CESTFIELD, 102 NBC #261
DIRECTOR: JACK WEBB
WRITERS: JOHN ROBINSON & EARL SCHLEY
MUSIC: WALTER SCHUMANN
SCRIPT: JEAN MILES
SOUND: BUD TOLLEFSON & WAYNE KENWORTHY
19RAOUL MURPHY
INCR: GEORGE FENNEMAN
RELEASE DATE: OCTOBER 19, 1954
SPONSOR: CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES
AGENCY: CUNNINGHAM-WALSH
COMMERCIAL SUPERVISOR: PETE PETERSON
TECHNICAL ADVISORS:
SGT MARTY WEXNN. L.A.P.D.
SGT. VANCE BRASHER. L.A.P.D.
CAPT. JACK DONOHOE. L.A.P.D.

REHEARSAL SCHEDULE:
RECORDING: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17 1954 "A"
CAST AND SOUND: 12:00 W-0 200 PM
EDITING:
SCORING:
ORCHESTRA:
ANNOUNCERS:
BROADCAST: 600-6:30 P.M. STUDIO
MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL UNDER

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

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Missing person Detail. You get a call that a man has failed to return to his home. There's reason to suspect foul play. Your job...investigate.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
OCTOBER 19, 1954

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1 GIBNEY: This is the best - Chesterfield. And the time to change -
2 today!
3 FENN: In choosing your cigarette, be sure to remember this.
4 You will like Chesterfield best - because only
5 Chesterfield has the right combination of the world's
6 best tobaccos ... tobaccos that are highest in quality -
7 low in nicotine ... Best for you.
8 GIBNEY: All of us smoke for relaxation - for comfort - for
9 satisfaction ... and in the whole wide world, no
10 cigarette satisfies like a Chesterfield.
11 FENN: Get a carton of Chesterfields today. Chesterfield
12 regular ... Chesterfield king-size ... Both at the same
13 price in most places.
14 GIBNEY: This is the best - Chesterfield. And the time to change -
15 today!
16 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.
October 19, 1954

MUSIC: THEME

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

MUSIC: UP TO SEMI BUTTON AND FADE ON SUSTAINED CHORD

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

JOE: It was Friday, January 2nd. It was overcast in Los
Angeles. We were working the night watch out of
Homicide Division, Missing Person detail. My partner's
Frank Smith, the boss is Captain Lohrman, my name's
Friday. I was on my way back from communications and it
was 8:12 A.M. when I got to room 24....(SOUND: DOOR OPEN)
....the squadroom.

SOUND: JOE ENTERS THE ROOM. DOOR SWINGS CLOSED BEHIND HIM. B.G.

CHANGE

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Find anythin' on Grayson?

JOE: No...nothin' in yet.
FRANK: Hard to believe, isn't it?

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: January 2nd. Another year gone by.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: You see this evening's sports page?

JOE: No, why?

FRANK: Still talking about that Rose Bowl game.

JOE: "Tat so?"

FRANK: Yeah. Y'know, Joe...looks to me like that last play of the game's gonna end up like the Dempsey-Tunney thing.

JOE: I don't think so.

FRANK: Oh, yeah. Big controversy over that last play.

JOE: Since when? All the sports writers agree.

FRANK: That's where you're wrong, Joe.

JOE: I read 'em all....Examiner, Times,Herald, News, the Mirror. They all agree the officials called it right.

FRANK: All the sports writers, huh?

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: RATTLE OF NEWSPAPER

FRANK: Apparently you haven't seen this.

JOE: I've never seen that paper before in my life.

FRANK: Sure. That's where you're wrong, Joe. All the writers don't agree on that play, see. Finchley Crockett...right there. You can see for yourself.

JOE: Well, who's he?
FRANK: Just the sports editor, that's all.
JOE: Editor of what? What paper is that?
FRANK: Jessie County Realist. Picked it up on my way in tonight.
JOE: Well, the game's over, so let's just forget about it, huh?
FRANK: Oh, sure. Just overlook the only right call on the game...
   ..just pass it right by. Joe, Finchley Crockett's never
   been wrong. He called the World Series...The all-Star
   Game...picked the heavy-weight champion before the fight.
   He's accurate, Joe.
JOE: Good for him. But the game's over and the score stands.
Next year's another game. Okay?
FRANK: Listen to this...
   HE HOLDS THE PAPER
FRANK: I'm gonna read this column to you...."The Bird Says...."
by Finchley Crockett.
JOE: What's the name of that column?
FRANK: The Bird....Bird Crockett.
JOE: Who?
FRANK: Oh yeah...forgot to tell you...when Crockett played for
the Trojans...his nickname was "The Bird."
JOE: I don't remember anybody by that name playing for U.S.C.
FRANK: J.C.U. Jessie County Trojans.
JOE: Oh yeah.
FRANK: Listen to what he says..."it's a rare treat when the
editor of a small town paper gets to see one of the
nation's Bowl games but your editor was so treated this
week at the county seat. As you all know, the new
television transmitter is now operating and it was a
rare treat. As you know, there's nothing like being
at the game but it's a rare treat when the editor of
a small town paper gets to see one of the nation's Bowl
games." ... He's a real guy, Joe....

