ANNCR: Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

ANNCR: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth ... so satisfying ....

Chesterfield!
MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

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.

MUSIC: DRAGNET THEME AND UNDER

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

POSSIBLE DRUM ROLL

ANNCR: Dragnet...brought to you by Chesterfield.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
to Bunco-Fugitive Detail. A Pawnbroker tells you he
suspects a swindle. He isn't sure. Your job...check
it out.  

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(FIRST COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
2/3/55

FIRST COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

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: VIBRAHARP STINGS

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

smoothness.

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENN: You want them mild. We make them mild! Mild and mellow

with the smooth and refreshing taste of the right

combination of the world's best tobaccos. So, next

time you buy cigarettes ...

GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

WOODBLOCK 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.

MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
A 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'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR....SLIGHT ECHO CORRIDOR B.G.

JOE: It was Wednesday, May 18th. It was cool in Los Angeles. We were working the Day Watch out of Bunco-Fugitive Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Didion. My name's Friday. I was on my way into the office and it was 7:55 A.M. when I got to Room 38 (SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ......Bunco-Fugitive.

SOUND: JOE WALKS INTO ROOM, DOOR CLOSE, B.G. CHANGE.

FRED: (FADING ON) Might be something, Fred. Never know. (SEEING JOE) Hi, Joe.

JOE: 'Morning.

FRED: You remember Fred Alpin.

JOE: Sure. How are ya?

FRED: Holdin' my own, Sergeant.

JOE: What's new?

FRED: Not sure. May be just wastin' my time. Yours too..

FRED: Fred thinks he's stumbled onto a Con game, Joe.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRED: Looked that way to me, anyhow.
JOE: Yeah.

FRED: 'Course, I could be wrong. Been wrong before. 'Member that wrist watch business six months ago?

JOE: What?

FRED: Fella came in to pawn it. Acted real funny. Would've given odds that watch was stolen.

JOE: Oh, yeah. I remember.

FRED: Checked the serial number against the list you guys sent me. Didn't find it. Still wasn't convinced though.

JOE: Remember?

FRED: GRUNTS.


JOE: His own initials right there on the back. Sure missed the boat that time.

FRED: You been right too.

JOE: Guess my percentage is pretty fair at that.

FRED: What've you got?

JOE: I was just tellin' Smith here.......

FRED: Yeah.

JOE: You been right too.

FRED: Fella came in last night....Little guy.....kinda timid....

FRED: Probably never been in a pawnshop before. 'Least he wasn't a steady.....I can spot them straight off.

JOE: Sure.

FRED: Wanted to pawn a ring. Big green stone....fancy setting all gimmicked up. Y'know?

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRED: Man's ring. Real fancy, though. Asked me what it was worth.

FRED: Worth 20 bucks.....Maybe 25.
That what you told him?

FRED: Now you know. I can't loan full value. You know that.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: Offered him five bucks. Would've gone up to ten if he'd pressed me. That's better'n a lotta brokers'd give.

JOE: He take the five? 3:00

FRED: You kiddin'? Went all to pieces. Thought he was gonna have a hemorrhage. Started callin' me a crook. Said the ring was an emerald. Shouted and screamed all over the place......"It's an emerald", he said, "a five-thousand-dollar emerald". That hunks glass.

JOE: Sure you didn't make a mistake?

FRED: I ask you, Sergeant, would anybody try to pawn a 5-G emerald with me? I ask you.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: Glass, that's what it was. Green glass. Nice setting, though.

FRANK: What d'you think, Joe?

JOE: The old diamond switch, maybe.

FRANK: Could be.

JOE: Sounds like the only difference is the color. You get his name, Fred?

FRED: Asked him. He just shouted and carried on. Wasn't makin' no sense at all. Got his license, though.

Oh?

FRED: He was parked right in front of the place. Got the number when he drove off. Thought you might want it.

(GRUNTS)
FRED: Wrote it out... put it in my pocket. (SOUND: GO THROUGH POCKETS) Should be right here... Oh, Fer Pete's sake...

JOE: What's the matter?

FRED: Changed coats this morning. Big spot on my grey one...... grease or something. Tried cleanin' fluid. Made it worse.

FRANK: You leave the number in your other coat?

