boy he knew as "Pinky". After trying to contact Marcal's parents, we went up to the second floor of the Juvenile Division and had the record bureau check the nickname and description. We came up with three possibilities. We pulled the mug shots of the boys and showed them to Angelo Marcal but he was unable to give us an identification. It was difficult to tell if the boy was telling us the truth or was lying to try to cover for the members of the Pink Rat Gang.
The following afternoon Wednesday, September 9th
Frank and I checked into the office and then drove out
to see the parents of the Marcal Boy. They still hadn't
returned and the neighbors told us they had seen the
couple drive away early Monday morning without giving
any indication as to when they might return. We asked
the woman who lived next door to call us when they did
come back. 4:40 P.M. We drove over to the East side of
town to check on the three possibles named Pinky we'd
turned up the previous night. All of the boys were
able to prove to our satisfaction that they were not the
"Pinky" we were after. We talked to the youngsters in
the neighborhood, asking them if they knew anything about
an expected gang war. Either they didn't know anything
about it or they wouldn't tell us. 6:15 P.M. We went
back to the office and put in a call to Central Burglary.

SOUND: GEORGIA STREET JUVENILE B.G.

FRANK: (INTO PHONE) Yeah...we haven’t got the exact date. Way
we got it there are a couple of rifles taken and a 12
gauge shotgun. Yeah. Yeah...I'll wait. (TO JOE)
Checking the reports now.

JOE: This is one tip I'd like to have turn bad...

FRANK: I'm with you on that. (INTO PHONE) Yeah Rex...Uh huh.

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP THE PHONE.
FRANK: They got the report. Guns were stolen on Tuesday-August 30th. They still haven't been able to get anything on it. Rifles were 30-ought sixes.

JOE: Deer rifles huh?

FRANK: Yeah. Olson says they got another report last night...might mean something.

JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: Hardware store broken into.

JOE: What'd they take?

FRANK: 4 boxes of 30-ought-six ammo and three boxes of 12 gauge cartridges.

END SCENE 2

JOE: It might have been a coincidence. But if it wasn't, the Orchid gang was armed with three guns and 225 rounds of ammunition, enough to start and sustain a small war. 6:35 P.M. We contacted Lt. Hartgrove, the night watch commander and he assigned two other teams of officers to work with us. In addition to the juvenile officers, radio units out of Metro Division, reserves joined us in the search for members of the Orchid Gang. The streets in the area were combed, citizens in the area were questioned but they failed to supply any information on the boys who belonged to the gang. The satin embroidered jackets the members of the Orchid Gang wore had disappeared from the streets.

(MORE)
At 12:01 A.M. the search was called off and a broadcast was put out to the regular units in the area to be on the watch for any gang activities. 12:47 A.M. We got in touch with Rex Olson in Central Burglary. He told us that the Crime lab had failed to come up with any physical evidence on the theft of ammunition from the hardware store. 1:20 A.M. Frank and I checked out of the office and went home. The following morning at 8:30 A.M. we got in touch with a juvenile informant, and he was able to give us more information on the expected gang war. He told us that the fight was set for Saturday Night. He was unable to give us the exact address of the party that was to be crashed but he did give us a general idea of the location. He was also able to give us the name, "Pinky" Eggers and his address. He told us that The Eggers boy was the leader of the Pink Rats, and might be able to give us information on the membership of the Orchid Gang. 12:40 P.M. Frank and I drove out to talk to the Eggers boy. We checked his school but he wasn't there. We went to his home. It was a small one story frame building with a weathered picket fence surrounding it. A 1947 hopped-up Ford was in the driveway. Frank and I went up on the porch and rang the bell.

[SOUND: OUTDOOR B.C., BIRDS, KIDS PLAYING DOWN THE STREET ETC.]
FRANK: Yard could sure stand a cleaning up.
JOE: Yeah. Wonder who the car belongs to.
FRANK: Sure looks fast.
JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

DALE: Yeah?
JOE: Like to see Pinky Eggers.
DALE: Who're you?
JOE: Police officers.
DALE: Can't you lay off the kid. Why'n'cha quit roustin' him.
JOE: He here?
DALE: No he ain't here and if he was I don't think I'd let you see him.
FRANK: That his car?
DALE: Yeah it's his.
JOE: Registered in his name?
DALE: No...in mine. What're you after the kid for?
JOE: We wanna talk to him.
DALE: Talk to me, I'm his father. Anything you got to say to him, you can tell me.
JOE: Your boy belong to a club called the Pink Rat Gang?
DALE: Why?
JOE: Does he?
DALE: I ain't answerin' no questions until you tell me why you're askin' em.
JOE: Look Mister, we're not out here for kicks. Your boy is mixed up in something that can turn out to be pretty serious.

