"THE BIG SUCKER"
N.B.C. #235...CHESTERFIELD #67
FOR BROADCAST: FEBRUARY 15, 1954

1  MUSIC: SIGNATURE
2  PENN:  (EASTLY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
3       to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
4       the innocent.
5  MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER
6  GIBNEY: Dragnet is brought to you by Chesterfield, made by
7     Liggett and Myers, first major tobacco company to bring
8     you a complete line of quality cigarettes.
9  MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR
10  PENN:  (EASTLY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
11      to Bunco-Fugitive Detail. A confidence man has set up
12      operations in your city. The product he's selling has a
13      ready market, perfect cut, blue white diamonds. You're
14      job...stop him.
15  MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FEIN: Today, you hear these three words everywhere.
Chesterfields for me. The cigarette tested and approved by thirty years of scientific tobacco research.
Chesterfields for me. The cigarette with a proven good record with smokers. And first cigarette to have such a record. Chesterfields for me. Chesterfield gives you proof of highest quality - low nicotine - the taste you want - the mildness you want. The Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made... And best for you.
MUSIC: THEME

GIRNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For the next 30 minutes, in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by step on the side of the law through an actual case transcribed from official police files. From beginning to end, from crime to punishment, Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR...SLIGHT ECHO AND CORRIDOR B.G.

JOE: It was Tuesday, November 9th. 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 was on my way back from the Record Division and it was 11:40 A.M., when I got to room 38...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Bunco Detail.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND JOE...HE WALKS INTO THE SQUADROOM AND THE B.G. CHANGES

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Did it check out?

JOE: There're three possibles. Descriptions don't match too well. We'll have to check 'em all out.

FRANK: (ON) Uh huh. DiBetta was just in. He said he'd give us a hand.

JOE: Good. Y'wanna get on it?

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Any calls?
FRANK: No. Let's go.

SOUND: FRANK AND JOE WALK TO THE DOOR... THEY OPEN IT

HAROLD: (AT THE DOOR) Oh... excuse me.

JOE: Yes, sir. There something we can do for you?

HAROLD: Well, that depends.

JOE: Sir?

HAROLD: Well, y' see, I don't know if you're the man I should talk to. This is the fraud department isn't it?

JOE: This is Bunco-Fugitive, yes sir.

HAROLD: Then, I guess this is what I want.

JOE: You want to come in and sit down? You can tell us about it.

(HEAT)

HAROLD: Yeah, I guess that'd be the best thing to do.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK TURN AND START TO ENTER THE SQUADROOM AGAIN... HAROLD FOLLOWS THEM

FRANK: I'll check with DiBetta. He can go to work on this list.

JOE: Right.

FRANK: I'll be back.

SOUND: FRANK GOES ON DOWN THE HALL AND JOE AND HAROLD ENTER THE SQUADROOM... DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM

JOE: You can sit down there.

HAROLD: Okay.

SOUND: HAROLD TAKES A CHAIR

HAROLD: Where'd be the best place to start?

JOE: You want to give us your name?
HAROLD: It's Harold Filson. That's with an "F". Lots of people spell it "W" -i-l-a-o-n...but it's F-i-l.

JOE: Yes sir.

HAROLD: My name's not important. What I want to tell you about happened to a friend of mine.

JOE: Uh huh.

HAROLD: He's a little too embarrassed to come in himself, so I said I'd tell you about it. Terrible thing. It should be stopped.

JOE: We'll do what we can. You want to tell me what it's all about?

HAROLD: Well, this friend of mine was in the bank one day. He'd gone in to make a withdrawal. Couple of hundred dollars.

JOE: Uh huh.

HAROLD: On the way out of the place, this kinda seedy lookin' man came up to my friend and started to talk.

JOE: Your friend know the man?

HAROLD: Never saw him before in his life.

JOE: Go ahead.

HAROLD: Well, this little guy said he had a business proposition to put to my friend. Said they could both make a lot of money out of it.

JOE: Uh huh.

HAROLD: Guy suggested that the both of 'em walk down the street to a little coffee stand that's there and have a cuppa coffee. My friend didn't see anything wrong with that, so they did. That's where the little guy told the story.
JOE: What's that?

