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

Dragnet, brought to you by Chesterfield America's most popular two-way cigarette. Chesterfield king-size at the new low price and Chesterfield regular.

You are a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Juvenile Detail. A series of housebreakings have taken place in your city. The articles taken and the methods used indicate a Juvenile thief. Your job: 

MUSIC! UP AND FADE FOR: (FIRST COMMERCIAL INSERT)
First Commercial

JULY 20, 1954

GIBNEY: What a pair!

GIRL: What a buy!

FENNEMAN: They're talking about Chesterfield king-size, at

the new low price.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

FENNEMAN: And Chesterfield regular. America's most popular
two-way cigarette. Maybe you've noticed in recent
weeks how many king-size smokers are changing to
Chesterfield. In sizing up the king-size
situation, it's a fact that today you get more
value from king-size Chesterfield than any other
king-size cigarette.

GIRL: What a buy!

FENNEMAN: Chesterfield gives you highest quality...low

nicotine.

Gibney: You get the taste you want, the mildness you want-
a really refreshing smoke every time.

FENNEMAN: Chesterfield king-size is the one and only

premium quality king-size cigarette. Buy a carton

at the new low price.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

Fenneman: Chesterfield king-size... Chesterfield regular.

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

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS DOWN WOODEN CORRIDOR, SLIGHT R.G.

JOE: It was Tuesday, July 6th. It was hot in Los Angeles. We
were working the day watch out of Juvenile Detail. My
partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Powers. My
name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and
it was 10:36 A.M. when we got to the old central jail
building...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ... the crime lab.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE ROOM. DOOR SWINGS CLOSED BEHIND

THEM.

JOE: (UP) Ray?

RAY: (OFF A LITTLE) Back here, Joe.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK BACK INTO THE LAB.

RAY: C'mon back. Just finishing up.

FRANK: Hi, Ray.

RAY: Frank...how's it goin'.

FRANK: Hot. Paper says it's gonna hit 90.

RAY: Uh huh.

FRANK: Probably will too. You got any water around?
1 RAY: Bottle over there in the corner. Help yourself.
2 FRANK: Thanks.
3 SOUND: He turns and starts to leave.
4 FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) How 'bout you Joe?
5 JOE: No, thanks.
6 FRANK: (GOING OFF) Grunts.
7 SOUND: Off Mike. We hear Frank fill a paper cup with the bottle.
8 AND DRINK
9 JOE: You got anything for us, Ray?
10 RAY: Bout the same as usual. Take a look.
11 SOUND: He picks up a packet of pictures.
12 RAY: Same entrance. Cut the screen on one of the back windows.
13 BROKE THE GLASS AND CLIMBED IN.
14 JOE: Any prints?
15 RAY: None that we could find. Here's a picture of the edge of
16 the screen. Here...(INDICATES) You can see the cut edges.
17 JOE: We got anything from it?
18 RAY: Not much. We figure it was done with a knife. You come
19 up with that and we might be able to tell you if you've
20 got the right one.
21 JOE: Uh huh.
22 SOUND: Off Mike. Frank has finished drinking and thrown the paper
23 CUP AWAY. He walks back on Mike.
24 FRANK: (FADING IN) What about physical evidence in the house,
25 Ray?
RAY: Not much. We got a couple of partials. Lifted them from the glass top on the dresser. Here's a picture...

SOUND: HE SHOWS JOE ANOTHER PHOTO.

RAY: Y'can see here...not much to go on.

JOE: Match up with the prints from the other jobs?

RAY: Couple of points but not enough to build a case on. Only thing you got that definitely ties this one in with the others is the footprint.

FRANK: Another one?

RAY: Yeah...found it in the soft earth underneath the window.

(REACHING) Hand me that print will you, Frank?

FRANK: (REACHING FOR THE PICTURE) Yeah...here Y'go.

RAY: Thanks. Here...(INDICATES) You can see it clearly. The heel mark. Same as in the others.

JOE: You get a cast of it?

RAY: Uh huh. Y'wanna see it?

JOE: No reason if you've looked it over.

RAY: Y'got the same thing on the picture.

JOE: Anything else?

RAY: You've had it.

JOE: GRUNTS.

RAY: Y'got a cigarette? Ran out and haven't had a chance to get some more.

FRANK: Here, Ray.

SOUND: HE OFFERS RAY A PACK OF CIGARETTES.
RAY: (TAKING ONE) Thanks.

SOUND: LIGHT BUSINESS.

RAY: (INHALING) Thanks, Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: You been able to chase down the rubber heel for us?

RAY: No luck. We've contacted a half a dozen firms. They all
tell us the same thing. It's made special. Probably
some small factory that specializes in custom made shoes. Might be some sort of correcting shoe...y'know orthopedic?

FRANK: Uh huh.

RAY: You've had it for a couple of weeks now...where do you sit
on it?

JOE: Right where we found it. We've talked to about every
repair man in town. None of 'em have seen this kind of a
heel before. None of 'em can tell us where it was made.

RAY: Uh huh.

