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. This is the best... Chesterfield.... And the time to change.... today.

You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Burglary detail. A number of used car offices have been entered; office equipment taken and then carried off in a car stolen from the lot. There are no leads to the thieves, identity. Your job... investigate.
DRAGNET RADIO
DEC. 28, 1954

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: In the whole wide world - no cigarette satisfies like
2 Chesterfield!
3 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.
4 FENN: Next time, stop ... Remember this .... In the whole wide
5 world - no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!
6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.
7 FENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield
8 smoothness. You want them mild ... We make them mild!
9 Mild and mellow, with the smooth and refreshing taste
10 of the right combination of the world's best tobaccos.
11 Put a smile in your smoking. Next time, stop ....
12 Remember this -- In the whole wide world, no cigarette
13 satisfies like Chesterfield.
MUSIC: THEME

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.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS ON SIDEWALK.... TRAFFIC B.G.

DAY

JOE: It was Monday July 6th. It was sunny in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Burglary Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Bernard. My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 8:23 A.M. when we got to the corner of Walton Avenue and Adams Blvd. (DOOR OPENS)....a used car lot office. 

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER OFFICE: FOOTSTEPS CHANGE TO WOOD FLOOR. DOOR CLOSE B.G. OUT

JOHN: I'm sorry gentlemen, but you can't come in here.

FRANK: Police officers...(SHOWS ID)

JOHN: Frank Smith?

FRANK: That's right. This is my partner, Sergeant Friday.

JOHN: How do ya' do.... My names Binyon.... John Binyon.
JOE: How are you?

JOHN: I thought the door was locked. Didn't want anyone to come in until you fellows got here.

JOE: Uh huh. Are you the owner?

JOHN: Yeah.

JOE: Did you put in the call?

JOHN: That's right. When I found out I'd been robbed,

JOE: You wanna tell us what happened?

JOHN: I sure do, only one trouble.

FRANK: What's that?

JOHN: Not much I can tell you. Opened the door this morning, same as usual. Came in, hung up my hat and sat down at the desk.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOHN: Wouldn't have noticed anything was wrong, but I promised my wife I'd type her jingle, first thing when I got here.

FRANK: How's that, sir?

JOHN: A jingle. Wife works all the contests in papers, magazines...you know.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOHN: She writes 'em in longhand, then I have to type 'em.

FRANK: Uh huh.
JOHN: Takes up my time, but it makes her happy and keeps peace in the family.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOHN: I sat down at the desk....opened the door on this side ...(INDICATING) ...see?

JOE: (LOOKING) Yeah.

JOHN: Reached in to pull the typewriter up into position....

JOE: No typewriter.

JOHN: It was gone?

JOHN: Yeah, knew something was wrong. I'd used it yesterday just before I locked up the place.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOHN: I looked around to see if anything else was missing.

JOE: How about outside? Any cars missing?

JOHN: Yeah, one. 1953 Dodge. I was saving the real bad news to last.

JOE: We'll need a description...color, model...engine number.

JOHN: Know you'd want it. Got it all right here on this card.

JOE: (GIVES CARD TO JOE)

JOHN: (TAKES CARD) Right...(HANDS CARD TO FRANK) Wanna' call this in?

FRANK: (TAKES CARD) Yeah....Better call Latent Prints and the Lab too.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOHN: You can use either phone.
FRANK: Thanks.

SOUND: FRANK TAKES COUPLE STEPS TO OTHER DESK, USES PHONE AND

HIS VOICE HEARD UNDER FOLLOWING:

JOE: Can you give us the serial numbers on the typewriter and

adding machine.

JOHN: Have to talk to Mabel first. She has 'em filed some

place.

JOE: She your secretary?

JOHN: Yeah. This is her day off.

JOE: Uh huh. As far as you know then, you've told us about

everything that was taken.

JOH: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE TAKES COUPLE STEPS TO WINDOWS

JOE: (LOOKING) Were the windows locked when you came in?

JOHN: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Yeah. Never open 'em. Don't have to.

Place is air conditioned.

JOE: Uh huh. And you say the front door was locked?

JOHN: Yeah..., Extra key is gone from the board, though.

SOUND: FRANK HANGS UP RECEIVER AND MOVES OVER TO JOE

FRANK: Fellas will be right out.

JOE: Uh huh...(TO JOHN) What were you saying about the keys?

JOHN: Wanna step over here, I'll show you.

SOUND: JOE, FRANK AND JOHN TAKE SEVERAL STEPS OVER TO OTHER WALL
JOHN: These are the keys for the cars on the lot... All labeled. Here's where the keys for the Dodge were.

JOE: Uh huh.

JOHN: This hook had the extra key for the front door.