DALE: That right?

FRANK: That's the way it is.

DALE: Who says it's serious. What're you talkin' about?

JOE: We've got word that your boy is mixed up in a gang war that's gonna break out this weekend.

DALE: And you two big cops are out here, leanin' on a kid because he's mixed up in a beef. Listen, there's a five year old down the street skatin' on the sidewalk...why don't you go down and put the arm on her.

JOE: This war breaks out and somebody's gonna get hurt. May be your boy. We're tryin' to stop it.

DALE: Well, don't bother. Pinky can take care of himself. Any of the other gangs cause trouble...the Rats can swing their end. You wanna stop the beef, go talk to the other kids. Tell them to lay off. My boy's gang isn't out lookin' for trouble. Any fightin' going on and you talk to the other kids. You check them...leave my boy alone.

JOE: We wanna talk to him Mr. Eggers?

DALE: You gonna make a pinch?

FRANK: No...we just want to talk to him.

DALE: Shoulda known you weren't gonna take him today...only two of you. Well, I'm tellin' you...you ain't layin' a hand on Pink. You try it and I'll haul you into every court in the country. Now get outta here.
JOE: Where's your boy now?

DALE: That's none of your business. I told you to get out.

JOE: Maybe you don't understand Mr. Eggers. This is a gang war.

DALE: Your boy is helping to build it.

JOE: Maybe you don't underst d. Mr. Eggers: This is a gang war.

DALE: So a couple of kids get together in a vacant lot and mix it up. Couple of bloody noses, black eyes, nothin' wrong. Makes men out of 'em.

FRANK: Lot more serious than that. We understand that there's gonna be guns used in it.

DALE: You get outta here now. I've got some rights. You ain't off the property in two minutes flat, I'm gonna get a gun and start shootin'. You come around here tellin' me that my son's gettin' mixed up with a bunch of hoodlums usin' guns...you guys are section eights. Maybe Pinky'll belt a couple of kids...but there ain't gonna be no guns. Only reason they'd use them is that they're around all the time with you cops houndin' 'em. You just can't see a bunch of kids have a little fun can you. Unless they belong to the stinkin' clubs you build you can't stand 'em. That D-A-P-S or whatever you call it, kid that don't belong to that ain't no good in your book. Well, I'll tell you somethin'...any kid that does belong to it is a bum in my book. Now you get off my property and don't come back. Hear me...Anything happens...Pinky can take care of himself...he'll be okay. Now leave him alone.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM

HEAT
JOE: I hope he's right.

END SCENE 3

JOE: 3:15 P.M. Frank and I drove over to Pinky Eggers school again. We spent the next two hours talking to the youngsters in the neighborhood. Those that would cooperate with us didn't have the information we needed. The others refused to tell us anything. In the meantime, officers from 77th Street division were checking on the activities of the Orchid gang. They ran into the same evasive answers we got. If the information we'd gotten was true we had a little more than 48 hours to find the principals in the war before the shooting could start. Thursday night, 8:40 P.M. Frank and I met with Captain John Powers, Lt. Heartgrove and the heads of the juvenile details throughout the city. From them we learned that word of the impending war had spread through the gangs in the separate districts, and that the other gangs where taking sides in the argument and were ready to start their own battles with factions who opposed them. Captain Powers, along with the heads of the divisions, mapped a plan of action to be put into effect at the first sign of an outbreak. Additional cars from Metropolitan Division Reserves were to be ready, if they were needed. Days off for all juvenile officers were cancelled. A three way radio contact would be kept open between all divisions on Saturday night.

(MORE)
The area where the main activity was expected would be heavily patrolled, both by beat men and by radio car officers. Once the operating plan was set up, there was little to do but wait. In the meantime, the search went on for members of the Orchid Gang and for Pinky Eggers, the leader of the Pink Rats. A watch had been placed on his home, but he'd failed to return. Friday, September 6th, 9:42 P.M. Frank and I checked with the Burglary Division on the stolen guns and then we went over to the New Yorker Restaurant to get something to eat.