FRED: Usually clean out my pockets before I send something to the cleaners. Wait a minute. Yeah, here it is. Match folder. On the inside.

SOUND: HANDS MATCH FOLDER TO JOE.

FRED: You make it out all right?

JOE: Yeah. We'll check it.

FRED: Might be a good idea if you got right on it.

JOE: What d'you mean?

FRED: Just before he left my place, he stopped all that carryin' on...... think it sunk in...... what I told him about the ring bein' no good.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: Got real quiet. Y'know, kinda like he was makin' up his mind about somethin'?

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRED: Asked me to sell him a gun.

(FEND SCENE 1)
Fred Alpin gave us a description of the man who had tried to pawn the ring. We called our branch of D.M.V. and asked them to check the license number. They came up with the information that the automobile bearing that license was registered in the name of Garfield Hunt at 221 North Selma Avenue, Hollywood. 9:03 A.M., Frank and I drove out to talk to him.

**SOUND:** KNOCK ON DOOR.

**FRANK:** Sure is a clear day. Look at those hills.

**JOE:** Yeah.

**SOUND:** KNOCK ON DOOR.

**FRANK:** Like you could touch 'em?

**JOE:** Morning, ma'am.

*(BEAT)*

**SARAH:** Who are you? What d'you want?

**JOE:** Is Mister Hunt here?

**SARAH:** No. No, he's not here.

**FRANK:** He lives here, doesn't he?

**SARAH:** Who are you?

**JOE:** We're police officers, ma'am.

**SARAH:** Police?

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

**SARAH:** Where is he? What's happened to him?

**JOE:** Ma'am?

**SARAH:** Don't try to break it easy. Just tell me. What's happened to Gar?

**JOE:** You're Mrs. Hunt?
1 SARAH: He was in an accident, wasn't he? I just knew it. The way he was actin' yesterday. All keyed up. He shouldn't have gone out last night. Never was a good driver. Told him a hundred times.

2 JOE: 'Fraid I don't understand, Mrs. Hunt.

3 SARAH: My husband. That's why you're here, isn't it?

4 JOE: Yes, ma'am. We want to talk to him for a minute.

5 SARAH: Talk to him?

6 JOE: That's right.

7 SARAH: You're tellin' me the truth? He's not hurt or anything?

8 JOE: Not as far as we know.

9 SARAH: But you're policemen.

10 FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

11 JOE: Mind if we come inside? Might be easier to talk.

12 SARAH: Yes, of course.

13 SOUND: STEPS. CLOSE DOOR. STEPS.

14 SARAH: Oh, I forgot. Sofa's still made up. I didn't have a chance to put the bedding away yet. 'Fraid the livingroom's not very presentable.

15 JOE: Don't worry about it.

16 SARAH: I slept down here last night.....so I'd be near the phone. I thought he might call.....thought somebody'd call.

17 FRANK: Your husband didn't come home?

18 SARAH: Never happened before. Not in thirty-seven years.

19 JOE: Yes, ma'am.

20 SARAH: Just let me fold up that blanket so you can sit down.

21 FRANK: I'll give you a hand.
1 SARAH: Thank you.
2 SOUND: LITTLE BUSINESS FOLDING UP BEDDING
3 SARAH: You can put it on that chair over there. I'll take it
4 upstairs later.
5 FRANK: Yes, ma'am.
6 SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS
7 JOE: Any idea where your husband might've gone, Mrs. Hunt?
8 SARAH: No, no idea at all.
9 JOE: He didn't say?
10 SARAH: Asked him. Wouldn't tell me. Said it was gonna be a
11 surprise.
12 JOE: What time did he leave?
13 SARAH: 9:35. Looked at the clock as he went out the door.
14 Couldn't believe it...not like Gar to go out that late.
15 We're usually in bed by ten.
16 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
17 SARAH: When we first got television we used to stay up later.
18 Watched it 'til after midnight. When it was new. Not
19 such a novelty now.
20 JOE: GRUNTS
21 SARAH: Wouldn't even give me an inkling why he was going out.
22 Said it would be a surprise.
23 JOE: Uh-huh.
24 SARAH: One thing....
25 JOE: Ma'am?
26 SARAH: Promised me he'd only be gone an hour. Promised me he'd
27 be back by ten-thirty for sure.
28 JOE: I see.
29 SARAH: Never heard a word from him after that. Not a word.
(BEAT) "There's some coffee on the stove." Still warm.
JOE: No, thanks.

