FIRST COMMERCIAL FENN: A smile in your smoking! Next time you buy Cigarettes — Stop — Remember this — It's today's biggest cigarette news.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield is made the modern way — with Accu-Ray!

FENN: The Accu-Ray controller is the greatest improvement in cigarette making in years. And it's a Chesterfield exclusive. This amazing "Quality Detective" electrocamera checks and controls the making of your Chesterfield — Giving a uniformity and smoking quality never possible before. So buy Chesterfield today. For the first time you get a perfect smoke column from end to end.

GIBNEY: A perfect smoke column — from end to end.

PENN: From the first puff to the last puff your Chesterfield smokes smoother. From the first puff to the last puff your Chesterfield smokes cooler.

GIBNEY: From the first puff to the last puff Chesterfield is best for you.

FENN: Next time you buy Cigarettes — Stop — Remember.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield is made the modern way — with Accu-Ray.

GROUP: PUT A SMILE IN YOUR SMOKING — JUST GIVE 'EM A TRY (JINGLE) 

LI9IT UP A CHESTERFIELD . . .
MUSIC: HARP UP AND OUT

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

FENN: Next time you buy cigarettes, stop. Remember this. ... In the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like Chesterfield.

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking!

MUSIC: VIBRAHARP STINGS

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

GIRL: So smooth, so satisfying!

MUSIC: STINGS OUT

FENN: You want them mild. We make them mild! Mild and mellow with the smooth and refreshing taste of the right combination of the world's best tobaccos. So next time you buy cigarettes, stop!

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 THEM A TRY LIGHT UP A CHESTERFIELD!

WOODBLOCK -- TRIPLET FIGURE

GROUP: THEY SATISFY!
1 WEBB: Put a smile in your smoking - Buy Chesterfield.
2 It's the best cigarette ever made for my money.
3 Smooth - satisfying - mild and mellow.
4 Believe me - In the whole wide world, no cigarette
5 satisfies like Chesterfield.
DRAGNET:
May 3, 1955

HITCHHIKE - L & M

1 L & M THIS IS IT
2 (JINGLE) L & M FILTERS
3 IT STANDS OUT
4 FROM ALL THE REST
5 MIRACLE TIP
6 MUCH MORE FLAVOR
7 L & M'S GOT EVERYTHING
8 IT'S THE BEST.

9 ANNCR: And L & M is sweeping the country!
10 The pure white miracle tip draws easy -
11 Lets you enjoy all the taste. -Buy L & M -
12 Notice how mild they are! L & M Filters -
13 America's best filter tip cigarette!
ANNCR: For the first time on TV -- A shocking, true story of prejudice and antiquated laws. See Mr. Citizen this week for the true story of one woman's heroic struggle to gain equal rights for herself and a million and a half other Americans. Look for Mr. Citizen in your local TV listings.
DRAGNET
May 3, 1955

1 PENN: Hear Dragnet next week, same time same station.
"THE BIG MAMA"

CAST

SERGEANT JOE FRIDAY..........................JACK WEBB
OFFICER FRANK SMITH..........................BEN ALEXANDER
CIARA GIBBONS..................................VIRGINIA GREGG
TED WENDLER....................................HERB ELLIS
MAY CUSTACE.......................................LILLIAN BAYEPP
ALMA LORINGTON.................................IRENE TEDROW
DRAGNET - RADIO
"THE BIG MAMA"

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 to
8 hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
9 the innocent.
10 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR
11 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to
12 Bunco-Fugitive Detail. A secretary tells you her employer
13 has suddenly left town. She says he has taken all the
14 company records with him. Your job...check it out.
15 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
MUSIC: THEME

GIBNEY: 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: STEPS IN CORRIDOR.....SLIGHT ECHO AND CORRIDOR B.G.

JOE: It was Monday, May 18th. It was cloudy in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Bunco-Fugitive Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Didion. My name's Friday. We were on our way back from lunch and it was 1:46 PM when we got to Room 38....(SOUND: DOOR OPENS).....Bunco-Fugitive.

SOUND: THEY ENTER THE ROOM.....B.G. CHANGES.....CLOSE DOOR BEHIND THEM

FRANK: At least Fay can't say I'm not tryin'.

JOE: What?

FRANK: Had enchiladas again today.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Second time this week.

JOE: What's that got to do with Fay?

FRANK: Didn't I tell you, she wants us to drive down to Mexico on my vacation.

JOE: Oh.

FRANK: Gotta get my stomach ready for it.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRANK: We're figurin' on San Felipe maybe.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS OFF....SLOW STEPS FADE ON TENTATIVELY
FRANK: Real good fishin' there.
JOE: Then why are you eatin' enchiladas?
FRANK: Told you -- got my stomach used to Mexican food.
JOE: You'll be eatin' fish, won't you? If you catch any.
FRANK: Oh, yeah. Never thought of that.

CIARA: (OFF SLIGHTLY) (CLEARS THROAT)

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

CIARA: (AWKWARDLY) Sgt. Friday?
JOE: That's right.
CIARA: They told me to see you.
JOE: Yes, ma'am. This is my partner, Frank Smith.
CIARA: How do you do,
FRANK: Afternoon.

