CHESTERFIELD #125  NBC #294
DIRECTOR:.................JACK WEBB
WRITER:..................FRANK BURT
MUSIC.................WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT...............JEAN MILES
SOUND..............BUD TOLLESON & WAYNE KENWORTHY
ENGINEER..........RAOUL MURPHY
ANNCR. #1......GEORGE FERREMAN
ANNCR. #2.....HAL GIXNEY, NBC
CASE............"THE BIG TOOTH"

RELEASE DATE........APRIL 5, 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 DONCHIE..........L.A.P.D.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:
RECORDING: SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1955 "A"
CAST AND SOUND: 2:30 - 5:00 P.M.
EDITING.................T.B.A.
SCORING.................T.B.A.
ORCHESTRA.............
ANNOUNCERS...... (COMMERCIAL)
BROADCAST......7:00 - 7:30 P.M. - STUDIO "J" - BY T. R.
1. **First Commercial**

1. **Music:** *Harp Up and Out*

2. **Girl:** Put a smile in your smoking!

3. **Fenneman:** 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:** *Vibrapharp Stings*

8. **Fenneman:** Instantly you'll smile your approval of Chesterfield

9. smoothness.

10. **Girl:** So smooth ... so satisfying!

11. **Music:** *Stings Out*

12. **Fenneman:** 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)

19. **Start Smoking with a Smile with Chesterfield**

20. **Smiling All the While with Chesterfield**

21. **Put a Smile in Your Smoking - Just Give 'em a Try**

22. **Light Up a Chesterfield!**

23. **Woodblock:** *Triplet Figure*

24. **Group:** They satisfy!
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!

7 WOODBLOCK: TRIPLET FIGURE

8 GROUP: THEY SATISFY!

9 MUSIC: VIRGAHARP STRINGS

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

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

12 MUSIC: STINGS OUT

13 FENNEMAN: Today's Chesterfield is the best cigarette ever made

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

15 MUSIC: STING

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

17 newest - the most important discovery in cigarette

18 making in over thirty years. The quality detective -

19 another reason why the Chesterfield you smoke today

20 is highest in quality....

21 MUSIC: STING

22 FENNEMAN: Low in nicotine ...

23 MUSIC: STING

24 FENNEMAN: Best for you!

25 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

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

27 In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like

28 Chesterfield.
WEBB: I know Chesterfield 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. In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield. Try 'em - they'll satisfy you.
DRAGNET RADIO
4-5-55

L & M HITCHHIKE

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!
ANNCR: And L & M is sweeping the country! The pure white
miracle tip draws easy - lets you enjoy all the taste.
Buy L & M - notice how mild they are! L & M Filters --
America's Best filter tip cigarette!
q/03
DRAGNET - RADIO
4-5-55

CROSS PLUG
1 ANNCR: Be sure and listen to Chesterfields' great Perry Como
2 show every Monday, Wednesday and Friday on another
3 radio network.
CAST

SGT. JOE FRIDAY .................... JACk WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH ................. BEN ALEXANDER
TOM BOXER (VICTIM) .................... VIC RODMAN
BOB ROBERTS (DBL) .................... JACK KRUSCHEN
THAD BROWN .......................... WALTER SANDE
ALTHEA ARGUS ........................ VIRGINIA GREGG
FRED JOPLIN .......................... RALPH MOODY
DR. CLINTON POTTERFIELD ............. HERB ELLIS
PHILLIP SEAVEY (SUSPECT) .......... JACK KRUSCHEN
DRAGNET - RADIO
"THE BIG TOOTH"

1 FENN: (COLD) Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.
2 MUSIC: HARP AND UP
3 GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.
4 GIBNEY: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth...so satisfying......
5 Chesterfield.
6 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
7 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
8 to hear is true. The names have been changed to
9 protect the innocent.
10 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
11 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned
12 to Robbery Detail. You get a call that a down-town
13 hotel has been held up by a bandit who carries a
14 sawed-off shotgun. Your job -- find him.
15 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
MUSIC: THEME

GIRNEY: Dragnet, the documented drama of an actual crime. For the next 30 minutes, in cooperation with the Los Angeles Police Department, you will travel step by step on the side of the law through an actual case, transcribed from official police files. From beginning to end...from crime to punishment...Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD...

SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP...JOE AND FRANK GET OUT...CROSS SIDEWALK UNDER...SLIGHT TRAFFIC IN B.G.