JOE: (GRUNTS)

FRANK: And in closing yours truly would like to go on record
and say that the last play of the game was a complete
mystery to me.

BEAT

JOE: Go ahead.

FRANK: That's all, Joe. He made his point.

JOE: That's all there is to the entire column?

FRANK: That's it...proves that all the sports writers didn't
agree on the last play of the game.

SOUND: PHONE BELL RINGS.

JOE: I got it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE...PUNCHES BUTTON AND LIFTS RECEIVER
1-5 JOE: (INTO PHONE) Missing person's Friday....Yes ma'am...
6 that's right. Uh huh. All right...we'll be right out.
7 No ma'am...Right away. G'bye.
8 SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE.
9 FRANK: What've you got?
10 JOE: Missing husband.
11 FRANK: Yeah.
12 JOE: Wife says he and a friend went out to the races this
13 afternoon. He's over three hours late gettin' home.
14 FRANK: If he won or lost, he can build it into a reason to stop
15 at a bar.
16 JOE: Not the way she puts it.
17 FRANK: What d'ya mean?
18 JOE: The fellow with him.
19 FRANK: Yeah.
20 JOE: Her husband was gonna have him put in jail.
21 (END SCENE 1)
8:32 P.M. Frank and I left the office and drove out to the address. It was located on Agatha Street. The lettering on the window spelled out Halmer's Rental and Sales. The store was dark except for a single light at the rear of the place. We knocked and a small pleasant faced woman in her fifties answered the door. We identified ourselves and she asked us in.

**Sound:** STREET B.G. STEPS INTO STORE. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE OFFICERS.

RUTH: Wanna come back to the office.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

**Sound:** THEY WALK BACK TO THE REAR OF THE STORE.

RUTH: Watch your step there...kinda dark.

FRANK: It's all right ma'am...these dummies sure look like real people.

RUTH: Yes. We specialize in life-like models.

**Sound:** THE STEPS CONTINUE AND THEN CHANGE TO A WOODEN SURFACE.

RUTH: I've been workin' on the books. Tryin' to keep my mind off what's happened.

JOE: Uh huh.

RUTH: Want to sit down?

JOE: It's all right Mrs. Halmer...you go ahead.

**Sound:** RUTH MOVES TO A CHAIR AND SITS DOWN

JOE: You want to tell us what this is about now?
RUTH: Jason's gone.
JOE: That's your husband's name...Jason Halmer?
RUTH: That's right.
JOE: How old is he?
RUTH: 53. Had a birthday last October.
FRANK: Why do you think something's happened to him?
RUTH: Because it's not like him to do a thing like this without tellin' me.
JOE: You told me on the phone that you'd heard from him.
RUTH: Not from him...Fred called me.
JOE: When was that?
RUTH: I guess it was about 5:45...might have been 6. No later.
JOE: What'd this fella say to you?
RUTH: Told me that Jason was coming right home.
JOE: Were they together when he called?
RUTH: Fred said they were.
FRANK: Did you talk to your husband?
RUTH: No. At the time, I didn't think it'd be necessary.
JOE: Uh huh. Do you know where they called from?
RUTH: Fred said some bar.
FRANK: Did he mention a name?
RUTH: No. I didn't ask...guess I was afraid to.
FRANK: What d'ya mean?

RUTH: Well, Jason used to drink quite a bit. We had a lot of trouble over it. Seemed like everything was falling apart then he straightened up and quit.

JOE: Uh huh.

RUTH: He hasn't had a drink of liquor in ten years. When Fred called, I thought that maybe he'd gotten Jason started again.

JOE: Did he say your husband had been drinking?

RUTH: No. Just told me that Jason was leaving the bar and would be right home.

JOE: Was he driving?

RUTH: I don't know.

JOE: Ma'am?

RUTH: My husband hurt his shoulder a couple of days ago. Wrenched it. I don't think he's able to drive very well.

JOE: Uh huh.

RUTH: He might try to make it with one hand. Our car has that automatic drive thing y'know. Don't have to shift gears.

JOE: Yeah.

RUTH: But I don't think he'd have driven.

FRANK: Did he leave in your car?
RUTH: Yes. Fred told him he'd drive.
JOE: Where'd they go?
RUTH: Like I told you on the phone...to the races.
JOE: Your husband usually go there?
RUTH: No. The only reason he went today was to collect some money.
JOE: From who?
RUTH: Fred.
JOE: He's the man your husband was going to put in jail?
RUTH: That's right.
JOE: Why?
RUTH: He's owed us some money for quite a while. About four months ago, Jason asked him for it. Fred wrote a check.
JOE: Uh huh.
RUTH: It wasn't any good.
JOE: You want to go ahead?
RUTH: Well, Jason tried to get in touch with Fred. Wanted to give him the chance to make good on the check.
JOE: Uh huh.
RUTH: Never was able to catch him at home...Talked to him on the phone but Fred was never there when my husband went over to see him.
JOE: Yeah.
RUTH: One day, Jason ran into Fred on Hollywood boulevard. Stopped him and asked him for the money. Fred told him that he'd have to write another check.