SOUND: JOE WALKS ACROSS THE OFFICE.

JOE: Uh huh. Where does that door lead to?

JOHN: The rest room.

SOUND: JOE TAKES SEVERAL STEPS OVER TO DOOR, OPENS IT, ENTERS IT UNDER FOLLOWING.

JOE: Was this window locked too?

JOHN: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Yeah, I looked around but I didn't touch anything.

SOUND: JOE TAKES STEPS BACK TO FRANK AND JOHN.

JOE: Tell me, Binyon. How many keys are there for the office?

JOHN: Three. I have one. Mabel has one and the other one was on the board.

JOE: How long has she worked for you?

JOHN: Mabel?

JOE: Yeah

JOHN: About eight years, but if you think she had anything to do with this... forget it. I'd as soon accuse my own wife.

JOE: We understand, Binyon, but we'll still have to talk to her.
JOHN: (BEAT) All right, I'll call Mabel and have her come down.

JOE: We'd appreciate it.

JOHN: I know she didn't have anything to do with this. I'll give you odds on that. Anyway I've read in the papers recently where there have been other burglaries like this.

FRANK: (GRUNTS)

JOHN: My money says it's somebody with experience.

FRANK: You might collect on that.

JOHN: You must have some idea whose doing it.

JOE: We're working on it.

JOHN: In other words, you don't have much to go on.

FRANK: Not a lot.

JOHN: (GRUNTS) Doesn't sound too good for me. I mean, my chances of getting my property back.

FRANK: We'll do what we can.

JOHN: I know, but if you don't have any leads...if they don't make any mistakes...isn't much you can do is there? SEEMS TO ME THE THIEVES ALWAYS HAVE THE EDGE.

JOE: BEGIN THAT WAY. Put it down-we can't force the action, but it'll come.

JOHN: Huh?

JOE: THEY ALWAYS START THE FIRST MISTAKE. BEFORE WE DO.

(END SCENE 1)
Crews from the Crime Lab and Latent Prints went over the office. John Binyon's secretary came in, but after questioning, we decided she had nothing to do with the crime. She went through her desk, and told us a check made out to her employer was missing. Binyon, called his bank and they promised to notify him if the check was cashed and returned to them. We got the serial numbers on the adding machine and typewriter and notified Pawn Shop Detail. Bulletins were also sent to second hand stores. The latest burglary was similar to others that we had been investigating. The MO was different than any we had on file and to date we had been unable to make any recoveries. We talked to informants but they could give us no leads to the identity of the burglar. The report from the Crime Lab was the same as on the other thefts. Entry had been made through the door. The lock had not been forced, indicating either the use of a key or some instrument to pick the lock. Latent prints failed to find any usable finger prints. Tuesday, July 14th, 10:31 A.M.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS, JOE ENTERS SQUADROOM (B.G. IN) DOOR CLOSE

JOE'S STIRS OVER TO FRANK

FRANK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Joe, you didn't have to make a special trip to bring the tie in.
JOE: Mighta forgot it tomorrow and left it in the car again...
Here you are.

FRANK: Thanks... (OPENS TIE BOX)... Card's still in the box. Want it?

JOE: Uh huh (NO)

FRANK: (TAKES TIE OUT OF BOX) Say..., this is real pretty. Go good with my brown suit. (GRUNTS) Real silk too.

FRANK: Pretty clever idea puttin' a name on a tie like this. Don't you think?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Used to do the same thing with ink and paper when I was a kid. You know put a gob of ink on the paper and then fold it.

FRANK: Got some pretty weird lookin' pictures... This name business makes a nice neat tie pattern... don't you think, Joe?

JOE: Yeah. If you don't mind the switch,

FRANK: On the name you mean?

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: No, Unless you looking for it you wouldn't know it said, "Joe Friday". Here - take a look, this is how it'll be when I'm wearin' it.....it's kinda hard to see.
JOE: Long as you're satisfied. You're the one that's gonna' wear it.

FRANK: Sure... looks great to me. If you turn your head sideways and reads it like this (TURNS HEAD) then you see it says "Joe Friday", but I don't guess people will go to that trouble... Y' think.

JOE: Probably not.

FRANK: And so what if they do.... You're my buddy.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS:

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE PUNCHES BUTTON AND LIFTS RECEIVER:

JOE: Burglary, Friday..... Uh huh. Yeah.... With your name? Uh huh. You have it now? Uh huh. Yeah, we'll be right out.

G'bye.

SOUND: JOE HANGS UP RECEIVER:

JOE: Binyon, called from his bank.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Turned a lead.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: Stolen check was cashed.

