FINN: (COLD) Chesterfield brings you Dragnet.

MUSIC: HARP AND UP

GIRL: Put a smile in your smoking.

GIBNEY: Buy Chesterfield. So smooth... so satisfying.

Chesterfield.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

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

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR

FINN: (EASILY) You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to narcotics detail. A steady flow of drugs is coming into your city. The prime buyers are juveniles. Weeks of effort fail to turn up any lead to the source. Your job... find it.

MUSIC: UP AND FADE FOR:

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
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, FRANK'S AND MORLEY'S STEPS ON HARD SURFACE. SLIGHT ECHO AND CELL BLOCK B.G.

JOE: It was Monday, January 10th. It was cold in Los Angeles.

We were working the day watch out of Narcotics Detail.

My partner's Frank Smith. The boss is Captain Walters.

My name's Friday. We were on our way back from the cell block and it was 9:47 A.M. when we got to the interview room....(SOUND: DOOR OPEN) ...felony section.

SOUND: JOE, FRANK AND MORLEY ENTER THE ROOM.

FRANK: Go ahead.

MORLEY: Yeah.

SOUND: THE MEN ENTER THE ROOM. DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

JOE: Sit down.

SOUND: MORLEY WALKS TO A BENCH AND SITS DOWN.

BEAT

JOE: Cigarette?

MORLEY: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE GIVES HIM A CIGARETTE. AFTER A BEAT, WE HEAR A MATCH STRIKE

MORLEY: (AS HE INHALES) Thanks. (HE EXHALES SLOWLY)

BEAT
1 JOE: All right, Morley, you wanna tell us?
2 MORLEY: About what?
3 JOE: Why you're here.
4 MORLEY: It's on the booking slip. You saw it.
5 FRANK: We'd like to hear it from you.
6 MORLEY: No go.
7 JOE: You won't tell us?
8 MORLEY: Like to.....but - but I can't.
9 BEAT
10 JOE: Let's go over it.
11 MORLEY: From where?
12 JOE: Beginning.
13 BEAT
14 FRANK: Where were you picked up?
15 MORLEY: Corner 5th and Main.
16 JOE: For what?
17 MORLEY: Cop said I had a handful of pot.
18 FRANK: Did you?
19 MORLEY: He found it. Said it was mine.
20 JOE: But it wasn't.
21 MORLEY: No.
22 JOE: Where'd it come from?
23 MORLEY: I dunno.
24 BEAT
25 FRANK: How much'd he turn?
MORLEY: Coupla joints.

JOE: And you don't know where it came from?

MORLEY: You heard it once.

BEAT

JOE: You think that story's gonna hold in court?

MORLEY: I gotta tell the truth.

JOE: Yeah, well why don't you start.

BEAT

MORLEY: Okay...you win. Get your notebook out.

JOE: Go ahead.

MORLEY: I just got outta the movie. Triple feature. Spent the whole afternoon in the place. Time I left...it was dark.

JOE: Okay...you win. Get your notebook out.

MORLEY: I walked up to the corner. Tryin' to figure what to do.

JOE: Yeah.

MORLEY: All of a sudden the guy came down the street. Runnin' fast. He came right at me.

FRANK: Uh huh.

MORLEY: I thought he was gonna bang into me. Way he was runnin'

JOE: ...not lookin' where he was goin'.

MORLEY: Yeah.

JOE: Now...get the picture. I'm standing there...mindin' my own business...and here comes this fella. Perfect stranger. Never saw him before in my whole life. Runs right up to me and gives me a package. Just hands it to me.....says...."Hang onto this....I'll be back." (BEAT)

JOE: After that he left.

MORLEY: Uh huh.
1 MORLEY: Next thing I knew..., a car pulls up... two cops get out.
2 I got a chain on, I'm brought in here.
3 JOE: That's the way it happened.
4 MORLEY: The way.
5 FRANK: You didn't know anything about what the guy was givin' you?
6 MORLEY: No.
7 BEAT
8 JOE: You like to tell us what this fella looked like?
9 MORLEY: Y'mean the one who gave me the package?
10 JOE: Yeah.
11 MORLEY: He's a tall one.
12 JOE: Uh huh.
13 MORLEY: 'bout twelve feet - 2.
14 JOE: Uh huh.
15 MORLEY: Pure green hair. Wore it in kinda crew cut. Y'know...
16 short.
17 JOE: Yeah.
18 MORLEY: Shouldn't have any trouble pickin' up a guy like that.
19 BEAT
20 JOE: You think you're doin' yourself any good with this kind of an attitude?
21 MORLEY: I don't know what you're talkin' about. I'm tryin' to give you the story.
22 JOE: All right Morley..., you just pulled the top in. We got you made and you know it. Officers shook down your hous this morning. We found a couple pounds of manicured mar
23 Over fifty sticks. We don't need your word to nail you.
24 You've already had it.
Then why you roustin' me now?