JOE: To make good the bad one your husband already had?

RUTH: That's right. Jason went into a place there and called Fred's bank. Made sure there was enough money in the bank to cover the second check.

JOE: Yeah.

RUTH: There was. So my husband took one check and gave Fred the other one.

JOE: Uh huh.

RUTH: Jason had some business to do at one of the stores on the boulevard. Took care of that and then went down to Fred's bank. By the time he got there, Fred had closed the account and my husband was stuck with another bad check.

JOE: I see.

RUTH: Well, I'm not going to try to tell you how mad Jason was. At first, I thought he was going to kill Fred. Raved and ranted around. Lasted a couple of days.

JOE: How long ago was this?

RUTH: Last week.

JOE: Uh huh.
After he calmed down... Jason called and talked to Fred's wife. Told her to have Fred get in touch with us right away. If he didn't, we were going to the police.

Did he?

Yes. Called yesterday, Jason told him to have the money this morning or the bad check would be turned over to the police.

Uh huh.

Fred showed up here this morning. We thought he'd come to pay the money but he told us he didn't have it.

Jason said that there wasn't any reason to spend more time on it. Said they might as well go to the police.

Uh huh.

That's when Fred told us that he could get the money out at the race track. He wanted Jason to drive him out there.

That's what happened?

Yeah. At first Jason didn't want to. Y'know with his sore shoulder.

Uh huh.

He told Fred to take a bus. Fred said he didn't have any money and begged my husband to drive him. Told how he'd pay the money he owed and have enough to get home.

Yeah.
1 RUTH: They left here about 11.

2 FRANK: Did this Fred Staub say who he was going to get the money from?

3 RUTH: No. Just that it was some friend.

4 JOE: Can you give us a description of your husband's car.

5 RUTH: Yes. I've got the license number too, if you want it.

6 JOE: How about a description of both men.

7 RUTH: I can give you that.

8 JOE: All right Mrs. Halmer.

9 BEAT

10 RUTH: Sergeant?

11 JOE: Yes ma'am.

12 RUTH: You've been through this kind of thing before. You oughta know.

13 JOE: What's that?

14 RUTH: About Jason. Do you think he's alright?

15 JOE: I don't know, Mrs. Halmer. We'll try to find out.

16 RUTH: We've been so close the last ten years. Ever since he stopped drinking. I guess that's what I'm afraid of more than anything else. Him starting up again.

17 JOE: Yes ma'am.

18 RUTH: Do you think he might have started again?
1 JOE: I don't know....but I'd say things were in your favor.
2 RUTH: How's that?
3 JOE: 10 years is a long time.
4 RUTH: Yeah?
5 JOE: Good habits are hard to break too.

(END SCENE 2)

6 JOE: Before we left the store, we got a complete description of
Jason Halmer and Fred Staub. We also got Staub's address
and the license number of the car they were driving. Mrs.
Halmer gave us a recent photograph of her husband and we
checked with R. and I. on both men. We found a record on
them both. Halmer had been arrested 12 times for drunk,
the last one was over ten years previously. Staub had been
picked up for drunk, suspicion of burglary and writing
checks without sufficient funds. We checked the jails and
hospitals and found that neither man had been booked in
the last 5 hours. We went back to the office and got out
a local and an A.P.B. on both men and the car. 9:46 P.M.
we drove out to talk to Fred Staub. There was no one home
but we got the information that his wife was employed at
a restaurant on Clay Street. We went over to see her.

21 SOUND: RESTAURANT B.G. JOE AND FRANK'S STEPS ON HARD SURFACE.

22 LORNA: (LITTLE OFF) Can I help you?
FRANK: Like to see Mrs. Staub.

BEAT

LORNA: Who are you?

JOE: Police officers.....this is my partner Frank Smith....

my name's Friday. Here's our identification.

LORNA: (LOOKING) Uh huh. Well, I'm Lorna Staub. What d'ya want?

JOE: Few questions we'd like to ask.

LORNA: Mind goin' in the back to talk. Don't want everybody in

the place to know my business.

JOE: That's all right.

LORNA: Booth back here.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE REAR OF THE PLACE

LORNA: (AS SHE WALKS) Been hard enough to keep the job....

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP

LORNA: Go ahead.....sit down.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK SLIDE INTO THE BOOTH

LORNA: Can I get you some coffee?

JOE AND FRANK: No thank you.

SOUND: LORNA SITS IN BOOTH

LORNA: I don't have to ask you what this is all about. I can guess.

JOE: Beg pardon?
LORNA: It's something about Fred.

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

LORNA: What'd he do?

JOE: We're not sure that he's done anythin', Mrs. Staub.

LORNA: Then why're you here?

JOE: We're tryin' to find him.

LORNA: He is in trouble.

FRANK: We just want to talk to him, ma'am.

