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 cigarette company to give you a complete line of quality cigarettes.

You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Burglary Detail. In the past two months, a thief has broken into 18 markets. There's no lead to his whereabouts. No clue to his identity. Your job...get him.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: Friends, stage and screen star Paul Douglas is featured on the Chesterfield poster-of-the-month that's up all over town. 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? Because they're low in nicotine..highest in quality. And, of course, Chesterfields are really mild...really satisfying. Try them yourself today...smoke America's most popular two-way cigarette ... Chesterfield ... regular and king-size. Best for you!
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 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

10 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR, SLIGHT ECHO

12 CORRIDOR B.G.

14 JOE: It was Monday, December 14th. It was cold in Los Angeles.

15 We were working the day watch out of Burglary Detail.

16 My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Barnard.

17 My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 8:05 A.M. when we got to Georgia Street Juvenile Bureau;....(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)....Sergeant Lindsey Simon's office.

19 SOUND: DOOR CLOSE....CHANGE IN B.G. JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE OFFICE AND TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS. STOP

21 LIND: (ON PHONE AS THE OFFICERS ENTER) Yeah,...did you give it to him? Uh huh....Yeah. What'd he say? Yeah. When'd he come back? Uh huh. He have it for you? Yeah. (PAUSE) Well, that'll teach you not to go that route anymore. (LAUGHS) Alright Patrick. Tell the sergeant to call me when he gets back. Right.

27 SOUND: LINDSEY HANGS UP THE PHONE
Hi, Friday, Smith.

FRANK SAY HELLO TO THE LT. Hello.....Hi.....etc.

Just talking to Gene Patrick over at Highland Park,

Y'know him?

Yeah...met him a couple of times.

They picked up a youngster a couple of days ago, on

suspicion of burglary. Brought him into the office.

Patrick talked to him.

Yeah.

He finally bought it that the kid didn't have anything to
do with the thefts. Told him to go home.

Uh huh.

Kid told Gene that he didn't have the money to get home,

So Gene gave him twenty cents. Kid swore that he'd come

in and pay it back.

Did he?

Yeah. Came in this morning. Gave Patrick two dimes.

Told him thanks for believing the story.

Uh huh.

Then Patrick got the kicker. Kid really did break into

a house last night to get the money.

What's Patrick got to say about it?

 Says the kid's honest in a sort of a way....he did pay

him back.

Where's the youngster now?

Got him over at Highland Park. Juvenile.
FRANK: I'll call Gene...maybe I can give him a hand. I gotta couple of street car tokens I won't be using. He might like to have 'em.

LIND: If I was you...I don't think I'd bring it up to him for a couple of days. (TURNS TO JOE) What can I do for you two??

JOE: We've been workin' on a string of burglaries,...you maybe got the word?

LIND: Don't think so....what's the story?

JOE: Bunch of store burglaries. Paper's have tagged 'em the milk bottle jobs.

LIND: Oh yeah:...senses Hartgrove was saying something about 'em the other day. Where do we come in?

FRANK: Way the jobs look, we've been thinkin' that maybe it belongs in your department instead of ours.

LIND: How'd d'ya figure that?

FRANK: First off the milk thing.

LIND: What d'ya mean?

FRANK: Every job he's pulled, we've found an empty milk bottle on the counter.

LIND: Yeah. What's that prove?

FRANK: Milk and kids go together.

LIND: So do milk and ulcers. Maybe your thief's got the bull horrors when he gets into the store.
JOE: There's another thing......Way he prowls the places.
All he takes is petty cash......couple bucks outside. Candy, cigarettes. Nothin' big. Some of the places he's gone into you could open the safe with a pocket knife and he hasn't made a move toward 'em.

LIND: Maybe he's a kleptomaniac. Gotta lot of 'em on the books.

JOE: Maybe that's the way he gets his kicks.

LIND: Nice try, Lindsey......if you know anybody that can climb through a 1½ by ten inch hole you trot 'em up and we'll talk to 'em.

LIND: I haven't got the names on my desk, but you take a trip to Santa Anita and you'll meet a lot of 'em......jockeys. You guys know we'll go along with you on this thing.

