CHESTERFIELD, #79  NBC #246

DIRECTOR:    JACK MILES

WRITER:      JOHN ROBINSON

MUSIC:       WALTER SCHUMANN

SCRIPT:      JEAN MILES

SOUND:       BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY

ENGINEER:    RAOUl MURPHY

ANNCR. #1:   GEORGE PENNIMAN

ANNCR. #2:   HAL GIBNEY, NBC

CASE:        "THE BIG STOP"

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:

RECORDING: SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1954

CAST AND SOUND:  11:30 - 2:30 P.M.

EDITING:         T.B.A.

SCORING:         T.B.A.

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCERS:      (COMMERCIAL)

BROADCAST: 6:00 - 6:30 P.M. -- STUDIO J -- BY T.R.

SPONSOR: CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES

AGENCY: CUNNINGHAM-WALSH

COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR: PETE PETERSON

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:

Sgt. Marty Wynn: L.A.P.D.

Sgt. Vance Brasher: L.A.P.D.

Capt. John Donohoe: L.A.P.D.

Agency Corp.

LG 0182952
"THE BIG STOP"

CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY..................................................JACK WEBB
OFF. FRANK SMITH.................................................. BEN ALEXANDER
ROY HICKOK.......................................................... VIC PERRIN
ELLEN GIROUX........................................................ VIRGINIA GREGG
JAMES KRELL.......................................................... JACK KRUSCHEN
HERB KRUEGER........................................................ HERB ELLIS
SIDNEY LARSON...................................................... HARRY BARTELL
DRAGNET
May 4, 1954

OPENING

1  GIBNEY: Draget...brought to you by Chesterfield. For the taste
2    you want - the mildness you want - a really refreshing
3    smoke...Buy America's most popular two-way cigarette -
4    Chesterfield. They satisfy millions.
MUSIC: SIGNATURE

FENN: (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

GIBNEY: 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

FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Homicide Detail. A killer's loose in your city. You don't know who he is or where to find him. You don't know who his victim will be. Your job ... stop him.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: You hear it everywhere. Chesterfields for me. Here's how

2 television star Robin Chandler puts it ....

3 CHAND: There are so many reasons why I like Chesterfield. I like

4 (TAPE) the pack ... it's so smart looking. And I like the way

5 they taste. All in all, I'm convinced Chesterfields are

6 best for me. And I prefer the regular size.

7 FENN: Now, let's hear from stage and movie star - John Hodiak...

8 HODIAK: It's Chesterfields for me all right. I've smoked 'em for

9 (TAPE) nine years. Now, I like a longer smoke ... so I go for the

10 king-size. They're great.

11 FENN: Yes, no king-size cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield

12 king-size. So join the swing to Chesterfield king. Get

13 the taste you want ... the mildness you want ... a really

14 refreshing smoke every time. Change to Chesterfield ...

15 regular or king-size ... America's most popular two-way

16 cigarette.
1 MUSIC: THEME

2 GIBNEY: 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.

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

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

11 JOE: It was Tuesday, May 13th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Homicide Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Lohrman. My name's Friday. I was on my way back from handwriting, and it was 8:26 A.M. when I got to Room 42 .... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) .... homicide.

17 SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO THE ROOM. THE DOOR SWINGS CLOSED BEHIND HIM. B.G. CHANGE.

19 FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Y'get it?

20 JOE: Yeah.... Don just finished up.

21 SOUND: JOE WALKS OVER TO FRANK

22 JOE: He says the handwriting matches. Victim wrote the note.

23 FRANK: That's it then, huh?

24 JOE: Yeah. You hear when they're gonna hold the inquest?

25 FRANK: Day after tomorrow.

26 JOE: Uh huh. I dunno....that way out sure doesn't solve anything.

28 FRANK: You talk to his wife?

29 JOE: Yeah...she's pretty broken up about it.

30 FRANK: Figures. Must have been a shock for her....
JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: HOT SHOT PHONE BELL

JOE: Hot shot ... I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE, PICKS IT UP AND LISTENS THEN HANGS UP.

FRANK: (AS JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE) For us?

JOE: Yeah...shooting at the corner of Broadway and San Julian.

SOUND: THEY START TO MOVE TO THE DOOR

FRANK: Who got-it?

JOE: A cop.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: We left the office and drove to the scene of the shooting.

Traffic at the intersection had come to a standstill. 18 feet from the North-West corner, lying in the middle of the pedestrian crosswalk, was a uniformed traffic officer. He was wearing the white cap of the Traffic Division.