END SCENE 11.
I: When we got to John Binyon's office, he showed us the check. We compared the endorsement with his signature and it proved to be a good forgery. The check had been cashed by a Sylvia Carnes. Frank and I drove to the address, a small book store on the corner of Citrus Avenue and Hollywood Blvd. Miss Carnes was shown the check and we asked if she remembered who'd given it to her.

S: Let me think now...(LOOKING AT CHECK) John Binyon?...Not too good on people's names. Let me check the sales slips for that day. Should have a record of what he bought.

E: Excuse me.

J: Yes ma'am.

SOUND: SYLVIA TAKES SEVERAL STEPS AWAY TO DESK AND GETS SLIPS UNDER FOLLOWING:

S: (OFF SLIGHTLY) I forget names, but when I look at the books they buy, most of the time I can remember the person.

(Beat) Here they are.

SOUND: SYLVIA'S FOOTSTEPS COMING BACK ON

J: Do you always write the name on cash sales?

SOUND: SYLVIA RIFLES THROUGH SLIPS:

S: Yes, It's a good way to build a mailing list. (GRUNTS)

Here it is...John Binyon. On the 8th...See?

SOUND: SYLVIA HANDS SLIP TO JOE

J: (TAKES SLIP AND LOOKS) Uh huh. Now can you remember anything about the man?
SYLVIA: Might... May I have the slip, Mr. Friday?

JOE: Here you are.

SYLVIA: (TAKES SLIP AND READS) "FROM BLACKBOARD TO BACKYARD"....

OH yes. This is by a country school teacher. Gave up the little red school house to become a private tutor. Tells about some of his problems and how he dealt with them.

Quite amusing.

FRANK: Yes, madam, but does it remind you of anything about the man?

SYLVIA: (HESITANT) No. Let's see what else he bought... (READS)...

"LOCKS DOWN THROUGH THE AGES"... (BEAT) Never read that one. Guess it's about locks.

JOE: Yeah.

SYLVIA: (GRUNTS) Now I'm beginning to remember.

JOE: Uh huh.

SYLVIA: He said locks were a hobby with him. Does that mean anything to you?

JOE: It might but can you tell us anything about the man's locks?

SYLVIA: (HESITANT) Let's see... guess he was about your size.

FRANK: You mean me?

SYLVIA: No... he wasn't quite as... well he looked more like Mr.

FRANK: Friday.

JOE: Yeah.

SYLVIA: How about his coloring.

SYLVIA: Had dark hair... straight.
JOE: Did he have any marks on his face that could be used to identify him?
SYLVIA: Not that I recall.
JOE: Could you tell us anything about how he was dressed?
SYLVIA: Afraid not... (LOOKS AT SLIP) The other book was "THE WINDOW WITHOUT CURTAINS"... (GRUNTS) That reminds me of something.
JOE: What's that?
SYLVIA: His voice.
JOE: Uh huh.
SYLVIA: "THE WINDOW WITHOUT CURTAINS" is about democracy in the United States. Remember now he said how good it was to live in this country.
JOE: Yes, ma'am, but you were gonna tell us about his voice.
SYLVIA: I was getting to that. He got to talking a lot about democracy. Couldn't help noticing what good speech he had.
JOE: Go on.
SYLVIA: Seemed almost too precise... too perfect.
JOE: Did you notice any accent?
SYLVIA: No.
JOE: Is there anything else you can tell us about his looks?
SYLVIA: No.
JOE: What identification did he show you?
1 SYLVIA: A driver's license.
2 JOE: And it was made out to John Binyon?
3 SYLVIA: That's right. I copied the name for the sales slip: on it.
4 JOE: That's the only identification he showed you?
5 SYLVIA: Yes, I didn't ask for any more. He seemed to know a lot of
6 the business people in this neighborhood.
7 JOE: Uh huh.
8 SYLVIA: Mentioned them by name. Said he lived near here before he
9 got married.
10 JOE: I see.
11 SYLVIA: You know, I've been in business for six years. This is
12 my first loss on a check.
13 FRANK: Uh huh.
14 SYLVIA: Always been so careful. This man though...seemed so
15 honest. So polite. 9/30
16 JOE: Yeah.
17 SYLVIA: It's all my fault, but that doesn't make any difference.
18 I HAVE suffered the loss, 30
to 30
check was for 30 dollars, he only bought
19 10 dollars worth of books. I gave him 30 of my own
20 money. Real loss, I can tell you.
JOE: Yeah, but there are things in your favor.

SYLVIA: What's that.

JOE: She can't write this one off.

END SCENE III

JOE: From what Syliva Carnes told us, we knew that our suspect was also a forgery artist or had connections that could furnish him suitable identification. Assuming the suspect might still live in the neighborhood we spent the rest of the day questioning people in the area. We failed to come with any leads. The next day we started to canvas again. At a small hotel that a man named Paul Doreau was living there who fit the partial description we had. In his company we went upstairs to look through the room.