JOE: It was Sunday, October 9th. It was cool in Los Angeles. We were working the night watch out of Robbery Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Chief of Detectives, Thad Brown. My name's Friday. We were on our way out from the office and it was 2:06 AM when we got to the corner of Cinnabar Street and Grand Avenue...(SOUND...OPEN DOOR)...the Brinton Hotel.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK CROSS SMALL HOTEL LOBBY TO THE DESK...

TOM: (FADING ON) I just done what he told me. Figured there wasn't no point in gettin' myself all roiled up. Didn't see where that would be helpin' matters.

BOB: Yes, sir.

TOM: Whatever he said, I done it. (HE SEES JOE AND FRANK) You fellows lookin' for a room?

JOE: Police officers. This is Frank Smith...my name's Friday.
BOB: From robbery?
FRANK: That's right.
BOB: Roberts...1-F-16.
FRANK: You answer the call?
BOB: Yeah. Description's out. Metro's sending a couple of cars to help us look for the suspect.
JOE: Good.
BOB: Anything else I can do for you?
JOE: No, not right now.
BOB: Okay. I'll take care of the report.
SOUND: STEPS FADE
JOE: Thanks. We'll check with you.
BOB: (OFF SLIGHTLY) Right.
SOUND: HE LEAVES THE LOBBY....DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES OFF.
TOM: You know I sure would-a been wrong about you two.
JOE: Hm?
TOM: Never would-a guessed you was cops.
JOE: Oh.
TOM: Now, you take them other fellows -- well, you could just tell they was policemen.
JOE: Un-huh.
TOM: Even if they hadn't been wearin' uniforms, I'd-a known.
TOM: Somethin' about 'em -- kind-a official like.
JOE: Yes, sir.
1  TOM: Workin' behind a hotel desk you get to be a pretty
good judge of what a man does for a livin'. Somebody
comes in to register I play a little game with myself.
try to figure out what his job is.

2  JOE: Yes, sir.

3  TOM: Usually get it right.

4  JOE: Un-huh.

5  TOM: Salesmen.

6  JOE: Be-a?

7  TOM: Salesmen. That's what I'd-a put you boys down for.

8  JOE: Oh.

9  TOM: Ladies-ready-to-wear. Guess I would-a missed the boat
this time.

10  FRANK: Yes, sir. Would you mind telling us about the hold-up

11  TOM: Thought them other officers already let you in on it...

12  JOE: We'd like to get the details from you.

13  TOM: Oh. Well, I ain't got nothin' better to do. Stuck
here til seven a.m. anyhow.

14  JOE: Could we have your name please.

15  TOM: Boxer -- Tom Boxer.

16  JOE: B-o-x-e-r?

17  TOM: That's it. Just like the dog.

18  JOE: What time did the robbery take place?
TOM: Forty -- forty-five minutes ago. Long around one-twenty -- somewhere in there.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Wasn't one-thirty yet, I'm sure of that.

JOE: Oh?

TOM: You see I was listenin' to the radio. Stan Swift.

JOE: Huh?

TOM: You know, Stan Swift. He's on every night -- midnight til six -- seven nights a week.

JOE: Yes, sir.

TOM: "The nights go swifter with Swift" -- that's how he puts it.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Gives a time signal every hour and every half hour. Remember him givin' the one a.m. -- hadn't given the one-thirty yet. So it must-a been around one-twenty when this fellow come into the hotel.

JOE: Just what did he do?

TOM: Walked up to the desk.

JOE: Yes, sir.

TOM: I didn't even know he was there -- not at first.

JOE: Oh?

TOM: I was sittin' down in that chair -- kind-a had my back away from the door.

JOE: Grunts.

TOM: Didn't hear him neither on account of bein' plugged in.
JOE: How's that?
TOM: To my radio.
JOE: Oh.
SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS
TOM: This here gadget see. Fits into your ear like so.
JOE: Uh-huh.
TOM: Lets you listen without wakin' nobody up. Other end attaches to the set like so.
JOE: GRUNTS
FRANK: You mean that's a radio?
TOM: Sure is. You ain't never seen this kind before, uh?
FRANK: No, sir.
TOM: Transistor -- that's what they call it. Regency transistor. Ain't got no tubes, that's what makes it so small. Carry it around in your pocket if you've a mind to.
FRANK: Yeah.
TOM: Real good tone though -- and plenty of volume if you want to let it out. Like to hear it?
JOE: Not right now, thanks.
TOM: Okay.
SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS
TOM: Well, anyway like I was tellin' you I didn't hear this fellow come in because I was listenin' to Stan Swift.
JOE: Yes, sir.
TOM: He was talkin' about the Spink.
FRANK: What?

