RELEASE DATE: TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1954

DIRECTOR: JACK WE

SPONSOR: CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES

V&R: JOHN ROBINSON

AGENCY: CUNNINGHAM-WALSH

MUSIC: WALTER SCHUMANN

COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR: PETE PETERSON

SCRIPT: JAN MILES

SOUND:

ENGINEER:

BUD TOLLEFSON &

LAWRENCE WORTHY

RAOUL MURPHY

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:

SGT. MARTY WYNN:

SGT. VANCE BRASHER:

L.A. P.D.

L.A. P.D.

ANNCR. 1: GEORGE FENNEMAN CAPT. JACK DONOHOE:

L.A. P.D.

ANNCR. 2: HAL GIBNEY, NBC

CASE: "TIM, BIG ROD"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:

RECORDING: SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1954

CAST AND SOUND: 12:00 N - 2:30 P.M.

SITING:

T.B.A.

SCORING: MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1954

ORCHESTRA: 8:30 AM - 10:30 AM

ANNOUNCER S: (COMMERCIAL)

BROADCAST: 6:00 - 6:30 PM

STUDIO J - BY T.R.

LG 0189478
MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER

LINLEY: Dragnet - is brought to you by Chesterfield, made by Liggett and Myers, first major tobacco company to bring you a complete line of quality cigarettes.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

PENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Hit and Run Felony Detail. A young woman has been run down and seriously injured. The driver of the car has fled from the scene. You're job....find him.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
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's 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. Always say - "Chesterfields for me."
MUSIC: THEM E
GIBNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For
the next thirty minutes, in cooperation with the Los
Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by step
on the side of the law through an actual case transcribed
from official police files. From beginning to end...from
crime to punishment...Dragnet is the story of your police
force in action.
MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD
SOUND: JOE'S AND FRANK'S STEPS ON CONCRETE WALK. UP STAIRS
UNDER THE FOLLOWING AND STOP
JOE: It was Tuesday, April 7th. It was cold in Los Angeles.
We were working the day watch out of Traffic Bureau,
Hit and Run Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The
boss is Captain Calfee. My name's Friday. We were on
our way out from the office and it was 8:40 A.M. when
we got to 1784 Byram Street....(SOUND: DOOR KNOCK)
...the front door.
FRANK: Better get it again.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE DOOR AND KNOCKS AGAIN.
FRANK: Sounds like somebody's comin'.
SOUND: DOOR OPENS
MIRIAM: Yeah? Somethin' you want?
JOE: Miss Hunter?
MIRIAM: That's right. What d'ya want?
JOE: Police officers. We'd like to talk to you.
BEAT
MIRIAM: About that thing last night, huh?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MIRIAM: Well, c'mon in. I can't stand around for long. I'm gonna be late for work as it is. C'mon.

SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS WALK INTO THE HOUSE. DOOR CLOSE

JOE: (AS THEY ENTER) This is my partner, Frank Smith...my name's Friday.

FRANK: Hello.

MIRIAM: Hi. Sit down there. I gotta get ready to leave.

(SHE FADES OFF) There's some coffee there in the carafe if you want some.

JOE: No, thanks.

FRANK: No, ma'am.

MIRIAM: (STILL OFF) Would you mind pourin' me a cup? You'll find everything right there on the table. Two sugars.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING, JOE POURS A CUP OF HOT COFFEE.

MIRIAM: (OFF) What d'ya want to know about last night? I told the officers who were there all I know.

JOE: Yes ma'am...we read their report, but we'd like to go over it with you.

MIRIAM: (FADEING IN) Seems like a waste of time to me. If you'd spend a little more of it out tryin' to catch the kid that hit the girl, it'd be better all the way around.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, MIRIAM HAS FADED IN AND STOPPED. SHE SITS DOWN ON THE COUCH, AND PICKS UP THE COFFEE CUP.
MIRIAM: (DRINKING THE COFFEE) Still warm. Either one of you got a cigarette?

JOE: Here you are.

SOUND: MIRIAM TAKES A CIGARETTE.

FRANK: Here's a light.

MIRIAM: (INHALING) Thanks. (SLOW EXHALE) What d'ya want to go over?

JOE: According to what you said to the officers last night, you saw the accident?

MIRIAM: I saw it yeah...but I don't think it was an accident. If you ask me, I think the kid deliberately hit the girl. Deliberately.

FRANK: Why do you say that?

MIRIAM: Just the way it looked, that's all. A kinda feeling. Way he came barreling around the corner. He must have seen her. She was right under the light. Didn't even make an attempt to stop. None at all.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MIRIAM: Those cops last night said they couldn't even find a skid mark where he put on the brakes. I tell you...far as I'm concerned it was deliberate. And I'm willing to go to court on that.

JOE: All right, Miss Hunter. Would you start right at the beginning and tell us what you saw?

MIRIAM: The way I said last night?

JOE: As nearly as you can remember what happened.

MIRIAM: (TAKES A DRINK OF THE HOT COFFEE) Well, we were on our way home from a movie. Harry and me.
MIRIAM: Yea...that's right. He's kind of a clod but when he
called, I wasn't doing anything so I said I'd go to
the movies with him. We were on our way home when it
happened.

JOE: Uh huh...go ahead.