SARAH: How about you, Mr. Smith?

FRANK: Thanks, anyway.

SARAH: I could heat up a couple of doughnuts. Bought 'em from the bakery truck yesterday...for Gar's breakfast.

JOE: We've already eaten, ma'am. If you'd like something yourself....

SARAH: I'm not very hungry.

JOE: Sure.

SARAH: What do you suppose happened to him?

FRANK: We don't know, Mrs. Hunt.

SARAH: You must have some notion.

JOE: No, ma'am.

SARAH: You said you wanted to talk to him.

JOE: Just a few questions. Routine.

SARAH: What about?

JOE: We'd rather ask him. You notify the police that he's missing?

SARAH: No, I didn't know what to do. I figured you'd get in touch with me when you found him. I guess I wasn't thinking very good. Never happened before.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

FRANK: Any friends he might be staying with...relatives?

SARAH: We don't know anybody else in Los Angeles.

FRANK: I see.
SARAH: Just moved out here last winter...from Kansas. Children are grown up, settled. Gar sold the business. We moved out here. Kansas winters can be pretty cold.

JOE: Your husband retired Mrs. Hunt?

SARAH: Should be. Worked hard all his life. Deserves a rest. Had a little trouble with his heart last year. Not a real attack, but the doctor told him to take it easy.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SARAH: Not Gar, though. Wasn't out here two months before he got all restless and fidgety. Just couldn't take it sitting around the house. Started up again.

JOE: in business?

SARAH: Yes, sir. We had a tailor shop back in Kansas. Gar found a new business district opening up--in the San Fernando Valley. Off Magnolia Boulevard. They were renting cheap -- you know, right at the beginning -- wanted tenants.

JOE: GRUNTS

SARAH: Didn't do much business at first but things have been getting better. Gar's a good tailor. A lot more careful than most. Learned his trade young. In the days when there were tailors.

JOE: You try to reach him there -- at the shop.

SARAH: Called last night -- three or four times. This morning, too. Nobody answered.

JOE: Uh-huh. Get a picture of your husband, Mrs. Hunt?
SARAH: Nothing recent. Gar's not very good with a camera. He never takes snap-shots. They just don't turn out.

JOE: Any picture at all?

SARAH: I guess that one over there. That's the best.

JOE: Huh?

SARAH: On the mantel. Over ten years old now... No let's see... it'll be thirteen next September. Good picture, though. Real photographer did it for our Silver anniversary. You like to look at it?

JOE: Yes Ma'am.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

SARAH: That's Gar in the middle.

JOE: Uh huh.

SARAH: Had a little more hair then. Hasn't changed so much, though.

JOE: Sure.

SARAH: That's me - and our children. It was before we had grandchildren. Got three of 'em now.

JOE: Mind if we take this along?

SARAH: You won't let anything happen to it?

JOE: We'll be careful.

SARAH: It's the only one I've got.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

SARAH: You think you can find him?

JOE: We'll do our best.

SARAH: I guess maybe I should have notified you last night.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.
I didn't know what to do. Thought you'd get in touch with me if something'd happened.

Better to call us first.

I guess so.

Then it might not happen.

Mrs. Hunt gave us a description of her husband. We advised her to make a formal report at the Valley Division. A local and an APB were sent out. 3:15 P.M. Patrol Car Unit 0178 reported Hunt had been found sitting in his car. The car was parked on Mulholland Drive. Hunt had readily identified himself. We asked the officers to bring him in for questioning.

Mrs. Hunt... as far as we know he's all right... No, Ma'am, we haven't talked to him yet... Any minute... We'll send him along as soon as we can... No trouble... Bye.

She feel better? Yeah. Says she's gonna put a pot roast on for supper. That's his favorite.

Uh huh.