HAROLD: About how he was a D.P. y'know...displaced person. Said he'd come over here from Belgium. Big story about how he just managed to get out of Germany with his life. Really laid it on thick. Real thick.

JOE: Yeah.

HAROLD: That's when he pulled the snapper. Said that he'd gotten into the country illegally. That he didn't have any papers and that's why he came to my friend.

JOE: I don't understand.

HAROLD: Well, y' see, this little guy reached into his pocket and took out a couple of pieces of folded paper. He undid 'em and there were four diamonds. Most beautiful things you ever saw.

JOE: Yeah.

HAROLD: Fella went on to say that since he was in the country without a passport, he couldn't take the chance of trying to sell the diamonds. Said he might be picked up. So he wanted to sell the stones to my friend. Said he wouldn't have any trouble getting rid of 'em.

JOE: How much did he want for 'em?

HAROLD: Said he'd sell the lot for 13 thousand dollars.

JOE: That's a lot of money.

HAROLD: Especially when this friend of mine doesn't know anything about diamonds.

JOE: What happened?
HAROLD: Little guy said my friend should take the stones to any jeweler and have them appraised. Said he'd go along with what the jeweler said.

JOE: That's what your friend did then?

HAROLD: Yeah. Went to one of the best jewelry stores in the city. Took the stones with him and had the jeweler look at 'em.

JOE: This little guy...he go into the store with your friend?

HAROLD: No. He said he'd wait outside.

JOE: Uh huh.

HAROLD: Jeweler looked at the stones and said they were worth 15 thousand dollars...that's wholesale. 15 thousand.

JOE: So your friend bought the diamonds?

HAROLD: Yeah. He offered the owner 10 thousand dollars cash for 'em. The little guy wouldn't go for the deal, so he took the diamonds back. They hemmed and hawed around for a couple of minutes but then he said he'd sell. So the both of them went to my friends bank and got the money and the deal was set. Little man reached into his pocket, took out the package and handed over the diamonds for the ten thousand.

JOE: Yeah.

HAROLD: Then my friend tried to sell them. Jeweler said he couldn't buy them himself since he didn't know my friend, but he'd try to sell them for him.

JOE: Uh huh.
HAROLD: He was gonna make out a receipt for the diamonds. He looked at 'em again and that's when he found out.

JOE: There was somethin' wrong?

HAROLD: Yeah. My friend had gotten a different packet. Instead of diamonds, he'd bought 4 zircons. Four of 'em...worth maybe 25...30 dollars apiece. 10 thousand dollars for a hundred and twenty dollars worth of cut glass.

BEAT

HAROLD: You gotta do something about it. You gotta figure some way to get the money back.

BEAT

JOE: You want to give us a description of the man who sold you the phonies?

HAROLD: How'd you know?

JOE: Way you talked, way you act. One thing...maybe make you feel a little better, Mr. Filson.

HAROLD: What's that?

JOE: You aren't the first one who's been taken by this racket. Been a lot more. The little man you met has taken a lot of money here in Los Angeles.

HAROLD: Yeah.

JOE: We're gonna see that he doesn't take it out.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: Frank came back to the office and I filled him in on the story Harold Filson had given me. The victim gave us a complete statement and a description of the man who'd victimized him. He also gave us the address of the bank where he'd been approached. After that, Filson was taken down to the mugg room and shown photographs of known confidence men who had used the same M.O. A local and an A.P.B. were gotten out carrying the description of the suspect, as well as a complete description of the clothes he wore and the method he used in approaching the intended victim. We got the name of the jeweler who had appraised the diamonds, and we asked the victim if we could keep the stones until we'd finished our investigation. He gave his consent and we signed a receipt for the zircons. 1:46 P.M. Frank and I drove out to the Hollywood area where we talked to Sol Maurice, the owner of the jewelry store.

SOL: If you'll wait, I'll get my loop and check them for you.

JOE: We'd appreciate it.

SOL: No trouble. I probably should have known that there was something wrong when he came in here. The average man doesn't carry 15 thousand dollars in unset diamonds around with him. Let me see the stones.