MIRIAM: We got to the corner of Olympic and Connecticut. Stopped
for the light. We weren't hardly stopped when this hot
rod came barreling around the corner. He must have been
going 60 miles an hour. At least 60. Might have been
more.

JOE: Uh huh.

MIRIAM: I saw her...the girl...step off the curb. Right under
the light...he had to see her...had to. Anyway, she
stepped off the curb and started across the street.
Harry and me saw her. She started across and then all of
a sudden this kid in the hot rod was comin' right at
her. Wasn't anything she could do.

FRANK: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: MIRIAM DRINKS THE COFFEE

MIRIAM: (SWALLOWING) She kinda looked up at the car and then....
well like she was gonna run...but she didn't have time.
The car hit her and knocked her down.

JOE: After the vehicle hit her, did the driver make any
attempt to stop?

MIRIAM: If he did...I didn't see it. None at all. And I'll
swear to that in court.

JOE: What'd you do then.
MIRIAM: I jumped out of the car and ran over to her. I told
Harry to try and catch the kid. He took off and I went
over to the girl. She didn't know what had happened.
Just kinda moaned. You know how I mean... like sometimes
when somebody wakes up and they don't know where they
are?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MIRIAM: Like that.

JOE: Uh huh.

MIRIAM: A fella came running up and I told him to go phone an
ambulance. He didn't want to right off. Said we should
get the girl out of the street, but I told him to leave
her alone. I read it somewhere, how you're not supposed
to move anybody who's been hit. I wouldn't let nobody
touch her until the ambulance got there.

JOE: Did you get a good look at the car?

MIRIAM: You mean the one that hit her?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

MIRIAM: You bet I did. Passed right under the light. Got a real
good look at it.

FRANK: Wonder if you'd describe it for us.

MIRIAM: I told the cops all about it last night. Seems like
that'd be enough. Why do I have to go through it again?

FRANK: There might be something you didn't think of last night,

Miss Hunter, something you might have forgotten.
MIRIAM: Isn't likely, but if you gotta have it, I guess that's the way it's gonna be. Hope we can get it over with fast though, I gotta get down to the corner so's I won't miss my bus.

JOE: If it'd help, we can drive you to work. You can give us the information on the way.

MIRIAM: That'll be fine. Wait a minute...I'll get my coat.

SOUND: SHE WAITS OFF MIKE AND OPENS A CLOSET DOOR

MIRIAM: (LITTLE OFF) How'd it look when you came in?

JOE: Ma'am?

MIRIAM: Did it look like it was gonna rain?

JOE: No...Pretty cold though.

MIRIAM: Paper said it might rain today....better take my umbrella.

SOUND: SHE CLOSES THE DOOR AND WAITS ON MIKE. THE THREE OF THEM WALK TO THE DOOR AND OPEN IT.

JOE: What kind of a car was it, Mrs. Hunter?

MIRIAM: A hot rod...you know the kind...real low...two exhaust pipes...kinds beat up.

FRANK: What kind of a car was it? The brand make?

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING, THE OFFICERS AND MIRIAM WALK DOWN THE PATH AND STOP BY THE CAR.

MIRIAM: I guess it was a Ford. Looked like one.

JOE: Uh huh.

MIRIAM: Hard to tell....it was all kinds banged up y'know? I don't know why the police allow cars like that on the streets anyway. Couldn't be very safe.
1 FRANK: Can you tell us what year the car was?
2 MIRIAM: I'm not real good at that...but I'd say maybe a 1940...
3 might have been a 1941.
4 JOE: It was a pre-war car though?
5 MIRIAM: Yeah. I'm sure of that.
6 SOUND: THEY STOP AT THE CURB. DOOR OPEN
7 JOE: Y'want to get in?
8 MIRIAM: Thanks.
9 SOUND: SHE GETS INTO THE CAR. JOE CLOSES THE DOOR AND THEN
10 OPENS THE DOOR IN THE FRONT OF THE CAR AND GETS IN. DOOR
11 CLOSES BEHIND THEM
12 FRANK: Where do you want us to drop you?
13 MIRIAM: (FROM BACK SEAT) Near First and Broadway'll be fine.
14 Just on the corner there.
15 FRANK: Okay.
16 SOUND: UNDER THE CAR STARTS AND MOVES FROM THE CURB. TRAFFIC
17 DRIVING UNDER
18 JOE: Was there anything about the car that'd make it easier
19 to identify?
20 MIRIAM: (FROM BACK SEAT) Not specially. Black ford. All beat
21 up. I'd sure know it if I saw it again. Anyplace.
22 JOE: Did you get a good look at the driver of the car?
23 MIRIAM: No...not too good. All I could see was that he was a kid.
24 Y'know...maybe 19......20 years old.
25 FRANK: How 'bout his coloring...what he was wearing?
Sandy him. Beside that, there isn't much I can tell you. He looked like a blond though. Sort of light sandy hair. Beside that, there isn't much I can tell you.

JOE: Can you describe what he was wearing?

MIRIAM: No. Not good. I think he had on one of those leather jackets. The kind with the fur on the collar. Like they had in the war for the pilots.

JOE: Uh huh. Is there anything else you can tell us about the car or the driver?

MIRIAM: No. The car had white sidewall tires...I told the cops last night about that. Isn't anything more I can think of.

