SOUND BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY

CAST AND

2:30 PM - 5:00 PM

EDITING

ANNOUNCERS

BROADCAST.

STUDIO DATE, FEBRUARY 22, 1955

ORCHESTRA

ANNOUNCERS

SOUND BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY
DRAGNET RADIO
February 22, 1955

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT
2 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
3 FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes...Stop....Remember this...
4 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like
5 Chesterfield.
6 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
7 MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS
8 FENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield
9 smoothness.
10 GIRL: So smooth....so satisfying!
11 MUSIC: STINGS OUT
12 FENN: You want them mild. We make them mild! Mild and mellow
13 with the smooth and refreshing taste of the right
14 combination of the world's best tobaccos. So next time
15 you buy cigarettes...
16 GROUP (SHOUT) Stop!)
17 WOODBLOCK -- TRIPLET FIGURE
18 GROUP: (SING) START SMOKING WITH A SMILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
19 SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD
20 PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY
21 LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!
22 WOODBLOCK -- TRIPLET FIGURE
23 GROUP: THEY SATISFY!
24 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
25 FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes...Stop....Remember this --
26 in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like
27 Chesterfield
28 MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
SECOND COMMERCIAL

February 22, 1955

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:

FENNEMAN: Next time you buy cigarettes...Stop...Remember this...
In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like
Chesterfield. Put a smile in your smoking!

MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS

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

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

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

MUSIC: STING

FENNEMAN: 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...

MUSIC: STING

FENNEMAN: Low in nicotine.....

(MORE)
DRAGNET RADIO
February 22, 1955
SECOND COMMERCIAL - (Continued)

1 MUSIC: STING
2 FENNEMAN: Best for you:
3 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT
4 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking:
5 FENNEMAN: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth...so satisfying...
6 Chesterfield:
7 MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
FENNEMAN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.

WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. Put a smile in your smoking. Buy Chesterfield. It's the best cigarette ever made for my money. Smooth...satisfying...mild and mellow. Believe me, in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.
DRAGNET RADIO
February 22, 1955

L & M FILTERS 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.

ANNOUNCER: L & M stands out for flavor...the pure, white
miracle tip draws easy...lets you enjoy all
the taste. And notice how mild they are ...
Buy L & M.
ANNOUNCER: Be sure and listen to Chesterfield's great Perry Como show every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on another radio network.
"THE BIG SLUG"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY ............................................ JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH .......................................... BEN ALEXANDER
WHITE ................................................................ BEN MORRIS
JONES .................................................................. HARRY BARTELL
ALLEN ................................................................ HERB ELLIS
MATTHEW WILBURFORCE ........................................... IEB
NURSE .................................................................. NATALIE MASTERS
DR. SPRINGER .......................................................... IEB
SANDRA BEATON ..................................................... VIRGINIA GREGG
TIM LARKIN ............................................................... GIL STRATTON
MIJSIO: SIGNATURE

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

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL

FENN:

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Homicide Detail. You've just wrapped up an East LA murder case. You get a hot shot call -- a shooting at a liquor store on Pico Boulevard. You're job... check it out.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For the next thirty 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.

Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

Joe and Frank's Steps in Corridor...

It was Wednesday February 16th. It was cool in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Homicide division. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Lohman. My name's Friday. We were on our way back from the Interrogation Room and it was 8:46 PM when we got to Room 42...(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) Homicide.

Think he'll cop out.

I dunno. Probably won't make much difference.

Yeah. Keepin' the gun...that was his big mistake.

Uh-uh. (NO) Big mistake was in killin' her.

Sure. Wonder why she gave him the chance?

What do you mean?

He'd beat her up a couple of times before...neighbors all said so.
F.+ R.: You'd think she'd have walked out on him.
J. J.: Maybe that's what she was tryin' to do.
F.+ R.: She should'a tried sooner.

B.E.A.T.
F.+ R.: Got any plans for dinner?
F.+ R.: Guess I'll grab a bite with you.
J. J.: Not goin' home?
F.+ R.: Called Fay a couple of hours ago. Went to a shower this afternoon -- her friend Agnes is havin' a baby.
J. J.: Oh.
F.+ R.: They had a lot of junk to eat...you know, salad and stuff...
F.+ R.: Fay says she's not gonna want any dinner. She'll fix something for the kids. Told me to eat downtown.
J. J.: That's a switch.
F.+ R.: Yeah. (B.E.A.T.) To tell you the truth, Joe, she's kind-a sore at me. This is her way of gettin' even.
J. J.: GRUNTS
F.+ R.: Woman expects a man to remember everything. Let him slip up just once it's the end of the world.
J. J.: Oh.
FRANK: Birthdays, anniversaries, mother's day, Christmas...
everything.

