CHESTERFIELD #110 NBC #278
DIRECTOR..........JACK WEBB
WRITERS......JOHN ROBINSON & EARL SCHLEY
MUSIC.......WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT........JEAN MILES
SOUND.........BUL TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY
ENGINEER......RAOUL MURPHY
ANNOR, #1......GEORGE FENNEMAN
ANNOR. #2......HAL GIBNEY
CASE........ "THE BIG LENS"
REHEARSAL SCHEDULE
RECORDING: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1954 "A"
CAST AND SOUND: 11:00AM - 1:30PM
EDITING..........T.B.A.
SCORING..........T.B.A.
ORCHESTRA
ANNOUNCERS....(COMMERCIAL)
BROADCAST...6:00-6:30 PM - STUDIO "J" -- BY T.R.

RELEASE DATE......DECEMBER 14, 1954
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.
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"THE BIG LENS"

CAST
SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY..................................................JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH..................................................BEN ALEXANDER
DR. HALL (DBL)..........................................................HARRY BARTELL
GWENN ALSTON..........................................................GEORGIA ELLIS
HARLAN STALL..........................................................HERB ELLIS
ROBERT BRIERTON.......................................................HARRY BARTELL
ANNA BRIERTON..........................................................VIRGINIA GREGG
GORDON HETTIB..........................................................BOB CROSSON
ELINOR BASTLACK (DBL)..................................................VIRGINIA GREGG
JOHN BERKO...............................................................JIMMY OGG
GEORGE DUDLEY..........................................................VIC PERRIN
1 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
2 PENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to
3 hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the
4 innocent.
5 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER
6 GIBNEY: Dragnet, brought to you by Chesterfield. This is the
7 best – Chesterfield and the time to change ... today.
8 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR 20
9 PENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to
10 Robbery Detail. You get a call from the Georgia Street
11 Hospital. A woman has been brought in to receive
12 treatment for a beating. She says she was kidnapped and
13 robbed. Your job... investigate.
14 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
DECEMBER 14, 1954

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 GIBNEY: News item...the Governors of six New England states...
2 Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut,
3 Rhode Island - proclaim December...BACK HOME FOR THE
4 HOLIDAYS month. \$8
5 PENN: Right now, New England towns like Laconia, New Hampshire,
6 are busily preparing home-coming festivities. A
7 wonderful idea for everyone...going HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS
8 ...an idea that comes to life in this year's colorful
9 Chesterfield Christmas carton. You'll spot it at
10 your dealers - easy...the carton with the HOME FOR THE
11 HOLIDAYS scene painted by famous cover artist, Stevan
12 Dohanos. This Christmas, it costs so little to give \$0.26
13 so much pleasure...Chesterfield Christmas cartons. It's
14 the gift for all the smokers on your list. Remember,
15 in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like
16 Chesterfield. So, for that Christmas morning smile of
17 satisfaction, give Chesterfield!
1 MUSIC: THEME

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

9 MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE OUT SUSTAINED CHORD

10 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS IN HALL AT GEORGIA STREET.

11 SLIGHT ECHO

12 JOE: It was Wednesday, February 4th. It was cool in Los Angeles.
13 We were working the night watch out of Robbery Detail,
14 My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Chief of Detectives,
15 Thad Brown. My name's Friday. We were on our way out
16 from the office and it was 8:30 when we got to Georgia
17 Street Hospital...SOUND DOOR OPENS)...a treatment room.

18 FLAUN: Dr. Hall?

19 HALL: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Hi, be right with you. (TO GWENN)
20 Excuse me,
21 GWENN: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Certainly, doctor.

22 SOUND: HALL'S FOOTSTEPS COMING TO DOOR, STEPS OUT IN TO CORRIDOR

23 AND CLOSES DOOR

24 HALL: Hello, Friday.
25 FRANK: How are ya', Doctor?
26 JOE: This the Alston woman?
27 HALL: Yeah.
28 JOE: How is she?
1 HALL: Bruised about the face. Not too serious...She can leave
when you finish with her.
2 JOE: Good. Can we go in now?
3 HALL: Sure. Let me know when you're through.
4 JOE: All right.
5
6 SOUND: JOE OPENS DOOR AND WITH FRANK ENTERS ROOM
7 JOE: Miss Alston?
8 GWENN: Yes.
9 JOE: Police officers...This is Frank Smith, my name's Friday.
10 GWENN: How do you do.
11 FRANK: How are ya', ma'am.
12 JOE: The doctor just told us that you could return home when we
finished our questioning, so we'll try not to keep you
13 too long.
14 GWENN: Thank you. I'm not really hurt much...I was more
15 frightened than anything else. It was all so unexpected,
16 and so unreal. For 26 years I've thought myself quite
17 self-reliant, but this situation completely unnerved me.
18 JOE: Yes, ma'am. We can understand.
19 GWENN: I've fixed my own flat tires, repaired faucets around home
20 ...even put up a TV aerial, but this was too much for me.
21 FRANK: Uh huh.
GWENN: I was scared. More than I've ever been, or hope to be again. All I could think of was they'd kill me. I wanted to keep calm, to hold onto my senses, but I couldn't.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Would you like to tell us what happened now?

