"DRAGNET" - Radio
"THE BIG PIPE"
N.B.C. #236 CHESTERFIELD #68
FOR BROADCAST: FEBRUARY 23, 1954

1 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
2 PENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
the innocent.
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: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
to Homicide detail. The body of an attractive woman has
been found in a downtown office building. She's been
beaten to death with a piece of lead pipe. Her killer
has escaped into the city. Your job .... find him.
15 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FIRST COMMERCIAL

FENN: Today - friends, you hear these three words everywhere...

Chesterfields for me. The Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made. Best for you - because Chesterfield gives you proof of highest quality - low nicotine...the taste you want...the mildness you want.

Chesterfield is best for you because it is tested and approved by thirty years of scientific tobacco research. Chesterfield is best for you because it has an established good record with smokers...proven by test after test.

Yes, friends, the Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made. For the taste you want - the mildness you want - join the thousands now changing to Chesterfield.
1 MUSIC: THEME

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

9 MUSIC: UP TO SEMI-BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

10 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ON HARD SURFACE, SLIGHT ECHO, NO.

B.G.

12 JOE: It was Thursday, April 15th. It was warm in Los Angeles.

13 We were working the day watch out of Homicide Detail. My

14 partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Lohrman. My

15 name's Friday. We'd just left the murder room, and it was

16 7:40 A.M. when we got to Suite 718....(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)

17 .... the building manager's office.

18 SOUND: DOOR CLOSE. STEPS INTO THE ROOM

19 MINNA: (CRYS QUIETLY AS THE DOOR OPENS)

20 JOE: Miss Joyce?

21 MINNA: Yes. You men cops?

22 JOE: Yes, ma'am. We understand you're the one who found the

23 body.

24 MINNA: (BLOWING HER NOSE) That's right. I found her. Awful

25 thing.  (SHE BLOWS HER NOSE AGAIN)
JOE: This is my partner, Frank Smith...my name's Friday.

Wonder if you'd tell us exactly what happened.

MINNA: Sure. Just about the most terrible thing ever happened to me.

FRANK: Is there anything we can get you?

MINNA: No, thanks. Janie brought me some hot coffee.

JOE: Janie?

MINNA: Yeah...Janie Alquist. She works the first three floors.

She brought me some hot coffee. She was up here and they let her bring it.

JOE: All right, Miss Joyce. If you'd tell us about it.

MINNA: Right from the beginning? You wanna hear all about the whole thing?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MINNA: Well, I came on at 4. Just like always. Punched in and came up to the 10th floor and started in. Got the things out of the closet on the tenth.

JOE: Uh huh.

MINNA: Usually I start on the 7th, but now and then I like to do it a little different, and I start on ten and work down.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am. What time was it when you found the body?

MINNA: Just a few minutes ago. I guess about 7. Right around in there. I only had two more offices to do and I'd be finished. I just had two more when I got there.

JOE: All right....would you go ahead, please?
MINNA: Well, I finished up with Mr. Farrell's office. He's in 716, right next door. He's always leavin' cigarettes on the edge of his desk, and it burns the wood.

JOE: Uh huh.

MINNA: Sometimes the cigarettes fell off the desk and burn the rug. I been gonna talk to the supervisor about it, but I haven't yet.

JOE: Yeah.

MINNA: That's 'cause Mr. Farrell is so nice. He always remembers Christmas. Last year he gave me a bottle of cologne.

JOE: Yeah, ma'am. If you'd tell us about finding the body.

MINNA: (BLOWS HER NOSE AGAIN) Well, I unlocked the door, and I saw the light inside. I thought it was kinda funny 'cause usual, it's dark.

FRANK: You mean in the office?

MINNA: Yeah. In where Mrs. Fitzgerald's desk is. It's usual dark.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MINNA: I thought it was kinda funny, like I said, but then I thought that maybe she was workin'. She does accounting, y'know. Woman accountant. I thought she was working.

JOE: Uh huh.

MINNA: So I knocked. I didn't just went to go right in if she was workin'. Y'know, disturb her. I knocked.

JOE: Yeah.

MINNA: But she didn't answer.
Go ahead.

Well, I opened the door and went in. Right off I was kinds sore about it. No excuse for a thing like that. (STARTS TO CRY QUILTLY) No excuse at all.

What'dya mean?

Didn't you see the place? Didn't you look?

Yes.

Then you know what a mess it was. Papers all over the floor... Ashtrays spilled. All that mess, and I'm supposed to be through at 7:30. I'da never made it. Never got through on time. (SHE BLOWS HER NOSE) That's when I saw her. Behind the desk. (CRYS) Awful thing. There she was. On the floor, dead,

There was no one else in the office?