Anyting we can do but until we're sure that there's a juvenile involved there's nothing we can do. Anything turns up and we'll be sure to turn it over to you.

JOE: We're not tryin' to palm this thing off on you Lindsey. We've had Staats office make so many runs on small adults that the cards are wearin' out. Just seems that none of the leads we been chasing come out anywhere. Figured that maybe you could come up with some answers.

LIND: New one on me Joe......this milk bit. I've heard of a couple of thieves that went for it......but I can't name you a juvenile off hand. I'll pass the word around the day watch......see what they can come up with. I'll leave a note for Hartgrove. He can pass it on to the night watch.
JOE: Appreciate what you can do.
LIND: No trouble. Been runnin' you ragged on this huh?
JOE: Pretty ragged just that we never seem to be able to come up with anything that aids.
SOUND: PHONE RINGS
LIND: Excuse me.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: LINDSEY PICKS UP THE PHONE
LIND: Georgia Street Juvenile...Sergeant Simmons. Yeah...
yeah they're here...which one. Okay...hang on. (TO JOE) For you Joe,...your office.
JOE: (TAKING THE PHONE) Thanks. (INTO PHONE) Friday talking. Yeah....Right away...what's the address?
Who? .....Yeah...call 'em. Thanks.
SOUND: JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE
JOE: He's hit again.......let's go.
END SCENE 1
JOE: The call had come from Lt. Ginder in Burglary. He told us that he'd just gotten a call from a storekeeper named Monte Deroburtes (DERO-BURTUS). The man had called to report a burglary at his store at the corner of Jackson and Broadway Streets. Lt. Ginder told us that the crime lab had been notified and had dispatched a crew to investigate the premises for physical evidence. Frank and I left Georgia Street Juvenile and drove over to Figueroa and turned over onto Broadway. The store that had been broken into was a small Italian Delicatessen on the South East corner. By the time we got there, the Crime lab crew had already arrived and was winding up their investigation. We walked into the place and met Ray Pinke.

RAY: (FADING IN) Hi, Joe...Frank.

JOE: Ray...how's it goin'?

RAY: Usual thing. Bottle of milk on the counter. Wanna check it over?

JOE: Yeah.

RAY: C'mon...back here.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE REAR OF THE STORE.

RAY: Thief made his entrance back here...rear of the store

SOUND: THEY WALK A BIT THEN STOP.

RAY: There it is. He broke out the window pane in the window.
FRANK: Not very big.

RAY: Measures 9 and one-half by 12 and three-quarters.

JOE: No alarm on the window huh?

RAY: Yeah...you can see the wires here...take a look.

SOUND: THEY MOVE TO THE WINDOW

JOE: (AS HE LOOKS) Oh yeah....how come the alarm didn't go off

RAY: I talked to the owner. He said that he's had trouble with the alarm system last couple of weeks. Called the company and asked them to fix it.

JOE: Yeah.

RAY: He thought it was okay. Guess there was something wrong someplace. It didn't work last night.

FRANK: What kind of an alarm was it Ray?

RAY: Outside on the building. Y'know the kind.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: What'd he take this time?
RAY: Usual run of stuff. According to the owner, there are about four cartons of cigarettes missing and several boxes of candy. Can't be absolutely sure. He says he's gotta check his stock. Be better if you talked to him on that.

JOE: Yeah...we'll...yeah...we'll catch him later.

RAY: Wanna wait a minute...I'll check and see how the boys are doing on the prints. I had 'em check the counter and the milk bottle.

JOE: Okay, Ray.

RAY: Be right back.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: RAY WALKS OFF

FRANK: Wonder when we're gonna blow the whistle on this guy?

JOE: Can't do it fast enough for me.

JOE: I'm on your side.

HEAT

FRANK: He...Joe...look at this.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: I'd like to pick up a couple of those before we leave.

JOE: What're you talking about?

FRANK: Those Salami's Joe...the hard Italian kind. See...right there.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: I remember last summer I was up north...San Francisco.