Hi, Joe - Frank.
1 JOE & FRANK: AD LIB HELLO

2 PETE: Well, here he is.

3 JOE: Thanks for spotting him, Pete.

4 PETE: Sure. Anytime.

5 SOUND: STEPS FADE - DOOR CLOSE

6 JOE: Sit down, Mr. Hunt. (BEAT) Go on, sit down.

7 HUNT: What d'ya want with me?

8 JOE: Like to talk to you. That's all. This is Frank Smith.

9 My name's Friday.

10 HUNT: Never been under arrest before. Not once.

11 FRANK: You're not under arrest, Mr. Hunt.

12 HUNT: Then what am I doing here? Why did those officers make me come with them?

13 JOE: You didn't go home last night. Your wife has been worried.

14 HUNT: I was goin' home when they found me. Wasn't anyplace else to go. Sarah oughtn't to have called you.

15 JOE: She didn't call.

16 HUNT: How'd you find out?

17 JOE: You tried to buy a gun, -- Pawn shop over on Main street.

18 HUNT: Oh.

19 (BEAT)

20 JOE: What'd you want the gun for?

21 HUNT: They wouldn't sell it to me.

22 JOE: What'd you want with it?
HUNT: Is that breaking the law? Asking to buy a gun? I didn't know - never been arrested before.

JOE: You need a gun, you can buy one. Have to wait twenty four hours though - that's the law.

HUNT: Don't need it. Not now. They're gone.

JOE: Who are you talking about?

HUNT: Wouldn'ta hurt 'em... just wanted my money back. Thought I could scare 'em. That's all -- Don't know nothin' about fire arms. Thought maybe I could scare 'em.

JOE: Who were they?

HUNT: Said they was rentin' the store next to mine. Came out first of last week. Measured the frontage - heard 'em poundin' around inside - hammering and all - like they was getting ready to move in. Said they was jewelers. Gonna open up a Valley branch for Lassingwell's - you know, big jewelry store downtown... here.

JOE: Uh huh.

HUNT: Seemed like real nice fellows. Bought me lunch a couple of times. Pleasant, friendly like. Glad to have 'em moving in. The more business there is in the neighborhood the better off everyone is.

JOE: Sure.

HUNT: Crooks. That's what they were. Out and out crooks.

Went looking for 'em early this morning. Back door to their store was open. The one next to mine.

JOE: Go on, Mr. Hunt.
HUNT: Couldn't find hide nor hair of 'em. Place was empty. Just a hammer and some boards. That's what they'd been poundin' on. That's what I'd been hearing. Wasn't planning on moving in there at all. Just a couple of fakes. Had the windows soaped over so nobody could see what they were up to. Poundin' on some old boards — makin' me think they was remodeling.

JOE: How much money did they get from you?

HUNT: Not them exactly. Fellow workin' with 'em. Must have been workin' with 'em. Only way it makes sense.

JOE: Suppose you tell us about it.


JOE: Who's this other fellow you were talking about?

HUNT: In cahoots with them other two. Must have been. Came into my shop day before yesterday. Long about one o'clock in the afternoon. Called himself Norman Crist. Said he was from Greeley.

JOE: Greeley.

HUNT: Town in Colorado. Where my brother lives. Said he knew my brother Ed back there.

FRANK: What'd he want with you?

HUNT: Claimed Ed asked him to look me up. She how I was doing. Probably didn't know Ed at all. They must have told him. Them jeweler fellows.

(GRUNTS)

HUNT: Got to thinkin' back. Remembered I mentioned having a brother in Colorado one day when we was havin' lunch. Told 'em the town, too. Greeley.

JOE: What happened then? He sell you the ring?
1 HUNT: You know about that, too?
2 JOE: You tried to pawn it.
3 HUNT: No sir, not really. Just wanted to find out how much it was worth. So's I could tell Sarah. Gonna surprise her. Figured I'd give him another day before I tried to sell it.
4 JOE: How'd you happen to buy it?
5 HUNT: I wasn't buyin' it outright. I was just loanin' him on it.
6 JOE: I see.
7 HUNT: Told me he had a chance to option some property out near Encino. Real bargain. Said he had to close the deal by five p.m. that same day. Needed cash for a clincher.
8 JOE: Uh huh.
9 HUNT: Had to get the money from Colorado. That's what he said. He was afraid it wouldn't be here in time. Couldn't go to a bank - didn't have any credit in L.A.
10 JOE: GRUNTS
11 HUNT: Needed three thousand dollars. Said if I'd loan him the three he'd give me back four thousand first thing the next morning. Offered me his ring for security. Said it was worth seven thousand easy. Said it cost him more than that.
12 FRANK: You hand the money over?
13 HUNT: No sir, not by a darned sight. Told him I didn't have three thousand dollars. Told him straight out.
Said all I had was fifteen hundred in my savings account.

