"DRAGNET"
SUNDAY, JANUARY 25, 1953

1 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD"
2 GIBNEY: Sound off for Chesterfield
3 MUSIC: "SOUND OFF FOR CHESTERFIELD" .... DRUM ROLL
4 GIBNEY: Chesterfield, the only cigarette in America to give you
5 premium quality in both regular and king size.....
6 MUSIC: DRUM ROLL CONTINUES
7 GIBNEY: ..... brings you Dragnet.
8 MUSIC: DRAGNET SIGNATURE
9 FENN: (EASILY) Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about
10 to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect
11 the innocent.
12 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:
13 FENN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to
14 Narcotics Detail. A steady flow of heroin has been making
15 its way into your city. Most of it has found its way into
16 the hands of teen-agers. You don't know the source or the
17 head man in the operation. Your job .... stop it.
13 MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
DRAGNET - RADIO
JANUARY 25, 1953

FIRST COMMERCIAL

1. FENNEMAN: The modern way to sell cigarettes is the Chesterfield way... premium quality in both regular and king-size—
2. And we're the only one that gives it to you.
3. GIBNEY: Premium quality in a cigarette means: the world's best tobaccos - the best ingredients - the best cigarette paper... Only Chesterfield gives you this premium quality in both popular sizes.
4. FENNEMAN: King-Size Chesterfield contains tobaccos of better quality and higher price than any other king-size cigarette. That's certainly important to every king-size smoker. Of course, it's the same fine tobacco as in regular Chesterfield. There is absolutely no difference except that King-Size Chesterfield gives you more than a fifth longer smoke.
5. GIBNEY: Yes - the modern way to sell cigarettes is the Chesterfield way... Premium quality... both regular and king-size.
6. FENNEMAN: Chesterfield is much milder. Chesterfield is best for you.
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 files. From beginning to end... from crime to punishment... Dragnet is the story of your police force in action.

It was Tuesday, April 6th. It was warm in Los Angeles. We were working the day watch out of Narcotics Detail. My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Kearney. My name's Friday. I'd gotten a call from a friend who wanted to see me, and it was 5:46 PM when he got to my apartment.

Hi, Joe.

Ed..... c'mon in.

Sit down. I was just getting dressed to go out for dinner. You gotta date?

No. Just thought I'd get something to eat and maybe take in a show. What'd you wanna see me about?

It's about Gary, Joe.

Your boy?

Yeah, I don't quite know how to say it.
1 JOE: You sounded pretty upset on the phone.
2 ED: I was, Joe. Still am. I don't know what I'm gonna do.
3 JOE: What's it about?
4 ED: It was all I could do to keep my hands off of him. Never felt like that with anybody before, but I did with Gary.
5 I wanted to strangle him.
6 JOE: What's he done, Ed?
7 BEAT
8 ED: He's a dope addict, Joe.
9 JOE: That's a pretty serious thing to say, Ed. You sure?
10 ED: I am now. At first, I couldn't believe it. But tonight, Helen and I went through his room. We found this.
11 SOUND: ED TAKES SMALL TIN CASE OUT OF HIS POCKET. THE TYPE USED TO PACKAGE FIRST AID KITS.
12 ED: Here.
13 JOE: What is it?
14 ED: Open it. You'll see.
15 SOUND: JOE OPENS TIN
16 ED: Y'see?
17 JOE: Yeah.... looks like a lay out.
18 ED: I couldn't find any drugs in it. I know that he's using them though.
19 SOUND: JOE FINGERS THROUGH THE KIT
20 JOE: Spcon....eye dropper.... needle.... everything's here.
21 Where'd you find this, Ed?
ED: In his room. He had it hidden up on the shelf in his closet. Found it tonight. I didn't know what to do, Joe. Helen's been crying all day. She's almost out of her mind. You were the only one I could think of coming to, Joe. Who d'ya talk to when you find out your son's an addict?

JOE: You sure this is his... that he's been using it?

ED: I'm sure. Never woulda believed it. Not Gary. No reason for it. We've given the kid everything he wanted. Nothin' he didn't have. Good home... Helen and I have always tried to understand his problems. Always looked at them like they were important. Everything. We gave him everything.... now this. I don't know what to do, Joe. (STARTS TO BREAK) I got no place to turn. Nothin' I can do. Maybe you can figure a way. Maybe you can't. I don't much care anymore. I just know I can't see him again. Not for a while. I'm afraid, Joe. Real afraid.

JOE: All right.... take it easy, Ed. We'll work this out.

ED: You don't know what it's like, Joe... You can't. To feel like this. And to know you'll do it.

JOE: Huh?

ED: I see him again, Joe.... and I'm gonna kill him.

END SCENE 1
Edward Field broke down and cried like a baby. He kept saying that he didn't want to see his son, that he was afraid of what he'd do if he had to face the boy. I fixed him some hot black coffee, and he told me how he discovered that Gary was a narcotic user.

I guess it all started about 6 months ago. At least that was when we first noticed it.

Yeah.