SOUND: Several footsteps in hall:

ARTHUR: This is it... 204.

JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: Key in lock, door opens.

ARTHUR: There you are, gentlemen, This is one of our nicest rooms. Real light and cheerful.

SOUND: Joe and Frank's footsteps into room:

JOE AND FRANK AD LIB:
1 ARTHUR: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Should I come in too?
2 JOE: Yeah - We'll want you in here while we check the room out.
3 ARTHUR: All right. (STEPS INTO ROOM)
4 SOUND: JOE TAKES COUPLE STEPS TO DRESSER. FRANK TAKES COUPLE STEPS OVER TO OPPOSITE SIDE OF ROOM. JOE OPENS TOP DRAWER OF DRESSER AND NUMMAGES THROUGH.
5 FRANK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Joe.
6 JOE: Yeah.
7 FRANK: Picture here on the wall...and a medal. Some kinda certificate too. Guess it's written in German. Wanna take a look?
8 JOE: Uh huh. (LOOKS) Looks like it's Dutch to me.
9 SOUND: JOE CLOSES DRAWER AND CROSSES ROOM TO FRANK
10 FRANK: (ON MIKE) See...Guy is wearin' a .45 and looks like he's carryin' an American carbine.
11 JOE: (LOOKING) Uh huh...not wearing a uniform though.
12 FRANK: Wonder what this Certificate probably tells what it's for...huh?
13 JOE: Maybe. Let's find out if this is Doran. 10/50
14 SOUND: JOE TAKES PICTURE FROM WALL AND WALKS OVER TO THE DOOR:
JOE: Wonder if you'd look at this picture, Mr. Bleeker and tell us if it's Doreau.

ARTHUR: Sure (TAKES PICTURE AND LOOKS AT IT)

JOE: (BEAT) Whatta' say?

ARTHUR: Younger here, but I'd say it's him.

JOE: (JOE TAKES PICTURE) All right. Thank you.

SOUND: JOE WALKS BACK IN ROOM

JOE: Frank?

FRANK: (OFF QUITE AWAYS) Just a minute, Joe.

SOUND: JOE WALKS TO CLOSET.

JOE: We'll see if Miss Carnes can make an identification from this picture.

FRANK: I'd bet my vacation money that she does.

FRANK: Here...Just turned this. (HANDS JOE BURGLAR KIT)

JOE: (TAKING KIT) Uh huh.

FRANK: Found it up on the shelf. Wrapped in this oil skin tobacco pouch.

SOUND: JOE OPENS THE KIT

JOE: (LOOKING) Torstion bars, vibrator, ball point pick... the works. Looks like good steel too.

FRANK: Must be the right room.
JOE: Unless this hotel equips all rooms with burglar kits.

END SCENE IV

JOE: Frank and I continued to search the room. Besides the burglar kit, we found three books with the same titles as those bought with the stolen check. Sylvia Carne identified the picture as being the same man that had passed the check. We called the office and asked them to run the name of Paul Doreau through R & I. A local and an A. P. B. were gotten out on the suspect. Frank and I went back to the hotel and decided because of the physical set up of the lobby it would be better to wait in the suspect's room. The manager took over the desk and we arranged for him to notify us with one long ring on the phone when Doreau asked for his key. Three hours went by. 9:13 P.M.

SOUND: ONE LONG RING ON PHONE:

JOE: That's it.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: They move to cover the door.

PAUSE:

SOUND: KEY IN DOOR, DOOR OPENS; DARLENE ENTERS.

JOE: Hold it right there.

DARLENE: (SCREAMS)

JOE: Get the light, Frank.

SOUND: FRANK SWITCHES ON LIGHT
1 DARLENE: (AT SAME TIME) Who are you?
2 FRANK: (GRUNTS)
3 JOE: Police officers, whatta' you doing here?
4 DARLENE: (HEAT) You're police heh?
5 JOE: That's right. Who are you?
6 DARLENE: Paul sent me up here.
7 JOE: Paul Doreau?
8 DARLENE: That's right.
9 JOE: Where is he now?
10 DARLENE: Why do you want to know?
11 JOE: C'mon lady. Where is he?
12 DARLENE: Waiting for me.
13 JOE: Where?
14 DARLENE: Outside in the car.
15 JOE: He waiting?
16 DARLENE: I don't know.
17 JOE: Whatta' mean?
18 DARLENE: He left me off at the door. There wasn't any place to park.
19 JOE: Go on.
20 DARLENE: He was going to drive around the block and pick me up.
21 JOE: What kind of a car is he driving?
1 DARL:  (BEAT) I'm not sure.
2 JOE:  You rode in it?
3 DARL:  Yes.
4 JOE:  You don't know what kind it is?
5 DARL:  I didn't pay any attention.
6    
7 DARL:  You're sure?
8 JOE:  Why do you say that? What do you mean?
9 DARL:  He drives so many different kinds.