GWENN: All right, but I want you to know one thing first.

JOE: What's that, Miss Wisten?

GWENN: I found out I wasn't just a "fix it yourself" kind of person. I tried to be, but as I said... I wasn't. I got hysterical. I'm telling you this because I'm afraid I can't give you as much information as you'll probably want and need.

JOE: It's all right. You go ahead and tell us what you can.

GWENN: Well I'd been over visiting a friend of mine. We both work in the same office. She was refinishing a table and I was helping her with it. It was only about 8 o'clock when I left her place. We ran out of stain.

FRANK: Uh huh.

GWENN: I was stopped at a signal at Washington Blvd, and Normandie. Suddenly the car door opened and a man jumped in the car.

JOE: Which door did he open?

GWENN: On the passenger side. He got right in the front seat beside me.

JOE: Go on.
GWENN: He had a knife in his hand. Said not to scream or he'd stab me. Put the knife right against my ribs. Right here (INDICATES)

JOE: Uh huh.

GWENN: Then he said to drive straight ahead. I did. We went a couple blocks, I guess it was, and he said to stop the car. When I pulled over to the curb another man got in the car. In the back seat.

FRANK: Uh huh.

GWENN: The one with the knife told me to get in the back seat. When I did he gave the knife to the other man. Then he started to drive.

JOE: Go on.

GWENN: The man in the back took my purse from the front seat and started going through it. I don't know why I did, but I grabbed for it. That was a mistake.

JOE: Yeah?

GWENN: He slapped me hard. Said it was just a sample... that I'd get more if I didn't just sit quiet. He took what money I had in my billfold, and then grabbed my arm. Twisted it so he saw I had a watch on. I hesitated when he told me to take it off and he hit me again.

JOE: He took your watch, did he?

GWENN: Yes, and my ring, too.

JOE: Can you give us the serial number on the watch?

LG 0186508
GWENN: Yes. I have it written down at home.

JOE: We'll need a description of the ring too.

GWENN: All right.

JOE: Wanna go on, Miss Alston?

GWENN: I was almost petrified with fear, and the way this man was driving... I was sure I'd wind up as a picture and a headline in tomorrow's paper... one way or the other.

JOE: Just what do you mean?

GWENN: He was driving like a maniac. Breaking all kinds of laws.

FRANK: Uh huh.

GWENN: Then I thought it might be a good thing. His driving like that, I mean. A police car started chasing us. I could hear the siren and I thought I saw the red lights flashing.

JOE: Uh huh. 5\00

GWENN: I was hoping they'd catch us, but somehow we got away from them. This man took so many chances and all... it's a wonder we didn't smash up sooner.

JOE: Do you mean that you did have an accident later?

GWENN: You don't know about that?

JOE: No, Ma'am.
GWENN: Well after we got away from the police car, this man kept
driving real crazy and dangerous. Finally we went down
a dead end street. He put on the brakes but it was too
late and we smashed into a wall of some kind.

JOE: Yeah.

GWENN: They got out of the car and started running. I started
screaming. Now that I think about it, I guess it must
have been partly because I was still alive and those two
hoodlums had run away and left me. Still scared you
understand, but it was a great relief to know that I was
still able to yell.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

GWENN: Anyhow some man came out of a building. I told him what
had happened and he called the police and the ambulance.
Here I am. Still some shaky, but so thankful it wasn't
any worse.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Now can you give us a description on these
two men?

GWENN: Not much I'm afraid. That makes me feel pretty stupid too.

FRANK: Ma'am?

GWENN: I'm always doing those observation tests in magazines.
Get real high ratings. Then when I'm up against the real
thing, I fail miserably.

JOE: Well can you give us a general idea of their age,
coloring, height....way they were dressed?

GWENN: I don't think they were too old...maybe around twenty
or so.
JOE: Uh huh.

GWENN: They had dark hair. Can't tell you how tall they were.
The only time I saw them standing up was when they ran
from the car.

JOE: I see.

GWENN: As I remember the one that drove had on a sport coat.
Tan color. The one in the back had on a brown suede
jacket. The kind with the knit cuffs, collar and waist.
That's about all I can remember. I'm sorry.

JOE: It's all right, Miss Alston. We appreciate the fact
that you were under severe strain.