TOM: The Spink. You know that thing in Egypt. Statue-like.

FRANK: Oh.

TOM: Somebody writ in to Stan askin' whether it was half-man or half-lady. Other half's a lion.

FRANK: Yes, sir.

TOM: People was all telephonin' their opinions. Jist of it is, the Spink's half man. Never knew that before, did you? Always had a kind of female look to me.

JOE: GRUNTS.

TOM: You sure can pick up a lot of information listenin' to Stan.

JOE: Yes, sir. Now if you'd just tell us about the robbery, Mr. Boxer.

TOM: Ain't that what I been doin'?

JOE: Yes, sir. You said this man walked up to the desk?

TOM: That's right. Maybe stood there a couple of seconds before I sensed him.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Unplugged myself, got up and asked him if he wanted a room. He said he did. Single.

JOE: Yes, sir.

TOM: Checked the boxes to see what was vacant. Had my back to him while I was checkin'. Didn't notice him opening up his satchel.
1 JOE: GRUNTS
2 TOM: Must-a been carryin' the gun there -- in the satchel.
3 Anyway when I turned around to register him I found
4 myself starin' into the barrel. Shot-gun it was.
5 JOE: Go on.
6 TOM: "This is a stick-up," he said. "Do what I tell you and
7 you won't get hurt". I didn't know whether he meant
8 business or not. And I sure didn't aim to test him to
9 find out. "Yes, sir," I said. "You just tell me what
10 you want, I'll do it".
11 JOE: GRUNTS
12 TOM: I ain't no coward, you understand. But I ain't no hero
13 neither. Specially when I'm facin' up to a shot-gun.
14 JOE: Sure.
15 TOM: Like the man says -- only real hero's a dead hero.
16 JOE: Uh-huh.
17 TOM: Me -- I'd just as soon go on livin'. That's why I done
18 exactly what he told me. Give him the money from the cash
19 drawer here.
20 SOUND: OPENS DRAWER
21 TOM: See....every penny. Handed it all over to him. Didn't
22 try to hold none back.
23 FRANK: Yes, sir. About how much was it?
24 TOM: Fifty -- sixty dollars. Somewhere in between there.
25 FRANK: What happened next?
1 TOM: Told me to empty my pockets. Lay the stuff on the desk.
2 JOE: Uh-huh.
3 TOM: I emptied *em. Didn't have more than three or four dollars in change. He scooped it up with the other money, shoved it into his satchel.
4 JOE: I see.
5 7 TOM: Then he said for me to come out from behind this desk.
6 8 TOM: Walked me over to the elevator. Told me to get inside and ride up to the top floor. That'd be the third. Hotel's three stories high.
7 JOE: GRUNTS.
8 11 TOM: I suppose I could-a got off on number two. He wouldn't-a know the difference. Floor indicator down here don't work.
9 12 JOE: GRUNTS.
10 13 TOM: But I didn't see where I'd be gainin' anything by it. So I done what he told me. Rode up to three.
11 JOE: How long did you wait there?
12 TOM: Til I seen him leave the hotel.
13 JOE: Oh?
14 TOM: From the window--end of the third floor hall.
15 FRANK: He drive away?
16 TOM: Nope. Just strolled off. Don't think he had a car.
17 JOE: I see.
18 TOM: Turned the corner and that was the last of him.
19 FRANK: What did you do then?
TOM: Took the elevator back down. Called the police.
LISTENED TO THE RADIO WHILE I WAS WAITIN'.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Figured I might as well take it easy til the cops come.

JOE: Wasn't more than five minutes before them officers walked in. Little while later you fellows walked in. Guess you know when that was.

JOE: Yes sir.

FRANK: Could you tell us what he looked like, Mr. Boxer?

TOM: Huh?

FRANK: Man who held you up.

TOM: Oh. Told them other fellows -- the ones wearin' uniforms.

JOE: They said they'd send out his description.

JOE: Yes, sir. Well, we'd like to have it too.

TOM: Okay. Young fellow -- twenty-five to thirty I'd judge.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Big build. Little bigger than you.

JOE: GRUNTS

TOM: Not as big as you though. Somewhere in between.

FRANK: Yes, sir.

TOM: Black hair, didn't catch the color of his eyes. That's about all.

FRANK: How was he dressed?
TOM: Suit. Stripe in it I think. Maybe dark blue with a

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Have any scars?

TOM: Not where you'd notice 'em.