At first, Gary seemed to stop taking any interest in his school work. I didn't think too much about it. Figured that maybe he'd met a new girl, and he had his mind on her. I asked him about it, but he gave me vague answers. Y'know... beat around the bush, and I figured that he'd tell me all about it when he was ready to.

Yeah... I know.

Gary's an only child, and we've always been pretty careful about spoiling him. Maybe now and then Helen and I have gone overboard being strict with him. We figured that it'd be the lesser of two evils. Finally, we could see that it was paying off. He turned out to be well mannered... level headed. I was pretty proud of him, Joe.

Uh huh.

Then last fall, he was named to one of the All City football teams. We were real proud of him. Had a scholarship offered to him. Looked like he had a fine future goin' for him. Then we noticed the change.
JOE: How'd you see it, Ed?

ED: At first, like I said.... he seemed to lose interest in everything. Nothin' seemed to matter with him. He started to go out after dinner, instead of staying home and studying. I'd ask him about it once in a while, and he said that he was down at the library, or with some of the kids he went to school with.... said that they were studying together.

JOE: You ever check this?

ED: No. Maybe if we had it'd made a difference. One night, Helen was getting a cold, and Gary said he'd be at the library. I called there to ask him to stop on the way to pick up a prescription. He wasn't there. I asked him about it when he got home, and he said that he'd been there, and that they hadn't said a word to him. Said that he was sitting right in front of the checking desk. That the clerk hadn't even tried to get him.

JOE: Uh huh.

ED: Well, one thing that's always been true about Gary's that he's an honest kid. Never caught him lyin'.

JOE: Yeah?

ED: Well, if he said that he was studying, we believed him. Didn't figure that he'd have a reason for lying.
JOE: How 'bout the kids he ran around with? You know any of them?

ED: Yeah. Gary used to have them over to the house every once in a while. Y'know, he belongs to one of the clubs at the school. Used to have the gang of 'em over once in a while. Helen and I've met most of 'em at one time or another.

JOE: You talked to their parents about this?

ED: No, I haven't, Joe. Guess I've been too ashamed. Looking back, maybe I knew what was going on all the time. Guess maybe I didn't want to admit it to myself. I was afraid to admit that my son was on narcotics. Then tonight, I didn't have any other choice.

JOE: What happened?

ED: I got home from the office about 4:30... like always, and Helen was crying. Never seen her cry like that. I tried to get her to tell me what was wrong. All she'd say was that it was something about Gary. First, I thought that something'd happened to him. Maybe an accident. You can imagine how I felt. Well, I got Helen calmed down, and she gave me the story.

JOE: Is the boy home now, Ed?

ED: He wasn't when I left. Just as well. If he had been, I think I'd have taken him apart.

JOE: Uh huh. How's Helen feeling now?
ED: She's calmed down. I don't think that she really realizes what's happened. When I left, she was numb, still can't grasp what's happened.

JOE: Let's take a walk over there, huh?

ED: Joe, I hope you don't mind me bringin' this to you. When Helen told me about it.... and then we found this kit...

I didn't know who to turn to. All I could figure was that something had to be done before the kid was picked up. Before he was plastered all over the papers as a dope addict. I wanna have him helped, Joe. I wanna give him a break. I know there's gotta be a reason for all this, and maybe it's my fault. I gotta believe that it is. He's all we've got, Joe. It'd kill Helen if anything happened to the boy.

JOE: Wonder if he's thought of that.

END SCENE 2
I'd known Ed Field for the past 7 years. I'd met him when we were conducting an investigation while I was assigned to Bunco Division. His testimony had been instrumental in breaking up a gang of shoplifters. Since then, we'd become good friends. He lived down the street from the apartment I'd taken, and on occasion, we got together for an evening. I knew his wife and I had met his eighteen year old son, Gary. The boy was a senior in high school, and as Ed had said, he was one of the top scholars in the school. The Field family was moderately well to do. Their home was not large, but it was good sized. To look at the boy, there was nothing that would cause anyone to think that he might be a narcotic user.

6:12 P.M. Field and I arrived at his home. Helen Field was waiting for us. She was a nice looking woman in her early forties. She let us in the house and ushered us into the living room. It was obvious that she'd been crying.

I don't know how to thank you for coming over, Joe. I guess Ed told you what it's all about.

Yeah, Helen, he did.

Gary home yet?

No. I haven't heard a word from him since he left.

I didn't tell Joe what happened this afternoon. Thought that it'd be better if he got it from you.
HELEN: Oh. All right. You wanna sit down, Joe? I'll tell you.

JOE: Sure.

HELEN: Can I get you anything? Cuppa coffee maybe?

JOE: No, thanks, Helen. Nothing for me.

HELEN: How 'bout you, Ed?

ED: No.

HELEN: I haven't done anything about dinner. Just can't seem to think about it.

ED: It's all right, honey.... Tell Joe what happened.

HELEN: Well, Gary came home this afternoon about 2:30. Walked into the house and went right to his room. Didn't say a thing to me. At first, I thought that maybe he might be sick. I went to the room and he'd locked the door. I knocked.... asked him if he was all right.