There was a large bloodstain on the right side of his chest, and his service revolver was still in the holster. By the time we got to the scene, the ambulance had arrived and the wounded officer was being given emergency treatment. Other officers were trying to get the traffic moving again, and additional men were throwing a blockade around the immediate vicinity in an attempt to apprehend the person who'd shot the policeman. Captain Lohrman and Chief of Detectives, Thad Brown, arrived and took charge of the search. Frank and I checked through the crowd that had gathered and found a witness to the shooting.

SOUND: TRAFFIC B.G., IN THE FAR DISTANCE, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SIRENS.
JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: HOT SHOT PHONE BELL

JOE: Hot shot ... I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE, PICKS IT UP AND LISTENS THEN HANGS UP.

FRANK: (AS JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE) For us?

JOE: Yeah...shooting at the corner of Broadway and San Julian.

SOUND: THEY START TO MOVE TO THE DOOR

FRANK: Who got it?

JOE: A cop.

(END SCENE 1)

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Traffic at the intersection had come to a standstill. 18 feet from the North-West corner, lying in the middle of the pedestrian crosswalk, was a uniformed traffic officer. He was wearing the white cap of the Traffic Division.

There was a large bloodstain on the right side of his chest, and his service revolver was still in the holster. By the time we got to the scene, the ambulance had arrived and the wounded officer was being given emergency treatment. Other officers were trying to get the traffic moving again, and additional men were throwing a blockade around the immediate vicinity in an attempt to apprehend the person who'd shot the policeman. Captain Lohnman and Chief of Detectives, Thad Brown, arrived and took charge of the search. Frank and I checked through the crowd that had gathered and found a witness to the shooting.

SOUND: TRAFFIC B.G., IN THE FAR DISTANCE, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF SIRENS.
I saw the whole thing officer. Right from the beginning.

I saw it. Just about the most awful thing I ever saw.

Alright sir. If you'll give us your name.

Roy Hickok...that's (SPELLING) H-I-C-K-O-K.

All right, Mr. Hickok.....if you'll tell us what happened.

I was on my way to work. Walkin' down the street. Got to the corner here...Broadway and San Julian.....got to the corner and stopped for a light.

Roy Hickok.

I saw the whole thing officer. Right from the beginning.

I saw it. Just about the most awful thing I ever saw.

Alright sir. If you'll give us your name.

Roy Hickok...that's (SPELLING) H-I-C-K-O-K.

All right, Mr. Hickok.....if you'll tell us what happened.

I was on my way to work. Walkin' down the street. Got to the corner here...Broadway and San Julian.....got to the corner and stopped for a light.

Roy Hickok.

Just stood there waiting for it to be time to cross. All of a sudden...this car come up and slid to a stop. The light changed and he had to stop.

Yeah.

He must have been going pretty fast because he went clear out into the intersection. The officer...the one who was shot held up his hand...I think that was the only reason the driver didn't run the light. The officer held up his hand.

Yeah.

Well, the fella stopped but he was right in the middle of the crosswalk. Everybody had to go around the car....

y'know out into the intersection. He was right in the middle and we all had to go around.

Yeah.

Well, he just sat there. Didn't make any try to back up or nothin'. Just sat there. Kinda waitin' for the light to change again so he could get goin'.
JOE: Uh huh.
ROY: The officer...the one who was shot...he started to walk
over to the fella. I guess he wanted him to back up.
Must have been something like that. Wanted him to get out
of the way.
FRANK: Yeah.
ROY: All of a sudden...this guy in the car just started shooting.
JOE: Where was the officer when the shooting started?
ROY: Hadn't even got to the car yet. Must have been about 10...
12 feet from it. And this guy pulled out the gun and
started powing away. Point blank he did it. Right in the
policeman's face.
JOE: Uh huh.
ROY: Everybody on the street got peniky when they heard the
shooting. Started to run every way. Yellin' screamin'.
Real peniky.
FRANK: What'd the officer do?
ROY: Nothin'. He stood there and looked surprised and then he
tried to get his gun out of the holster but before he
could do it...the fella in the car shot a couple more times
and the policeman fell down.
JOE: What'd he do then?
ROY: Y'mean the guy in the car?
JOE: Yeah.
ROY: Took off. Drove right through the people and drove down
San Julian. Wonder he didn't kill somebody the way he
drove off. Just didn't care about anybody. Barreled
south on San Julian.
JOE: Did you talk to the other officers about this?
ROY: Not too much. Seems like as soon as it happened there were so many people around there wasn't much time to talk to anybody. I called down where I work and told 'em I'd be late. Told 'em to expect me when I walked in. Never did see so many policemen or cars.

JOE: Can you give us a description of the car?
ROY: The one the killer drove?
JOE: Yes sir.
ROY: You bet I can...tell you all about it.