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING, SOL UNWRAPS A PIECE OF DIAMOND PAPER.

THE OUTER PIECE IS A GOOD QUALITY BOND, THE INNER SIMILAR TO A FINE RICE PAPER.
JOE: If you'd take a look at these.

SOL: (LOOKING THROUGH LOOP) Yeah... Uh huh. They're the same ones. Same as the diamonds.

JOE: What can you tell us about them?

SOL: (STILL LOOKING THROUGH THE LOOP) They look as if they were cut in this country.

FRANK: Why do you say that?

SOL: Facets. They're cut longer than the European stones.

FRANK: Oh.

SOL: Uh huh. They were made in America.

JOE: Is there any way we could tell where?

SOL: No. Whoever did it, though, knew what he was doing. I remember the diamonds. Beautiful.

FRANK: The real diamonds were just like these then?

SOL: Yes. There was a one twenty-five round... two - one carat marquis and a four-oh-three square cut.

JOE: You're sure about the size?

SOL: Reasonably yes. I didn't weigh them at the time, but I did use the Moe Gauge on them. That's what they checked out.

FRANK: You can't give us any idea, then, where the zircons might have come from?

SOL: No, I'm sorry. I can give you a list of the men in Los Angeles who might have done it.

JOE: We'd appreciate it.
SOL: No trouble at all.

SOUND: SOL WRAPS UP THE STONES IN THE PAPER.

SOL: You want to take these with you?

FRANK: I don’t understand. Why would a legitimate diamond cutter make these imitations?

SOL: If a person ordered them copied, there’d be no reason not to. Quite often people don’t like to wear the genuine stones. Occasions when good imitations would do as well. That’s probably what happened here.

FRANK: Uh huh.

SOL: Whoever it was probably ordered a melange (MI-LAWNGE) lot and the cutter went ahead with it.

JOE: The stones he brought in the first time were real.

SOL: Yes. Fine high color. Beautifully cut. Especially the square. I’ll get those names for you.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: SOL TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF AND RETURNS WITH A BOOK.

FRANK: I wonder if you could tell me something?

SOL: (AS HE WRITES) What’s that?

FRANK: My wife has been looking for something to clean her wedding ring. Y’know...it gets dirty down in the little prongs that hold the diamonds...wonder if you could recommend something to clean ’em.
Tell you what, the next time you're in the area bring the rings in. I'll be glad to clean 'em for you.

Problem there is that she doesn't want to take 'em off. I don't think she'd go for me takin' them all day.

Tell her to take them into the jeweler in the neighborhood. He'll be glad to do it.

Thanks, sure appreciate it.

No trouble. (HANDS JOE A PIECE OF PAPER) Here's the list.

Sure hope you can find the man who sold the phonies.

So do we.

Every time somebody gets stung buying diamonds it makes 'em leery from then on. Hard on the legitimate people in the business.

Uh huh.

Jewelers Alliance has been saying it for a long time.....

Know your Jeweler and you'll get value received. A guy like this makes it twice as rough on the honest men.

That's the way it is most of the time.

Always seems like the honest ones get hurt.

Not always.

What?

It's gonna work the other way, this time.

(END SCENE 2)
JOE: 3:15 P.M. Frank and I returned to the office and got out a supplemental bulletin on the genuine diamonds that were being used. We checked with Captain Didion and he assigned two more officers to help us in checking out the list of diamond cutters in the area. The questioning took the better part of the next day and at 4:37 P.M., when we met in the bunco Squadroom, we were no further ahead with the apprehension of the suspect.

During the week that followed, we continued to talk to Lapidaries in the southland area but they were unable to give us any leads as to who might have made the copies. On Monday, November 22nd, we received another complaint. An elderly woman who identified herself as Mrs. Myra Hacken, told us that she'd been swindled out of 12 thousand dollars. The story she gave us was almost identical with the one we'd gotten from Harold Filson. The description of the suspect was the same. Frank and I talked to the jeweler that had made the appraisal on the stones for her. He was unable to give us any concrete information. However, the zircons purchased by Mrs. Hacken were identical with those bought by the first victim, Filson. Two more weeks passed and in that time, the confidence man hit two more citizens. The method of approach was the same... the story he gave the victims was the same. Nothing in the story was new. The search for him went on. On Wednesday, December 1st, Captain Didion called a meeting in his office.
DIDION: C'mon in.