No .... just Mrs. Fitzgerald. She was on the floor behind the desk.

What'd you do then?

I screamed. Loud. As loud as I could. I wanted somebody to come up there right away. That was the first time I ever saw anybody dead. Then I run out of the office and went downstairs to get somebody to help. Just an awful thing. (BLOWS HER NOSE) Poor Mrs. Fitzgerald. She was so nice. All the time sayin' hello when she'd come in early and I'd still be workin'. I think about it and I just can't believe that it's true. I can't hardly believe it.

Did you see anyone on the floor while you were working?
MINNA: Just Mrs. Fitzgerald.

JOE: No, ma'am. I mean was there anybody in the halls of the building?

MINNA: No. Not that I saw. Wasn't anybody. I'd have seen them if they was there, but they weren't.

JOE: Uh huh. Well, thank you very much.

MINNA: That's all right. You know who did it yet?

JOE: No ma'am, not yet.

MINNA: I sure hope you catch 'em. Awful thing. I almost fainted when I saw her. Her and the pipe they killed her with.

FRANK: Did you touch anything in the office?

MINNA: No, sir. As soon as I found out what happened, I turned around and run out of the place. Right down to the first floor to get somebody to help.

JOE: You didn't touch anything at all?

MINNA: No, sir. I just let out a scream and run.

JOE: All right, Mrs. Joyce. We'll contact you tomorrow about a statement. Meantime, here's our card if you think of anything we should know, we'd appreciate it if you'd call us at this number.

MINNA: I sure will. Anything at all I think of, I'll call you.

(BLOWS HER NOSE) Can I go now?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MINNA: I gotta go home and take a hot bath. Calm my nerves.

SOUND: SHE GETS UP AND THE THREE OF THEM START TOWARD THE DOOR.
MINNA: Sure is gonna be a shock to her husband. 'Course not that he'll mind too much.

JOE: Ma'am?

MINNA: Her husband. Y'know.....Mr. Fitzgerald.

BEAT:

JOE: Yes, ma'am......what about him?

MINNA: Just that it isn't gonna bother that one too much.

FRANK: Why d'ya say that?

MINNA: I shouldn't have said anything. Not a word. I shouldn't have told anything. I'd get fired sure.

JOE: If it's got anything to do with Mrs. Fitzgerald's death, you'd better tell us.

MINNA: Well, if you'll promise not to tell the supervisor.

JOE: Go ahead.

MINNA: It gets dull just being in a big building by yourself. All alone at night when there isn't anybody around. Pretty dull.

JOE: Uh huh.

MINNA: Once in a while....not real often...but just once in a while, I kinda read some of the letters the people throw away. Y'know....in the wastebasket?

JOE: Yeah?

MINNA: They dont want 'em anymore so when it gets real dull, I read 'em. And I've read some in Mrs. Fitzgerald's office. From her husband, Mr. Fitzgerald.

JOE: Yes, ma'am?
MINNA: Seems like they been havin' some kinda big fight. Goin' to court and all. I don't know what's it all about, but they been fightin'. And in the letters, he tells how she oughts leave him alone. I guess she's askin' for a lot of alimony or somethin'. That's what it sounded like to me. Some of the letters...the way he wrote to her...mean. Used to threaten her. All the time.

JOE: You saw these letters where he threatened her?

MINNA: Yeah. Or...I guess it was about a week ago...he said in it that if she tried to railroad the thing through...that's what he said...railroad the thing through, he'd come up here and....

BEAT

JOE: Yeah. Go ahead.

MINNA: That's all there is. I couldn't find the other piece of the letter where he said what he was gonna do. See, she tore up the letters after she read 'em.

JOE: All right, Mrs. Joyce. Thank you very much.

MINNA: I hope I helped.

FRANK: You certainly have.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS AND THEY WALK OUT INTO THE HALL.

MINNA: Sure wish I could found that other piece of the letter.

JOE: No way of knowin' what it said.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MINNA: You suppose he really meant it?

