DRAGNET

DIRECTOR..................JACK WEBB
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR......FRANK BURT
PRODUCER..................WALTER SCHUMANN
WRITER....................JEAN MILES
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR......BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY
ENGINEER..................RAOUL MURPHY
ACTOR #1..................GEORGE PENNiman
ACTOR #2..................HAL GINEY, NBC

"THE BIG FATHER"

RELEASE DATE:............MARCH 8, 1955
SPONSOR..................CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES
AGENCY....................CUNNINGHAM-WALSH
COMMERCIAL SUPERVISION....PETE PETERSON
TECHNICAL ADVISORS:

Sgt. MARTY WYNN............L.A.P.D.
Sgt. VANCE BRASHER.........L.A.P.D.
Capt. JACK DONOHUE........L.A.P.D.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:
RECORDING: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1955 "A"
TIME AND SOUND: 2:30 - 5:00 PM
Taping.....................T.B.A.
Mixing.....................T.B.A.
THEATER
DUNCES....................(COMMERCIAL)
ADCAST..................7:00 - 7:30 PM - STUDIO "J" -- BY T.R.
"THE BIG FATHER!"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY.................................................. JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH................................................... BEN ALEXANDER
WALT BIRCHER............................................................. RALPH MOODY
ANN PERKINS............................................................... IRENE TEBROW
MARGOT SOMMERSBY........................................................ PEGGY WEBER
VIOLET CASTLE............................................................. VIRGINIA GREGG
DORA MAPLE................................................................. JOYCE McCLUSKY
RALPH MAPLE............................................................... HERB ELLIS
TAXI DRIVER............................................................... RALPH MOODY
NET RADIO
MARCH 8, 1955
OPENING COMMERCIAL

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

Your job -- stop him.

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FENNEMAN: 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: HARP UP AND OUT

FENNEMAN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield smoothness.

GIRL: So smooth ... so satisfying!

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENNEMAN: 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

FENNEMAN: Next time you buy cigarettes ... Stop .... Remember this

-- In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL
GIBNEY: 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.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BONUS AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR...SLIGHT ECHO AND CORRIDOR BG

JOE: It was Tuesday, April 12th. It was sunny in Los Angeles.

We were working the day watch out of Burglary Detail.

My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Barnard.

My name's Friday. I was on my way back from the business office and it was 4:31 PM when I got to Room 45...

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)...Burglary.

SOUND: JOE ENTERS THE ROOM. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM...HE WALKS INTO SQUADROOM AND B.G. CHANGES

WAUT: (FADEING ON) Been reading about it in the papers...you know little items here and there. Not front page stuff but it started me to thinking.

FRANK: Yes, sir. (SEEING JOE) Hi, Joe.

JOE: Hi.

FRANK: Mr. Bircher, this is my partner, Sergeant Friday.

WAUT: How do.
How are you, Mr. Bircher?

Walt: Pretty good, pretty good. Except for my feet... they're killin' me.

Joe: Oh?

Walt: That's just a little joke amongst us mailmen, Sergeant. Somebody asks us how we feel, we say our dogs are killin' us. It ain't the truth necessarily but it's what folks expect to hear... so we don't disappoint 'em.

Joe: Sure.

Walt: Truth is I ain't had a bit of trouble with my feet in over ten years. Not a corn or a bunion. Not one.

Joe: Uh-huh.

Walt: Walking's good for 'em. That's what they're there for. More you use 'em, the better off you are. You fellows get a chance to tramp around much?

Joe: Sometimes.

Walt: You just take my advice. Do all the walkin' you can. Make a new man of you. Not just your feet either. Straightens out your whole insides. Top to bottom.

Joe: Grunts.

Walt: Be sure you got a good fit though -- in your shoes. Not too big, not too small. Good fit. That's the important thing.

Joe: Yes, sir. (Beat) What was it you wanted to see us about, Mr. Bircher?
I was just tellin' your partner here...Smith, is it?

That's right.

Well, I was just tellin' Mr. Smith, my mail route's out in the Silverlake District.

Uh-huh.

You know where they been havin' them burglaries lately?

Yes, sir.

Sure is a shame. Nice part of town...quiet, residential.

Nice people, too. Been deliverin' their mail for the past twelve years.

You know, peek out the front window until you come into sight, then they meet you halfway down the walk.

Always claim they're expectin' an important letter. Guess I'm lucky. Don't have too many peekers on my route.