GWENN: I really thought they'd kill me.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Now do you remember if they were clean
shaven?

GWENN: You mean did they have mustaches?

JOE: That's right.

GWENN: No, they didn't.

JOE: Would you remember if either of them had any scars or
birth marks on their faces. Any distinguishing features?

GWENN: If they did, I didn't see any, but there was one thing.

JOE: Don't know if it means anything.

GWENN: The one that was driving had a bandage on his thumb. I
could see that because he held the steering wheel up near
the top.
JOE: On which hand?

GWENN: The right one. It was all wrapped up...you know. All

around, not just an adhesive kind.

JOE: I see.

GWENN: I'm sorry that I can't give you more information. Nothing

would please me more than for you to catch them...

Especially the one that kept hitting me. The one in the

back seat.

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

GWENN: I think he actually enjoyed it. He'd grin when he did it.

After I made the mistake of grabbing for my purse, I tried

not to give him a reason to hit me again. It didn't

help...he'd just hit me when he felt like it. No reason at all.

JOE: It wouldn't have made any difference what you did, ma'am.

GWENN: How do you mean, Mr. Friday?

JOE: When he got into the car, men like that.

GWENN: Yes?

JOE: He'd already decided. They don't need a reason.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: We continued to question Gwenn Alston, but she could add nothing further that would aid us in identifying the suspects. She gave us a description of the ring and said she would call and give us the serial number of her watch. She couldn't tell us anything about the knife used to intimidate her other than the fact it had a blade about six inches long. We asked her to come down to City Hall and check the mug books. Dr. Hall released the victim and she returned home in the company of her brother. The radio unit that had answered the call had gotten out a local on the two suspects. They had impounded the victim's car and it had been moved to the official police garage. 9:37 P.M. Frank and I drove over to Wall Street. The crew from Latent Prints had just finishing going over the car.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE FLOOR, GARAGE B.G.

HARLAN: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Hi Joe... Frank.

JOE AND FRANK AD LIB GREETINGS:

HARLAN: You fellows draw this one?

JOE: Yeah, gonna give us some help?

HARLAN: Just finishing and it doesn't look too good.

FRANK: Uh huh.

HARLAN: Got a couple partials, but nothin' real clean.
JOE: Well with what we got from the victim, it looks like we've got our work cut out for us.

HARLAN: Whatta mean, Joe?

JOE: All the victim could give us in the way of description would fit any number of guys.

HARLAN: I see, well, we got something outta the back seat that might be of some use to you.

FRANK: What's that, Harlan?

HARLAN: Got it right here in an envelope.

SOUND: RATTLE OF ENVELOPE AS HARLAN TAKES IT FROM HIS POCKET.

HARLAN: Here ya are, Joe. (HANDS JOE THE ENVELOPE)

JOE: (TAKING ENVELOPE LOOKS INSIDE) What is it?

HARLAN: That aluminum container has some corneal lenses in it.

FRANK: How's that?

HARLAN: Eye glasses. You know...the kind that fit right in the eye.

FRANK: Oh yeah.

JOE: Where'd you find 'em?

HARLAN: In the back seat....right on top of the cushion.

JOE: Uh huh. Well it might be something. We'll have to check with Miss Alston. See if they belong to her or anyone in her family.

HARLAN: Yeah. What is this case, Joe?

JOE: Kidnapping...robbery.

HARLAN: How many suspects?
JOE: Two.

HARLAN: One woman in the car?

FRANK: Uh huh.

HARLAN: Hurt her at all?

JOE: Yeah...beat her up some.

HARLAN: (GRUNTS) Real he-men huh? Sure wish I had more for you fellows to go on.

JOE: Yeah. We don't have much, but at least we know somethin',

about these two:

HARLAN: What's that, Joe?

JOE: When we...em.

HARLAN: Yeah.

JOE: They probably won't give us any fight.

We went back to the office and called Gwenn Alston. She told us the corneal lenses found in her car didn't belong to her or to any member of her immediate family. She also gave us the serial number on the stolen watch. We took the container over to the Crime Lab. Ray Pinker said because of the facets on the lenses he thought it was a type made by the Stimson... The next morning we drove out to their shop, and talked to George Dudley.

DUDLEY: Yeah, it's our lens. You can tell quite easily when you hold it up to the light... See... Those little facets?

JOE AND FRANK AD LIB REPLIES:
JOE: Could you tell us who these were made for, Mr. Dudley?

DUDLEY: I can give you the name of the optician.

JOE: We'd appreciate it if you could.

DUDLEY: I'll have to check our files, but it shouldn't take too long.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DUDLEY: Ordinarily we'd have to check lens power, diameter and radius curvature.

FRANK: Yes, sir.