JOE: What did you forget?

FRANK: Valentine's Day.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Just slipped my mind, that's all. Doesn't mean I don't love her.

JOE: Sure.

FRANK: Day before yesterday...that's when it was. You know how busy we were Monday. Couldn't have bought her a present, even if I had remembered.

JOE: GRUNTS

FRANK: Knew there was something eating her when I came home that night. Didn't say a word until the next morning. Then she gave me a tie...stripes like that brown and red one from last Christmas, only this is maroon and grey.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Said she didn't want to give it to me on Valentine's Day cause she knew how embarrassed I'd be. You know on account of not having a present for her.

JOE: Why don't you get her some flowers or candy...make up for it.
FRANK: Told me not to. Said she didn't want anything unless I thought of it myself...on the right day. You don't understand women, Joe. You can't make up for a mistake...they won't let you.

SOUND: HOT SHOT PHONE RINGS

JOE: Hot shot...I'll take it.

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

BAT: WHILE JOE LISTENS TO THE CALL

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE...SCRIBBLE SOMETHING...TEAR OFF PAGE

FRANK: For us?

JOE: Liquor store out on Pico.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Dead body.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: We drove out to the Evandale Liquor Store on West Pico Boulevard. The owner Cecil Evandale was lying on the floor behind the counter. He had been shot through the chest and was already dead when the body was discovered.

A team from Robbery detail and Sgt. Jay Allen and a crew from the crime lab arrived a few minutes after we did.

They began their investigation and we talked to the patrol car officers who had found Evandale's body.

SOUND: LITTLE MOVEMENT IN B.G. PHOTOS BEING TAKEN, ETC.
WHITE: We were just cruisin' by and we saw the front door standin' wide open. No sign of Evandale so we thought maybe we ought to look around.

JOE: Uh-huh.

WHITE: Came inside, gave the place the once over. Spotted him, just like he is now.

FRANK: You're sure he's the man: who owned the store?

JONES: Oh, yeah, it's Evandale all right.

WHITE: He's had trouble before.

JOE: How's that?

WHITE: Couple of boys held him up -- oh, must be about a month ago now. We answered the call.

JOE: I see.

JONES: They were picked up the same night. Evandale had their license number.

JOE: Get a conviction?

WHITE: First degree robbery.

JOE: Well, it can't be them if they're in the joint.

FRANK: (FADING) I'll check on it.

SOUND: STEPS FADE

JOE: Okay.

WHITE: If it was another hold-up they didn't get away with much.

JOE: Oh?
Cash register was open when we came in. Still full.
Fifty -- seventy-five dollars, that's my guess.
Maybe something scared 'em off.
Street was empty...no cars, nobody.
Funny they left all that money...just lying there in the drawer.

(STEPS FADE IN)

That's not the only funny thing around here.
What have you got, Jay?
Found the casing. Take a look.
,.38 uh?
Yeah. Slug went right through him. In his chest out the back. Right through. Clean as a whistle.

GRUNTS
Got me buffaloced.

Huh?
The slug.

What do you mean?

Can't find a trace of it.

(END SCENE 2)
Frank came back from the telephone with the information that the two men who had previously robbed the Evandale liquor store were now serving their sentences in San Quentin. While Sgt. Allen and the crew from the crime lab continued to search for the missing slug and any other physical evidence, we canvassed the area for someone who might have heard the shooting. 9:53 PM. we found a drugstore in the next block that was still open for business.