JOE: Could you tell us where he might be?

LORNA: (BEAT) He should be home. Have you tried there?

JOE: Yes, ma'am.

LORNA: Well I don't know then. He left this mornin', Said he'd be home early.

JOE: Have you heard from him?

LORNA: No.

JOE: Did he say where he was goin' when he left?

LORNA: To the race track.

JOE: Was he goin' with anybody?

LORNA: He didn't say.

JOE: What kinda' work does your husband do, Mrs. Staub?

LORNA: He's a collector.
FRANK: What ma'am?
LOMA: He collects corks and bottles.
FRANK: Ma'am?
LOMA: I'm tryin' to tell you he doesn't work. He just drinks.
JOE: Then how could he afford to go the races?
LOMA: He can't. The only money he's got is what he can borrow from other people or steal from my purse.
JOE: Did he say why he was goin' to the races?
LOMA: No. I don't care what he does anymore. I've tried to help him, but he doesn't make any effort to change.
Just goes on drinkin' and feelin' sorry for himself.
JOE: What do you mean by that, Mrs. Staub?
LOMA: About feeling sorry for himself?
JOE: Yes ma'am.
LOMA: It's not a new story, Mr. Friday.
JOE: We'll listen.
LOMA: Well about a year ago we bought a small business in the Valley. A men's ready to wear store. We were a little hasty about it.
JOE: How's that?
LOMA: It was a poor location. Just didn't do the business we thought we would.
I see.
Fred began to worry about it. We'd put all our savings into it. He took to drinkin'. Just a little at first, then more and more.
Yes, ma'am.
He neglected the business. I tried to talk to him. He wouldn't listen. Things went from bad to worse. We lost everythin'.
Yes, ma'am.
We sold the stock and paid off most of the bills and then moved into the city. I got this job. I've tried to tell Fred, it wasn't the end of the world, but it doesn't do any good.
Uh huh.
He hasn't made any attempt to go to work. Leaves the house in the mornin' and promises he's goin' to really look for a job. When he comes home... always the same thing. Drunk.
What did he do before you bought the store?
He was a clothin' salesman. A good one. He could get a job if he really wanted to. I think he likes it this way.
Have you any idea where he'd go if he were drinkin'?
Any place where he can mooch a drink. He's even tried it here.
Yes, ma'am, but can you give us the name of any of the places?
Yes..... I can tell you, but will you tell me what he's done?
JC1E: It's like we said, Mrs. Staub. We're not sure that he's done anythin'.
LORNA: That's the truth?
JOE: Yes, ma'am. We'd like to talk to him.
LORNA: (BEAT) All right. I think I can help you find him. I got a phone call earlier this evenin'.
JOE: From your husband?
LORNA: No. From a friend of ours in the Valley. David Niesen.
JOE: Fred had called him.
LORNA: Fred wanted to use his place tonight. Davis said he could. I asked him if Fred'd been drinkin'. He said he couldn't tell, but I know he has. It follows a pattern.
JOE: How's that, Mrs. Staub?
LORNA: He'd done it before. Go out to David's place and drink himself into a stupor. David always calls me so I won't worry.
JOE: Uh huh.
LORNA: (BEAT) Could I ask somethin' of you officers?
JOE: Surely.
LORNA: If you find him there, will you do what you can for him?
JOE: Do you think it'd do any good, ma'am?
LORNA: Whatta' mean, Mr. Friday?
1 JOE: I don't think he'd take our help.
2 LORNA: Why?
3 JOE: He didn't want yours.
4 (END SCENE 3)
5 JOE: Mrs. Staub gave us the address of the place where her husband was supposed to be. We also got the address and phone number of David Niesen. We put in a call to him, but he hadn't heard from Staub. Frank and I left the restaurant and drove out to the San Fernando Valley. On the way out, it started to rain. 31013 Nordhoff Street was a small redwood house. We parked the car and walked up onto the porch. Frank knocked at the door.

13 SOUND: HEAVY RAIN IN B.G.
14 JOE: Wanna try it again?
15 FRANK: Yeah.
16 SOUND: FRANK MOVES TO THE DOOR AND KNOCKS.
17 FRED: (OFF MIKE...INSIDE THE HOUSE) Yeah...who's there?
18 JOE: (UP) Police officers...o'mon Staub...open the door.
19 HEAT
20 FRED: Go away...I didn't order anything.
JOE: C'mon Staub...open up.

FRED: 

SOUND: FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, WE HEAR FRED START FOR THE DOOR AND THEN FALL AGAINST A PIECE OF FURNITURE.

FRANK: Doesn't sound like he's doin' too good.

JOE: Uh huh.

SOUND: FRED GETS THE DOOR AND UNLOCKS IT. HE OPENS THE DOOR.

FRED: What d'ya want?

JOE: Let's talk inside.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK MOVE INTO THE HOUSE.

FRED: Sure....wouldn't keep anybody out on a night like this.

JOE: C'mon in.

SOUND: HE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

FRED: Let's go over by the fire. Cold out here in the middle of the room.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO MOVE AWAY FROM THEM.