CIARA: My name is Gibbons......Clara Gibbons.
JOE: Won't you sit down.
CIARA: Thank you.

SOUND: SCRAPE OF CHAIR......SHE SITS

JOE: Go ahead please.
CIARA: Well......

JOE: Yes, ma'am?
CIARA: It isn't anything when you put your finger on it -- at least it isn't anything I'm sure of.

JOE: Uh-huh.

CIARA: It wasn't even my idea -- coming to the police, Mama said I -- I mean my mother advised me to discuss this matter with you.

JOE: Sure.

CIARA: She's always claimed there was something funny about my job -- she says this just goes to prove it. I'm sure she's mistaken. I'm sure Mr. Orlean wouldn't do anything wrong.

JOE: Mr. Orlean?

CIARA: He's my boss -- my employer. Henry Orlean.

JOE: I see.

CIARA: The thing is, he's disappeared.

JOE: Oh.

CIARA: All of a sudden.

FRANK: When did you see him last?

CIARA: Friday. Friday evening when I left the office. Five PM.

JOE: Have you checked with his home?

CIARA: I -- I don't know where he lives. He never told me.

JOE: And he's never gone out of town before. Not since I started working for him.

JOE: How long has that been?

CIARA: Seven months. Seven months on the third.

JOE: What kind of business is he in?
JOE: Uh-huh.
CLARA: Multiple Uranium Investments Incorporated. That's the name of his company.
JOE: I see.
FRANK: Don't the other employees have any idea where he went?
CLARA: There aren't any other employees. I'm the only one.
FRANK: Oh.
JOE: Have you talked to Missing Persons?
CLARA: No. No I haven't. You see Mama doesn't think he's missing. She says he's skipped out. That he's a crook.
JOE: Does your mother know Mr. Orlean?
CLARA: Only what I've told her about him. They've never met.
JOE: She's been suspicious from the very beginning though.
CLARA: It's -- well, it's kinda hard to explain.
JOE: Yes, ma'am?
CLARA: You see, the thing is Mama just can't understand why he ever hired me.
JOE: Oh?
CLARA: The Employment Office sent me to see him -- along with seven or eight other secretaries. Mr. Orlean picked me out from all the rest.
JOE: Something strange in that?
CLARA: Well.....the truth is I'm not much of a stenographer.

Not a real good one that is. I get kinda nervous whenever
I have to take dictation. And my typing's just fair too.
I could do real clean copy if they'd let me take my time,
but they never do.

JOE: Uh-huh.

CLARA: Except for Mr. Orlean. He doesn't rush me or get me all
upset. This is the first time I've ever been able to help
onto a job. And the pay's awfully good. Twenty dollars
a week more than I ever earned before.

JOE: That so.

CLARA: Mama couldn't believe it when I told her. She said there
was a catch to it somehow.

JOE: GRUNTS

CLARA: Be different if I was -- well, if I wasn't plain. Two or
three of the other girls who tried out for Mr. Orlean --
they were very attractive and they all had nice clothes.
Mama sure was surprised when I told her he'd picked me.
"There's a catch to it somewhere," that's how she put it.
"He's up to something and he wants a secretary who's NOT
too bright."

JOE: I'm afraid we'd need more than that to start an
investigation, Miss Gibbons.

CLARA: Yes, sir. I see. Well, thank you very much.

JOE: Does he owe you any back wages?

CLARA: Oh, no, no. I'm paid up a month in advance.

JOE: Oh?
CLARA: That was another thing that seemed funny. I mean when you think about it now it seems funny.

JOE: Just what do you mean?

CLARA: My being with him less than a year and him wanting me to take a vacation with pay. A whole month off.

JOE: How'd it come about?

CLARA: Well, it was just last week -- Monday -- a week ago today when he brought up the subject. He said it was getting on toward summer and I ought to start thinking about where I wanted to go on my vacation. He thought it might be better for me to leave now -- because there wouldn't be so many tourists.

JOE: GRUNTS.

CLARA: It would be better for him too, on account of this is a slack time and he wouldn't have to hire a replacement. Least that's what he said.

JOE: Uh-huh.

CLARA: I told him I didn't feel entitled to a vacation yet. He just smiled and said it was up to him to decide that... that he was the boss, wasn't he? Then he insisted I tell him just where I wanted to go. I couldn't think of any place at all and he finally asked me why I didn't visit my sister in Hawaii.

JOE: I see.