**SOUND:** OPEN DOOR...WALK IN

**MATT:** (FADING ON) Fountain's closed if that's what you're after.

**JOE:** No, sir. We'd like to talk to you for a minute.

**MATT:** Talk? What about?

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

**MATT:** Police, uh?

**FRANK:** That's right.

**MATT:** Thought I heard sirens a while back. What's been goin' on around here?

**JOE:** There was some trouble at the liquor store down the street.

**MATT:** Cece Evandale's place?

**FRANK:** Yes, sir.

**JOE:** Did you notice anything unusual this evening?

**MATT:** Like what?
JOE: A backfire maybe.
MATT: Been a shootin' uh? Cece?
JOE: Yes, sir.
MATT: How bad?
JOE: Pretty bad.
MATT: I just don't know what this town's comin' to.
JOE: You didn't hear the shot?
MATT: I didn't hear nothin'...except your sirens. Is he dead?
JOE: I'm afraid so.
MATT: Tsk, tsk, tsk. You shouldn't-a let it happen.
JOE: Beg pardon?
MATT: You're police officers, ain't you?
FRANK: Yes, sir.
MATT: He was robbed just a few weeks ago. You should-a figured somebody'd try it again. You should-a been watchin' him, making sure he was all right.
JOE: This is a pretty big town. There's a lot to watch.
MATT: Too big if you ask me. Why don't they go home?
JOE: How's that?
MATT: All them folks who keep movin' to LA. Twenty-five years ago I come here. Things were a lot different then. Man could drive down the streets, find a place to park his car. There was room to move around in, no smog neither.
GRUNTS

More people comin' all the time. Gettin' so crowded a man can't breathe.

GRUNTS

Did you see anybody who might have done the shooting?

Tonight you mean?

Yes, sir. Anybody suspicious?

Nobody suspicious come in here. Not since I got back from supper leastways.

When was that?

Seven-thirty. Right around in there.

Uh-huh.

Ed takes over while I'm eating. He's the druggist I got helpin' me. Young fellas...just out of Pharmacy School.

Have to kind-a keep my eye on him.

Sure.

He goes home as soon as I get back from supper. Not much business the last couple of hours. One man can handle it.

I was just gettin' ready to close up when you come in.

I see.
JoE: Don't think I've had more than half a dozen customers since supper time. Mrs. Jacobs...her youngster's got the croup...sold her some cough syrup, ought-a relieve it some. Then there was a couple of boys, bought cokes, read the magazines.

MATT: How old were they?

JoE: Ten - twelve, comic book age.

MATT: Uh-huh.

MATT: Fellow come in for a carton of cigarettes. Don't know his name but he lives around here somewheres. Been in half a dozen times before. Don't recall anybody else.

FRANK: How about out on the street?

MATT: Hmm?

FRANK: Did anybody walk by or hang around who doesn't belong in the neighborhood?

MATT: How the heck would I know? You can't even see the street from in here when it gets dark. Black as pitch out there. Been after 'em for the last five years to put up a street lamp. Been beggin' 'em. What do they do? Just raise my taxes and spend the money on freeways and gadgets so's more strangers will come floodin' in on us. Whole darned shootin' could-a took place right there on my sidewalk. I wouldn't-a been able to see it.
JOE: Yes, sir. Well, thanks, anyway.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

MATT: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Say, wait a minute.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK STOP....WALK BACK TO MATT

MATT: Come to think of it I did spot a couple of fellows.... acted kind-a funny too, like they didn't want me to see them. You know what I mean?

JOE: Yeah.

MATT: It was when I was walkin' home to supper...no, no, it was when I was on my way back.

JOE: That would be around seven-thirty?

MATT: Give or take a couple of minutes. They was just down the block a spell.....

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

MATT: Phone's ringing.

JOE: Yes, sir. We'll wait.

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

MATT: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Wilburforce's Pharmacy?....Who?....

Sure, Mrs. Oakland, sure. What can I do for you?....

Well, I was just closin' up. You sure you need it tonight.....All right, all right, what's the prescription number?....It's on the label......

42739?..... Okay. I'll have to check it. Hang.on.

SOUND: LAY DOWN PHONE:....COUPLE OF STEPS

MATT: (TO JOE AND FRANK) I'll get back to you in a minute.
JOE: Sure.

SOUND: RIFLE THROUGH CARDS OFF...THEN STEPS...PICK UP PHONE AGAIN.

MATT: Sorry, Mrs. Oakland, I can't do nothin' for you without your doctor's say-so....I tell you I can't refill it. That's the law....Then I guess you're just gonna have to stay awake....Well, have him call me.... It's not my fault he's doing an emergency operation, is it?.... I don't care what you think. Good night.

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

MATT: Wouldn't you know it? She just moved out here a couple of years ago from back East.

JOE: What about these men you saw out on the street, Mr. Wilburforce?

MATT: Huh? Oh, them. Well, they was just standin' there.... in a doorway kind-a. Turned their backs toward me as I walked past 'em.