JOE: You said he carried the gun in a satchel.

TOM: Must-a been where he had it. Didn't actually see him
take it out though. Back was to him at the time.

JOE: How big was the satchel?

TOM: Medium-sized. About so long.

JOE: What color was it?

TOM: Black.

JOE: Any initials on it?

TOM: No-o-o. Not so far as I can recall.

JOE: What about the gun? How big was it?

TOM: (GESTURING) This long maybe.

JOE: Uh-huh.


JOE: Could you tell the make?

TOM: I ain't no expert on shot guns.

JOE: GRUNTS

FRANK: Would you know this man if you saw him again?

TOM: Sure. Be a fool not to. Why?

JOE: Like to have you come down to the city hall in the
morning, Mr. Boxer.
1 TOM: What for?
2 JOE: Show you some photographs, see if you can pick him out.
3 TOM: You mean this morning?
4 JOE: Yes, sir.
5 TOM: It's Sunday.
6 JOE: That's right.
7 TOM: You fellows work on a Sunday?
8 JOE: We're not the only ones.
9 TOM: What do you mean?
10 JOE: He did.

(End Scene 1)

11 JOE: Frank and I checked with the patrol officers who had answered Mr. Boxer's call. They told us that a search of the immediate vicinity had failed to turn up anyone who answered the suspect's description. 3:16 AM the crew from the crime lab finished their investigation. There were no useful fingerprints or other physical evidence in the lobby of the hotel. 7:38 AM we checked the suspect's NO and description with the Staats office.

20 They came up with 18 possibles. We pulled the packages from R & I and took them back to the office.

22 SOUND: STEPS...OPEN DOOR...SQUADROOM B.G., UNDER...CLOSE DOOR...

23 FRANK: Looks like it might rain.
24 JOE: Pretty early in the season, isn't it?
25 FRANK: Paper says we're gonna have a wet winter.
1 JOE: That so.
2 FRANK: Be real good for skiing I guess.
3 JOE: Uh-huh.
4 FRANK: That's what you need...lots of moisture...heavy snow.
5 JOE: You never go skiing.
6 FRANK: No.
7 JOE: Well?
8 FRANK: Thought about takin' it up a couple of years ago. Fay blew her stack.
9 JOE: Oh?
10 FRANK: Said I'd probably break my neck first time I tried.
11 SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STEPS IN...
12 JOE: GRUNTS
13 FRANK: Sometimes I think she worries more about me than she does the kids.
14 TOM: Mornin', gents.
15 FRANK: Hi.
16 TOM: Hope I haven't kept you waitin'?
17 JOE: No, sir, not a bit. How are you, Mr. Boxer?
18 TOM: (YAWNING) Sleepy. Usually get a couple of hours cat-nap durin' my shift. Kind-a missed out on it last night.
19 JOE: GRUNTS
20 TOM: Even after all you fellows left, somehow I just couldn't doze off. Listened to Stan Swift til six a.m.
21 JOE: Uh-huh.

LG 0189630
Why I'll bet I know more about Egypt than a real live Egyptian. Well, you got them pictures you wanted to show me?

Yes, sir. Over here.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

All right if I set down?

Sure.

SCRAPE OF CHAIR...HE SITS

This the pile?

Yeah. Take your time. Look at each one as long as you like.

Okay.

GO THROUGH PICTURES UNDER

Pretty tough bunch of boys.

Uh-huh.

No, not him....Um-um....no....nope....well, now wait a minute. There is a resemblance. He looked something like this one here.

Is it the same man, Mr. Boxer?

Oh, no, no, not the same. Similar type though. That help you any?

Would you go through the others please,

Sure, sure.

SOUND: COUPLE MORE PICTURES
TOM: Now you see this fellow...

JOE: Yes, sir?

TOM: He's not the same type at all.

JOE: Uh-huh.

TOM: Other one I pointed out was. You can see the difference yourself.

JOE: Yes, sir.

SOUND: MORE PICTURES

TOM: It's not him....not him either...n-ope...

SOUND: COUPLE MORE PICTURES IN THE CLEAR

TOM: This is closer to him.

JOE: Sir?

TOM: Not as close as that other one, but closer.

JOE: Yes, sir.

TOM: Now we're gettin' further away. No, it's none of these.

JOE: That all you got?

TOM: This is the best I can do for you --

SOUND: FUMBLE THROUGH PICTURES

TOM: This one here -- one I pointed out first.

JOE: But it's not the same man.