JOE: Checked with the doctors in the area. None of 'em know
the brand. Figured that it might be one of them who sent
for it.

RAY: Nothin' on it though huh?

JOE: No. It's a new one to them too.

RAY: Yeah. Wish there was more I could give you fellas.

JOE: It's allright, Ray. Just seems that no matter which way
we turn, there's another wall waitin' for us.

RAY: How 'bout burglary...anything come in from them?

JOE: Uh huh. They're checkin' it all down. They got the same
thing we've come up with.
1 h. Y.:
Anything turn up on the stolen merchandise?

2 JOE:
No. Burglary's made all the checks. Pawnshops have been alerted. Stuff's all cheap costume jewelry. No reason to try and hock it, wouldn't get anything for it.

3 RAY:
Brings you back to a motive. Why is he pullin' the jobs in the first place?

4 JOE:
We'll file that with where the heels are made. 'bout the only thing we can figure is that it's some kid out for kicks. Get's his kicks from breakin' into houses. No other reason. Stuff he's stolen you can buy by the carload in any dime store.

5 FRANK:
Couple of times he's left money alone when it's in plain sight, to steal some cheap pin.

6 RAY:
Looks like you got yourself a wild one.

7 JOE:
Yeah. What can you tell us about the footprints, Ray?

8 RAY:
Not much. They were found under the window. Kid wasn't movin' when they were made... can't figure a stride.

9 JOE:
Uh huh. What about weight?

10 RAY:
Only a guess, Joe.

11 JOE:
Yeah.

12 RAY:
I'd say he came in about a hundred and 40. Could be fifteen pounds one way or the other.

13 JOE:
What about the size?

14 RAY:
A seven... looks like 7C.

15 JOE:
Uh huh. Not much.
RAY: Best we can do.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Last place, the woman was real sore.

RAY: Don't blame her.

FRANK: Not about the costume jewelry. She didn't much care about that. It was some prize gladiolas she was raisin'. Kid tramped 'em all down. Real sore that he stepped all over them.

RAY: Don't blame her.

FRANK: She says when she catches him, she's gonna give him a good talkin' to. Trampin' all her plants.

JOE: She's got it wrong. Well we yes, kay.

RAY: Sure, some haven't much to go on, have we?

JOE: Kid stepped into more than a flower bed. You called it.

(END SCENE 1)
Frank and I went back to the office and pulled all of the reports we had on the thefts. We spent the rest of the morning going over them. The method of operation was apparent. Each Friday night for the past two months, between the hours of 8:30 and 11 P.M., a single thief had entered a home in a wealthy section of town and stolen as much worthless costume jewelry as he could carry. On each occasion, the entry was made through a rear window. In those cases where the window was locked, the thief broke the glass and undid the latch. On each occasion, he'd left at least one footprint in the dirt around the house. The heel impression was of a type that we hadn't been able to identify. We'd gotten pictures of it out to major shoe manufacturers but they were unable to tell us where the shoes had been made. We'd canvassed the area where the thefts were taking place without results. Rolling stakeouts set up on Friday nights had netted us nothing. The thief approached the homes, broke into them, stole what he wanted, then left without being apprehended. Throughout the investigation, Frank and I had been working closely with Burglary Division, but their men hadn't been able to come up with any more than we had.

At 1:15 P.M. Frank and I left the office and got something to eat and then started to check the playgrounds again. At each one, we'd contact the member of the park department and ask them if they'd seen anyone wearing a pair of shoes similar to the pictures we had. Everyplace, we got the same answer. None of them had. We stopped groups of boys on the street and asked to see their shoes.
We checked malt shops and drug stores, pool halls and bowling alleys without results. The same operation had been going on for the past two weeks, without bettering our chances of apprehending the suspect.

5:30 P.M. Frank and I left one of the larger bowling alleys in town and headed back for the office.

SOUND: UNIT 1K80 RUNNING THROUGH TRAFFIC, POLICE RADIO IN FAR B.G.

Frank and I left one of the larger bowling alleys in town and headed back for the office.

Be glad to get home tonight.

Uh huh.

Hot.

Yeah.

Musta gone over ninty.

Felt like it.

Musta. Paper said ninty but it was hotter. I can always tell.

How?

My feet. Always tell with them. Cold day, I can walk for a couple of miles and not have any trouble. Comes the hot weather and if I step off a curb, I got .

Yeah.

I'm gonna get me another pair of shoes. The kind with the holes in.

What?