We wanna know where it comes from.

I buy it from a fella.

The one twelve feet tall.

You know him.

Let me see your arms, Morley.

What?

O' mon... you've been this way. Roll up the sleeves.

The other one.

How long you been off?

Wish somebody'd tell me what's goin' on around here.

Place is full of crackpots.

You got a question hangin', Morley.

Well the answer ain't here.

You know where to find it.

All right... I'll lay it out. I bought the grass. Bought it from a couple of fellas I know.

Who are they?

You've had it.

Only part way.

Far as I go.
JOE: You afraid of 'em?
MORLEY: I'm not afraid of anybody.
JOE: Then why not give us the names.
MORLEY: I wouldn't be able to find a place on the street.
JOE: We'll build a wall around you.
MORLEY: They'd get through.
JOE: We'd be in front of you.
MORLEY: You'd get hurt.

JOE: How old are you?
MORLEY: Eighteen.
JOE: You were hooked weren't you?
MORLEY: For a while.
JOE: Shootin' heroin?
MORLEY: Yeah.
JOE: How long ago did you kick the habit?
MORLEY: Year.
JOE: You do it by yourself?
MORLEY: Yeah.
JOE: Just turned it off.
MORLEY: That's right.
FRANK: What were you shootin' when you quit?
MORLEY: Couple of caps.
JOE: And you just turned it off?
MORLEY: Yeah.

BEAT
JOE: Kinda hard to buy.

MORLEY: What's that?

JOE: That you haven't got the guts to name your connection.

MORLEY: I told you....I'm not afraid of nothin'.

FRANK: Doesn't look like that from here.

MORLEY: Way it is.

JOE: Why won't you tell us where your marijuana connection is?

MORLEY: I won't be a finger.

(PAUSE)

JOE: They're pretty good friends, aren't they?

MORLEY: Huh?

JOE: These men you're protecting.....they think a lot of you don't they?

MORLEY: I guess so.

JOE: So much that they'll let you sit here, while they're on the outside.

MORLEY: I'll get out.

JOE: It'll be a while.

MORLEY: Yeah, but when I do.....I'll stay alive.

JOE: Uh huh.

MORLEY: Be able to walk around and look 'em in the face.

JOE: Sure.

MORLEY: They'll know what I did. That I carried the beef. They'll know.

JOE: Well, don't look too close.

MORLEY: Huh?

JOE: You'll see 'em laughing at you.

(END SCENE 1)
Kenneth Harris Morley was returned to his cell and held to answer charges of violation of the State Narcotic Act, a felony. Frank and I went back to the office, no closer to the source of marijuana that had been flooding the city. In the past three months, juvenile crime had risen sharply. Neighborhood merchants were reporting burglaries and acts of vandalism attributed to teen-agers. In talking to some of the youngsters, we found that most of the crimes were the result of "tea parties." We'd been working with the Narcotic Detail of Juvenile Division but even by pooling our knowledge of the drug traffic in Los Angeles, we'd been unable to come up with the head person in the operation. Arrests had taken place but none of the people apprehended could or would tell us who was running the campaign. Known peddlers were questioned...informants were checked...but when all of the work was evaluated, we were back where we'd started. Monday, 12:15 P.M. we met with Captain Walters and filled him on the latest developments. 1:42 P.M:  

--SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G.--

FRANK: (INTO PHONE) Yeah...Uh huh. Well, we talked to him. Uh uh (NO) he won't give us the time of day. No. Sure he knows...at least a step up. It'd be something. Uh huh.....only thing we can figure is the gun has got all the boys lined up and they're scared. Yeah. Until we find a way to open 'em up we're gonna stay there. Yeah. Okay....if we turn anything, we'll let you know right...G'bye.  

--SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE--

FRANK: (TURNING TO JOE) McTighe....Georgia Street.

JOE: Uh huh. They do any good?
FRANK: No. They knocked over another plant last night.

JOE: Where?

FRANK: Out in the valley. Guy sellin' Drive in style.

JOE: Huh?

