DRAGNET - RADIO
3-29-5
FIRST COMMERCIAL

MUSIC : HARP, UP 'AND CUTE

GIRL:

FENN:

GIRL:

MUSIC:

FENN:

GIRL:

GROUP:

GROUP:

WOOD:

GROUP:

W. P. a smile in your smoking... Stop... Remember this -- In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

Put a smile in your smoking... Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield.

It's smooth... Its satisfying!

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... 

(STAY)

TRIPLET FIN

(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

TRIPLET FIN
DRAGNET RADIO
MARCH 29, 1955

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 GROUP: STOP!

2 WOODBLOCK--TRIPLET FIGURE

3 GROUP: 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! 17/01

7 WOODBLOCK--TRIPLET FIGURE

8 GROUP: THEY SATISFY!

9 MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS

10 FEENN: Instantly, you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield

11 quality ... highest quality at no extra cost to you.

12 MUSIC: STINGS OUT

13 FEENN: TODAY'S Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made -

14 and our factory doors are always open to prove it.

15 MUSIC: STING

16 FEENN: Come in any time and see the quality detective .. the

17 newest - the most important discovery in cigarette making

18 in over thirty years. The quality detective - another

19 reason why the Chesterfield you smoke today is highest

20 in quality.... 17/01

21 MUSIC: STING

22 FEENN: Low in nicotine ...

23 MUSIC: STING

24 FEENN: Best for you!

25 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

26 FEENN: Next time you buy cigarettes ... Stop ... Remember this-

27 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

28 Chesterfield.
WEBB: Friends, you've heard me say it many times and I sincerely believe it...In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield. Yes, Chesterfields are mild and mellow with a smooth refreshing taste. Buy Chesterfield today and put a smile in your smoking.
L & M HITCHHIKE

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!
6 ANNCR: And L & M is sweeping the country! The pure white miracle
tip draws easy - Lets you enjoy all the taste. Buy
7 L & M - Notice how mild they are!
CROSS PLUG

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

LG 0190546
"THE BIG DEATH"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY: JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH: BEN ALEXANDER
CLARA FABIAN: VIRGINIA GREER
TED BRIDLE: RALPH MOODY
ORIN: JACK KRUSCHEN
GEORGE CASPAR: OLEN SOULE
SIDNEY WITNER: HERB ELLIS
RALPH OTTLEY: JACK KRUSCHEN
THE BIG DEATH

FOR BROADCAST: MARCH 29, 1955

(COLD) Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

(MUSIC: HARP AND UP)

Put a smile in your smoking.

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

Chesterfield.

(MUSIC: SIGNATURE)

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

(MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR):

(EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Homicide Detail. A man has been shot in a cheap hotel in the downtown area. There's no apparent motive for the attack. No lead to the identity of the assailant. Your job...find him.

(MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR):

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
GIRNEY: 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 BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

SOUND: JOE'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR...SLIGHT ECHO...NO B.G. BUT

JOE: It was Tuesday, January 11th. It was cold in Los
Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Homicide
Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain
Lohrman. My name's Friday. I was on my way in to the
office and it was 5:26 A.M. when I got to room 42.....

(SOUND: DOOR OPEN).....Homicide.

SOUND: JOE ENTERS THE ROOM...B.G. CHANGE...COUPLE OF STEPS

INTO THE ROOM

FRANK: (ON THE PHONE FADING IN) Yeah...No...we just got the
call. Uh huh. He's on the way...that's right skipper...
(HE SEES JOE) ....Just walked in ... uh huh. Right. No,
I haven't called 'em yet. What? They didn't say
anything...yeah. Okay....we'll keep in touch with you.
Right... G'bye.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AS JOE REACHES HIM
JOE: What is it?
FRANK: Shooting over on fifth. Soon's I check the crime lab, we can roll on it.

SOUND: AS FRANK TALKS, HE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS 2667

JOE: Who's the victim?

JOE: He say anything?
FRANK: Little tough.

JOE: Huh?
FRANK: He's got six bullets in his head.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: The Garnet Hotel was located on Fifth Street between Turner and Banning. It was an old, run down building. A wooden sign over the entrance advertised "Rooms 75 cents per night...Weekly rates available". Frank and I climbed the one flight of wooden stairs that led to the lobby. By the time we'd gotten there, two black and white cars had arrived and the uniformed officers were attempting to restore some sort of order in the place. We talked with them briefly and then met Mr. Ted Brendle, the night clerk, who'd placed the original call.

SOUND: BUBBLE OF VOICES IN B.G.

TED: (UP OVER THE NOISE) If I knew what was goin' on...I'd tell you. No reason for me to try and hide nothin'. I ain't mixed up in it.

JOE: We didn't say you were.
TED: (UP) What?

JOE: We didn't say you were involved. We just want to find out what happened.

TED: (UP) C'mon into the office...can't hear a word you're sayin'. C'mon.

SOUND: HE WALKS AWAY AND AFTER A BEAT...JOE AND FRANK FOLLOW HIM

TED: (AS HE WALKS...OVER HIS SHOULDER) C'mon...Talk in the office.

SOUND: STEPS CONTINUE FOR A BEAT, THEN CHANGE SURFACE...DOOR CLOSE...B.G. DOWN BUT STILL AUDIBLE.