JOE: I dunno. We'll ask him.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: By the time Frank and I had arrived at the scene, the crew from the Crime Lab had been called and had gotten to the building. Under our direction, photographs of the entire room had been taken and fingerprints had been lifted from the edges of the desk, from the top of a lamp and from the moulding of the door. The murder weapon, a 15-inch section of heavy lead pipe was booked for evidence. There was nothing we could tell from the pipe itself, other than the fact that it was the murder instrument. It was a plain piece of 3-quarter inch pipe. One end was wrapped in a heavy brown paper, the other was bloodstained. Because of the appearance of the office, it looked as if robbery was the motive for the crime. However, on examination of the victim's personal effects, we found that two large diamond rings were still on her fingers. In her purse, we found cash in the amount of 2 hundred and 26 dollars. On the desk itself, we found a woman's wrist watch set with 12 diamonds. The fact that none of this had been removed, apparently ruled out robbery as the motive. The other employees of the building were questioned, but they were unable to shed any light on a possible suspect. None of them had seen any unauthorized persons in the place after closing hours. People on the street in the immediate vicinity were questioned, and the only lead we were able to come up with was that at approximately 7:02 A.M. a newsboy had seen a short, stocky man walk from the office building entrance.

(MORE)
JOE: Other than the brief description of the man's build, the witness was unable to tell us anything. An immediate broadcast was gotten out on what information we had. From a telephone book in the victim's desk, we got an address for her husband, Oscar Fitzgerald. It was a man's club located in downtown Los Angeles. Frank and I drove over to talk to him.

OSCAR: C'mon in.
JOE: Thanks.
FRANK: Thank you.

SOUND: THEY WALK INTO THE ROOM. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

OSCAR: Sit down. I'll call for some coffee. You fellas want some?
JOE: No, thanks.
FRANK: No.

SOUND: OSCAR WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP

OSCAR: (FROM THE PHONE) You don't mind if I have some?
JOE: No, go ahead.

OSCAR: (INTO PHONE) Room service, please. (TO JOE) Kinda early for the cops to come callin', isn't it?
JOE: Yeah...I guess so.

OSCAR: (INTO PHONE OVER LAST LINE) This is Mr. Fitzgerald.... Room 417. Would you please send up a pot of coffee. That's right. Oh...and send a large glass of orange juice, too, huh? Yeah...and make sure it's cold....417...

Right.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND WALKS BACK ON MIKE
OSCAR: (FADING IN) One thing I can't go is warm orange juice.

You like a cigarette?

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE TAKES A CIGARETTE FROM A PACK AND THE LIGHT BUSINESS

IS UNDER THE FOLLOWING

OSCAR: Now...what's this all about? What d'ya want to see me for?

JOE: When's the last time you saw your wife?

OSCAR: Ada? I guess it was a couple of weeks ago. Why?

FRANK: Can you narrow that down to a day?

OSCAR: Why? Any special reason for me to?

FRANK: We'd like to hear it.

OSCAR: Let's see...I guess it was around March 30th. I can check it if it's important.

FRANK: Where'd you see her?

OSCAR: At my lawyers. We had a conference to try and work out the divorce and settlement.

JOE: What line of work are you in, Mr. Fitzgerald?

OSCAR: I think you'd better tell me what this is all about before I answer any more questions. If this is some sort of a trick Ada's tryin', you tell her it won't work and she can get off my back.

JOE: It's no trick. I think it might be better if you'd cooperate with us and answer the questions.

OSCAR: All right. But I'm gonna tell you goin' in that if you try to pull a fast one, I'm gonna deny anything I tell you now.
1. Joe: You tell us the truth and you won't have any trouble.
2. Oscar: Where do you work?
3. Joe: Right now, I'm between.
4. Oscar: What's that mean?
5. Joe: I'm an actor. Right now, I haven't got an assignment.
6. Oscar: Where'd you work last?
7. Joe: Picture studio. Until you tell me what this is for, I'm not going to give you any names.
8. Oscar: Can you give us your movements for the past few days?
9. Joe: Starting when?
10. Oscar: Try the day before yesterday.
11. Joe: Okay, I got up and went out to see my agent. Hung around the office for a couple of hours and then had lunch on the strip. After that, I came downtown and saw a movie. I came home and took a shower and then kept a dinner engagement.
12. Oscar: You prove that?
13. Joe: If I have to, yeah. But you're gettin' no names until I know what's goin' on.
14. Oscar: All right. How 'bout yesterday? What'd you do then?
15. Joe: Got up and went out to my agents. He told me he had a part on the fire. We went out on an interview. I was at the studio until about 4:30 then we went back to my agents office and we had a couple of drinks. After that, I came back here. Didn't feel too good so I went to bed.
16. Oscar: The man at the desk would be able to verify that?
FRANK: Fitzgerald, how'd you get along with your wife?

OSCAR: It's not any of your business, but I'll tell you. It isn't any secret. I hated everything about her.