JOE: You Fred Staub?

FRED: (OFF MIKE) That's what you called me when you pounded on the door.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: You friends of Dave's?

JOE: We've talked to him.

FRED: Nice fella old Dave. This is his house y'know.

JOE: Yeah.....we know.
FRED: Nice place...roof's tight...good bar. Great friend old Dave.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRED: (OFF) How'd you fellas like a drink...Y'know...somethin' to keep the chill out.

JOE: No thanks.

FRED: How bout you?

FRANK: No.

FRED: Okay...but don't say I didn't try to be a good host.

JOE: Put the glass down, Staub. You're gonna have enough trouble answerin' our questions as it is.

FRED: And that's just where you're wrong.

JOE: That right.

FRED: One thing everybody says about old Fred. He can handle his booze. Never seen old Fred swingin'.

JOE: Put the glass down.

FRED: Okay. Like to cooperate.

FRED: Mind if I sit down?
J: Go ahead.

SOUND: FRED WALKS OVER TO THE FIREPLACE AND FLOPS DOWN ON A BENCH.

FRED: Old Dave oughta get some cushions for these benches. Oughta.

J: Yeah. You want to start talkin' now?

FRED: Whenever you're ready.

J: What'd you do today?

FRED: All day?

J: That's right.

FRED: Nothin'. Absolutely nothin'.

J: Where'd you go?

FRED: Took a little ride out to the track.

F: Races?

FRED: Yeah. Took a little ride.

J: You go by yourself?

FRED: Huh?

J: Did you go to the races by yourself?

BEAT

FRED: Matter of fact, I didn't.

F: Who'd you go with?

FRED: Friend of mine.

F: What's his name?
FRED: You don't know him.

JOE: What's his name?

FRED: Jason Halmen.

JOE: What happened?

FRED: Nothin'. We drove out there and saw the horses.

FRANK: You make any bets?

FRED: No.

JOE: Then why'd you go?

FRED: I like horses.

JOE: You know that's not the reason.

FRED: Okay...I went out to collect some money.

JOE: From who?

FRED: Why you askin' all these questions.

JOE: Did you get the money?

FRED: Yeah.

JOE: What'd you do with it?

FRED: I don't think that's any of your business.

JOE: You do anything wrong with it?

FRED: No.

JOE: Then you don't mind tellin' us do you?

BEAT
1 FRED: Paid a bill.
2 JOE: To who?
3 FRED: Jason.
4 FRANK: How much did you owe him?
5 FRED: A hundred bucks...listen...I don't like all these questions. Way you guys came in here. I don't like it at all...I don't think I'm gonna answer anything more for you.
6 JOE: Where'd you go after you left the track?
    BEAT
7 JOE: Staub?
    BEAT
8 JOE: All right...let's go.
9 FRED: Where you gonna take me?
10 JOE: Downtown...maybe you'll feel more like talkin' there.
11 FRED: Isn't that I don't want to help you out. Not that at all.
12 JOE: It's the way it's comin' over.
13 FRED: Well, I don't mean it. Just that nobody likes to have anybody on their backs. You can understand that, huh?
14 JOE: Where'd you go from the track?
15 FRED: Drove out to the valley.
16 FRANK: Halmer go with you?
1  FRED: Yeah...he did.
2  JOE: Who drove?
3  FRED: Me. Jason has a sore shoulder.
4  JOE: All right.
5  FRED: We stopped at a bar and had a couple of drinks. Halmer was feelin' pretty good that he got paid.
6  FRANK: Halmer have anything to drink? 
7  FRED: Yeah...couple.
8  JOE: What was the name of the bar?
9  FRED: What?
10 JOE: The bar...what's the name?
11 FRED: I dunno.
12 FRANK: You stopped at a place and you don't know the name?
13 FRED: That's the way it is. Doesn't matter what name's on the outside anyway. Just what's on the bottles. That's what's important.
14 JOE: All right...what happened then?
15 FRED: Jason said he had to go home. Wanted me to call his wife and tell her he was on the way.
16 FRANK: Did you?
17 FRED: Yeah.
18 JOE: What time was that?
Fred: Oh...I guess about 5:30...somewhere in there.
Joe: Yeah.
Fred: We sat around and had a couple more. Then he left.
Frank: You stayed on after Halmer left?
Fred: Yeah.
Joe: Uh huh. Who paid for the drinks?
Fred: Who d'ya think...me.
Joe: How much money did you collect out at the track?
Fred: Hundred bucks. Collected it and then paid Jason.
Joe: Lemme see your wallet.
Fred: Why?
Joe: Get it up.
Sound: Fred moves and takes the wallet out of his pocket.
Joe: How much money have you got?
Fred: I dunno. Not much.
Joe: Make a guess.
Fred: Twenty...thirty dollars.
Joe: Okay...count it.
Fred: (After beat) Might be better if you did.
Joe: Count it.
Beat
FRED: Okay...but don't get mad at me if I do it wrong.