JOE: Yeah...I remember.
"PRESENT"

1 FRANK:  Went up there to pick up a prisoner...you were collectin' days off.  
2  
3 JOE:  I recall...I had a hundred of 'em comin'.  
4 FRANK:  Anyway...I met Dan Shelly up there.  
5 JOE:  You mean the irish tenor.  
6 FRANK:  Yeah...he and I went down to Cookies bar for lunch. Cookie had some of this Salami. Sliced it like paper. You could almost read through it.  
7  
8 JOE:  Way it's supposed to be.  
9 FRANK:  I know Joe. Anyway...Cookie sliced up a bunch of it... served it with cold cracked crab. Never tasted anything so good.  
10 JOE:  Yeah.  
11 FRANK:  Fay's tried to find 'em for me. Brought home all kind of things but she's never found the right kind. Y'know. hard enough to pound tacks with. Never forget old Cookie and that spread.  
12 JOE:  Yeah. Well...if you can get your mind off food for a minute... let's get on this thing huh?  
13 FRANK:  Sure gotta buy some of those before we leave....look like just the thing Cookie had.  
14 SOUND: UNDER ABOVE....RAY PINKER ENTERS IN:  
15 RAY:  Just finished with the powder Joe.  
16 JOE:  Yeah.  
17 RAY:  Nothin'. Whoever it was drank the milk... he took the bottle out of the refrigeration compartment. Bottle sweated and there isn't a print on it we can lift.
None of 'em anyplace else?

We've gone over the place from top to bottom. If they're there....we can't find 'em.

Not much to help then.

Came up with one thing...maybe you can make something out of it.

What's that?

Outside the window on the back parking lot. Came up with an opened pack of cigarettes. Don't know if it belonged to the thief.

Anything on it?

No... Fog last night ruined any prints that were on it.

Boys have got it if you want it.

Yeah. ...we'll take a look at it. Looks like another blank doesn't it?

Don't envy you guys tryin' to break this one. Most of the time there's a leak some place. Somewhere along the line the guys gonna make a mistake and not cover something.

This is either the smartest thief I've ever seen or the luckiest. What's this make for him?

This is Number 19.

Lotta chances to take for nothin'. He's not gettin' anything out of the jobs.

Maybe he isn't.....but we are.

What?

Lotta headaches.
JOE: 9:38 A.M. We talked to the victim. He told us that as near as he could figure there was approximately 4 dollars stolen from the store. He went on to say that he'd ascertained that five cartons of cigarettes the new L. and M. with the filter-tip that allows you to taste the clean fresh tobacco) and several boxes of candy bars, were taken. He was unable to tell us if any other merchandize was taken until he'd made a complete inventory. He went on to tell us that there was over 6 hundred dollars in the safe but as far as we could tell, there's been no attempt to break into it. We made a canvass of the neighborhood and talked with the neighbors. None of them recalled having seen seen any suspicious people in the neighborhood the night before. None of them had seen a suspicious automobile in the area. The one thing that was apparent was: that the thief was working in a definite pattern. He worked only on Friday and Saturday night. Always between eight P.M. and twelve midnight. Frank and I met with Captain Bernard and it was decided that we would maintain a rolling stake out in the area in which the suspect operated. Four other cars from Metro Reserves were assigned to work with us.
For the next five nights, we worked without results. It was slow and tedious work. But from what we had... it was the only way we had left. We had to be on or near the scene when the thief struck again. Saturday night, December 19th, Frank and I met and drove out to the area. The streets were crowded with early Christmas shoppers.

Sure be glad when it's over. What's the matter?

How many rooms in your apartment Joe?

Three... You know that.

Won't be enough room.

What're you talking about?

Fay.

What's she got to do with this?

Hacked Joe... Real jacked.

What's the matter?

I got up this morning... felt great. Fay's got breakfast on the table. All nice. Couple of eggs... little pig sausages. Nice... y'know.

Yeah.

I come down to the table and she's got the food on the table. And then I hit her with it.

What the fork?