CLARA: She's married to a Navy officer stationed in Honolulu. I guess I must have mentioned her to Mr. Orlean. I guess that's how he knew about her.
1 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
2 CLARA: But the idea of ever paying her a visit hadn't even
crossed my mind. A trip like that costs a lot of
money -- just for fare.
3 JOE: Sure.
4 CLARA: I was kind of beating around the bush about it. Oh, I
didn't say straight out that I couldn't afford to go to
the islands but I guess Mr. Orlean knew what I was
thinking. Anyway he told me to order a ticket and to
write out a check for the full amount, that he'd sign
it.
5 JOE: Uh-huh.
6 CLARA: I tried to argue with him but he pretended to get mad
and told me if I was a good enough secretary to deserve
a holiday he was going to see that I got it. Then he
said he'd make up for it when I got back, that he'd
really pour the work on.
7 JOE: Uh-huh.
8 CLARA: I knew he wasn't serious, about pouring the work on,
but it did seem like he really wanted me to go to
9 Hawaii.
10 JOE: Why didn't you take him up on it?
11 CLARA: I meant to. I had my ticket -- a round-trip flight.
12 JOE: Mr. Orlean paid for it just like he said he would.
13 CLARA: My mother didn't exactly approve of the idea. But as
long as it wasn't going to be costing me much - I mean
since I could stay with my sister...
14 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
CLARA: I was supposed to leave Saturday night. I sent Anne an airmail letter telling her all about the trip. That's my sister -- Anne Burcott.

JOE: Uh-huh.

CLARA: Saturday morning she wired me not to come. Her husband's being transferred in a week or two. She wasn't sure where -- maybe back to the States.

JOE: I see.

CLARA: There isn't any point in my going to visit them -- not if they're not going to be there.

JOE: No, ma'am.

CLARA: I suppose I could have made the trip anyway but it wouldn't be any fun going someplace where I didn't know anybody. I -- I don't make friends very easily.

JOE: Sure.

CLARA: I didn't know just what to do. Whether Mr. Orlean would still want me to take the month off or not. I went down to the office this morning to talk to him about it. He wasn't there. Everything was gone.

JOE: Oh?

CLARA: From the safe...all the records, stock certificates, everything. The incorporation papers he had framed up on the wall -- they were gone too.

FRANK: Had somebody broken in?

CLARA: I don't think so. The door to the suite was locked when I got there. I had my key.
FRANK: What about the safe?
CLARA: I -- I don't understand.
FRANK: Was it open or closed?
CLARA: Closed.
JOE: How'd you happen to look inside?
CLARA: I telephoned my mother, told her that Mr. Orlean wasn't there. She said I'd better check and see if anything was missing. She said it sounded to her like he'd skipped out.
JOE: Uh-huh.
CLARA: After I looked in the safe, she told me to get in touch with the police.
JOE: Just exactly what sort of business was this Uranium Company?
CLARA: Mr. Orlean invested in various uranium stocks.
JOE: For other people?
CLARA: That's right. He was an expert in the field -- at least he was supposed to be. You see he'd take your money and diversify it -- that was the way he put it -- in a number of uranium stocks. Then you'd get dividends back.
FRANK: Did he pay out any dividends?
CLARA: Oh, yes. I sent out quite a few checks.
JOE: Which bank did he use?
CLARA: Western National. The account's in the main branch.
FRANK: I'll give 'em a call, Joe.
SOUND: STEPS FADING
JOE: Okay, thanks.
CLARA: There just wouldn't be any reason for him to run away, would there?

J O E: Pretty hard to tell yet.

C L A R A: I mean he was doing a real good business.

J O E: That might be a reason.

C L A R A: Oh.

J O E: Do you know the names of his customers?

C L A R A: The people who invested with Mr. Orlean?

J O E: Yes, ma'am.

C L A R A: I guess I could remember some of them. The books are gone though. And I wouldn't be able to recall 'em all.

J O E: I see.

C L A R A: The old customers, the ones who've been with us for several months. I'd remember them.

J O E: Un-huh. Was the business new when you started to work?


S O U N D: STEPS FADE IN

J O E: What'd you find out, Frank?

F R A N K: (FADING ON) Orlean closed out the Multiple Uranium bank account last Friday evening -- little before six.

J O E: Six?

F R A N K: Banks stay open late on Fridays, Joe.

J O E: Oh, Yeah. How much did he withdraw?

F R A N K: Just under a hundred thousand.

J O E: Lot of money.

F R A N K: Yeah.

B E A T

C L A R A: I guess Mama was right about him.
FRANK: It's starting to look that way.
CLARA: I should-a known. From the beginning I should-a known.
JOE: Uh?
CLARA: She's always right.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: While Frank put in a call to Sacramento to check on the corporate status of Multiple Uranium Investments, I asked Clara Gibbons to give me a detailed description of the suspect. 2:28 PM Sacramento reported that no such corporation had ever been authorized. We ran the name Henry Orlean through R & I. They had nothing on him. We turned the description and MO over to the Staats office. They came up with seven possible stock fraud artists. We pulled their mug shots and showed them to Miss Gibbons. She was unable to identify any of the pictures. 3:07 PM. Miss Gibbons accompanied us to the Wendler Building on Wilshire Boulevard in the Miracle Mile. We went up to Suite 4-D.

SOUND: STEPS ALONG CORRIDOR IN THE CLEAR...THEN TO A STOP
CLARA: Just a second 'til I find my key.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: OPEN PURSE...RIFLE THROUGH IT...FIND KEY...
CLARA: Here it is.

