DRAGNET - RADIO
"THE BIG TRY"
N.B.C. #266 CHESTERFIELD #97 (P.B. #63)
for BROADCAST: SEPTEMBER 21, 1954

1 MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

3 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER:

4 GIBNEY: Dragnet, brought to you by Chesterfield, America's most popular two way cigarette. Chesterfield king-size at the new low price and Chesterfield regular.

5 MUSIC: UP AND UNDER FOR: 3

6 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Homicide Detail. A young man walks into your office and tells you he wants to give himself up. You don't know if you can believe his story. Your job......check it out.

7 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
SEPT. 21, 1954

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 FENNEMAN: This is George Fenneman. In choosing your cigarette,
2 be sure to remember this. You will like Chesterfield
3 best because only Chesterfield has the right
4 combination of the world's best tobaccos ... tobaccos
5 that are highest in quality - low in nicotine ... Best
6 for you. You and I smoke for relaxation, for comfort,
7 for satisfaction ... And in the whole wide world, no
8 cigarette satisfies like a Chesterfield. Get a carton
9 of Chesterfield today. Chesterfield regular -
10 Chesterfield king-size ... both at the same price in
11 most places.
12 JINGLE

IN REGULAR OR KING-SIZE
YOU CAN GET 'EM EITHER WAY
THE BEST SMOKE EVER MADE'S
THE CHESTERFIELD YOU BUY TODAY.
SMOKERS COAST-TO-COAST ARE CHANGING
IT'S A CINCH TO DO
HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY TO GET
THE ONE THAT'S BEST FOR YOU ...
CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME
CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME
YOU JUST SAY ... IT'S CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME.
GIENNY: 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 AND FRANK'S STEPS IN CORRIDOR, SLIGHT ECHO AND CORRIDOR B.G.

JOE: It was Monday, December 10th. 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. We were on our way back from Record and Identification and it was 11:15 A.M. when we got to room 112... (SOUND: DOOR OPEN)...the squadroom.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE ROOM, THE DOOR SWINGS CLOSED BEHIND THEM. B.G. CHANGE.

DANNY: Joe.

JOE: Yeah, Danny.

DANNY: Kid waiting to see you.

JOE: Say what he wanted?

DANNY: No. Said he wanted to talk to you. Nobody else.

JOE: Give a name?

DANNY: No. Nice looking kid.

JOE: We'll talk to him.

FRANK: Be right with you Joe. I'll check the book.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

SOUND: JOE'S FOOTSTEPS OVER TO BOY:
1 JOE: You wanted to see me.
2 SOUND: EMILGETS TO HIS FEET.
3 EMIL: You Sergeant Friday?
4 JOE: That's right. What can I do for you?
5 EMIL: I want to talk to you.
6 SOUND: FOOTSTEPS COMING ON:
7 FRANK: (FADING IN) Nothing in the book.
8 JOE: What's your name, son?
9 EMIL: Emil Salter.
10 JOE: Emil, this is my partner, Frank Smith.
11 EMIL: Hello, Mr. Smith.
12 FRANK: Hi.
13 JOE: Why'd you ask for me?
14 EMIL: They told me to.
15 JOE: Who told you?
16 EMIL: The men in that room across the hall. The business office.
17 JOE: Uh huh.
18 EMIL: I sure hope you can help me, Sergeant Friday, I'm in trouble... real bad.
19 JOE: All right. Let's all sit down and you can tell us about it.
20 SOUND: JOE PULLS A CHAIR OUT FROM THE TABLE.
21 JOE: Go ahead.
22 SOUND: EMIL SITS DOWN:
EMIL: One thing...you should know I came in to give myself up.

JOE: Yeah.

EMIL: I didn't mean to do wrong.

JOE: Go ahead. What'd you do? 3/30

BEAT

EMIL: (SIMPLY) Killed a man.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: Emil Charles Salter was eighteen years old. Five feet 7 and a half, a hundred and 37 pounds. He had light blonde hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a tan windbreaker and ten pants. He looked tired and told us that he hadn't eaten in several hours. We sent our for some hot coffee and sandwiches for him. Frank checked his name and description through R. and I. but found he had no record in our files. We asked him to tell us the story.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

EMIL: I didn't mean to do it. Just happened and there wasn't anything I could do.

JOE: Yeah.

EMIL: Wasn't like I started out to do it, Just happened. That's gonna make a difference isn't it?

JOE: Maybe you better tell us the whole thing, huh?