JOE: You ever have any fights with her?

OSCAR: Not more than 5 a week for the past four years.

JOE: You ever hit her?

OSCAR: Y'know, people win money for answerin' questions on quiz shows. What happens if I answer the big one?

JOE: Depends on how you answer it. We understand you wrote your wife some threatening letters. That right?

OSCAR: I guess you could call them that, yeah. I told her to get off my back. Leave me alone. Told her if she didn't she was building more trouble than she could handle.

JOE: You ever threaten her life?

OSCAR: No. I'm not gonna try to tell you that there weren't times when I could have killed Ada. There were a lot of 'em. But it wasn't worth it. Not for her.

FRANK: What'd you argue about mostly?

OSCAR: The divorce. I've been tryin' to get one for the last four years. Ada wouldn't see it. Finally when I did talk her into it, the settlement she wanted was way out of line. I wouldn't go for it. Told her so. What's all this about the fights and the threatening anyway?

JOE: Something happen to Ada. That it?

OSCAR: She been hurt?

JOE: It's more serious than that.
1 OSCAR: She dead?
2 JOE: Yes.
3 BEAT
4 OSCAR: And you think I did it?
5 JOE: We're checkin' everybody that knew her.
6 OSCAR: Okay. I told you that there were times when I could
7 have...when I maybe wanted to.....but I wouldn't go to
8 jail for her. Not ever. You gotta find another boy.
9 When you do, I'll go his lawyer fee.
10 JOE: Yeah.
11 OSCAR: How they do it?
12 JOE: Piece of lead pipe.
13 OSCAR: Bad?
14 JOE: Yeah.
15 OSCAR: Rough way to go.
16 JOE: Is there an easy way?
17 (END SCENE 2)
JOE: We made a preliminary search of the room but found nothing that would tie the victim's husband, Oscar Fitzgerald with the crime. We talked to the desk clerk and he verified the man's story that he had been in his apartment the evening of the killing. Fitzgerald made arrangements with us to attend the coroner's inquest and Frank and I went back to the city hall. We checked with the crime lab on their investigation. Lt. Lee Jones told us that they had been able to lift several partial fingerprints from the murder weapon but that they were impossible to classify. He went on to say that the other prints that had been found at the scene were unusable as evidence since it would be difficult to get enough points for identification. The other physical evidence taken from the office was of little use. A check had been made of the piece of pipe, but it was found to be of a common type and impossible to trace. Microphotographs had been made of the serrated edges and these had been booked as evidence. We asked the staats office to make a run on the M.O. of the crime and they told us that they would start through their files immediately. For the next two days, Frank and I talked to all of the friends and relatives of the victim, attempting to find a motive for the crime.
From what we had to work on, the only plausible reason for the killing, was either revenge, or jealousy. None of Mrs. Fitzgerald's friends or business acquaintances were able to point out anyone with a strong enough reason to kill the woman. Monday, April 19th, Frank and I got back to the office after interviewing one of the victim's business competitors.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. JOE AND FRANK WALK INTO THE ROOM. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

FRANK: Another one that didn't go anyplace.

JOE: Seems like that's all we've been drawin' on this one.

FRANK: Yeah, I'll check the book.

JOE: Anything come in from the state's office yet?

FRANK: (FADING OFF) No. They said they'd have the rest of the run for us this afternoon.

JOE: First bunch didn't turn anything.

SOUND: PHONE RING.

JOE: I'll get it.

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

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Homicide, Friday. Yeah, Jack. Yeah. Anything on him? Uh huh. Sure. We're no place now... anything has got to be ahead for us. Right. Y'wanna give me the address. Yeah. Okay, we'll check it. Good.

THANKS AGAIN. G'BYE.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.
1 JOE: Jack McCreadie...says he talked to one of his informants this morning. Guy came up with a couple of good things.

3 SOUND: FRANK FADES ON
4 FRANK: Yeah.

5 JOE: One of 'em's about a guy in the Olympia Bar at 4th and Kohler. Fella's pretty drunk been doin' a lot of talkin'.

7 FRANK: Somethin' for us?
8 JOE: Yeah. He's braggin' about beatin' a woman to death with a piece of pipe.

11 JOE: 4:40 P.M. we left the office and drove over to the corner of 4th and Kohler, the Olympia Bar. When we walked in there were only a few customers in the place. At the far end of the bar, a short stocky man was sitting alone. In front of him was an empty shot glass and a bottle of beer. He appeared to be pretty drunk and as we entered, he was talking to the other people seated at the bar.