SOUND: KEY IN DOOR...OPEN DOOR...STEP INSIDE
CLARA: This is the outer office...where I work.
JOE: Uh-huh.
CLARA: "Mr. Orlean had it redecorated when he moved in. The furniture is brand new too.

FRANK: (OFF) Real fancy.

CLARA: It's his office in there?

CLARA: Yes, sir.

SOUND: COUPLE MORE STEPS

FRANK: (OFF A LITTLE) Real fancy.

CLARA: Mr. Orlean had it redecorated when he moved in. The furniture is brand new too.

JOE: Is it all paid for?

CLARA: No, No; I send a check the first of every month. To Wetherby's Furniture Store.

JOE: I see. Have you talked to the building manager today?

CLARA: No, Sir.

JOE: Is he around?

CLARA: There isn't a manager -- not exactly. The owner has an office down the hall.

JOE: Oh.

CLARA: I'll be glad to find out if he's in.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS OFF

CLARA: (OFF SLIGHTLY) You'll be here?

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES OFF...COUPLE OF STEPS ON

BEAT

FRANK: Very impressive quarters.

JOE: Must have been a very impressive guy.

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: COUPLE MORE STEPS

BEAT

FRANK: Wonder what he had up there?
UH?

On the wall. See that spot. Looks like there used to be a picture or something.

Incorporation papers maybe.

Phonies?

As far as the State of California is concerned.

DOOR OPENS OFF...STEPS FADE IN

(FADING ON) This is Mr. Wendler. Mr. Wendler, Sergeant Friday.

How do you do.

How do.

And this is -- I'm awfully sorry -- I don't seem to remember --

Officer Frank Smith.

'Lo.

Pleased to meet you.

Here's our identification.

Forget it.

Yes, sir.

Well?

You're the owner of this building?

It's the Wendler Building. I'm Ted Wendler.

Yes, sir.

Draw your own conclusions.

Do you have any objections to answering a few questions, Mr. Wendler?

Nope.

Then will you answer them, please.
1 TED: Thought I was.
2 JOE: Yes, sir. Do you own this building?
3 TED: Outright?
4 JOE: That isn't important.
5 TED: Important to me. Important to the mortgage company.
6 FRANK: Is it in your name?
7 TED: It's in my name.
8 JOE: Thanks.
9 FRANK: What about the man who rented this suite?
10 TED: Orlean?
11 FRANK: Yes, sir.
12 TED: What about him?
13 JOE: Did you know he'd left town?
14 TED: She just told me.
15 JOE: Did you know about it before?
16 TED: Nope.
17 JOE: He didn't say anything to you?
18 TED: Nope.
19 JOE: You have any idea where he might have gone?
20 TED: Nope.
21 FRANK: What can you tell us about him?
22 TED: Not much.
23 JOE: Anything at all.
24 TED: He was in stocks.
JOE: Yes, sir.
TED: Broker or something. Uranium stocks I guess.
JOE: Uh-huh.
TED: Least that's what he had lettered on the door.
JOE: Yes, sir.
TED: You can see for yourself. Lettering's still there.
JOE: We saw it.
FRANK: Is that all you know about him?
TED: Yeah.
JOE: How long had he rented from you?
TED: Little over seven months. Be eight on the third.
JOE: Did he mention anything about where he'd had offices before?
TED: Said he was from back East.
JOE: Any particular place?
TED: No.
JOE: Do you have his home address?
TED: He was living in a hotel when he rented from me. Didn't say which one.
TED: Uh-huh.
TED: Said he'd let me know when he got settled permanent.
TED: Never got around to it though.
FRANK: You don't have any idea how we might get in touch with him?
TED: Nope. What's he done?
JOE: We'd like to talk to him, that's all.
TED: Maybe he'll come back.
JOE: Sure.
TED: If he doesn't it's all the same to me...
JOE: Oh?
TED: Made him pay his rent in advance. Whole first year.
JOE: That your usual practice?
TED: Only with fellows in the stock market. I remember 1929.
JOE: I see.
JOE: Uh-huh.
TED: I remember '29.
JOE: Yes, sir.
TED: Let Orlean stay away. I'm ahead of him. Rent's paid up.
JOE: Uh-huh.
TED: I'm nearly five months ahead of him.
JOE: Yes, sir. I wish we were.

(END SCENE 2)
Ted Wendler confirmed Miss Gibbons description of the suspect and insisted he could tell us nothing further about the man. While a crew from the Crime Lab went over the offices, we again questioned Clara Gibbons. She gave us the names and addresses of some of the people who had invested money with Orlean. 4:48 PM the crime lab reported they had been unable to discover any useful fingerprints in the suite. The only physical evidence they had uncovered was a copy of a prospectus which purported to list various securities owned by Multiple Uranium Investments. It had fallen behind a filing cabinet. The next day, May 19th, Frank and I checked with several of the uranium companies listed on the prospectus. They all informed us that none of their stock had ever been purchased by Multiple Uranium, Inc. or Henry Orlean. 11:30 AM. Frank and I again contacted Miss Gibbons and Ted Wendler. Using their description of the suspect, Police Artist Ector Garcia sketched a likeness of the man. Bulletins containing this sketch and description were sent to all law enforcement agencies throughout the country. Inquiries were made at bus terminals, airports and railway depots to learn if the suspect had been seen leaving Los Angeles. All reports were negative. 3:13 PM Frank and I drove out to interview one of the victims.