EMIL: Yeah.....Guess so.

FRANK: D'you know the man you killed?
EMIL: No. Never saw him before.

JOE: How'd you do it?

EMIL: Ran him down.

JOE: With a car?

EMIL: No. A truck.

FRANK: Where'd this happen?

EMIL: Coast highway...near Malibu. Just this side.

FRANK: When?

EMIL: Last night. Guess it musta been around 10. Should been around then because I left town at 8:30. Took about an hour and a half to drive up there.

JOE: You're sure the man was dead?

EMIL: Yeah. Looked at him. Wasn't hard to tell.

JOE: Did you try to help the man at all?

EMIL: No. Soon's I looked at him, I knew there wasn't anything I could do. Just got back into the truck and took off.

FRANK: Where's the truck now?

EMIL: I left it. Just the other side of Carpenteria. Broke down so I left it.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMIL: When it stopped, I sat there for a while. Tried to think why I was hung up in somethin' like this. Tried to figure why. Didn't come so I got out and started to walk.

JOE: Yeah.
EMIL: All the time I was thinkin' about the man. I could almost see him. Guess it got to me, so I came back. Caught a ride and came back.

SOUND: THE DOOR TO THE SQUADROOM OPENS AND WE HEAR DANNY GALINDO ENTER.

DANNY: (AS HE FADES IN) Joe...here's the food.

SOUND: JOE STANDS UP.

JCE: Thanks, Danny. What d'we owe you?

DANNY: Came to a buck sixty.

SOUND: JOE TAKES SOME MONEY OUT OF HIS POCKET.

JCE: (TO FRANK) You got 15 cents Frank?

FRANK: Yeah.

SOUND: HE GIVES DANNY FIFTEEN CENTS.

FRANK: Here, Danny.

DANNY: Thanks.

SOUND: DANNY WALKS AWAY.

DANNY: (AS HE FADES) Couple cartons in there, black.

JCE: Yeah.

SOUND: JOE OPENS THE PAPER BAG AND TAKES OUT THE COFFEE AND SANDWICHES.

JCE: Here, Emil. Help your self.

EMIL: Yeah.

SOUND: UNDER HE UNWRAPS THE SANDWICH.

EMIL: Sure hungry. I haven't had anything to eat since last night.

SOUND: THROUGH FOLLOWING SOUND OF EATING AND DRINKING.
JOE: About this truck.
EMIL: Yeah.
JOE: Where'd you get it?
EMIL: BEAT. I stole it. That's wrong too. I know...Everything I do seems to be wrong.
FRANK: Where'd you take it from?
EMIL: A parking lot near where I used to live.
JOE: Where's that?
EMIL: A rooming house on 9th street near Figueroa.
JOE: Can you show us where the truck is now?
EMIL: I guess so. Don't think anyone could move it. It broke down, like I said.
JOE: Where you from, Emil?
EMIL: Waukesha, Wisconsin. It's a small city near Milwaukee.
EMIL: Maybe you heard of it.
JOE: No, can't say I have.
JOE: UH huh.
EMIL: Sure is a nice little place.
FRANK: How come you left there?
EMIL: BEAT. Lots a reasons.
FRANK: Were you in trouble?
EMIL: Yeah. In a way. Nothing serious. It was lots a things...
You know. At home...I don't know just how to say it.

JOE: Ever arrested?

EMIL: No. Well not booked or anything. Cops took me in couple times.

JOE: What for?

EMIL: Little things. Like one night we broke in a church. Didn't go in to steal anything. One of the guys just wanted to play the organ.

JOE: Uh huh. Your parents alive?

EMIL: Yeah...Two Reasons why I left.

JOE: How's that.

EMIL: It's not easy to say...They drank. Got drunk all the time. They'd argue, make a lotta noise. Small town, seems everybody knows those things...Wasn't so bad when I was little. When I got older I felt ashamed around the other kids.

FRANK: Yeah.

EMIL: In high school I never belonged. You know. Parties and things. Too small to go out for sports.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMIL: Always wanted to mix with the nicer kids. Just didn't fit. Guys and girls I ran with were pretty rough. Sure. We had some good times. Somehow it never seemed right.

JOE: Yeah. Any brothers, sisters?
EMIL: Two older brothers. They're no good. Always drinkin',
getting in fights. Making trouble.

FRANK: Yeah.

EMIL: Got so people thought I was as bad as them. I wasn't
perfect, but I wasn't like them. That's another reason I
left.