JOE: Yeah, Skipper.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE OFFICE. DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM. B.G. CUT.

DIDION: Sit down.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK MOVE TO CHAIRS AND SIT.

FRANK: What's it about, Skipper?

DIDION: You know what it is. Where are you on it?

JOE: The diamond switch?

DIDION: That's it.

FRANK: Goin' slow, Captain.

DIDION: What's the score to date? 'Bout 45 thousand dollars isn't it?

JOE: Yeah.

DIDION: And you're no closer to the guy than when he started.

JOE: We got a description.

DIDION: We can't book that.

FRANK: We're doin' everything we can, Captain. We talked to all the victims...all of the people in town who might know who he is. There isn't a rumble.

JOE: He must be playin' it single. None of the usual sources know anything.

DIDION: How bout the money? Anybody spendin' more than they can junt for?

JOE: Not that we've been able to turn.
DIDION: Staats office?
FRANK: They've given us a list of possibles. 1/4 of 'em.
They've all been checked out. None of 'em fit.
DIDION: What about the jewelers association? What've they
got for you?
JOE: Doin' all they can. They put out a notice to all
their members to be on the lookout for the guy. Sent
out a description to all of the diamond cutters asking
for information on the stones.
DIDION: Uh huh.
FRANK: We've had a composite drawing made of the suspect. M.O.
sheet. It's been sent to all of the banks in the area.
Nothin' back on it though.
DIDION: What's the answer? There's gotta be some way of nailin'
him.
JOE: We got an idea. Odds are on the long side but it's
about the only way.
DIDION: Let's hear it.
JOE: We know that the guy is workin' the Hollywood area,
heavy. Seems that most of the marks he picks are there.
They do business in the banks along the boulevard.
DIDION: Uh huh.
JOE: We thought if we could spot a couple of undercover
people in the banks, make it look like they were doin'
business there, they might be approached.
DIDION: You meant it when you said the odds were long. How
many people you figure you're gonna need for this?
JOE: Minimum of a half a dozen. They all should be middle aged or elderly. Suspect doesn't seem to bother anybody under 40.

DIDION: How about keepin' in touch with the underworld people? How you figure to work that?

JOE: We thought we could cruise the area. Work out a check system so we'd know what was goin' on.

DIDION: Uh huh. Okay, I'll get in touch with Chief Brown. Ask him to line up some officers that'll work the banks. Better get in touch with Hollywood. Fill them in on what you're doin'. Might ask for a couple of "F" cars to give you a hand in the surveillance.

FRANK: Right, Skipper.

DIDION: We'll get together here in the morning. You can brief 'em on what you want... How you're gonna work it out.

JOE: Okay.

DIDION: Better notify the banks too. Give them the set up so there won't be any slip.

PHONE RING.

DIDION: Excuse me.

DIDION PUNCHES THE BUTTON AND PICKS UP THE PHONE.

DIDION: Bunco-Fugitive... Captain Didion. Yeah... Uh huh. Okay... we'll send 'em right out. That's right.

DIDION HANGS UP THE PHONE.

DIDION: Here's one to move on.

HE TEARS PIECE OF PAPER FROM PAD AND HANDS IT TO JOE.
DIDION: Bank on Hollywood boulevard. Head cashier says there's been a man loitering in the place for the last thirty minutes.

JOE: Yeah.

DIDION: Matches the description of your suspect right down the line.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: The bank guard had detained the man until we got there. He told us that the suspect had entered the bank at approximately 11:40 A.M. and had been observed by the bank guard. When the man's movements had aroused the guard's suspicions, he'd notified the cashier and he in turn had called us when he noticed the similarity between the suspect and our bulletin. We asked the man to step out to our car so we could question him. He appeared to have been drinking but was cooperative. He got into the back seat with Frank and we asked him to show us his wallet.