(HE COUNTS) ten... twenty... twenty five... twenty six... twenty seven... twenty seven dollars. That and the change I still got in my pocket. (BEAT) You want me to count that too?

JOE: Never mind.

FRED: Be glad to do it for you.

JOE: Lemme see your wallet.

FRED: Certainly... here y'go.

SOUND: JOE FANS THROUGH THE WALLET.

FRED: Present from my wife.

JOE: AS HE LOOKS THROUGH

FRED: Real nice... cordovan leather.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: Not a stitch in it... all folded.

JOE: Okay... put it back in your pocket.

FRED: (AS HE DOES) Thank you.

BEAT

JOE: Where'd you get the money Staub.

FRED: From in my wallet.

JOE: Before that?

FRED: I had it.
JOE: Since when?
FRED: This morning.
JOE: Won't hold.
FRED: Huh?
JOE: We got it that you were broke this morning.
BEAT
FRED: Oh... I got it now... Now I've got it.
JOE: Y'have huh?
FRED: Yeah... You think I'm a thief. (BEAT) Isn't that it?
JOE: We'll let you tell us.
FRED: No deal.
JOE: Huh?
FRED: I didn't steal it.
JOE: All right... then where'd you get it?
BEAT
FRED: From my bank.
JOE: When'd you get it?
FRED: T'night.
JOE: You're gonna have to do better than that, Staub.
FRED: I don't know why? Be perfectly happy to prove it to you.
JOE: When you're ready.
FRED: All right...I'll show you. Take you right there.

SOUND: HE STANDS UP

FRED: You think all banks close at the same time don't you...

JOB: Go ahead.

FRED: Well, you're wrong. Mine's always open. Course it don't pay any interest but it's there...and it's always open.

JOB: Let's go.

FRED: Sure. Take you right there. Out in Canoga park.

JOB: You got a coat?

FRED: No.

SOUND: HE WALKS A COUPLE OF STEPS.

FRED: How 'bout a little drink before we go. Huh? Kinda warm us up.

SOUND: FRED WALKS OVER TO THE BOTTLE AND POURS A DRINK.

JOE: You've had enough of that.

BEAT

FRED: Y'know somethin'.

JOE: What's that?

FRED: Times, I don't think there is enough. Hate to figure what'd happen if I ever ran out. Hate to think about it.

JOE: Well, I'll tell you something.

FRED: What's that?
1 JOE: If that bank of your's isn't there.....
2 FRED: Yeah.
3 JOE: You're gonna get the chance.
4 (END SCENE 4)
5 (END ACT 1)

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET RADIO
OCTOBER 19, 1954

SECOND COMMERCIAL

1 FENN: All of us smoke for relaxation - for comfort - for
2 satisfaction ... And in the whole wide world, no
3 cigarette satisfies like a Chesterfield. You smoke with
4 the greatest possible pleasure when your cigarette is
5 Chesterfield.
6 GIBNEY: Only Chesterfield gives you the right combination of the
7 world's best tobaccos ... tobaccos that are highest in
8 quality - low in nicotine ... Best for you.
9 FENN: Get a carton of Chesterfields. Chesterfield regular -
10 Chesterfield king-size ... Both at the same price in
11 most places. It's America's most popular two-way
12 cigarette.
13 GIBNEY: This is the best - Chesterfield...And the time to change-
14 today!
Because of Fred Staub's condition, it was difficult to know how much of the truth he was telling us. We went back to the car and started to drive toward Canoga Park. On the way, we stopped and put in a call to Mrs. Hialmer. Her husband had still not returned. Staub directed us to drive to a ranch type house on Kelvin Avenue. By the time we got there, it'd stopped raining. We parked the car and walked up to the house. There were no lights on and no answer when we rang the bell.

OUTDOOR B.G.

All right Staub....you through playin' games now?

Bank's out in the backyard.

What?

Backyard. There's a barbeque out there. Banks a tin can near there.

Show us.

Sure.

THEY WALK ALONG A CEMENT DRIVEWAY.

I used to live in this house.

Yeah.

Always figured that someday, I was gonna need some money.

One time I just went out and buried some. Figured there'd be a time when I was gonna need it.

Yeah.
1 FRED: Tin can near the barbeque.
2 JOE: What time were you here today?
3 FRED: I don't know... I don't have a watch.
4 JOE: You haven't got any idea?
5 FRED: Sorry.
6 SOUND: THE STEPS STOP AND WE HEAR JOE WORK WITH A GATE
7 FRED: Catch is a kinda tricky. Y'gotta pull it toward you.
8 SOUND: JOE OPENS THE GATE. THE THREE MEN WALK INTO THE YARD
9 FRED: Always meant to fix that when we lived here.
10 SOUND: STEPS STOP
11 JOE: All right....where's the barbeque?
12 FRED: One of you got a flashlight?
13 SOUND: JOE TAKES HIS FLASH OUT AND TURNS IT ON
14 FRED: Lemme have it.
15 JOE: You tell us where you want it pointed.
16 FRED: You don't trust anybody do you?
17 JOE: Where's the barbeque?
18 FRED: Over in the corner of the yard. Right near the fence.
19 SOUND: JOE AND FRANK TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS
20 JOE: Where?
FRED: Swing the light over to the left.