You know what I mean, Joe. Y' see 'em all the time in the men's magazines. Kinda cloth on the top. Real thin leather on the sole and cloth in the top. Lotta little holes in. Not so hot.
1 JOE: Oh yeah...I think I know what you mean.
2 FRANK: See 'em all the time in the magazines.
3 JOE: Uh huh.
4 FRANK: Always got a picture of a guy wearin' em with a tan suit on. Got a straw hat with one of those bands made out of feathers. Y'know...look like a snake kind of.
5 JOE: Yeah.
6 FRANK: Always in a tan suit and the hat. Guess you gotta have one of those before you can buy the shoes. You figure?
7 JOE: I don't know, Frank.
8 FRANK: Uh huh. (BEAT) Always got on a tan suit.
9 JOE: Yeah. One thing.
10 FRANK: What?
11 JOE: Who you gonna get to wear em in the office.
12 BEAT
13 FRANK: Yeah, aren't you happy old Buddy?
14 JOE: What?
15 FRANK: You're not talking much...just wondered if you weren't happy.
16 JOE: Don't have to...you're doin' it all.
17 FRANK: Guess so...(BEAT) Sure is hot. Musta been over ninty.
18 BEAT
19 JOE: Slow down a little Frank.
20 FRANK: What?
21 JOE: Take it easy. See the kid up there?
22 FRANK: (LOOKING) No,
1. JOE: Up there...just comin' out of the drugstore on the corner.
2. there see...waiting for the light.
3. FRANK: Oh yeah. Tennis player.
4. JOE: Got a pair of canvas shoes.
5. FRANK: Wanna check him?
6. JOE: Might as well.
7. SOUND: THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED A LITTLE, THEN SLOWS.
8. JOE: Here...pull in.
9. FRANK: Yeah.
10. SOUND: FRANK SLIDES THE CAR INTO THE CURB AND TURNS OFF THE MOTOR.
11. JOE: You wanna wait?
12. FRANK: No, I'll come with you.
13. SOUND: THEY GET OUT OF THE CAR, STEPS ON SIDEWALK.
14. JOE: (UP) Hold it up there.
15. ALEC: (OFF) What?
16. JOE: Wait a minute.
17. ALEC: Y'mean me?
18. JOE: Yeah.
19. SOUND: THEY REACH ALEC AND STOP.
20. ALEC: Yeah...what d'ya want?
21. JOE: Police officers, son...like to ask you a couple of questions.
22. ALEC: What for, I haven't done anything.
23. JOE: We didn't say you did...just a couple of questions.
24. ALEC: Thought there for a minute...you were after me.
1 JOE: No. This is my partner, Frank Smith...my name's Friday.
2 FRANK: Hi.
3 ALEC: Hello...I'm Alec McCarron. What'd you wanna ask?
4 FRANK: Been playin' tennis?
5 ALEC: No...just practisin'. I go down to the handball courts at school and practice. Couldn't get a game this afternoon.
6 JOE: Why?
7 ALEC: Like to take a look at your shoes.
8 JOE: Your shoes, son...like to see 'em.
9 ALEC: What is this a joke?
10 JOE: Not from us.
11 ALEC: Sure sounds like a rib. You guys sure you're really cops?
12 JOE: You saw the I.D. Now let's see your shoes.
13 BEAT
14 ALEC: All right. No reason not to. (HE HOLDS THEM UP) There.
15 JOE: The soles, Alec.
16 ALEC: You sure this isn't some kinda joke?
17 FRANK: No joke.
18 ALEC: C'mon Alec...let's see the soles.
19 BEAT
20 ALEC: Yeah...there.
21 BEAT
22 ALEC: Well, Y'satisfied now?
23 JOE: Yeah, son.
ALEC: Okay for me to go now?

JOE: Fraid not.

ALEC: Why. Say, what is all this anyway. All this stoppin' me...and the shoe thing? You lookin' for something special?

JOE: Yeah...we just found it.

(END SCENE 2)

JOE: Frank and I took the boy back to Georgia Street and checked his name through R. and I. We found that there was no previous arrest record for him. 7:15 P.M. we took him into one of the interrogation rooms.

FRANK: Your full name's Alec McCarron...that right?

ALEC: Yeah.

FRANK: How old are you?

ALEC: 16.

FRANK: Where do you live?

ALEC: 4782 Fargo Street.

JOE: Where's that?

ALEC: Up above Silver Lake.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: You live with your family?

ALEC: Yeah.

FRANK: Mother and father both living.

ALEC: Yeah, When you gonna tell me what this is all about?
1. JOE: Empty your pockets out on the table here will you?
2 ALEC: What for?
3 JOE: Because we asked you to.
4 BEAT
5 ALEC: All right.
6 SOUND: MATCH ACTION TO FOLLOW
7 ALEC: (AS HE TAKES THINGS OUT OF HIS POCKET) Keys...a money clip...some change...handkerchief...pocket knife...
card case...comb. That's it.
8 JOE: How much money you have there?
9 ALEC: I dunno. Couple of dollars.
10 JOE: Take it out of the clip and count it.
11 ALEC: Sure.
12 SOUND: RUSTLE OF PAPER MONEY
13 ALEC: (COUNTING) One...two...three. Three bucks.
14 JOE: Put it in your pocket.
15 ALEC: Yeah sure.
16 JOE: What's in the card case?
17 ALEC: Social Security card...Couple of other things.
18 SOUND: JOE OPENS THE CARD CASE. CHECKS A COUPLE OF CARDS IN
19 CELLOID ENVELOPES
20 JOE: (AFTER) Uh huh.
21 FRANK: You got a job?
22 ALEC: Not now. I got one comin' up.
23 FRANK: Doin' what?
ALEX: Box boy in a market. Supposed to go to work next week.
Kid they got now is goin' in the army. They promised me his job.