SOUND: WALK UP STEPS....RING DOORBELL....
FRANK: Somebody's comin'.
JOE: Yeah.
SOUND: DOOR IS UNLATCHED AND OPENED
MAY: Yes?
JOE: Mrs. Custace?
MAY: That's right.
JOE: We're police officers. This is Frank Smith. My name's Friday.
MAY: You want to see me?
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
MAY: I -- I don't understand.
JOE: Be all right if we come inside?
MAY: Well...I...
FRANK: We'd like to ask you a couple of questions, Mrs. Custace.
MAY: Oh. This way.
SOUND: OPEN DOOR WIDER...THEY GO INSIDE...CLOSE DOOR
MAY: In there...
JOE: Thank you.
SOUND: FEW MORE STEPS.
MAY: The living room isn't very neat. I'm sorry.
JOE: Sure.
MAY: All these books...I was working on a tie-breaker.
JOE: Ma'am?
MAY: From the newspaper. They had a contest last winter. I got all the answers right. Now the winners have to solve another series of puzzles...you know, to break the tie.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
MAY: Would you like to sit down?
JOE: Thank you.
SOUND: THEY SIT
MAY: They're very difficult.
JOE: Ma'am?
MAY: These tie-breakers.
JOE: Uh-huh, Mrs. Custace, do you know a man named Henry Orlean?
MAY: Yes. Yes, I know him. Why?
JOE: Did you invest some money with him?
MAY: Five thousand dollars. Nothing's happened to Mr. Orlean?
JOE: We aren't sure yet.
FRANK: How'd you happen to give him this money?
MAY: It was some insurance my husband left me.
FRANK: Yes, ma'am.
MAY: I'd kept it on savings. Didn't bring in much interest.
FRANK: When I heard about Mr. Orlean's company...
JOE: Where'd you hear about it?
MAY: At the hospital.
FRANK: Ma'am?
MAY: St. Agnes' Children's Hospital.
JOE: Oh.
MAY: I spend a day a week there -- helping out in the charity ward.
JOE: Uh-huh.
MAY: I'm on some of the committees too. Fund-raising, things like that.
Yes, ma'am.

Oh, I'm not one of the big people behind the work, but somebody has to get out and dig for the little donations, too.

Sure.

And I have quite a bit of free time, now.

Do you remember who it was that first mentioned Mr. Orlean to you?

I -- I think it was Mrs. Lorington. 

Lorington?

Yes, Mrs. Arthur Lorington. You must have heard of her. She does so much charity work around town...she's very prominent socially.

Yes, ma'am. Just what did she say about Mr. Orlean's company?

Well, she wasn't talking to me exactly. We aren't friends or anything like that. Oh, she's always very polite but we're not on the same level -- if you know what I mean.

It was several months ago. One afternoon when she was showing some people the plans for our new clinic...

Uh-huh.

I guess she was asking them for contributions. That's how it sounded. One of the ladies said it all depended on how well her husband's stocks did during the next quarter.

I see.

And Mrs. Lorington laughed and told her her husband ought to be in Multiple Uranium. That he wouldn't have anything to worry about.
JOE: Go on.

MAY: That was all I heard. They went on into the next room.

Afterwards I got to thinking. If this Uranium stock was good enough for Mrs. Lorington maybe I ought to check into it.

You know you're always hearing about people making fortunes in uranium.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

MAY: I looked up the company in the phone book and talked to Mr. Orlean. At first he wasn't very anxious for me to invest. But when I told him I knew Mrs. Lorington, he said he'd take me in as a favor to her.

JOE: When was this?

MAY: About four months ago.

JOE: Have you seen Mr. Orlean since?

MAY: No.

JOE: Heard from him?

MAY: Not directly. I get a dividend check every month though. The stock's paying very well. I figured it out -- on a yearly basis it'll come to over thirty per cent. You can't do much better than that.

JOE: No, ma'am.

MAY: I told some of my friends about it. So they could get in on it, too.

JOE: Uh-huh. Well, thank you very much, Mrs. Custace.

MAY: You still haven't explained what this is all about.

JOE: We're trying to get in touch with Mr. Orlean, that's all.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.
MAY: Isn't he there?
JOE: No, ma'am.
MAY: I don't understand.
JOE: Orlean seems to have disappeared.
MAY: What about -- what about my money?
JOE: I'm afraid it went with him, Mrs. Custace.
MAY: That isn't possible -- he couldn't have -- Mrs. Lorington said it was a good stock.
JOE: We'll talk to her about it.
MAY: He paid me dividends every month -- good dividends.
JOE: I wouldn't count on any more of 'em.
MAY: Why -- why, I'll bring charges against him. I'll have him put in jail. He'll find out. That's all you need, isn't it, somebody to bring charges?
JOE: No, ma'am.
MAY: What do you mean?
JOE: We need him.