Well, like I said, you get to know people pretty well in the space of twelve years. Now you take Mrs. Davenport -- lives in the seven hundred block on St. George Place.
JOE: Uh-huh.

WALT: Minute I gave her her mail last Friday, I could tell something was wrong. Didn't even glance at her post cards -- that was the tip-off.

JOE: Yes, sir.

WALT: Told me somebody had sneaked into her house that morning. Stole twenty dollars cash and her diamond engagement ring. Said she'd left it on the sink when she started doin' the breakfast dishes. Went in the other room to answer the phone. That must-a been when she was robbed.

JOE: 

WALT: You already heard about Mrs. Davenport bein' robbed, have you?

JOE: Yes, sir. We talked to her last week.

WALT: Oh, you're the fellows come to see her about it?

JOE: That's right.

WALT: She sure speaks highly of you. Says you're doin' everything you can to catch the fellow. It's a shame, ain't it? Fine lady like Mrs. Davenport. Gave me a pair of socks last Christmas, knitted 'em herself. Real fancy with sort of a diamond shape pattern -- you know, argyle?

JOE: Uh-huh.

WALT: You had any luck yet?
JOE: How's that?
WALT: Catchin' the guy that robbed her.
JOE: Not so far.
WALT: Well, I don't know whether this'll help you or not but I thought I ought to tell you about it anyway.
JOE: About what, Mr. Bircher?
WALT: Happened twice to my knowledge -- twice in the last two weeks. Once just this morning. That's why I come down here as soon as I got off work.
JOE: Uh-huh.
WALT: It was Mrs. Perkins on South Maltman it happened to today. Says she walked out into her kitchen and there he was...big as life.
JOE: Yes, sir?
WALT: Stranger -- complete stranger. She asked him what he was doin' there. He said he was from the light company...come to repair her electric stove.
JOE: Uh-huh.
WALT: Thing is Mrs. Perkins don't have an electric stove.
JOE: Oh.
WALT: Fellow apologized, said he'd got into the wrong house by mistake, Mrs. Perkins didn't think nothin' about it. Just happened to mention it when I come by with the mail.
JOE: I didn't think nothin' about it either, not at first.
WALT: GRUNTS
WALT: Then I remembered same thing happened to Mrs. Johnstone over on Scott Street — week — ten days ago. Found a man from the light company standin' in her kitchen. She hadn't sent for him either. He said they'd give him the wrong address. Now it just don't stand to reason the light company'd be sending people to the wrong addresses all the time.

JOE: No, sir.

WALT: Got to thinkin' about them burglaries — Mrs. Davenport and the ones I read about in the papers. Wondered if there wasn't some connection.

JOE: Might be. It's the way a hot prowl artist works.

WALT: Hot prowl?

JOE: Day-time burglar. Operates when the victim is apt to be in the house.

WALT: Oh.

FRANK: Could you give us their addresses, Mr. Bircher?

WALT: Huh?

FRANK: The two ladies you were telling us about.

WALT: You mean that found the fellow from the light company in the kitchen?

FRANK: Yes, sir.
WALT: Mrs. Perkins -- she lives on South Maltman -- number 201. Mrs. Waldo Perkins, that's her full name.

SOUND: SCRATCH OF PENCIL

FRANK: 201. And the other lady?

WALT: Johnstone -- Mrs. Nellie Johnstone -- she's a widow lady.

Her address is 1247 Scott Street. Corner of Scott and Branden.

FRANK: Thanks.

JOE: Would you mind showing us just what your mail route covers, Mr. Bircher?

WALT: Hmm?

JOE: On the map over there.

WALT: Oh, sure...sure.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS... FINGER ON MAP

WALT: Starts here...

JOE: Uh-huh.

WALT: Down this street like so...then over here...this whole section...these streets here...and down here. This is where I end up.

JOE: I see.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

FRANK: That's the right area, all right.

JOE: Yeah.

WALT: Anything else I can do for you?

JOE: No, sir. I don't believe so. We appreciate your coming in.
WALT: Figured I ought to help you out if I could. Seein' as how we both work for the same boss.

JOE: Hmm?

WALT: The taxpayer.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: We checked with the utility companies and they told us they had made no recent repair calls in the vicinity of the addresses Mr. Bircher had given us. 5:46 PM. Frank and I drove out to 201 South Maltman. It was a one-story stucco bungalow set behind a white picket fence.