FRANK: Customers pull into the driveway and honk the horn.

Couple minutes later the pusher comes out and makes the sale.

JOE: He said anything?

FRANK: Uh uh. (NO) They talked to him for a couple of hours.

JOE: How's he explain the plant?

FRANK: Doesn't try to. Say's the weed's his. Just won't tell where it comes from.

JOE: Another wall.

FRANK: I'm beginning to think we've seen everyone in town.

JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: OVER THE ABOVE, THE PHONE RINGS

JOE: I'll take it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE AND LIFTS THE RECEIVER.

JOE: (INTO PHONE) Narcotics, Friday. Yeah, that's right.

Uh huh I remember. Yeah. That right? Uh huh. Sure....

you name it. Okay. (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) it's 1:45 now..

...how's fifteen minutes? Okay. We'll see you there....

Ruh? Smith...my partner...you know him. Yeah..all right.

see you there.

SOUND: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE

FRANK: What've you got?
JOE: Remember Hugo Kenley?
FRANK: Kenley?
JOE: Yes, we talked to last year on the Redford thing.
FRANK: Oh...yeah. Little guy. Nervous.
JOE: That's right.
FRANK: What about him?
JOE: Says he wants to see us.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: Got info on some Heroin that's comin' into the country.
FRANK: From where?
JOE: European stuff.
FRANK: Uh huh.
JOE: Three kilos--over six pounds.

(END SCENE 2)

JOE: Frank and I left the office and drove out to see Hugo Kenley. A year before, he'd been instrumental in aiding us with the apprehension of a gang bringing Heroin in from Mexico. Because of his cooperation, he'd been placed on probation and neither of us had seen him since. On the phone, he said he'd meet us in a small restaurant on Spring Street. When Frank and I entered the place, we saw Kenley in one of the rear booths.

SOUND: SMALL DAIRY LUNCH B.G. FOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN SURFACE.

FRANK: Back there.
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: THE STEPS CONTINUE WITH PASSING VOICES THEN STOP.

HUGO: (LITTLE OFF) Hi, Mr. Friday.
JOE: Hugo. You know my partner, Frank Smith.
HUGO: Sure...how are you Mr. Smith.
FRANK: Hello, Kenley.
SOUND: THEY SLIDE INTO THE BOOTH
HUGO: Want something to eat?
JOE: No...how 'bout you Frank?
FRANK: Uh uh. Take a cuppa coffee. Want one?
JOE: Yeah. Hugo?
HUGO: Glass of milk'll be fine.
SOUND: FRANK LEAVES THE BOOTH AND FADES OFF.
JOE: How's it goin' Hugo?
HUGO: Pretty good, Mr. Friday. Got trouble with my stomach.
JOE: That's too bad.
HUGO: Been to about all the doctors. They tell me it's an ulcer. Say I should have it cut.
JOE: Why don't you?
HUGO: I dunno...guess I'll get around to it. Kinda puttin' it off y'know?
JOE: Uh huh.
HUGO: Been keepin' you busy?
JOE: Pretty much, yeah. You workin'?
HUGO: Now and then...not regular.
JOE: What're you doin'?
HUGO: Deliver advertising papers...y'know...throw aways?
JOE: Uh huh.
HUGO: Stomach's kept me in bed quite a bit. Not been able to do too much.
FRANK: Thanks .

JOE: Y'oughta get it fixed up.

HUGO: Yeah.

SOUND: UNDER THE ABOVE. FRANK FADES IN

JOE: (AS FRANK COMES IN) Here...leme give you a hand.

FRANK: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE TAKES ONE OF THE COFFEE MUGS AND PUTS IT ON THE TABLE...ALSO HE TAKES THE CARTON AND GLASS OF MILK

JOE: (AS HE PUTS THE GLASS DOWN) Here 'ya are Hugo.

HUGO: Thanks.

SOUND: HUGO OPENS THE CARTON AND POURS THE MILK INTO THE GLASS...

FRANK SLIDES INTO THE BOOTH

JOE: All right Hugo...what've you got for us?

HUGO: Y'gotta promise one thing.

JOE: What's that?

HUGO: I'm a mile away.

JOE: If that's the way you want it...

HUGO: Way it's gotta be.

JOE: All right...go ahead.

HUGO: Way it came to me was a rumble. Nothin' for sure.

JOE: Uh huh.

HUGO: 'Bout three weeks ago, I tagged a place out in Greeting.

JOE: Stop in there once in a while for some Fish and chips...