JOE: Another sandwich, Emil.

EMIL: Yeah, thanks. Sure taste good.

SOUND: UNWRAPPING SANDWICH. SOUNDS OF EATING UNDER FOLLOWING

JOE: When'd you leave home?

EMIL: Last July. I'd thought about it for a long time. Figured
I might have a better chance where nobody knew me. Looks
like it didn't make any difference.

FRANK: Have a job back in Waukesha?

EMIL: Yeah. Had a part time job in a laundry. Didn't pay much,
so when I came out here I hitch-hiked.

JOE: Did you come right out here?

EMIL: Yeah. Took me about three weeks.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMIL: Funny thing. Right away I felt better, Oh, it was pretty
lonesome most of the time, but I met some nice people
across country.

FRANK: When'd you get here?

EMIL: Last part of July. Sure was different than Waukesha.

FRANK: How's that?
1 EMIL: So big. Then I didn't know anyone. Pretty lonesome at first. Then I got lucky.

2 JOE: Yeah.

3 EMIL: I got this job. Nothing important. Just washing dishes at this cafe. I got 25 dollars a week and food.

4 JOE: Where's this cafe?


6 JOE: FRANK: Wanta give us the owner's name?

7 EMIL: Sure. Paul Kriitz. Never forget him. He was real good to me. Treated me square. Made me feel fine. Thought I was gettin started on the right track.

8 JOE: YEAH.

9 EMIL: Got a little money ahead. Bought some clothes. Not real fancy, but they were new and they gave me a lift. You know?

10 FRANK: Sure.

11 EMIL: Had a nice room too. Clean, handy to work. Thought I had it made. Then the axe fell.

12 JOE: How'd you mean? 730

13 EMIL: I got sick. Couldn't get out of bed one morning. The landlord called a doctor. He said I had rheumatic fever.

14 FRANK: Yeah.

15 EMIL: The doctor called for an ambulance and they took me to the General Hospital.

16 FRANK: Uh huh.
EMIL: Things are bad enough when you feel good. I was in a hospital and I didn't feel like nothin.

JOE: Remember the doctor's name?

EMIL: No sir. I don't.

JOE: How long were you in the hospital?

EMIL: Three days.

JOE: They discharged you in three days.

EMIL: No sir. I ran away.

FRANK: Why?

EMIL: The traveler's Aid said they were going to send me back home. I didn't want that... So I ducked out.

JOE: Yeah.

EMIL: I went back to my room. I got a couple bucks I had hid and left.

JOE: Uh huh.

EMIL: Didn't have any idea what I was going to do, but I didn't want to be sent back to Wisconsin.

FRANK: That's when you stole the truck?

EMIL: Yeah. Looked like a way out of town.

FRANK: Uh huh.
EMU: The whole thing doesn't seem like it really happened.

Y'know how when you're half asleep and the radio's on...

things come through but not real clear.

FRANK: Yeah.

EMU: Like that. I remember ridin' in the truck after I hit the
man. Tryin' to think what I was gonna do. How I was alone.

JOE: Yeah.

EMU: Story of my life. Seems like I was always alone. Sure

was last night.

JOE: Not quite.

EMU: What'dya mean. Nobody else was there?

JOE: What about your conscience?

(END SCENE 2)
We put in a call to accident records and verified Emil Salt's story. The body of a man identified as Lloyd Holtman, transient, had been found by officers of the highway patrol. Holtman had apparently been struck by a vehicle traveling at high speed as he walked along the road. We checked with Lieutenant Lee Jones at the Crime lab and found that his Division had made an investigation. Frank and I left the office and went over to see him. He showed us pictures taken at the scene. On the victim's coat, the lab crew had been able to find traces of blue paint. Jones was not able to tell us what type of vehicle had hit the victim, but he did say that from the high rate of speed at the time of impact, there would be extensive damage to the front end of the vehicle. Emil Salter was booked on charges of violation of section 480 V.C. a felony. Frank and I signed him out of the main jail and drove out to where he'd left the truck. He told us to drive up highway 101. When we got past the Malibu Colony, he directed us to turn off onto a dirt road. We drove about two hundred yards when he asked us to stop.

OUTDOOR B.G. JOE FRANK' AND EMIL'S STEPS ON DIRT.

You sure this is where you left the truck?

Yeah. Just over there...behind those trees. When the engine started actin' up, I looked for a place to park. Figured it'd be better if I got off the road.