FRANK: Y'go to school?
ALEX: Yeah. I'm a senior in high school. Look, it's gettin' late. My Dad's gonna start to worry. Okay if I call him?

FRANK: Yeah... go ahead.
ALEX: Thanks.

SOUND: HE MOVES TO THE PHONE. PICKS UP RECEIVER. DIALS 7 NUMBERS.

ALEX: What do I tell him when he wants to know what's happening?

JOE: Well talk to him.
ALEX: Okay. (BEAT) Line's busy.

JOE: You can call him in a minute.

SOUND: ALEC HANGS UP THE PHONE.

ALEX: Yeah.

FRANK: What d'you usually do nights?

ALEX: I don't know what you mean.
FRANK: Evening hours... what d'ya do?

ALEX: Stay home mostly. I gotta get my grades up for college. I usually study.

JOE: During summer vacation?

ALEX: My dad helps me. I gotta make up a couple of credits.

JOE: Thought you had to go to summer school for that.

ALEX: Guess I'll get out of school late.
FRANK: You study every night?
ALEC: Just about yeah.

FRANK: But not every one?

ALEC: No. I go out sometimes.

FRANK: When?

ALEC: Mostly the weekends. Friday.

JOE: What d'ya do when you go out? Where do you go?

ALEC: Sometimes. Mostly to the show.

JOE: Where else?

ALEC: Bowling. Sometimes, just down to the library to get a book. Mostly to the show.

JOE: You go with anybody?

ALEC: No.

JOE: Where'd you get those tennis shoes?

ALEC: My Dad got 'em for me.

JOE: Where?

ALEC: Place back east. I had 'em for a long time.

JOE: Y'know the name of the place?

ALEC: Not right off...someplace in Maine I think.

JOE: Uh huh. You know anybody else who's got a pair like 'em?

ALEC: Never seen any others. I told you...my father got 'em for me. He used to wear 'em when he was a kid. Sent back to Maine for 'em.

JOE: Yeah.

ALEC: You guys won't tell me what this is all about huh?
JOE: All right, son. We'll lay it out for you. There've been a string of burglaries in town. House breakings.

Person that's been pullin' 'em wears a pair of shoes like yours.

ALEC: Like mine?

JOE: That's it.

ALEC: You think I'm the one.

JOE: Looks like it.

ALEC: I better call my father.

SOUND: HE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP. DIALS 7 NUMBERS.

ALEC: (AS HE DIALS) Isn't the only pair of shoes in the world y'know.

JOE: Only one we've been able to find.

ALEC: Must be a lot more.

JOE: We're willin to see.

ALEC: Still busy.

FRANK: Did ya dial nine first?

ALEC: Huh?

FRANK: Y'have to dial nine to get an outside line.

ALEC: Oh... guess that's what's wrong.

SOUND: THIS TIME HE DIALS NINE... BEAT

ALEC: Yeah... there's the dial tone.

SOUND: HE DIALS 7 NUMBERS. BEAT
ALEC: (AFTER DIAL AND BEAT) Hello...Dad...this is Alec. Yeah...well I couldn't call before. Uh huh. At the police station. No...it's no joke...What? ...I better let them tell you. Yeah...hold on ... (TO JOE) You wanna tell him?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE AND TAKES THE RECEIVER FROM ALEC.

JOE: (INTO PHONE) This is Sergeant Friday...Los Angeles Police Department...who am I speaking to please? ...

Uh huh. Yes sir...he's here. Suspicion of Burglary, Mr. McCarron. Yes sir...that may be so sir...but that's the charge. Yes sir. No,we'll bring him to his home.

Uh huh...right away. Yes sir...g'bye.

SOUND: JOE HANGS UP THE PHONE. WALKS BACK TO FRANK.

JOE: All right, Alec...get your sweater.

ALEC: You takin' me home?

JOE: That's right.

ALEC: Guess Dad set you straight, huh? Told you it was all a mistake.

JOE: Not quite.

ALEC: What d'ya mean? Didn't he tell you this whole thing is wrong?

JOE: He tried to, yes son.

ALEC: Then you're gonna let me go.

JOE: Afraid not.
ALEC: But you have to if it's a mistake.

JOE: Might be son... but we didn't make it. Yeah, if it's a mistake.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: Frank and I left the office with the boy and drove out to his home. It was a large two-story colonial house overlooking Silver Lake. We were admitted to the place by a maid and shown into the living room. The boy's father, Henry McCarron was waiting for us.

SOUND: FEW FOOTSTEPS ON CARPET.

HENRY: (LITTLE OFF) You're the officers?

JOE: Yes sir. This is my partner, Frank Smith. My name's Friday.

HENRY: Uh huh. You wanna tell me what this is all about now?

JOE: It looks like your son is mixed up in some burglaries, Mr. McCarron.

HENRY: You're aware that's a pretty serious charge.

JOE: Yes sir.

HENRY: I suppose you have some kind of proof to make the statement.

JOE: We think so.

