DRAGNET RADIO
Fe ruary 5
OPENING
1 MUSIC :
2 GIRL :
3 FENN :
5 MUSIC :
7 ANNCR :
8
9
10 SOUND :
11 ANNCR :
12 MUSIC :
13 .. ANNCR :
HARP UP AND OUT
Put a smile in your smoking !
Next time you buy cigarettes . . . Stop . . . Remembe r this --- in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies
like Chesterfield !
DRAGNET THEME AND UNDER
Ladies and gentlemen . . . The story you are about to
hear is true . The names have been changed to protect
the innocence -'
POSSIBLE DRUM ROLL
Dragnet . . . brought to you by Chesterfield .
DRAGNET PLAYOFF
You're a detective sergeant, etc. . . . . . . .
GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.

Next time you buy cigarettes—Stop... Remember this.
In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

MUSIC: DRAGNET THEM AND OUT

ANNCR: Ladies and Gentlemen: A story you are about to hear is true.
The names have been changed to protect the innocence.

EASILY: You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to the Burglary Detail.
During the last two weeks there's been a series of burglaries in the Valley Division.
You haven't got a lead. Your job...find one.

(MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FIRST COMMERCIAL
I MUSIC : GIRL : FENN :
2 MUSIC : GIRL :
3 MUSIC : FENN :
4 GROUP : SOUND :
5 GROUP :
6 VIBRAHARP STING S
7 Put a smile in your smoking!
8 Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield smoothness.
9 They satisfy!
10 Put a smile in your smoking!
11 Remember . . . In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!
12 Put a smile in your smoking!
13 Next time you buy cigarettes . . . Stop - Remember this . . .
14 They satisfy!
15 Put a smile in your smoking!
16 Remember . . . In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!
17 Next time you buy cigarettes . . . Stop !
18 (SHOUT) Stop !
19 (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
20 SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
21 (SHOUT) STOP!
22 WOODBLOCK : TRIPLET FIGURE
23 WOODBLOCK :
24 GROUP :
25 GIRL :
26 FENN :
27 MUSIC :
28 They satisfy!
29 Put a smile in your smoking!
30 Remember . . . In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield!
It was Wednesday, September 9th. It was hot in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Burglary Division. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Bernard. My name's Friday. We were on our way out to a recently completed housing project in the valley. (SOUND . . . . OPEN CAR DOOR) Mayflower Homes. (SOUND: STEPS ON WALK) FRANK: This one right here? JOE: Yeah . . . 224. (SOUND: GRUNTS)
Not so bad. Pretty nice houses.

JOE: You thinking of getting a new place?

FRANK: Thinkin' . . . kids are sure shootin' up. We could use a little more room.

SOUND: WALK UP A COUPLE OF STEPS . . . STOP. . . RING DOORBELL. BEAT

FRANK: That Fay's always wanted . . . house nobody else has lived in . . . someday maybe.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR

SAM: (EARLY TWENTIES) Yes, sir?

JOE: We're police officers. This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.

SAM: Oh. How do you do?

FRANK: Hi.

JOE: Somebody reported a burglary at this address. Mr. Sam Brighton?

SAM: Yes, sir. That's me.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SAM: Called the police just a little while ago -- talked to an officer down there.

JOE: It was you talked to.

SAM: Oh. Sorry I did get the name.

JOE: Sure.
FRANK: Would you show us where he broke in please?
SAM: Yes, sir. It's the front bedroom.
SOUND: STEPS IN HALL . . .
SAM: Just off the hall here.
FRANK: Uh-huh.
SOUND: OPEN DOOR COUPLE MORE STEPS . . .
SAM: This wind You can see where he jimmied it.
JOE: Yeah.
SAM: I was careful not to touch it. You know . . . fingerprints.
We have becked.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Can you give us a list of the things he took?
SAM: No, sir. Not for certain. We were just getting moved in and we don't know for sure what's gone. A couple of silver trays and a pair of candlesticks . . . they're missing.
FRANK: Any cash?
SAM: About twenty-twenty-five dollars. When I changed to go out to dinner last night I left it in my trousers. They were in the other bedroom -- on the back of the chair. Pretty dumb place to leave money.
GRUNTS
FRANK: Your family live here with you?
SAM: My wife.
FRANK: I see.
FRANK: Uh?

SALLI: Sally's parents. Insisted on giving it to us...the down payment part.

FRANK: Uh-huh.

SALLI: Sally'll never be able to manage a big place like this. We've only been married a couple of weeks. The things he stole--they were wedding presents.

FRANK: Uh-huh.

SALLI: Sure is a heck of a way to start out--being married. I never wanted a house in the first place. Well, it's their own fault.

JOE: GRUNTS

SALLI: Apartment's what we ought to have. No point in arguin' with in-laws though. I found that out pronto. Yeah.

JOE: ANY IDEA WHAT TIME THE BURGLARY TOOK PLACE?