STEPS HOLD FOR A MINUTE
EMIL: (POINTING) There it is...you can see it now.
JOE: Uh huh.
SOUND: STEPS CONTINUE.
EMIL: This is the same one you stole last night?
JOE: Yeah...it's the one I was driving.
FRANK: I'll check the front end.
JOE: Right.
SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK'S STEPS FADE OFF MIKE.
JOE: Had you been drinking last night?
EMIL: No. I had enough of that at home.
JOE: Uh huh. You're sure this is the truck you had when you hit the fella.
EMIL: Yeah...I'm sure. I don't know what all the questions are about. I said I did it. I'm not trying to hide anything.
SOUND: FRANK FADES BACK ON MIKE.
FRANK: (AS HE COMES IN) Nothin' up there, Joe. Front end's clean.
JOE: Doesn't make a lot of sense does it?
FRANK: No.
EMIL: I don't understand what the problem is.
JOE: What you tell us doesn't add up with the evidence.
EMIL: What d'ya mean?
JOE: Report we got, says the man was killed by a blue vehicle.
1 EMIL: Uh huh.
2 JOE: Now take a look at that truck.
3 EMIL: Yeah.
4 JOE: It's black.
5 (END SCENE 3)
6 JOE: We put in a call to the office to have them send the tow truck out and impound the vehicle. We stood by until they arrived. Frank and I drove the Salter to the scene of the accident. He pointed it out for us. According to the information we'd gotten, the location he gave us was the place where Lloyd Holtman had been found. We checked the area, but failed to come up with anything new. 5:20 P.M. we returned the suspect to the main jail and went back to the office. We sent a radio gram to the authorities in Waukesha asking for all available information on Salter. At 6:47 P.M. we checked out of the office. The next morning, December 11th, Frank and I met in the squadroom.
18 SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G. JOE'S STEPS COMING ON MIKE
19 FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Hi Joe.
20 JOE: Mornin' Frank.
21 SOUND: JOE WALKS TO FRANK. STOPS
22 FRANK: See the morning papers?
23 JOE: Yeah. Guess there isn't much news.
FRANK: Sure gave Salter a lotta space.

JOE: Uh huh. Wish we could find the answers.

FRANK: I called Lee when I got in. They went over the truck.

Found a lot of the kids prints but they didn't turn any thing that'd point to an accident.

JOE: Way the body looked, there should be something on the car that ran him down.

FRANK: Uh huh.

SOUND: THE DOOR TO THE SQUADROOM OPENS OFF MIKE

LOREN: (FROM THE DOOR) Excuse me.

JOE: (TURNING) Yes sir.

SOUND: LOREN CLOSES THE DOOR AND WALKS ON MIKE

LOREN: Wonder if you could help me out.

JOE: We'll try sir. What is it you want?

LOREN: The kid in the paper.

JOE: Sir?

LOREN: Y'know...the young kid that ran down the old bum. Emil something.

JOE: Salter.

LOREN: Yeah...that's it.

JOE: What do you know about it.
LOREN: Just take it easy now... couple things I gotta be sure of before I tell you anything.

JOE: What's that?

LOREN: That I'm not gonna get mixed up in anything.

JOE: We can't promise you that until we've heard what you've got to tell. You want to give us your name?

LOREN: Can't do that.

FRANK: What?

LOREN: I won't leave my name. It's important nobody knows who I am.

FRANK: Pretty important to that boy we get the right story.

LOREN: I'm willin' to give you what I know... but I'm not gonna be dragged into anything. All I need is for my picture to get all over the front pages. Fix me up fine.

JOE: All right, sir... you want to tell us what you know?

LOREN: As long as you can promise me, nobody's gonna find out I gave it to you.

JOE: We told you... we can't guarantee anything.

LOREN: Then I'm wastin' my time. G'bye.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO THE DOOR

JOE: Wait a minute.

LOREN: (LITTLE OFF) Huh?
JOE: Maybe I better straighten you out.
LOREN: On what?

JOE: There's a kid sittin' in jail right now. Got a pretty serious charge against him.

LOREN: I didn't make it.

JOE: That might be true...but I better tell you...if you know anything about a felony that's been committed, and you with-hold that information, you're liable for prosecution as an accessory.

LOREN: That's the law?

JOE: Those are the words.

BEAT

JOE: Only thing we're interested in is getting the case off the books. We're not gonna give your name to the papers.

LOREN: That's a promise?

JOE: Yeah.

LOREN: Okay. I told you...it'd be pretty bad for me if any of what I tell you got back to my family.