DUDLEY: But this is a special type lens.

JOE: Uh huh.

DUDLEY: It's used to correct a condition of the eye known as Keratoconus (KER-A-TA-CONUS)

FRANK: What's that, sir?

DUDLEY: A conical cornea.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DUDLEY: We don't make too many of them. Excuse me...I'll get the name of the optician for you.

JOE: All right, sir.

SOUND: DUDLEY TAKES SEVERAL STEPS OVER TO FILES AND OPENS DRAWERS UNDER FOLLOWING

FRANK: (GRUNTS) Pretty good deal, isn't it?

JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: I know a fellow that wears 'em. Says he used to hate to get a haircut but not anymore.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: With these glasses, now he can get his hair cut and still read the magazines.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING ON
DUDLEY: I found it for you.
JOE: Good.
DUDLEY: These were made for... John L. Roberts.
FRANK: (INTERRUPTS) Just a minute sir.... Like to write that down.

SOUND: FRANK TAKES NOTE BOOK FROM POCKET
FRANK: All right.
DUDLEY: John L. Roberts... 4-3-9- Camden Dr.... Beverly Hills.
FRANK: Got it?
DUDLEY: Yes sir.
JOE: This is the optician that sent in the prescription.

DUDLEY: That's right.
JOE: Well thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Dudley.
DUDLEY: Always a kick out of helping you folks.
JOE: Not at all. We know... We may need your help some day.
DUDLEY: (GRUNTS) Well, I'll tell you something.
JOE: Yeah.
DUDLEY: I could say the same thing to you.

OG: You have,
DUDLEY: LOTTA STEPS.
JOE: YESSIR. You helped us make the first one.
JOE: We drove out to Beverly Hills and talked to John L. Roberts. He checked the prescription number against his files and gave us the name and address of a Robert Brierton as the man he had fitted with the corneal lenses. Frank and I went over to the house on Bedford Street but there was no one home. We found out from a neighbor that Brierton worked as a repairman for a coin operated machine company on Pico Blvd. We located the concern and the manager showed us where he was working in the rear.

SOUND: B.G. FOR REPAIR SHOP

JOE: Robert Brierton?
ROBERT: Huh?
JOE: Your name Robert Brierton?
ROBERT: Yeah.
JOE: Police officers. (SHOWS ID)
ROBERT: (LOOKS AT ID) Joe Friday?
JOE: Yeah, this is my partner Frank Smith.
ROBERT: Uh huh.
FRANK: How are ya'?
JOE: We'd like to ask you some questions.
ROBERT: What about?
JOE: You wear those glasses all the time?
ROBERT: Do I what?
JOE: The glasses you have on. You always wear 'em for work?

ROBERT: Yeah, most of the time. Say what is this about glasses?

FRANK: You ever wear any other kind?

ROBERT: (BEAT) Yeah... Why?

FRANK: What kind?

ROBERT: How many kinds are there?

JOE: You tell us.

ROBERT: I don't get this. What am I supposed to have done?

JOE: You wear another kind of glass you said.

ROBERT: Yeah.

JOE: What kind?

ROBERT: Corneal lens type.

JOE: Where are they?

ROBERT: I don't know... home I guess.

JOE: You're not sure?

ROBERT: Look, officers. I don't know what you're after, but if it's something that happened in the last twenty years...

JOE: If we have then you've got nothing to worry about, have you?

ROBERT: That's right. But a mistaken identity can be embarrassin'.

FRANK: I'd just like to know what I'm supposed to have done.

FRANK: Suppose you tell us about the other glasses.
1 ROBERT: The corneal lens?
2 FRANK: Yeah.
3 ROBERT: Whatta ya want to know about 'em?
4 JOE: Where are they now?
5 ROBERT: (BEAT) Like I said...home.
6 JOE: You're sure?
7 ROBERT: Yeah.
8 JOE: How many pair do you have?
9 ROBERT: One.
10 JOE: Do you have to wear glasses all the time?
11 ROBERT: Yeah.
12 JOE: Can you see without 'em?
13 ROBERT: Yeah, but not too good.
14 JOE: Where were you night before last?
15 ROBERT: At home.
16 JOE: How about last night?
17 ROBERT: Same.
18 JOE: All night?
19 ROBERT: That's right.
20 JOE: Can you prove that?
21 ROBERT: Yeah...my wife'll tell you that. You can call her on the phone she'll tell you I didn't leave the house.
JOE: Uh huh, but I think we'd better go out there.

ROBERT: You can call her just as well.

JOE: We'd like to see your other glasses too.

ROBERT: (BEAT) All right, but do you mind tellin' me what this is all about?

JOE: We're investigating a kidnapping and robbery.

ROBERT: And you think I had somethin' to do with it?