CRIME SCENE OFFICER: Between six and ten last night. Must have been then. Between six and ten.

JOE: GRUNTS

SALLI: We went over to Sally's folks for dinner. Our refrigerator hasn't been delivered yet.

JOE: I see.
SAM: Reason I'm so sure about the time is I wanted to find out how long it would take -- to drive there. Told Sally it wouldn't be more than fifteen minutes. First time she's ever been away from home, she kind-a likes to feel that her folks are handy.

JOE: Sure.

7 SAIL Hollywood Hills . . .that's where they live. Off of Mulholland. Took us fourteen minutes. Left here six o'clock exactly -- news was just coming on the radio -- got there six fourteen. I'm not so sure about when we get home but it was right around ten o'clock.

JOE: That's close enough.

SAM: Course I didn't know about the burglary then -- when we got home. We just went straight to bed -- didn't come in here. We use the back bedroom.

FRANK: Notice anybody suspicious hanging around the last couple of days?
SAM:

NO, SIR. OF COURSE WE'RE BRAND NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. MOST OF THE HOUSES AREN'T EVEN SCARED YET. WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHO WAS SUSPICIOUS AND WHO WASN'T. MIND IF I TALK TO YOUR WIFE? SHE COULDN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING I HAVEN'T. SHE HERE NOW?

OVER AT HER MOTHER'S. THIS THING KIND-A THREW HER. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... JUST A KID.

YEAH.

WISH IT HAD BEEN ME THAT FOUND OUT ABOUT THE BIRD.

BIRD?

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? I MEANT TO.

UB-UB. (NO)

DARNEDEST THING... PARAKEET... SOMEBODY GAVE IT TO SALLY WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL. TAUGHT IT HOW TO TALK. TALKED REAL GOOD, TOO. WHY SHOULD A BURGLAR DO A THING LIKE THAT?

JOE: HE TURN IT LORE?

SAM: NO, SIR. HE KILLED IT.

(END SCENE 1)
JOE: We talked to Mrs. Brighton at her parent's home. She was
FRANK: (STILL YAWNING) Didn't get a wink last night. Fay was at
JOE: Still asleep?
FRANK: (BIG YAWN)
contained pet birds, the bird was killed. Other pets were
not disturbed. Circulars describing the stolen articles
September 11th. Two more burglaries took place in a new
housing tract near Sepulveda Boulevard. The burglar had
followed the same M.O. used on the Brighton house. One
victim also told us that three pet canaries had been
killed. The other victim had no pets. By the end of the
following week four more burglaries had occurred in new
housing developments. In each case where the home
1:15 P.M. Crime Lab reported that there were no useful
fingerprints on the Brighton window. Pictures were taken
of the jimmy marks. There was no other physical evidence.
were sent to all pawn shops in the city. September 216th,
8:05 A.M. We
'SOUND: STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR:

'SOUND: OPEN DOOR . . . . .STEP 'ACROSS OFFICE .
I V

a-

aK: My own fault. Never should have told her about all the new houses going up nowadays. Big mistake.

JOE: Thought you were considering a new house.

FRANK: Changed my mind. We've got enough people visiting us as it is... Fay's relatives... Give 'em a real bed and...

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Long as they have to sleep on the living-room couch, they'll shove off after a day or two. Give 'em a real bed and...

UND: TELEPHONE.

OE: I'll get it.

I V OUND: PICK UP PHONE.

BURGLARY, FRIDAY. Yes, sir, 39... When did it happen?... I see... Just a second.

UND: SCRIBBLES UNDER.

OE: 214 SOUTH. Yes, sir, I've got it... Right.

SOUND: HANG UP. TEAR OFF A SHEET OF PAPER: Here we go again.

Another one?

E: Yeah. Pet shop over near Lankershim Boulevard.

ANK: Shop-

E: Uh-huh.

ANK: Doesn't sound like our boy.

E: Might be. If they sell birds.

(END SCENE 2)
We left the office and drove out to the Biggs Pet Shop, a side street in North Hollood. 9:07 A.M. We interviewed Jasper Biggs, the owner of the store. He told us that during the night the back door had been forced open. Seventeen dollars was missing from the cash register.

SOUND: PET SHOT B.G. . . . . . . A DOG EVERY NOW AND THEN. . . . MAYBE, A CIT. . . . . . . NO BIRDS.

BIGGS: The money isn't important, you understand. Not that anybody likes being robbed.

JOE: No, sir.

BIGGS: Besides it's happened before. That's why I keep this sign here on the register, tells 'em how to open it.

BIGGS: GRUNTS.

BIGGS: M6 much racket in here a person can't even think. Nowhere was -- oh, yes, about the money. Like I said, it doesn't matter -- the seventeen dollars.

FRANK: Yes, sir.
The birds are different -- they do matter.

JOE: How many did he kill?

BIGGS: All of 'em. Every last one.

JOE: I see.