SOUND: STEPS ON WALK...UP TO FRONT DOOR

FRANK: Real beach weather, uh?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Thought maybe I'd take the kids down next Sunday. Want to come along?

JOE: We'll see what happens.

FRANK: Sure.

SOUND: STEPS STOP...RING DOORBELL...BEAT...DOOR IS THROWN OPEN

ANN: Well, it's about time you -- where are the flowers?

JOE: Ma'am?

ANN: Aren't you from MacAdams Flower shop?
JOE: No, ma'am. We're --

ANN: They promised me they'd have them here by five. Promised faithfully. You just can't depend on anybody. Well what is it?

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

ANN: Police?

JOE: This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.

ANN: Oh, for heaven's sake.

FRANK: You're Mrs. Perkins?

ANN: Yes, of course. Who did you think I was?

FRANK: We'd like to talk to you for a minute.

ANN: What on earth about? Please, I'm in an awful hurry. I've got sixteen people coming for dinner.

JOE: Couple of questions. Won't take long.

ANN: Oh, all right, all right. I suppose you might as well come in.

JOE: Thank you.

SOUND: THEY MOVE INTO THE HOUSE...CLOSE DOOR

ANN: It isn't about Waldo?

FRANK: Ma'am?

ANN: My husband. It isn't about him, is it? Not on top of everything else.

FRANK: No, ma'am.

ANN: I don't know whether I'm coming or going. I'm just not up to a big dinner party anymore. I shouldn't have tried.
FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

JOE: We understand you had a visitor this morning, Mrs. Perkins.

ANN: Visitor?

JOE: A man who said he'd come to fix your stove.

ANN: Oh, yes. Now how on earth did you -- tsk...tsk...that mailman. I ought to know better than to tell him anything. He spreads it all over town.

JOE: You hadn't sent for an electrician?

ANN: Certainly not. If anything was wrong with my stove I'd send to the gas company. It's a gas range. Oh, that reminds me... cake-in-the-oven... You'll have to excuse me for a minute.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: SHE WALKS OFF

FRANK: Just like Fay.

JOE: Hmm?

FRANK: Couple of hours before throwin' a party, you'd think she was havin' a nervous collapse.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: After the guests arrive it's a different story.

JOE: Oh?

FRANK: Spends the whole evenin' tellin' 'em how she hasn't gone to any fuss or bother. Acts like givin' a dinner is as easy as pie.
ANN: Not that I noticed. Might have.

JOE: What did he say to you?

FRANK: No scare or anything like that?

ANN: (FADING ON) Just got it in time. Wonder the whole thing hadn't burned up. Wouldn't have surprised me. Now what was it you -- oh, yes, about the man from the light company.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: STEPS FADE ON

ANN: (FADING ON) Just got it in time. Wonder the whole thing hadn't burned up. Wouldn't have surprised me. Now what was it you -- oh, yes, about the man from the light company.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Could you describe him for us, please?

ANN: Describe him?

JOE: That's right.

ANN: I don't know what you mean.

JOE: Well, was he tall or short?

ANN: I hardly even looked at him -- he was just an ordinary man.

JOE: I see. How old would you say he was?

ANN: Isn't this kind of foolish?

JOE: We aren't sure yet. Do you have any idea of his age?

ANN: Youngish I guess -- about thirty.

JOE: Uh-huh. How was he dressed.

ANN: I'm afraid I don't remember.

JOE: Did he have on a uniform of any kind?

ANN: No, no uniform. Suit I think. I didn't pay much attention.

FRANK: No scars or anything like that?

ANN: Not that I noticed. Might have.

JOE: What did he say to you?
ANN: Just that he'd made a mistake, that he was in the wrong house. That's all.

JOE: Uh-huh. Did he have any kind of an accent?

ANN: No. He sounded like a plain every-day American to me.

JOE: I see.

FRANK: Do you suppose you'd recognize him if you saw him again?

ANN: I don't think so. If it had been some other day when I wasn't so busy, when I didn't have so much on my mind....

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Did you notice where he went when he left here?

ANN: Out the back door.

JOE: He drive away?

ANN: I really haven't any idea. If you're so interested in the poor man you'd better talk to Margot.

JOE: Margot?

ANN: Mrs. Sommersby -- my next-door neighbor. She was doing some gardening this morning.

JOE: Uh-huh.