FRANK: Could you describe them for us?

MATT: I said they turned their backs.

FRANK: Yes, sir.

MATT: Not that it made no never mind. So darned dark out there I couldn't describe 'em if they'd been comin' at me head on.

JOE: Have you any idea how tall they were?

MATT: Medium height I guess.

JOE: How were they dressed?
MATT: Didn't notice. Except for one of 'em....

JOE: Sir?

MATT: Jacket he was wearin'. Noticed that. Remember thinkin' it was so loud you could see it in the dark. Kind-a plaid...you know big criss-crosses.

JOE: What color was it?

MATT: Must-a been light. Some kind of light color. Tan maybe with green in it. Not sure.

JOE: Is there anything else you can tell us about these two men?

MATT: I think I done pretty good to give you that much.

JOE: Yes, sir. Thanks.

MATT: I'm not sayin' they had anything to do with shootin' Cece Evansdale, you understand.

FRANK: We understand.

MATT: It's up to you to find out who did do it and bring 'em to justice.

JOE: Yeah.

MATT: Don't know what's gettin' into this town. A man ain't safe in his own store. More crime all the time. More criminals. Wasn't like this twenty-five years ago.

JOE: Maybe not.

MATT: Why should there be more now?

JOE: You gave us the reason.

MATT: Huh?
Ail 15 -

11:36 PM we went back to the Liquor Store. The body had been moved to the County Morgue. Sgt. Allen told us that he and his crew had searched the walls, floor and furniture. There was no physical evidence and still no trace of the slug that had killed Cecil Evandale. The next morning, February 17th we again returned to the neighborhood and questioned shopkeepers in the vicinity. None of them offered any leads. 12:05 PM we went back to the office.

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

FRANK: Guess you were right, Joe.

JOE: What about?

FRANK: Fay. When I got home last night she was expecting candy or flowers or something.

JOE: I thought she told you not to buy her anything.

FRANK: Yeah, but that didn't keep her from being disappointed all over again.

JOE: What'd she say?

FRANK: She didn't say...just looked.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

JOE: I'll take it.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...PICK UP PHONE
1 JOE: (INTO PHONE) Homicide, Friday...Yeah, that's right, we're on it...Huh?....When?....I see, might tie in...
2 Give me the address.
3
4 SOUND: SCRIBBLES A NOTE
5 JOE: Uh-huh....yeah, thanks.
6
7 JOE: Office just got a report from a clinic out on Wilshire.
8 Man came in to see 'em this morning.
9 FRANK: Yeah?
10 JOE: With a .38 slug in his chest.
11 (END SCENE 4)
12 JOE: We drove out to a small medical center a few blocks West of Vermont Avenue and went into the offices of Dr. J. Y. Springer.
13
14
15 SOUND: OPEN DOOR...STEPS
16 NURSE: Good afternoon, gentlemen.
17 JOE: Afternoon. Is Dr. Springer in?
18 NURSE: Do you have an appointment?
19 JOE: We're police officers, ma'am.
20 NURSE: Oh.
21
22 FRANK: The Doctor busy?
23 NURSE: Well, he does have a patient with him right now.
24 JOE: That's all right. We'll wait.
25 NURSE: I'll tell him you're here. (FADING) I'm sure it won't be long.
Thank you.

SOUND: THE NURSE'S STEPS FADE OFF....JOE AND FRANK MOVE OVER TO A SOFA...SIT

FRANK: Think we're on the right track, Joe?

JOE: I dunno. Slug isn't in the liquor store. That's for sure. Jay says there isn't a mark on the walls.

FRANK: Had to hit something.

JOE: Or somebody.

FRANK: Yeah. (BEAT) Want a magazine?

JOE: No, thanks.

SOUND: PICK UP MAGAZINE...TURN PAGES

FRANK: That's funny.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: Brand new issue...see right here, February.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Brand new magazine in a Doctor's office.

JOE: GRUNTS

FRANK: Oh.

JOE: What's the matter?

FRANK: Medical journal.

SOUND: STEPS FADE IN

NURSE: The Doctor will see you now.
JOE: Thank you.

SOUND: THEY RISE...FOLLOW NURSE...OPEN DOOR

BEAT

NURSE: In here.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: THEY ENTER ROOM...CLOSE DOOR

FRANK: Dr. Springer?

SPRING: That's right.

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

SPRING: How do you do?