JOE: Yeah?

HELEN: He called through the door that he was okay, and for me to leave him alone. I asked him if there was anything I could do.... Y'know if he was sick, he might need something.

JOE: Uh huh. What'd he say?

HELEN: Told me to get away. To leave him alone, and get off his back. Those were his exact words. Leave him alone.... get off his back. I told him that I only wanted to help, and that I didn't like the idea of him talking to me like that.

JOE: Yeah?
HELEN: He told me that it was too bad. That he didn't want anyone to interfere with him. That he had his own life to lead, and that it was about time that his father and I began to think of that. Well, I didn't know what to think. I just walked into the living room and sat down. Waited for him to come out of his room.

JOE: Yeah?

HELEN: About 20 minutes later, he unlocked the door and came out. Seemed to feel fine. He came over and kissed me, and said he was sorry about what he'd said. Said that he hadn't been feeling well and that he'd said those things without meaning them. It was then that I noticed his eyes.

JOE: What about them, Helen?

HELEN: They looked funny. The pupils looked strange.

JOE: Uh huh.

HELEN: Well, I asked him if he was sure that he felt all right. He said that he did, and then he started to leave. I told him that he ought to wait until I could take his temperature. Something different about him...like he was sort of feverish.

JOE: Uh huh.

HELEN: He told me that he was going to leave. That I shouldn't try to stop him. I told him not to be silly. I asked him what was wrong with him.
1 JOE: Yeah?
2 HELEN: He said that there was nothin' wrong. For me to get out
of his way. That he had some business to take care of, and he'd be home for dinner. I tried to stop him from
leaving, and he pushed me aside. Knocked me down.
3 ED: I get my hands on him, and I'll teach him.
4 HELEN: (GOING RIGHT ON) He stood there for a minute. I thought
he was going to cry, but he just turned around and walked
out.
5 JOE: Uh huh. About what time was this?
6 HELEN: Must have been around 3:15.... 3:30 when he left.
7 JOE: You haven't heard from him since?
8 HELEN: No. Have you any idea of where he might have gone? What this
business was he was going to take care of?
9 HELEN: No. Not the slightest idea.
10 ED: You can see what we're up against, Joe. I'm afraid to
even see the boy.
11 JOE: Yeah. When'd you first figure that he might be using
narcotics?
12 ED: When I came home, Helen told me what'd happened. I
called around to his friends, and then I got to thinkin'
about it. Thought about what would make the kid do a
ting like this. More I thought about it, the more
there had to be only one reason. That's when Helen and I
went through his room. Found that kit.
JOE: When'd you first notice the change in the boy? When'd you first see it?
ED: Helen'd be able to tell you that.
HELEN: Hard to say.... He's been moody lately. I just figured that there was something wrong at school, or that he had some problem that he was trying to work out for himself.
JOE: How long did these moods seem to last?
HELEN: Not very long, as I remember. Seems like he'd have them for a while, but by the time his father got home, they seemed to be gone.
JOE: Uh huh. Has the boy been ill at all lately? Under a doctor's care? Something you might not know about?
HELEN: No..... No, and I'm sure that if he was, we'd know about it.
SOUND: OFF, WE HEAR DOOR OPEN AND GARY WALKS INTO ROOM
ED: I wanna see you, Gary.
GARY: Yeah..... I'll be right with you.
ED: I wanna see you right now.
GARY: It'll have to wait.
SOUND: GARY WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM AND OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM
ED: (AS GARY GOES) Maybe there's something wrong with your ears, son.
SOUND: GARY SLAMS DOOR TO HIS ROOM
ED: I'm not going to take that from him.
HELEN: Please, Ed. Don't do something you're going to regret.

ED: Listen, Helen. That boy's 18 years old. For all that
time we've done everything we could for him. We've given
him a lot more than most boys his age have. I'm not going
to stand by and see it all blow up just because he's a
kid. That's no excuse. I want an answer for all this.
What he's been doing... what happened this afternoon. I
want those answers, and I want them now.

HELEN: Remember... he's only a boy.

ED: And I'm getting sick of that, too. He didn't have any
trouble forgetting that we're his parents. He didn't
worry about what it'd do to us when he got mixed up in
this thing. He didn't stop to think that you were his
mother when he hit you this afternoon. I think it's about
time that I started treating him like an adult. If he's
gonna act like one, then he's gonna have to stand like
one.

SOUND: GARY'S DOOR OPENS AND THE BOY WALKS INTO THE ROOM. HE

STOPS

GARY: Where is it?

ED: Listen, boy.... I know what's been going on. I wanna
talk to you about it.

GARY: I don't want you to lecture me.... all I want to know is
where's the kit.

JOE: Take it easy, son.