JOE: Go ahead sir.
ROY: Well, it was a dark color sedan. Blue...dark blue.
FRANK: What kind of a car was it?
ROY: Y'mean brand?
FRANK: Yes sir.
ROY: I'm not real sure about that...It all happened so fast. Y'know...all of a sudden it was over. I only got a kinda quick look at it...because I wasn't paying much attention to it.

JOE: Yes sir...but do you know what kind of a car it was?
ROY: I think it was either a Plymouth or maybe a De Soto. I'm not sure.
JOE: Uh huh. But you're pretty sure about the color.
ROY: Oh yeah...Blue. Dark blue.

JOE: What about the man driving the car. Did you get a look at him?
ROY: Yeah. I guess just about everybody did. Y'know... sittin' out there in the middle of the street like that.

Everybody that went by him had to look at him.

JOE: Can you give us a description of him?

ROY: What do you want to know?

JOE: How 'bout the color of his hair?

ROY: Light. Not real blonde but a light color.

JOE: Uh huh. What about his eyes?

ROY: Looked like they was blue.

JOE: About how old would you say the man was?

ROY: Oh ... I don't know...maybe 24...25 around in there. He wasn't real old.

JOE: Uh huh. Was he clean shaven?

ROY: Yeah.

JOE: How 'bout glasses, was he wearin' them?

ROY: No.

JOE: Was there anything about him that'd make it easier to identify him?

ROY: I don't think I know what you mean.

JOE: Was there anything about him...a scar or maybe a birthmark that you saw?

ROY: Not that I remember. Might have had something like that but if he did I don't remember it.

JOE: Uh huh. Did you have the chance to see what the man was wearing?
ROY: Just that he had on a white shirt and a jacket. Looked like the ones they issued in the army. Y'know kinda the windbreaker type. Light material.

JOE: Uh huh. Did the man say anything?

ROY: If he did, I didn't hear it. As soon as he started shooting, seemed like the roof came off. All the noise... everybody yellin' and trying to get out of the way of the bullets. If he said anything, I sure didn't hear it.

JOE: Is there anything else you can give us on the man?

ROY: Well, there is sergeant...but I feel a little silly about it.

JOE: What is it sir?

ROY: It's about the car. I told you, I didn't pay much attention to it. Not at first. After the shooting started, then I got as good a look as I could.

JOE: Uh huh.

ROY: I got a pretty good look at the back of it when the guy took off. Y'know...when he went down the street.

JOE: Yeah.

ROY: I feel a little silly because I didn't get more.

JOE: What's that.

ROY: The license number.

JOE: Yeah.

ROY: I could only get four of the numbers.

(END SCENE 2)
JOE: The witness was able to give us the numbers, one-sugar
one-three nine. A broadcast was gotten out carrying this
information and a search was started through auto records
in an attempt to come up with the owner of the vehicle.
Two men were detailed to the department of Motor Vehicles
to assist their men in a search of the files. Meantime,
Chief Brown and Captain Lorrman had ordered road blocks to
be put up on San Julian and streets leading to adjoining
areas. The witness, Roy Hickok was taken to the city hall
and shown the mugg books. He was unable to come up with
an identification on the suspect. 12:40 P.M. Frank put
in a call to Georgia Street Receiving hospital and found
that Officer Larry Giroux was still in a critical
condition and had not regained consciousness. His family
had been notified and a car was dispatched to bring his
wife to the hospital. All people in the immediate
vicinity of the shooting were interrogated and their
statements taken but none of them could give us a lead
to the identity of the suspect. 5:27 P.M. Frank and I
went back to the office. While he checked by auto records,
I put in a call to Captain Lohrman.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. POLICE RADIO GOING IN FAR B.G.
JOE: (ON PHONE) Yeah skipper. No...they're still checking it.
Yeah. Frank's down there now. Uh huh. Yeah...he looked
at them but wasn't able to give us anything. Uh huh. Last
we heard he was still unconscious.....Yeah. We've left
word that we're to be called if he comes out of it...
Uh huh. No Galindo and McCreadie are over there now.
Yeah. She's takin' it pretty hard. Uh huh...Right. If
anything turns up we'll call you. Right. No...we'll
work straight through on it. Yeah...g'bye.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE...THE DOOR TO THE SQUADROOM HAD OPENED AND
FRANK ENTERS. HE WALKS TO JOE AND GETS TO HIM AS JOE HANGS
UP THE PHONE.

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah. Come up with anything?