...I tell her that I'm gonna have to work tonight.
1 JOE: You've worked every night this week, what's wrong with that?
2 FRANK: That's the way I figure it. So... I got a way out.
3 JOE: Y'have huh?
4 FRANK: Sure Joe... t'day's Fay's birthday.
5 JOE: Y'didn't tell me.
6 FRANK: Not a good idea to tell people Joe.
7 JOE: It isn't.
8 FRANK: No.....Y'see Fay's over thirty.
9 JOE: Yeah.....I kinda figured that.
10 FRANK: Don't you get it?
11 JOE: I'm sorry pal.....you left me a couple of blocks back.
12 FRANK: Fay's over thirty....she's gettin' to the point where she's takin' the years off. How can you give a person a last birthday present?
13 JOE: I'm sorry pal...you left me a couple of blocks back.
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27 JOE: I'm sorry pal...you left me a couple of blocks back.
28 FRANK: Fay's over thirty....she's gettin' to the point where she's takin' the years off. How can you give a person a last birthday present?
29 JOE: I'm sorry pal...you left me a couple of blocks back.
30 FRANK: Fay's over thirty....she's gettin' to the point where she's takin' the years off. How can you give a person a last birthday present?
FRANK: Not a pound. She's so had at me y'know what she does with it?

JOE: At this point... I wouldn't even venture a guess.

FRANK: I'm serious Joe... this may mean the end of my home.

JOE: Go ahead.

FRANK: She doesn't even open it. Just puts it in the closet on the back porch. Doesn't even pull the paper apart to peek at what's in it. Real mad Joe. She may not let me in the house t'night.

JOE: You can apologize when you get home.

FRANK: I dunno Joe... Fay's pretty sore.

SOUND: Off mike we hear the sound of a burglar alarm going off.

FRANK: Didn't even open the present. Not even a peek.

JOE: Hold it.

FRANK: Huh?

FRANK: Yeah. Tell where it's comin' from?

JOE: Yeah... Up on Seventh.

SOUND: Car turns corner... goes about one third of a block and stops. Joe and Frank start to get out of car.

FRANK: I'll take the front.
JOE: Right.

SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS GET OUT OF THE CAR AND FRANK RUNS TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE. JOE RUNS TO THE BACK. AS HE DOES, TRAFFIC FADES TO B.G....WE HEAR JOE CHECK BACK DOOR, IT'S LOCKED. AS HE DOES, WE HEAR THE SCRAPE AND CRASH OF GLASS AS ELROY COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

JOE: Hold it up there.

SOUND: ELROY HITS THE PAVEMENT AND STARTS TO RUN. JOE AFTER HIM.

JOE: Police officers. Stop or I'll shoot.

SOUND: MORE RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

JOE: (UP) Frank...he's comin' around your way.

FRANK: (OFF) Okay.

SOUND: RUNNING CONTINUES...OFF MIKE, WE HEAR SCUFFLE AS FRANK CATCHES ELROY...JOE RUNS UP.

FRANK: Take it easy.

ELROY: Go ahead and shoot...go on...kill me. (BEGINS TO CRY)

Go ahead shoot me...doesn't matter any more...go on.

SOUND: JOE GETS ON MIKE AND STOPS.

JOE: Okay?

FRANK: Yeah.

(BEAT)

FRANK: Just a kid Joe.

JOE: Uh huh.

(BEAT)

FRANK: What're you doin' in the store son?
1 ELROY: What d'ya think I'm doin? 
2 JOE: He asked you a question, boy. 
3 ELROY: Pretty stupid. What d'ya think I was doin'? 
4 FRANK: How many stores have you broken into, son? 
5 ELROY: Figure it out for yourself. 
6 JOE: What've you got a chip on your shoulder for? 
7 ELROY: You're big guys. Don't give me a lotta conversation... 
8 do what you wantta do. 
9 JOE: Alright boy... you called it. 

10 END SCENE 3 

11 JOE: 11:50 PM. We called the office and told them that we had a suspect in custody and were taking him to Georgia Street Juvenile Bureau. We put the boy in our car and waited until a radio car arrived. We asked the officers to notify the owner of the store and stand by until he got there. We also asked that they make a 459 report. 11:55 PM. We started to take the youngster to the juvenile bureau. 

19 SOUND: CAR DRIVING B.G. STOPS FOR TRAFFIC. 

21 JOE: What's your name, son? 
22 ELROY: What difference does it make? 
23 FRANK: (LITTLE OFF IN THE FRONT SEAT) Actin' like that isn't gonna help you. 
25 ELROY: You guys picked me up remember. You worry about it. I got nothin' to be afraid of.
JOE: Yes, you have, son. You could have been shot back there.