GARY: (THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S NOTICED JOE) What're you
doin' here?
1. ED: I asked him to come over.
2. GARY: You gonna turn me in huh?
3. JOE: Your father asked me over to see if I could help.
4. GARY: I don't need nothin' from you cop. (TO HIS FATHER) I want the lay-out. Where is it?
5. ED: You aren't going to use that any more.
6. GARY: I want the lay-out. I gotta have it. Where is it?
7. HELEN: Please Gary....Don't get your father any more mad then he is.
8. GARY: I don't care how sore he is. Or how sore he gets. I want that lay-out. I want it now. I can't think of any more simple way to say it. If I have to take it away from you then I'll do it your way.
9. ED: AS HE GOES FOR GARY) You lousy bum....I'll teach you to talk to your parents that way.
10. SOUND: SCUFFLE AS JOE STEPS IN TO STOP ED FROM HITTING GARY.
11. JOE: Stop it, Ed...this isn't gonna get you anywhere.
12. ED: UP) Get outta here...Get him outta here. Joe...I swear I'll break him in two.
13. HELEN: CRYING) Please Ed....Joe...do something.
GARY: Let him to...go ahead let him go. It's about time he
found out that I'm old enough to call things my way.
G'wan...let him go. I'm not afraid of him...and I'm
not afraid of you either, cop. (HE STARTS TO CRY)
I'm not worried about anybody. All I want is that
kit. I gotta have it. I gotta. Give it to me and
we can talk then. I gotta have a fix ...I gotta.
(HE BREAKS DOWN AND SOBS)

HELEN: Joe...do something. Please.
JOE: Alright young fella...sit down. This has gone far
enough.
SOUND: WE HEAR GARY SLUMP INTO CHAIR.
JOE: Before we go any further...let's get a few things
straight. You aren't gonna have any more of that.
We'll see that a doctor looks at you. He'll do what
he can...but you've had it. Be no more narcotics
for you. Face it.
HEAT:
JOE: Now let me tell you where you stand. You're a user.
Anyway you slice it...this had to happen.
GARY: I don't want anything from you. Why don't you just
leave me alone.
JOE: Can't do that son. Let me see your arm.
SOUND: JOE MOVES TO GARY.
JOE: C'mon...roll up your sleeve.
ED: Do what he says, Gary.

JOE: Yeah...Gotta lot of fresh marks haven't you? Both arms.

GARY: I take a joy pop once in a while.

JOE: Don't con me Gary...you got it bad ...and it's gonna get worse. You didn't get that arm from chippying with the stuff. The kit we found...you don't need a lay-out that big to joy pop. You've been main lining it for quite a while. I know it and so do you. (HEAT) You holding now? (HEAT) Gary....? You holding now?

GARY: Yeah.

JOE: Let's have it.

GARY: I'm not gonna give it to you.

JOE: C'mon Gary...you got no choice. Either you give it to me or I'll take it.

GARY: Alright...here it is.

SOUND: JOE OPENS BINDLE. THEN WRAPS IT UP AGAIN.

JOE: How big a habit you got Gary?

GARY: Not big.

JOE: How big?

GARY: Couple of bucks...
"LAY-OUT"

1 JOE: C'mon Gary...let's have a straight answer
2 BEAT
3 GARY: Twenty five a day.
4 JOE: That's a lot of narcotics.
5 GARY: It's what it takes.
6 JOE: Where's it come from?
7 BEAT:
8 JOE: C'mon Gary...who's your connection?
9 GARY: You maybe got me...but I'm not gonna be a fink. You gotta let it go at that.
10 JOE: Can't do that boy...Where do you get the stuff?
11 GARY: How 'bout that doctor? You gonna do something about that?
12 JOE: We'll talk to him.
13 GARY: Talkin' to him ain't gonna do any good. I gotta have a fix. I'm beginnin to fall apart. C'mon...be a pal and let me have a fix. I'll tell you all about it then. You got the kit...You got the stuff...c'mon be a sport huh?
14 JOE: No go, kid....can't do it. C'mon...let's go.
15 HELEN: You going to take him to jail, Joe?
16 JOE: I'll take him down to Georgia Street Hospital. Doctor can look at him. We're gonna have to hold him for a while, Mrs. Field.
17 HELEN: STARTS TO CRY) Why'd you do it Gary...Why? Can't you tell me. Is it something your father and I've done. There's gotta be a reason. What is it? Please Gary...tell me. (SOBS)
GARY: C'mon...let's get outta here.

SOUND: JOE, GARY AND ED WALK TO THE FRONT DOOR. WE HEAR HELEN SOBBING IN THE BACKGROUND.

ED: Can we see him after he gets there?

JOE: Yeah...I'll call you, Ed.

ED: Don't you want to say goodbye to your mother, son?

GARY: Why? Wouldn't prove anything.

ED: Yeah...I guess that's the way you'd look at it.

GARY: I broke the law...now they're gonna make a convict outta me. I didn't call 'em. You did. How you gonna explain that to her. That you turned your own son in.

ED: How you gonna tell her about it? Hope you're real happy now.

GARY: I'm not proud of it son. But one thing I'd like to ask...

ED: What have you done to her?

END SCENE III

JOE: 8:30 P.M. I called Frank and filled him in on what had happened. He said that he'd meet me at Georgia Street Hospital. I drove Gary Field downtown to the receiving hospital and had a doctor check him over.