FRANK: They made the car.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: It was stolen this morning.
JOE: We got in touch with the owner of the car and talked to him. He told us that he'd noticed that the car was gone from the place where he'd left it the night before and that he'd filed a report on it immediately. We got a full description of the vehicle and a supplementary broadcast was gotten out. 8:14 P.M. We got a call from Georgia Street Hospital telling us that Officer Giroux had regained consciousness and could be questioned. Frank and I left the office and drove over to see him. By the time we got there however, he'd lapsed into a coma again. We talked to Dr. Sebastion. He told us that he'd removed four bullets from Giroux. He went on to say that one of the shots had severed the officer's spinal cord and that in the event he did live, he'd be paralyzed for life. Frank and I talked with Galindo and McCreadie. They'd been able to interview the wounded officer but hadn't been able to get any additional information from him. As we walked down the hall, we met Mrs. Giroux.

SOUND: HOSPITAL B.G. BUZZER IN FAR BACKGROUND.

ELLEN: Sergeant Friday?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

ELLEN: I'm Ellen Giroux...Larry's wife.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

ELLEN: Do they know yet? Do they know if Larry's gonna be alright?

JOE: You'd better talk to Dr. Sebastion, Mrs. Giroux.
ELLEN: I have. He tells me they don't know yet. How can they say that...they don't know. Larry's been here for almost twelve hours...they must know something...why won't they tell me.

JOE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Giroux, there's nothing I can do.

ELLEN: Have you caught the man yet? The man who did this to Larry...have you got him yet?

JOE: No ma'am. Not yet.

ELLEN: Then what are you doing here? Why aren't you out looking for him?

FRANK: Every police officer in the state is after him.

ELLEN: But they haven't caught him. They're all running around looking but they haven't caught him. That's doing a lot of good. Makes me feel a lot better. To know that the man who shot my husband is still running free.

JOE: I'm sorry ma'am.

ELLEN: I can't buy that Sergeant. I can't take it home with me and spread out your sorrow in front of my children. They're still gonna want to know where their father is. They're gonna want him back. You're good wishes aren't going to be enough.

FRANK: I'll check the office, Joe.

JOE: Okay...tell the skipper we're gonna tag metro division.

FRANK: Right.

SOUND: FRANK LEAVES. STEPS FADE DOWN THE HALL.

BEAT
JOE: I'm gonna tell you something, Mrs. Giroux. I know how you feel. I know what's going through your mind. My partner was shot not too long ago. I've been in this place waiting for a report too. I know what it is to see the doctor come out of a treatment room and not say anything. I got a good idea what's going through your mind. I know too, that there isn't much I can say to make it easier. I'm not gonna try. But I tell you this, There're forty-two hundred policemen in this city. Everyone of 'em's after the man who shot your husband. Everyone of 'em feels for you and their wives do too. Everyone of their woman know what you're thinkin'. They've all been waiting for the same thing to happen to them. But we're not just standing around. Every cop in the city...in the county and in the state is looking. They're all looking for the same thing. A man who gunned a cop. They'll come up with him. Because each one of 'em knows that it could have been them. Their wives could be here now goin' through what you're goin' through. Don't worry Mrs. Giroux... maybe it isn't much consolation right now...but you're not alone. We're all with you...everyone of us. We're with you all the time.

SOUND: FRANK FADES IN. WALKING RAPIDLY.

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah. What've you got?

FRANK: The guy in the car?
Joe: Yeah.

Frank: They found him.

(END SCENE 4)

Joe: The tip had come from an anonymous source. A man had phoned the complaint board and said he knew where the suspect was hiding. Immediately two cars were dispatched to the address. It was a cheap rooming house on East 4th. The manager of the place said that there was a tenant who matched the description of the suspect in a room on the fifth floor. He'd given the name James Kreel. When the investigating officers had approached the room, they were met with gunfire. They returned the fire. The building was evacuated and the streets in front of the building were roped off. Several more cars arrived from Metro Division and the building was completely surrounded. When Frank and I got there, the call had gone out for tear gas equipment. From what we could figure, the suspect had barricaded the door leading into the room with furniture. The only way we had to get him out alive was with gas. Frank and I talked with Captain Lohrman and with Chief Brown. It was decided to use a flight right shell and blast through the door. Frank took the gun and we went up to the fifth floor. The halls were empty.

Sound: We hear slow footsteps on carpet. Stop.

Frank: Y' set?

Joe: Let's give him another chance.