FRANK: AD LIB HELLO

SPRING: What can I do for you gentlemen?

JOE: You took a bullet out of a man's chest this morning.

SPRING: Oh...that.

JOE: Mind telling us about it?

SPRING: No, no. Not a bit. Young man came into the office. Must have been around ten o'clock.

JOE: Yes, sir?

SPRING: He told me that he and a friend had been looking at guns last night. One of them went off accidentally. I examined the wound. It was quite superficial. Bullet had barely penetrated the skin.

JOE: (GRUNTS)
SPRING: I removed it, put on a bandage. That's all there was to it.

JOE: I see.

SPRING: Very superficial. Didn't even need instruments. He could have squeezed it out himself if he'd tried.

FRANK: Was he a regular patient of yours, Doctor?

SPRING: No, no, I'd never seen him before. He said he was just passing through L.A.

JOE: Would you describe him for us please?

SPRING: Well, he was in his late teens or early twenties. Dark hair, stocky, weighed about one seventy I'd judge.

JOE: How tall was he?

SPRING: Five seven... five eight.

JOE: Uh-huh. Any distinguishing marks or scars?

SPRING: No, no, nothing like that.

JOE: How was he dressed?

SPRING: Slacks, sport shirt... loud jacket.

JOE: Loud?

SPRING: Yes, a plaid of some sort... green and brown. Shirt was open at the collar... no tie.

JOE: (GRUNTS) You reported that his name was Clyde Beaton?

SPRING: That's right.

FRANK: You think it's his real name, Doctor?

SPRING: I'm sure of it.

FRANK: Oh?
I SPRING: Have to be very careful whenever you treat a bullet wound. I always ask for identification.

JOE: Good idea.

SPRING: Young fellow was a little embarrassed at first, didn't have any.

JOE: No driver's license?

SPRING: It was in his other suit. I told him he'd have to stay here until I could contact the police.

JOE: What did he do then?

SPRING: Fished through his pockets, found a letter he had recently received. I took the name from the envelope. Clyde Beaton. Seemed sufficient identification under the circumstances.

JOE: Did you get Beaton's address?

SPRING: He said he was staying at the Crown Prince Hotel on Sunset.

JOE: That what the letter said?

SPRING: I'm afraid I don't remember. It was the name I was chiefly interested in.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Did you keep the slug, Doctor?

SPRING: Hmm?

FRANK: The bullet you took out of his chest.

SPRING: No, I'm afraid not. He wanted it for a souvenir.

JOE: Your report said it was a .38?
SPRING: That's right .38 caliber.

JOE: You sure of that?

SPRING: I've handled guns all my life. It's a hobby.

JOE: I see.

SPRING: Is this a serious matter, Sergeant?

JOE: Afraid we don't know yet.

SPRING: The wound was very superficial.

JOE: Yes, sir.

SPRING: I remember telling him how lucky he was...that the bullet hadn't gone in deeper.

JOE: He could have been luckier.

SPRING: How's that?

JOE: If it hadn't hit him at all.

(END SCENE 5)

(END ACT 1)

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
JOE: We drove over to the Crown Prince Hotel. They told us no one by the name of Clyde Beaton had been registered during the past month. They also told us that they had had no guests who answered the suspect's description. We checked the name through R & I. They had nothing on him. We also checked telephone books and city directories. We came up with two Clyde Beatons. The first was an elderly man who lived on Highland Avenue. We interviewed him and learned that he suffered from arthritis and had been bed-ridden for the past two years. He had no living relatives except for a daughter who kept house for him. The second Clyde Beaton lived on Washington Boulevard. We drove out to the address. It was a two-story brick and stucco apartment house.

SOUND: CLIMB UP STAIRS.....STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR...STOP UNDER