TED: Now then...fella can hear himself talk. (COUPLE OF STEPS) Sit down.

JOE: Thank you sir.

TED: Just throw the clothes on the floor...toss 'em down and take a seat.

FRAN: Yeah.

TED: Fix you a cuppa coffee...somethin' else?

JOE: No sir.

FRANK: No thanks.

TED: Got somethin' a little stronger if you'd want it.

JOE: No...thanks just the same.

TED: (GRUNTS) Don't mind if I have a little jolt?

JOE: You'd be able to answer that one yourself.

TED: (GRUNTS) Yeah, Well then...I will.

SOUND: UNDER THE FOLLOWING...HE WALKS TO A SIDEBOARD AND TAKES A BOTTLE FROM IT...POURS A HEALTHY SLUG
JOE: Wonder if you'd tell us what happened?

TED: Sure. Like to get it cleaned up. Don't do my business much good...badges runnin' all over the place. Some of the guests don't like it.

FRANK: Uh huh.

SOUND: TED HAD FINISHED THE POURING AND HE WALKS BACK ON MIKE.

TED: (AS HE FADES ON) Ain't that they're hidin' from nothin'...Y'know...just that most of 'em don't want to get mixed up in anything.

SOUND: HE DRAINS THE GLASS.

TED: (COUGHS AS IF HIS LUNGS ARE COMING OUT.) Back...back.

JOE: What's that?

TED: (STILL COUGHING) Hit me on the back.

SOUND: JOE GETS UP AND TAKES A STEP. HE POUNDS TED ON THE BACK.

TED: (AS HE STOPS COUGHING) Yeah...that does it. Always get to coughin' when I take a jolt. Don't know if it's worth it.

JOE: Yes sir.

TED: Sometimes, that is.

JOE: Now if you'd tell us what happened.

TED: Sure thing. (HE PAUSES AND TAKES A BREATH) I was sittin' out there. Doin' the crosswords.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: Had it most all done...couple of more words, been ready to turn to the back of the book.

JOE: Yes sir.
TED: Second king of Persia had me licked...couldn't get it.

Y'know?

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: Second king of Persia. Tough one. Kinda sneaky if you ask me. Gotta have the en-cycle-o-pedia to get that'n.

JOE: Yes sir...now about the shooting.

TED: Gettin' to that. I was just finishing up and all of a sudden, I hear these noises. Y'know...like "pow"...

"pow"...loud. Sharp.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED? Wasn't sure what they was at first. Lotta noise around here all the time. People fallin' outta bed... Bottles breakin'. Stuff like that.

JOE: Yes sir.

TED: It was loud enough, though...I figured I oughta take a look. So I went upstairs.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: Couple other people were out in the halls. Tryin' to find out what the hulla-balloo was all about. Wasn't anything to let a body know.

FRANK: Yes sir.

TED: Then I come to Mr. McNiel's room. 319. On the left.

JOE: Yeah.

TED: Door was open. Wide. Looked in. There he was.

JOE: Mr. McNiel?
TED: Yes sir. Layin' right on the floor. Just kinda sprawled around. Like he was just dropped there.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: Called to him...Yelled. Light wasn't on in the room. Couldn't see too good. Didn't know right off. Then I went in.

BEAT...

JOE: Yes sir.

TED: Dead.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: Called the cops. Told 'em there was a killin' and said for 'em to come right then.

FRANK: Did you go in the room at all?

TED: Just to look at Mr. McNiel. Soon's I saw what had happened...I turned around and run to the phone. Called the cops.

JOE: When you went up to the room...did you see anybody in the halls?

TED: Told you...people who heard the noise. Wanted to know what was goin' on.

JOE: No sir...I mean anybody else. Anyone who doesn't live here.

TED: Listen, mister. This ain't the best hotel in town, but we don't allow no vagrants in. Everybody's registered. They got friends they want to talk to...

JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: How long has Mr. McNiel lived here?
TED: Well, let's see... have to think about that for a minute.

(BEAT) Guess it's been a couple of months.

JOE: Uh huh. He have any close friends in the building?

SOUND: OVER TED'S LINE FOLLOWING, THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.
TED: No... can't pin anybody down. Excuse me a minute, huh?

JOE: Yes sir.

SOUND: TED WALKS TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. AS HE DOES...

TED: Yeah... what d'ya want?

ORIN: (OFF...LITTLE DRUNK) Mr. Brendle?
TED: Yeah.

ORIN: I don't want to cause no trouble, Mr. Brendle... but I
don't like all this noise. When I moved in here... I
thought it was a quiet place. But I don't like all these
policemen around... bodies in the rooms. All the same to
you... I'd like my money back.

TED: You what?

ORIN: I want my money back. I ain't stayin' here no more.
TED: That right?

ORIN: Yes sir. I don't want you to take it as no personal
thing with you... but I just can't sleep with all this
racket goin' on.
TED: What time is it?

ORIN: Five minutes after six.
TED: You checked in at 5:30 last night. That right?

ORIN: Guess so.
Then you had your night's sleep. You ain't gettin' no refund. Now get outta here. You cause any trouble... and I'll throw you out. You got the room until 2. But you ain't gettin' no refund.

SOUND: HE SLAMS THE DOOR AND TURNS AND WALKS BACK TO JOE AND TED.

TED: Crackpot.