Sound: Couple more steps.
1 JOE: (UP) Krell...We'll give you one more chance to come out.
2 (BEAT) Y'hear me Krell. Open that door and throw the gun out.
3 (BEAT)
4 FRANK: He's not comin' out.
5 JOE: You've run out of time, Krell.
6 KRELL: (OFF..BEHIND DOOR) Get outta here cop. Get outta here and leave me alone. You try to come through that door and I'll kill you. I swear I will...I'll kill you where you stand.
7 10 JOE: (TO FRANK) All right Frank. Let's put the masks on.
8 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
9 12 JOE: (MUFFLED) All set?
10 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
11 JOE: (TO FRANK) All right Frank. Let's put the masks on.
12 15 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
13 13 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
14 JOE: (MUFFLED) All set?
15 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
16 14 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
17 JOE: (TO FRANK) All right Frank. Let's put the masks on.
18 15 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
19 16 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
20 JOE: (MUFFLED) All set?
21 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
22 15 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
23 JOE: (MUFFLED) All set?
24 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
25 15 FRANK: (MUFFLED) Yeah.
26 JOE: (MUFFLED) All set?
27 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK PUT ON THE GAS MASKS.
KRELL: (COUGHING) Okay. Okay. I'm doin' what you say. Here's the gun. I quit. Here's the gun.

SOUND: WE HEAR THE GUN HIT THE CARPETED FLOOR AND SLIDE INTO THE MIKE.

FRANK: (MUFFLED) I got it.

JOE: (UP MUFFLED) All right Krell. Come out with your hands behind your head.

KRELL: (COUGHING) I'm comin'. Don't shoot. I'm hurt. Don't shoot. I'm doin' like you say. I'm comin' out off... my hands are behind my head. Just like you said.

SOUND: WE HEAR KRELL FADE IN.

JOE: (MUFFLED) Stand still.

FRANK: (MUFFLED) Put your hands up against the wall.

JOE: (MUFFLED) Go on Krell. Do what he says.

KRELL: (COUGHING) Can't we get out of here? I can't breathe. Get me out of here and I'll do what ever you say... but I can't breathe. This gas... I can't breathe.

JOE: (MUFFLED) That's too bad Krell.

KRELL: What?

JOE: (MUFFLED) If that cop dies, you better get used to it.

(END SCENE 5)
The suspect was taken to Georgia Street Receiving hospital for treatment. When the investigating officers had approached the room he was hiding in, Krell had shot at them through the door. They'd returned the fire and one of the bullets had shattered his left wrist. We got his full name and ran him through R. and I. We found that he had a minor record in California and was at the time a deserter from the army. He was given treatment for his wrist and then Frank and I talked to him in the treatment room.

11 KRELL: Lousey deal all the way around.
12 JOE: That right?
13 KRELL: Sure. You guys had no right to come up there and shoot off that gas.
14 JOE: We didn't call it that way.
15 KRELL: Lousey deal.
16 JOE: Why'd you shoot that officer?
17 KRELL: I thought he was gonna shoot me. It was self defense.
18 JOE: When they picked him up, his gun was still in the holster.
19 KRELL: Then somebody put it back.
20 JOE: Why'd he want to shoot you?
21 KRELL: Who knows. Who can figure any cop. You're all sadists.
22 FRANK: You must have given him some reason.
23 KRELL: Look...I'll tell you nice and plain. I drove up to the signal. I stopped. This-wise cop came over and started to roust me about being in the intersection. I told him to shut up that I don't have to take talk like that from nobody. He pulled the gun. It was self defense.
JOE: We got a couple of people who saw the whole thing.

They tell it different.

KRULL: They're either psycho or else you're payin' them off.

FRANK: How long you been AWOL?

KRULL: Who says I am?

FRANK: The army.

KRULL: I can square that beef with them.

JOE: What about that car you were drivin' this morning.

KRULL: What about it?

JOE: Where'd you get it.

KRULL: Belongs to a friend of mine. I borrowed it.

JOE: Owner reported it stolen.

KRULL: He must have forgot he told me to take it.

JOE: What's the friends name?

KRULL: I forget.

JOE: Pay you to remember it.

KRULL: I have a very bad memory.

FRANK: Why'd you shoot the cop?

KRULL: Because he was goin' to shoot me.

FRANK: He just walked up and said he was gonna shoot you?

KRULL: Yeah. Guy's a sadist. All you cops are. Put that uniform on and you all think you can boss anybody around. Well, you made a mistake with this one. Isn't anybody bosses me around.

JOE: How long you been in town?