FRANK: Two-B uh?
JOE: That was the number on the mailbox.
FRANK: Here we are.
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR.....BEAT.....ANOTHER KNOCK
FRANK: Somebody's coming.
JOE: Uh-huh.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR
SANDRA: Yee?
JOE: Mr. Beaton in?
SANDRA: Why, no, he isn't?
JOE: You know where we can find him?
SANDRA: What for?
JOE: We're police officers, ma'am.
SANDRA: What?
JOE: This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.
FRANK: Are you Mrs. Beaton?
SANDRA: Yes.
FRANK: Mrs. Clyde Beaton?
SANDRA: That's right.
JOE: Could you tell us where your husband is please?
SANDRA: Why, he's not here.
JOE: Yes, ma'am. Where is he?
SANDRA: Chicago.
JOE: Oh.
SANDRA: Been there since last Friday.
JOE: You sure of that?
SANDRA: What's this all about?
JOE: Police business.
FRANK: Mind if we come in for a minute?
SANDRA: Why, no I guess not.
SOUND: STEPS...CLOSE DOOR
SANDRA: We can't talk very loud. The baby's asleep.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
FRANK: Your husband's in Chicago?
SANDRA: Since last Friday.
JOE: Business trip?
JOE: I see.
SANDRA: He did a bigger gross last year than any other west coast representative. That's why they picked him to go.
JOE: Un-huh.
SANDRA: It's quite an honor. He's only been with them a couple of years. Practically the youngest man on the force.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
SANDRA: Why they even had a dinner last night. Gave him a plaque.
JOE: Last night?
SANDRA: He called me afterwards....long distance.
JOE: From Chicago?
SANDRA: Don't you believe me?
FRANK: Does your husband have a gun, Mrs. Beaton?
SANDRA: What?
FRANK: A pistol or a revolver?
SANDRA: Why....I.....
JOE: Well, does he, Mrs. Beaton?
SANDRA: Why yes, he has a gun.
JOE: He take it with him?
SANDRA: No, of course not.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

SANDRA: Why would he take a gun to Chicago?

JOE: Would you get it for us please?

SANDRA: It's in the bedroom...bureau drawer. Baby's there.

JOE: We want to see it, Mrs. Beaton.

SANDRA: All right.

SOUND: QUIET STEPS...CAREFULLY OPEN DOOR...

FRANK: (SOTTO) Convention in Chicago. Ought-a be easy to check.

JOE: Yeah. Too easy.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: If a guy was setting up an alibi he'd pick something tougher to crack.

FRANK: You think we've struck out again?

JOE: Could be.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...THEN CLOSES COUPLE OF STEPS

SANDRA: I'm -- I'm sorry.

JOE: Ma'am?

SANDRA: The gun isn't there.

JOE: Oh?

SANDRA: I looked all through the bureau. I don't know what could have happened to it.

JOE: Maybe your husband did take it with him?

SANDRA: I packed all his things. He couldn't have.
JOE: I see.

SANDRA: Why we've always kept it in the top drawer where it'd be handy.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: You know where your husband's staying, Mrs. Beaton.

SANDRA: The Waterfield Hotel. I've never been in Chicago but it's right down town someplace.

JOE: What's the name of the company he works for?

SANDRA: Federated Plastics. Can't you tell me why you're asking all these questions?

JOE: We just want to get in touch with him.

SANDRA: What about?

JOE: Do you have a picture we can take with us?

SANDRA: Of Clyde?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SANDRA: Why I suppose so. But I'd like to know why. Is he in any trouble?

JOE: Not if he's been in Chicago for the last few days.

SANDRA: Why of course that's where he's been. I talked to him just last night.

JOE: Could we have the picture now?

SANDRA: I'll see what I can find. I think there are a couple of snap-shots in the desk. Would that be all right?
JOE: Yes, ma'am. Fine.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...GO THROUGH DESK DRAWER

FRANK: When's Mr. Beaton due back?

SANDRA: Day after tomorrow.

FRANK: He flying?

SANDRA: Uh-huh. I don't know which flight though. He said he'd send me a telegram. Oh, here's a picture.

SOUND: STEPS

SANDRA: Took it last summer on our vacation up in Yellowstone.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SANDRA: My brother Tim's in it too. Will that make any difference?

JOE: Perfectly all right.

SANDRA: That's Clyde sitting on the rock.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SANDRA: The one in the plaid coat.

(END SCENE 6)
JOE: We took the picture with us and stopped by Dr. Springer's clinic. His nurse told us he was operating at St. Thomas Hospital. She said she'd call as soon as he was free. We went back to the office and sent a teletype to the Chicago PD requesting information about Clyde Beaton supposedly registered at the Waterfield Hotel. Two hours later at 5:43 P.M., Chicago replied that a man answering Beaton's description and using his name was staying at the Waterfield. They also confirmed the fact that he had attended a convention dinner the previous evening.

FRANK: He sure comes up smellin' like a rose.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Do we check him out?

JOE: Better talk to him when he gets back in town.