HUGO: Y'know. When I can eat.

JOE: Yeah.

HUGO: There were a couple guys at the bar. We got to talkin'...

JOE: Uh huh.
One thing led to another, all of a sudden, we're buddies.

Uh huh.

You say this was three weeks ago?

Yeah.

Okay...go ahead.

Got so's I drop in every night. Shoot the breeze with 'em.

Uh huh.

Couple of times, we went out together. Had dinner, hit a couple of the strip joints on Western. Y'know...moved around.

Week ago, one of 'em took me home. I got sick and he said he'd drop me off. Told me it wasn't outta his way.

Uh huh.

We stopped at a drug store and I got some pills. While we were there, he had a cuppa coffee. We got to talkin'.

Yeah.

He wanted to know if I'd go to work with 'em.

Doin' what?

Pushin'.

"H"?

Yeah. Said they were expectin' a shipment in. Good stuff. European.

Yeah.

Yeah. Said as soon as it got here they'd want to unload it fast. Said I could make myself a couple of Bill's.

When's the stuff come in?
I dunno for sure. Some time next week, way they talked. You said something on the phone about it being a good sized shipment. Word I got was three kilos.

Cut?

No. Gonna do that here.

You know who's shipping it?

No. Figured it'd be better if I didn't show too much interest.

Yeah.

These guys are usin' agates...they don't want to lose.

What can you tell us about them?

Two of 'em.

They the guns?

I don't think so. Somebody else has got the keys... they're just along for the ride.

What about names?

Milo Coff and Drew Frandson.

They stood before?

Yeah.

On what?

Milo's fallen for 211, Drew's had a couple 45's and 245's.

Any big time?

Milo's seen the joint.

What about Frandson?

Yeah. "Q" and Folsom.

They owe any time now?
JOE: Didn't say.

HUGO: What about jobs?

JOE: Nothin'. They wouldn't work if it was against the law.

HUGO: Who else is in with 'em?

JOE: They're it as far as I know. They got a lot of mules pushin' grass for 'em now. All waitin' for the heavy stuff.

JOE: Anybody know who the power is?

HUGO: No. Even Milo and Drew don't talk about him. Just now and then they mention the "man". That's all. The "man".

FRANK: Anything about him?

JOE: Nothing you can tie down.

HUGO: They talk to him?

FRANK: Not with me around.

JOE: Y'know where they sleep?

HUGO: Not sure. Milo said once that they had a pad over on Adams.

FRANK: Uh huh.

JOE: How'd they pick you?

HUGO: Huh?

JOE: Why'd they open the door for you. Way you set 'em up they're pretty hinky. Why ring you in?

HUGO: I told you we got to talkin' when we met. Found out we had a couple of friends we both know.

JOE: Uh huh. In the business?

HUGO: Yeah.

FRANK: How come they didn't call one of them?
HUGO: They want no part of a needle. Don't want anybody with 'em who might cop. Guess they figured I was safe.

J O E: What d'you want outta this?

HUGO: Huh?

J O E: Where do you draw your pay? You're not delt in' for free.

HUGO: I am this time. I don't like what they got planned.

J O E: What?

HUGO: They got the whole town sliced up. Gonna set up distributorships. Get the routes started and then bow out. Figured this shipment will get 'em goin'.

J O E: You said somethin' about grass.

HUGO: Yeah.

J O E: Lot of it around town now...did it come from the same two guys?

HUGO: Most of it. They really got it made. Gonna go big time. Make a killing and get out.

J O E: Where's the weed comin' from?

HUGO: I don't know for sure.

J O E: Same gun behind it?

HUGO: Way they talk...yes.

J O E: You can't tell us anything about him?

HUGO: No.

J O E: All right. Want to give us a description of Milo and this Frandson fella?

HUGO: Sure.
JOE: Everything...where they live...what they eat...who their friends are.

HUGO: Gonna take some time.

JOE: We've got it.

HUGO: Yeah. I figured. Okay if we go someplace else to talk?

JOE: Sure. Where?

HUGO: Don't make any difference. Long's it's out someplace.

JOE: I don't want word to get back to them.

HUGO: All right...let's go.

JOE: Y'know...there's only one way you're really gonna nail these guys.

HUGO: Yeah.

JOE: Join 'em.

HUGO: You want to set it up?

JOE: You askin'?

HUGO: Your idea.

JOE: Yeah, but I don't want any part of their action. I told you...they play too rough for me.

JOE: Know how we can set up a contact?