HENRY: You mind tellin' me what it is?

JOE: Not at all sir. While we're talking, would it be alright to look at the boy's room?

HENRY: You think that's quite fair?

JOE: It's necessary, Mr. McCarron.

HENRY: What if I say you can't?

JOE: We'll be back with a warrant.
HENRY: This way.

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING THEY WALK DOWN A CARPETED HALLWAY.

HENRY: (AS HE WALKS) What've you got to say about this, Alec?

ALEC: I didn't do it Dad.

HENRY: That's the truth?

ALEC: Yes sir.

HENRY: It's good enough for me. (BEAT) Through here...

SOUND: THEY WALK ON HARD SURFACE A COUPLE OF STEPS THEN STOP.

HENRY: This is it.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN.

HENRY: Go ahead.

SOUND: THE OFFICERS ENTER THE ROOM.

JOE: You wanna check it, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS OFF MIKE AND UNDER THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE,

WE HEAR HIM OPEN DRAWERS AND DOORS TO CLOSETS.

HENRY: Now then...suppose you tell me what this is all about?

JOE: Those shoe's the boy is wearing...you got them for him?

HENRY: That's right. Had 'em made to order.

JOE: Where?

HENRY: Place back east. Maine.

JOE: Do you know of anyone else that has a pair of 'em?

HENRY: No. Far as I know...that's the only one on the coast.

Good tennis shoes...I used to wear 'em when I played.
JOE: Uh huh.
HENRY: What do they have to do with this?
JOE: On each of the thefts, we've found a print from a shoe like that outside the window.
HENRY: That doesn't mean that Alec was in 'em at the time.
JOE: How 'bout it Alec, you let anyone else use the shoes?
ALEC: No.
JOE: There's your answer.
HENRY: Still doesn't come down to proof.
JOE: What night does your boy spend out of the house, Mr. McCarron?
HENRY: I don't know... I guess he's gone on Friday most of the time.
JOE: You know where he goes?
HENRY: Show... library. I don't keep him on a chain Sergeant. I have complete trust in Alec.
JOE: Burglaries have been taking place on Friday night.
HENRY: Still entirely circumstantial.
JOE: Yes sir. But it fits.
HENRY: What's he supposed to have stolen?
JOE: Costume jewelry.
HENRY: Y'mean five and dime stuff?
JOE: Yes sir.
HENRY: All right... there you are. You tell me why?
JOE: Sir?
HENRY: Why'd Alec steal that? Look around, Sergeant. I just spent fifteen hundred dollars on this room. Had it all redone.

JOE: Alec's got just about everything he wants. Gets a good allowance. If he needs any more money he only has to come to me. There's no reason for him to steal.

HENRY: I'm not convinced, sir. The thefts are taking place.

JOE: That may be true, sir but the fact stays that the thefts are taking place.

HENRY: All right then...I'll put it on the line. I've got faith in my son. He's had all the things a boy could want. Good family...good home. All the things that count. Maybe there is a thief but it isn't my son. I know that.

JOE: Have you got an explanation for the shoes...for the Friday nights?

HENRY: No. But I'll find one.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, FRANK IS WALKING ON MIKE.

FRANK: You can try for this too, Mr. McCarron.

HENRY: (TURNING) What?

FRANK: Found these in the boy's closet.

HENRY: Huh?

FRANK: Box of cheap costume jewelry.

(END SCENE 4)
JOE: With the finding of the jewelry in Alec McCarron's room, the circumstantial case against him seemed to solidify. Although he denied any knowledge of the pieces, he was taken down to Georgia Street Juvenile and booked on suspicion of violation of section 459 P.C. delinquent. His father retained a lawyer immediately. The next day, the jewelry found at his home was shown to the victims, and they gave a positive identification of the pieces. A petition was filed and the facts were presented to the Juvenile Court. Detention was requested. On Thursday, July 8th, Frank and I got back from the second floor after talking to the McCarron boy. He'd still admitted nothing about the robberies.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. JOE AND FRANK ENTER.

FRANK: I dunno. Maybe I'm beginning to believe the kid.

JOE: He makes you want to.

HENRY: (OFF MIKE) Sergeant Friday?

JOE: Yes sir.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK TO MCCARRON.

JOE: How are you Mr. McCarron.

HENRY: I've got it sergeant. Got it right here.

JOE: Sir.

HENRY: The way to show you that my son had no part in these burglaries.

JOE: Go ahead sir.

SOUND: HENRY TAKES A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET.

HENRY: You say all the thefts have taken place on Friday night....that right?

JOE: Yes sir.
HENRY: And your big piece of evidence is the heels on his shoes.

JOE: It's a part of it...yes.

HENRY: All right then...you can just turn him loose.

JOE: What?

HENRY: I remembered it last night. Couldn't sleep and got to thinking. Remembered.

JOE: Go ahead sir.

HENRY: Also's shoes got a lot of use. He plays a lot of tennis and he wears the shoes all the time.

JOE: Yes sir.