(END SCENE 3)

(END PART 1)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Frank and I left Mrs. Custace and drove out to interview another victim, Mrs. J.T. Pressing on Highland Avenue. She told us she had invested eight thousand dollars in Multiple Uranium. She also told us she had first heard about the stock through a friend who was on the fund-raising committee for St. Agnes' Hospital. We interviewed three more victims. All of them were in some way associated with St. Agnes' Hospital or were acquainted with Mrs. Arthur Lorington. 8:45 PM we drove up to the Lorington estate in Bel-Air. A maid showed us into the library and said that Mrs. Lorington would see us in a few minutes.

Sure is thick.

Um?

This rug. See the way you sink into it.

Oh. Yeah.

Comes way up over your shoes. Must be four inches thick.

Uh-huh.

Say, Joe.

Yeah?

That's her.

What?

Over there on the wall. That painting. It's Mrs. Lorington.

Oh.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRANK: Real artist did it.
JOE: You don't say.
FRANK: Probably flatters her a lot.
JOE: Maybe.
FRANK: Sure. It's bound to.
JOE: What makes you think so?
FRANK: Stands to reason. If all a person wants is a good likeness, a photograph ought-a do the trick.
JOE: Uh-huh.
FRANK: Artist knows that too.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Figures they want something else. Want to look better.
JOE: So he flatters 'em.
JOE: Oh, I see.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS A LITTLE OFF

ALMA: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Are you gentlemen waiting for me?
JOE: Mrs. Lorington?
ALMA: That's right.
JOE: We're police officers. This is my partner Frank Smith.
JOE: My name's Friday.
ALMA: I'm sure it's my husband you want to talk to,
unfortunately he's in San Francisco on a business trip.
JOE: No, ma'am, we'd like to talk to you if you don't mind.
1 ALMA: Me?
2 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
3 ALMA: Whatever about?
4 JOE: Do you know a man named Henry Orlean?
5 ALMA: Orlean?
6 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
7 ALMA: The name sounds familiar. But I meet so many people.
8 It's hard to be certain.
9 FRANK: Have you ever heard of a stock called Multiple Uranium
10 Incorporated?
11 ALMA: Oh, yes, yes, of course. I didn't associate the two
12 for a moment. That's Mr. Orleans company, isn't it?
13 FRANK: Yes, ma'am.
14 JOE: Do you have any money invested in this stock?
15 ALMA: No.
16 JOE: Did you ever invest in it?
17 ALMA: No, not me personally. But I can vouch for the company
18 if that's what you'd like to know.
19 JOE: Oh?
20 ALMA: You see I'm on the fund raising committee for St. Agnes
21 Hospital. As a matter of fact I'm the chairman.
22 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
23 ALMA: And we do own some of Mr. Orlean's stock -- the hospital
24 that is.
25 JOE: How did you happen to buy it?
26 ALMA: We didn't. It was a donation.
27 JOE: Would you mind telling us who from?
1 ALMA: No, not a bit. Mr. Orlean himself.
2 JOE: I see. When did he give it to you?
3 ALMA: I don't really see the necessity for all this.
4 JOE: It's a police matter, Mrs. Lorington.
5 ALMA: Oh. Ours not to reason why...
6 JOE: Yes, ma'am, something like that. Now when was it Orlean gave you this stock?
7 ALMA: Last year...September -- yes, it was September at the charity bazaar. I don't recall the exact date but I can find out for you.
8 JOE: September's close enough. Just what was this bazaar?
9 ALMA: A party here at my home. We opened the grounds to the general public. A garden party and auction combined.
10 JOE: Auction?
11 ALMA: Some of the motion picture people donated the items we sold. All the money went to the hospital.
12 JOE: GRUNTS.
13 ALMA: It was a very successful bazaar. It was written up in all the papers.
14 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
15 ALMA: We raised over twenty-five thousand dollars--not counting what Mr. Orlean gave us.
16 JOE: He was at this party?
17 ALMA: That's right.
18 JOE: Do you remember who introduced him to you?
19 ALMA: For all I know he introduced himself. There were a lot of strangers. I told you the affair was open to the public.
JOE: Yes, ma'am. Did you spend much time with Mr. Orlean?

ALMA: Only a few moments. I was the hostess. I had to circulate.

JOE: What did he say to you?

ALMA: That he was glad to meet me, I suppose. That's what people usually say when they meet somebody.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

ALMA: I think he mentioned something about having just moved to California. I probably said we were delighted that he was with us. Something like that.

JOE: Was that all you talked about?

ALMA: That and his donation.

JOE: The stock donation?

ALMA: That's right. He congratulated me on the bazaar. He seemed to be very interested in charity work. I said we could certainly use his help and he offered to do whatever he could.

JOE: Go on.

ALMA: He said that unfortunately he couldn't give us cash at the moment. He mumbled something about a tax problem. I'm really not too clear about those things. Everyone seems to be having tax problems nowadays.