10 END SCENE V
DRAGNET RADIO
DEC. 28, 1954
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: In the whole wide world - no cigarette satisfies like
2 Chesterfield!
3 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.
4 FENN: Next time, stop ... Remember this -- In the whole wide
5 world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!
6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.
7 FENN: You'll smile your approval of Chesterfield quality -
8 highest quality. Today's Chesterfield is the best
9 cigarette ever made - and our factory doors are always
10 open to prove it. Come in any time - we're installing
11 "the quality detective" ... the newest, the most important
12 discovery in cigarette making in over thirty years ...
13 "The quality detective" ... another reason why the
14 Chesterfield you smoke today is highest in quality ... low
15 in nicotine ... best for you. Put a smile in your
16 smoking. Next time, stop ... Remember this --- In the
17 whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield
JOE: We took the girl, Darlene Potter, with us and went down to the lobby. She was instructed to go out to the street and meet Doreau. Frank and I followed her, there was no car waiting outside the hotel. On the chance that he might have parked and was waiting for the girl, Frank went up the street and then crossed to the other side. I walked down the street toward our car. Doreau failed to show up. We went back to the hotel and asked the manager to call us if the suspect returned and then took the girl down to the City Hall. During the trip she maintained she didn't know what make car he was driving. She said he told her he was an automobile salesman, and that he also worked as a private teacher. We ran her name through R&I, but found no record. The run on the name Paul Doreau had failed to turn a package. Latent prints were requested to go over Doreau's room. 10:02 P.M. We continued to interrogate Darlene Potter.

JOE: How long have you known Doreau?

DARL: I told you before. Three months.

JOE: Who did he say he worked for?

DARL: He never said.

FRANK: Where'd he teach?

DARL: Private homes.
FRANK: Can you give us any of the names?
DARL: No, I can't tell you.
JOE: You don't know?
DARL: That's right. He just said he taught. Never said where.
JOE: What did he teach?
DARL: Language.
JOE: Which one?
DARL: French I think...You haven't told me what this is all about, but I'm sure there's a mistake. Paul wouldn't have to do anything wrong.
JOE: Why do you say that?
DARL: He's too intelligent.
JOE: What else do you know about him?
DARL: His background. Where's he from?
DARL: I'm not sure. I think he said something once about going to school in Paris.
JOE: Is he an American Citizen?
DARL: I just assumed he was. He never said anything different.
FRANK: Uh huh.
1 DARL: Can't you tell me what he's done?
2 JOE: We'd like to talk to him about some burglaries and car
3 thefts.
4 DARL: (BEAT) Paul wouldn't steal.
5 JOE: Maybe so, ma'am, but we've got good reason to think he
6 did.
7 DARL: There's some mistake. It doesn't fit with the kind of
8 person he is.
9 JOE: What do you mean?
10 DARL: It might not make much sense to you.
11 JOE: Try us.
12 DARL: Paul was in the war.
13 JOE: That right?
14 DARL: Yes, maybe you saw the picture and medal in his room?
15 FRANK: What about it?
16 DARL: He fought with the Maquis, the French underground forces.
17 JOE: He told you about it?
18 DARL: Yes.
19 JOE: Then he lived in France?
20 DARL: I'm not sure. He only talked about it once or twice.
21 I think he was in that group (SHE CAN'T REMEMBER)...
22 I don't remember the name, but they went in and
23 organized the resistance forces before the invasion.
24 JOE: Go on.
DARL: Never said much about what he did. When I asked about
the medal, he said he'd impersonated a German officer
and got some papers. That's all he told me.

JOE: Uh huh.

DARL: Well, what I wanted to say. Paul told me several times
he hated violence. Said he'd seen enough during the
war.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DARL: I remember one night a man insulted him. Used some
pretty bad language. Paul didn't want any trouble. We
left the place. I know he wasn't afraid. He just
didn't want to get into a fight.

JOE: Did he ever mention anything about his training?

DARL: How do you mean?

JOE: For this work he did with the underground forces.

DARL: (BEAT) Yes... once. I asked him if it hadn't been
dangerous. He said no. Told me they'd been trained to
take care of anything that came up.

JOE: Did he say where he'd got his training?

DARL: Somewhere outside London, I think he said.

JOE: Did he tell you about the kind of instruction he'd had?

DARL: No. (BEAT) You're pretty sure Paul is the man you
want?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.
It's hard to believe. (BEAT) I guess he must have a lot of chances during the war. Must've changed him.

Yeah, he hasn't changed.