KRULL: Why?
1 JOE: Answer the question.
2 KRELL: Couple of weeks.
3 JOE: You been AWOL for over six months. Where've you been?
4 KRELL: Around.
5 JOE: Where.
6 KRELL: I like to travel.
7 JOE: Manager of that rooming house says you just checked in there this morning...that right?
8 KRELL: You talked to her...I didn't.
9 JOE: Where've you been staying?
10 KRELL: There goes the memory again.
11 FRANK: You're in trouble, Krell. Answers like that aren't gonna do you any good.
12 KRELL: One of those things. I wish I could help you fellas but there's nothin' I can do.
13 JOE: Where'd you get the car?
14 KRELL: From a friend.
15 JOE: What's his name?
16 KRELL: I don't remember.
17 JOE: But he said you could take it.
18 KRELL: Yeah.
19 JOE: Then why'd he report it stolen?
20 KRELL: Ask him.
21 JOE: We did...he says he doesn't know you.
22 FRANK: Where'd you get the gun?
23 KRELL: Picked it up.
FRANK: Where?
KRELL: I bought it. I don't remember the name of the store.
JOE: It's being checked now. You might as well save time and tell us.
KRELL: You're gettin' paid.
FRANK: What'd the officer say before you shot him?
KRELL: Didn't say anything. He just pulled his gun. I was faster. Self defense.
JOE: You might think this is a game, Krell...you maybe think you're a big man sitting there, but I want to set you straight. You're in trouble. More trouble than you've ever been in before. We've got at least twenty people who saw you deliberately gun that cop. They're willing to swear to it in court.
KRELL: Y'know what I think it was?
JOE: Go ahead.
KRELL: There was this kinda purple flash and all of a sudden this cop was layin' there. Maybe it wasn't self defense. Maybe it was temporary insanity. How's that sound.....
temporary insanity.
(KBEAT)
KRELL: He die?
JOE: Not yet.
KRELL: Cops and cats. Y' can't kill 'em.
JOE: You made a pretty good try. All right mister...on your feet.
KRELL: What for?
JOE: Let's go.

KRELL: We goin' to jail?

FRANK: Get up Krell.

KRELL: Maybe you're gonna take me to the gas chamber right now huh? Do without a trial or anything. Just lock me in and drop the eggs.

JOE: You're awful close to it mister.

KRELL: You gotta get me there first.

JOE: You're standing in front of it now.

KRELL: I'll tell you what...I'll give you 10 to 1...I don't make it.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THEY STAND UP AND WALK OUT OF THE ROOM....CORRIDOR B.G.

KRELL: Bet you guys would love to have me make a break.

JOE: Look Krell, with that arm, we can't put cuffs on you, but your still in custody. Don't try anything.

KRELL: How 'bout it. You'd like that wouldn't you?

KRELL: Get your pictures in all the papers..."Heroic Cops kill criminal".

FRANK: Hold it up.

SOUND: FRANK OPENS THE ELEVATOR DOOR

JOE: Get in.

SOUND: THEY GET INTO THE ELEVATOR...JOE PUNCHES THE BUTTON...

THE CAR STARTS TO MOVE
KRELL: Yeah...you guys would really like that.

JOE: I'll give you something for free, Krell.

KRELL: What's that...?  

JOE: You talk a lot but you don't say anything.

KRELL: Always happens...put a guy in a uniform and right away he's a big man. Little insignificant bum outside but give him a badge and a suit and right away he's big.

SOUND: THE CAR STOPS.

FRANK: I'll get it.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS, THE THREE MEN WALK OUT OF THE CAR.

KRELL: How 'bout a cigarette?

SOUND: JOE TAKES A PACK OF CIGARETTES OUT OF HIS POCKET.

JOE: Here.

KRELL: (WITH THE CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH.) Thanks...gotta match?

JOE: Go on.

SOUND: THEY OPEN THE DOOR OUT ONTO THE STREET, TRAFFIC B.G. STEP DOWN STAIRS.

FRANK: Car's back this way.

KRELL: Wait a minute.

SOUND: HE STOPS.

JOE: What you want?

KRELL: This cigarette...not doin' me much good without a match.

JOE: Here....

SOUND: JOE TAKES A MATCH OUT AND LIGHTS IT. AS HE DOES...KRELL MAKES A BREAK.
FRANK: Grab him Joe.
JOE: Hold it up.

SOUND: SMALL SKUFFLE WITH THE ABOVE LINES AS KRELL SWINGS
HIS HANDS AT JOE AND FRANK AND STARTS TO RUN...JOE
AND FRANK RUN AFTER HIM

JOE: (TAKING GUN FROM HOLSTER) Hold it up Krell. Stop or
I'll shoot.

FRANK: He's going around the corner, Joe.

SOUND: JOE FIRES THREE TIMES, EVEN SPACING

FRANK: He's down.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK RUN UP TO KRELL..STOP

FRANK: How 'bout it.
JOE: I shoulda taken the bet about the gas chamber.
FRANK: Huh?
JOE: He didn't make it.