BIGGS: Parakeets, canaries, parrots.

GRUNTS.

BIGGS: Parakeets and canaries, they don't matter. I can replace them. Insurance will take care of it anyway. The parrots are another story... different story entirely.

JOE: Yes, sir.

BIGGS: Two of 'em were on consignment... worth over a hundred dollars a piece. A hundred dollars. Bet you never figured birds ran that high.

No, sir.

BIGGS: Well, they do. Parrots anyway... some of 'em. And what's more my insurance doesn't cover birds on consignment. How do you like that?

JOE: GRUNTS.

BIGGS: Checked with the fellow who sold me the policy right after I called the police. Says birds on consignment aren't covered. Loophole, that's what it is. Loophole.

JOE: Yes, sir.
SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS OFF. . . . THEN PICK UP PHONE OFF.

BIGGS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Biggs Pet Shop. . . . . Who? . . . . Oh, yes, Mrs. Foster. Course I remember you. How's the wire hair that you-- . . . . . That's too bad. Sorry to hear it. . . . . Well, maybe he's just off his feed for a-- . . . . . Why, no, ma'am, we can't do anything about it now. . . . . We do stand behind our animals. . . . but it's been over a year since you bought him. . . . I'm sorry, Mrs. Foster. If you want the name of a good vet -- Go right ahead. Call the Better Business Bureau. Bye.

SOUND: HANGS UP. . . . . STEPS ON.

BIGGS: How do you like that. Buys a dog way last year. Probably been feeding him ice cream and mashed potatoes ever since.
Then expects me to nursemaid him. Well, what have you decided?

JOE: Sir?

BIGGS: It's the same burglar, ain't it? The one I read about in the papers. Been breaking into people's homes, killing their birds. Same burglar.

JOE: Looks that way. Can't say for certain.

BIGGS: Plain as the nose on your face. If you aren't certain now, I'd like to know when you will be.

JOE: When we catch him.

SOUND: TELEPHONE.
F -13-

BIGGS: Probably somebody wantin' to buy those parrots. Be just my luck.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS OFF......PICK UP TELEPHONE.

BIGGS: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Biggs Pet Shop......Who?.......Oh, yes, they're still here. Just a minute.......For you.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS:

JOE: Friday.......Yeah.......I see. Okay, give me the address.....

SOUND: SCRIBBLE.

JOE: Uh-huh. Yeah, I've got it......Soon as we can. Bye.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE.....COUPLE OF STEPS:

FRANK: We got another one?

JOE: Tract off Riverside Drive.

FRANK: Same routine, uh?

JOE: One thing's different.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Lady saw him.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: We ended our interview with Mr. Biggs and drove on out to the address of a Mrs. Nellie Diver who had just reported a burglary. Mrs. Diver told us her house had been entered shortly after she left to do her marketing. She discovered she had forgotten her grocery list and came back for it. When she returned the burglar was in the dining room. He had entered through a side window. The M.O. appeared to be the same as in the other recent burglaries.
Never saw such a surprised look on a man's face in my life. Just stood there, like he was frozen solid — for a minute or more. Then he lit out through the back door lickety-split.

How long were you gone from the house?

Five-ten minutes. Soon as I remembered about my list I started back. Don't know why I'm getting so forgetful. Old age must be catching up with me.

Good thing you did forget, Mrs. Diver.

Hm? Oh, you mean so he didn't get time to steal anything.

Nothing around here worth stealing. Wonder how he happened to pick me? Be different if I lived up in Bel-Air. One of those estates.

If it's who we think, he's satisfied with smaller homes.

You mean he's pulled this kind of stunt before?

Yes, Ma'am.

You don't say.

Been in all the papers.

Haven't seen one for the past two weeks. Haven't had time what with moving and getting settled. World could have come to an end — I wouldn't know about it.

Yes, ma'am.
NELLIE: You don't realize how much stuff you've accumulated until you have to pack it up and cart it someplace else.

Full-time job. Besides this is a lot smaller than what I used to have.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

NELLIE: I was living with my son -- kept house for him. But I could tell he wasn't happy -- wanted a place of his own. So we sold our old place and I bought this one. Plenty for me to take care of and he's renting an apartment. Doesn't amount to much -- his apartment -- but there's a swimming pool that goes with it. That's why he took it.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

NELLIE: Be better for both of us I expect.

BEAT

JOE: Mrs. Diver?

NELLIE: Yes, sir?

JOE: Would you recognize him if you saw him again?

NELLIE: Beg pardon?


NELLIE: Real good. Stood there in the dining room for a full minute. Maybe more.

JOE: Then you'd recognize him?

NELLIE: Don't see why not. This isn't the first time we met up, you understand.
JOE: Ma'am.

NELLIE: Saw him once before.

JOE: When was that?

NELLIE: Last week sometime. I'm not certain... Wednesday or Thursday... middle of the week... in through there.

JOE: You sure it was the same man?