SOUND: OFF MIKE TRAFFIC.

SAM: There Y'are. My wallet.

JOE: Is there any money in it?

SAM: Well, now, I don't know as that's any of your business.

FRANK: You got any money in the wallet?

SAM: Might be a couple of bucks. Then again on the other side of the fence...there might not.

JOE: All right, mister, take the money out and hand the wallet to me.

SAM: (AFTER BEAT) Ain't none. I'm broke.

JOE: Let's have it.
SAM: Sure...like to cooperate. Always like to cooperate.

SOUND: UNDERS. JOE GOES THROUGH WALLET.

JOE: This your true name, Samuel Gerald Pugh?

SAM: That's it.

FRANK: You ever been arrested?

SAM: That gentlemen, is my life story.

JOE: That right.

SAM: It certainly is. Many's the happy hour I've spent in your main jail. Delightful place. Referred to in the trade as the Greybar Hotel y'know.

JOE: Yeah. What charge?

SAM: I believe that is referred to in the trade as a 4127 A.L.A.M.C.

FRANK: Drunk?

SAM: If you don't mind officer, I'd rather you wouldn't put it just that way. It sounds so completely undignified.

JOE: What were you doin' in that bank?

SAM: Then I spent a short vacation with the sheriff out in Castiac. Charming resort. Delightful cuisine.

FRANK: Why were you in the bank?

SAM: I have also enjoyed the hospitality of the authorities in San Francisco....Oakland...and in Beaumont, Texas.

JOE: Look, mister, this isn't a game. You come up with some answers and come with 'em fast.

BEAT
SAM: Sir?

JOE: Yeah.

SAM: I am trying to the best of my ability to answer your questions in the order you present them. I am still working on the initial one. Would you like to know why I have spent so much time in the penal confines of the society in which we live?

JOE: We want to know why you were in that bank.

SAM: Very well, I shall tell you. I have spent all of this time in gathering material for a treatise on the penal colonies in America.

JOE: Let's go, Frank.

FRANK: Okay. C'mon mister...get your hands in back of you.

SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK TAKE OUT HIS HANDCUFFS

SAM: Here now. I resent this treatment, and further more, I intend to expose your methods in my forthcoming book.

FRANK: Yeah.

SAM: Realize officer, I have given you fair warning. (HEAT)

JOE: Yeah.

SAM: Drunk?

JOE: We'll figure that when we get downtown.

SAM: That's all you've got. I didn't really do it. 'Y can't book a man for just thinkin' about it.

JOE: Huh?

SAM: I didn't really do it. I just was thinkin' about it.
JOE: What're you talkin' about?
SAM: What I was doin' in the bank. I'm broke 'n hungry. I just got into town this mornin'. Arrived amid the sunshine of glorious California. Broke and hungry. So, I ambled around a bit then went into the bank. I thought that maybe I'd write a check. Just enough to tide me over until I decide to accept one of the many offers that has been offered me.
FRANK: You have any money in the bank?
SAM: A trivial detail. However, in-as-much as you gentlemen are willing to accord me the hospitality of the Greybar Hotel, I shall accept with alacrity.
JOE: That's nice.
SAM: I'm gratified you appreciate my position.
FRANK: You got any way of proving you just got in town?
SAM: Is that necessary?
FRANK: It might be for you.
SAM: I shall have no trouble in supplying such verification.
FRANK: Yeah?
SAM: I have been enjoying the hospitality of the largest state for the past three months. I severed my connection with them two days ago.
JOE: That right?
SAM: It is. I, officer, have been in jail for the past three months.
JOE: Yeah.
SAM: In Beaumont, Texas.
(End Scene 4)
JOE: The suspect was taken to the city hall and held for further investigation. Teletypes were sent to the authorities in Texas and they verified the story we'd gotten. The suspect was booked on violation of 4127A - L.A.M.C. The following morning, Frank and I along with Captain Didion, briefed the police officers chosen by Chief Brown. We told them the suspect's M.O. and gave each of them copies of the composite drawing that had been made. At 10:30 that morning, the plan was put into operation. It continued through the week end without results. During that time, we received no new complaints regarding the confidence man. Wednesday, December 8th, Frank and I checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. FOOTSTEPS INTO ROOM, DOOR CLOSE BEHIND.