ANN: I suppose she saw him too. There isn't much that gets by Margot. She's a little on the nosey side if you know what I mean.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Which house is hers?

ANN: That one there.
ANN: Now I've just simply got to get back to my dinner. I haven't even started the salad yet.

JOE: Just one more thing Mrs. Perkins.

ANN: Well, what is it now?

JOE: Is anything missing from around the house?

ANN: Missing?

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Money or anything of value?

ANN: Why, no. No, of course not.

JOE: You sure?

ANN: What on earth are you driving at? A man makes a perfectly honest mistake. Next thing I know the police are bothering me. You'd think he was a criminal or something.

JOE: Sorry we troubled you, Mrs. Perkins.

ANN: I just don't understand it. People come here all the time, day in day out. Some of 'em have the right address, some of them have the wrong one. Spend half my life answerin' the doorbell.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. 

ANN: What's so special about this fellow?

JOE: He didn't ring your doorbell.

(END SCENE 2)
We left Mrs. Perkins and went over to talk to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Sommersby. Mrs. Sommersby told us she had spent most of the morning in her garden transplanting begonias. She also said she remembered seeing a stranger enter Mrs. Perkins' house about ten thirty A.M.

I don't think he noticed me. I was down on my hands and knees behind the hedge.

Uh-huh.

Remember thinkin' it was kind a odd, the way he just walked in. Then I decided it was probably somebody about the party she's giving tonight. Delivery-man, somebody like that.

Yes, ma' am.

Did you see him leave?

Couple of minutes later. He came backing out, headed around toward the front of the house.

Did he have a car?

I suppose so.

You aren't sure?

No, no, I just assumed he did. If he was a delivery-

man......

Uh-huh......

Would you describe him for us, Mrs. Sommersby?

Doesn't Mrs. Perkins know who he was?

She isn't sure.
MARGOT: Well, she must know what he looked like.

J O E: We'd like to check your description against hers.

MARGOT: I suppose she was a bit vague. 10/30

J O E: GRUNTS.

MARGOT: I'm not surprised. Doesn't have a very sharp eye. Can't see her nose in front of her face.

J O E: GRUNTS

MARGOT: And the way she's been carrying on about this dinner party, well, it's a wonder to me she even remembered the man.

J O E: Yes, ma'am.

MARGOT: You'd think if she could entertain sixteen people two more wouldn't be any extra trouble.

J O E: Uh?

MARGOT: All her talk about just having friends of her sister's -- that's who the party's for -- her sister from Cleveland. They're out here on a visit.

J O E: Uh-huh.

MARGOT: Excuse that's what it is -- to get out of inviting Rex and me. Well, she won't need excuses in the future. Our relationship will be on somewhat different basis.

J O E: Yes, ma'am. Now if you'll tell us about the man you saw this morning.
MARGOT: Oh, him.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MARGOT: Well, he was good-sized. Tall as you are maybe. Little heavier. Late twenties or early thirties I'd put him.

JOE: Uh-huh.

MARGOT: Dark hair...needed a haircut. Nice looking. Not real handsome or anything like that, but good-looking.

JOE: Do you remember how he was dressed?

MARGOT: Coat and pants. Don't think they matched. Not too sporty though.

JOE: I see.

MARGOT: Walked real fast -- brisk. Like he was in a big hurry.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. Anything else?

MARGOT: No -- no, I can't think of anything.

FRANK: Has he been around this neighborhood before?

MARGOT: Stranger to me.

JOE: Would you recognize him if you ran into him again?

MARGOT: Don't see why not.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

MARGOT: Excuse me.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...PICK UP PHONE

MARGOT: Hello....yes?....Oh.....that's too bad....Uh-huh....Well, I don't know....Oh....Well, I suppose you do, but....Oh,

I see....Bye.

SOUND: HANGS UP...COUPLE OF STEPS
MARGOT: Hi, Mrs. Perkins.

JOE: Oh?

MARGOT: Says the Barrington's can't come. Mr. Barrington's got virus. Wants me and Rex to fill in at the last minute.

Well, if you're all through, Sergeant.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MARGOT: I'd better start getting ready.