SOUND: LIGHT FAR B.G., JUKE BOX IN B.G.

SOUND: STEPS AS JOE AND FRANK WALK BACK INTO THE PLACE.

SOL: Hey Joe, call your office huh? They just called you.

JOE: Yeah. Order me the Fish and Chips, huh Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE WALKS BACK TO THE PHONE.

JOE: How's it goin' Sol?

SOL: Not bad. With you?

JOE: Rough...where's Rosie?

SOL: Her and the kid went to the movies.

SOUND: JOE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS MI - 5211

JOE: (AFTER BEAT) 2568 Please...Yeah...Georgia Juvenile. Right...

(PAUSE)...Hi Lieutenant...this is Friday. Yeah. When'd it happen. Wait till I get a pencil. (TO SOL) Hand me that menu will you Sol?
Kids didn't wait until Saturday.
Highland park.
What's the score?
Still coming in. Good start.
Gibney: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
1. GIBNEY: It's taking place at your dealers...cigarette dealers coast-to-coast.

2. FENN: Smokers by the thousands are now changing to Chesterfield.

3. 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.

4. 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 Chesterfield? You bet. Ask for Chesterfield...regular or king-size. Best for you.
The first victim of the juvenile gang war was eleven-year-old Tony Herman. The teenagers next door to the Herman house were having a party. At 9:36 P.M. Friday night, a group of youngsters had arrived at the house and tried to crash the party. A fist fight had ensued and Tony, who was doing his homework next door had gone out to see what was causing the disturbance. As he stood on the porch, watching the fighting, a 12 gauge shotgun had been fired. The pellets from the cartridge had caught the youngster in the stomach and abdomen, and he'd gone down. At the sound of the shot, the fighting had stopped and the party crashers had left the scene. The police had been called and Tony was removed to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. He was dead on Arrival. From the neighbors, descriptions of the party crashers had been obtained. All of the boys wore satin jackets with a large white orchid embroidered on the back. One of the people who saw the shooting said that the boy who'd fired the gun wore a jacket with the name, "Gene" under the orchid design. A broadcast was gotten out immediately along with a description of the car the juveniles had used to escape. The parents of the Herman boy were not at home when the shooting occurred. From the neighbors we found that they usually went to a movie on Friday night and didn't return until after midnight.
An officer was stationed at the house to bring them to the hospital when they returned. At 1:34 A.M., Mrs. Herman arrived at the hospital. She was a small dark woman with greying hair. She didn't know what happened. Frank and I met her in the hall.

SOUND: HOSPITAL B.G. APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

PEGGY: (FADING IN) I want to see Sergeant Friday. Is he here?

JOE: I'm Sergeant Friday Ma'am.

PEGGY: I'm Mrs. Herman. They say something's happened to Tony.

JOE: Yes ma'am. You want to step in here. Might be better to talk.

SOUND: THEY WALK A FEW STEPS AND INTO A ROOM.

PEGGY: Alright...can I see him? He isn't hurt bad is he?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

PEGGY: It's that bicycle...I told his father. I knew it was too soon for it. He's so little. And to buy him a big bike like that. He couldn't hardly reach the pedals.

BEAT WHILE SHE LOOKS AT THEM

PEGGY: That's it isn't it...he fell off the bicycle?

JOE: No ma'am.

PEGGY: What is it then?

BEAT

PEGGY: What is it? (BEAT) Something more...he's hurt. I want to see him.

SOUND: SHE GET'S UP AND STARTS TO MOVE TO THE DOOR.
JOE: Just a minute Mrs. Herman.

PEGGY: Why won't you tell me what's happened to him? My husband'll be here in a few minutes... He's going to want to know. Why won't you tell me? How bad's he hurt?

FRANK: Pretty bad.

PEGGY: That's not an answer. How bad's he hurt?

BEAT

JOE: He's dead.

PAUSE

PEGGY: Dead?

JOE: Can we get you anything?

PEGGY: My boy's dead? Tony? I thought he'd fallen off the bicycle. He got it for his birthday. A new bicycle. 28 inch wheels. I thought he'd fallen. I didn't know it was like this. (SHE LOOKS AT JOE AND FRANK) Can I see him? My boy? Can I?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

PEGGY: How'd it happen? How?