ELROY: Maybe you should have pulled the trigger.

JOE: What's wrong with you. Why you actin' like this. You just got real lucky. That's the only reason you're alive now. It was dark back there. Far as I could tell you were an adult. You didn't stop when I told you to. According to the book, I could have shot you. Y'know that, don't you?

ELROY: Killin' a kid...that make you a big man.

JOE: No...I'm just bringin' it up to prove a point.

ELROY: Save it.

JOE: Look, son...I'm gonna tell you something. When you break into a place at night...you're not a kid anymore. You're askin' for trouble. You got both of your pockets full of it. Way you worked it tonight makes us think that you're mixed up in a lot more thefts than just tonight.

ELROY: That right?

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) You ever been arrested before?

ELROY: No.

JOE: Never been in trouble with the law?

ELROY: Sure. I'm a real criminal. I got a ticket once for ridin' my bike through a boulevard stop. Radio car stopped me and tagged me. Big deal. I thought they were going to send me to San Quentin. Maybe even give me the gas chamber.

(HEAT)

JOE: How old are you?
ELROY: What difference does that make?

JOE: How old?

ELROY: You figure it.

JOE: You look like you're about 11.

ELROY: That's what everybody thinks... I'll be fifteen my next birthday.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Don't kid us son.

ELROY: It's the truth... 15. That's what I'll be. 15

JOE: When were you born?

(HEAT)

ELROY: Nineteen thirty nine - November 2nd.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) You're small for your age, aren't you?

ELROY: Why do you say that?

FRANK: Aren't you?

ELROY: That's got nothin' to do with it. Nothin' at all. I can do anything that any other kid can do... anything.

Don't you forget it.

JOE: What's the matter... that a sore point with you?

ELROY: Huh?

JOE: Your size...that a sore point.

ELROY: There's nothin' wrong with my size... Doctor says that I'm alright. Just that some people aren't meant to be as big as others. There's nothin' wrong with me.

JOE: C'mon... son. What's your name?

(HEAT)

JOE: Y'know we're gonna find out.

(HEAT)
ELROY: How...How you gonna find out?

JOE: We will. Now why don't you save us all a lot of time and tell us the truth.

FRANK: (FROM FRONT SEAT) Be better if you did.

ELROY: (BEAT) If I tell you...you gonna put it in the papers?

JOE: What?

ELROY: I tell you....there gonna be a lot of reporters around.

JOE: My name gonna get in the papers.

ELROY: Not from us.

JOE: Can't tell you then.

ELROY: Y' mean...if there's no reporters around....you aren't gonna tell us your name?

JOE: That's the way it is.

ELROY: Kinda funny isn't it?

JOE: Maybe that's the way it looks to you.

ELROY: (BEAT) Where do you live?

JOE: Can't tell you that either.

ELROY: You got things all wrong son...it isn't what you want to tell us...That's got nothin' to do with it. You're gonna tell us what we want to know.

ELROY: Where we goin'?

JOE: Georgia Street.

ELROY: That where the jail is?
JOE: Why d'ya ask that?
EMORY: Because I want to know.
JOE: There's a jail there yes.
EMORY: Reporters?
JOE: What?
EMORY: There gonna be reporters there?
JOE: What's this thing with reporters and you. What's it all about?
EMORY: Reporters put your name in the papers don't they?
JOE: Sometimes.
EMORY: Well, you get the reporters all lined up. You get 'em from all the papers. You have 'em there and I'll tell you all about it. The whole story. You just get the reporters and the photographers. Be sure about them because I want some pictures, too.
JOE: Lemme get this straight.
EMORY: What?
JOE: You say you aren't gonna give us any information without the press being there... that right?
EMORY: That's the way it's gonna be.
JOE: You got it wrong boy.
EMORY: What?
JOE: Doesn't make any difference who's there. You're gonna come around.
1 ELROY: Yeah.
2 JOE: We'll find out.
3 END SCENE 4
4 END ACT 1
5 GIBEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Smokers by the thousands are now changing to Chesterfield...because they're learning the facts about Chesterfield.