(END SCENE 5)

(END ACT 1)

GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of
your police force in action.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
May 4, 1954
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GIBNEY: One of the world's greatest laboratories gives today's
Chesterfield every conceivable test for quality - for
mildness, and for taste. But Chesterfield research
continues beyond that ... beyond that of any cigarette.

5 FENN: You have all heard of tea tasters and wine tasters.

6 Several years ago, the makers of Chesterfield organized
the first group of cigarette tasters in America.

8 GIBNEY: Today - they are experts in the field of cigarette taste
- mildness - and satisfaction. Yes, smoking is their

10 business.

11 FENN: Their expert opinion is your assurance that Chesterfield
always gives you the taste you want - the mildness you
want - a really refreshing smoke every time.

14 GIBNEY: It all adds up to Chesterfield's world famous slogan -
"They satisfy."

16 FENN: Buy Chesterfield today ... regular or king-size. Just
light up ... relax and enjoy America's most popular two-way
cigarette. Chesterfields - they satisfy millions. They'll
satisfy you.
JOE: A doctor was called down from the hospital and the suspect James Krell was pronounced dead. The body was removed to the County Morgue. In going over the dead man's effects we found a receipt from one of the downtown hotels. There were two names listed on it and a notation to the effect that the rent on room 517 had been paid for a week. The other name on the slip was Sidney Larson. We checked the name through R. and I. and found that Larson had a long felony record in California and had been paroled two months previously. The report came back on the gun Krell had used. It was among 7 revolvers stolen from a hardware store in Tulare on May 6th. The other six guns were still missing. We checked with Dr. Sebastion on Officer Giroux's condition. We were told that the policeman was still unconscious but that he had passed the critical stage. He would-live but he'd never walk again. Mrs. Giroux collapsed when she heard the news and was placed under sedative.

Frank and I left the office and drove over to the hotel named on the receipt we'd found. It was a run down place with a potted rubber plant in the lobby. We rang the bell on the counter and waited.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN OFF.

HERB: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah?

JOE: You the manager here?

HERB: Right now I am...yeah. Why?
JOE: Police officers. We want some information.

HERB: About what?

JOE: This one of your receipts?

SOUND: JOE UNFOLDS THE PAPER

HERB: Lemme take a look.

SOUND: HE TAKES THE PAPER.

HERB: Wait a minute... lemme get the light so I can see.

SOUND: HE GOES OFF MIKE AND SWITCHES ON A LAMP.

HERB: (LOOKING AT THE RECEIPT) There's the name. Right on the top. Sure looks like it's one of ours don't it.

JOE: You recognize the two names on it?

HERB: Wait a minute...(HE STUDIES THE NAMES) ...yeah. I do.

HERB: Recognize 'em good.

FRANK: This fella Larson... he in now?

HERB: I don't know. We don't keep a very close tab on the people who stay here. Service isn't too good but we don't ask questions. Change the sheets once a week and don't ask no questions.

JOE: Is he in?

HERB: Might be. I'd have to check it.

HERB: I'll check the box.

JOE: This is a police investigation mister... Quit playin' games.

HERB: I'll check the box.

SOUND: HE MOVES OFF A COUPLE OF STEPS AND THEN COMES BACK ON.
HERB: Key's gone. Must be upstairs.
FRANK: He alone?
HERB: Can't say. Might be. I didn't hear nobody go up. Then I
don't listen too good.
JOE: Show us the room.
HERB: Y'mean I gotta go up with you?
JOE: Let's go.
HERB: Nice quiet hotel. We don't cause no trouble. No reason for
you cops to come snooping around.
FRANK: You got the passkey?
BEAT
SOUND: WE HEAR HERB PICK UP A LARGE RING OF KEYS.
HERB: Let's go.
SOUND: THEY WALK ACROSS THE LOBBY.
HERB: Have to take the elevator up. I can't go the stairs.
JOE: Uh huh.
SOUND: HERB OPENS THE DOOR. THE OLD FASHIONED KIND THAT ROLLS BACK.
JOE: Go ahead.
SOUND: THEY WALK INTO THE ELEVATOR. DOOR CLOSE.
JOE: It's on the fifth isn't it?
HERB: That's what they paid for.
SOUND: THE CAR STARTS UP. RATTLE AS IT GOES
FRANK: How long have the two of them been here?
HERB: Huh?
FRANK: Larson and Krell... how long have they been registered here?
1 HERB: Have to check the book for that. Can't carry those things around in my head. If I did...there wouldn't be no room for the important things.