JOE: Like I said. We're investigating.

ROBERT: O.K., if that's how it is. I got nothing to hide. Wanna' go right now?

JOE: Yeah.

ROBERT: My jacket is right here in the locker.

FRANK: I'll get it for you.

SOUND: COUPLE STEPS STEEL LOCKER DOOR OPENS, FRANK TAKES JACKET BACK ON MIKE.

FRANK: Joe, take a look. This your jacket?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Brown suede...knit trim.

(END SCENE IV)

JOE: We took Robert Brierton with us and drove out to his home. On the way over he continued to deny any knowledge of the crime. Because the victim, Gwenn Alston, had been unable to furnish us with much of a description of the suspects, it was difficult to determine if Brierton was one of the men. He had dark hair and was in his early twenties. The suede jacket he wore checked out, with what the victim told us about the one worn by the person that beat her.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND FOOTSTEPS INTO HOUSE. DOOR CLOSES.

FOOTSTEPS INTO ROOM
ROBERT: (CALLING) Anna...(BEAT) Anna...Guess she isn't here.

ROBERT: I've been tryin' to make up my mind if I should be mad or not. I know you're only doin' what you have to do....

ROBERT: I've been tryin' to make up my mind if I should be mad or not. I know you're only doin' what you have to do.... so I guess there's no need to get overheated. But I'll say it again, you've got the wrong guy.

JOE: Uh huh. Well if we're wrong....we'll admit it.

ROBERT: I just hope this doesn't put me in bad down at work.

JOE: No need for it to, if you're innocent.

ROBERT: I suppose so... You wanna sit down? I don't know just when my wife'll get back.

JOE: If you don't mind, we'd like to see your other glasses now.

ROBERT: Sure... I'll get 'em for you.

JOE: Where are they?

ROBERT: I usually keep 'em on the bedroom dresser when I'm not usin' 'em.

JOE: Wanna' lead the way?

ROBERT: Yeah.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FROM FRONT ROOM TO REAR BEDROOM, UNDER FOLLOWING

ROBERT: I hope she made the bed...she's a pretty good house keeper, but sometimes she gets a little sloppy about it.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP
ROBERT: (LOOKING) (GRUNTS) I'd swear they were right on the dresser.

JOE: Uh huh.

ROBERT: I haven't had 'em too long. I switch off with these, that I'm wearing.

JOE: Did you wear 'em yesterday?

ROBERT: (THINKING) Yeah, but then they should still be on the dresser. I don't know where they could be.

SOUND: FRONT DOOR HEARD TO CLOSE, (OFF MIKE QUITE A DISTANCE)

JOE: Maybe we can help you.

ROBERT: Whatta ya mean?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING ON

ANNA: (COMING ON) Who's back there?

ROBERT: Anna?

ANNA: What are you doing home?

ROBERT: Honey, these are police officers...This is my wife.

JOE & FRANK AD LIB GREETINGS:

ANNA: What are they doing here?

JOE: We'd like to talk to you, Mrs. Brierton.

ANNA: About what? (BEAT)

ROBERT: Now don't worry, dear.
1 ANNA: But what's it all about?
2 JOE: You want to step out in the other room, Ma'am.
3 BEAT
4 ROBERT: It's all right dear. (BEAT)
5 SOUND: JOE AND ANNA WALK SEVERAL FEET & STOP
6 ANNA: I don't understand this.
7 JOE: Can you tell us where your husband was Tuesday night?
8 ANNA: He was home...with me.
9 JOE: Uh huh, and how about last night?
10 ANNA: He was here, all evening,
11 JOE: You're sure.
12 ANNA: Yes, he came home from work and stayed in all evening.
13 JOE: I see.
14 ANNA: What is it?
15 JOE: It's police business.
16 ANNA: You think Robert had somethin' to do with it?
17 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
18 ANNA: When did this happen?
19 JOE: Last night.
1 ANNA: But I told you. He was home all evening.

2 SOUND: JOE TAKES ENVELOPE FROM POCKET

3 JOE: Yes, ma'am, These corneal lenses were found in the victim's car.

4 ANNA: They belong to Robert?

5 JOE: That's what his optician told us.

6 ANNA: It's all wrong.

7 JOE: The victim was beaten by a man who wore a jacket. Brown suede with knit trim. The kind your husband owns.

8 ANNA: But he wasn't out of the house I tell you.

9 JOE: I'm afraid we'll have to take him downtown.

10 ANNA: No. He didn't do it. I know it.

11 JOE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Brierton, these are your husband's lenses.

12 ANNA: But he was with me all evening.

13 JOE: You want to talk? Were gonna have to hold him.

14 ANNA: No. He didn't do it. (BEAT) It was Gordon.

15 JOE: Gordon?

16 ANNA: I let him wear Robert's jacket last night.

17 JOE: Who is he?

18 ANNA: (BEAT) My brother.

(END SCENE V)

(END ACT I)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FENNEMAN: Planning a change to king-size? King-size Chesterfield is America's best cigarette buy.