HUGO: Who?

JOE: One of us.

HUGO: Who's gonna know?

JOE: Nobody else.

HUGO: For real?
JOE: If you want it that way.

BEAT

JOE: How 'bout it?

HUGO: Long way around.

JOE: You said yourself...it's the only road.

BEAT

HUGO: What happens if they find out?

JOE: We'll be there.

HUGO: I'm not worried about that.

JOE: What?

HUGO: Will I?

(END SCENE 3)
JOE: We left the restaurant and drove over to MacArthur Park. Kenley gave us complete descriptions of the men he knew as Milo Goff and Drew Frandson. We made arrangements to meet with him again the following day, and then. Frank and I went back to the office. We ran the names and descriptions through R. and I. and found that both men had records listing charges of Robbery, Burglary, and Assault with a deadly weapon. A check through our files showed that neither of them had been involved in narcotics operation before. We checked their friends and the places they were known to frequent. Everyplace we went, we ran into the same wall. No one would talk to us. The following day, we met with Hugo Kenley again, and outlined a plan to introduce me as a narcotic buyer from out of town. Kenley said that it takes some time to make the arrangements, and we set up another meeting for Saturday, January 15th. Frank and I began to make plans for my going underground. I established residence at one of the better hotels in downtown Los Angeles. Through Captain Walters I was able to obtain the money necessary to put up a front. Friday night, Frank and I met in the hotel bar to go over the final details of the operation.

SOUND: BAR B.G. LITTLE MUSIC IN B.G. SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE

MUSAK. FEW GLASSES AND LITTLE CONVERSATION.

FRANK: Anything from Hugo yet?

JOE: No. Way we left it, he's gonna call in the morning.

FRANK: I don't like it Joe.

JOE: If there was another way, I'd take it.
FRANK: Still think we oughta keep a tail on you.
JOE: Way Hugo's laid these fellas out, they'd spot it.
FRANK: Anything goes wrong, they'd be gone before you could come in anyway.
JOE: Skipper doesn't think it's good either.
FRANK: Neither do I Frank. If you've got an idea how we can pull it off without takin' the chance, let me know.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Let's go over it again.
JOE: Okay.
FRANK: We lay it out that I gotta see the stuff before I buy.
JOE: Once they show it...I call you.
FRANK: I've got the money.
JOE: Yeah. You hustle over to where we make the meet.
FRANK: Uh huh. 
JOE: If I get the chance to call before the buy...I will.
FRANK: Otherwise...you'll know I got hung up.
JOE: Okay. I'll be home. You got the number.
FRANK: Yeah. Soon's I have any information, I'll try to get it to you. You can relay it to the skipper.
FRANK: How we gonna know if there's trouble?
JOE: When I phone, if I use your first name, you'll know everything's all right.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: If I call you Smith...don't waste any time. Get there and in as fast as you can.

FRANK: Okay.

JOE: You got the I.D. for me?

FRANK: Here...

SOUND: WE HEAR FRANK TAKE AN ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET. HE OPENS IT AND TAKES VARIOUS THINGS FROM IT.

FRANK: (AS HE HANDS THE THINGS OVER TO JOE) Driver's license...

Couple of hotel receipts from up north. All made out to Jerry Whitner. Here's some letters. Phone book.

JOE: Where'd you get the numbers?

FRANK: Jules Zimmerlin dug 'em up. Bars...hotels... couple of places that ran a book in the bay area.

JOE: Looks good.

FRANK: Hope it works.

JOE: Anybody from the office in the hotel?

FRANK: Yeah. Luke is in the lobby. We took one of the rooms on your floor. Couple of men there. We've got the place covered as much as we can.

JOE: Uh huh.

FRANK: Long as you're inside, we can see you. Soon's you go through the door you're by yourself.

JOE: You make it sound good.

FRANK: Not leavin' anything out, Joe.
JOE: Yeah.

BEAT:

FRANK: You gonna have dinner here at the hotel?

JOE: Figure to. No reason to leave.

FRANK: Uh huh. Well, I'm goin' back to the office.

JOE: See you in the morning then, huh?

FRANK: I'll be here.

JOE: Okay.

SOUND: THEY GET UP FROM THE TABLE.

FRANK: Soon's I hear that you've left the hotel, I'll get home

and wait for your call.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: Try to keep in touch.

JOE: This isn't the first time Frank.

FRANK: It looks like the roughest.

JOE: Comes off, it'll be worth it. Kilo's of pure heroin...

you know what that's worth?