JOE: Yes sir. Now about Mr. McNiel.

TED: 'Magine him wantin' a refund. I oughta go out there and punch him right in the nose.

JOE: Look, Mr. Brendle. This is a murder investigation. We'd appreciate it if you'd answer the questions.

TED: (AFTER BEAT) Oh...well...if that's the way it's gotta be... go ahead.

JOE: What can you tell us about McNiel?

TED: Not much to say. Quiet. Didn't cause no trouble. Didn't drink. Paid his rent on time.

JOE: Uh huh. He have any relatives in town d'you know?

TED: Didn't hear him say nothin'.

FRANK: Did he work?

TED: Guess he had a job. We didn't talk about it. But he kept regular hours. Only reason he'd do that'd be he had a job.

JOE: What d'you mean?

TED: About the hours?

JOE: Yes sir.
1 TED: Always left a call for 6:30 in the morning. Every day.
2 Even on Sundays. Walk outta the door at 6:45...come back
3 in at 5 in the afternoon. Didn't hardly ever miss by
4 more'n a couple minutes. Like a clock. Regular.
5 JOE: Uh huh. Is there anybody in the place who might know
6 where he worked?
7 TED: No. He didn't have much to do with the other guests.
8 Hardly at all.
9 JOE: Uh huh.
10 FRANK: He seem in pretty good spirits?
11 TED: Guess you'd say so. Didn't give no sign of not bein'.
12 FRANK: Is there anything else you can tell us about him?
13 TED: No ... nothin' right off.
14 JOE: All right sir.
15 TED: You goin' up and see the room now?
16 JOE: That's right.
17 TED: Sure don't make much sense.
18 JOE: What's that?
19 TED: Why anybody'd do it. Plain little guy ... nothin' about
20 him to make him stand out...take any notice.
21 JOE: Uh huh.
22 TED: Minded his own business...got along with all the guests.
23 Wasn't anybody who paid any attention to him.
24 JOE: You got it wrong.
1 TED: What?
2 JOE: Somebody did.
3 (END SCENE 2)
4 JOE: 6:12 A.M. The crew from the crime lab arrived and began
their investigation of the murder room. A canvass of the
area was started in an attempt to find someone who might
have seen the killer. Frank and I went up to room 319.
The appearance of the room indicated that there had been
a struggle before McNiel was killed. Clothing was
scattered around the floor. Tables were overturned. The
bedding had been ripped from the bed and then torn apart.
Pictures had been removed from the wall. Books were
scattered around the place. The drawers from the small
desk and the bureau had been ransacked. Papers had been
thrown around. While Lieutenant Lee Jones continued his
investigation, Frank and I talked with the night clerk,
Ted Brendle.
18 SOUND: LITTLE OFF MIKE, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CRIME LAB CREW
MOVING AROUND IN THE ROOM.
19 TED: Sure is a mess, ain't it.
20 JOE: Yes sir.
21 TED: Stuff all thrown around. Gonna take me a couple hours
just to pick up.
22 JOE: Uh huh.
23 TED: Ain't my job either. But you know who's gonna have to
do it. You know that, don't you?
Yes sir...I guess so.
Bet. We ain't been able to keep no maid around here.
All the guys yellin'. None of 'em will stay...so it's up
to me.
Do you know if Mr. McNiel carried large sums of money?
Huh?
Did McNiel carry much money with him?
Don't know as I can answer that. He didn't ever flash
any of it around. Guess he had enough to live on. Told
you before...he always paid his rent on time.
Uh huh.
He have any close friends that you know of?
Only met one.
Who was that?
Girl.
You know her name?
Isn't exactly a girl either. Guess she's around 50.
Couple times, McNiel took her out to a movie or
somethin'. They came in, and he went upstairs to change
his clothes. Her and me...we talked.
Uh huh.
Guess he saw somethin' kinda interesting in her. Myself...
I couldn't. Kinda dumpy...y'know?
(GRUNTS)
Seemed to like her though. Couple other times, he talked
about her. Said how she was so nice...seemed to
understand him.
FRANK: Can you tell us her name?
TED: Lemme think for a minute...(BEAT) Clara somethin'...
JOE: Do you know where we can get in touch with her?
TED: Way I remember...she lived in a hotel down the street.
JOE: Near 6th.
TED: Y'know the name of the place?
TED: Eldridge, I think it was...not real sure. If y'ask down
there, they oughta be able to tell you though. Name's
Clara somethin'.
JOE: Uh huh. Wonder if we could use your phone?
TED: Sure...in the lobby downstairs.
FRANK: I'll call.
JOE: Okay.
SOUND: FRANK STARTS TO MOVE OFF MIKE.
TED: (CALLING AFTER FRANK) Gotta have a dime...it's a pay phone.
FRANK: (AS HE GOES) Yes sir.
SOUND: FRANK FADES OFF MIKE.
TED: They sure made a mess.
JOE: Did McNiel get much mail while he was here?
TED: No. Couple of letters.
JOE: You know who they were from?
TED: Some law company here in town. Musta been good. Y'know
how they have the name printed up in the corner of the
envelope?
JOE: Yes sir.
TED: Embossed. Musta cost 'em somethin'.
JOE: You remember the name?
TED: No... can't get a picture.

JOE: Did McNiel drive a car?