JOE: Uh-huh.

ALMA: So instead of an outright gift he offered us a block of stock in his company.

JOE: How much stock was involved?
ALMA: Five hundred shares I think. Something like that. At any rate he said the market value of what he was giving us would be in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

JOE: Did he tell you anything else about it?

ALMA: He didn't go into the details of his corporation and I certainly didn't question him. You don't look a gift horse....

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

ALMA: As I recall he said his company owned shares in other uranium companies so that the money was well-diversified.

JOE: Was that all?

ALMA: Yes, I believe so. Except that he made one request.

JOE: What was that?

ALMA: He asked me not to sell the stock for at least a year.

JOE: Did he give you a reason?

ALMA: Oh, yes. He said that within a year's time it would double in market value. And in the meantime the hospital would be receiving excellent dividends.

JOE: I see.

ALMA: As a matter of fact the dividends have been remarkable.

JOE: Uh-huh.

ALMA: Something like five hundred dollars a month I believe our treasurer told me. Mr. Orlean must be a very shrewd investor.

JOE: Yes, ma'am, he's shrewd.

ALMA: And so generous, too.

JOE: It's easy to be generous with other people's money.
1 ALMA: I'm afraid I don't follow you.
2 JOE: Did you ever discuss this uranium stock with any of your
3 friends, Mrs. Lorington?
4 ALMA: Discuss it?
5 JOE: Did you advise them to invest with Mr. Orlean?
6 ALMA: Of course not!
7 JOE: But you did mention the stock?
8 ALMA: Why, yes, once or twice. At one of our committee
9 meetings when we were going over the books we were
10 surprised at the return it was paying us. We all
11 talked about it then. I suppose I may have mentioned
12 it since.
13 JOE: Uh-huh.
14 ALMA: Just in conversation.
15 JOE: Yes, ma'am.
16 ALMA: Is Mr. Orlean upset that I told other people about his
17 company? I didn't know he wanted it kept secret.
18 JOE: Oh, he wanted you to tell 'em.
19 ALMA: Well, then....
20 JOE: That's why he gave the hospital that stock in the first
21 place.
22 ALMA: I really don't follow you. Would you please come to the
23 point?
24 JOE: Several people you discussed Multiple Uranium with
25 invested in the company as a result.
26 ALMA: It's a perfectly sound investment.
27 JOE: No, ma'am.
ALMA: What?
JOE: Orléan has disappeared, so has their money.
ALMA: I'm sure you're mistaken.
JOE: The stock he sold them was phoney...so was the stock he gave your hospital fund.
ALMA: It couldn't be. Look at the dividends it paid.
JOE: That was just advertising.
ALMA: Advertising?
JOE: Yes, ma'am. He hoped the word would spread and he'd get new customers as a result.
ALMA: You mean -- he used the hospital -- he used me....
JOE: I'm afraid so.
ALMA: That's -- that's contemptible.
JOE: Yes, ma'am. It certainly is.
ALMA: You can't blame me. I had no idea that people did such things.
JOE: We don't blame you, Mrs. Loringt
ALMA: I -- I just don't know what to say. I've never been involved in a situation like this before.
JOE: Yes, ma'am.
ALMA: It's terribly distressing. I know it's not my fault.
JOE: But I can't help thinking I should have been more careful -- more discreet.
ALMA: I'm sorry, I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. I don't feel like talking any more. I'm very upset.
JOE: Sure.
ALMA: (FADING) Anita will show you out.
1 JOE: We'll find the way.
2 BEAT
3 JOE: Well, come on.
4 FRANK: Hmm?
5 JOE: Let's go.
6 FRANK: Okay. I was just lookin' at that painting again. I was right, Joe.
7 JOE: Huh?
8 FRANK: Flatters her.
9 (END SCENE 4)
The interview with Mrs. Lorington had enabled us to establish the suspect's MO. Additional bulletins were sent out alerting all police departments, charity organizations and fund-raising committees. During the rest of the week we interviewed other victims of the stock swindle. None of them could furnish any additional information about the whereabouts of the man who called himself Henry Orlean. Three weeks later on June 9th we received a report from the Chicago Police Department. They informed us that a man answering Orlean's description had worked an oil stock swindle in that city during the previous year. He had then used the name Roger Norett. They also told us that Norett was suspected of an earlier stock swindle in Kansas City. Neither the Chicago nor the Kansas City police had a positive identification of the suspect but in both cities the MO had been the same. The suspect had donated a block of phoney stock to a charitable organization, had paid very high dividends on the donated shares and then had been able to acquire investments from private persons.

Wednesday, June 11th, 3:17 PM Frank and I were in the office.

Frank: How do they think 'em up, Joe?
Joe: Hmn?
Frank: Using charities for a come-on.
Joe: Oh.
Frank: A charity won't look into a stock -- not if it's a gift.
Joe: That's the idea.
FRANK: Yeah. Suppose he's working the same pitch again somehow.

JOE: Wouldn't be surprised.

FRANK: Yeah. Probably keep at it 'til they catch up with him.