JOE: We appreciate your help, Miss Hunter.

MIRIAM: I'm glad to do what I can. Sure like to see you get that kid. Is the girl alright? She looked pretty bad last night.

JOE: She's still in a critical condition. Doctors aren't sure yet whether she'll be alright.

MIRIAM: Sure hope she is. Have you talked to her?

JOE: No ma'am, not yet.

MIRIAM: Just a terrible thing. Kids like that running around in hot rods...barreling around the city...person's not safe on the streets any more.

FRANK: Just because a car's got twin tail pipes, Miss Hunter, it doesn't have to be a hot rod.

MIRIAM: Well, this one was. Even had that little sorts license plate hanging down from the back bumper.
"ROD"

1 FRANK: You mean a state license plate?
2 MIRIAM: No...one of those with a club name on it. You know the
3 kind.
4 JOE: There's not a notation of that on the report.
5 MIRIAM: Guess I forgot. All the excitement and all. I must have
6 forgot.
7 JOE: Did you see the name on the plaque?
8 MIRIAM: Yeah. Not real good, but I saw it.
9 JOE: You remember the name?
10 MIRIAM: Not all of it. The last part was "Wheels." Something
11 "Wheels". Too words.
12 FRANK: You're pretty sure of that are you?
13 MIRIAM: Yeah. "Wheels"...that was the word I saw. Didn't
14 remember last night. Guess it didn't seem important then.
15 Must be a lot of cars that have those plates on 'em. All
16 over town.
17 JOE: Yes ma'am.
18 MIRIAM: Don't seem like it's gonna help much. Lotta cars with those
19 little plates of plaques. Lot of 'em.
20 JOE: Yes ma'am.
21 MIRIAM: Even if you do find a kid with one of 'em...how you gonna
22 know if he's the right one?
23 JOE: Not gonna be too hard.
24 MIRIAM: Huh?
25 JOE: His car'll tell us.

(END SCENE 1)
According to the report, an automobile driven by one male occupant had struck a woman while she crossed the intersection of Olympic Boulevard and Connecticut street the night before. When the ambulance arrived at the scene, the victim, who was identified as Mrs. Helen Chapman, was unconscious, and was removed to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital for emergency treatment. Members of the crime lab had arrived at the scene and gathered what physical evidence they could find. All citizens in the vicinity were interrogated and their statements were taken. Photographs of the corner were made and held for evidence. Because of the hit-run aspect of the case, Frank and I had been assigned to investigate it. We spent the rest of the morning talking to the man who'd witnessed the accident with Miriam Hunter. He was not able to add to our information. We talked to the man who'd placed the call for the ambulance. He hadn't seen the accident itself and was unable to aid us. At 1:14 P.M. we drove over to Georgia Street Receiving hospital to talk to the attending physician. Dr. Sebastian. He said the patient's condition was so critical she couldn't be moved to her own hospital. He told us that the victim hadn't recovered consciousness to the point where she could be questioned. He went on to tell us that she'd been administered serum albumen to counteract shock.
JOE: He listed her injuries for us: Compound fractures of the femur, rib fractures and associated internal injuries, including a punctured lung, and brain concussion. It was not expected that she'd live. Frank and I left the doctor and walked down the hall. In the waiting room, we met a tall thin man who looked as if he hadn't slept in several days. On the floor in front of him was a small pile of half smoked cigarettes. He identified himself as the victims husband, Carl Chapman.

CARL: I don't know... I came home from work and they told me about it. I didn't even know.

JOE: Didn't they try to call you at work?

CARL: No. I guess they called the house and there wasn't anybody home. I just walked up to the door and there was a note telling me to call. Here. I didn't even know about Helen.

FRANK: You like a cigarette, Mr. Chapman?

CARL: Thanks.

JOE: We don't know, sir... you'd better ask the doctor yourself.
CARL: Why don't anybody tell me anything? All the time I ask how my wife is and they tell me to ask the doctor. Why won't they tell me?

JOE: Don't know, sir.

CARL: I can't even find out if she needs anything. They won't let me see her. Isn't anybody who'll tell me what's really happening in there. Been over 10 hours and nobody'll tell me what's going on.

JOE: Why don't you sit down and try to take it easy, Mr. Chapman.

CARL: That's great, to say...just sit down. Easy to say. It's not your wife who's in there. Isn't anyone you love. Can't sit down. Isn't anything to you. Why are you here anyway? Why aren't you out trying to get the rotten little punk that did it? Why? Why don't you look for him?

JOE: We'll get to him.

CARL: When? After Helen's dead...that gonna be when you'll start looking?

JOE: We're looking for him now. We came over 'in the hopes we could talk to your wife. We thought she might be able to give us some information.
"ROD"

1 CARL: (STARTING TO BREAK) What in God's name so you want from her? The name and address of the kid that ran her down? Does she have to get out of bed and go find him for you. That's your job. Yours. All this talk about the police department being so good but what are you doing? Standing around here with your toe in the dirt waiting for my wife to come too enough to point the kid out.