JOE: We're sorry about it ma'am.

PEGGY: (BEGINNING TO BREAK AS IT HITS HER) My Tony had an accident and he's dead. We went to a movie and we came home to find our son is dead. (SHE STARTS TO CRY)

JOE: You wanna get the doctor, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: UNDER FRANK LEAVES THE ROOM, DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
JOE: The doctor will be here in a minute Mrs. Herman.

PEGGY: (SHE DOESN'T HEAR HIM) Just to a movie. He was doing his homework. And now he's dead. How'd it happen Mr. Friday?

JOE: A gun went off. He was standing on the porch...and he was hit.

PEGGY: But who was shooting...who shot my boy? Who killed him?

JOE: We don't know Mrs. Herman.

PEGGY: I want to know who it was...who killed him. I want to know. His father's gonna want to know. My boy's dead...

(SHE NEARLY BREAKS) My boy...my son...(BREAKS OFF INTO A MOANING SOB)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND FRANK AND THE DOCTOR ENTER.

JOE: You wanna handle this Doc...we'll wait outside.

DR: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK EXIT THE ROOM. DOOR CLOSE.

JOE: Hard to do.

FRANK: You're gonna make up for it.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: The kid that fired the gun...

JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: They got him downstairs.

END SCENE 5
A few minutes after the broadcast had gone out on the boy wearing the jacket with the name Gene on it, two officers on York Boulevard had picked up the speeding car. In checking down the occupants and the car itself, they found the jacket hidden under the rear seat. In the trunk of the automobile, they'd found the stolen rifles and the shotgun with one discharged cartridge in it. The three boys in the car had been taken into custody and brought immediately to Georgia Street. Two of the youngsters had been taken to the detention cells and the third, who identified himself as Gene Gr., was brought to the office of the night watch commander. From the identification found in his pockets, we learned his name, address and his age...16 years. His parents were notified that he was being held and they were asked to come to the office immediately. All the time the boy had been in the room, and the calls had been made, he refused to say anything. When Frank hung up the phone after calling his parents, he made the first statement.