19 CARL: (FADING IN AS JOE AND FRANK WALK TOWARD HIM) Any of you guys that don't believe it...you just come outside with me. I'll show you. Show you all. Everyone of ya. (UP EVEN MORE) Bartender... I gotta empty glass...let's do somethin' about it huh. I need a drink.

24 SOUND: THE STEPS STOP AS JOE AND FRANK GET TO THE STOOL WHERE CARL IS SITTING.
JOE: I think you've had about enough, huh?

CARL: What?

JOE: You've had enough to drink.

CARL: Who are you to tell me that? Huh...who're you to come in here and tell me what to do. What'sa matter, you think you're cops or somethin'. Huh? That what you think?

JOE: You called it. C'mon...we wanna talk to you.

CARL: Y'mean you are cops?

JOE: That's right.

CARL: Well, listen...you better get out of here and do it fast if you know what's good for you. You better.

JOE: Frank.

CARL: (AS HE IS BEING SHOVED) Take your hands off me. You guys don't hear good do you? You come messin' around with me and you're gonna find out. You'll find out good. I'll give you the same thing I gave her. The same thing.

JOE: Hold it Frank. (TO CARL) All right, mister, who're you talkin' about?

CARL: I'll tell you who. I'll tell you good. Then you'll know to leave me alone if you know what's good for you. I'm talkin' about that Ada Fitzgerald...that's who. Ada. You go messin' with me and you'll get what she got. I'm a pretty rough fella y'know. Pretty rough.

JOE: That right?
CARL: You bet ya. You're not dealin' with a kid, y'know.

JOE: That makes it even then doesn't it?

CARL: Huh?

JOE: You're not dealin' with a woman.

(END SCENE 4)

JOE: We took the suspect, who identified himself as Carl Neely, down to the Homicide Squadroom. He was handcuffed to a chair and we ran his name through the record bureau. He had a long string of arrests for various charges including attempted robbery, assault and assault with intent to do great bodily harm. He's never been convicted on a felony but his record showed that he'd served two terms in the county jail for drunk charges, and creating a public nuisance. While we were checking his record, the suspect passed out in an alcoholic stupor in the Squadroom. We contacted Sergeant Jack McCreadie and Officer Danny Galindo and asked them to make a search of the suspect's residence. In going over the place, they'd found a bloodstained shirt and coat. The garments were packed in a cardboard box that had been hidden under the kitchen sink. They were brought downtown to us along with an empty envelope found in the apartment. (MORE)
It had been sent to the suspect, Neely and the return address on the back indicated that the letter had been sent by the victim's husband, Oscar Fitzgerald. We waited for the suspect to come to enough for us to question him. Frank went out and brought back some hot coffee. We tried to get Neely to drink some of it.

8:40 P.M.

SOUND: SLIGHT SQUADROOM B.G. NOT TOO HEAVY.

CARL: (COUGHS)

FRANK: C'mon...try some more.

CARL: (WE HEAR HIS TRY TO DRINK THE COFFEE. HE COUGHS AGAIN.)

Leave me alone. I just want to sleep. Go away.

CARL: C'mon Neely...snap out of it. Drink the coffee.

CARL: (COMING OUT OF IT A LITTLE) What?

JOE: Drink the coffee Neely.

CARL: I don't want any. I wanna go to sleep. Leave me alone, will you. Just go away and leave me alone. You don't get out of here and there's gonna be trouble.

JOE: You got enough of it now. Straighten up. C'mon...sit up straight. Get your head up here. Now drink this.

SOUND: WE HEAR CARL DRINK SOME OF THE COFFEE.

CARL: (HE COUGHS) That stuff's hot.

JOE: Yeah...try some more.

CARL: TAKES ANOTHER DRINK OF THE COFFEE.

BEAT.
CARL: You gotta cigarette?

JOE: Yeah. Have some more of that first.

CARL: (TAKES A HELD OF THE COFFEE.) Wild one huh?

JOE: Here.

SOUND: JOE GIVES CARL A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES. LIGHT BUSINESS

CARL: (EXHALING) You're cops, huh? You been the route before.

JOE: Yeah. What am I here for?

CARL: We wanna talk to you about the Fitzgerald woman.

JOE: Ada? I was spoutin' off again huh?

CARL: You said you'd killed her.


CARL: Tell us about the Fitzgerald woman.

JOE: Nothin' to tell. I read about it in the papers. This morning, I started drinkin'. It always happens when I've been beltin' the booze. I right away tell people I've killed somebody.