Facts like these...

A doctor has been examining Chesterfield smokers for twenty months...almost two full years now. We've just received his latest report and it confirms again...no adverse effects to the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield.

That's a matter of record. And so is this...

Chesterfield is the only cigarette proved highest in quality - low in nicotine. Those are the facts about Chesterfield...more good reasons why Chesterfields taste so good...smoke so much milder. How about it, friends?

Smoke America's most popular two-way cigarette. Chesterfield - regular and king-size. Best for you!
JOE: 12:10 A.M. We got to Georgia Street Juvenile Bureau.
Frank pulled the car into the side alley and we took the subject out of the back seat.

SOUND: OFF MIKE STRAFFIC SOUND. THREE PEOPLE WALKING ON BLACKTOP

FRANK: Up this way.

SOUND: THEY WALK UP A FLIGHT OF TWELVE MARBLE STEPS.

ELROY: This is a seedy lookin' place.

JOE: Been here a long time.

ELROY: Looks like a set out of a picture.

JOE: Don't worry about it.

SOUND: FRANK PUSHERS OPEN A SWINGING DOOR.

JOE: You wanna take him down the hall Frank...I'll check with Hartgrove.

FRANK: Yeah...c'mon son.

SOUND: FRANK AND ELROY WALK DOWN THE HALL. JOE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS INTO THE OFFICE OF LT. HARTGROVE.

HART: Hi Friday how are you...workin' kinda late aren't you.

JOE: Yeah.

HART: I got the note from Simmons on the milk burglaries.

Checked around the night watch. Nothin' on it so I didn't call you.

JOE: I don't think you need to worry about it. I think we got the answer.

HART: Yeah.

JOE: Got a kid. Got him dead bang in a market. Open bottle of milk next to the cash register.

HART: Where is he now?
JOE: Frank's got him down the hall.
HART: You think he's your boy?
JOE: Looks like it... everything adds up... entrance... what he tried to take... the milk. All along the line it fits.
HART: Y'got that kind of a case... what're you worrying about?
JOE: Two things.
HART: Yeah?
JOE: Who he is and why he did it.
HART: He won't tell you?
JOE: No. Got some big thing workin' about the press. Says he won't give us anything without reporters bein' there.
HART: Makes it rough Joe... you know the policy.
JOE: Yeah. We don't want to hurt the kid, but he won't let us help him.
HART: If he want's publicity... take me down... introduce me as a reporter.
JOE: Might do it.
HART: Won't do any hurt to try. Let's go.
SOUND: HARTGROVE AND JOE GET UP AND START THROUGH THE DOOR.
HARTGROVE WALKS OFF MIKE A LITTLE:
SOUND: HARTGROVE COMES BACK ON MIKE.
1 HART: Who'm I gonna be?
2 JOE: Tell him you're Sid Hughes from the Mirror.
3 HART: Might as well be one of the good ones.
4 SOUND: THEY WALK DOWN THE HALL AND OPEN A DOOR. JOE AND
5 HARTGROVE WALK INTO THE INTERROGATION ROOM. DOOR CLOSE.
6 JOE: Son...you wanted to talk to somebody from the papers.
7 it's against the policy but we swung it for you. This
8 is Sid Hughes from the Mirror.
9 HART: Hi.
10 ELROY: You the fella that held that guy on the phone in Baltimore
11 HART: Yeah?
12 ELROY: Great. I read all about it. You gonna write me up like
13 that?  
14 HART: I hope not son...there were two men killed in that
15 operation.
16 ELROY: I read all the stories...everybody did. That's how I
17 mean for you to write me up...with a picture.
18 HART: What makes you think you got it comin'? You break into
19 one store and try to steal a couple of cartons of
20 cigarettes. That doesn't make the first page.
21 ELROY: One store...I got into 19 of 'em. Nineteen before they
22 caught me. That's important isn't it. That's a story.
23 HART: I dunno. Might be.
24 JOB: Couple of things we better get straightened out. First
25 off...what's your name?
1 ELROY: (TO HART) Better get your notebook out...be able
to take all this down.