JOE: All right. What's your name?

LOREN: Loren States.

JOE: That's (SPELLING) L-O-R-E-N?

LOREN: Yeah.

FRANK: You want to sit down?
LOREN: Yeah... thanks.

SOUND: HE PULLS A CHAIR FROM THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN

JOE: Now what do you know about this?

LOREN: That... Emil kid's not guilty.

JOE: What?

LOREN: He didn't do it.

JOE: How do you know?

LOREN: I saw the accident. Saw the whole thing.

FRANK: Why don't you start at the beginning?

LOREN: You're sure none of this is gonna get out.

JOE: We told you... not from us.

LOREN: Okay. I took a drive Saturday night. Up the coast.

JOE: Had dinner.

LOREN: On the way back... I stopped and parked a while. Y'know...

FRANK: Yeah.

LOREN: Kinda looked at the ocean.

FRANK: Yeah.

LOREN: Well, I was just leavin' and I saw this old guy walkin'

along the road. Bindlestaff... had the blanket roll on

his back... just walkin' along... y'know how they do?

FRANK: Yeah.
LOREN: All of a sudden, this car came roarin' down the road.

THING musta been doin' at least 90. Come roarin' around a turn and right at this old guy.

JOE: Uh huh.

LOREN: Driver musta seen him. Kinda swerved but goin' that fast, there wasn't anything he could do.

FRANK: Did he try to slow down?

LOREN: I don't know...I don't remember hearin' any brakes.

JOE: All right...go ahead.

LOREN: Well the old guy saw the car comin' right at him. Kinda turned and started to run. Wasn't anyplace for him to go.

It's where the road is cut right out of the mountain...

JOE: Yeah...we were there.

LOREN: Well, I guess he figured the driver'd swing around him.

So he ran over to the side of the pavement. Tryin' to get out of the way.

JOE: Uh huh.

LOREN: Didn't do any good. Car plowed into him. Musta knocked him a hundred and fifty feet.

JOE: Hundred and twenty two.

LOREN: Seemed a lot farther then that.
FRANK: Did the driver make any attempt to stop after he hit the old man?
LOREN: Yeah, pulled over to the side of the road. Didn't get out of the car though.
FRANK: Uh huh.
LOREN: Just stayed there a minute, then he drove off.
JOE: Yes sir.
LOREN: I was gonna go over and see what I could do for the old guy. I really was. Then the truck drove up. Guy stopped and got out. Walked over to the fella. I figured he'd be able to take care of it, so I left.
JOE: Did you see the driver of the truck?
LOREN: Yeah. Saw him good when he walked in front of the headlights. Same fella in the paper...that Emil what's his name.
FRANK: Salter.
LOREN: Yeah...Salter.
JOE: You pretty sure it's the same man?
LOREN: Yeah. Like I told you...I got a good look at him.
JOE: Uh huh. How 'bout the other man...what can you tell us about him?
LOREN: Not much except he was drivin' too fast.
JOE: How 'bout the car...what kind was it?
LOREN: I didn't get that good a look at it.
FRANK: How 'bout the color...did you notice that?
LOREN: Yeah. It was a blue...kinda light colored.
JOE: Can you give us any description of the driver?
LOREN: No.

JOE: Could you tell if it was a man or a woman?

LOREN: It was a man. I noticed that when he slowed down. He kinda leaned out of the window and looked back down the road. It was a man all right.

JOE: Could you see the color of his hair...anything at all?

LOREN: No. There aren't any lights up there y'know. Dark. I couldn't see good. Main reason I know the driver was a man was that the lights from the truck kinda picked him up. That's when he left.

JOE: Uh huh. All right Mr. States. We appreciate what you've told us.

LOREN: Glad to help as long as no body's gonna know. Be pretty embarrassing.

JOE: How do you mean sir?

LOREN: Well, Y'see. Me and the wife haven't been gettin' along too good. Nothin' worth talkin' about...but a guy doesn't like to be nagged at. Y'know.

JOE: Uh huh.
Well, there's this secretary in our office and she and I talk once in a while. Couple times we've gone out for morning coffee, together. This last beef with my wife, I figured I'd fix her good. So I asked the secretary for a date. We got together Saturday night. Had dinner at a place I know up near Malibu. On the way back we just perked and talked. Nothin' wrong but I don't guess my wife'd understand if she found out.

Uh huh.

So y' see why I don't want anybody to know about Saturday. Be kinda tough to explain.

Yeah.