CARL: (TAKING THE SHIRT AND COAT) These clothes belong to you?

JOE: (TAKING THE SHIRT AND COAT) These clothes belong to you?

CARL: Lemme see. (HE LOOKS AT THEM) I dunno. Where'd you get 'em.

JOE: Are they yours?

CARL: I dunno.

FRANK: You got that many clothes?

CARL: Huh?
FRANK: I can remember all of the clothes I've got. No trouble at all.

CARL: Maybe you don't dress as good as me.

JOE: Come off it Neely. You're in trouble. Big trouble. You sat in a bar this morning and told everybody how you'd beaten a woman to death. We find these clothes in your apartment. Blood stains all over 'em. Here's another thing...this envelope...Where'd you get this?

SOUND: CARL LOOKS AT THE ENVELOPE.

CARL: Through the mail. Like it says. See the stamp.

JOE: You know Oscar Fitzgerald?

CARL: I don't get mail from strangers. Sure I know him. It a crime to get a letter now?

JOE: What was in the envelope?

CARL: I don't think that's none of your business.

JOE: We do. What kind of dealings have you got with Oscar Fitzgerald?

CARL: I used to work for him.

FRANK: Doin' what?

CARL: I took care of the place when him and Ada were married. Sort of a general handy man.

JOE: When'd you see him last?

CARL: I dunno...maybe a couple of months ago. Around there. Couple three months.

FRANK: What'd he find so important that he wrote you about?

CARL: He loaned me some money. Sent me a check.
1 FRANK: It was a loan, huh?
2 CARL: Yeah.
3 FRANK: You sign any sort of note for the money?
4 CARL: I endorsed the check. It said on it, it was a loan.
5 JOE: You're tryin' to prove anyway. You tryin' to
6 tie me in with Ada's killing.
7 CARL: You look good.
8 JOE: You're off your rocker. I had nothin' to do with it.
9 Sure you got me for drunk that's all.
10 FRANK: You're record makes you look good for it.
11 JOE: The clothes we found in your apartment don't help you.
12 FRANK: You sure Oscar Fitzgerald didn't pay you to kill his wife?
13 JOE: Be a lot better if you told us the truth, Neely.
14 CARL: I'm tellin' you the truth. It's right in front of you.
15 All you gotta do is open your eyes. It's there.
16 JOE: Where'd the blood stains come from?
17 CARL: They're mine.
18 JOE: Tell us.
19 CARL: I got in a fight with another fella.
20 FRANK: Where?
21 CARL: Bar down on 7th.
22 JOE: When?
23 CARL: Wednesday.
24 JOE: Last week?
25 CARL: Yeah. Last Wednesday.
26 JOE: What time'd you have this fight?
CARL: Closin' time.

FRANK: That'd make it about two then?

CARL: That's when the bars close.

JOE: Where'd you go after you had the fight?

CARL: Went up to a friend's house and had a couple more drinks.

FRANK: Who's the friend?

CARL: You don't know him. He's got no record.

JOE: What's his name?

CARL: I don't want him dragged into anything.

JOE: What's his name?

CARL: Jackie Meadows.

FRANK: Lemme see your hands, Neely?

CARL: Sure.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES TO NEELLY AND STOPS

FRANK: You got some pretty bad bruises there. You must have hit somethin' pretty hard.

CARL: The fight I told you about... That's where those came from.

JOE: Carl tell us what you did after you left the bar.

CARL: I told you, I went up to Jackie's. Had a couple of drinks.

JOE: What time'd you get there?

CARL: Round 3... maybe 3:10.

FRANK: What time'd you leave?

CARL: 'Bout 5.

JOE: Where'd you go?

CARL: I don't remember too good. I was pretty boozed up.
1 JOE: Where d'ya think you went?
2 CARL: Jackie was worried about me bein' cut up from the fight.
3     He wanted me to see a doctor.
4 JOE: Yeah.
5 CARL: He drove me down to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital.
6 JOE: Uh huh.
7 CARL: I was there until 9:30 Thursday morning / 21 10 \%
8 (END SCENE 5)
9 (END ACT 1)
10 GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your
11     police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
World altitude records...world speed records...All part of Bill Bridgeman's job as a supersonic test pilot for Douglas Aircraft. You read about Bill in Time magazine...now, let's meet one of the world's fastest humans...and Jacqueline Hazzard - who is collaborating with Bill on his new book - Test Pilot. They smoke America's most popular two way cigarette - Chesterfield.

BILL: I smoke the king-size. After hearing what the Chesterfield people have been saying about them, I thought I should try them. I'm convinced they're best for me.