GIRL: Yes, king-size Chesterfield is America's best cigarette buy. In most places, you pay the same price per package for king-size Chesterfield as for all regular size cigarettes.

FENNEMAN: Of the three brands that have been leaders in this country for over 30 years, only Chesterfield is made in king-size, and only Chesterfield gives proof of highest quality...low nicotine...with the taste you want and the mildness you want. A refreshing smoke every time. Yes, king-size Chesterfield is America's best cigarette buy.

GIRL: Remember, in most places, you pay the same price per package for king-size Chesterfield as for all regular size cigarettes. You get the most for your money.

FENNEMAN: Each king-size Chesterfield gives you up to six more puffs per cigarette. One - two three - four - five - six more puffs per cigarette. That's 120 extra puffs per pack. Always remember this - in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.
Mrs. Brierton went on to explain that she'd let her younger brother take the suede jacket the night before. She also told us that the boy was living with them while he attended school. After questioning, we learned that Gordon Hettig had been in trouble with the police before. We called the office and asked Jack Crowley to check the name and description through R. and I. We also asked that if he came up with a record, he'd have Harlan Stall compare Hettig's fingerprints with the partials found in the victim's car. Frank and I got the address of the school the boy was attending and drove over to see him. We waited in a small office, while the school authorities located him.

Well Miss Alston was right about what she told us.

Whataya mean?

She said she couldn't give us a very accurate description.

Uh huh.

She said the ages might be around twenty or so.

Yeah.

Not many high school students look twenty...even seniors.

Uh huh, but according to what the Briertons told us....

this girl's been living his years pretty fast.
FRANK: Yeah, that's right.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

JOE: Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, COUPLE STEPS IN.

JOE: You Gordon Hettig?

GORDON: Yeah.

JOE: Close the door, please.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED

JOE: Police officers, Hettig.

GORDON: (GRUNTS) Whatta' ya want me to do?..Stand at attention?

JOE: C'mon over here and sit in that chair.

SOUND: GORDON TAKES COUPLE STEPS TO CHAIR UNDER FOLLOWING:

GORDON: Sure.....but remember where you are. These ain't sound proof walls.

JOE: Don't play tough with us, Hettig...Sit down.

SOUND: GORDON SITS

GORDON: (GRUNTS) Always the orders....always tellin' guys what to do. Sit down, stand up. You're all the same. Never get off a guy's back.

JOE: You through?
GORDON: I'm sittin' in school, tryin' to learn somethin' and you gotta come around and jerk me outta class. Why didn't you wait until general assembly. Let the whole school in on it. You don't care what you do to a guy's reputation.

JOE: That's what you think?

GORDON: Yeah.

JOE: Uh huh. Well look, kid. We never heard of you before today, but we're finding out fast. The way we got it you've gone way out to make your own record, and you didn't do it in a classroom. We got a good reason to be here. If you're innocent, you won't have to worry about what anyone in this school thinks.

GORDON: You don't sell me, mister.

JOE: We don't have to. If you're clean, it's like we never met you. But I'm gonna put it right on the line for you. The way this shapes up right now, we think you already bought yourself another hunk of trouble.

GORDON: It figures...I'm made before I go in.

FRANK: That's where you're wrong, kid. Nobody is gonna tag you with a bum beef. You give us the right answers, and it's like Joe said... We never met you.

GORDON: All right...whatta ya want from me?
1 Joe: Start by telling us what you did last night?
2 Gordon: I went to a show.
3 Joe: Where?
4 Gordon: Down town.
5 Joe: What time?
7 Joe: Who was with you?
8 Gordon: Nobody...I went by myself.
9 Frank: What was the name of the theatre?
10 Gordon: (Laughter) The "Dom".
11 Frank: What did ya' see?
12 Gordon: What pictures?
13 Frank: Yeah.
14 Gordon: I don't remember right off...one was a western...other
15 was about spies.
16 Joe: Uh huh...You were all by yourself?
17 Gordon: I said so, didn't I?
18 Joe: What time did you get outta the show?
19 Gordon: Around 10, I guess.
20 Joe: What did you do, then?
21 Gordon: Went home.
22 Joe: What kinda clothes did you wear last night?
23 Gordon: Whatta' ya mean?
JOE: Just that.

GORDON: (BEAT) Jacket...sport shirt. Usual stuff.

JOE: What kinda' jacket?

GORDON: Suede.

JOE: Belong to you?