2 HART: Don't worry about it son...you just answer the questions.

3 I'LL GET IT.

4 ELROY: Yeah...(TO JOE) Okay...my name's Elroy Graham. That's

5 HART: Yeah.

6 JOE: How old are you?

7 ELROY: I told you once...almost 15.

8 JOE: You said you'd broken into 19 stores...that right?

9 ELROY: Yeah...19. Might have made it more but somethin' went
wrong t'night. Had trouble with the burglar alarm. I
thought I had it turned off. Bad mistake. Be still
workin' if it wasn't for that. Guess it only takes one
thought...uhh Mr. Hughes?

10 HART: Yeah. Guess so.

11 JOE: You wanna tell us why you did it?

12 ELROY: What?

13 FRANK: You had to have a reason for committing these robberies.

14 JOE: Wanna tell us what it was?


16 JOE: Go ahead.
Well, Y'see...I always had trouble at school. Never seemed to quite make it. All the guys liked me. They all did...all the girls do to. I got girls callin' me almost everynight askin me to take 'em to dances stuff like that. But I don't go much for that kind of stuff. You can understand can't you Mr. Hughes?

Go ahead Elroy.

Well, they wanted me for all the teams...football...basketball. All the time...askin me to play. But I figure that if you're gonna get ahead in the world...you gotta have a aim. Someplace where you wanna get. Figure out that...work for it...and you're gonna get there. Don't you find that tru Mr. Hughes?

Go ahead.

That's the way it was with me. All the time turning down offers to be on some team...tellin' some girl that I couldn't take her to a dance. Just didn't have the time. Somehow...just couldn't make it. You can understand it. You been around...you know all the successful kinda people. You write somethin' and a lotta people read it. You know what I'm mean.

Don't you?

What's the matter...something wrong?
ELROY: I'm trying to tell you what happened...I'm givin' it to you straight. What's the matter?

BEAT

JOE: Now you wanna tell us the truth, Elroy?

ELROY: What?

JOE: I don't know why you're trying to sell this line boy.

ELROY: It isn't necessary. I don't know why you did what you did but I do know you had a reason for it. That's what I wanna know. That reason.

BEAT

ELROY: You don't believe me?

BEAT

JOE: Afraid not?

ELROY: How 'bout you?

FRANK: No son.

BEAT

ELROY: Mr. Hughes?

HART: No.

BEAT

ELROY: Can't even lie right. (STARTS TO BREAK) Can't even tell a lie good. All my life and I been tryin' to be like other kids. All the time gettin' beat up...gettin left out of things...y'know why? Do you know?

JOE: Go ahead.
ELROY: Big reason. Biggest reason in the world. Because I'm almost fifteen years old and I'm 4 feet 7 inches tall. 4 feet seven. Weight 97 pounds. That ain't very big. Not big enough. All the time...other kids shovin' you around. All the time...you're the joke. Get's to the time when you figure it's easier to laugh too because if you don't some kid's gonna beat you up. Get's to the point where you don't care anymore. I used to clip out those coupons and send 'em in. Get the books back on how to build myself up. Worked at it. Pressin' my hands together...didn't do nothin' for me. I was still 4 feet seven and weighed 97 pounds. All the stuff I took, didn't do no good. Still came out 4 feet seven.....97 pounds.

JOE: You wanna tell us about the burglaries?

ELROY: I did it to be big. That's why. I had the things other people wanted, cigarettes....candy. The other things kids wanted....I had a lot of. All the stuff that other kids wanted. That made me important. Don't you see that?.....You gotta understand it Mr. Hughes. That's why I wanted my picture in the paper...That's why I wanted the story. So's the kids would know that I'd done something big. So they'd know......

(HE BREAKS DOWN)

JOE: Alright Son....it's gonna be alright.
1 ELROY: No it isn't ....like everything else I tried to do....
2 I loused it up. I didn't mean to steal. But it was
3 the only way. The only way I had.
4 JOE: Wasn't there another?
5 ELROY: No. No there wasn't. All the time the other kids
6 laughin...all the time talkin. I just couldn't stand
7 it any more. I just couldn't.
8 JOE: Here.
9 ELROY: Thanks. (HE BLOWS HIS NOSE) You can understand it
10 can't you? It makes sense.
11 JOE: What's that?
12 ELROY: I didn't like the kids sayin' I was little....
13 JOE: Yeah.
14 ELROY: But I didn't want them to think I was small.