What's that gonna prove?
What's that?
Havin' them come down here....what're you gonna prove with that?
You wanna tell us about it?
How's the kid. He gonna be alright?
No he's not.
GENE: How bad's he hurt?
JOE: He's dead.
BEAT
GENE: Rough.
BEAT
FRANK: That's all you've got to say.
GENE: What do you want me to say?
JOE: You gun down an eleven year old boy and that's all you've got to say about it.
GENE: Look cop, I know the routine. You read me off... make a big speech and I'm supposed to feel real bad. I'd like to go along with you but it won't work. Now you save the effort. Use the words on somebody else. Do what you're gonna do and let's get it over with.
BEAT
FRANK: How old are you?
GENE: You already saw it.
FRANK: How old?
GENE: Sixteen.
FRANK: Pretty heavy aren't you?
GENE: I've been around, yeah.
FRANK: Don't get smart fella.
GENE: Not my fault... I was born that way.
BEAT
JOE: How many times have you been arrested?
GENE: Couple.
1 FRANK: How many times?
2 GENE: 4
3 JOE: For what?
4 GENE: Suspicion 211...suspicion 245.
5 JOE: You're sixteen and you've been picked up for robbery and
6 assault.
7 GENE: I didn't stand on any of 'em.
8 JOE: You ever been in camp?
9 GENE: No.
10 JOE: Never served any time?
11 GENE: Look the taxpayers pay you a lotta money to keep records...
12 why don't you look all this up. It's there.
13 JOE: Where'd you get the shotgun you used tonight?
14 GENE: I won it in a raffle. I'm lucky.
15 JOE: It's just run out kid. I'm gonna give you a piece of
16 advice. If you're as-smart as you think you are, you're
gonna keep it. You start answerin' these questions and
17 you start answerin' 'em right. You've bought yourself
18 a pile of trouble that you and that smart alecky tongue
19 aren't gonna dig your way out of. You've killed a person.
20 An eleven year old boy. You walked up to that house with
21 a gun. A gun you were ready to use. Now you snap to.....
22 GENE: Put the muscle away. You lean on me and I'll have every
23 JOE: You just got out of that league.
GENE: That's the way you see it.
JOE: That's the way it is.
GENE: From where you sit. But I'm tellin you...you give me any
muscle and I'll scream my head off to every sob sister
club in the county.
BEAT
JOE: I'm gonna ask you again...where'd you get that gun?
GENE: I bought a lucky ticket.
BEAT
FRANK: Stick with it...we're checkin the numbers now. Those guns
were taken in a burglary last week. You're dead on it. We
got you goin' in.
GENE: You try to make it stick.
JOE: Don't worry we will.
FRANK: You use narcotics?
GENE: Do I look like a hype?
FRANK: I asked you a question.
GENE: And I gave you an answer.
JOE: D'ya drink?
GENE: Sure...I'm a real lush.
BEAT
JOE: We're runnin' out of patience with you boy.
GENE: Then you better go get pumped up. You're gonna need a lot
more.
JOE: What were you doin' out there tonight?
GENE: Where?
JOE: Come off it...you know what I mean.
GENE: Gently...gently...
BEAT
FRANK: What were you doin' at that party.
GENE: What do you usually do at a party. I was havin' a good time.
JOE: Why'd you take the gun with you?
GENE: It was in the car...I didn't take it...I went along for the ride.
JOE: Who put it there?
GENE: I dunno.
FRANK: Other boys say it was yours.
GENE: That's a lie.
JOE: Prove it.
GENE: I don't have to...you gotta prove I did know about it.
FRANK: We don't have to prove a thing. There are a couple of people who saw you shoot the kid. Guys you were with have copped out. You're nailed and you know it.
GENE: We'll see what the judge has to say about it. I've gotten off before...I'll swing it this time. I'm a juvenile. I'm not responsible for what I do.
FRANK: You really believe that don't you.
GENE: I said it.
BEAT
FRANK: Y'know...I got two kids.
GENE: What di'ya want...a medal?
FRANK: I got two kids. They're pretty good kids. They go to school...they study hard and they're tryin hard to grow, up to be decent human beings. They probably will. They'll grow up...get married and raise pretty ordinary families. They'll never do much of anything special to get their names in the papers. They just live pretty good lives. Nobody's gonna notice them. And maybe that's the way they want it. But all of a sudden...somebody like you comes along. Mean and rotten. And people hear about you. They figure that all of the kids sat down and wrote your name on a ballot and you represent all of 'em that never have any trouble with the law. They sit there and cluck their tongues and talk about what's happening to the younger generation. They get a real bad picture. And it isn't true. None of it. You framed it. You act like a big man and every nice honest kid comes on looking like a bum. You sit there and yak about how you're a juvenile. You like it because it means you've got special privileges...well your wrong...you just washed out. You're a miserable little killer and you're gonna be treated like one.
BEAT
GENE: Now you bring out the rubber hose?

FRANK: Will you get him outta here Joe?

JOE: Yeah. C'mon...get up.

SOUND: GENE GETS UP

FRANK: Take your coat...you're not comin' back this way.

GENE: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR KNOCK OFF

JOE: Come in?

SOUND: DOOR OPEN...COUPLE OF STEPS THEN STOP.

PEGGY: Mr. Friday?

JOE: Yes Mrs. Herman.

PEGGY: They told me I'd find you here. Is this the boy who did it?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS, THEN STOP.

PEGGY: What's your name?

BEAT

JOE: Answer her.

GENE: Gene Graff.

PEGGY: Why'd you do it? Why'd you kill him?

BEAT

PEGGY: Did he do something to you? Is that it? Did Tony do something to you?
PEGGY: Don't just stand there...say something to me.

BEAT

PEGGY: Why won't he talk Mr. Friday? Why won't he say something?

JOE: I don't know ma'am.

PEGGY: But he must have had a reason for killing Tony. He had to have a reason. Nobody kills a boy without a reason.

JOE: I don't know. Ask him.

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

On October 4th, a petition was filed in Juvenile court and the subject was declared unfit to be tried as a juvenile. He was ordered to be tried in superior court under the general law. In a moment the results of that trial.

Now here is our star....Jack Webb.
MAGNETIC RADIO
Nov. 10, 1953

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

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

2 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... Chesterfields are really mild... Really satisfying... Best for you.
GIBNEY: Gene Norton Graff was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree. He was referred to the Youth Authority for punishment.

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.

(PATIMA HITCHHIKE)