(END SCENE 3)
We told Mrs. Somersby to get in touch with us if she saw
the suspect in the neighborhood again. We also told her
we might need her assistance in making an identification
from mug shots. She offered to do all she could to help
us. 6:48 PM Frank and I canvassed the vicinity for
anyone else who might have seen the suspect. We were
unable to turn up another witness. 8:06 PM we drove
over to Scott Avenue and interviewed Mrs. Nellie
Johnstone. Mrs. Johnstone stated that on Monday of the
previous week a strange man had entered her kitchen. He
claimed to be from the electric company. He apologized
for coming to the wrong address and left immediately.
Her description of the suspect tallied with what we
already had. The next day, April 13th, we checked the
description and MO with the Staats office. They came up
with three possibles. We took the names to R & I and
pulled their packages. 12:08 PM we went back to the
office.

SOUND: SQUADROOM BG

What do you think, Joe?
From these mug shots could be any one of 'em.
Yeah.
Better try for an identification.
Who do you want to start with?
JOE: Doesn't matter. Mrs. Perkins I guess.
FRANK: Okay. Wonder how her party went last night.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS
JOE: Got it.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS... PICK UP PHONE
JOE: (INTO PHONE) Sur ary, Friday... Yeah... Where'd it happen... Uh-huh... Yeah, that's the neighborhood.... How long ago? I see... Thanks.....

SOUND: HANGS UP..... COUPLE OF STEPS
JOE: Looks like we won't need Mrs. Perkins. They just brought a lady into Georgia Street who lives out in the Silver Lake area.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: Found a man going through her purse in the bedroom.
FRANK: Uh-huh.
JOE: Slugged her.

(END OF SCENE 4)
(END PART 1)
(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET - RADIO
3-8-55

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GROUP:  (SHOUT) Stop!

2 WOODBLOCK - PLAY TRIPLET FIGURE

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

4 SMILING ALL THE WHILE WITH CHESTERFIELD

5 PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING - JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY

6 LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!

7 WOODBLOCK -- TRIPLET FIGURE

8 GROUP:  THEY SATISFY!

9 GIRL:  Put a smile in your smoking!

10 FENN:  Next time you buy cigarettes ... Stop ... Remember this --

11 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

12 Chesterfield!  Put a smile in your smoking!

13 MUSIC:  VIBRAHARP STINGS

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

15 MUSIC:  STINGS OUT

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

17 MUSIC:  STING

18 FENN:  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 ....

19 MUSIC:  STING

20 FENN:  Low in nicotine .....  

21 MUSIC:  STING  

(MORE)
DRAGNET RADIO
March 8, 1955

SECOND COMMERCIAL -- (Continued)

1 FENNEMAN: Best for you!
2 MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT
3 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!
4 FENNEMAN: Buy Chesterfield! So smooth .... so satisfying ....
5 Chesterfield!
6 MUSIC: CLOSE UP FULL Δ / 47
We drove over to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital and talked to Dr. Sebastian. He told us that a Mrs. Violet Castle had been brought in for treatment. He said she had a bad bruise on her face and a slight concussion. He also said she hadn't lost consciousness and was able to talk.

SOUND: OPEN DOOR...COUPLE OF STEPS

FRANK: Mrs. Castle?

VIOLET: Yes?

FRANK: We're police officers, ma'am.

VIOLET: Okay.

JOE: We'd like you to tell us what happened.

VIOLET: I told the others when they came to get me.

JOE: Yes, ma'am. We'd like to hear it from you.

VIOLET: Could I -- could I have some water? The Doctor said it was all right.

JOE: Sure.

SOUND: FILL GLASS...FROM PITCHER.

VIOLET: (TAKES A DRINK) Thank you.

SOUND: SET DOWN GLASS

VIOLET: Don't know why I'm so thirsty.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET: He was just standing there by the dresser. I couldn't imagine where he came from.

JOE: Uh-huh.
VIOLET: I didn't say anything for a minute. I was too surprised. He didn't seem to know I was in the room. His back was towards me.

JOE: What was he doing?

VIOLET: I couldn't tell not at first. Then I heard a little snap -- just a click.

JOE: Uh-huh.

VIOLET: Realized he was opening my purse.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET: Started fumbling at the things inside...I must have moved or something...anyway he looked up...saw me in the mirror.

JOE: GRUNTS

VIOLET: His eyes opened up real wide -- like he was scared. I remember thinkin' he's more scared than I am.

JOE: Did he say anything?

VIOLET: No, sir. Not a word. I did all the talking. Told him to put down my purse. "Put it down," I said. Tried to sound real sure of myself.

JOE: What happened next?