After that, the boy was taken to the Narcotics Division and Frank and I talked to him.

GARY: I don't know how to tell you any better...Isn't any other way to say it. I'm not gonna give you any names.

FRANK: That's not gonna help you any son.
GARY: So it won't help me. But it won't get any of my friends in trouble.

JOE: Great friends. Where'd you get the money to take care of your habit, Gary?

GARY: I earned it.

JOE: Where?

GARY: I worked.

JOE: Where'd you work?

GARY: Look, it's gettin' late. That stuff the doctor gave me didn't do any good. Still need a fix. I'm gettin' sick. Do what you gotta do and let's get this over with.

JOE: It's gonna be the same in the morning son...we're gonna keep askin' questions until you come up with the right answers.

GARY: Look, cop...I don't want any favors from you. Now leave me alone.

FRANK: We're only trying to help Gary.

GARY: Get off my side, huh? I need nothin' from you. You saw your duty and you did it. That makes you big men.

JOE: Couple of things we'd like to set you straight on Gary. Maybe help you to figure where you stand in this.

GARY: Here it comes...what d'they do...give you a licence to preach when they hand you the badge?

FRANK: That's enough of that youngster.

GARY: Get off my back cop. If my old man hadn't turned fink, you'd never have got me.
1. **SOUND:** GARY STANDS UP

2. GARY: I'm gettin out of here.

3. JOE: Sit down son.

4. BEAT

5. JOE: Sit down.

6. **SOUND:** GARY MOVES TO BENCH AND SITS DOWN.

7. JOE: Alright youngster. You wanna be a big man. That's the way it's gonna be. I wanna tell you that you got no special treatment here because I know your parents. You've been treated just like any other user. You're getting a little of the edge because you're a youngster.

8. The law was written to help, not crucify people.

9. There's not a pound of honesty or integrity in your rotten little mind. The simple way would be to drop you into a cell and let you sweat out the cure. Let you fall apart if you had to. But the law says different....And I'm a cop. I got no choice but to go along with the law. It's my job...it's what I'm paid for, by people like your parents. So I'm gonna do that job. And lemme tell you what it is. We're gonna get the connection that's been supplyin' you. And then we're gonna get the man behind him. I don't much care about them either.

(MORE)
JOE: But I do care about the kids around you. You got a big habit. It takes a lotta money to keep up a habit like that. I've seen punks like you before and there's only so many ways to get that money. You steal it or you start pushin' narcotics yourself. I don't think you're stealing. So you gotta be pushin' it. That means that you've probably got other kids hooked. Other youngsters that've got trouble because of you. Mules that're draggin' your wagon for you. Well, you just filled it up with a lot of trouble. You're folks'll maybe forgive you for what you've done to them. But they'll never be able to buy what you've done to the other kids. You had a chance to help yourself. And help the rest of 'em. You had a chance to do something good for somebody else. And you wouldn't take it. Well, you're playin' it smart boy. Keep playin' it that way when you end up in the cell sick. Keep thinkin' that you're a big man when the roof starts to fall in. When you'd do anything for a fix and there ain't anybody to listen to you. You built this thing Gary. You drew the plans and did the contracting. It's the way you want it. Remember that when things get rough. Remember that when you're alone.

BEAT

GARY: You through Cop?
1 JOE: Yeah.
2 GARY: Fine...let me get some sleep huh?
3 BEAT: 
4 JOE: Let's go Frank.
5 END SCENE 4
6 END ACT 1

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
FENNEMAN: Friends, you'll remember some months ago, we read you our first report - the six months report on the effects of smoking. Then more recently, we read you the eight months report. Now, here is the latest one. The full ten months report confirms again ...

GIBNEY: The group examined showed no adverse effects on the nose, throat, and sinuses from smoking Chesterfields.

FENNEMAN: This from a medical specialist who is making regular bi-monthly examinations of a group of people from various walks of life. Forty-five per cent of them have smoked Chesterfield for an average of over ten years.

GIBNEY: After ten full months, the specialist reports he observed no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses of the group from smoking Chesterfield.

FENNEMAN: That's the report. Buy much milder Chesterfield ... regular or king-size ... the cigarette that's best for you.
Gary Field was taken to the main jail and booked and
Frank and I went back to the office to fill out the
arrest reports. The next day, Wednesday, April 7th,
we began to talk to Gary's friends and teachers.
From all of them we got the same story. Until 6
months before, the boy had been a model student. He
was always one of the top students in his class. He
was a member of several honorary student organizations
and had twice been nominated for class office. Then,
apparently without reason, the boy's personality had
changed. He stopped taking an interest in his
schoolwork. Several of his teachers told us that he
would not have gotten passing grades at the end of the
semester. He dropped out of the service organizations
at school. From some of his teachers, we got the
names of his close friends. Talks with them netted
little. They told us that Gary had dropped out of the
crowd of youngsters he'd run with and taken up new
friends. They told us that they didn't see much of
him after school, that he'd gotten into fights with
other students on several occasions and that, after
a period of time, they'd stopped asking him to their
functions. None of them were able to give us the names
of his new friends. We checked with the neighborhood
merchants. Most of them knew Gary. They said that
he'd worked for them after school but that they hadn't
seen him for several months. We asked them if they
could help us locate his friends.
(MORE)
They told us that they had seen Gary in the company of one particular man on several occasions but they couldn't identify him for us. We got a description of the man but it meant nothing to us or other members of the narcotics division. Photographs of known narcotics suspects were shown to the parents of Gary Field and to the store keepers around the school. They couldn't identify any of them. Two days passed.