FRANK: I don't know what they think.

JOE: Yeah.

FRANK: But I know what it'll cost you.

(END SCENE 4)
JOE: The next morning at 8:46 A.M. I got a call from Hugo Kenley. He said he'd set it up for me to meet the two men. I was to pick him up at the corner of 7th and Broadway and then together we'd drive to Milo Goff's. I went down to the lobby of the hotel and made arrangements to rent a car. As soon as it was delivered, I put in a call to the office and told them what had happened. After that, I left and picked up Kenley. He directed me to drive down the Harbor Freeway and then turn off onto Figueroa and on down to Imperial Highway. On the way he said that he told Goff and Frandson that I had gotten into town from San Francisco and was in a position to take their entire supply of heroin. From what he said, the deal looked good. We cut off Imperial and turned left to Grand Avenue. Kenley told me to turn north and drive to the corner of Grand and 113th Street. We parked the car and walked the remaining half block. The house was a well kept, white stucco, house. In the front yard, there was a child's tricycle and a playpen. We went up onto the Porch and rang the bell.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. AFTER A BEAT THE DOOR OPENS.

MILO: (LITTLE OFF) C'mon in.

SOUND: THEY WALK INTO THE HOUSE, DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

HUGO: Milo...this is Jerry Whitner the fella I told you about.

MILO: Hi Jerry. Glad to meet you.

JOE: Yeah.

MILO: Sit down.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: JOB WALKS TO A CHAIR
MILD: Get you anything? Drink...cuppa coffee?

JOE: No,, nothin'.

HUGO: Where's Drew?

MILO: Went out to get somethin' for breakfast.

JOE: This your house?

MILO: You don't need to know that.

JOE: Not important. /\30

MILO: Let's keep it that way.

JOE: All right...let's deal.

MILO: You're in a hurry aren't you?

JOE: I haven't got a lotta time.

MILO: Maybe you wanna go too fast.

JOE: If I buy...that's the way it's gonna be.

MILO: Not with us.

BEAT:

JOE: Okay...see you later.

SOUND: JOE STANDS UP

HUGO: Oh..c'mon. No reason you guys can't do business.

MILO: He goes too fast.

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

MILO: How do we know your clean?

JOE: How do I know you can deliver.

MILO: You ready to pay the price?

JOE: If it's good "H".

MILO: Doesn't come any better.
JOE: Then you'll have the money. When can I get the stuff?

MILO: Soonest...day after tomorrow.

JOE: Long time.

MILO: We don't get it until then.

JOE: Then we gotta sit on it.

MILO: How 'bout the money?

JOE: Soon's you show the "H", I'll make a call. Scratch'll be delivered.

MILO: You won't have it with you?

JOE: You're outta your head. You know better than that. I'm not gonna carry a pocket full of money around so somebody can walk off with it.

MILO: (GRUNTS)

JOE: Where do we make the meet?

MILO: You'll get a call.

JOE: When?

MILO: Day after tomorrow.

JOE: Nothin' you can do to speed it up?

MILO: Nothin'.

BEAT:

JOE: Okay...I'll hear from you.

SOUND: HE STARTS TO MOVE TO THE DOOR.

MILO: Yeah.

JOE: This gonna be the place?

MILO: We'll tell you that too.

JOE: You play it pretty tight.

MILO: We wanna stay in the game.
JOE: Yeah. You want to go back with me Hugo?
HUGO: Sure.
MILO: No reason you have to leave is there?
JOE: Nothin' to keep me here.
MILO: Okay, I have it your way.
JOE: I usually do.
MILO: You talk big Whitner.
JOE: Way I work too.
MILO: Gotta big mouth.
JOE: Look punk... I don't like this deal... none of it. You can't deliver... Y' don't know for sure when the stuff is gonna be ready. You talk big but it don't fit. I've seen cheap operators like you before. Don't make any difference to me how you talk but you better be able to come through. Anything goes wrong with this deal and I'm gonna come lookin' for you.

(BEAT)

MILO: You scare me.
JOE: Only reason I even talk to you is I think maybe you've got something to sell. If it's what you say... I want it.
MILO: You got the money... we can make the deal.
JOE: Let's leave it there.

SOUND: He walks to the door and opens it.

JOE: C'mon Hugo.
HUGO: (LITTLE OFF) Yeah.

SOUND: Hugo and Milo fade in Mike.
MILO: We'll give you a call.

JOE: Do that. Don't make it later than you said.