FRANK: Uh-huh.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS...PICK UP PHONE

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Homicide, Friday...Yes, ma'am...How long will he be there?.....Would you ask him to wait please...

SOUND: HANGS UP

JOE: Doctor's back in his office.

FRANK: Still want to show him this picture?

JOE: So far it looks like we're a hundred percent wrong.

FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: Can't get any worse.

(END SCENE 7.)

JOE: We drove out to Dr. Springer's office and showed him the snapshot of Clyde Beaton.

SPRING: Uh-huh. That's him.

JOE: You sure, Doctor?

SPRING: No doubt about it. That's the young man I treated this morning.

FRANK: His wife says he's in Chicago.

SPRING: That's ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.

JOE: He does fit your description.

FRANK: Even the coat.

SPRING: Coat?

JOE: Isn't that the one you told us he was wearing... the plaid?

SPRING: But he isn't wearing -- oh, I see what you mean.

JOE: Huh?

SOUND: RUSTLE OF PHOTO

SPRING: The other chap in the picture. Yes, I believe that it is the same coat.

JOE: I'm afraid I don't follow you, Doctor.

SPRING: This is the young man who had the bullet in his chest.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SPRING: But when he came to see me this morning.....

JOE: Yeah?
SPRINGER: He had on this other man's coat.

(END SCENE 7)

JOE: Dr. Springer insisted he was positive in his identification of Mrs. Beaton's brother. 7:28 P.M. We again interviewed Mrs. Beaton.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SANDRA: Oh, it's you again.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SANDRA: What do you want now?

FRANK: Just a couple more questions.

SANDRA: You got me so nervous before I just didn't know what to do. I had to telephone Clyde— all the way to Chicago -- make sure he was all right.

JOE: We're sorry, ma'am.

SANDRA: It'll cost us a fortune in phone bills. He said the police back there had been bothering him, too. He couldn't imagine why.

JOE: We don't want to cause any trouble.

SANDRA: That doesn't help any.

JOE: Would you take another look at this picture, Mrs. Beaton?

SANDRA: What for? I gave it to you.
JOE: Yes, ma'am. You said the other man was your brother?
SANDRA: What about him?
FRANK: What's his name, please?
SANDRA: Tim.
FRANK: His last name?
SANDRA: Larkin....Tim Larkin.
JOE: Does the coat your husband's wearing in the picture belong to him or your brother?
SANDRA: It's Clyde's coat, of course. He's wearing it.
JOE: Is it in the house now?
SANDRA: No. I don't know where it is. Cleaners I guess.
JOE: It wasn't here when I packed Clyde's bag last week.
SANDRA: Your brother live in LA?
JOE: Yes.
SANDRA: Whereabouts?
JOE: Why he lived with us until a few weeks ago. Then he and a friend of his took an apartment over on Bellwood Avenue.
JOE: You know the number?
SANDRA: 261 West.
JOE: What's his friend's name?
SANDRA: Why it's Bill Dressingham. They went to college together.
JOE: Uh-huh.

SANDRA: That's why Tim came to California. To go to school. Our folks live back in South Dakota.

JOE: I see.

SANDRA: Did all right the first couple of years but something happened last semester. He just sort of lost interest. Quit school. Both him and Bill. Got jobs and rented this apartment. I guess they're making good money. It's a very nice place.

JOE: Yeah.

SANDRA: It isn't Tim, is it?

JOE: Ma'am?

SANDRA: Why the reason you've been coming back and forth here all day?

JOE: We don't know yet.

SANDRA: If anything's happened, it'll be my fault. I'm supposed to be responsible for Tim while he's in California. Why the folks don't know he isn't going to school any more. They think he's still living with us.

JOE: Uh-huh.

SANDRA: He's the baby of the family. Just turned twenty-one. I thought I'd wait until mom and dad realized he's a grown man. Then I'd tell them he's on his own.
JILL

-33-

SOUND:

TIM:

JOE:

9 TIM:

SOUND:

TIM:

JOE:

13 TIM:

15 SOUND:

TIM:

JIM:

18 JOE:

19 TIM:

20 JOE:

21 TIM:

Maybe you waited too long.

(END SCENE 7)

9:15 PM. We went over to the Bellwood address Mrs. Beaton had given us. We found a card on one of the doors with the names Beaton and Dickens on it.

KNOCK ON DOOR.....BEAT.....KNOCK AGAIN.

(THRU DOOR) Yeah.....Who is it?

Open up.