8 FRANK: All right, Mr. Chapman, Take it easy.

9 CARL: Take it easy nothing. You listen to me...both of you...you listen. If she dies....if that kid killed her, I'll find him. I don't know how...but I will. And I'm gonna do the same thing to him with my hands that he did with his car. I'll find him. I swear I'll find him and I'm gonna kill him. With my hands I'm gonna kill him.

15 SOUND: STEPS PADE IN. STOP AT THE DOOR.

16 DR: (OFF AT THE DOOR) Mr. Chapman?

17 CARL: Yeah.

18 DR: May I see you for a moment?

19 CARL: Yeah..

20 SOUND: THE DOCTOR FADES IN. AND STOPS.

21 DR: (TO JOE AND FRANK) Would you excuse us for a minute, Sergeant?

23 JOE: Sure, Doctor ...we'll wait out in the hall.

24 FRANK: Yeah, sure, doc.

25 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK EXIT THE ROOM. DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.
CARL: (AS THE OFFICERS LEAVE, TIADEING OFF) 'WHAT IS IT? Can I see Helen now? She's all right, isn't she? (VOICE STOPS AS THE DOOR CLOSES)

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK INTO THE HALL FOR A COUPLE OF STEPS

AND STOP

JOE: Rough one.

FRANK: Yeah. Wonder what's goin' on in there?

JOE: I dunno. Better call the skipper. Thell about the plaque on the car. Get a broadcast out on it. Check the phone book for the address on the National Hot Rod Association. We better talk with them. They might have something for us on the club.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: THE DOOR TO THE ROOM OPENS AND CARL COMES OUT.

CARL: (CRYING) Well, you better start cop. You better find him fast. 'Cause I'm lookin' too.

DR: You oughta go home and get some sleep, Mr. Chapman. You're all worn out.

CARL: I'm not gonna get any sleep until I catch that kid. Not until I catch that kid. (HE BREAKS OFF INTO SOBS)

JOE: (QUIETLY TO THE DOCTOR) How is the girl?

DR: She's dead. Both of 'em are.

JOE: Both of 'em?

DR: Yeah. She was going to have a baby in a couple of months.

(END SCENE 2)
ROD

1 JOE 3:15 P.M. Frank and I drove out to the offices of the
2 National Hot Rod Association on Hollywood Boulevard. We
3 met with Bud Coons and Wally Parks. They checked their
4 records for clubs with the last name "Wheels". There
5 were three in their files. Two were in the eastern part
6 of the United States and one was listed as having
7 headquarters in Alhambra, California. We obtained the
8 name and address of the president of the club and drove
9 out to see him. We found him in the garage behind the
10 house, working on a 1941 Ford. We introduced ourselves
11 and he asked us to sit down.

12 SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. COMING IN THROUGH GARAGE DOORS.
13 AL: Not you guys anything... Coke?
14 JOE: No thanks....
15 FRANK: No.
16 AL: You don't mind if I have one?
17 JOE: No go ahead.

18 SOUND: AL WALKS A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF... STOPS AND WE HEAR HIM
19 TAKE A BOTTLE OF COKE OUT OF A BUCKET.
20 AL: Aint' real cold but it tastes good.
21 SOUND: HE TAKES THE TOP OFF THE BOTTLE.
22 AL: (LITTLE OFF) Sure you don't want one?
23 JOE: No thanks.
24 SOUND: (AL FADES IN) What d'you want to see me about?
25 JOE: Understand that you're the president of the Square Wheels?
26 AL: Yeah, that's right. Why?
JOE: How many members do you have in the club?
AL: 18. 18 Actives. Couple of guys in the service. What's this all about anyway? How came the questions?
FRANK: All of your members have the metal plaques with the club name on their cars?
AL: Yeah. Get 'em when they've paid the initiation fee.
JOE: Anybody else have 'em?
AL: Not legally.
JOE: What'd'ya mean?
AL: Couple of 'em out. Been stolen from members.
FRANK: Any of the fellas in the club drive a black pre-war Ford?
AL: Yeah. Guess we've got about five of 'em, got one myself.
Listen, why can't you tell me what this is all about.
Figures if I knew what you wanted, I could help you out.
JOE: Woman was run down by a hot rod last night. One of the witnesses saw a plaque on the car that might have been from your club.
AL: No kidding?
JOE: Way we got it.
AL: Black Ford, huh?
FRANK: Yeah. Pre-War.
AL: What'd it look like?
AL: It's not one of ours then.
FRANK: You sound pretty sure. What about the plaque?
AL: I told you. We've had a couple of them stolen. Must have been one of them.

JOE: How come you're so sure it wasn't one of your members?

AL: I know the cars in the club. There isn't a yo-yo in the bunch.

JOE: Yo-yo?

AL: Yeah...you know... a shot rod. A junk heap.

JOE: Oh.

AL: I dunno. Seems like everytime there's any trouble with a car over five years old...it's a hot rod. Sure not fair. That right?

AL: Yeah, c'mere...I'll show you.

SOUND: They get up and walk over to the car.

AL: Take a look at that. I've been workin' on it for three years. Got over 12 hundred bucks in it. Take a look.

FRANK: Lotta motor.

AL: Hey Mercury engine...multiple carburation...all the parts have been balanced...motor's been bored out... stroked... got 8 and a half to one compression...special cam shaft... one and three quarter inch olds valves Converted ignition...lincoln self-energizing brakes...heavy duty shocks...and I've re-worked the steering.