TOM: Never said it was. Just said they was similar.

JOE: Yes, sir. Sorry we wasted your time.

TOM: Wasn't no waste of time. Not as far as I'm concerned.
JOE: Oh?

TOM: Remember my tellin' you about how I try to guess what different folks do for a livin'?

JOE: Sure.

TOM: Lookin' at all these pictures will be a big help from now on.

JOE: Sir?

TOM: I'll know a crook when I see one.

(END OF SCENE 2)

JOE: On the following Sunday, October 16th, two more small hotels were held up by a shotgun bandit. Both robberies occurred during the early morning hours. The description of the suspect and his MO indicated that he was the same man who had robbed the Brinton Hotel. Frank and I continued our investigation but we failed to turn up any leads. During the next week all hotels in the downtown area were alerted. Sunday, October 23rd, the night manager of the Shaffer Arms near the corner of Broadway and Clay reported that he had been robbed at approximately 3:30 AM. He confirmed the bandit's description and MO but was unable to add anything new. The next morning, October 24th, we had a conference with the Skipper.
BROWN: Doesn't sound to me like you're any closer to him than you were two weeks ago. What have you got?

JOE: Not much.

BROWN: Well, let's have it.

JOE: Description.

BROWN: Pretty general, isn't it?

JOE: Afraid so.

BROWN: What else?

FRANK: Up til now he's only worked one area.

BROWN: Yeah?

FRANK: All the hotels are within a mile of Pershing Square.

BROWN: Nothing to keep him from spreading out, is there?

JOE: So far he hasn't used a car.

BROWN: You figure he pulls these jobs on foot?

JOE: Looks that way.

BROWN: Then he must live downtown somewhere.

JOE: GRUNTS

BROWN: Anything about the hotels that might give us a tip-off on his next move?

JOE: They're all small. Only one person on duty.

BROWN: Uh-huh.

JOE: We've marked the possibles on a map. Like to look at it.

BROWN: Yeah.

SOUND: UNFOLD A MAP
JOE: These are the ones he's already hit. Here and here... and over here.

BROWN: Tight little group.

JOE: Yeah. These circles indicate all other hotels of a similar nature in the downtown area.

BROWN: Uh-huh. Only works on Sunday mornings, uh?

JOE: That's right.

BROWN: What have you got planned for this Sunday?

JOE: We'll stake out as many as we can. We've asked Metro to give us a hand. We figure we'll have enough men to cover about twenty likelies.

FRANK: Plan to run the stakes from midnight til six a.m. When he hits it's between two and four.

JOE: How's that sound to you, Skipper?

BROWN: About all we can do.

JOE: Yeah.

BROWN: I want you both to stay on this between now and Sunday. See if you can't pick up a lead somewhere.

JOE: Sure.

BROWN: Informants been able to give you anything?

JOE: Nope.

BROWN: They holdin' out?

JOE: Don't think so. Don't think they know who he is.

BROWN: Well, maybe the stakes will work.

JOE: Yeah.
1 BROWN: Wait a minute -- let me see that map again.
2 JOE: Sure.
3 SOUND: UNROLL MAP
4 BROWN: Funny... See here.
5 JOE: Yeah?
6 BROWN: You said these are the places he's already robbed?
7 JOE: Uh-huh.
8 BROWN: All right together. Draw a line from one to the other and
9 you'd have a square.
10 JOE: Yeah.
11 BROWN: What's this right in the middle of the square?
12 JOE: Argus Hotel on South Broadway.
13 BROWN: That's one he hasn't hit yet?
14 JOE: Uh-huh.
15 BROWN: Looks like your best bet then.
16 JOE: Yeah. That's what we figured.
17 BROWN: Who's gonna cover it Sunday?
18 JOE: Smith and I thought we'd take it.
19 BROWN: That's a coincidence.
20 JOE: Uh?
21 BROWN: Just who I was gonna suggest.
22 (END SCENE 3)
JOE: During the rest of the week we continued our investigation but failed to turn up any additional information about the suspect. A few minutes before midnight on Saturday October 29th, men from Metro and Robbery Divisions staked out 22 locations in the downtown area. Sunday, October 30th -- 12:05 AM, Frank and I entered the lobby of the Argus Hotel and walked up to the desk.