Guess I shouldn't have said that.

Yes sir.

Guess that was my first mistake. He thought about it for a minute, asked if he could use my phone. Called somebody - talked to 'em for a couple of minutes. When he hung up, he told me he might be able to swing it for fifteen hundred. He'd have to go out there and see 'em in person. Said he'd come back.

He leave then?

Not right away. I stopped him. Told him there wasn't no point in coming back. While he was on the phone I'd had a chance to do some thinking. Realized I didn't know nothin' about him, nothin' about that ring. "I'm no jeweler," I said. "How do I know that ring's worth seven thousand dollars? I'm not calling you a liar, but how do I know?" He said he didn't blame me for being cautious, showed I had good business sense. Took off the ring and laid it on my counter. Told me to get it appraised while he was gone. Told me to take it to any jeweler I wanted to. Seemed like he sure trusted me.

Leavin' a valuable ring like that. Kinda sold me on him.

Uh huh.

I went next door to ask those fellows who said they was jewelers. Place was locked up so I figured they was still out to lunch. I figured maybe they was in the drug store down on the corner. Closest place to eat.

Food's not too bad, and they've got booths. You don't have to sit up at the counter.
HUNT: Perfect emerald. That's what they said. One of 'em put a
gadget up to his eye, looked through it. You know what I
mean.

JOE: Sure.

HUNT: Perfect emerald. Worth ten thousand dollars. Not a flaw
in it.

JOE: \[signature\]

HUNT: Acted like they thought it was mine. Offered to buy it....
if I wanted to sell. I told 'em about the other fellow.
That he needed three thousand dollars, Told 'em the
whole story.

JOE: Uh huh.

HUNT: They said they'd loan him five without battin' an eye.
Offered to make out a check right then and there. Kinda
took my wind away, they were so anxious. I said maybe we
could go in fifty-fifty. They put up fifteen hundred
I'd put up fifteen. That way the guy would have three
thousand if he still needed that much. We could both
make a little profit. One of 'em asked me how I wanted
the check -- if he should make it out to me. I told him
to make it to cash.

JOE: How'd he sign it?

HUNT: Jones.....Quincey Jones. That's the name I knew him by.
Other one called himself Wyatt Truesdale. Probably not
their real names though. Probably -- what is it you call
'em?\[signature\]

JOE: Aliases.
HUNT: Yes, sir. Well, anyway, I went over to my bank and drew out the fifteen hundred. About two-thirty the fellow came back -- the one who gave me the ring....

JOE: Yeah.

HUNT: Said he'd tried to talk the real estate people into being satisfied with fifteen hundred, wouldn't come down. Insisted on the whole three thousand. I told him not to worry -- that I had it. Gave him my fifteen hundred and the check. He said the check'd be okay seeing as how it was on a local bank. Promised he'd pay me back the next morning.

FRANK: That'd be yesterday?

HUNT: Yes, sir. When he didn't show up I wanted to make sure just how much it was worth -- the ring -- in case something had happened to him. In case he didn't come back for it. That's why I went down to the pawn shop.

Wasn't gonna sell it. Just wanted to find out what it was worth. Would have given him another day or two anyhow.

JOE: Uh huh.

HUNT: Offered me five dollars for it. The man in the pawn shop. Couldn't believe him at first. Said it was just glass....a hunk of glass. Then it come to me -- how I'd been tricked. All of a sudden it come to me.

JOE: Why'd you stay out all night? Why didn't you go home?
SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GROUP: (SHOUT) Stop!

2 WOODBLOCK: PLAY TRIPLET FIGURE

3 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!

4 WOODBLOCK: TRIPLET FIGURE

5 GROUP: They satisfy!

6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

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

8 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

9 Chesterfield! Put a smile in your smoking.

10 MUSIC: VIBRAPHARP STINGS

11 PENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield quality ... highest quality ... at no extra cost to you.

12 MUSIC: STINGS OUT

13 PENN: Today's Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made and our factory doors are always open to prove it.