VIOLET: Dropped the pocket book, turned around toward me. I don't think he had a gun or anything. If he did I didn't see it.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.
VIOLET: Just started runnin' toward the door. I moved over so's I'd been in his way. "Where do you think you're goin'?" I said.

JOE: Uh-huh.

VIOLET: Didn't answer. Just pushed past me. I grabbed at his arm. That's when he hit me. Here where the bandage is.

JOE: I see.

VIOLET: Hit me real hard. With his fist all doubled up.

(JOSEPH CLEARLY THROAT) Throat's awful dry.

JOE: Like some more water?

VIOLET: If you please. Doctor said it wouldn't do any harm.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: PICK UP GLASS

VIOLET: (TAKES ANOTHER DRINK) You wouldn't think a hit on the head would make a body so thirsty, would you?

JOE: You never know.

VIOLET: Must-a struck the chair when I fell. Doctor tells me I'm gonna have a real bump...Guess everybody will be saying Violet Castle's sure got the swell-head, uh?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET: Didn't faint though. Thought for a minute I was going to but I didn't.

JOE: Uh-huh.
VIOLET: Heard him run out of the house. Like a herd of wild horses, the way he pounded out of there. Managed to get to my feet, made it to the telephone in the hall. Called the police.

JOE: GRUNTS

VIOLET: They sent an ambulance for me. Got there real quick. First time I ever rode in an ambulance.

JOE: That so?

VIOLET: Oh, I've had my share of sickness, been in hospitals and all that, but I never had an ambulance ride before.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET: Siren too. Siren going all the way down here. I thought I must be pretty bad off if they had to use the siren like that, but the Doctor says its usual.

JOE: Uh-huh.

VIOLET: Told me I'd be up and around again in a few days. Be my old self. Except for my lump. Be awhile before a lump like that goes away.

JOE: Uh. Do you think you could identify the man who hit you, Mrs. Castle?

VIOLET: Identify him?

JOE: If we'd showed you some pictures, could you pick him out?

VIOLET: Right now?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

VIOLET: Afraid not.
Oh.

VIOLET: It isn't that I wouldn't know him, you understand -- him or his picture. I'm not likely to forget that face.

JOE: Well, then...

VIOLET: Too dark in here for me to look at any pictures. Way too dark. Doctor said they had to leave the blinds down for the time being. Told me not to turn the light on.

JOE: I see.

VIOLET: I'm sorry I can't be more help but the Doctor left strict orders.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

FRANK: I'll check on it, Joe.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: STEPS FADE...OPEN AND CLOSE DOOR

VIOLET: Always believe in followin' Doctor's orders.

JOE: Sure.

VIOLET: No use in paying a doctor unless you do what he tells you. That's how my husband always used to put it.

JOE: Uh-huh.

VIOLET: Of course I'm not paying anything here, am I? That's what they told me.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.
I explained I wasn't a charity case. Got some health and accident insurance. Guess you'd call this an accident, wouldn't you?

I imagine so.

DOOR OPENS....STEPS FADE IN....CLOSE DOOR

Dr. Sebastian says we can turn the light on for a few minutes, Joe.

Okay.

You're sure it's all right?

Yes, ma'am.

He was so positive before....about keeping it dark in here.

Couple of minutes probably won't make any difference, Mrs. Castle.

Well, if the Doctor says so....

Yes, ma'am.

SNAP ON LIGHT

Sure seems bright, don't it?

Yes, ma'am. Now if you'll just look through these photos..

Do my best.

SURE SHOTS

Sure is funny.

How's that?

You getting here so quick and having pictures all ready to show me.

Well, we don't know that we've got his picture.
VIOLET: That's what's so funny.

JOE: Ma'am?

VIOLET: This is him...right here.

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: Mrs. Castle positively identified one of the mug shots we had shown her -- Ralph Foster Maple. Maple had done time for burglary. The three ladies we had previously interviewed also identified the suspect's picture.

3:16 P.M. We went back to the office. Crime lab reported that there were no fingerprints or other physical evidence at Mrs. Castle's home. Frank and I checked phone books and city directories for Maple's address. There was no listing. We ran DMV for a car registration. They had nothing under his name but they told us that a Mrs. Ralph F. Maple at 317 Himber Street was the registered owner of a late model Nash Sedan.

4:48 P.M. We drove out to interview Mrs. Maple.

SOUND: STEPS UP TO DOOR

FRANK: Made up your mind about Sunday yet?

JOE: Humm?

FRANK: The beach.