GORDON: No...to my brother-in-law.

JOE: How did you get out to Washington and Normandie?

GORDON: To where?

JOE: Washington and Normandie.

GORDON: I told you I was downtown. Say what is this?

JOE: You tell us. You were in the car, weren't you?

GORDON: What car?

JOE: The one you beat the woman in.

GORDON: You're crazy.

JOE: Who was with you?

GORDON: I told you I was alone....what more do you want?

JOE: The name of the person that was with you.

GORDON: (GRUNTS) I don't know what you're tryin' to tag me with, but you're not gonna' make it this time. I told you I was at a show....by myself. How you think you can prove I wasn't?

FRANK: We found the lens you lost from the jacket pocket.
GORDON: (BEAT) Boy this gets wilder all the time...I was sittin'

in a show last night. That's it. 

JOE: You don't wanna' tell us about it?

GORDON: About the show...sure.

JOE: All right, Hettig...play it your way, it's gonna take

us a little longer, that's all.

GORDON: Same old story....Doesn't make any difference what I say.

You know I gotta record, so I'm guilty. Doesn't make

any difference. Either way I'm the pigeon.

JOE: Uhuh (NO)....not with us, Hettig.

GORDON: C'mon. I didn't just fall off the Christmas tree.

JOE: There's only one way we want you.

GORDON: Yeah?

JOE: If you're wrong.

END SCENE VI

JOE: We took Gordon Hettig to the City Hall for further

questioning. We called Gwenn Alston and asked her to

come down to see if she could identify the suspect.

Harlan Stall in latent fingerprints said the suspects

prints matched the partials found in the car but, there

weren't enough partials to build a case on. 2:47 P.M.

Frank and I had the suspect brought into the squadroom.

SOUND: ROBBERY OFFICE BACKGROUND
GORDON: Why don't you give up? I ain't gonna cop out to somethin' I didn't do.

JOE: We don't expect you to, but we still want to know how a container with your brother-in-laws lenses could be found in the back seat of the victim's car. They were in his jacket. You wore that jacket.

GORDON: Don't ask me. I was at the show.

FRANK: Yeah...so you said.

GORDON: Another thing...You guys better treat me pretty good, while I'm in here.

FRANK: Yeah?

GORDON: Sure. I'm a kid...don't forget it.

JOE: Yeah...that's the way it reads on the books. For my money that's as far as it goes. We can put you in the back seat of that car, and I'll tell you straight: I don't think they can cover a kid like you with anything fit to print.

SOUND: PHONE RING

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE PUNCHES BUTTON AND LIFTS RECEIVER.

JOE: Robbery, Friday...Uh huh, Right. Send her down will you...Thanks.

SOUND: HANGS UP RECEIVER:

JOE: Gonna tag the business office. Be right back.
1 FRANK: Okay

2 SOUND: JOE'S FOOTSTEPS OVER TO DOOR. OPENS DOOR EXITS. CLOSED

3 DOOR, B.G. CHANGE; FOOTSTEPS DOWN CORRIDOR. ECHO

BEAT

4 JOE: Miss Alston.

5 GWENN: Hello, Sergeant Friday. I got down as soon as I could.

6 JOE: Thank you.

7 GWENN: Have you got the man here?

8 JOE: We'd like you to tell us. We'll go down the hall.

9 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS WITH ECHO IN CORRIDOR TO DOOR. DOOR OPENS THEY ENTER UNDER FOLLOWING:

10 GWENN: What do I have to do?

11 JOE: Just look into the next room and tell me if you see the man that beat you.

12 GWENN: Will I have to face him?

13 SOUND: DOOR CLOSE, B.G CHANGE OFFICE. JOE AND GWENN'S FOOTSTEPS.

14 JOE: No... We'll just go around here and you can look through the door.

15 GWENN: All right.

16 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

17 JOE: Do you see him.

PAUSE

18 JOE: Well, what about it?

19 GWENN: BEAT) Yes...that's him there.

(END SCENE VII)
JOE: We confronted Gordon Hettig with the fact that he had been positively identified by the person he had beaten and robbed. He still refused to admit any knowledge of the crime. We booked him on suspicion of 211 PC Robbery.

A check was made of PI Cards in an attempt to identify the person who'd been with Hettig the night before. We called Newton, University, and 77th Street divisions. When we checked with Central a clerk went through the files and found that the suspect had been stopped at 9th and Main Streets, at 10:00 P.M. the previous night.

Frank and I went over to Central Station.

SOUND: COUPLE STEPS COMING ON. OFFICE B.G.

ELINOR: Here's the PI card, you wanted, Sergeant.

JOE: Thank you.

SOUND: JOE HANDLES CARD AND READS.