HENRY: Soles and heels wore out. We had to send 'em back east to have 'em resoled. Sent 'em back on May 5th. Didn't get 'em until May 19th. There's two Fridays in there.

SOUND: Sergeant. If the shoes were gone...Alec couldn't have done the burglaries.

JOE: You wanna check, Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: Frank goes off mike and checks through some papers.

HENRY: I hope now you'll admit that you've made a mistake.

JOE: If we have, Mr. McCarron, we'll tell you.

HENRY: Well, you take my word for it. Also had no part in any of this. He's a good boy. Honest and smart. If he was going to steal anything...If it really came to that...he wouldn't risk his neck for a few cheap beads.

SOUND: Frank has faded in.

HENRY: Well, what about it? What'd you find out.
1 FRANK: Take a look Joe.
2 HENRY: You gonna release my son now?
3 JOE: Afraid not sir.
4 HENRY: Well if the shoes were out of the state then...he couldn't
5 have committed the thefts.
6 JOE: There were no burglaries on those dates.
7 (END SCENE 5)
8 (END ACT 1)
9 GIBNEY: You are listening to Dragnet, the authentic story of
10 your police force in action.
11 (SECOND COMMERCIAL INSERT)
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENNEMAN: What a pair! What a buy! Chesterfield king-size at
the new low price ... And Chesterfield regular. (PAUSE)
And what a pair this is ..... 18/15

4 SOUND: STARTING BELL, CROWD CHEERING THEM OFF. POUND OF HOOFs

5 TAKE CROWD UNDER

6 FENNEMAN: Two of the nation's top jockeys ... Eddie Arcaro and
Ted Atkinson. Between them, they've ridden 6,000
winners over the nation's tracks... For purses totalling
more than five million dollars. 18/30

11 FENNEMAN: When it's time to smoke, both Ted Atkinson and Eddie
Arcaro - like millions of satisfied smokers ... light
up a Chesterfield. In Arcaro's own words ....

14 ARCARO: (TAPE) I always did like a long smoke. When Chesterfield
king-size came out, I tried 'em and I've been with 'em
ever since. 19/15

17 FENNEMAN: Ted Atkinson, who smokes Chesterfield regular size,
says ...

19 ATKINSON: I've been smoking Chesterfields ..... years, and they
always taste real good to me. 19/19

21 FENNEMAN: What a pair! Arcaro and Atkinson. What a pair!
Chesterfield king-size and Chesterfield regular. Buy
a carton of Chesterfield king-size at the new low price.
And remember - either way you like 'em ... They satisfy
millions ... They're best for you. 19/17
It seemed like every attempt the father made to prove the innocence of Alec McCarron, only turned up another piece of evidence against him. The date for his hearing in Juvenile Court was set and Frank and I talked with Mr. Bowman of the probation department on the preparation of the case. From the evidence, it appeared that the boy would be found guilty. We questioned and re-questioned him. We went over every facet of his story but he stuck to it. At no time did he change any part of it. Saturday July 10th, Frank and I checked into the office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. STEPS INTO ROOM.

FRANK: Gonna be another scorcher.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE WALKS OFF MIKE

FRANK: Gonna go over on Broadway at noon t’day. Pick up a pair of those shoes I was tellin’ you about.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: Ones with the holes. Finally decided last night...I need them more than a new spinning reel. Gonna get ‘em.

JOE: Good.

FRANK: Anything in for us?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE WALKS ON MIKE

JOE: Looks like we might be wrong about the McCarron kid.

FRANK: Huh??

JOE: Another housebreaking last night. Footprints all over the place.
FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: All of 'em with the same heel print.

(END SCENE 6)

JOE: We left the office and went over to the crime lab. Ray Pinker showed us the photographs that had been made at scene. The marks were identical with those we'd found before. The size of the shoe, the way they were worn, everything matched. The information blew the case against Alec McCarron away high and both Frank and I felt a little relieved. The Probation Dept was informed what'd happened and the boy was released immediately. Frank and I drove him to his home, where he was re-united with his family. We obtained the name and address of the shoe company who'd made the tennis shoes and a radiogram was sent to the police department in that city requesting all information on similar shipments to the Los Angeles area. We got the answer the next morning. Only one other pair had been sent to the southland. Those to a Mr. Homer Ellsworth care of general Delivery, Ventura, California. We checked the name through records and identification but were unable to come up with a record for him. The name was sent to George Brereton, C.I.I. in Sacramento. At a quarter past eleven, Frank and I drove up to the beach city. We talked to the postmaster and several of the clerks. They told us that several pieces of mail had been delivered to Ellsworth. Although none of the people could tell us where the man lived, they were able to give us a good description of him.

(MORE)
(CON'T) They went on to say that they'd gathered from conversations, that he resided somewhere in Los Angeles.

We left word with them that the local police department be called in the event the man returned and then Frank and I drove back to the city. We checked the name again, this time with the description. No match. One of the outstanding things in the way the man was described was that the little finger from his left hand was missing. This was checked through the oddity file without result.

The additional information was forwarded to Brereton. We checked with Burglary Detail but they had nothing on the suspect. 8:40 P.M., We drove out to the McCarron house, and talked to the family.