JOE: Well, if it's a nice day.

FRANK: Paper says it's gonna be clear all week-end.

SOUND: RING DOOR BELL
Kids are all excited about the idea.

Yeah...

DOOR OPEN

Yes?

Mrs. Maple?

Yes.

Your husband in?

My husband?

Yes, ma'am.

I'm afraid you've made a mistake.

Oh?

I'm not married -- not any more.

I see. You were married to Ralph Maple?

Yes.

We're police officers, Mrs. Maple.

Oh.

This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.

What's he done now?

We'd like to get in touch with him, that's all. Mind if we come in?

Give me a minute to send my daughter over to the neighbors. I'd rather she didn't hear this.

Yes, ma'am.

COUPLE OF STEPS FADE AWAY
Fay won't be goin' with us.

Him?

On Sunday.

Ch.

Says she's gotta take off five pounds before she'd dare try to get into a bathing suit.

Uh-huh.

COPLES OF STEPS FADE ON

You can come in now.

Well, what is it this time -- burglarly again?

We're just trying to reach him, Mrs. Maple. Do you know where he lives?

No.

Well, is he still in Los Angeles?

I suppose so. He was a couple of weeks ago. Came by to see Joanne. She's our daughter.

Uh-huh.

I should have known he was up to something....

Ma'am?

Brought us presents -- expensive presents. Said he had a new job. I didn't really believe him but I tried to for Joanne's sake.

Did he say what this job was?
DORA: Selling. Didn't mention the firm. I suppose he could be a good salesman if he'd try.

JOE: Did he have a car?

DORA: Told me it was in the shop being repaired. Came up in a taxi-cab.

JOE: I see.

DORA: He's a great one for taxi's -- Ralph is. Big tipper too. With somebody else's money. I'm sorry. I guess I sound a little bitter, don't I?

JOE: GRUNTS

DORA: It was my own doing. I knew he was wild when I married him. I thought he'd change. He did. He got worse.

JOE: How long have you been divorced?

DORA: Little over two years now. Oh. I waited until he got out of prison. I thought that was my duty -- have a home ready for him to come back to.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

DORA: Wouldn't hold down a job, didn't even try. Well we'd managed without him while he was in San Quentin, I know we could do it again. He's supposed to support Joanne. I haven't seen a penny in six months. Always brings her a present though. That's his way of trying to get on her good side.

JOE: You know any of his friends who might help us locate him?
His friends aren't my friends, Sergeant.
Yes, ma'am.
But you won't have any trouble finding him.
Ma'am?
He'll be here tomorrow.
Oh?
It's Joanne's birthday. He'll bring her something.
He'll be here.
I suppose he does love her -- in his way. Maybe he loves me too.
GRUNTS
Maybe I love him. I was even thinking about us getting back together -- if it was true about this new selling job. I guess you never learn, do you?
You're sure he'll be here tomorrow?
He wouldn't miss Joanne's birthday. Ralph's a very thoughtful father. Not the kind of man who forgets birthdays and anniversaries.
Uh-huh.
Might forget to pay his bills but that's different.
Yes, ma'am.
It'll be quite a birthday present for Joanne, won't it?
Hum?
DORA: Her father being arrested again.

(END SCENE 6)

JOE: The next day, Thursday, April 14th, we staked out Mrs. Maple's house. 3:30 P.M. a taxicab pulled up and Ralph Maple got out. He was carrying a large package.

SOUND: MOTOR RUNNING OFF

RALPH: (OFF) Keep the change.

CABBIE: (OFF) Thanks, Mister.

SOUND: CAB DRIVES AWAY...STEPS AS FRANK AND JOE WALK UP TO

RALPH.

JOE: Ralph Maple?

RALPH: Huh?

JOE: Police officers. Stand still.

RALPH: What's going on?

SOUND: FRANK MAKES A QUICK SEARCH

FRANK: He's light, Joe.

JOE: Okay, let's go.

RALPH: Now wait a minute...Can't you tell me what this is all about?

JOE: We'll let you tell us, down-town.

RALPH: You can't arrest a man without some reason.

JOE: Where were you yesterday?

RALPH: What time?

JOE: Let's start with the morning.

RALPH: Got up...had breakfast...went shopping.
JOE: Whereabouts?

RALPH: Dept. Stores. Had to buy a present for my daughter.

This is it, right here. (LITTLE RATTLE OF PAPER)

JOE: That take you all morning?