FRANK: I wanna call Fay. Let her know what time I'll be home.

JOE: Okay. Want to check the book while you're there?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: PHONE RING.

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PUNCHES BUTTON, LIFTS RECEIVER

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Bunco-Fugitive...Friday. Yeah. Uh Huh. Okay. Where? Yeah...I know where it is. Right. We'll see you there.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP

JOE: You'll have to call Fay later.

FRANK: Huh?
JOE: Our suspect.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: He's setting up a mark in a coffee shop on Hollywood boulevard.
(END SCENE 5)
(END ACT 1)

GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.
(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAUGHT RADIO
FEBRUARY 16, 1954
SECOND COMMERCIAL

FENNE MAN: Meet the Tom Harmons. You know Tom as an All American
...And now, a top sports announcer. Mrs. Harmon is
the motion picture and television star - Elyse Knox. They're typical of people everywhere who are saying...
Chesterfields for me.

ELYSE: (TAPE OR FROM SOUND TRACK)
I like regular size Chesterfields...have for years. They're best for me - at least, I think so because
of that Chesterfield quality.

TOM: (TAPE)
That's the way I feel about 'em, too. I've always
smoked Chesterfields. Now, I go for the king-size.
Guess I like a longer smoke.

FENNE MAN: So...whether you smoke regular size, like Elyse Knox,
or king-size...like Tom Harmon - enjoy America's
most popular two-way cigarette.
Chesterfields for me.
You hear it everywhere. The Chesterfield you smoke
today is the best cigarette ever made...And best
for you.
JOE: The call had come from one of the undercover people we'd planted in the banks on Hollywood Boulevard. The policewoman told me that a man answering the description had approached her and offered to sell her some unset diamonds. The suspect had suggested that they have a cup of coffee while he explained the deal to the victim. After they'd reached the coffee shop the policewoman excused herself and put in a call to us. It took us 18 minutes to drive to Hollywood and Vine Streets and get to the coffee shop. When we entered the place, we could see the policewoman at one of the rear tables. Frank and I walked back and sat down in the adjoining booth. They'd evidently been talking for several minutes before we got there.

SOUND: COFFEE SHOP B.G.

NATHAN: (OFF) You can understand my position. I don't want to have to let them go but I have no choice.

MARGARET: I'm still not sure why you don't sell them yourself.

NATHAN: There's some trouble about my passport. The authorities are checking it over. If I try to dispose of the diamonds in the usual channels, there are bound to be questions. Questions I can't answer.

MARGARET: I'm not sure I want to be mixed up in a thing like this. I've never had any trouble with the law. My husband would be pretty angry if he knew about this.
NATHAN: But there won't be any trouble. None. The reason I decided to even bother you with this is that I've seen you several times in the bank. You look to me like a person who'd understand and want to help.

MARGARET: That's very kind.

NATHAN: It's you who are being kind. To even let me talk to you. I wish I could tell you how much it means to be able to walk up to just anyone on the street and talk. To know that there's nothing to be afraid of. This business about the passport is annoying but it will all be straightened out. After that, everything will be all right.

MARGARET: Can't you wait until then to sell the diamonds?

NATHAN: I'm afraid not. I have bills, I must pay my attorney. My family, they must be taken care of. I need the money now.

MARGARET: I'm still not sure.

NATHAN: Kind lady... let me show you the gems. Just let me show them to you and then decide.

SOUND: FROM THE NEXT BOOTH, WE HEAR NATHAN UNWRAP THE STONES.

ALSO, UNDER THE SOUND, WE HEAR THE STEPS OF THE WAITER FADE IN, AND STOP.

WAITER: Yes sir.

JOE: Coffee please.

FRANK: Yeah... coffee.

WAITER: Two coffees. Right away.

SOUND: HE FADES OFF.
(OFF) There...just look at them. Have you ever seen anything so beautiful in your life?

They are nice.