JACQ: It's Chesterfields for me, too....but I like the regular size. Either way, they're every thing Bill says. And they're really mild.

BILL: You try Chesterfields. I think you'll find they're best for you.

FENN: Yes, for the taste you want - the mildness you want - join the thousands now changing to Chesterfield.
A call was put through to Dr. Hall at Georgia Street Receiving Hospital asking if a patient was given emergency treatment on the morning of Thursday, April 15th. A search of the hospital records, verified the story told us by the suspect, Carl Neely. We checked through our crime reports and found that a miscellaneous injury report had been made. From the coronor's report, we knew that the victim had been murdered between the hours of 5 A.M. and 7 A.M. on that morning. We got in touch with Neely's friend, Jackie Meadows and he also verified the suspect's story. We had a suspect who had a record for the same type of crime, who matched the physical description we'd gotten at the scene, and admitted he knew the victim, but from reliable people, we knew that it would have been impossible for him to have killed Ada Fitzgerald. He was booked in at the main jail on a charge of being drunk in a public place, and Frank and I started checking out the remainder of the list the state's office had given us. Originally there had been 12 names on the list. We talked to 10 of them. The eleventh, a Norman Sitkin had a record of burglary, attempted robbery and assault with a deadly weapon. He'd been arrested and brought to trial on a charge of murder three years previously but had been acquitted. The circumstances surrounding his arrest, were the same as in the Fitzgerald case.

(MORE)
The main reason he'd been released, a free man was the testimony of his mother who'd sworn that Sitkin had been home with her on the night of the killing. When we went out to his home, we found that he wasn't home. We talked to his mother and she told us that he'd been in San Diego for the past three days. Under interrogation, we established the fact that on the night of the Fitzgerald killing, Sitkin hadn't been at home but that he had been in Los Angeles. We obtained a photograph of him from his mother and the address of the hotel where he was staying in Los Angeles. We put in a call to the San Diego Authorities and talked to Lt. Mort Gear in the Homicide Detail. We gave him the complete background on the case and all other information we had on this suspect, including a description of Sitkin. We asked that he be detained if he was still in the southern city. We gave him the addresses of the places Sitkin might be found. Mean time, we contacted the hotel where he was staying in Los Angeles, and a 24 hour stakeout was placed on the location. Wednesday, April 21, Frank and I got back from lunch.

Frank: Better put in a call to Mort, huh? See if they got anything on Sitkin?

Joe: Yeah. You wanna do it?

Frank: Right.

Sound: Frank walks to the phone and dials 2504, beat
FRANK: (INTO THE PHONE) This is Frank Smith...robbery....I'd
like to put in a call to San Diego P.D. Homicide Bureau.
Lieutenant Mort Geer, .... It's a homicide... Yeah ......
D.R. 132549 ... Yeah, that's the one, Uh huh...that's
3268? Oh...58. Right...Sam, Okay....thanks.

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP THE PHONE, AND THEN PICKS IT UP AGAIN AND
DIALS 20. (BEAT). UNDER ABOVE ACTION, THE PHONE RINGS.
JOE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND LIFTS THE RECEIVER, PUNCHES
THE BUTTON.
FRANK: I'm on that one Joe.
JOE: Oh....

SOUND: JOE PUNCHES ANOTHER BUTTON
JOE: (INTO PHONE) Homicide....Friday. Yes sir. No that's
right. Uh huh. When was that? Yes sir. Right away.

SOUND: JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE.
JOE: Cancel the call Frank.
FRANK: What've you got?
JOE: Sitkin just walked into his hotel.

(END SCENE 6)

JOE: Frank and I left the office immediately and drove to
Sitkin's hotel. We talked to the officers an stakeout and
they told us that the suspect had just returned. He
explained that he'd given Sitkin no reason to suspect
that anything was wrong and that he'd gone directly to his
room. Frank and I got in the elevator and went up to the
fourth floor.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE BEHIND JOE AND FRANK, STEPS ON CARPET.
FRANK: Should be down this way, huh?
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: STEPS HOLD FOR A WHILE THEN STOP, DOOR KNOCK.
(NBET)
NORMAN: (OFF MIKE, BEHIND THE DOOR) Yeah?
SOUND: JOE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AGAIN.
NORMAN: (OFF) Just a minute.
SOUND: WE HEAR NORMAN APPROACH THE DOOR AND OPEN IT.
NORMAN: Yeah. What'd'ya want?
JOE: You Norman Sitkin?
NORMAN: Yeah. Who're you?
JOE: Police officers.
SOUND: NORMAN TRIES TO SLAM THE DOOR BUT JOE AND FRANK PUSH THEIR WAY IN.
NORMAN: You got no right to do this. Lemme see your warrant.
JOE: Get your coat, Sitkin. We want to talk to you.
NORMAN: What for? What have you got to talk to me about. I got nothin' to say.
JOE: Get your coat.
NORMAN: What's the charge? What're you takin' me in for?
JOE: Supicion of murder.
NORMAN: You're kidding?
JOE: You keep thinkin' that.
NORMAN: (TO FRANK) You better tell your friend here to be careful who he plays jokes on. One of those days he's gonna pick somebody who hasn't got a sense of humor and he's gonna land in a lot of trouble.
FRANK: He's hot kidding.