Friday, April 8th. We got a call from the Field boy. Frank and I went to see him.

What'd you want to see us about Gary?

I wanted to tell you that I've had it.

What's that mean?

That I wanna tell you about it.

What's the matter... been a little sick?

A little. That's not why I called you though. They treated me alright here but I got to thinkin'.

Yeah... go ahead.

I got to think about what you said about gettin' other kids hooked.

Yeah.

You called it. You don't know what it's like to need it. You can't know unless it's happened to you.

We've seen enough of it to be able to figure it out.

Well, I wanna help you.

Alright, son. That'll work both ways.
1 GARY: Will I be able to see my folks?
2 FRANK: Yeah, Gary.
3 GARY: I wanna tell them how sorry I am. I don't expect you
guys to believe it. Like you said it's awful easy
to be up when you've just had a fix. But when it
wears off...there isn't anything like it. No way to
tell anybody about it. I did a lotta things and said
a lotta things that I want to say I'm sorry for.
4 JOB: They'll be glad to hear it.
5 GARY: I used to read in the papers where kids would turn
themselves in or get caught and cop out. All about how
they realized what they'd done. Always seemed like a
lot of phoney sob sister stuff. I know different
now. I know what I've done and I know I gotta stand
for it. I'm not askin any favors, cause I know that
I've done nothin' to call for 'em. I'm not trying to
be a hero or a martyr. I just wanna help get this
thing cleaned up.
6 FRANK: One thing I'd like to know Gary.
7 GARY: What's that?
8 FRANK: What made you get started on the stuff. You seem like
a kid that has everything you want. You don't look
like a kid who'd fall for it.
GARY: Who knows. I could give you a thousand reasons and they still wouldn't add. I guess I just wanted to be top man all the way around.

JOE: How'd you get on it, son?

GARY: Started lushin' it up...then to tea and then to heroin. That's the way it runs isn't it?

JOE: Most of the time.

GARY: I didn't figure that I'd'ever be hooked. Thought that it couldn't happen to me. How wrong can you be.

JOE: How long you had a big habit?

GARY: 'bout six months. Chippy'd with it about the same time before then.

JOE: Where'd you get the money?

GARY: Yeah...guess we had to get to that.

JOE: Afraid so.

GARY: I got some kids pushin' the stuff for me. That worked for a while then it wasn't enough. By that time the kids were hooked themselves. I was the only connection they had. They had to do business with me or do without it.

JOE: Yeah.

GARY: I told 'em that if they couldn't pay me in cash, I'd take merchandise. They'd bring it and I'd sell it. That way we both came out alright. They got their "H"...I got mine.

FRANK: You mean you got 'em to steal? That it?
1 GARY: Yeah.. I guess so. I never asked where they got the
2 stuff. I just took it and sold it. With that and
3 the stuff they sold for me..I made out.
4 FRANK: These kids pushin' "H" for you?
5 GARY: No. They're shovin' tea. I sell it to them for four
6 bits a stick...they get up to a buck and a half for it.
7 JOE: You know where they peddle it?
8 GARY: No...I never asked. All I was interested in was if I
9 got mine.
10 JOE: You give us their names?
11 GARY: I guess that's the only way huh?
12 JOE: Just about...yeah son.
13 GARY: Okay..I'll give 'em to you.
14 FRANK: How 'bout your connection...who's he?
15 GARY: Guy named Jack.
16 JOE: Jack who?
17 GARY: I don't know. Honest...I really don't... 
18 JOE: Where'd you meet him?
19 GARY: Drive in downtown.
20 JOE: Where?
21 BEAT 
22 GARY: Drive in at the corner of Reno and Vernon.
23 JOE: How do you set up the meet?
24 GARY: I just go in there between 10 and midnight. Park the
25 car and order coffee. He comes over to the car.
26 JOE: Y' mean that he's always there at that time?
1 GARY: Usually is.
2 JOE: Is he your only source?
3 GARY: Yeah.
4 JOE: Anyone else pushing it around there?
5 GARY: No, as far as I know. I think he's the only one in
6 the operation.
7 JOE: You be willing to arrange a meet with him so we can
8 pick him up?
9 GARY: Yeah. I'll do it.
10 JOE: Good.
11 GARY: Sure wanna see the folks. I got so much to make up
12 for.
13 JOE: Yeah son.
14 GARY: Don't think I'll live long enough to do it all.
15 END SCENE 5
JOE: 9:32 AM. We got a description of the suspect known as Jack and also the names and addresses of the teenagers involved. Frank and I contacted the Juvenile authorities and gave them the information. We went back to our office and had the boy check our files of known narcotics suspects. He was unable to give us an identification on "Jack". 11:56 AM. We took the boy to his home and talked with his parents. We told them that their son was going to cooperate. 12:30 PM. Frank, Gary Field and I drove to the corner of Vernon and Reno to check over the drive in restaurant. It was set up in the usual way with a parking area around the main building for car service. In the rear of the lot was a building housing a cocktail bar and there were parking spaces in front of that for the bar customers. As we drove past the place, Gary told us that he usually parked on the side of the main building and that Jack came from the direction of the bar. After we checked the drive in, we questioned the Field boy about Jack further. He was unable to tell us whether the suspect drove a car or not. The plan was for Gary to introduce me as a narcotic buyer who was trying to get a local connection. It was agreed that because of the size of the buy I was to make, it would be necessary for me to deal with the head of the organization. 11:05 PM. Gary and I got into my car and drove to the drive in. Frank followed us in Unit 1K80. We arrived at the meet at 11:14 PM. Frank stayed in the background and we waited.