SOUND: STEPS UP TO DESK

ALTHEA: Sorry we're full up.
FRANK: Like to talk to the manager, ma'am.
ALTHEA: I said we're full up.
JOE: We're police officers.
ALTHEA: Uh?
JOE: This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.
ALTHEA: Oh.
JOE: Could we see the manager?
ALTHEA: I'm the manager.
JOE: You own this hotel?
ALTHEA: Me and my husband.
JOE: Maybe we'd better talk to him.
ALTHEA: Go ahead. If you can find him.
JOE: Isn't he here?
ALTHEA: Nope.
JOE: Know where he is?
1 ALTHEA: Nope. Out gettin' drunk probably.
2 JOE: I see.
3 ALTHEA: I work nights, he works days. He don't tell me where he
goes at night; I don't tell him what I do during the day.
4 JOE: Uh-huh.
5 ALTHEA: That's our arrangement.
6 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
7 ALTHEA: It don't make for a real happy marriage but it keeps us
7A from killin' each other.
8 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
9 FRANK: Is there somebody who could take over for you here tonight?
10 ALTHEA: Nope.
11 JOE: You're sure your husband didn't say where he was going?
12 ALTHEA: We don't talk.
13 JOE: Oh.
14 ALTHEA: He wants me to know something, he writes me a note,
14A leaves it on the desk. I do the same for him.
15 JOE: Yes, Ma'am.
16 ALTHEA: We ain't exchanged no words for the last two years.
17 JOE: Uh-huh.
18 ALTHEA: Saves a lot of wear and tear on the nervous system. He
18A never said nothin' worth listenin' to anyhow.
19 JOE: I see.
20 ALTHEA: Folks, always tellin' us we ought-a get a divorce.
21 JOE: They just don't know.
22 JOE: GRUNTS
ALTHEA: We're lots better off than when we was conversin'.

Well, what do you fellows want?

Several downtown hotels have been held up lately, ma'am.

Yeah.

You were warned about it, weren't you?

George was warned -- left me a note.

Uh-huh. Well, there's a chance he might come here tonight.

If he does I'm ready for him.

Oh?

Got me a gun.

Pistol. Keep it in the cash drawer....see.

Yes, ma'am.

Know how to use it too. He show's up......I'm ready for him.

Is there someplace we could wait in case he does.

Y'don't have to. I don't need no protection. Told you --

I've got a gun.

So has he.

(END SCENE 4)

(END PART 1)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Mrs. Argus finally agreed to let us stake-out the hotel. She showed us into a small room off the lobby. From there Frank and I could see anyone who entered. During the next four hours only two people requested accommodations. They were both middle-aged men and neither of them in any way resembled the suspect's description.

What time you got, Joe?

About five after four.

Latest he ever pulled a job was three-thirty.

Uh-huh.

Maybe he decided to lay off tonight.

Maybe.

TELEPHONE RINGS OFF

(FAR OFF....INAUDIBLE) Argus Hotel....Yeah....Who?.....

Oh, yeah. (SHOUTING) Hey, you guys in there.

Yes, ma'am.

Somebody wants you on the phone.

Okay.

(PARTIALLY OPENED DOOR....OPENS WIDER....STEPS)

(PARTIALLY ON) In the booth.

Yes, ma'am.

COUPLE MORE STEPS...INTO PHONE BOOTH

(INTO PHONE) Friday....Yeah.....Wait a minute...Okay

what's the address?

SCRIBBLE A NOTE
JOE: Yeah, I got it....Thanks.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE....STEPS OUT OF BOOTH

FRANK: What's up?

JOE: Looks like we staked out the wrong places.

FRANK: Oh?

JOE: All-night cafe on South Main. Owner was held up. He's pretty badly wounded.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Sawed-off shotgun.

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: Frank and I drove over to the Joplin Grill at the corner of Main and Vincent Place. We talked to the Patrol Car officers who had discovered Fred Joplin's body. They told us Joplin was unconscious when they found him. They said they had called an ambulance and that he had been taken to Georgia Street Receiving. We telephoned the hospital and asked to be notified as soon as the victim was available for questioning. 4:42 A.M. Lt. Lee Jones and a crew from the crime lab began their investigation.

Frank and I went back to the office. October 30th, 10:17 A.M. Georgia Street reported that Joplin had recovered consciousness. We drove down there and talked to Dr. Sebastian. He said that Joplin was suffering from shock and loss of blood. He also said that Joplin's right shoulder was severely lacerated and that there was a possibility the arm would have to be amputated.