Got to thinkin' about it though and what that kid... Emil...

Yeah... got to thinkin' what he must be goin' through and decided maybe I'd better tell about it.

It's gonna help him a lot.

Yeah, I guess so. There's somethin' else you might be able to use.

What's that?

Might not be worth anything, out of state and all.

What's that?

The hit and run car.
1 JOE: Yeah.

2 LOREN: I got the license number.

(END SCENE 4)

(END ACT 1)

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Today, one-way cigarettes ... one size, that is, are almost obsolete, because they just don't give smokers what they want. Either way, you'll like Chesterfield best ... It's America's most popular two-way cigarette, because only Chesterfield gives you the right combination of the world's best tobaccos ... tobaccos that are highest in quality - low in nicotine ... Best for you. You and I smoke for relaxation, for comfort, for satisfaction - and in the whole wide world, no cigarette satisfies like a Chesterfield. You smoke with the greatest possible pleasure when your cigarette is Chesterfield. Yes, these six words ... highest in quality - low in nicotine ... mean Chesterfield is best for you. Get a carton of Chesterfields. Chesterfield regular - Chesterfield king-size ... Both at the same price in most places.
JOE: We got the license number of the hit run car. Also the fact that it carried an Illinois plate. We put out a local and an A.P.B. on it. We got in touch with the department of Motor Vehicles back east and obtained the owners name. According to their records, he had notified them that he was moving to California. They were able to supply us with a North Hollywood address for him. We checked the name through our record section but found nothing. At 5:20 P.M. Frank and I drove out to see him.

CHARLES: Yes?

JOE: Charles Bookman?

CHARLES: That's right.

JOE: Police officers...like to talk to you.

CHARLES: C'mon in.

SOUND: THE OFFICERS ENTER THE HOUSE. DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

JOE: (AS THEY ENTER) This is my partner, Frank Smith. My name's Friday.

CHARLES: Hello.

FRANK: How d'you do sir.

CHARLES: I was just havin' dinner. You mind if I tell my wife to go ahead?

JOE: We can wait if you like.
CHARLES: No...I'll be right back.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO LEAVE THE ROOM

JOE: You want to wait a minute...I'll go with you.

CHARLES: I'm just goin' into the dining room.

JOE: Yes sir. We'll still have to be with you.

CHARLES: (FADES BACK ON) What's this about?

FRANK: You own a 1954 Pontiac?

CHARLES: Yeah.

FRANK: Light blue?

CHARLES: That's right. Somethin' happen to the car?

JOE: We wanted you to tell us.

CHARLES: I don't know what this is all about...Seems you oughta be able to tell me.

JOE: Where is the car?

CHARLES: I don't know.

FRANK: You own an automobile and you don't know where it is?

CHARLES: That's right.

JOE: Has it been stolen?

CHARLES: I don't know. For all I know...it could have been. I haven't seen it for a couple of days.

JOE: Who has it?
CHARLES: My brother in law. I let him drive it.

JOE: You don't know where he is?

CHARLES: No. If he's smashed up the car, he's gonna pay for it though. I'm not gonna be responsible.

JOE: He's done more than that.

CHARLES: Yeah. Might have known. He's a real bum. My wife's kid brother. Can't hold a job for more than five minutes. All the time spongin' off me.

JOE: When'd you let him take the car?

CHARLES: Let's see.... It was Saturday morning. I told him I wouldn't be usin' it for a couple of days. Said he could have it.

JOE: Uh huh.

CHARLES: My wife's idea. Casey gave us a big song about how he had to get away for a rest. I don't know what he's restin' from. Doesn't do anything when he's workin'.

FRANK: He say where he was goin'?

CHARLES: No place definite. Said he thought he'd drive up the coast. Maybe cut over to Yosemite. Said he'd only be gone a couple days. I haven't heard from him since.

JOE: He have any close friends in town? Somebody he might go to if he was in trouble?
CHARLES: None that'd take him in. They're all dumb like him. Can you tell me what he's done?

JOE: Well, we're not sure yet.

CHARLES: Look...it's my car you're askin' about. I gotta right to know. If somethin's wrong, I oughts notify the insurance company.

JOE: Be better if we talk to your brother in law about it first. You wanna give us his full name?

CHARLES: Casey Steadman.


CHARLES: Yeah.

FRANK: How 'bout a description?

CHARLES: No problem. I think I got a picture around if you want that.

JOE: Yes sir, it'd help.

CHARLES: I'll get it for you.