(MORE)
The suspect failed to make an appearance. The next night the plan was repeated. Again nothing. Sunday, April 10th, 10:05 PM. We arrived at the drive in. We waited. 11:00 PM...11:15...11:30. No sign of the suspect. Midnight, 12:04 PM.

**SOUND:**

**NIGHT NOISES OF DRIVE IN**

**GARY:** Looks like he isn't gonna be here.

**JOE:** Thought that you said he usually showed up.

**GARY:** I don't know what happened. He was always here before.

**JOE:** You sure you got the right drive in?

**GARY:** Look Mr. Friday...I know what you're thinkin'...but I'm tellin' the truth.

**JOE:** Kinda tough to buy son...three nights and he isn't here.

**GARY:** I don't understand it. He was always here before...wait a minute.

**JOE:** Yeah?

**GARY:** Hold it....

**BEAT**

**GARY:** Yeah...that's him...comin' over from the bar.

**JOE:** Which one...there's a couple of people coming out.

**GARY:** The big one...see...in the grey suit. Hat?

**JOE:** Yeah...I see him. You sure that's Jack?

**GARY:** Positive Mr. Friday

**JOE:** Look...Gary. You know what you're gonna do. Don't let on that anything's wrong. Remember that nothin' gonna happen to you.
GARY: I'll remember.

JOE: Okay...hold it...here he comes.

SOUND: WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS FADE ON...THEN STOP

(PAUSE)

JACK: (OUTSIDE CAR) Hi kid.

GARY: Hi Jack. Been lookin' for you. Where you been?

JACK: Around...who's the friend?

GARY: Oh yeah...I wanna talk to you about him. Wants to do business with you.


GARY: Look, Jack. He's alright...I know it. You think I'd have brought him here if I didn't know that?

JACK: I know he's alright. He's a friend of yours...You know the old bit..."any friend of yours..." But I don't know what the talk about business is. I don't know what you're doin' here but I'm here for a cuppa coffee.

(BEAT)

GARY: (TO JOE) Better let me talk to him alone.

SOUND: GARY OPENS CAR DOOR AND SLIDES OUT...COUPLE OF STEPS

JACK: What're you tryin' to prove. Bringin' a guy here. Who is he?

GARY: A friend of mine.

JACK: Told you once, I've told you a thousand times...Don't ever bring nobody with you. Haven't I told you? Huh?
GARY: Well, yeah...but he's okay. He wants to make a buy. A big one.

JACK: You crazy kid. You told him about it?

GARY: Look...he's okay. I know it. Look Jack...we both stand to do alright from this. I kinda figured that if he bought from you, you might give me a little piece of it. Y'know...sorta to say thanks for the business.

JACK: How long you known this guy?

GARY: Long time.

JACK: How long?

GARY: Couple of years.

JACK: How come I never seen him before?

GARY: He doesn't hang around this part of town.

JACK: What's he doin here now?

GARY: Like I said...tryin' to make a buy.

JACK: Where'd you meet him?


Last couple of days...when I couldn't get in touch with you, I ran into him. He fixed me up. Then he told me that he wanted to buy. Right away I thought of you.

JACK: Alright...I'll talk to him. But I ain't makin' no deal.

GARY: You just talk to him...you'll find out that everythings alright.
JACK: Alright...but you let me do the talkin'.

SOUND: COUPLE OF STEPS BACK TO CAR DOOR, GARY SLIDES IN AND JACK WALKS AROUND CAR, OPENS DOOR AND SLIDES IN BESIDE JOE...DOOR CLOSE

GARY: Joe...this is Jack. The fella I was tellin' you about.

JOE: Hi.

JACK: Hi. Kid here tells me you're down on business...that right.

JOE: Yeah. Lookin' around.

JACK: Nice place L.A. Lotta business to do here. What line you in?

JOE: What ever pays me.

JACK: Where you from?