TED: Uh uh (NO) Used to take the streetcar to work. Know that because he used to talk about the people he met. He got real sore when it rained. Told me he couldn't stand the smell of wet wool. Said there oughta be a law that nobody could wear wool clothes when it rained.

JOE: Uh huh.

TED: He's a funny little guy. Got real definite ideas about things.

JOE: That right?

TED: Oh yeah. Made up his mind and then stuck to it. Like with the envelope.

JOE: What's that?

TED: The envelope he had a couple of days ago. Wanted to put it in the hotel safe. Told him we didn't have one. Just got the steel boxes. Y'know...one for each room in case the guests want to check somethin'.

JOE: Yeah.

TED: We got those. When he found out...he decided to keep the envelope himself.

JOE: He tell you what was in it?

TED: No. Just acted kinda mysterious. Like it had somethin' real valuable inside. When he found out there wasn't a safe...he told me he'd keep it with him.
JOE: But he didn't give you any idea what was in the envelope?

TED: No. Just plain white. Little...like you mail a letter in.

JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, FRANK FADES IN.

TED: How 'bout it...you find the woman?

FRANK: Yes sir. (TO JOE) See you a minute?

JOE: Yeah. (TO TED) Excuse us.

TED: Sure.

SOUND: FRANK AND JOE TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF MIKE THEN STOP.

JOE: What've you got?

FRANK: Checked the hotel. Woman's name is Clara Fabien.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: She checked out 30 minutes ago.

JOE: Say where she was goin'?

FRANK: No. Clerk told me she was pretty upset.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Said something about a death in the family.

(END SCENE 3)
JOE: Frank and I went over to the Elridge Hotel. We talked to the manager and he told us that the Fabien woman had left hurriedly. We checked her room, but found nothing to indicate where she might have gone. We called the office and had the name run through R. and I. We found she had a record listing several drunk arrests and two convictions on bunco charges. Her picture was pulled and shown to Ted Brendle. He identified her as McNiel's friend. From her package, we obtained the name of a sister living in the Los Angeles area. 7:21 A.M. Frank and I drove out to talk to her. At first she refused to tell us anything but after questioning, she admitted that she'd heard from Clara Fabien that morning. She'd called to say that she was checking into a hotel on South Spring street. When we got to the place, the desk clerk told us we'd find her in the coffee shop.

SOUND: SLIGHT COFFEE SHOP B.G. COUPLE OF STEPS ON HARD SURFACE.

FRANK: Guess that's her.

JOE: Matches the description.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: MORE STEPS THEN STOP.

JOE: (AFTER A BEAT) Miss Fabien?

CLARA Yeah. What d'you want?

JOE: Police officers...like to talk to you.
CLARA: I want nothin' to do with no cops.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK SLIDE INTO THE BOOTH.

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

CLARA: I told you...I don't want to talk to you. Go away.

JOE: We can't do that.

CLARA: Why? There some kinda law? I don't know what you're after...but I ain't gonna help you. I had my fill of guys like you. All the time givin' me nothin' but trouble. I'm clean. Don't owe nobody nothin'. Now leave me alone.

BEAT:

JOE: Do you know a man named Arthur McNiel?

BEAT:

CLARA: I'm gonna get outta here.

SOUND: SHE STARTS TO GET UP

JOE: All right Miss Fabien...if you don't want to talk here...

we can go downtown.

BEAT:

SOUND: CLARA SLUMPS BACK INTO THE BOOTH.

CLARA: What about McNiel?

JOE: Do you know him?

CLARA: Yeah.

FRANK: When'd you see him last?

CLARA: 'bout midnight.

JOE: Where?
CLARA: His place. We had dinner...couple of drinks and I drove him home.

FRANK: How well do you know him?

CLARA: He wants to get married.

JOE: Do you know where he worked?

CLARA: Had his own place. Some kind of chemicals.

FRANK: Can you give us the address?

(Beat)

CLARA: What're all the questions about? Somethin' wrong?

JOE: It's a police matter.

CLARA: I figured that, goin' in. No reason for you to be around askin' a lot of questions if it wasn't. Why don't you tell me what it's about. Might be somethin' I can do.

JOE: Does Mr. McNiel have any enemies that you know of?

CLARA: No. Hasn't got many friends either. Little guy keeps to himself. Anti-social I guess you call it. Doesn't like people.

JOE: Uh huh.

CLARA: All the time I went out with him...He never mentioned any of his friends.

JOE: He have any relatives?

CLARA: Never talked about 'em. I don't think there was anybody.

FRANK: How'd you get along with him?

CLARA: I told you before...he wanted me to marry him.

JOE: Why'd you move from the Eldridge Hotel?