MILO: Keep the money handy. We get through with this and I wanna get out of town, I gotta date Monday night. I want to keep it.

JOE: You will.

(END SCENE)
JOE: I wanna make sure he's there.

MILO: Go ahead.

SOUND: JOE STARTS TO MOVE TO THE PHONE BOOTH

JOE: (AS HE MOVES) Be right back.

MILO: We'll go with you.

JOE: Sure. C'mon.

SOUND: THE THREE OF THEM MOVE ACROSS THE LOBBY AND THEN STOP.

PHONE BOOTH DOOR OPENS. JOE STEPS INTO THE BOOTH. WE

HEAR HIM REACH INTO HIS POCKET FOR CHANGE.

JOE: You gotta dime?

MILO: Yeah. Here.

SOUND: HE GIVES JOE THE DIME.

JOE: Thanks.

SOUND: JOE TAKES THE RECEIVER FROM THE HOOK THEN DROPS THE DIME

IN. HE STARTS TO DIAL.

MILO: Make it snappy, huh? Here comes Frandson.

JOE: Just take a minute.

SOUND: WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS FADE ON MIKE AND STOP. JOE CONTINUES

TO DIAL.

MILO: Drew...where you been?

DREW: Had to see the man. Get the package.

MILO: Soon's Jerry finishes here...we can move.

DREW: This the guy?

MILO: Yeah...why?

SOUND: DREW MOVES TO THE PHONE BOOTH.

DREW: (TO MILO) You bone head. Dumbest trick I ever heard of.
MILD: What d'ya mean?

DREW: (TO JOE) All right mister. Put your hands down by your side. Make a move and I'll blow your spine out.

MILO: What're you doin'? What's wrong?

DREW: This friend of yours.

MILO: What about him?

DREW: I know him...he's a cop.

(END SCENE 6)

(END ACT 1)

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
JOE: Drew Frandson told me to stand up slowly. When I did, he moved in and took my gun away from me and directed me to move out of the phone booth and across the lobby to the hotel. I did as I was told.

SOUND: FOUR PAIRS OF STEPS MOVING ACROSS A CARPETED SURFACE.

DREW: Keep your head front, go, Walk a line.

JOE: You got it wrong.

DREW: No I haven't. You're made. I ran into you couple of years ago. You hung a pinch on a friend of mine.

NAME'S Friday isn't it? Joe Friday?

JOE: You're talkin'.

HUGO: I didn't have any part in it, Frandson. Y'gotta believe that.

DREW: You make it hard.

JOE: Where're we goin'?

DREW: Outside. After that...we'll tell you.

SOUND: THEY CONTINUE TO WALK.

DREW: You know you're not gonna make it.

JOE: From here I can see five guns.

DREW: You been usin' Mexican.

JOE: All right.

SOUND: STEPS STOP

DREW: Keep movin'.

JOE: Take 'em Roxy.

SOUND: WE HEAR THREE OFFICERS MOVE IN

ROXY: Hold it right there...Frandson.
FRANK: What's goin' on?

---TOGETHER

DREW: Get your hands off me cop.

HUGO: O'mon take it easy.

JOE: I'll take the gun, Frandson.

DREW: You think you're pretty smart don't you cop?

JOE: You figure it.

DREW: Huh?

JOE: I'm not goin' to jail.

(END SCENE 7)

The suspects were searched and then taken to the first street station. In Frandson's pocket, we found a check from a parking lot. Sergeant Roxy Lucarelli and his partner checked it out, and in going over the car, they found the heroin. Frank came into the office and we talked to Drew Frandson for over an hour without getting anything out of him. He was booked in at the main jail.

12:34 P.M. We had Milo Kenley brought to the interview room.

MILO: Isn't gonna do any good y'know.

JOE: That right?

MILO: Sure. I'm not gonna tell you anything.

JOE: You don't have to.

FRANK: We got the whole deal. Chapter and verse.

MILO: Now I'll make one up.

JOE: We just thought you'd like to give a statement. Might make it better for you.
MILO: A deal?

JOE: You know better'n that.

MILO: Then what?

JOE: Gonna make a difference what we say to the judge.

MILO: Yeah?

JOE: We tell him you went with us and it'll look better in the books.

MILO: If you've got everything you need, why worry.

JOE: Couple of small points.

MILO: Roll 'em out.

JOE: We got the "H". You know that.

MILO: Figured.

JOE: We've talked to Frandson.

MILO: And he gave you nothin'.