BEAT

FRANK: Nothin' there.

BEAT

FRED: Maybe I made a mistake...been a while since I've been here. Must be in the other corner of the yard.

JOE: We'll try it.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS AND THEN PAUSE.

BEAT

JOE: You're not doin' so good t'night, Staub.

FRED: I don't understand it....I saw it t'day.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE, A CAR HAS FADED INTO THE DRIVEWAY. IT

STOPS

FRANK: Probably the owner of the house.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE ON CAR

JOE: Yeah....let's check with him.

SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE FRONT OF THE YARD

FRED: I don't understand it....right in the corner of the yard

....near the fence.

SOUND: STEPS CONTINUE AND THEN STOP

JOHN: (LITTLE OFF) Somethin' you're looking for?

JOE: Police officers, sir. We tried the door....wasn't anybody

home.
JOIN: You want to tell me what this is all about?

JOE AND FRANK WALK UP TO JOHN. STOP.

JOE: You live here, do you?

JOHN: That's right. What're you looking for?

JOE: You know anything about a barbeque pit in the back yard, here?

JOHN: Yeah...why?

JOE: Where is it?

JOHN: I tore it down three months ago.

(END SCENE 5)

JOE: We returned Fred Staub to the office for further interrogation. Frank and I attempted to talk to him without result. He said he couldn't remember where he'd gotten the money. He couldn't tell us where Jason Halmer was. We put in a call to the missin' man's home but he still hadn't returned. We rechecked the hospitals and jails without results. 1:14 A.M. We were ready to give it up for the night. Frank went over to the office and I got Staub ready to leave.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN INTERROGATION ROOM.

FRED: Y'gonna take me to jail now?
JOE: You called it.

SOUND: JOE OPENS THE DOOR AND WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE CORRIDOR B.G. COME IN.

JOE: Go ahead.

SOUND: JOE AND STAUB WALK INTO THE HALL. AS THEY DO, WE HEAR FRANK'S STEPS FADE IN.

FRANK: (FADING IN) Joe.

SOUND: JOE TURNS

JOE: Hold it up, Staub.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS ON MIKE

JOE: What've you got?

FRANK: Call just came in... about Halmer's car.

JOE: Yeah?

FRANK: They found it.

(END SCENE 6)

JOE: While men from the business office took Staub over to the main jail for booking. Frank and I drove out to the valley again. Halmer's car had been found about a mile off Topanga Canyon Boulevard on Far View Road. It was back off the road and partially hidden by trees. When we got there, a radio car was standing by. We talked to the officer.

SOUND: OUTDOOR NIGHT NOISES.
BRYAND: We got the call from a fella who lives up here.
JOE: Uh huh.
BRYAND: Said he noticed the car when he went by this evening on his way home. Later on, he saw it again when his wife and him went out to dinner.
FRANK: Yeah.
BRYAND: Still in the same place when he came back. Figured he better call us. When we checked it out, we saw it was the car you fellas were lookin' for.
JOE: Any sign of anybody?
BRYAND: Shine your light in the back seat there.
SOUND: LIGHT ON, AND LITTLE FOOT MOVEMENT.
FRANK: Clothing store dummy.
BRYAND: Yeah. That's what made the guy who found it think it oughta be looked into.
FRANK: Looks like a real person starin' off into space.
BRYAND: Yeah. Gave the man quite a start.
JOE: I can figure. Anything on the car?
BRYAND: Take a look at the back.
SOUND: THEY WALK TO THE REAR OF THE CAR.
BRYAND: Stuff on the ground there....I covered it with the boxes in case it started to rain again.
1 JOE: (LOOKING) Good.
2 SOUND: THEY CONTINUE TO WALK, THEN STOP.
3 BRYAND: These stains here on the ground...don't know if they're
gonna mean anything.
4 JOE: You got anything we can use to open this trunk?
5 BRYAND: I'll check our car.
6 JOE: Good.
7 SOUND: BRYAND LEAVES THE SCENE. UNDER THE FOLLOWING, WE HEAR
8 A CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.
9 FRANK: What d'ya think?
10 JOE: I dunno...better get in touch with the crime lab...have
them come out and go over the place.
11 FRANK: Yeah.
12 SOUND: BRYAND FADES ON MIKE.
13 BRYAND: Here...try this.
14 JOE: Thanks.
15 SOUND: JOE MOVES TO ONE SIDE OF THE TRUNK.
16 FRANK: Can you get it?
17 SOUND: JOE PUTS THE FIRE IRON INTO THE CRACK OF THE TRUNK.
18 JOE: Wanna put that light here....
19 FRANK: Yeah...how's that?
JOE: (AS HE WORKS) Good.

BRYAND: Need some help?

JOE: No....I think I can get it.

SOUND: WE HEAR THE TRUNK COMPARTMENT START TO GIVE.