CLARA: There a law against it?
JOE: No ma'am.
CLARA: Then it isn't any of your business.
BEAT
JOE: How'd McNiel act last night?
CLARA: What d'ya mean?
JOE: Did there seem to be anything worrying him?
CLARA: No... didn't say there was. Acted just like usual.
JOE: Uh huh.
CLARA: Dull.
JOE: Me'ems?
CLARA: He acted dull. All the time. Didn't do anything but sit and look at me. Like a kid on his first date. First I thought it was kinda cute. After that, it got silly. Man his age... moonin' all the time. Didn't make any sense.
FRANK: You two ever have any arguments?
CLARA: Why won't you tell me what this is about? Questions you're askin' For all I know... I might be sayin' the wrong thing.
JOE: If you tell us the truth.... there won't be any trouble.
CLARA: All I got is your word on that. What's the matter? Somethin' happen to Arthur?
JOE: Yes ma'ems.
CLARA: What?
JOE: He had an accident.
CLARA: Where...down at the chemistry place?
JOE: At his hotel.
CLARA: What'd he do...fall down the stairs?
JOE: No.
CLARA: Wouldn't be suprised. Way he lushed it up last night. Never saw him so loaded.
JOE: That right?
CLARA: Yeah. Couple of drinks and he's on the way to outer space. Only takes two or three.
JOE: Uh huh.
CLARA: He'd had more than that when I met him. Some kind of a celebration.
JOE: What for?
CLARA: Huh?
JOE: What was he celebrating?
CLARA: Some kind of invention he was working on. Told me it'd taken him over five years but he did it. Said we'd be on easy street. Big pictures about the money pourin' in. All we could use.
JOE: Uh huh.
CLARA: That's what caused the fight.
JOE: Yeah.
CLARA: Y'see....all the time we been goin' together, he's been givin' me the line about lots of money. How he was gonna make this invention and be a millionaire. All the time talkin' like that.
JOE: Uh huh.
One look at him and you know it was all in his head.

Nothin' to it. I told him to stop it. Told him a hundred times. Didn't do any good. Finally blew up. I couldn't take it no more.

This was last night?

Yeah. We had dinner and he showed me an envelope. Said it had the invention in it. Big deal. He was gonna be rich. Went on and on about it. I tell you...I think he was a little cracked. Wanted to drive to Vegas right then and get married. 10:30 and he wanted to leave then.

Uh huh.

I told him he was off the best. Said it right to his face.

Yeah.

Made him mad. Real sore. I think a lot of it was the booze. Y'know courage. He can't handle drinkin' at all.

Uh huh.

Told me that if I didn't go with him right then.... we'd call the whole thing off. Stop seeing each other.

Uh huh.

I told him it was alright with me. Never meant to get married anyway. Just somethin' to do to pass the time. I wouldn't have really got married.

What happened then?
I took him home. Dropped him at the hotel.

Where'd you go then?

Back to my place. Got ready for bed. Guess it was about eleven and he called. Real mad. Told me that he was givin' me one more chance.

Yeah.

Said for me to make up my mind once and for all.

I told him I already had. Said I didn't want any part of him. Told him to get lost.

What'd he say to that?

If he coulda crawled through the wire. ...I think he'da killed me. Carried on...yelled and screamed. Said I'd be sorry.

Uh huh.

Finally, I couldn't take it any more and I hung up. Right while he was talkin'. Couple minutes later, he called back. I wouldn't answer the phone and then when it stopped ringin', I told the boy at the desk not to ring my room no more.

Uh huh.

 Didn't bother me at first then I got to thinkin' about it. Little crackpot...he might try to do somethin'. I decided to get out.

That's why you left the hotel?
CLARA: Yeah. Way he was lushed up....things he said. No way of knowin' if he was gonna cause any trouble.
All I knew was that I didn't want no part of it.

FRANK: Uh huh.

CLARA: This accident....it somethin' serious?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

CLARA: He in the hospital?

JOE: No.

CLARA: How bad's he hurt?

JOE: Pretty bad.

CLARA: This isn't a joke is it?

JOE: No ma'am.

CLARA: If it is...I don't think it's very funny.

JOE: It's no joke.

CLARA: He dead?

JOE: Yeah.

CLARA: He do it himself?

JOE: No ma'am. He had help.

CLARA: Poor little guy. (BEAT) Kinds funny to think about it now....I used to figure he was cute the way he was always bringin' me presents. Not big y'know....

but like a bunch of flowers or a book. Little things.
JOE: Uh huh.

CLARA: Funny to think about it. Can't hardly imagine him bein' dead. Poor little guy. (BEAT) You know who did it?

JOE: Not yet.

FRANK: We hoped you might be able to help.

CLARA: Why me?

JOE: Nobody seems to know much about him. We can't find any close friends...nobody who'd want to see him dead.

CLARA: He never talked about anybody to me.

JOE: Did he ever mention a lawyer to you?

CLARA: No.

JOE: Can you give us any idea where he worked?

CLARA: Y'mean the chemistry place?

JOE: Yes Ma'am.

CLARA: Uh uh (NO) Never said exactly. I think it was some kind of store though. With the windows painted. He talked about the invention. Said he had all the stuff to make it with but he never told me where it was.

JOE: Is there anything else you can tell us?

CLARA: No. Nothin'.

SOUND: THEY START TO GET UP FROM THE BOOTH.

JOE: All right...thanks Miss Fabien.

CLARA: For what?