Maybe he thought he could get away with it now.

Maybe.

In a way, it wouldn't be much different would it?

Maybe not in some ways, but there's one big difference now.

What do you mean?

He's on the wrong side this time.

(END SCENE VI - END ACT I)
Further interrogation of Darlene Potter convinced us that she knew the suspect only as a friend. When we drove her home she gave us a more recent snapshot of Doreau. The next day, copies were made and distributed to radio patrol units. Frank and I went back to the hotel to make another check of the room to try and find something that might lead us to any of his friends or associates. We found a list of names and addresses under a desk blotter. The first four people that we talked to all told us the same thing. They said the man known as Paul Doreau was a private tutor for their children. The only address that any of them had for him was the hotel. At two of the homes, we were told he came to teach on Wednesdays. One party said he came on Saturdays and the other one said he came on Tuesdays. 4:03 P.M., we identified ourselves and were admitted to a home on Chatham Drive by a Mrs. Grace Morton.

Won't you gentlemen be seated?

What was it you wanted to see me about?

Well, Mrs. Morton, we'd like you to look at this picture and tell us if you recognize the man. (HANDS PICTURE TO GRACE)

JCE: Wonder if you'd mind telling us what you know about him?

GRACE: I'm not sure I understand just what you mean, JOE: Well is he a friend of the family?

GRACE: Yes. In a way. He's the children's French teacher.

JOE: I see.

GRACE: He's not in trouble with the police is he?

JOE: We want to talk to him.

GRACE: I hope it isn't serious.

FRANK: It might be Mrs. Morton.

GRACE: Serious enough to have to put him in jail.

FRANK: Maybe.

GRACE: I'm sorry to hear that. He's been so wonderful with the children.

JOE: Uh huh.

GRACE: He's the third teacher we've had. Somehow they never liked the others, but they're just crazy about Paul.

(BEAT) You're certain he's done something wrong?

JOE: We'd like to find him and get his side of the story. Do you have a home address for him?
1 GRACE: Yes, Does he know you're looking for him?
2 JOE: We don't know.
3 GRACE: (BEAT) That's strange.
4 JOE: How's that?
5 GRACE: I was thinking, if you're looking for him and he knows
6 it, it's odd he'd call here today.
7 FRANK: You talked to him today?
8 GRACE: Yes. Thursdays he gives the children their instruction.
9 JOE: Yeah.
10 GRACE: He said he'd be here at 5 O'clock.
11 END SCENE VII
JOE: With Mrs. Morton's permission, Frank drove our car into the garage and then waited for Doreau to arrive. While we were waiting, Mrs. Morton told us that when Doreau had applied for the job, he'd showed her several letters of recommendation from families in the east. Because of his intelligence and because of her children's instant liking for him, she hadn't made a check on his background. She went on to say that she had noticed him driving several different makes of cars, but she couldn't give us a description of any of them. 5:06 P.M. the front door bell rang.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGING.

GRACE: That must be him. I hope there's no trouble.

JOE: You wait here, Mrs. 

GRACE: All right.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR:

UNDER FOLLOWING:

JOE: We'll take him outside.

FRANK: (GRUNTS)

SOUND: JOE OPENS DOOR

SOUND: (SLIGHT BEAT) Hold it right there Doreau. Police officers.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS ON FLAGSTONE, JOE CLOSES DOOR:

DOREAU: This is hardly the reception expected.
JOE: Move over and put both hands against the door.

SOUND: DOREAU TAKES couple small steps over to door and places hands against it.

JOE: Now get your feet back. C'mon, move.

SOUND: SLIGHT SHUFFLE AS DOREAU MOVES FEET: UNDER FOLLOWING:

DOREAU: We used the same method.

JOE: Frank.

SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND FRISKES DOREAU.

FRANK: He's clean.

DOREAU: I could have told you gentlemen that I'm not in the habit of coming to a clients home carrying a gun.

JOE: Turn around and get your hands behind your back.

SOUND: SLIGHT SHUFFLE AS DOREAU TURNS. FRANK STEPS IN AND SNAPS ON HANDCUFFS UNDER FOLLOWING:

DOREAU: Couldn't we dispense with the handcuffs? This is embarrassing.

JOE: You'll get used to 'em.

DOREAU: I was thinking about the children. I don't want them to see me like this.

JOE: You shoulda thought about that sooner.

DOREAU: You know...I've grown rather fond of them...

JOE: Yeah...Wanna' get the car Frank?
FRANK: Right.

SOUND: FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS ON FLAGSTONE WALK GOING OFF:

DOREAU: I imagine this is about the check I cashed.

JOE: Few other things.

DOREAU: (BEAT) I worked with the Americans during the war.

JOE: Uh huh.