HENRY: I knew it all the time.

JOE: Yes sir.

HENRY: Got a boy like Alec and after 16 years you know pretty much what he will and what he won't do.

JOE: Yes sir. Couple things we'd like to go over with you.

HENRY: Sure...anything you want. Just let me know.

JOE: Uh huh.

HENRY: Caught the person who's really responsible for this?

JOE: That's what we want to talk to you about.

HENRY: Fine. Go right ahead.
JOE: Description we've got of the man is that he's about 50.
Around five hundred and 50 pounds. Dark hair...grey
at the temples. Wears glasses and has a mustache. Gotta
finger missing from his left hand.
HENRY: What's his name?
JOE: We haven't got that sir. That's why we're asking you.
HENRY: No name at all?
JOE: He's used Homer Ellsworth. We don't think it's his true
name.
HENRY: But it isn't.
JOE: Sir?
HENRY: Name's not Ellsworth. It's Fallon...Homer Fallon,
FRANK: You know him?
HENRY: Sure he's worked for me for ten years. Sort of a handy
man. Does odd jobs around the house.
JOE: Know where we can reach him?
HENRY: Not sure about that.
JOE: What di'ya mean?
HENRY: Quit yesterday morning.
(END SCENE 7)
We got Fallon's address and left for the place right away. It was a small house in the south Hollywood area. The front yard was overgrown and several of the pickets from the fence were missing. There was a 1938 Chevrolet truck parked in the driveway. Frank and I leftKE30 and walked up to the front door.

SOUND: NIGHT NOISES, DISTANT TRAFFIC, STEPS ON WOOD.

FRANK: Watch your step, Joe...board loose there.

JOE: Yeah...I see it.

FRANK: Think he'd have a light out here.

SOUND: STEPS STOP

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE TAKES A STEP FORWARD AND KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

BEAT

FRANK: Don't hear anything?

JOE: Must be here...woulda taken the truck.

FRANK: Uh huh,

SOUND: JOE KNOCKS AGAIN.

BEAT

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

HOMER: Yeah;

JOE: Homer Fallon?

HOMER: Who're you?

JOE: Police officers...want to talk to you.

BEAT
HOMER: C'mon in.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK INTO THE HOUSE DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

HOMER: Sit down; Just fixin' a little dinner.

JOE: Yes sir.

HOMER: Spaghetti. Want some?

JOE: No sir.

HOMER: Pretty good. That kind that's all cooked. Just drop it in the water and heat up the sauce. Pretty good, Sure you don't want none?

JOE: No thanks.

HOMER: How 'bout you?

FRANK: No sir.

HOMER: (GRUNTS) Well, wait a minute...I'll turn down the fire and we can talk.

JOE: All right sir.

SOUND: HOMER TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF MIKE.

HOMER: Gotta watch it pretty close. Get's too cooked and y'gotta eat it with a spoon. Not good that way.

JOE: No sir.

HOMER: You've had it have you?

JOE: You wanna come in here?

HOMER: (OFF) Yeah...be right with you. Open up the sauce and I'll be right there.

JOE: Maybe you better make it now.

HOMER: (OFF) What?
JOEL: O'mon...sit down.

SOUND: HOMER WALKS SLOWLY IN.

FRANK: Sit down.

HOMER: You haven't got no right to tell me what to do in my own house. No right at all.

JOE: You own a pair of custom made tennis shoes?

HOMER: I look like I play the game?

JOE: Do you own the shoes.

HOMER: 'Course not.

JOE: We got several people who say you do.

HOMER: Who...you point 'em out to me.

JOE: We will if we have to.

HOMER: What about the shoes anyway...it a crime to own 'em?

JOE: No sir.

HOMER: I paid good money for 'em. Paid cash. No reason I can't have 'em if I want to.

JOE: Kinda expensive aren't they?

HOMER: What I do with my money's my business. Not yours or anybody else's.

FRANK: Can we see the shoes?

HOMER: Why?

FRANK: Like to see 'em.

HOMER: I lost 'em

FRANK: Where?

HOMER: I dunno. If I knew they wouldn't be lost now would they.
Might be important to you if you could find 'em.

Why?

Where were you last night?

There a law that says I gotta account to you?

Did you do anything wrong last night?

No.

Then it doesn't make any difference if you tell us what you did.

Just the principal of the thing.

All right, Faller...Fun time's over. Where were you?

Here.

All right?

Yes.

Can you prove it?

Don't have to.

What?

You're tryin' to say I was someplace else aren't you?

We're askin' you.

But you're tryin' to make out I wasn't here. I say I was. Your word against mine. Don't need no proof.

Frank...you wanna check the place?

Yeah.