NELLIE: Looked the same. Came right up to my door.

JOE: What did he want?

NELLIE: I'm not certain of that either. Been rackin' my brain tryin' to remember. So many fellows around here last week... two or three milkmen trying to sign me up... a couple of people wanting me to take newspapers... three or four asking about dry cleaning... somebody selling rugs. Spent half my time running to the door. So help me I can't remember which one he was. Getting old sure as fate.

FRANK: You think he was pretending to be a door-to-door salesman of some kind or another?

NELLIE: Seems to me they were all tryin' to sell something. That's what always happens when you settle in a new location.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Mind coming downtown with us for a few minutes?

NELLIE: No, no, I wouldn't mind. What for?

JOE: Like to show you some photographs. See if you can pick him out.
ELLIE: Right now?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

NELLIE: Just give me a minute to get my hat and change Henry's water.

JOE: Henry?

NELLIE: My canary out in the kitchen.

FRANK: Oh.

NELLIE: Haven't you noticed the way he's been -------- Huh------

that's funny. He's usually singing up a blue streak this time of day.

(END SCENE 4)

JOE: We went into the kitchen with Mrs. Diver and discovered the dead bird. She was shaken by this but recovered and agreed to accompany us to headquarters. 11:05 A.M. We pulled mug shots of burglars who matched the description she gave us and showed them to Mrs. Diver. She identified one of the photographs -- Stanley A. Bushing. Bushing had done time in the State Penitentiary as a cat burglar. From his 510's we learned his acquaintances and hideouts. 3:36 P.M. We located Bushing in a bar on North Main.

SOUND: BAR B.G...STEPS TO A STOP

JOE: Stan Bushing?

STAN: Yeah.

JOE: Police officers. This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.
STAN: You don’t say.
FRANK: Want to talk to you, Bushing.
STAN: Be my guest.
JOE: Let’s go.
STAN: What’s the matter with right here? Joint don’t get noisy until later on. Why not right here?
JOE: Where were you last night?
STAN: What time?
JOE: All night. And this morning -- eight o’clock this morning.
STAN: What do you want to know?
JOE: Come on, let’s go.
STAN: Gimme a chance to finish my beer, will ya?
SOUND: TAKES A DRINK....SET DOWN GLASS
BEAT
STAN: Look, you boys want to know where I was last night. All right, I’ll tell you. I just want to know why, that’s all.
JOE: You been out to the Valley lately?
BEAT
JOE: Well? O.K. HOW ABOUT IT?
STAN: That why you’re after me? Think I been pullin’ those house prowls?
JOE: What do you know about ‘em?
STAN: What I read in the papers.
JOE: You know more than that.
STAN: I do?
JOE: There was another one this morning.
STAN: News to me.
JOE: Is it?
STAN: Yeah. Haven't bought a paper yet tonight.
JOE: Lady saw you.
STAN: Huh?
JOE: Right after you broke in.
STAN: Me --- uh?
JOE: Says it's you.
STAN: She needs glasses.
JOE: We don't think so.
STAN: You'll never make it stick.
JOE: We can try.
STAN: I'm clean. Ain't even on parole no more.
JOE: It won't be parole this time.
STAN: It won't be anything.
FRANK: Come on, Bushing. Quit stalling.
STAN: Don't get yourself in a uproar. Take it easy, you'll live longer. Suppose I got an alibi?
JOE: We'll listen.
STAN: For all last night and this morning.
JOE: Go on.
STAN: I was with friends.
JOE: We've got a lady who says different.
STAN: Lots of friends, oop.
JOE: We know your friends. We'll settle for the lady.

STAN: Ten-thirty last night till nine o'clock this morning. With 'em every minute.

JOE: Where?

STAN: You ain't gonna like it.

JOE: Where were you?

STAN: You'll look pretty foolish.

JOE: Let's have it, Bushing.

STAN: Drunk tank. Lincoln Heights Jail.

(END SCENE 5)

(END ACT 1)

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
February 1, 1955

SECOND COMMERCIAL

GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

WOODBLOCK: PLAY TRIPLET FIGURE

GROUP: (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD

SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD

PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM

A TRY LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD.

WOODBLOCK: TRIPLET FIGURE

GROUP: They satisfy!

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes . . . Stop . . . Remember

this -- In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies

like Chesterfield!

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

MUSIC: VIBRAPHARP STINGS

FENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield

quality - highest quality at no extra cost to you.

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENN: ...Today's Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made.

...And our factory doors are always open to prove it!

MUSIC: STING

FENN: Come in any time. We're installing the quality
detective - the newest - the most important discovery

in cigarette making in over 30 years. The quality
detective - Another reason why the Chesterfield you

smoke today is highest in quality . . . .