SOUND: HE TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS OFF MIKE

JOE: What were you doin' over the weekend?

CHARLES: I was home. I'm the branch manager for the company I work for. I got an annual report I have to get out. I worked on that.

JOE: Everynight?

CHARLES: Yeah. Started it Friday night. Finished it up Monday afternoon. That's one reason I let Casey take the car.
1 JOE: What?
2 CHARLES: To get him outta the house so I could get some work done. 'bout all he does is sit around and look at the T.V. Starts right with the programs for kids and goes straight through the day. I think there's somethin' wrong with his ears too. Always got the set turned up real loud. Isn't anybody can think when he's watchin a show.
3 JOE: Yes sir.
4 CHARLES: I had to get him out of the house. Wife won't even let me say anything to him. She knows how important that work is too. Sometimes, I wonder if it's worth it.
5 JOE: Well, I wouldn't know about that sir.
6 CHARLES: Just once...I'd like to be able to prove to my wife what a bum he is. Just once, so she really believes it.
7 JOE: If he was drivin' your car Saturday night, we'll let you know.
8 CHARLES: What'll that prove?
9 JOE: She'll believe it then.
10 (END SCENE 5)
We got a complete description of Casey Steadman along with a picture of the suspect. We went back to the office and got out a supplemental broadcast and an A.P.B. on Steadman. A check at R. and I. failed to turn up any information on him. We talked with his friends and known associates. None of them could tell us where he was. None of them had seen him since the accident.

Wednesday, December 12th. We got a call from one of the larger garages in the city.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.

Yes sir...that's right. Uh huh. When'd he call you.
Yes sir. All right...we'll be right over. No...if he does try to stall until we get there. Right...G'bye.

PHONE HANG UP

Garage over on sixth.

Yeah.

Guy hauled a car in this morning. Front end smashed up.

-Started to work on it and thought he'd better call us.

Blue Pontiac?

Yeah. Stains on the fender. Mechanic thinks they're blood.

(END SCENE 6)
Frank and I left the office and drove over to the garage. We talked to the garage owner. He told us that he'd gotten a call to bring a tow truck to the corner of Main and Crocker Streets. When he got there, he met a man who asked him to tow a car to the garage and do some repair work on the left front fender. We showed the repairman Steadman's picture. He gave us a positive identification. We checked the car. It was a 1954 blue Pontiac Sedan. The licence number was the same one we'd gotten previously. The serviceman told us that Steadman had said he'd pick up the car on Thursday night, and that it was important the repairs be made by that time. We asked that we be notified in the event the suspect made an appearance before then. We called the crime lab and asked them to come down and go over the car. Frank and I went back to the office and met with Captain Lohrman. We told him what we'd found. He told us to be at the garage the first thing Thursday morning in the event Steadman made an early appearance. Frank and I got there at 7:30 A.M. At 4:30 in the afternoon, the suspect still hadn't shown up. 4:45. . . . . .4:50 P.M.

Maybe he figures somethin's wrong.

Doesn't seem likely. No way for him to find out.

Think his sister tipped him?

No. Bookman said he wouldn't say anything to her about it.
1 FRANK: Uh huh.
2 SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON CONCRETE FADING IN
3 JOE: Wait a minute, Frank.
4 FRANK: Yeah. We got a live one.
5 JOE: Let's take him.
6 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK WALK UP TO STEADMAN. STOP
7 JOE: Steadman?
8 CASEY: Yeah?
9 JOE: Like to talk to you.
10 CASEY: Do I know you?
11 JOE: Police officers...you own that blue Pontiac over there?
12 BEAT
13 SOUND: CASEY TAKES OFF
14 FRANK: (IN FAST) Grab him Joe.
15 SOUND: JOE GRABS CASEY AND PULLS HIM AROUND
16 JOE: All right mister...take it easy.
17 CASEY: I don't know anything about it. Nothin'. I never saw
18 the car before.
19 JOE: Fella that towed it in says you're the one who called
20 him.
21 CASEY: He made a mistake. Must be a lot of men who look like
22 me. Nothin' special about me.
Our crime lab's gone over the car. Soon as we roll your finger prints we'll be able to tell for sure.

What's that gonna prove. Maybe I did drive the car.

Nothin' wrong with that. No law that says a man can't drive a car.

We got one that says you can't use it to kill somebody.

I didn't do that.

Yeah sure.

You don't believe me do you?

No.

That's kinda lousy isn't it?

What d'ya mean?