FRANK: Lotta car.

AL: That a hot rod. Here...lemme turn it on.

SOUND: AL gets' into the car and switches the motor on. It does not roar but purrs quietly.

AL: (UP A LITTLE) Y'see...it's not loud.

SOUND: He turns the motor off.
AL: Doesn't have to be. Doesn't prove anything to be able to tear trees out of the ground when you go by 'em.

JOE: Good car...but what's it prove.

AL: The car that ran the woman down wasn't a hot rod.

JOE: How d'ya figure that?

AL: You said it was a wreck didn't you?

JOE: Yeah.

AL: We haven't got a wreck that's allowed on the streets in this club. I don't know a legal club that has a yo-yo in it. We gotta safety check every month. Any car that isn't safe has to be fixed or the guy's out. Lotta clubs operate that way.

JOE: Yeah.

AL: Kids build rods for two reasons. Because they want the cars to run better, be more efficient or else they want something a little different than what you buy in a showroom.

JOE: Sounds good, but a woman was killed last night by a kid drivin' a hopped-up car.
"ROD"

1 AL: Maybe it had twin pipes... A loud muffler, but I'll give you odds from her to Bonneyville that it wasn't a hot rod. I know how you guys feel. We're always gettin' it. Every kid behind the wheel in a second hand car is a potential killer. Way the papers picture us, we just roam around looking for somebody to run over. Not true. You check the records. I think you'll find the ratio between tickets given out to members of hot rod clubs, members of the N.H.R.A. and any other group of drivers 'll make the hot rodders look pretty good. Hasn't been a ticket in our club in the last year and a half. One before that was for overtime parking. No... I'm sorry. That car last night wasn't one of our guys and you can bet he wasn't a hot rodder.

15 JOE: You got anyway of knowin' who could have gotten the plaque?
16 AL: Not right off, but we'll find him.
17 JOE: How?
18 AL: There's only so many streets in Los Angeles. We'll find him. Guys like that make things rough on the clean drivers in town. We'll find him for you.
21 JOE: We'll appreciate any help you can give us on it, but this is police business. If you find him, you call us right away.
24 AL: Don't worry, we will. How do I get in touch with you?
25 JOE: Here's our card. Any time...you call.
26 AL: Right. I'll get on the phone and get the fellas rounded up.
ROD

"ROD"

1 JOE: You turn anything...call us right away. Don't try to take care of it yourselves.
2 AL: Only one thing we're interested in.
3 JOE: What's that?
4 AL: Provin' to you it wasn't one of us. That's what's important Showin' you we're on your side.
5 JOE: That shouldn't be too hard.
6 AL: Huh?
7 JOE: There's a lot of room.

(END SCENE 3)

1 JOE: We got the names and addresses of the members of the Square Wheel Club and talked to them. We checked their cars and each of them volunteered to assist us in attempting to locate the hit and run vehicle. 6:45 P.M. Frank and I got back to the office. During the afternoon, the broadcast on the car had gone over the state wire and every police officer in the State of California was looking for the hit-run car. When we checked with communications, there'd been no replies to our broadcasts. 7:15 P.M. We put in a call to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital and talked to Dr. Sebastian. He told us that the victim's husband, Carl Chapman, had been placed under the care of his family doctor and had been given sedatives to make him sleep. While I checked with Lieutenant Wolfrum on the developments, Frank went over to the crime lab and talked with Lee Jones. 8:47 P.M. We met back in the squadroom.

17 SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. DOOR OPENS AND FRANK ENTERS.
"ROD"

1 FRANK: Any word yet?
2 JOE: No. Gotta call from Al Gibbs.
3 FRANK: Hot rod club?
4 JOE: Yeah. He says all the clubs in the area are looking for the car. They've divided the city up in sections...members are checkin' all the streets.
5 FRANK: No luck though, huh?
6 JOE: Not yet. They've turned a couple of cars but they don't check out. How'd you do?
7 FRANK: Pretty good. I got the report here.
8 SOUND: HE UNDOES CLASP ENVELOPE AND TAKES PHOTOGRAPHS AND REPORTS OUT. SPREADS THEM ON TABLE.
9 JOE: I had a couple of sandwichs sent in. Got you a swiss on rye. In the bag there.
10 FRANK: (LOOKING) Thanks. D'ja get some coffee too?
11 JOE: Yeah. Carton there.
12 SOUND: FRANK GOES OVER AND GETS PAPER BAG. OPENS CARTON OF COFFEE AND COMES BACK.
13 FRANK: Lab sure did a job on this stuff. Here.
14 SOUND: UNDER...WE HEAR THE SHUFFLING OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND REPORTS AS THE OFFICERS LOOK AT THEM.
15 FRANK: Here's the scene. Body was found 10 feet four inches from the North east corner...4 feet 8 inches from the north pedestrian cross walk.
16 JOE: Put it here huh?
FRANK: Yeah. They found particles of broken glass. Checked on 'em at the lighthouse... lenses from a 1940 Ford. (LOOKS) Here's the picture on 'em.

JOE: (LOOKING AT PICTURE) Uh huh.

FRANK: In the gutter of the South-west corner, they found this... (FINDS PHOTO)

JOE: Bumper guard.