JOE: Uh huh...Well here's what we're looking for.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Wasn't alone. Person by the name of John Berko was with him.

FRANK: Officer make a card on him too?

SOUND: COUPLE: STEPS OVER

ELINOR: Yeah, I got it here.
FRANK: What about the other guy?

SOUND: JOE TAKES CARD

JOE: Thanks

SOUND: ELINOR TAKES COUPLE STEPS AWAY

JOE: John Berko (SPELLING) B-E-R-K-O...age 19...56 Holt Avenue

FRANK: Uh huh

SOUND: JOE TURNS CARD OVER.

JOE: (GRUNTS) Here's somethin' else that checks out.

FRANK: What's that?

JOE: Notation the officer made on the back of the card.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Berkos right thumb was bandaged.

(END SCENE VIII)

JOE: We went back to the office and ran the name John Berko through R&I. We found a package for him that showed several arrests as a juvenile and one as an adult for suspicion of ADW. Gwenn Alston was shown his mug shot and she identified him as the other suspect. We drove out to his address on Holt street. It was a boarding house and the owner admitted us to his room. We waited.

Four hours went by. 8:19 P.M.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE DOOR. KEY IN LOCK. DOOR OPENS, COUPLE STEPS IN, JOHN SWITCHES ON LIGHT.
JOE: All right, Berko. Hold it right there.

JOHN: What?

JOE: Police officers...Get your hands over your head. C'mon move.

BERKO: Sure.

JOE: Over to the door...put both hands against it.

SOUND: COUPLE STEPS BY JOHN TO DOOR

JOE: Get your feet back...Now hold it right there.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND FRISKS HIM

FRANK: He's not heavy.

JOHN: What's the pitch?

FRANK: Turn around...Get your hands behind your back.

JOHN: All right, take it easy with my thumb. I think I got blood poisonin'.

SOUND: FRANK PUTS HANDCUFFS ON JOHN

FRANK: Yeah.

JOHN: Now that I'm all tied up...You wanna' tell me what this is about.

JOE: A friend of yours sent us to get you. Says you always work together on everything. He's kinda' lonesome without you.

JOHN: Who you talking about?

JOE: (BEAT) He sent you here. (BEAT) He copped out to you?

JOE: C'mon, let's go.
(GRUNTS) What did he say?

You figure it...we're here.

That fink...Big talk about how he'd never cop out to anythin'. Never admit nothin! (GRUNTS) Well that's the way it is when you get mixed up with young squirts.

Uh huh.

Lousey punk. Suppose you know how he beat up that woman?

You should have heard him afterwards...Laughin about how he hit her. (GRUNTS) Should have figured he'd cop out if he got nailed. No guts. Gotta' beat up on women. No guts at all.

You held the knife didn't you?

Yeah.

I guess that makes you a bigger man.

Whattaya mean?

You were gonna kill her.

MUSIC: ________________
(EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

On June 9th, 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.

COMMERCIAL INSERT
1 FENN: Now here is our star - Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, you'll spot this
3 year's Chesterfield Christmas carton - easy! Why?
4 Because of the scene on it - the thought behind it. The
5 idea of going home for the holidays. There's nothing
6 like Christmas at home with your friends and family.
7 Chesterfield's Christmas carton makes a handsome gift.
8 After all, it was painted by the famous Saturday Evening
9 Post cover artist - Steven Dohanos. For that Christmas
10 morning smile of satisfaction ....give Chesterfields.
11 Remember, in the whole wide world - no cigarette
12 satisfies like a Chesterfield.
TRIAL PAGE

GIBNEY: A petition was filed on Gordon Hettig alleging one count of robbery and kidnapping. He was declared unfit as a juvenile and ordered to be tried in Superior Court.

Gordon Jerome Hettig and John Carlton Beo were tried and convicted of Robbery in the first degree; one count and kidnapping. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than five years. Kidnapping is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for not less than or more than years.
ANNCR: Without your letters, your friend in the service feels out of touch .... lonely ....and it's tough to be lonesome. The U.S.O. knows a letter always makes a fellow feel better. Whether he's your cousin or best pal - whether he's a friend from the office, club, church or union .... mail from you brings the warmth of home and friends to him from wherever he is. So write - today! Remember .... it's tough to be left out at Mail Call 27/34
GIENEY: 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

Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, Earle Schley...Music by Walter
Schumann...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.
(L & M HITCH HIKE)
ANNCR: This is it!

L & M is best - stands out from all the rest!

L & M stands out for flavor. The miracle tip draws easy. You enjoy all the taste. L & M stands out for effective filtration. L & M's got everything! It's America's best filter-tip cigarette. And for Christmas, this is it! L & M Filters in the distinctive holiday carton - the perfect gift for all the filter-tip smokers you know.