JOE: What you've been able to tell us.
CLARA: Sure don't seem like it's gonna be any help. (BEAT AS SHE LOOKS AT THEM) You sure this ain't some kind of a joke?
JOE: No ma'am.
CLARA: And he's really dead.
JOE: Yeah.
CLARA: Poor little guy.
SOUND: THEY STAND.
JOE: If you think of anything...we'd appreciate a call. Here's one of our cards.
CLAAR (TAKING THE CARD) Thanks. I remember somethin' I'll sure let you know.
JOE: All right.
CLARA: Can you tell me how it happened?
JOE: He was shot.
CLARA: Maybe it was an accident. Y'know....whoever did it didn't mean to.
JOE: Not likely, Miss Fabien.
CLARA: Maybe. I've heard where a gun goes off. Kills somebody. All the time you read about it in the papers. Gun goes off accidentally.
JOE: Not six times.
(SCEINE 4)
Frank and I went back to the office. We called the crime lab and talked with Lieutenant Lee Jones. He told us that they'd been unable to find anything we could use at the scene of the killing. He said that the victim had been shot with a .38 calibre revolver. In going over the room, his crew had found several items of value. In light of this there was the possibility that the motive for the killing was not robbery as we'd thought. Lieutenant Jones said the coroner had called to say that he'd found over a hundred dollars in cash on the body of the victim. Also a wrist watch and an expensive ring. In one of the pockets of the coat McNiel was wearing, the crew from the crime lab had found an address book. Jones said he was sending it over to us. The canvass of the area had netted nothing. None of the people in the immediate vicinity had seen anything out of the ordinary at the time of the killing. We contacted the staats office and asked them to make a run on the method of operation. Until we could come up with a motive for the slaying, there was little we could do to apprehend the killer. Additional men had been sent out from the office to interrogate the other people in the hotel. They reported that they'd found nothing to aid us. 10:47 A.M.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

FRANK: We're sure building zero's.
1 JOE: Yeah. Not much to go on.
2 FRANK: Nothin'.
3 SOUND: PHONE RINGS:
4 JOE: I'll get it.
5 SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE AND PICKS UP THE RECEIVER:
6 JOE: Homicide, Friday. Yeah....Yes sir....that's right. Uh huh, Well, how did you hear about it? Uh huh. Yes sir we would. What? Uh huh. All right....as soon as we can get there. Yes sir. G'bye.
10 SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE:
11 JOE: Maybe we got a break.
12 FRANK: Huh?
13 JOE: Man says he's McNiel's lawyer.
14 FRANK: What's he got?
15 JOE: First step.
16 FRANK: Huh?
17 JOE: Reason McNiel was killed.
18 (END SCENE 5)
19 (END ACT 1)
20 (COMMERCIAL INSERT)
I: Joe

Frank and I left the city hall and drove over to the
address I'd been given on the phone. After a few minutes
wait, we were shown into George Caspar's office. We
identified ourselves and he asked us to sit down.

SOUND: OFF MIKE TRAFFIC. (ELEVENTH FLOOR EFFECT)

George: Terrible thing to have happen.

Joe: Yes sir.

George: I heard about it on the car radio this morning. While I
was coming to work.

Joe: Uh huh. You're Mr. McNiel's attorney?

George: Yes. Have been for over ten years.

Joe: On the phone, you said that you knew why he was killed.

George: That's right. I feel a little silly about it now that
you're here. It all seems pretty melodramatic.

Joe: You want to tell us about it?

George: It's McNiel's formula.

Joe: What?

George: For the past eight years, McNiel has been working on a new
type of explosive. For commercial use.

Joe: Uh huh.

George: Suppose to have a lot of advantages. Easy to carry...

minimizes the danger of accidental firing. Way he

painted it...it'd answer a lot of problems in building.

Joe: Uh huh.
GEORGE: He called me the day-before-yesterday. Said it was finished. That he'd completed the final laboratory experiments.

JOE: Yeah.

GEORGE: Went on about how it was going to make a fortune for him.

JOE: Had he talked to anyone about it?

GEORGE: I'm not sure, but knowing McNiel, I imagine he did.

FRANK: Why do you say that?

GEORGE: These experiments got to be an obsession with him. 'bout the only thing that mattered. Couple of times when we were out someplace, he'd have a few drinks and start talking about the explosive. Loud enough for anyone near him to hear it.

JOE: Uh huh. Do you know where he worked?

GEORGE: Yes. Small place out in the valley. I can give you the address if you want it.

JOE: Yes sir. We'd appreciate it.

GEORGE: Have you any idea who might have killed him?

JOE: We're working on it.

GEORGE: Uh huh.

FRANK: Was there anybody he was close to?

GEORGE: Y'mean socially?

FRANK: Either that or in business?

GEORGE: No. Can't think of anyone. There was a girl. He spoke several times of marrying her. Sorry but I can't tell you any more than that. I don't know her name.
1 JOE: It's all right, Mr. Caspar.
2 FRANK: Does he have any relatives here in town?
3 GEO: No. He made a will several months ago. Left everything
to one of the industrial schools. Not much. Lab
equipment...few books.
4 JOE: Uh huh. Is there anything else you can tell us about him?
5 GEO: No, I'm afraid not. Most of the time he was pretty quiet.
6 Kept to himself. Once in a while, he'd go on a bender.
7 Might last a couple of days. When he was on one of these
drinking bouts, he'd get in some kind of trouble. Loud
talk...something like that. Nothing serious.
8 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK STAND UP.
9 JOE: If you'll give us that address, sir, we won't take up any
more of your time.
10 GEO: Of course.
11 SOUND: HE TAKES A PEN FROM A HOLDER AND BEGINS TO WRITE.
12 GEO: You can understand why I felt a little silly about calling
you.
13 JOE: What?
14 GEO: It all seems like a pulp story. Explosives...spys. Like
something in a bad movie.
15 JOE: Yes sir.
GEO: I don't imagine that there's anything to it though. Far as I know...McNiel might not even have finished the formula. It might have just been another one of his stories.