FRANK: Yeah. I looked at it. New.

JOE: Any brand name?

FRANK: Yeah but it's not gonna help much. Distributed all over the country.

JOE: What else?

FRANK: When the kid turned the corner, he hit the curb with one of the tires. They aren't real whitewalls. (LOOKS FOR PICTURE) Here... You can make it out... See... the paint smudges...

JOE: (LOOKING) Yeah. White.

FRANK: Lee says it's a rubber based paint. Kind they use on tires.

JOE: 'bout all they can give us.

FRANK: Pretty sure that the suspect's car left it?

JOE: Yeah. It's in the right place... when they found it, paint was still tacky.

JOE: (STILL LOOKING AT THE PHOTO) Uh huh... (TOSSES PICTURE DOWN)

FRANK: How bout skid marks? Any sign of 'em?

JOE: Not that they could find. Either the kid didn't have time to use 'em or else he didn't want to. They came up with this though.

SOUND: FRANK FINDS ANOTHER PICTURE.
JOE: What is it?

FRANK: See here...some marks from a tire. Lee says he thinks they were made when the kid dug out to get away. Spun the back wheels.

JOE: Sure indicate that he didn't mean to stop at any time.

FRANK: That's the way Lee's got it figured.

JOE: Not much to go on.

FRANK: They've come easier.

JOE: Yeah. (STANDS UP) Let's go out and check the neighborhood again. We might still be able to turn up a decent description. We can start checkin' the garages in the morning. Try to turn a car with a broken head light and a missing bumper guard.

FRANK: Okay. Better call communications and get out a supplemental on the tires.

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

SOUND: TELEPHONE RING.

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Hit and Run Felony....Friday. Yeah....

that's right. Uh huh. Anybody there. Uh huh. No....keep it under surveillance, we'll be right out. Yeah....don't burn it. Right.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP;

FRANK: What've you got?

JOE: Beginning to go our way.
"ROD"

1. FRANK: Huh?
2. JOE: They've found the car.
3. (END SCENE 4)
4. (END ACT 1)
5. GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of your police force in action.
6. (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FERNHEART: "Chesterfields for me." You hear it everywhere.

Tonight, we hear from America's number one band leader - Ray Anthony - who, with his attractive wife Dee, plays college dates from coast to coast.

RAY: (TAPED) In cigarettes, the young crowd really goes for Chesterfield. I've noticed that wherever we've played ... and I guess it's one of the reasons Chesterfield is America's most popular two-way cigarette. Of course, Dee and I are Chesterfield smokers, too. We know they're best for us.

FERNHEART: "Chesterfields for me." You hear it everywhere.

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.
During a routine patrol of the streets in east Los Angeles, a radio unit had come across a car parked at the curb on Vancouver avenue. They had stopped to investigate and found that it matched the description we'd sent out. On the phone, I'd instructed the officer not to search the car but merely to keep it under surveillance and check and hold anyone who approached it. Frank and I notified the crime lab of the find and then we left the office and drove out to the location. We talked to the officers in the police car and they told us that they hadn't seen anyone near the vehicle. We checked the registration and found that the registered owner was Jack Moore. The white slip gave a Hollywood address. While the crime lab went over the car, we drove out to Moore's address to talk to him. He lived in a large house built in the mid twenties as a private residence. It had been converted into a boarding house. Frank covered the rear entrance. I rang the doorbell.

SOUND: NIGHT NOISES - RING OLD FASHIONED TURN TYPE DOOR BELL. PAUSE THEN RING AGAIN - DOOR OPENS.

CHARLIE: (SLEEPY) Yeah. What d'ya want wakin' me up this time a night?

J(E: Police officers. You have a tenant here named Jack Moore?

CHARLIE: What about him?

JOE: We want to see him.
1 CHARLIE: You're too late, mac. He ain't here?
2 JOE: Where is he?
3 CHARLIE: I dunno...moved out this afternoon...didn't say where he was goin'.
4
5 (END SCENE 5)
6 JOE: A thorough search was made of suspects room. The manager told us that Moore had come home that morning, packed his belongings and left the house. We called the crime lab and Lieutenant Lee Jones told us that they'd established that Moore's car was the one that'd run down the Chapman girl. We talked to the other people in the rooming house. None of them could tell us where Moore might have gone. We put in a call to auto records but the car was not listed as being stolen. Frank called his name into R. and I. but found he had no felony record. From the occupants of the rooming house, we found that the suspect had no relatives in the state, and no close friends that they could recall. Latent prints came out and went over the room. In going over his room, we found a wastebasket Moore had used to dispose of articles he didn't want. In the basket, we found several match folders from a bar on West Seventh street. We put in a call to the bar but found that it was closed.
(MORE)
3. JOE: (CONT'D) From the manager of the rooming house, we got a
good description of the suspect along with the
information that he received no mail and that he
apparently was unemployed. A stakeout was set up on the
house and at 3:56 A.M. Frank and I checked out of the
office and went home for the night. The next day,
Wednesday, April 8th, We contacted D.M.V. and asked that
they give us all information on the car. 9:15 A.M. we
drove over to the bar on West 7th street.