You walk in here and you already made up your mind I'm guilty. You call that fair?

We just go with the evidence.

You got nothin' to prove I was in that car. Nothin' to show that I killed anybody. You're just tryin' to make me say I did somethin' I don't know anything about.

C'mon...let's go.

You just wait. You take me to court and I'll tell the whole world about this lousy deal.

Yeah...well, I don't know about the world.

Yeah?
JOE: But we'll be there to listen.

(END SCENE 7)

JOE: We took the suspect back to the City Hall. As soon as we had his fingerprints taken and compared with the ones found in the car we showed him the physical evidence we had. When it was presented, he confessed to killing Lloyd Holtman. He made a statement and we took him over to the main jail where he was booked on a charge of violation of section 480 V.C. a felony. Before we left the jail, we had Emil Salter brought from his cell to one of the interview rooms. He looked like he hadn't slept for several days.

SOUND: EMIL WALKS IN. DOOR CLOSE.

JOE: Sit down Emil.

EMIL: Thanks.

SOUND: EMIL SITS ON BENCH

JOE: How'd you feel?

EMIL: Not too good, Mr. Friday.

JOE: We've got some news for you.

EMIL: Yeah?

JOE: You didn't kill that man.

EMIL: What?

FRANK: That's right, Emil.
35

EMIL: You're not lying to me?

JOE: No. We've got the guy that did it.

EMIL: That's good...Since that night, all I've thought about

was that man lying there...I'm glad it wasn't me.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: You know you still have to answer for auto theft.

EMIL: Sure I know...Funny. Reason I left home was to build

something new. Here I am in jail.

JOE: (GRUNTS)

EMIL: Just me I guess. I blamed my parents, my brothers.

Everybody. All the time it's me. Been nobody else
to blame, really.

JOE: You can try again, Emil.

EMIL: Yeah. But it'll probably be the same...Always on the
outside lookin' in.

FRANK: What'd you mean?

EMIL: Like back in highschool. Maybe you'll think it's funny.

But like one time I wanted to go to the Junior Prom...

Real bad. Didn't have the right clothes. Didn't have
a date...Who'd want'a go with a shrimp like me?

JOE: Did you ask anyone to go with you?

EMIL: No. I knew better...But I went to the Prom anyhow.
JOE: Yeah.
EMIL: Sure. All by myself. No date. No nice clothes...Just old cords and a beat up jacket. Want'a know how I went?
FRANK: Uh huh.
EMIL: I sat on the fire escape. Yeah. I watched the whole thing through the gym window, sitting on the fire escape. they had lanterns and stuff. Kids all dressed real pretty. It was nice to watch.
JOE: Uh huh.
EMIL: Saw the grand march. Everything...Only one trouble...
FRANK: Yeah.
EMIL: Like I said. I was all alone...Lookin' in from the outside.
JOE: (BEAT) We gotta shove off, Emil.
SOUND: THEY ALL GET TO THEIR FEET
EMIL: Thanks for coming over.
JOE: Ok Emil.
FRANK: See ya.
EMIL: Sure.
JOE: You wanta wait here. We'll send an officer in for you.
EMIL: Yeah. Thanks again.
SOUND: FOOTSTEPS, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS STOP.
FRANK: Joe. Kinda nice kid don't you think?

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Guess just a lotta things caught up with him. Kinda gives you a funny feelin, talkin' to him.

JOE: What'a you mean?

FRANK: You know how when you've worked all night and you get home early in the morning.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Too tired to sleep and you hear a train whistle from the other side of town. Listening to that kid, I got the same sorta' a feelin'.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: I don't think he's a bad kid. Not really...You think I'm wrong, Joe?

JOE: If you are, that makes two of us.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: That whistle.

FRANK: Uh huh.

JOE: I heard it too.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.
1 GIBNEY: On April 16th, trial was held in Department 97, Superior
2 Court of the state of California, in and for the County
3 of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial.
4 FENN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.
5 WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
Casey Harrison Steadman was tried and convicted of violation of section 480 of the Vehicle code and received sentence as prescribed by law. Violation of section 480 V.C. is punishable by imprisonment in the state penitentiary for a period of from 1 to five years. Emil Donald Salter pled guilty to one count of Grand Theft auto. In the interests of justice, he was placed on probation for a period of three years.
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 John Robinson, Earl Schley...Music by Walter Schumann...Hal Gibney speaking.

MUSIC: THEME UNDER...CONTINUES

FEEN: 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)