These are all we were able to get out of the country. Weeks before we left, we sold everything we owned to buy them. You know, in Europe, diamonds are about the only thing that has a set value. If I were to tell you the trouble we had in getting them...but that would take too long and I've already taken too much of your time.

Not at all. How much are you asking for them?

On the market, they are worth, in American dollars at least 10 thousand dollars.

I could never pay that much for them.

But you wouldn't have to.

I don't understand.

It's simple. You take them to any jeweler in the city. Any one at all. You pick him out. Take the diamonds to him. Ask him what they are worth. Then come back to me and we can make the transaction. You see what he will offer you for them. You will see that what I have said is the truth. You can buy them from me and I will get the money I need. Then you can sell them to the same jeweler and make a handsome profit. Go ahead...take them and I'll wait for you here.
MARGARET: You'll trust me with them?
NATHAN: Certainly. I know when I saw you in the bank, I could depend on you. I trust you with my life's savings.
JOE: (ON) Alright...let's go.
FRANK: Yeah.
SOUND: THEY GET UP FROM THE BOOTH AND MOVE TO THE OTHER ONE.
NATHAN: (LOOKING UP) Something I can do for you gentlemen?
JOE: Police officers. You're under arrest.
NATHAN: On what charge?
JOE: Grand theft.
NATHAN: You must be joking.
FRANK: 'Fraid not. Let's go.
MARGARET: You get everything you needed, Sergeant Friday.
JOE: Yeah, thanks Margaret.
NATHAN: You're in with them?
MARGARET: I'm a police officer too.
NATHAN: (WITHOUT THE ACCENT) How y'gonna know.
FRANK: I'll take the diamonds.
JOE: Wanna give us the zircons too?
NATHAN: Yeah. (HE TAKES THEM FROM HIS POCKET) Here Y'are.
It's a lousey deal. You're gonna have to prove it y'know.
JOE: We'll take care of that.
NATHAN: How you gonna do it?
1 JOE: Shouldn't be too tough. Have the victims look at you.
2 They should give us a positive identification.
3 NATHAN: Yeah, I guess so.
4 FRANK: Where'd you get the stones?
5 NATHAN: Picked 'em up in New York. They're real. Worth easy
6 13 maybe fourteen thousand dollars.
7 JOE: How 'bout the imitations?
8 NATHAN: What about 'em?
9 JOE: Where'd you get them?
10 NATHAN: Friend of mine. Guy back east. His hobby is Lap., Y'know.
11 JOE: Lapidary?
12 NATHAN: Yeah. That's it. I had him cut the zircons for me.
13 JOE: He know why you wanted them?
14 NATHAN: No, I told him it was for a joke. Asked him to make me
15 6 sets. All of 'em like the real ones. I only had this
16 one and one more to get rid of. Just two more and you
17 have to tag me. Rough go.
18 MARGT: You need me for anything more Sergeant?
19 JOE: No thanks Margaret. We'll take him in.
20 MARGT: I'll go on then.
21 JOE: Right. Thanks again.
22 MARGT: Glad to help.
23 FRANK: Thanks Margaret.
24 MARGT: Yeah. See you downtown.
25 JOE: Right. Tell Chief Brown we'll be in to see him.
1 MARGT: Okay.
2 SOUND: SHE WALKS OUT
3 JOE: Let's go.
4 NATHAN: Y'mind if I finish my coffee?
5 JOE: I guess it's alright. Go ahead.
6 NATHAN: Thanks.
7 FRANK: What's your name?
8 NATHAN: Nathan Kroner.
9 JOE: You ever fallen before?
10 NATHAN: Couple of times. Small beefs.
11 FRANK: Where?
12 NATHAN: Midwest. Colorado...Kansas.
13 FRANK: Big time?
14 NATHAN: Burglary. Served three years in Colorado...two in Kansas.
15 Thought sure I had it figured this time. Sure way to
16 make it pay. Never know do you?
17 JOE: What's that?
18 NATHAN: How it's gonna turn out. Take this dodge for instance.
19 JOE: Yeah.
20 NATHAN: You got a cigarette?
21 JOE: Yeah...here y'go.
22 SOUND: JOE FLIPS THE PACK OVER TO HIM.
23 FRANK: Here.
24 NATHAN: I got a match.
25 SOUND: MATCH AND LIGHT BUSINESS UNDER
1 NATHAN: (EXHALING) This'd never work if you tried it with honest people.
2 JOE: That right?
3 NATHAN: Sure. Right off. . . . I told 'em I was havin trouble with my passport. Even told one of 'em I was in the country illegally. That's when he should have gone to the cops. Right then.
4 JOE: Uh huh.
5 NATHAN: (TAKES A DRINK OF COFFEE) Gonna miss that.
6 JOE: What?
7 NATHAN: The coffee. Gonna miss it. Anyway...if everyone of 'em didn't have a little thievery in 'em...isn't a con game in the world that'd work. Y'ever think of that?
8 JOE: You tell us.
9 NATHAN: I hand over a batch of diamonds. Now I know they're worth minimum of fifteen thousand dollars. Worth that anywhere's in the country.
10 JOE: Yeah.
11 NATHAN: What happens. The mark takes 'em in to a jeweler and finds out they're worth that much and right away he's out to try to make a fast buck for himself. He comes back and tells me they're only good for ten thousand.
12 JOE: You about finished with that coffee?
NATHAN: Yeah. Now the mark stands to make himself a couple of thousand dollars goin' in, but that isn't enough. He's gotta take me for more. Wouldn't work if they weren't thieves at heart.