10 SOUND: STEPS IN BAR. NO B.G. JOE AND FRANK WALK TO THE END OF
THE BAR AND STOP:

12 SAM: Not open yet. Don't open until 10.
13 JOE: Police officers. Like some information.
14 SAM: License is back there...on the wall in plain sight.
15 JOE: Nothin' goin' on here.
16 JOE: You have a customer come in here named Jack Moore?
17 SAM: We just open the doors. We got no say about who comes in.
18 FRANK: Guy about 20-or 21...5 - eight to 5 - ten...hundred
19 SAM: What's he done?
20 JOE: We wanna talk to him.
21 SAM: About what?
22 JOE: Police business. You seen him?
23 SAM: Nothin' that's gonna get the bar in trouble?
24 JOE: It's a simple question, mister.....you seen him?
Maybe, yeah? You tell me what this is all about and
I might be able to help out.
You're runnin' out of time mister. Have you seen Jack
Moore?
Yeah.
When?
Last night.
Here?
Yeah...he was in. Got likkered up. I tossed him out
when we closed.
Where is he now?
You better ask him.
(HARD) I'm gonna tell you once more...if you know where
he is you're gonna save yourself a lotta time by
cooperating with us.
I run a clean place here. I don't want no trouble with
the cops. My license is on the wall. I got no choice
of the customers who come in here. I don't want to get
mixed up in anything.
We're not calling it that way.
That's the way it is. This is a clean place.
That's not what the book says. You been tabbed a couple
of times for servin' minors....you run "B" girls....you
haven't served straight liquor in here for a couple of
years.....If we have to get the information from you
downtown, that's the way it's gonna be. Get your coat.
Aw now look fellas....I was just tryin' to take care of
myself.
You got.....your coat.
Isn't there some way we can work this thing out. I
don't want no trouble?
Where's Jack Moore?
I try to run a clean place....couple of times I been
fooled....But I ain't done nothin' intentional. Moore's
ever 21. I've seen his driver's license.
(HARD) Where is he?
I got him up at my place.
He there now?
I guess. He got pretty loaded last night. Told me he
didn't have any place to pad down. I took him home.
What's the address?
1862 and a half Woodworth Court.......Room 14.
JOE STARTS TO MOVE
Let's go.
Yeah (TO SAM) And don't try to call him.
I got no phone in the room.
JOE AND FRANK START TO MOVE TOWARD THE DOOR
If he's done anything....I had no part in it. Just
tryin' to help a friend out. That's all. Just help a
friend out.
Yeah.....sure.
You tell him that. How he got me in trouble. All
because I tried to help him out. You tell him.
1 JOE: Yeah.
2 SAM: And tell him not to come around here no more. Tell him to keep out. Tell him that will you? For me. Tell him not to come back.
3 JOE: Don't worry about it.
4 SAM: Huh?
5 JOE: He won't come back.
6 (END SCENE 6)
7 JOE: We called the office and another team of detectives came out to the bar to keep the bartender under surveillance in the event he might try to contact the suspect. It took five and a half minutes to drive to the Woodworth Street Address. It was a large building located at the end of a blind street. Room 14 was on the third floor in the front of the building. Frank and I approached the room and listened. There was no sound from inside.
8 SOUND: EASY MOVEMENT ON CARPET HALLWAY
9 FRANK: (SOTTO) Wanna try the door?
10 JOE: Yeah.
11 SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT QUIETLY
12 JACK: AS THE DOOR OPENS, WE HEAR HIS HEAVY BREATHING AS IN DEEP SLEEP. JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE ROOM QUIETLY
13 FRANK: (SOTTO) Matches the description.
14 JOE: Yeah. Let's wake him up.
1. FRANK: Right.
2. SOUND: THE TWO OFFICERS MOVE TO THE BED AND STOP.
3. JOE: C'mon Moore... wake up... C'mon.
5. JOE: I don't feel good. Go away and lemme alone.
6. JACK: (SHAKING HIM) Get up, Moore.
7. JACK: (COMING OUT OF THE SLEEP ANGRY) I told you Charlie to let me alone. (HE SEES JOE AND FRANK) Who're you guys?
8. What're you doin' here?
9. JOE: Police Officers... you're under arrest.
10. SOUND: BEFORE JOE CAN FINISH THE SENTENCE, MOORE MAKES A BREAK FOR THE DOOR.
11. FRANK: (AS MOORE MOVES) Grab him.
12. JACK: Lemme alone.
13. SOUND: JOE AND FRANK MAKE A GRAB FOR MOORE AND MISS HIM. MOORE RUNS FOR THE DOOR.
14. JOE: Hold it up, Moore! Hold it up! I'll shoot.
15. SOUND: JOE FIRES.
16. JACK: (LITTLE OFF MIKE) All right... all right... I quit. Don't shoot anymore... please don't shoot anymore. I quit... see, I got my hands up. Please.
17. JOE: Stand right there... don't move.
18. SOUND: FRANK MOVES TO MOORE AND DOES FAST SHAKE DOWN.
19. JACK: I'm doin' like you said. See... I'm doin' it.
20. FRANK: He's clean, Joe.
21. SOUND: HANDCUFFS ON.
1 JACK: Where you takin' me? I ain't done nothin'. You got no reason to push me around like this.
2 JOE: Let's go.
3 JACK: Where? Where you gonna take me?
4 JOE: Downtown.
5 JACK: For what?
6 JOE: Manslaughter.
7 JACK: I didn't do it. I didn't. You got the wrong guy. You got the wrong one. I didn't do it.
8 JOE: C'mon...move.
9 JACK: But you got the wrong one. I didn't do it. I didn't know what you wanted...that's why I ran. I didn't know what you wanted.
10 JOE: You do now. Let's go.
11 (END SCENE 7)
12
13
14
15 SOUND: The suspect was taken to the squadroom where he was questioned. He refused to admit any part in the crime.
16 He was confronted with the physical evidence and with the ownership of the hitrun vehicle. The witness to the crime came into the office and said that Jack Moore was the man she'd seen at the wheel of the car when Helen Chapman had been run down. Through the interrogation, the suspect refused to say anything. At 1:25 P.M. the door to the squadroom opened and Carl Chapman came in.
17
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CARL: (FADING IN) Where is he? I know he's here. I wanna see him.