14 MUSIC: STING

15 PENN: Come in any time and see 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 ...

16 MUSIC: STING

17 PENN: Low in nicotine ......

18 MUSIC: STING

19 PENN: Best for you!

(MORE)
SECOND COMMERCIAL— (Continued)

1. MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

2. GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

3. PENN: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth .... so satisfying ...

4. Chesterfield!

5. MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL /8/
We continued to interview the victim, Garfield Hunt, and he gave us descriptions of the three suspects. The Stats office came up with 24 possibles. We showed the mugg books to Hunt. He identified two of the photographs: Parker Wilcoxson and Ernest Cleaver. Hunt was positive that Wilcoxson and Cleaver were the men who had rented the store next to his and pretended to be jewelers. He was unable to find a photograph of Norman Crist, the man who had sold him the ring. We pulled the packages on Wilcoxson and Cleaver. They had both done time for Burglary. They had not previously worked with a third person. We called the Lessingwell Jewelry Company. They informed us that they were not opening a branch in the Valley. We checked with the owners of the building in which Hunt had his tailor shop. They told us the adjacent store had been rented on a weekly basis and that the renters had said they intended to use the space for temporary storage. A local and an APB were sent out on all three suspects.

5:13 P.M. Using the information from their name sheets, Frank and I began checking various places where Cleaver and Wilcoxson had been known to hang out. 7:12 P.M. We went into the Black Parrot bar on South Broadway and talked to the bartender.

JAKE: Huh-huh (NO). Not by them names I don't know 'em.
FRANK: Maybe these pictures will help.

JOE: Well?
FRANK: Yeah -- they come in here once in a while.

JOE: That's what we heard.

JAKE: Always come in together?

JAKE: Far as I know.

FRANK: Ever bring somebody with 'em -- tall thin fellow about thirty? Blonde hair?

JOE: No, no -- just two of 'em. Never seen 'em with another guy.

JAKE: Uh huh.

JOE: What d'ya want 'em for.

JAKE: Know how we can turn 'em up?

JAKE: They ain't here now.

JOE: We can wait.

JAKE: Won't be in tonight.

JOE: How d'ya know?

JAKE: They got money.

JOE: Oh?

JAKE: Big roll. The red-headed one was in yesterday. Quincey Jones...that's what he told me his name was.

JOE: Yeah?

JAKE: Been runnin' a tab. He paid it up in full. Had plenty left over.

JOE: Uh huh.
Long as they're carrying a roll they don't come to my place. Head for them expensive joints -- like out on the Strip. Places like that. When they've blown their loot come back to me and start runnin' up another tab. I called 'em on it, but what can you do? This way I get some of their bundle.

Know where they live?

Around here somewhere. Couldn't pin it down for you.

Who could?

How bad you wanta find out?

What d'ya mean?

It'll cost you a drink.

You that thirsty?

Not for me. Girl over there in the corner booth. The blonde.

She knows 'em. Been out with 'em a coupla times. I've seen 'em leave together.

Okay.

I was just kiddin' about that drink. It's on the house. For you guys and her, too.

We don't want anything.

And we'll pay for hers.

STEPS
JAKE: (FADING) Up to you.

BEAT

SOUND: STEPS COME TO A STOP

PEG: Hi.

JOE: Evening, Miss.

PEG: You're new, aren't you?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

PEG: Place could stand some new talent. Here, I'll move over.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK SIT DOWN

PEG: What's the matter with this side?

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

BEAT

PEG: How d'ya like that?

JOE: Ma'am?

PEG: Horoscope said I was gonna meet somebody new today. You know, in the morning paper?

JOE: Uh huh.

PEG: Didn't say it'd be cops.

SOUND: STEPS FADING IN

JAKE: Here y'are, Peg.

SOUND: JAKE SETS DOWN GLASS ON TABLE

PEG: Where'd that come from?

JAKE: These guys.
JOE: You shouldn't call 'em guys, Jake. Fella buys a lady a drink, that makes him a gentleman. "From these gentlemen". That's what you should say.

JAKE: Oh, sure.

SOUND: STEPS FADED.

PEG: To your very good health, gentleman. (TAKES A SLUG) Now then, what can I do for you? I'm at your service.