JOE: That still doesn't give you the right to take 'em.

NATHAN: I suppose not. I get a real kick though outta figurin' what they look like when they find out they're stuck with a handful of cut glass. Must be real yaks to see that look.

JOE: How 'bout that coffee. C'mon let's go.

NATHAN: Yeah.

SOUND: THEY START TO WALK OUT OF THE RESTAURANT

FRANK: You pulled the dodge anyplace else in the country?

NATHAN: Not me. This is the first place. Figured that if I scored good here, I could take it easy. Y'know... work the bit maybe once a year in a different city. Keep movin'. Don't make any difference how they talk or what kinda clothes they wear.... a mark is still a mark. I just hit a bad deal. Gone good and I coulda lived off if for years.

JOE: That's what you wanted, huh?

NATHAN: Yeah. Just a deal to keep me in clothes and food, Roof over my head. Nothin' big.

JOE: It all worked out then didn't it?

NATHAN: Huh?

JOE: That's what you've got. Let's go.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

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

FENN: Now here is our star, Jack Webb.
DRAGNET RADIO
February 9, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 FENNE: Now here is our star, Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. The Chesterfield you
3 smoke today is the best cigarette ever made and best
4 for you. That's a fact. And, to my way of thinking,
5 it's the very best reason for you to change to
6 Chesterfield. Buy them either way ... regular or
7 king-size ... If you try them, I think you'll say with
8 all of us -- Chesterfields for my.
Nathan Austin Kroner was tried and found guilty on four counts of Grand Theft and received punishment as prescribed by law. Grand Theft is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not more than one year in the county jail or for a period of not less than one nor more than ten years in the State Penitentiary.
BENN: Ladies and gentlemen, Crime has reached a new high! Over two million major crimes were committed last year in the United States. You and your loved ones - your lives and property are threatened. Now - during National Crime Prevention Week, the National Exchange clubs urge you to act to protect yourself and your country. Go to church this Sunday and every Sunday. The nation needs the great moral vitality which springs from church going men and women. And remember to be alert - and be on the lookout for ways to prevent crime. Help your police force and your community reduce the crime rate.
MUSIC: THEME

THEME: UNDER


Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, ____________________

_________________________________________________________


Hal Gibney speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES

FENN: Watch an entirely different 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)
ANNCR: Filter tip smokers ... This is it!

L & M Filters ... The one filter tip cigarette with plenty of good taste - much more flavor - much less nicotine ... And effective filtration.

Only the L & M Filter contains the miracle product - alpha cellulose - absolutely pure - non-mineral - harmless to health.

Yes, this is it! As Maurice Evans puts it ...

L & M Filters are just what the doctor ordered ..... Buy L & M Filters ... the light and mild smoke!