(MORE)
DRAGNET RADIO
February 1, 1955
SECOND COMMERCIAL -- (Continued)

1 MUSIC: STING

2 FENN: Low in nicotine ...

3 MUSIC: STING

4 FENN: Best for you!

5 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

7 FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes... Stop ... Remember this

8 -- In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

9 Chesterfield

10 MUSIC: CLOSE UP BELL
We verified Bushing's alibi with the Booking Sergeant at Lincoln Heights and learned that he was in the clear as far as the previous night was concerned. 5:06 P.M. We again interviewed Mrs. Diver. She wavered in her identification of Bushing's photo and said she couldn't tell us anything more. Teletypes of the suspect's description were sent out. The next day, Tuesday, September 22nd, we had a meeting with the skipper, Captain Bernard.

JOE: Well, where do we stand?

BERNARD: About where we did when it started.

JOE: That's not good.

JOE: No, sir.

FRANK: Thought we had him yesterday but it didn't pan out.

BERNARD: You got a description?

JOE: If she's no better at describing him than she is at identification it doesn't mean much.

FRANK: We figure he's a salesman of some kind.

BERNARD: That how he cases the houses?

FRANK: As far as we can tell.

BERNARD: We need a lot more than that.

JOE: Yes, sir.

BERNARD: This guy's got to be stopped. It isn't just the burglaries....seems half the people in LA keep pet birds. I ought to know. My kids have a couple of canaries themselves.
JOE: (GRUNTS)

BERNARD: You get attached to 'em like you do anything else.

JOE: Sure.

BEAT

BERNARD: You boys seen the mail on this thing?

FRANK: No sir.

BERNARD: Letters from all over...not just in town here...all over. People are raisin' Cain. My own kids -- asking me when we're gonna catch him. We can't wait for a break. We've gotta move ourselves.

JOE: Any ideas, Skipper?

BERNARD: I dunno. He's just been working housing projects, uh?

JOE: Except for that pet store.

BERNARD: Let's forget the store and see if we can get a pattern out of the houses.

JOE: They're all new places...folks have just moved in. He cracks one or two in each development, then moves on. So far he's stayed in the Valley division.

BERNARD: The way they're building up out that way he won't run out of targets.

JOE: No, sir.

BERNARD: They opened any new projects the last week or so?

JOE: Couple.

BERNARD: He tapped 'em yet.
JOE: No, sir. We alerted the owners, told 'em to warn anybody who moves in. Probably won't do much good though.

ERNARD: Might.

JOE: Uh?

ERNARD: If you boys moved in.

(END SCENE 6)

JOE: Wednesday, September 23rd. We drove out to a new tract just off Coldwater Canyon Blvd. It was called White Manor Homes. We found the tract office near the main entrance and went inside.

SOUND: STEPS...COME TO A STOP

SIMPLE: (INTO PHONE)(SLIGHTLY OFF) Yes, ma'am, that's right...

No, ma'am, you don't have to worry about the taxes. They're part of your monthly payment. (TO JOE AND FRANK)

Be with you in a second.

JOE: Sure.

SIMPLE: (INTO PHONE) That's right, insurance too... If you'd just come out and see one of the houses I'm sure you'd...

All day until seven... Sundays too... Thanks for calling.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE...STEP ON

SIMPLE: How then, gentlemen, what can I do for you? Interested in owning a new home?

JOE: We're police officers. My name's Friday. This is Frank Smith.
SIMPLE: Police.
FRANK: That's right.
SIMPLE: Don't think I've had any parking tickets lately.
JOE: We're from Burglary Division.
SIMPLE: Oh. About the bird man I suppose.
JOE: Hmm?
SIMPLE: That's what they call him in the papers. The bird man.
JOE: Yes, sir. It's about him.
SIMPLE: He hasn't been around here?
JOE: Not as far as we know.
SIMPLE: Well, that's a relief. Not that it makes much difference.
JOE: You're in charge of this project?
JOE: Never mind, Mr. Simple.
SIMPLE: I own White Manor Homes.
JOE: I see.
SIMPLE: I guess I should say me and the bank. We own it together.
Heh, heh.
JOE: Yeah.
SIMPLE: It's all gonna belong to the bank though -- the way things are going. Been open nearly a week now, haven't sold a single house. Haven't even had a decent offer.
FRANK: What's the trouble?
SIMPLE: Now you know what's the trouble just as well as I do.
Bird man -- that's the trouble. Folks just aren't gonna
move into any new developments until he's caught. Sent
me a circular last week -- police department -- I'm
supposed to warn anybody who buys from me. Put 'em on
their guard.

JOE: Yes, sir.

SIMPLE: Don't need any warning. They're scared off as it is.

Three months ago I'd be half sold out by now. Seems to
me you fellows are dogging it. I'm not telling you your
business, mind you, but it seems to me you should have
picked him up before this.

JOE: Maybe you can help us.

SIMPLE: How's that?

JOE: Sign out in front says two of your houses are furnished.

SIMPLE: Just for display. Wesley's Department store did it.

JOE: Figures it's good advertising.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SIMPLE: Course I don't sell 'em furnished. Just for display.