(THRU DOOR) Why the big migilla?

(OPEN DOOR)

All right, get your hands against the wall.

Huh?

Police officers; start movin'!! Turn around!!!!!

Okay, okay.

COUPLE OF STEPS.

BEAT.

He's not heavy, Joe.

Okay. What's your name?

Tim Larkin.

Unbutton your shirt.

Ruh?
JOE: Go on unbutton it!
TIM: Yes, sir.
BEAT.
JOE: Where'd you get that bandage?
TIM: I fell down.
JOE: Come on, where'd you get it.
TIM: Fell down I said.
FRANK: You see a Doctor?
TIM: No.
JOE: How do you know it isn't serious?
TIM: It's gettin' better.
JOE: You didn't see a doctor?
TIM: No.
JOE: Well, we've got one we'd like you to see.
TIM: What are you talkin' about?
JOE: Doctor Springer.
BEAT.
TIM: Oh
JOE: You ever hear of him?
TIM: I guess so.
JOE: Well?
We were just horsin' around -- Dick and me -- foolin' with a gun.

Who's Dick?
Fellow I live with.
Go on.
Gun went off. Bullet caught me in the chest. That's all.
Where's the gun?
What difference does it make?
Where is it?
Closet.
You stay where you are.
I'll check.

Where were you last night?
What time?
All of it.
Here.
All evening, uh?
Yes, sir.

(STEPS FADE ON)

(FADING ON) Found it, Joe.
Uh-huh.
FRANK: Thirty-eight. Found this too.
JOE: That your coat, Larkin?
TIM: No.
JOE: Whose is it?
TIM: Brother-in-law's.
JOE: Who does the gun belong to?
TIM: Him.
JOE: He give it to you?
TIM: Borrowed it.
JOE: Borrow the coat too?
TIM: Yeah.
JOE: Where were you last night?
TIM: I said before....Right here.
JOE: You been over on Pico lately?
TIM: No.
JOE: You sure of that?
TIM: I'm sure.
JOE: Coat was.
TIM: I don't know what you mean.
JOE: You might as well tell us.
TIM: Tell you what?
JOE: We got a casing.
TIM: Yeah?
JOE: From a .38...Found it in a liquor store last night.
TIM: So.
JOE: Owner was killed.

TIM: Lots of .38's around.
JOE: Be real easy to check your gun against the casing we found.

BEAT

JOE: Well?
BEAT

FRANK: Come on, Larkin.
TIM: Guess you'll find out anyway.
JOE: Go'head,
TIM: I was there,
JOE: Evandale Liquor store?
TIM: Yeah. Me and Dick. We was gonna hold up the joint.
JOE: That's all. Just hold him up.
TIM: Go on,
TIM: Dick had the gun. I didn't have nothing to do with that part. He was holdin' the gun on the old geezer and I went around behind -- to get at the cash register.
JOE: Uh-huh.

TIM: Somethin' happened. I dunno what. Maybe Dick was squeezing too hard on the trigger. Maybe he got scared. I dunno.

JOE: Yeah.

TIM: Gun went off. Old guy fell down. Same time I knew I felt a little pain here in my chest. Bullet must-a gone through him and hit me.

JOE: GRUNTS

TIM: Dick got all panicky. Turned around and started runnin'. I stuck right on his heels.

JOE: Where's Dick now?

TIM: Bar down the street. Went out for a beer.

FRANK: He carryin' a gun?

TIM: No, sir. This is the only one we got.

FRANK: All right. Let's go.

TIM: You understand I didn't have nothin' to do with the shooting. It was Dick that pulled the trigger. I didn't have nothin' to do with it. Wasn't even involved.

JOE: We don't see it that way.

TIM: Huh?

JOE: You ended up with the slug.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: Ladies and gentlemen, the story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On June 14th trial was held in Department 93, Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.

FENN: Now here is our star Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
GIBNEY: Richard Seton Dickens and Timothy Wilkes Larkin were tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. The jury returned a recommendation of leniency and the suspects are now serving life terms at the State Penitentiary, San Quentin California.
You have just heard Dragnet -- a series of authentic cases from official files. Technical advice comes from the Office of Chief of Police, W. H. Parker, Los Angeles Police Department. Technical advisors: Captain Jack Donohoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brashear. Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander,______________________________

__________________________________________________________

Script by Frank Burt...Music by Walter Schumann...Hal Gibney speaking.

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)