JOE: Uh huh.

GEO: He was always telling whoppers. I guess a psychiatrist would say he was trying to find some way of justifying himself.

JOE: Yeah.

GEO: Seemed to be a big thing with him. To find a way of making himself heard about.

JOE: Looks like he found it.

(END SCENE 6)
Frank and I went back to the office and met with Captain Lohrman. We discussed the possibility of McNiel being killed by someone who wanted the chemical formula. Because of the potential value of the explosive, federal authorities were notified and they sent a team of men out to aid in the investigation. The next morning, Wednesday, January 12th, we picked up the list of similar crimes from the staats office. In checking out the victims we got the same description of the thief from each of them. They all described him as a white-male-American... 32 years... a hundred and 65 pounds. In each case, the thief had followed the victim and attacked them as they entered their homes. The last robbery had taken place three weeks before, on December 23. During the commission of the crime, the victim had been wounded. The bullet had been removed and held at the crime lab as evidence. 8:02 A.M. Frank and I put in a call to Lieutenant Jones. 8:26 A.M.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. PHONE RING

JOE: Probably Lee.
FRANK: Yeah.
SOUND: JOE PICKS UP THE PHONE.

JOE: (INTO THE PHONE) Homicide, Friday. Yeah Lee. Did you check 'em? Uh huh. How 'bout it? Yeah. Sure is. Now all we got to do is make it do some good. Yeah. Well,
thanks. G'bye.
SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.
1  FRANK:  How 'bout it?
2  JOE:    Checked the bullet from the last robbery against the ones
3        that killed McNiel.
4  FRANK:  Yeah:
5  JOE:    Same gun.
6 (END SCENE 7)
7  JOE:    Additional local broadcasts and APBs were gotten out
8        carrying the description of the hold up man. Victims
9        were asked to come to the city hall and recheck the mugg
10       books in the hope that they might be able to identify
11       him. A check of McNiels workshop failed to disclose any
12       evidence that he'd been working on an explosive. A week
13       went by without any new developments. On Thrusday,
14       January 20th, Frank and I got back to the squadroom.
15       SOUND:  SQUADROOM B.G. COUPLE OF STEPS INTO THE ROOM
16  FRANK:  Sure looked like it was gonna go.
17  JOE:    Yeah.
18       SOUND:  PHONE RING.
19  JOE:    I'll take it.
20       SOUND:  HE WALKS TO THE PHONE AND PICKS UP THE RECEIVER.
21  JOE:    (INTO PHONE) Homicide, Friday ...Oh yeah, Jim. Uh huh.
22       When? Yeah...might be. Sure. Okay..we'll be right over.
23       Yeah..thanks.
24       SOUND:  HE HANGS UP THE PHONE
25  JOE:    Jim Austin...Robbery. They just got back from a call out in
26       Westwood.
FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Thief fits our description pretty good. Austin thinks it might be the same guy.

FRANK: They get him?

JOE: Uh uh (NO) Somethin' just as good.

FRANK: Huh?

JOE: He dropped a hotel key.

(END SCENE 8)

JOE: Frank and I went over to room 27A and met with Sergeant Jim Austin. He gave us the details of the robbery. From the way the hold-up man operated and the description given by the victim, he was the man we were looking for. In getting away from the scene, he'd dropped a key to a downtown hotel room. We checked the address in the phone book and then left the city hall. It was a small place on South 4th street. We identified ourselves to the manager, and told him why we were there.

SOUND: SLIGHT OUTDOOR TRAFFIC B.G. COMING THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

SIDNEY: It's one of our keys.

JOE: Can you tell us who has the room?

SIDNEY: Ralph Ottley.

FRANK: What's this Ottley look like?

SIDNEY: Nice young fella. Blonde...guess he's about 30 years old.