END SCENE5

16 JOE: 12:36 AM We contacted the parents of the Graham boy
17 and asked them to come down to the station. We talked
18 to them for an hour and tried to fill them in on the
19 facts. In view of the fact that the parents of the
20 subject were responsible persons, the boy was booked
21 for violation of section 459 P.C. delinquent, and
22 released to his parents pending his hearing in Juvenile
23 court. Five days passed and we heard nothing from
24 the Graham boy. On December 24th, Frank and I checked
25 into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. JOE AND FRANK WALK BACK INTO SQUADROOM

27 GINDER: Friday?
28 JOE: Yeah, Earl.
GINDER: Kid in the back...wants to see you and Smith.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK BACK INTO THE SQUADROOM. THEY STOP.

ELROY: Hi Mr. Friday.

JOE: Hello Elroy....what can we do for you?

ELROY: Well....I guess you think it's kinda funny.

BEAT

JOE: What is it son?

ELROY: I wanna tell you that I sure think it's good what you did for me..helpin me with that burglary thing the other night.

JOE: Isn't over yet son....Court still has to make a decision.

ELROY: Yeah...but what you did made me feel better. Far as I'm concerned whatever the judge decides...I'll go along with it. I had a long talk with my folks. We got it all talked out. All the way. Talked out.

JOE: That's good son.

FRANK: Yeah, Elroy...we're glad of it.

BEAT

ELROY: Maybe you guys won't like it...I mean me knowing you such a short time and all....but I wanted to bring you these....Merry Christmas.

JOE: That's awful nice of you Elroy, but it isn't necessary.

ELROY: I wanna give 'em to you anyway, for what you did for me.

FRANK: It's pretty nice of you Elroy. Sure appreciate it.
ELROY: Couple of packages of cigarettes, hope they're the kind you smoke.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK TAKE OFF THE WRAPPING...TISSUE PAPER.

JOE: Yeah...son they're fine.

FRANK: Thanks.

ELROY: Just glad they're the right kind...I wasn't sure. I gotta another package here for Mr. Hughes...wonder if you'd give it to him?

JOE: Yeah...we'll take care of it.

ELROY: Well....I guess that's it. I gotta be gettin home...my folks don't know I'm down here. Gotta get back.

JOE: Well, thanks for comin' in Elroy...Thanks for the cigarettes.

ELROY: Yeah....Well....see you guys around huh?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: ELROY WALKS TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT AND STOPS.

ELROY: Thanks again huh?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Elroy?

ELROY: (FROM THE DOOR) Yeah?

FRANK: Merry Christmas.

BEAT

ELROY: Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE.

BEAT

JOE: What's the matter...you catchin' cold?
What d'ya mean...

Looks like there's something wrong with your eyes.

Draft when the kid opened the door. That's all it was

Just the draft. Looks like there's something wrong with your eyes too

Yeah...but I'll be honest about it.

What d'ya mean?

It isn't the draft.

The story you have just heard is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

On the 21st of December a petition was filed in Juvenile court on behalf of the subject. On January 26th, trial was held in Department 52 of Juvenile court State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.

Now here is our star, Jack Webb

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

WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, Thanksgiving is traditionally a time when families and friends get together. I'd like to make this suggestion. Tomorrow get a couple of cartons of Chesterfields. You'll be all set for Thanksgiving and the weekend. We know you - your family, and guests are sure to enjoy America's most popular two-way cigarette. Chesterfield ... regular and king-size ... Best for you!
GIBNEY: Elroy Merton Graham appeared before the juvenile court where he admitted the alleged burglaries. At this time, under the council of the Judge of the juvenile court, the subject was placed under the care of the probation department for a period of three years with the provision that his parents take him to a competent psychiatrist.

MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES;

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

(FATIMA HITCHHIKE)
ANNCR: Don't forget your letter carrier when he makes a special trip to call on you for muscular dystrophy. Reach in your pocket ... give for muscular dystrophy.