DOREAU: I learned a good many things about them. Very resourceful. It was foolish of me take this chance.

JOE: Why pin it down to just today? You forget one thing.

DOREAU: (BEAT) I suppose because today I got caught. What that?

JOE: Oh, they don't like to be轻易的. Do you?

DOREAU: It might not have happened this way, but it appears I forget one of the lessons I learned during the war.

JOE: That right.

DOREAU: Yes. Never underestimate the enemy.

(END SCENE VIII)
JOE: We contacted the office and had them send another team out to pick up the car Doreau had driven and take it down to the Police Garage. On the way down to City Hall, the suspect told us he'd been in this country about six months. He refused to talk about anything except what a great country he thought America was.

Frank went to check with IMV on the suspects car and I took Doreau to the Interrogation room.

JOE: All right Doreau, we've got the idea you're sold on this country, now let's get down to cases, and talk about the real reason we're here. How about it?

DOREAU: (BEAT) It might as well be now as later.

JOE: Wanna' start by telling what you did with the stuff?

DOREAU: I spent the money. The books are in my room.

JOE: What about the other things you stole.

DOREAU: There must be some mistake. I didn't steal anything.

JOE: You cashed a forged check didn't you?

DOREAU: Yes, I admit that.

JOE: And the check was stolen.

DOREAU: It's possible, but I didn't take it.

JOE: You expect us to buy that, Doreau?

DOREAU: It's entirely up to you.
JOE: Un huh. All right mister, let's hear the rest of it.
Where'd you get the check?
DOREAU: I'd rather not say.
JOE: (BEAT) Well I guess if I was in your shoes, I wouldn't cop out either. I'd want to cover up for her too.
DOREAU: Her?
JOE: Yeah.
DOREAU: You mean Miss Potter?
JOE: Why don't you tell me?
DOREAU: She had nothing to do with it.
JOE: Seems like a pretty smart girl.
DOREAU: Darlene knows nothing about the check.
JOE: It's possible you had help on the burglaries.
DOREAU: I don't follow you.
JOE: For a smart guy, you get lost easy. Let me put it this way. You've driven a lot of different cars. We think you stole them.
DOREAU: (BEAT) You talked with Darlene.
JOE: Yeah.
DOREAU: Didn't she tell you I have a job?
JOE: Let's hear about it from you.
DOREAU: I'm an automobile salesman.

JOE: Yeah.

DOREAU: That's where I got the cars I drove.

JOE: Uh huh.

DOREAU: You can find out if I'm telling the truth. Call the company I work for. The Seward Car Company.

JOE: We'll do that. Now let's get back to the check.

Where'd you get it?

DOREAU: If I said I found it. Can you prove otherwise?

JOE: That won't be necessary. We can nail you on a forgery charge. Now.

DOREAU: That's what I had in mind. I have no desire to be connected with anything else.

JOE: You seem pretty anxious to pick up that tab.

DOREAU: It's only right. I took a chance and lost. I'm willing to settle for my mistake.

JOE: Yeah, that's real big of you, but I've got a hunch we'll be able to tag you with more'n a 470.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

FRANK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Joe... see you out here a minute?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE TAKES COUPLE STEPS OUT INTO CORRIDOR. DOOR CLOSE.

CORRIDOR B.G. IN

JOE: What is it Frank?
FRANK: I'm not sure now we got the right guy on the car thefts.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: I checked with DMV. Car Doreau was driving is registered to a Seward Car Company. I called 'em.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: They told me he works for 'em.

(END SCENE IX)

JOE: We continued to question Doreau, but he refused to admit any knowledge of the burglaries and car thefts. He was booked on suspicion of 470 PC and taken to Main Jail. The next morning the owner of the book store identified the suspect in a show up. We questioned him again, but he wouldn't admit to anything but the check forgery. 9:23 A.M. Frank and I returned to the office.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS. JOE AND FRANK ENTER BURGLARY SQUADROOM.

B.G. IN UNDER FOLLOWING:
FRANK: Gotta' hand it to the guy. He's cool.
JOE: Yeah, but he's too ready to buy in on the...
JOE: Right.

SOUND: FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS INTO BUSINESS OFFICE: JOE SITS AT TABLE AND RIFLES THROUGH PAPERS

PAUSE:

SOUND: FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS COMING ON:

FRANK: (COMING ON) Here's a number for you to call, Joe.

JOE: (TADS PAPER) Thanks...any name?

SOUND: JOE LIFTS RECEIVER AND DIALS NUMBER UNDER FOLLOWING:

FRANK: Yeah...fellow named Elfer.

JOE: Give any reason for the call?

FRANK: Uh huh (NO)

JOE: (BEAT) Hello...Like to speak to Mr. Elfer, please...