JOE: We'd like to use one of 'em for a few days.

SIMPLE: Use one?

JOE: Yes, sir.

SIMPLE: Afraid I don't follow you.

JOE: You got a 'sold' sign you can put up in the front yard.

SIMPLE: I guess so.
JOE: We'll see that nothing's disturbed. If anybody asks, tell 'em a new couple moved in.

SIMPLE: Oh, I get you. Decoys, uh?

JOE: Something like that.

SIMPLE: Well, I don't know. Department Store might not go for the idea.

JOE: We'll clear it with them.

SIMPLE: If it's all right with them...

JOE: Thanks.

SIMPLE: How long do you suppose it'll take?

JOE: Huh?

SIMPLE: To catch him.

JOE: Your guess is as good as ours. If it *even* works.

SIMPLE: Better work.

BEAT

SIMPLE: Pressure's building up. You fellows don't know what it's like...being under pressure. Owe the bank a lot of money on this project. Figured I'd have at least half a dozen houses sold by now. Least half a dozen.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SIMPLE: Interest to be paid...principal. Bank expects it on time. Can't blame 'em for that.

FRANK: No, sir.

SIMPLE: You don't know what it's like...having the pressure turned on.
We telephoned the Wesley Department Store and talked to the manager. He gave us permission to use the house they had decorated. At a neighborhood pet store we purchased a cage and two canaries. It was 11:30 A.M. when we got back to White Manor Homes. Mr. Simple was putting up a 'sold' sign in front of one of the houses.

JOE: We've been getting our share.

SIMPLE: That's different. Your boss rides you, tells you to get on the ball. You don't have to worry...can't fire you. Cops are Civil Service. Pressure from your boss...that's different.

JOE: Not coming from him.

SIMPLE: Where's it coming from?

JOE: Guy who kills birds.

(END SCENE 7)

JOE: We telephoned the Wesley Department Store and talked to the manager. He gave us permission to use the house they had decorated. At a neighborhood pet store we purchased a cage and two canaries. It was 11:30 A.M. when we got back to White Manor Homes. Mr. Simple was putting up a 'sold' sign in front of one of the houses.

SOUND: THEY GET OUT OF CAR...STEPS...FADE IN A LITTLE HAMMERING

CANARIES SING UNDER SCENE OCCASIONALLY...

SIMPLE: Howdy.

JOE: Hello, Mr. Simple.

SIMPLE: Wish it was for real...this sign.

JOE: Yeah.

(BEAT)

SIMPLE: What you got there? Oh, canaries, uh?

JOE: Yes, sir.
1 SIMPLE: Well, here's the key...case you want to look up. Door's open now.
2 JOE: Thanks.
3 SOUND: STEPS
4 SIMPLE: (FADING) Want me to spread the word?
5 JOE: What's that?
6 SIMPLE: That I've sold this place.
7 JOE: We'd appreciate it.
8 SIMPLE: Okay. I'll see that it gets around.
9 SOUND: COUPLE MORE STEPS...OPEN DOOR...STEPS...CLOSE DOOR
10 (BEAT)
11 FRANK: Some lay-out.
12 JOE: Uh-huh.
13 FRANK: Where'll we put this?
14 JOE: That table over there. I've got some newspaper to go under it.
15 FRANK: Right.
16 SOUND: UNFOLD NEWSPAPER...SET DOWN BIRD CAGE...BIRDS CHIRP
17 FRANK: Know anything about taking care of birds?
18 JOE: Don't think there's much to it. Just water and seed.
19 FRANK: Hey, get a load of that couch.
20 JOE: Yeah.
21 FRANK: Must be eight feet long if it's an inch.
22 JOE: Just about.
23 FRANK: Fay ever sees this place I'm dead.
1 JOE: What did you tell her?

2 FRANK: That we're on a job. Didn't go into details.

3 JOE: Uh-huh.

4 FRANK: Wonder what it would cost.

5 JOE: Hmm?

6 FRANK: Fix up a joint this way.

7 JOE: More'n we make.

8 FRANK: Yeah. Probably wouldn't be very comfortable anyway.

9 Not like your own things.

10 JOE: Sure.

11 SOUND: CANARIES SING IN THE CLEAR FOR A MOMENT

12 (BEAT)

13 FRANK: Really singing up a storm, aren't they?

14 JOE: Uh-huh.

15 FRANK: Kind-a cute too. You know, Joe, Fay might like a couple

16 of birds. Be good company for her when the kids are in

17 school.

18 JOE: Maybe you can have these.

19 FRANK: Never thought of that.

20 JOE: If he doesn't get to 'em first.

21 (END SCENE 8)
JOE: No one came by the house that afternoon or evening.