JOE: (WITH EFFORT) Once more oughta do it.

SOUND: HE HEAVES AT THE TIRE ION AND THE TRUNK LOCK SNAPS.

JOE: There.

SOUND: JOE RAISES THE TRUNK....WE HEAR IT LOCK INTO POSITION.

JOE: I thought maybe we'd be wrong.

FRANK: We weren't.

JOE: Uh huh....it's Halmer.

(END SCENE 7)
1 JOE: We put in a call to the crime lab. and they came out and
2 made an investigation of the scene. From what we could
3 tell, Halmer had been killed by some kind of a blunt
4 instrument. His empty wallet was in the trunk beside the
5 body. We asked Lee Jones to call us as soon as they had
6 finished their preliminary investigation and then we
7 left the scene. Frank and I drove back to the main jail
8 and had Fred Staub brought from his cell. We talked to
9 him for over an hour without result. He gave us the same
10 answers he'd given us that afternoon. 6:48 A.M.
11 FRED: I feel lousy. My head's like it don't belong to me.
12 FRANK: Why don't you tell us the truth.
13 FRED: You haven't told me what this is about. No reason why I
14 should answer your questions if I don't know what you're
15 tryin' to get at.
16 JOE: We told you....the truth.
17 FRED: All the questions. Over and over the same things.
18 JOE: You can make it easy on yourself.
19 FRED: How?
20 JOE: Come with some straight answers.
21 FRED: But I've told you.
22 FRANK: Uh huh. Like the bar you went to called the "I DON'T
23 KNOW"
FRED: I'd tell you the name if I knew. I'd been drinkin' pretty good.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

FRANK: I'll get it.

SOUND: COUPLE STEPS TO DOOR, FRANK OPENS DOOR

FRANK: Yeah.

YOUNG: This just came in from the crime lab.

SOUND: CRACKLE OF PAPER

FRANK: (TAKES PAPER) Thanks.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

FRANK: (TURNS AND READS) Here, Joe.

SOUND: COUPLE STEPS OVER TO JOE, HANDS HIM PAPER.

JOE: (READS) Staub.

FRED: Yeah.

JOE: This is about your bank.

FRED: What'd ya mean?

JOE: This explains where you got the money.

FRED: What.

JOE: When you took the currency from Halmer's wallet, you left three perfect prints on one of the celluloid envelopes.

FRED: (BEAT) You mean somethin' has happened to Halmer?

FRANK: You tell us.
JOE: You can drop the bluff. These prints are enough to indict you. (BEAT) Wanna tell us? FRED: (BEAT) He was goin' to send me to jail. I didn't get the money at the track. I tried to get him to give me more time.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: He was so righteous about it. Said I'd had enough time, that he was goin' to the police.

JOE: Yeah.

FRED: I pleaded with him...but he wouldn't listen. It happened real quick. Maybe if I hadn't been drinkin', it might not have been this way. I don't know.

FRED: When I started to think about the big trouble I was in...

JOE: I figured it's all on account of money.

JOE: That right?

FRED: There really was a guy at the track y' know. He was gonna' lend me the money to pay Halmer.

JOE: Uh huh. FRED: If he'd loaned me the money, it would have solved everythin'.

JOE: There was another way.

FRED: Whatta' mean?
1 JOE: The money you owed Halmer.
2 FRED: Yeah.
3 JOE: You could have earned it.
4 MUSIC: SIGNATURE
FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.

GIBNEY: On May 14th, trial was held in department 92, Superior Court of the state of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.

FENN: Now, here is our star, Jack Webb.

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
DRAGNET RADIO
OCTOBER 19, 1954

CLOSING COMMERCIAL -- NO. 3

WEBB: Noticed how many king-size smokers are changing to
Chesterfield? Everywhere king-size smokers are finding
it out ... no other king-size cigarette has Chesterfield
quality -- tastes so good - or gives you such a refreshing
smoke. What a pair! Chesterfield king-size ...
Chesterfield regular. They satisfy!
GIBNEY: Frederick Carson Staub was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and received sentence as prescribed by law. On recommendation of the jury, he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State penitentiary, San Quentin, California.

Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, 

Script by John Robinson, Earl Schley...Music by Walter Schumann......Hal Gibney speaking.

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) Chester Field has brought you Dragnet, transcribed, from Los Angeles.

(L & M HITCH HIKE)
STU ERWIN HITCH-HIKE

1 STU: Hello - I'm Stu Erwin....
2 JUNE: And I'm June Erwin. Our cigarette is L & M Filters.
3 STU: They have the first filter we've tried that really does the
4 job. It certainly is the miracle tip.
5 JUNE: Notice how easy it draws ... and notice how good L & Ms
6 taste. You get much more flavor ... much less nicotine.
7 STU: We'll be telling you more about L & Ms come October 20th.
8 JUNE: We've got a new TV show going on then ... every Wednesday
9 night. Check your paper for the time and stations.
10 STU: Be sure to join us ....
11 JUNE: And meanwhile ... try L & Ms ... king-size or regular ...
12 Both at the same low price.