SOUND: THEY PUT DOWN PICTURES ON TABLE.

FRANK: Bartender tells us these guys are friends of yours.

(beat)

PEG: I wouldn't say those pictures do them justice, but there is a resemblance.

JAKE: You know 'em then?

PEG: We've met. We weren't formally introduced. But we've met.

JAKE: You meet a lot of people in here. Not the best people in town, maybe. It's not the best bar in town. But it's convenient. I work down the street.

JAKE: Uh huh.

PEG: Eight hours a day. Five days a week. Time and a half for Saturday -- if we work Saturday. Seven of us in one office.

JAKE: Seven young ladies -- ages 32 to 60. I'm thirty-two.

PEG: They don't come in here -- the other six. That's something. But I don't suppose you'd care to hear the sad story of an aging white-collar girl.

FRANK: You know where they live, ma'am?
JOE:

Hmm? Oh, you mean these two-so-called friends of mine.

FRANK:

Yes, ma'am.

JOE:

I might.

(BEAT)

JOE:

Well?

PEG:

Ever hear of the Norcross Arms Hotel?

JOE:

Uh huh.

PEG:

I haven't been there with them, of course. I'm not sure that's their residence. But Quincey was carrying a hotel key. One night it fell out of his pocket, I think that was the name on the tag. Norcross Arms.

JOE:

Thanks.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK GET UP FROM BOOTH.

PEG:

Thank you, for the brandy.

JOE:

Don't mention it.

SOUND: STEPS - JOE AND FRANK.

(BEAT)

JOE:

Whatta we owe you?

JAKE:

Six bits. She drinks good stuff.

JOE:

Keep the change.

JAKE:

Looks like I got one decent break.

JOE:

That so?

JAKE:

Them paying their tab today. Before you pick 'em up.

JOE:

They didn't pay it.

JAKE:

Huh? Who did?

JOE:

Man named Hunt.

(END OF SCENE 4)
The clerk at the Norcross Arms Hotel told us that two men who resembled Wilcoxson and Cleaver were registered under the names of Jones and Truesdale. He said they had gone out for the evening. He showed us up to their room -- 36-A. We asked him about the suspect known as Norman Crist. He told us he had never seen anybody with Wilcoxson and Cleaver who answered Crist's description. 

2:48 A.M. Wilcoxson and Cleaver returned to their room. We took them into custody and drove them down to the City Hall for questioning.

SOUND: INTERROGATION ROOM B.G.

JOE: How many times do you want to hear it?

CLEAVER: Until we get the truth.

CLEAVER: Does Hunt say he gave us any money? (BEAT) He never gave us a cent, did he Ernie?

WILCOX: Come to think of it, we paid his lunch tab a couple of times.

CLEAVER: That's right. Always managed to out-fumble us. Owes us a couple of lunches.

JOE: He paid 'em back.

CLEAVER: Huh?

JOE: Fifteen hundred bucks buys a lot of lunches.

CLEAVER: What fifteen hundred?

JOE: You got your share. Been spreading it all over town.

CLEAVER: Hunt say he gave it to us?
JOE: You still had over six hundred when we picked you up. Where'd it come from?

CLEAV: Hollywood Park. Picked three long shots yesterday. Want the names of the horses?

FRANK: Where's Crist?

CLEAV: Told you before. Never heard of him. Who is he?

FRANK: Guy you worked the game with.

CLEAV: Never heard of him.

FRANK: You want to take this rap yourselves?

CLEAV: What rap?

BEAT

JOE: Why'd you rent that store out in the Valley?

CLEAV: Store?

JOE: We showed him your mugg shots. The man you rented it from. He made you. Want it in person? (BEAT) Well?

CLEAV: Guess they've got us there, Ernie.

WIL: Yeah.

BEAT

CLEAV: We were gonna open up a bookie joint.

JOE: Huh?

CLEAV: Changed our minds. Looked the situation over. Decided it might get a little warm out in the Valley. Cleared out.

JOE: Bookie joint, huh?

CLEAV: That's right.

JOE: Not a jewelry store?
CLEAVER: What are you talking about? Us? Jewelers? Ernie and me?

JOE: That's what you told Hunt.