JOE: Not quite.

MILO: What d'ya mean?

FRANK: Maybe it'd be better if we laid out what we've got.

MILO: Be my guest.

JOE: All right....we've picked up a lot of your pushers.

MILO: You may have hung a collar on some guys....don't mean they're mine.

JOE: Yours and Frandsons.

MILO: Sure.

JOE: We think they'll talk to save their own necks.

MILO: Set 'em. Can't do us any harm.

JOE: You keep believin' that.
MILO: I will.

JOE: We know you planned to set up a distributing organization.

MILO: You oughta write this.

FRANK: We sent a couple of officers out to your place. They round a list of names.

MILO: I got a lot of friends.

JOE: Most of 'em have narco records.

MILO: I like different people.

JOE: We're gonna talk to all of 'em.

MILO: Call first. Some of 'em move around.

BEAT

JOE: You'll tell us nothin'.

MILO: What I've got to say...you've had.

BEAT

JOE: Okay...But I want to tell you something.

MILO: I can't turn it off. Go ahead.

JOE: When I first met you...I thought you were pretty smart.

MILO: Looks like I was wrong.

JOE: Yeah?

JOE: Y'gotta be thick in the head to take a beef by yourself.

MILO: It won't be long.

JOE: You better check the Narcotic Act again...with the new laws. We've got enough on you to lose the key and the cell number.

MILO: We'll see how it comes out in court.
JOE: You're gonna be there by yourself.
MILO: What about Frankson?
JOE: He's out.
MILO: What d'ya mean?
JOE: Simple... he isn't here.
MILO: Where is he?
JOE: I dunno.

BEAT

MILO: This true?
FRANK: Left about twenty minutes ago.

MILO: Bail, huh?
BEAT

MILO: That how he made it?

BEAT

MILO: Won't hurt to tell me that?
JOE: He isn't here. All we got is you.

BEAT

MILO: What about me?
JOE: Huh?
MILO: Nobody put up bail for me?
JOE: I didn't see a line.

BEAT

MILO: You're not lying?
JOE: We don't even have to talk to you. Just figured you wouldn't want to stand by yourself.

BEAT

FRANK: You sure got good friends, Goff.

BEAT


JOE: Guy had to leave a name.

MILO: It was Bert. All the odds in the world it was Bert.

JOE: Maybe. I told you...I don't know.

MILO: Had to be. Only one who'd do it.

JOE: You'd know that.

MILO: Guy didn't say anything about gettin' me out, huh?

JOE: Not to us.

BEAT

MILO: Call somebody with a book.

JOE: Huh?

MILO: You said you wanted a statement. I'll give it.

FRANK: I check.

SOUND: HE WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM AND OPENS A DOOR. HE EXITS INTO THE HALL. CORRIDOR B.G. IN AS HE LEAVES. DOOR CLOSE.

MILO: I can't figure why he'd do it.

JOE: Who d'ya mean?
MILO: Bert. He's the man. Guy who set the whole thing up. Only one who'd go bail for Fransden. Only one.

JOE: Uh huh.

MILO: Sat back and didn't want any part of it. Let us do the work. Make the connections. Plant the pushers and mules. We did it all. He just sat back.

JOE: You know where we can pick him up?

MILO: Yeah. Still doesn't make sense. Why'd he leave me here?

JOE: I dunno.

MILO: Lousey deal. Leavin' me to stand for it by myself. Real chintzy.

JOE: Uh huh.

MILO: Big Bert. Sittin' in his house while we do the work. Takin' the biggest cut. Everything's the best with him. Best house. Best car. Clothes. All his suits tailor made.

JOE: That right?

MILO: Yeah. He won't wear one that isn't made to order.

JOE: He will this time.

MUSIC: SIGNATURE

FENN: (EASILY) The story you have just heard is true. The names were changed to protect the innocent.
GIBNEY: On June 14th, trial was held in department 97, Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles. In a moment, the results of that trial.

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
Milo Harold Goft, Drew Walter Frandson and Bert Franklin were tried and convicted of violation of the state narcotic act, a felony and received sentence as prescribed by law. Violation of the state narcotic act, a felony, is punishable by imprisonment for a period of not less than ten years in the state penitentiary.
Ladies and gentlemen, Dragnet would like to congratulate the more than two million Girl Scouts and their leaders on their forty-third birthday. National Girl Scout Week will be celebrated March 6th to March 12th.

Heard tonight were: Ben Alexander, 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)

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