Sergeant Friday, police department...Uh huh...Yeah.

Uh huh. I see...Yes, sir, we'll be right out. Wanna'
give me that address?...(WRITES) Uh huh...3-4-7

Right. G'bye.

SOUND: JOE HANGS UP RECEIVER:

JOE: Fellow runs a garage. Saw the spread on our suspect

in the morning's paper.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: He says Doreau was in his garage.
FRANK: Uh huh.

JOE: Brought a car in to painted.

END SCENE X

JOE: Frank and I drove out to the garage and when we showed Doreau's picture to Frank Eilers, he identified him as the man who'd brought in a Nash Sedan to be re-painted. We checked the engine number and found it listed as stolen. We went back to the Main Jail and had the suspect brought to the interview room. We confronted him with the new evidence, but he continued to deny any connection with the burglaries and car thefts. An hour went by. 12:16 P.M.

JOE: With my war record I don't have to submit to this. We've got you made on the check and it won't be hard to prove you stole that car. It may take a little time but remember, we're not working piece work. From here on in, your story'll come apart like a four dollar suit.

DOREAU: (BEAT) It wouldn't be a surprise to me.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DOREAU: I have a great admiration for the Americans.

JOE: Yeah, you told us.

DOREAU: I managed to escape situations more difficult than this during the war. I was trained for it.

FRANK: Yeah.
DOREAU: Of course there was some difference then. The rules were not so rigid.

JOE: What are you trying to tell us, Doreau?

DOREAU: That under other circumstances, I might try to beat you at the game.

JOE: Look, mister. If that's what you think this is forget it. You don't break a law and then write it off as a joke. And don't come up with the... "I learned it all in the war"... routine. You know what you were doing going in.

DOREAU: You're right of course, but that isn't what I was attempting to say.

JOE: Just what did you have in mind?

DOREAU: As you put it Sergeant. It would only be a matter of time.

JOE: You're doing a lot of talking and not saying anything.

DOREAU: (HOLD) I'll tell you what you want to know.

JOE: You're admitting the car thefts and burglaries?

DOREAU: Yes.

JOE: All right, go ahead and start talking.

DOREAU: I will, but first I'd like to tell you about the shoes.

FRANK: About what?

DOREAU: Shoes.

FRANK: What about 'em?
DOREAU: I fought with the Maquis. For a man to fight two
things are important.

JOE: Uh huh.

DOREAU: A gun and a good pair of shoes.

JOE: Yeah.

DOREAU: Many of us who wanted to fight had neither. One of
your OSS men contacted us and said we would get
them. One night a plane came over and dropped
containers by parachute.

JOE: Uh huh.

DOREAU: The man kept his promise. We got guns...the fine
carbines. And we got shoes...When daylight came I
looked at mine real close. They had stamped on
them...Made in America.

FRANK: Yeah.

DOREAU: That's when I made up my mind.

FRANK: You did?

DOREAU: Yes, I decided that some day I would come to the
United States.

FRANK: Uh huh.

DOREAU: I knew if I wasn't killed...I'd come here.

JOE: Well you made it, and from the way things look,
you'll be with us for awhile.

DOREAU: Yes. I regret that I'll lose my chance to become a
citizen.
JOE: Yeah, this won't help you any.

DOREAU: I suppose my motive was selfish, still I thought I might be able to show my appreciation some day.

JOE: Uh huh. Well for a fellow that's supposed to be pretty smart, you missed on that score.

DOREAU: What do you mean?

JOE: You sure made a poor choice.

DOREAU: How?

JOE: The way you picked to say thanks.
I FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On October, 7th, 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.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
FENN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.

WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, the Chesterfield you light up today is the best cigarette ever made. And that's the best reason I can think of for you to change to Chesterfield. Give 'em a try and see if they don't put a smile in your smoking. Chesterfield .... regular or king-size.
GIBNEY: Paul Michel Doreau was tried and convicted of burglary in the second degree, three counts; grand theft auto three counts; and forgery, one count. He received sentence as prescribed by law. Burglary in the second degree is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of not less than one or more than fifteen years. Grand theft auto is punishable by imprisonment for not more than ten years. Forgery is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of not less than one or more than fourteen years.
MUSIC: THEME

MUSIC: THEME UNDER


Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander.

Script by John Robinson, Earl Schley...Music by Walter Schumann....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 RADIO
DEC. 28, 1954

HITCH-HIKE...L & M

1 ANNOR: This is it!
2 L & M is best - stands out from all the rest!
3 L & M stands out for flavor. The pure, white miracle tip
draws easy. You enjoy all the taste. L & M stands out
for effective filtration. L & M's got everything! It's
6 America's best filter-tip cigarette.

LG 0186632
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