SOUND: CARL MOVES IN. JOE MOVES TO STOP HIM.

JOE: Take it easy, Mr. Chapman. You're not supposed to be here.

CARL: I heard you caught him. I wanna see him. I wanna tell him. Is that the kid?

SOUND: CARL MOVES TO JACK. STOPS.

CARL: Are you the one? Are you the one who killed Helen?

JOE: The evidence points...

CARL: Please, I've never asked for anything big. Never. But I want you to do something for me.

JOE: What's that?

CARL: Go away. Out of here...please.

JOE: We can't do that, Mr. Chapman. He's in custody.

CARL: Please. Please leave me alone with him.

FRANK: C'mon Mr. Chapman, you better wait outside.
CARL: Just a minute. (TO JACK) Listen to me kid. When they put you in that cell... (BEGINNING TO BREAK) You get down on your knees and thank God that they found you before I did. Understand. You thank Him, and every day you live you thank Him. You do that because I would have killed you. With my bare hands. I would have killed you. There wasn't anything left to me. I only wish to god I could have... I could have... FRANK: And right, Chapman.

CARL: My wife's dead because of him. (TURNS TO JACK) Y'hear that? You killed her. They got laws to save people like you... but none for her. None for her and the baby. They didn't have any laws... (STARTS TO SOB) None for them...

... Helen's dead and there weren't any laws...

BEAT

FRANK: C'mon.

SOUND: FRANK TAKES CARL FROM THE ROOM. THE DOOR CLOSE CUTS OFF THE SOBBING.

JACK: Pretty upset, isn't he?

BEAT

JOE: You hear good, Moore?

JACK: Yeah.
JCE: Then you'll have no trouble with us. I want you to remember. In the years I've been in this department, I've seen some bad ones. Real bad. Teenage kids that didn't know any better scraped up and sent home to their parents. Drunks who were too loaded to know what went on. There's been a lot of 'em go through here but you finish way ahead of the field.

JACK: You talk good. Bet you're on the lecture team around here.

JCE: I'm gettin' fed up with you kids roaming the streets in death traps. I don't care about you ... you wanna wrap yourself around a post, go ahead. We'll try and stop you. ... but don't take somebody else with you. Every year the number gets bigger. More people killed. It isn't the honest drivers that do it. It's people like you, who don't care for anybody else. We've tried about everything in the books to make you understand ... doesn't look like any of 'em did any good.

JACK: I'm a bad one, ain't I?
JOE: How do I get through to you? You killed a human being, punk. A woman who didn't even know you until it was too late. You threw a couple of metal at a hundred and twenty pound woman, and then run away and left her in the gutter to die. You didn't sit down and escort her to the police station, but had to get on some turnaround. You've wrecked a family. Torn it right down the middle and rolled over it. You've ruined the lives of all the people around that woman. You gave a group of decent kids a bad time because you stole their name. You've done nothing but ruin everything around you.

JOE: (BEAT) Now you get on your feet and shut your mouth and shut your eyes and shut your ears and shut your brains and shut your legs and shut everything and let your husband back in here and turn him loose.

SOUND: JACK GETS TO HIS FEET

JACK: C'n I ask you somethin'?

JOE: What?

JACK: What'll I draw for hit and run?

JOE: I dunno... but it won't be enough.

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

On October 14th, trial was held in Department 97, 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.
CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- NO. 3

FENNEMAN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

THANK YOU, GEORGE FENNEMAN.

WEBB: Thousands of smokers all across the country are now changing to Chesterfield. We'd like you to give 'em a try, too. I know you'll like them because the Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made.

For the taste you want ... and the mildness you want ... smoke America's most popular two-way cigarette ... regular or king-size Chesterfield.
Jack Carlyle McGro was tried and found guilty of manslaughter, 1 count and received sentence as prescribed by law. Manslaughter is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period not to exceed ten years.
MUSIC: THEME

THREE: UNDER


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)
Filter-tip smokers ... this is it - L & K Filters - only filter tip cigarette with plenty of good taste...
the right length for effective filtration, and just the right filter. Only the L & K Filter contains the miracle product - alpha cellulose. You get much more flavor - much less nicotine. This is it!
As Bennett Cerf _______ puts it ...:
"L & K Filters are just what the doctor ordered."
Buy L & K Filters - America's highest quality and best filter tip cigarette.