10:46 A.M. we interviewed the victim.
1 FRED: Sat down on a stool asked for a cup of coffee.
2 FRANK: Yes, sir.
3 FRED: I turned around, picked up the silex, started fillin' a
cup.
4 JOB: Uh-huh.
5 FRED: Time I was finished he'd got his gun out. Guess he had it
in that bag he was carryin'.
6 FRANK: What happened then?
7 FRED: Told me it was a stick-up. Said to give him the money
from the register or he'd shoot me.
8 JOB: Yes, sir.
9 FRED: I didn't say nothin'. Just stood there....kinda starin'
at him.
10 JOB: GRUNTS
11 FRED: He raised up his gun - shotgun it was.
12 JOB: Uh-huh.
13 FRED: "I mean business, Mister," that's what he said next. "I
mean business."
14 JOB: GRUNTS
15 FRED: I still didn't say nothin'. Just stood there....with that
cup of coffee in my hand.
16 FRED: "Start movin'," he said. Voice sounded real low and mean.
17 Didn't seem to match his face. Sort of a pleasant lookin'
fellow. Voice was mean though.
18 JOB: Uh-huh.
FRED: Started gesturin' with that shot-gun -- pointin' toward the register. That's when I let fly.
JOE: Huh?
FRED: With the cup of coffee. Smashed it right into his face.
JOE: I see.
FRED: Must-a give him quite a jolt.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRED: Didn't keep him from shootin' me but it sure wrecked his aim some. Leastways I'm still here. Don't remember nothin' after that.
JOE: Yes, sir.
FRED: Sure hit him a good one though. Them coffee cups ain't the lightest things in the world.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRED: Not to mention the coffee itself. Scaldin' hot it was.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRED: Right here -- that's where I belted him. Right in the jaw. Used to be a ball player you know.
JOE: That so?
FRED: Wasn't a pro exactly but I had a first rate pitchin' arm. 'Lefty' Joplin -- that's what they used to call me -- back in Junction City, Kansas it was.
JOE: Yes, sir.
1 FRED: Local merchants sponsored our team. Pitched sixteen
2 winners one season. Best record in the League.
3 JOE: (GRUNTS)
4 FRED: Well, I ain't lost all my technique. Leastways I sure
5 whapped him with that cup.
6 JOE: Uh-huh.
7 FRED: Doc say anything to you fellows about how I'm doing?
8 JOE: Just that you're gettin' along.
9 FRED: He make up his mind about my right arm yet?
10 JOE: Uh?
11 FRED: Whether I'm gonna lose it or not?
12 JOE: No, sir. He didn't tell us.
13 FRED: Guess in a way I'm kind-a lucky.
14 JOE: Oh?
15 FRED: Bein' left-handed.
16 (END SCENE 6)
17 JOE: We asked the victim, Fred Joplin to describe the
18 suspect. The description he gave us tallied with what we
19 already had. 11:17 A.M., Frank and I went back to the
20 office.
21 SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.
22 FRANK: I can't figure it out, Joe?
23 JOE: Hm?
24 FRANK: Why'd he switch from hotels to a cafe?
25 JOE: Maybe he tumbled to our stake-outs.
FRANK: Yeah. Sure thought he'd try the Argus though. It was right spot for him.

SOUND: TELEPHONE

JOE: I'll take it.

SOUND: STEPS...PICK UP PHONE

JOE: Robbery, Friday...Uh-huh...I see...Anything else?...

Uh-huh...Gives us something to go on...thanks.

SOUND: HANG UP PHONE...COUPLE OF STEPS

JOE: Lee Jones in the lab.

FRANK: Yeah?

JOE: Joplin was right. He sure didn't miss with that coffee cup.

FRANK: They find the pieces?

JOE: More than that.

FRANK: Oh?

JOE: Found a broken front tooth.

(END SCENE 7)

JOE: Analysis of the broken tooth revealed that it was part of a lower incisor. From what we had learned of the suspect, it seemed likely that he would make an immediate effort to have the tooth replaced. For the next three days Frank and I interviewed dentists in the immediate vicinity of the robberies. Thursday, Nov 3rd, 3:17 PM. We questioned Dr. Clinton Potterfield in his office on the second floor of the Marshfield Building.
CLINTON: Yes, yes; I believe I had such a patient last Monday.

JOE: Broken incisor?

CLINTON: That's right.

FRANK: Could you tell us what he looked like?

CLINTON: Young man...about thirty. Nicely dressed. Seemed very pleasant.

JOE: Did he say what had happened to his tooth?

CLINTON: Oh yes, automobile accident.

JOE: I see.

CLINTON: Knocked it against the steering wheel.

JOE: Uh-huh.

CLINTON: Wanted a new fitting right away.