RALPH: Most of it.

JOE: Come on. Get in the car.

RALPH: If you'll just tell me what it is you want to know.

JOE: We want to know about a lady who's in the hospital.

RALPH: Lady?

JOE: Yeah. Somebody slugged her yesterday.

RALPH: You think it was me?

JOE: She does. Let's find out if she's right.

BEAT

JOE: Well, come on, Maple.

BEAT

RALPH: Okay, she's right.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS...OPEN CAR DOOR

RALPH: I didn't mean to hit her very hard.

JOE: It was hard enough.

RALPH: Just wanted to get her out of my way.

JOE: Sure. Go on, get in.

RALPH: Yeah.

SOUND: HE GETS INTO CAR

RALPH: Wait a minute.

JOE: Uh?
RALPH: What about this? (RUSTLE OF PAPER)

JOE: What about it?

RALPH: My little girl’s present. It’s her birthday.

JOE: Yeah?

RALPH: Well, can’t I give it to her?

JOE: You stay where you are.

RALPH: What about one of you guys? You could take it up to the door.

BEAT:

RALPH: It’s not hot. You can see yourself. (RUSTLE OF PAPER) The store wrapped it. See.

JOE: Yeah.

RALPH: I paid for it myself.

JOE: With whose money?

BEAT

RALPH: Least you can do is see that she gets it.

BEAT

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: All right, go ahead.

RALPH: Here.

SOUND: HANDS PACKAGE TO FRANK

FRANK: (FADING) Be right back.

JOE: Yeah.

RALPH: Sure appreciate it.
JOE: Uh-huh.
Ralph: She's just a little girl -- six today. Wouldn't understand if there wasn't a present from Daddy.
Joe: Uh-huh.
Ralph: Never missed her birthday -- even when I was in the joint I saw to it that she got something.
Joe: Sure.
Ralph: Wife divorced me a couple years back. Guess I can't blame her.
Joe: Yeah.
Ralph: Not for divorcin' me. Had it comin'. She shouldn't'a got sole custody though. (Grunts)
Joe: Girl needs a father. Everybody talks about how boys need their old man -- the way I see it a girl needs him more.
Ralph: That so.
Joe: You know -- they're so kind-a helpless.
Ralph: Yeah.
Joe: It was all on account of her -- Joanne. That's the only reason I done it. A little girl's entitled to pretty things. I couldn't afford 'em. Not with the kind of dough I made.
Joe: (Grunts)
RALPH: Had to get the money somewhere. Never stole much, just enough to buy her a few presents. Figured if I didn't she'd turn against me. Being divorced and all I figured I had to do more than regular fathers.

JOE: Uh-huh.

RALPH: Shouldn't have given Dora sole custody. Wasn't fair. Oh, she lets me come around and visit whenever I want. But it's sort-a like saying Joanne doesn't belong to me any more.

JOE: Yeah.

RALPH: Judge claimed I wasn't a fit father. How do you like that? Just because a man does a little time everybody has it in for him afterward.

JOE: Oh, sure.

RALPH: The idea of sayin' I'm not a fit father.

JOE: You know something, Maple?

RALPH: Huh?

JOE: You proved him right.

(END SCENE 7)

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

GIBNEY: On August 6th, trial was held in Department 98, 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.
DRAGNET RADIO  
March 8, 1955  

CLOSING COMMERCIAL

1 PENNEMAN: Now, here is our star - Jack Webb.

2 WEBB: Thank you, George Penneman. I know Chesterfields will

  do for you what they always do for me ... put a smile

  in your smoking. It's the best cigarette made for my

  money. Smooth .... satisfying .... mild and mellow.

6 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

7 Chesterfield. Try 'em .... they'll satisfy you.

LG 0190445
GIBNEY: Ralph Foster Maple was tried and convicted of burglary in the first degree, assault with intent to do great bodily harm and received sentence as prescribed by law. Burglary in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than five years. Assault with intent to do great bodily harm is punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years in the State Penitentiary.
GIBNEY: 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. Masty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher. Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, 

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)
L & M HITCH-HIKE

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

6. ANNUNCER: L & M .... notice how mild they are - how easy they
draw! Nothing compares with L & M's pure, white
miracle tip for quality or effectiveness. L & M -
America's best filter-tip cigarette.
ANNOUNCER: Be sure and listen to Chesterfield's great Perry Como
show every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on another
radio network.