CLEAVER: Nothing of the kind. Laid it on the line. Told him we were bookies. Just between us he was kind of pleased about it. Likes to play the horses himself. Liked the idea of being able to lay a bet so convenient.

JOE: GRUNTS

CLEAVER: Say, maybe that's what happened to his money. Maybe he lost it on a nag.

BEAT

JOE: Let's try it again. Why'd you rent the store?

CLEAVER: You're gonna get the same answers. Same questions -- same answers. Waste of time.

JOE: We've got plenty.

CLEAVER: Huh-huh (NO). Seventy-two hours. That's all you got.

You can hold us on suspicion for seventy-two. Then you turn us loose. Unless you prove something.

JOE: We'll prove it.

CLEAVER: How? We didn't take any money from Hunt. Nobody says we did -- even him. If he was a mark for this -- what's his name -- Crist?

JOE: Yeah.


JOE: We'll find somebody.
CLEAVER: Seventy-two hours. Then you gotta turn us loose. That's the law.

JOE: GRUNTS

CLEAVER: We know the law.

JOE: Why'd you break it?

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: We continued to question the suspects but were unable to break them down. Thursday, May 19th. 7:45 A.M. Another team of detectives took over the interrogation. Frank and I went back to the office.

SOUND: STEPS - OPEN DOOR - SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: Think they'll cop out, Joe?

JOE: Doesn't look like it.

FRANK: Yeah. Unless we turn up Crist.

JOE: You call Fay?

FRANK: Uh huh. Sure ate me out. Kept dinner waiting 'til after ten. You're lucky.

JOE: Maybe.

FRANK: Wonder if I'll get home tonight?

SOUND: TELEPHONE BELL

JOE: I'll get it.

SOUND: PICK UP TELEPHONE
Bunco.-Fugitive, Friday......Yeah. That's right...Sounds like him........I see......How long ago?.....Uh huh......Yeah.

SOUND: PHONE HANG UP:

FRANK: Crist?

JOE: Fits the description. Smashed up a car on the Hollywood Freeway. Georgia Street recognized him from our teletype.

FRANK: He able to talk?

JOE: Died ten minutes after they brought him in.

END SCENE 6

JOE: At the morgue the victim, Garfield Hunt, identified the body. He was positive it was the man who had sold him the ring -- Norman Crist. Wilcoxson and Cleaver were also shown the body. They denied that they had ever seen Crist before. The next day, Friday, May 20th, the evidence against Wilcoxson and Cleaver was taken to the District Attorney's office. A complaint was refused. The evidence was deemed insufficient to bring the matter to trial at this time. Wilcoxson and Cleaver were released. 6:05 P.M. Frank and I got ready to sign off duty.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: Really tears it.

JOE: Yeah.
D.A.'s office knows they're guilty. We know it. Can't do a thing.

GRUNTS

Guess we been wastin' our time, Joe. Just fannin' the ball.

JOE: We've spotted 'em. They'll stay spotted.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Next time they move in on a mark we'll make it stick.

FRANK: Wouldn't be very smart of 'em to try it again.

JOE: They're not smart.

FRANK: Ruh?

JOE: They tried it once.
FENN: The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: Two months later on July 12th, Wilcoxson and Cleaver were apprehended for a similar crime. They were charged with one count, Grand Theft. On November 6th, trial 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 trial.
WEB CLOSING - NO. 2

1 FENNEMAN: Now here is our star - Jack Webb.

2 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: Parker T. Wilcoxson and Ernest Paul Cleaver were found guilty of one count Grand Theft and were sentenced to a term prescribed by law. Grand Theft is punishable by imprisonment in the County Jail for a period of not less than one year, or for a period of from one to ten years in the State Penitentiary.

27/30

Script by Frank Burt...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)
DPP GNET RADIO
2/8/55
L & M HITCH-MIKE

1 JINGLE

1 THIS IS IT....L & M FILTERS
2 IT STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST
3 MIRACLE TIP...MUCH MORE FLAVOR
4 L & M3 GOT EVERYTHING
5 IT'S THE BEST!
6 ANNOUNCER: L & M-Notice how mild they are - how easy they draw.
7 Nothing compares with L & M's pure, white miracle tip
8 for quality or effectiveness. L & M - America's best
9 filter-tip cigarette.