2 JOE: About when?

3 HERB: What?

4 JOE: About when did they come in?

5 HERB: I dunno...maybe two three weeks. Around in there.

6 JOE: They got any friends?

7 HERB: Most everybody's got a few friends.

8 JOE: Any of them come around here?

9 HERB: Not that I've seen. We're not snoopy like some.

10 SOUND: THE CAR JOLTS TO A STOP.

11 FRANK: I'll get the door.

12 SOUND: FRANK SLIDES THE DOOR BACK. THE THREE MEN WALK OUT INTO THE HALL.

13 JOE: Which way?

14 HERB: What?

15 JOE: Which way is 517?

16 HERB: To the left.

17 SOUND: THEY START TO WALK DOWN THE HOTEL HALL.

18 HERB: I don't want no trouble here now.

19 JOE: We won't make it.

20 HERB: This is a quiet hotel. We don't want any of the tenants to get sore. You guys are gonna walk out...I gotta live here.

21 JOE: I don't want no trouble.

22 SOUND: THE STEPS SLOW
FRANK: Here it is.

SOUND: STEPS STOP.

JOE: Gimme the key.

BeaT

SOUND: HERB HANDS THE KEY TO JOE.

JOE: Wanna take that side?

FRANK: Right.

JOE: (TO HERB) You stand back outta the way.

HERB: (MOVING BACK) No trouble now...please...no trouble.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK TAKE THE GUNS FROM THE HOLSTERS.

JOE: All set?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE QUIETLY PUTS THE KEY INTO THE LOCK AND TURNS THE KEY.

BeaT

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENS QUIETLY.

FRANK: (SOTTO) Looks like he's asleep.

JOE: (SOTTO) Take the right side.

SOUND: THEY MOVE SOFTLY INTO THE ROOM.

FRANK: (FAST) He's got a gun Joe...

SID: Get outta here cop.

SOUND: JOE JUMPS AT SIDNEY, FIGHT WHICH TEARS THE ROOM UP.

FINALLY AFTER A BIT...JOE TAGS SIDNEY AND HE DROPS.

FRANK: I'll get him.

SOUND: HANDCUFFS ON.

JOE: (BREATHING HEAVY) All right Larson...on your feet.
SID: What're you doin' in here...You got no right to come in like this.

FRANK: I'll check the room.

SOUND: FRANK GOES OFF MIKE. WE HEAR DRESSER DRAWERS BEING OPENED

SID: What're you lookin' for. I'm registered. You check my parole officer...he'll tell you. I'm clean.

JOE: What about the gun.

SID: Alright so..I got a gun.

JOE: You're an ex-con.

SID: Big, deal.

JOE: Let's go.

SID: Where?

JOE: You been there before

SOUND: FRANK FADES IN CARRYING FIVE GUNS

FRANK: Take a look Joe...five of 'em.

JOE: Where'd you get these?

SID: You find out cop. You're gettin nothin from me.

JOE: C'mon.

SID: Take it easy.

FRANK: Let's go.

SID: What about Krell...you get him too?

JOE: Yeah...we did.

SID: Y'got him in jail?

JOE: He's dead.

SID: Krell?
JOE: Yeah...he tried to make a break. It didn't work.
SID: Poor kid. He didn't know what it was all about. Wanted
to be a tough guy.
JOE: And you were gonna show him how.
SID: Nice kid. He wanted to be a big man. We had it all
planned. Gonna hit the big time. Got the guns and he
went out to get a car this morning. That's probably
why he killed the cop. Krell got scared. He didn't
know. He wanted to be big. Somebody people would talk
about.
JOE: Then—it all worked out.
SID: Huh?
JOE: He—made it. Let's go.
MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On May 19th, an inquest was held in the coroners office in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California. In a moment, the results of that inquest.

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

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT.
CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: 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.
GIBNEY: The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the death of James Edward Krell was justifiable homicide. Sidney Carter Larson was filed on for ex-convict, with a gun and upon completion of sentence on that count, was released to the authorities of Tulare, California for prosecution on a charge of burglary.


Hal Gibney speaking.

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 cigarette smokers ... here is headline news!

Nation-wide demand for L & M Filters drops price! Now, you save up to four cents a pack ... forty cents a carton.

Now, everyone can afford America's highest quality and best filter tip cigarette. Remember -- only L & M's have the miracle filter tip ... containing alpha cellulose. You get much more flavor - much less nicotine. Buy L & M Filters - the distinctive monogram cigarette ... at the new low price - L & M Filters!
Ladies and gentlemen, we would like to thank the editors of Cosmopolitan Magazine for this month's pictorial feature on Jack Webb and Dragnet. On your news stands now.