Here...you got no right to go through my things.
1 JOE: We can come back with a warrant.
2 HOMER: Then you go ahead and do it. You got no right.
3 SOUND: FRANK TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS BACK ON MIKE.
4 FRANK: Somethin' you don't want us to see?
5 HOMER: No. I got nothin' to hide.
6 FRANK: Then you won't mind.
7 HOMER: I will too. You guys come in here while I'm havin' dinner. Causin' a lot of trouble. You got no right to do this. I'm an old man... I can't take a lot of excitement.
8 JOE: Then why don't you save us all a lot of time?
9 HOMER: What?
10 JOE: You know why we're here. You know what we want,
11 HOMER: (SIMPLY) I do?
12 JOE: Yeah.
13 FRANK: Why don't you tell us?
14 BEAT: Big thing over nothin'. That's all it is.
15 HOMER: Go ahead.
16 HOMER: All the stuff put together wasn't worth a dollar and a half. None of it. Not even a dollar and a half.
17 HOMER: Why'd you do it?
18 HOMER: Cause I was sore. Real sore.
JOE: About what?

HOMER: That kid. Thinkin' he was so good. His old man bounces 15 hundred dollars for the room. You know how much fifteen hundred dollars is? You know what it'll buy.

JOE: Uh huh.

HOMER: Wanted to get the kid in trouble. All his life he's had what he wanted. All his life. Different from me.

JOE: Yeah.

HOMER: I never had nothin'. Didn't even graduate school and him goin' to college. I wanted to show him...show 'em all.

JOE: That's why you committed the burglaries? To show 'em?

HOMER: Yeah; I figured if they got in trouble, they wouldn't be no better than me. No better at all.

JOE: Uh huh.

HOMER: Sent for the shoes; Had to save a whole month to buy 'em...but I got 'em. Same size as him. Wore 'em down just like his. Just the same. Then I was ready.

JOE: You put the things we found in his room?

HOMER: Yeah. I knew you'd get to him. Wanted to sew it up.

JOE: Make it look good. I put 'em there.

HOMER: Why'd you do the burglary last night?

FRANK: Why'd you do the burglary last night?

HOMER: Got to feelin' sorry for the kid...sittin' in jail.

JOE: You ever been arrested?

HOMER: Long time ago.
JOE: Where?

HOMER: Back East. Vag charge. I was just a kid. Workin' my way out here.

JOE: Uh huh.

HOMER: Took me off a freight. I sat in the can over-night and then they let me go. Gimme a floater out of town.

JOE: Yeah.

HOMER: I got sorry for the kid. Figured if there was another stealin' while he was in jail...you'd let him go.

JOE: All right...y'wanna get your coat?

SOUND: HOMER STANDS UP

HOMER: Yeah.

SOUND: HOMER STARTS TO WALK AWAY

FRANK: Where is it?

HOMER: Closet there.

FRANK: I'll get it.

SOUND: FRANK TAKES A COUPLE STEPS OFF MIKE...DOOR OPEN

HOMER: Only one in there...

FRANK: I got it.

SOUND: HE WALKS BACK ON MIKE

FRANK: Here.

HOMER: (AS HE PUTS THE COAT ON) Thanks. Y'know...I was sorry right after. I didn't want to hurt the kid. He's really not too bad.

JOE: Yeah.

HOMER: Didn't want to cause him no trouble.
JOE: Y' did pretty good.
HOMER: Suppose so. (BEAT) Wanna go?
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE FRONT DOOR...OPEN IT AND THEN STOP
HOMER: I forgot' the spaghetti. Gotta turn it off.
JOE: Go ahead.

SOUND: HOMER WALKS TO THE KITCHEN...STOP
HOMER: (OFF) I guess it doesn't make any difference anyway.
SOUND: HE WALKS BACK ON MIKE
JOE: What?
HOMER: Don't make any difference about you takin' me to jail.
JOE: That right?
HOMER: Yeah, I cooked the spaghetti too long.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The
names were changed to protect the innocent.
GIBNEY: On December 9th., trial was held in Department 96,
Superior Court of the State of California, in and for
the County of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of
that trial.
FENN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.
WEBB: THIRD COMMERCIAL INSERT
DRAGNET
JULY 20, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- NO. 2

1 WEBB: Friends, I smoke Chesterfields because
2 I sincerely believe they're the best
3 cigarette ever made. I wish you'd
4 give 'em a try, too. Not because I
5 like them, but because you will
6 Chesterfield regular - Chesterfield
7 king-size... they satisfy millions.
GIBNEY: Homer Lindsey Fallon was tried and convicted of burglary in the first degree, 6 counts and received punishment as prescribed by law. Burglary in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than five years in the State Penitentiary.
MUSIC: THEME

MUSIC: THEME UNDER

GIBNEY: You have 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. Heart tonight were: Ben Alexander, \( \text{C} \text{a} \ldots \)


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. (L & M HITCH HIKE)
DRAGNET  
JULY 20, 1954  
L & M HITCH-HIKE M-166  
(David Wayne)  

ANNCR: Filter tip smokers...This is it. L & M Filters......
at last, a filter tip cigarette with much more flavor -
much less nicotine. L & M's miracle tip contains
alpha cellulose for effective filtration. It's the
filter that counts......and L & M has the best. Yes,
this is it. As David Wayne puts it....L & M Filters
are just what the doctor ordered. Buy L & M Filters...
the light mild smoke.