JOE: How long's he been here?
1 SIDNEY: Y'mean regular?
2 JOE: Yes sir.
3 SIDNEY: 'Bout 5 months. Couple of times before that for a couple
4 months. Came back though.
5 JOE: He in now?
6 SIDNEY: No. Haven't seen him since this morning. Left about 7:30.
7 FRANK: He have a job?
8 SIDNEY: Never told me nothin' about it.
9 JOE: What's he do for a living?
10 SIDNEY: Guess you'd say he was a promoter.
11 JOE: Huh?
12 SIDNEY: Goes around tryin' to line things up. Figure someway
13 to make a killing. He hit it pretty good on a deal last
14 year. Been living on the money since then, I guess.
15 JOE: Uh huh.
16 SIDNEY: What do you want to talk to him about?
17 JOE: It's police business.
18 SIDNEY: Not in trouble is he?
19 JOE: We better talk to him.
20 SIDNEY: If he's done anything wrong...the hotel didn't know about
21 it. He paid his rent. Didn't cause any trouble. We
22 didn't have no part in it.
23 JOE: Don't worry about it. Wonder if we could see his room?
24 SIDNEY: Y'mean go through it?
25 JOE: We'd like to take a look.
1 SIDNEY: Guess it's all right. You bein' cops, I'll give you the
2 key.
3 JOE: We'd like you to come with us.
4 SIDNEY: I ain't gonna tell him nothin'. He comes in while you're
5 upstairs and I won't tell him anything.
6 JOE: No sir. We'd like you to be in the room when we check it.
7 SIDNEY: Oh...well, okay. Let's go.
8 SOUND: SIDNEY COMES AROUND FROM IN BACK OF THE DESK.
9 SIDNEY: Really figure there's something wrong with Ottley, huh?
10 JOE: We're not sure.
11 SIDNEY: Come to think about it...there could be.
12 JOE: Why do you say that?
13 SIDNEY: Just because. Way he lives. He'd had to make a lot of
14 money to live the way he does. Fella makes that much and
15 he usually tells everybody how he did it. Y'know...
16 show how smart he is.
17 JOE: Yeah.
18 SIDNEY: Ottley never says anything. Just he made it...not how.
19 JOE: Won't let anybody in on a good thing.
20 JOE: Maybe he's got a reason.
21 SIDNEY: Huh?
22 JOE: It's not such a good thing.
23 (END SCENE 9)
In the company of the manager, Frank and I checked the suspect's room. In one of the bureau drawers, we found a box of shells for a 38 pistol. There were also several items that had been listed as stolen in previous robberies. We returned to the lobby of the hotel and waited for Ottley to come in. 4:30 P.M. ... Five.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. AS BEFORE. STEPS FADE IN.

FRANK: (AFTER BEAT) Joe?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: THE STEPS PAUSE OFF MIKE.

RALPH: (UP) Hi, Sid.

SIDNEY: (OFF) Hello Mr. Ottley.

RALPH: (OFF) Lost my key someplace...you got another one.

SIDNEY: (OFF) Yeah.

RALPH: (OFF) Might have left it in the room. I'll check it.

SIDNEY: (OFF) Yeah...sure.

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: THEY START TO WALK ACROSS THE LOBBY.

RALPH: (FADE ON) Any calls for me today?

SIDNEY: No sir.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK REACH RALPH.

JOE: Stand still, Ottley. Police officers.

RALPH: What're you doin'?

JOE: Don't turn around.
1 FRANK: I'll shake him.
2 SOUND: FRANK MOVES IN AND DOES FAST SHAKE.
3 FRANK: 38 Revolver.
4 RALPH: What's this all about...I haven't done anything.
5 JOE: Get your hands back of you.
6 SOUND: HE PUTS HIS HANDS BACK OF HIM AND FRANK PUTS THE CUFFS ON HIM.
7 RALPH: You know you got the wrong guy.
8 JOE: You keep tellin' us.
9 RALPH: Takin' me in for robbery huh?
10 JOE: That's one of 'em.
11 RALPH: What d'ya mean?
12 JOE: We're bookin' you for suspicion of murder.
13 RALPH: Robbery...that's all you got me for. I'm not gonna stand no killin' beef.
14 JOE: You keep believing that.
15 RALPH: I will. You ain't gonna tag me with anything more than than 211.
16 JOE: All right...let's go.
17 SOUND: THEY TURN AND AS THEY DO, RALPH STARTS TO RUN.
18 JOE: Grab him Frank.
19 FRANK: MAKES A LUNGE BUT MISSES.
20 JOE: (UP) Keep goin' Ottley and I'll kill you.
21 BEAT
22 SOUND: OTTLEY KEEPS RUNNING. JOE FIRES.
23 RALPH: YELLS AS HE'S HIT.
24 SOUND: RALPH FALLS OFF MIKE. JOE AND FRANK RUN UP TO HIM.
RALPH: (Crying) Why didn't you kill me cop. Why?

JOE: You're lucky.

RALPH: All you know. I'da been better off. Lot better.

Y'shoulda killed me.

JOE: C'mon. We'll take you down to Georgia Street.

RALPH: I didn't mean to shoot the old man.

JOE: That right?

RALPH: He wouldn't give me the money. Kept sayin' he didn't have any.

JOE: Yeah.

RALPH: I heard him talkin' about it. How he was loaded. He coulda just given it to me. No trouble if he'd just given me the money.

JOE: Uh huh.

RALPH: He started to yell. I had to shoot him. Had to. Wasn't any other way.

JOE: Sure.

RALPH: Y'shoulda have killed me. That's why I took off. So you'd do it. Wish you had of.

JOE: Don't worry about it.

RALPH: Huh?

JOE: It might turn out that way.

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

GIBNEY: On May 17th, 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.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT.
1 MUSIC: THEME
2 MUSIC: THEME UNDER
3 GIBNEY: You have just heard Dragnet -- a series of authentic
4 cases from official files. Technical advice comes from
5 the Office of Chief of Police, W. H. Parker, Los Angeles
6 Police Department. Technical advisors: Captain Jack
7 Donohoe, Sgt. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher.
8 Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander,
9
10 Script by John Robinson...Music by Walter Schumann....
11 Hal Gibney speaking.
12 MUSIC: THEME UNDER....CONTINUES
13 FENN: Watch an entirely different Dragnet case history each
14 week on your local NBC Television Station. Please check
15 your newspapers for the day and time. (BEAT)
16 Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet, transcribed, from
17 Los Angeles.
18 (L & M HITCH HIKE)