FRANK: Offered to pay me extra if I'd hurry it up. I told him you can't rush a new bridge. Even a temporary.

JOE: Yes, sir. Did he give you his name and address?

CLINTON: Not me personally. My receptionist takes care of those details.

JOE: Would you mind checking with her?

CLINTON: No; not a bit. Excuse me.

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

FRANK: 'Bout time we got a break.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRANK: Hey...look out there.
JOE: Hmm?
FRANK: Startin' to rain.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Just like the paper said, gonna be a wet winter.
SOUND: DOOR OPENS...STEPS IN
CLINTON: Here you are, gentlemen. I had her copy it down for you.
JOE: Thanks. (READING) Phillip Seaver.
CLINTON: That's correct. His address is there too.
JOE: Yeah. Well, at last we know one thing now.
FRANK: What's that?
JOE: Why he skipped over the Argus Hotel.
FRANK: Oh?
JOE: He lives there.
(End Scene 8)
JOE: 3:58 PM. Frank and I drove over to the Argus Hotel and talked to the owner, Jefferson Argus. He told us that Phillip Seaver lived on the second floor -- Room 23. He said that Seaver was a quiet young man who had been staying at the hotel for the past six weeks. He also told us that Seaver worked nights and was probably in his room now. We took the elevator up to the second floor.
SOUND: ELEVATOR TO A STOP...OPEN DOOR...WALK DOWN HALL
FRANK: Here we are.

SOUND: STEPS TO A STOP

JOE: Yeah. All set.

FRANK: Uh-huh.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: CRASH THROUGH DOOR

PHIL: Hey, what the --

JOE: Police officers. Get up against the wall.

PHIL: Huh?

JOE: Move!!

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS

PHIL: I sure don't know what this is all about.

SOUND: FRANK MAKES A QUICK SEARCH

FRANK: He's clean, Joe.

JOE: All right turn around.

PHIL: Okay.

JOE: Where's the shot gun?

PHIL: You guys must be off your rocker.

FRANK: (FADING) I'll see what I can turn up, Joe.

JOE: Okay.

PHIL: You got no right to come bustin' in here.

JOE: Uh-huh.

PHIL: What would I be doin' with a shot gun?

JOE: You tell us.
PHIL: Never had a gun in my life.

SOUND: OPEN DRAWERS OFF SLIGHTLY

JOE: Sure.

PHIL: Cops make more darned mistakes. Bet you pick up the wrong guy half the time.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

PHIL: (TO FRANK) There's nothing in that bureau except my clothes.

FRANK: (FADING ON) What about this?

PHIL: Just a satchel, that's all.

SOUND: FUMBLE WITH LOCK ON SATCHEL

FRANK: Locked.

JOE: Where's the key?

PHIL: I dunno I lost it.

JOE: Break it open.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: SMASH AT LOCK

PHIL: Hey, that's a good bag.

JOE: Not worth anything to you without a key.

SOUND: LOCK BREAKS...FRANK OPENS SATCHEL

(BEAT)

JOE: Okay, Seaver, let's go.

(BEAT)

PHIL: How the heck did that get in there?
1 JOE: You don't know?
2 PHIL: Told you I didn't.
3 JOE: Yeah.
4 PHIL: Never had a shot gun in my life.
5 JOE: You've got one now.
6 PHIL: Must-a picked up the wrong bag by mistake. Sure,
7 that's what happened.
8 JOE: Come on, Seaver.
9 PHIL: Okay, okay, I'm comin'.
10 SOUND: HE MAKES A RUN FOR IT...JOE GRABS HIM
11 PHIL: Get your --
12 SOUND: JOE SLUGS HIM...HE GOES DOWN HARD
13 (BEAT)
14 FRANK: Cut your hand?
15 JOE: It'll be all right.
16 FRANK: You really let him have it.
17 JOE: (GRUNTS)
18 FRANK: Well, what do you know?
19 JOE: Huh?
20 FRANK: Look at him, Joe.
21 JOE: Yeah?
22 FRANK: He's missin' another tooth.
23 MUSIC: SIGNATURE

LAG 0189650
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On March 12th, 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: Phillip Herbert Seaver was tried and convicted of robbery in the First Degree -- five counts and received sentence as prescribed by law. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than five years in the state penitentiary. Because of the viciousness of the suspect, it was decided that the terms would run consecutively.
MUSIC: THEME

MUSIC: THEME UNDER

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. Marty Wynn, Sgt. Vance Brasher. Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander

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

MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES

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)