JOE: Up North.

JACK: Uh huh. How long you known Gary here?

JOE: (BEAT) Look mister...I haven't got all night to stand around here and guzzle this stale coffee. The kid told you what I want. Now it boils down to one simple question...you wanna do business?

JACK: You're goin' kinda fast aren't you?

JOE: I haven't got a lot of time.

JACK: I don't like to deal that way.

JOE: (BEAT) Alright kid...let's get outta here. Shoulda known better than to figure on dealin' with a small time operator.

JACK: What d'ya mean by that?

JOE: Read it anyway you want. Let's go Gary. See you around mister.
1 JACK: Hold on...no need to get sore about it. Have to be
2 careful...Y'know how it is.
3 JOE: Look mister...I was shovin' horse when you were playin'
4 with marbles...I've out-grown the kid games. I thought
5 I could make a buy. I was wrong.
6 JACK: Maybe not.
7 JOE: What?
8 JACK: I said maybe we could do business.
9 JOE: I gotta have it tonight.
10 JACK: How much do you need?
11 JOE: I'll take an ounce...it's gotta be good.
12 JACK: Yeah...I haven't got that much with me.
13 JOE: How much you got?
14 JACK: I only got twelve bindles with me.
15 JOE: Uh huh. How much?
16 JACK: Well, you gotta understand this is good stuff.
17 JOE: How much?
18 JACK: This is better'n you can find anyplace else.
19 JOE: Quit playin' games...what's the tab?
20 JACK: 10 bucks a bindle.
21 JOE: Alright...I'll take the twelve. How soon can you have
22 the rest of it?
23 JACK: When do you want it?
24 JOE: I told you, I was in a hurry.
25 JACK: Maybe tomorrow night.
JOE: Okay...that'll have to do. If it's good quality...I may want some more. How much can you supply?

JACK: How much do you need?

JOE: I'd maybe go another ounce.

JACK: Okay. You got the cash for this?

JOE: I don't do business any other way.

JACK: Yeah...Wait here...I'll be back.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN AND FOOTSTEPS FADE

GARY: It's alright isn't it, Mr. Friday?

JOE: Yeah...Gary. Everything's alright.

GARY: You see where he's going?

JOE: No...too dark. Don't worry though. Frank'll see where he goes.

GARY: Be glad when this is over.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS FADE BACK IN

JOE: Hold it.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP...CAR DOOR OPEN...JACK SLIDES INTO SEAT AND CLOSES DOOR.

JACK: Okay mister...let's see the money.

JOE: I got it here. (HE REACHES INTO HIS COAT POCKET AND TAKES OUT MONEY) Let's see the horse.

JACK: You got it.

SOUND: SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PAPER SACK AS JACK HANDS OVER NARCOTICS

JOE: Here.

SOUND: JOE HANDS OVER MONEY
1  JACK: You don't mind if I count this?
2  JOE: Go ahead...it's all there. A hundred and twenty bucks.
3  JACK: Yeah...just to make sure.
4  **SOUND:** JACK GOES THROUGH MONEY
5  JACK: 50....70....90....110...120. Right. (HE PUTS MONEY
6  IN POCKET)
7  **SOUND:** CAR DOOR OPENS
8  JACK: Well, see you tomorrow night.
9  JOE: Yeah, sure.
10  JACK: STARTS TO SLIDE OUT OF CAR.
11  JACK: Nice to do business with you. Been a real pleasure. A
12    real pleasure.
13  JOE: You're not kidding...police officers...you're under
14    arrest.
15  **MUSIC:** SIGNATURE
16  FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard was true. The
17    names were changed to protect the innocent.
18  GIBNEY: On July 29, trial was held in Department 89, Superior
19    Court of the state of California in and for the County
20    of Los Angeles. In a moment the results of that trial,
FENNEMAN: And, now, here is our star Jack Webb.

WEBB: Thank you. ... In 1952, American smokers bought more Chesterfields than ever before in the history of the industry. Today, sales continue to mount for two big reasons ... Chesterfield is the first and only cigarette to give you premium quality in both regular and king-size. Only Chesterfield gives you this scientific evidence on the effects of smoking. As we told you earlier - after ten months, the group examined showed no adverse effects on the nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfields. Change to Chesterfield yourself. Regular or king-size. Chesterfield is much milder ... Chesterfield is best for you.
GIBNEY: Gary Richard Field, due to his cooperation was placed in a hospital for rehabilitation and at the conclusion of his treatment, was placed on three years probation. The other juveniles involved, were handled through the juvenile court and received sentences comparable with his. Jack Alexander Leslie was tried and found guilty of violation of the State Narcotic Act, a felony, and was sentenced to the State Penitentiary for the term as prescribed by law. Violation of the State Narcotic Act, a felony, is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not more than six years in a state prison.


Hal Gibney speaking.

FENN: Sound off for Chesterfields. Either way you like 'em - regular or king size, you will find premium quality Chesterfields much milder.

GIBNEY: Chesterfield has brought you Dragnet, transcribed from Los Angeles.