At 6 PM Frank went home. I stayed through the night.
Thursday, September 24th, 9:15 AM. We had our first visitor. Frank waited in the bedroom while I talked to her. She was a young lady who said she represented the local Chamber of Commerce. She told me her job was to welcome newcomers to the neighborhood. She gave me some maps and a book of coupons which could be exchanged for free introductory gifts at various stores in the vicinity. 11:17 AM. We had our second visitor.

FRANK: Coming up the walk.

JOE: Pretty close to Mrs. Diver's description.

FRANK: Yeah. Want me to lay low?

JOE: Better if he only sees one of us.

FRANK: Sure.

SOUND: STEPS FADE...THEN DOORBELL RINGS... STEPS... OPEN DOOR.

ART: Morning.

JOE: Morning.

ART: Your wife home?

JOE: Not at the moment.

ART: Maybe I can talk to you then.

JOE: Come on in.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...CLOSE DOOR. KEEP CANARIES IN B.G.

(HEAR)
ART: Nice place you got here.
JOE: Thanks.
ART: Heard you just moved in.
JOE: That's right.
ART: You made any decision about milk yet?
JOE: Uh?
ART: The brand I mean.
JOE: I dunno. Guess not.
ART: I'm from the Christy Dairies.
JOE: Christy?
ART: Yes, sir.
JOE: Don't believe I've ever heard of it.
ART: New company.....just getting started.
JOE: I see.
ART: That's why we're so anxious to line up customers. We've got a route out this way.....comes by here every other day.
JOE: GRUNTS
ART: Here's a list of our prices.
SOUND: PAPER
ART: We're lower than any of the other companies that deliver. Cents on milk.....three cents on butter.
JOE: That so?
ART: Ask your wife. She'll know what things cost. She'll tell you we're cheaper.
1 JOE: Uh-huh.
2 ART: Penny here and there... mounts up. End of the month
3 you'll be ahead fifty cents easy... maybe a dollar.
4 JOE: I dunno. New dairy....
5 ART: We're government inspected.... just like the old ones.
6 Same health standards.
7 JOE: GRUNTS
8 ART: Why don't you try us for a week. I'll have the driver
9 stop by in the morning. What can you lose?
10 JOE: Better let me talk to the Missus first.
11 ART: She's not going to beef about you saving a little
12 money. She'll thank you.
13 JOE: Maybe.
14 BEAT
15 ART: Well?
16 JOE: I'll let you know.
17 ART: Just a week's trial?
18 JOE: I'll call you. Your number on this list?
19 ART: Yeah.... right at the bottom.
20 JOE: Uh-huh.
21 ART: You will call?
22 JOE: Sure.
23 ART: Okay.
24 SOUND CANARIES UP A LITTLE
25 BEAT
ART: Say, Mister....

JOE: Yeah?

ART: You ought to be careful living here.

JOE: Hummm?

ART: Some fellow's been breaking into houses like this....

JOE: Hummm?

ART: Some fellow's been breaking into houses like this....

JOE: Some fellow's been breaking into houses like this....

ART: You ought to be careful living here. Must be off his rocker.

JOE: Uh-huh.

ART: Beats me how anybody could do a thing like that. You hear about him, Mister?

JOE: I've heard about him.

(END SCENE 9)

JOE: We telephoned the Christy Dairies. They confirmed the fact that one of their employees had called on us. During the rest of the day we had four more callers....two newspaper agents, a representative from a dry cleaning establishment and a charity worker. As far as we could tell they were all genuinely fond of birds. 4:45 PM. A battered pick-up parked out in front. Frank again waited in the bedroom while I went to the door.

SOUND: DOORBELL.....STEPS.....OPEN DOOR

PHIL: Lady of the house in?

JOE: Out shopping.

PHIL: Oh. I'll come back.
1 JOE: What's it about?
2 PHIL: Rather talk to her.
3 JOE: Why?
4 PHIL: Like to take over your yard.
5 JOE: Hm?
6 PHIL: I'm a gardener, Mister.
7 JOE: Oh. Well, I'm the one to see about that.
8 PHIL: Uh-uh. (NO)
9 JOE: Why not?
10 PHIL: Ask a man for a gardening job, he says he'll do it himself. Week-ends and after work. Don't understand how much work it'll be. Wife knows better...knows her husband, too. She's the one hires me.
11 JOE: Maybe I'm different. This is a pretty big yard. Plan on spending my week-ends on my back.'
12 PHIL: Don't blame you.
13 JOE: Step inside for a minute.
14 PHIL: Sure.
15 SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS.....CLOSE DOOR
16 JOE: How much would you charge for a yard this size.
17 PHIL: Want me to handle the watering too?
18 JOE: I guess we can take care of the watering.
19 PHIL: I'll come once a week then. Mow the lawn, look after your flowers, do the weeding and planting.
20 JOE: We're pretty well landscaped now.
PHIL: You'll want some of your own plants. Could use a couple more roses along the side there.

JOE: Possible.

SOUND: CANARIES START SINGING

BEAT

JOE: What's the matter?

PHIL: Nothin'. Just looking around. Swell place you got here.