(NEAR)

NORMAN: You mean this is for real.

JOE: C'mon..let's go.

NORMAN: Wait a minute. I know what this is all about.

JOE: That right?

NORMAN: Sure. You figure I had something to do with that woman who was beaten to death downtown. Fitzgerald...I think that's that name. Isn't that what you think?

JOE: You seem to know about it.

NORMAN: Well, you're way off on this one. I got an alibi that you can't break. I can see you guys not...figurin that because I stood this kinda beef once before, you can make it stick this time. Well, it won't work cop. None of it fits together. I can prove where I was that night.

Every minute.

JOE: Yeah?

NORMAN: That's right. You check at my house. Happens that I was with my mother. Just like the other time. All night I was home.

JOE: You gonna stand on that?

NORMAN: There isn't any other way.

JOE: That's gonna make it a lot easier then.

NORMAN: What's that supposed to mean?

JOE: We've talked to your mother. She says you weren't home that night.
NORMAN: She's wrong. You let me talk to her. She'll tell you.

JOE: You just let me talk to her.

NORMAN: Get outta my way.

SOUND: NORMAN MAKES A BREAK FOR IT. HE AND JOE HAVE BRIEF FIGHT AND JOE DECKS NORMAN.

BEAT:

JOE: (BREATHING HEAVY) Wanna get the cuffs?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND WE HEAR THE CUFFS SNAP CLOSED.

FRANK: Funny isn't it?

JOE: What's that?

FRANK: Looks like he might have been good for the first killing.

JOE: The one he was aquitted on. His mother might have lied on the stand.

JOE: Not gonna make a lot of difference.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: Either way, he's gonna pick up the tab.

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

On August 17th, trial was held in Department 27, Superior Court of the 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
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 FENNEEAN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Earlier, George Fenneman
told you exactly why the Chesterfield you smoke today
is the best cigarette ever made .... And best for
you. The rest is up to you. Get a carton or two for
yourself. Smoke them and you'll say - as we do - it's
Chesterfields for me.
Norman Edward Sitkin was tried and convicted for murder in the first degree. On recommendation of the jury, he received the maximum penalty and on July 19, he was executed in the lethal gas chamber at the state penitentiary, San Quentin, California.
You've just heard Dragnet -- a series of authentic cases from official files. Technical advice comes from the office of Chief of Police, W. H. Parker, Los Angeles Police Department. Technical advisors: Captain Jack Donohoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher. Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, __________________

Hal Gibney speaking.

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)
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 Helen Hayes puts it ...
L & M Filters are just what the doctor ordered ....
Buy L & M Filters ... the light and mild smoke!
CHESTERFIELD #69, NBC #37
RELEASE DATE: TUESDAY, MARCH 2, 1954

DIRECTOR: JACK WEBB
WRITER: JOHN ROBINSON
MUSIC: WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT: JEAN MIEBS
SOUND: BUD TOLLEFSON & VALENE NEWTON
ENGINEER: RAQUIL MURPHY
ANNOR. #1: GEORGE FENKELMAN
ANNOR. #2: HAL GIBNEY, NBC
CASE: "THE BIG T.V."

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EDITING: T.B.A.
SCORING: MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1954

ORCHESTRA: 10:30AM - 11:30AM
ANNOUNCERS: COMMERCIAL
BROADCAST: 5:00 - 5:30 PA
STUDIO I - BY TPD
SPONSOR: CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES
AGENCY: CURRINGTON-WALKIN
COMERCIAL SUPERVISOR: JEROME T. JETSON

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:
Sgt. MARTY WINN: L.A.P.D.
Sgt. VANCE BRASHER: L.A.P.D.
CAPT. JACK DONOHUE: L.A.P.D.

Agency
Cut & Shave