JOE: Well, that's one thing...sooner or later.

FRANK: You don't think he's still in town, do you?

JOE: He didn't stick around Chicago or Kansas City.

FRANK: No. Not much we can do then, is there?

FRANK: GRUNTS (BEAT) You're off the enchilada kick, aren't you?

JOE: What?

FRANK: Enchiladas. You haven't been eatin' 'em the last week or so.

FRANK: Oh, that. Well, we're not going to Mexico.

JOE: Oh.

FRANK: Fay changed her mind.

JOE: Uh-huh.

FRANK: Wants to get a cabin up in the hills.

JOE: I see.

FRANK: I was kind-a disappointed but I didn't tell her.

JOE: What about?

FRANK: Not going to Mexico.

JOE: Oh.

FRANK: I was just getting used to the food, developing a real taste for it.

JOE: You can still eat it, can't you?

FRANK: Yeah, I guess so.

JOE: Lots of good Mexican restaurants right here in L.A.
FRANK: I know but I always feel foolish whenever I order a foreign dish -- unless I have a good reason.

JOE: Oh.

FRANK: Gettin' ready for that trip gave me a reason.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Haven't got it any more.

JOE: Oh.

FRANK: So I guess I'll stick to hamburgers and pie. Gonna miss those enchiladas; though.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...QUICK STEPS IN

CLARA: (FAST FADE IN) Sergeant Friday.

JOE: Yes, ma'am?

CLARA: You remember me...Clara Gibbons? Used to work for Mr. Orlean?

JOE: Sure, Miss Gibbons. What can we do for you?

CLARA: Mama just found him.

JOE: What?

CLARA: Mama just found him -- Mr. Orlean.

JOE: Where?

CLARA: Over on Hill Street. She was just walking along and she saw him.

FRANK: Is she sure it's him?

CLARA: Positive. Please hurry.

JOE: Now just a minute, Miss Gibbons...

CLARA: Yes, what is it?
JOE: Didn't you tell us your mother had never seen this man?

CLARA: She's seen him now. He was walking down Hill Street.

JOE: How does she know it's him - if she never saw him before.

CLARA: I told her what he looked like - dozens of times - all about him.

JOE: Yeah.

CLARA: For heaven's sake, you don't have to see a person to know what he looks like.

JOE: Un-huh.

CLARA: Mama would recognize Mr. Orlean anywhere. She's said so half a dozen times. Seb can describe him better than I can.

JOE: Yeah.

CLARA: My mother's very intelligent, Sergeant, she's not like me. Now please don't stand here and argue about it or he'll get away.

JOE: Just where is he?

CLARA: The Norbridge Hotel - corner of Hill and Halldale.

JOE: I thought your mother saw him on the street.

CLARA: She followed him into the hotel. She didn't want to lose him. He went upstairs and she telephoned me from the lobby. She said she'd wait there to make sure he didn't leave.

JOE: Oh.

CLARA: She told me to bring you as soon as I could. It's nearly half an hour since she called me. We haven't got much time.

JOE: All right, Miss Gibbons, all right. We'll check on it.

CLARA: You're going to arrest him, aren't you?
1  JOE:  If it's the right man.
2  CLARA:  Of course, it's the right man.
3  JOE:  Uh-huh.
4  SOUND:  TELEPHONE RINGS
5  JOE:  Excuse me.
6  CLARA:  Do you have to answer it now?
7  SOUND:  UNDER ABOVE PICK UP PHONE
8  JOE:  Bunco-Fugitive, Friday.....Yeah, that's right...Oh....I see....Uh-huh....Good....We'll forward our warrant to you
9  ....Fine.....Will you send us a notification by telegram?
10  ...Thanks.....we sure are...thanks again,
11  SOUND:  HANG UP PHONE
12  JOE:  Salt Lake Police Department.
13  FRANK:  Yeah?
14  JOE:  Picked up Orlean this morning. Tabbed from our circular.
15  FRANK:  They sure it's him?
16  JOE:  Gave 'em a full confession. Admitted the KC and Chicago
17  deals, too.
18  CLARA:  But it couldn't be Mr. Orlean. He's at the Norbridge
19  Hotel.
20  JOE:  Afraid your mother was mistaken, Miss Gibbons.
21  CLARA:  I've never know mama to make a mistake.
22  JOE:  We all do.
23  CLARA:  But -- but she's waiting for us at the Hotel. What'll I
24  tell her?
25  JOE:  Guess there's only only thing...
26  CLARA:  What's that?
27  JOE:  Tell her not to wait.
28  (END SCENE 6)
MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

GIBNEY: On August 16th, 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 the trial.
GIBNEY: Francis Caxton Wheatley, alias Henry Orlean, alias Roger Norgett, was tried and convicted of Grand Theft, seven counts, and received sentence as prescribed by law. Grand Theft is punishable by imprisonment in the county jail for no more than one year or in the state prison for not less than one or more than ten years. Holds were placed on the suspect by the states of Illinois and Missouri at the termination of his sentence in San Quentin.