JOE: How much for the yard work?

PHIL: Twenty-five a month.

JOE: Kind-a-steep.

PHIL: Big yard. Said so yourself.

JOE: You'd only be here a coupla of hours a week.

SOUND: CANARIES IN THE CLEAR

BEAT

PHIL: Twenty-five. Best I can do. Think it over. Gotta be shoving off.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

JOE: How about twenty?

PHIL: Sorry, Mister.

JOE: Not worth any more than that. Get plenty of gardeners for twenty.

PHIL: Up to you. Ain't got any other jobs in this neck of the woods. Have to drive all the way out here.
JOE: How'd you happen to find us then?

BEAT

PHIL: Heard about this project. Thought more of 'em would be sold by now.

JOE: GRUNTS

PHIL: Guess you're the only people moved in.

JOE: Yeah.

PHIL: Thought there'd be more.

JOE: Probably will be before long.

PHIL: If I pick up any 'other customers in the project I might come down. Twenty-five for now.

JOE: Fraid I can't swing it.

PHIL: Think it over. I'll drop back....day or so. Somebody here most of the time?

JOE: Most of the time.

PHIL: I'll drop back.

SOUND: CANARIES MAKE A BIG DEAL.

JOE: Oh, for Pete's sake, can it.

PHIL: Uh?

JOE: Wasn't talking to you. Darned canaries.

PHIL: What's wrong with 'em.


BEAT

PHIL: Guess you don't like birds.

JOE: Sure could do without these.
PHIL: Why don't you get rid of 'em?
JOE: My wife would blow her stack.
PHIL: Oh.
JOE: Her pride and joy. Talks to 'em all the time. Baby talk.
PHIL: Hmm...just like my old lady.....
BEAT:
JOE: Your wife keep birds too?
PHIL: My mom....
JOE: Oh.
PHIL: When I was a kid. Cages all over the place. Must-a had fifteen twenty birds.
JOE: Guess I'm lucky. We've only got two.
PHIL: You're lucky. (BEAT) Had a dog once....
JOE: Yeah?
PHIL: Rusty....that was his name...a mutt...only dog I ever had. Killed one of her canaries.
JOE: Uh-huh.
PHIL: Wasn't his fault. Bird got loose. Didn't know no better.
JOE: Just playing with it. Didn't mean to kill it.
PHIL: Made me get rid of Rusty...my mom. Sent him away.
JOE: Too bad.
PHIL: Never had another dog after that... wouldn't let me.

Just birds. Used to lay awake at night listenin' to 'em sing.... that's what she called it. Didn't sound like singing to me. Wouldn't cover 'em over. Said it was cruel to cover 'em. Half the night long had to listen to 'em. Like you said, gets on a fellow's nerves.

JOE: Yeah.

PHIL: Still hear 'em sometimes... when I'm in bed... plain as anything. Still hear those birds. Like they was right in the room with me. Couldn't be there though.

Not same birds. Killed 'em once.

JOE: Un-huh.

PHIL: Sneaked down-stairs. Took 'em out of their cages. Did it real quiet. Killed 'em all. All mom's birds. Couldn't stay after that. Ran away from home. Wish I could-a stayed. Wish I could-a seen her face next morning. Made it up for Rusty.

JOE: Yeah.

BEAT

PHIL: Still keep hearin' 'em though. Have to keep killin' 'em over and over. So many birds.
1 JOE: GRUNTS
2 PHIL: So many birds. Couldn't understand why. For a long time...
3     couldn't understand. Finally figured it out...
4 JOE: Oh?
5 PHIL: Folks put 'em in a cage, lock 'em up...feel sorry for
6     'em afterwards. Don't make sense. I don't feel sorry
7     for something just because it's locked up.
8 JOE: You might.
9 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On November 12th a hearing was held in Department 98, Superior Court, State of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that hearing.
Now here is our star - Jack Webb.

Thank you, George Fenneman. Friends, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield. I hope you'll remember that next time you're at your favorite tobacco dealers'. Buy Chesterfield and put that smile in your smoking. You'll like 'em as much as I do.
GIBNEY: Phillip James Baurox was examined by six psychiatrists appointed by the court and found to be mentally incompetent. He was committed to the state Mental Hospital at Mendecino for an indefinite period of time.

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
FEVERUARY 1, 1955
L & M HITCH-HIKE

1 JINGLE: THIS IS IT ... L & M FILTERS
2 IT STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST!
3 MIRACLE TIP ... MUCH MORE FLAVOR
4 L & M'S GOT EVERYTHING
5 IT'S THE BEST!

ANNCR: L & M stands out for effective filtration. Nothing
compares with L & M's pure, white miracle tip for
quality or effectiveness. Yes, L & M's got
everything! It's America's best filter tip
cigarette.

24/05
ANNCR: Be sure and listen to Chesterfield's great Perry Como show ... every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on another radio network.

29/16