DIRECTOR: JACK WEBB
WRITER: JEAN MILES
MUSIC: WALTER SCHUMAN
SCRIPT: BUD TOUSEY
SOUND: PETE PETERSON
ANNCR.: HAL GIBNEY, NBC
CASE: "THE BIG MUSTACHE"
RELEASE DATE: TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1954

SPOKES: "CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES"

JOHN ROBINSON AGENCY
CUNNINGHAM-WALSH

TECHNICAL ADVISORS:
WAYNE JOORTH; SGT. MARTY WYNN: L.A. P.D.
RAOUL MURPHY, SGT. VANCE BRASH: L.A. P.D.
GEORGE DONOHOE: L.A. P.D.

ANNCR. (COMERICAL)

CASE: "THE BIG MUSTACHE"

RECORDING: SUNDAY, MARCH 14, 1954
CAST AND SOUND: 9:00 AM - 2:30 PM - 5:00 PM
MITING: TBA.
SCORING: MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1954
ORCHESTRA: 10:30 AM - 12:30 PM
ANNOUNCERS (COMMERICAL)

BROADCAST: 6:00 - 6:30 PM

STUDIO J - BY TR.
THE BIG MUSTACHE

C, %A..;S T

SGT. JOE FRIDAY . . . JACK WEBB

OFF. FRANK SMITH . BEN ALEXANDER

TOM SPENCE . . . . . . . . RALPH MOODY

IRMA WATSON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . JUNE WHITIEY

HAZEL ELLSWORTH . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . GEORGIA ELLIS

LARRY JESSUP . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . I RB VIGRA N

LG 0189525
Ladies and gentlemen, the story you are about to hear is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Dragnet - is brought to you by Chesterfield, made by Liggett and Myers, first major tobacco company to bring you a complete line of quality cigarettes.

You're a detective sergeant. You're assigned to Robbery Detail. A supermarket in your city has been robbed. The thief wore a disguise. You don't know who he is or what he really looks like. Your job... find him.
Today, friends, you hear these three words everywhere....
"Chesterfields for me". The Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made....best for you because Chesterfield gives you proof of highest quality - low nicotine. The taste you want - the mildness you want.
Chesterfield is best for you because it's tested and approved by thirty years of scientific tobacco research. Chesterfield is best for you because it has an established good record with smokers. Proven by test after test. Yes, friends...the Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made for the taste you want...the mildness you want. Join the thousands now changing to Chesterfield.
Always say - "Chesterfield for me".
Joe: It was Wednesday, August 13th. It was warm in Los Angeles.
We were working the day watch out of Robbery Detail.
My partner’s Frank Smith. The boss is Chief of Detectives.
Thad Brown. My name’s Friday. I was on my way into the
office and it was 7:58 A.M. when I got to room 27A...

(Sound: Door open) robbery.

Joe: Mornin', Frank.

Joe walks into the squadroom, B.G. change. The door

Swhings shut behind him

Joe: You been in long?

Frank: ’Bout 10 minutes.

Joe: Uh huh. Gonna be a hot one today.

Frank: Yeah. That’s what the paper says.

Joe: Anything in the book?

Frank: No.

(Sound: Joe takes a couple of steps off)
JOE: Those muggs come in from Brereton?
FRANK: Yeah. I put 'em in your box.
JOE: Oh.

SOUND: JOE GOES TO THE BOX AND TAKES OUT AN ENVELOPE, HE OPENS IT AND WE HEAR THE SOUND AS HE LOOKS THROUGH MUGGS.
JOE: (LOOKING AT THE MUGGS) You see these?
BEAT
JOE: Frank?
FRANK: (OFF) What?
JOE: You see these muggs?
FRANK: No.

SOUND: JOE WALKS BACK TO FRANK
JOE: Okay...tell your old buddy. What's the matter?
FRANK: Fay.
JOE: What happened?
FRANK: Now Joe...you know me. You know how I feel about Fay.
BEAT
JOE: You didn't.
FRANK: Certainly not. Farthest thing from my mind.
BEAT
JOE: What was?
FRANK: What she thought I meant. Y'know Joe...times, I think Fay just don't understand me.
JOE: I gotta go along with Fay on this one...I don't understand you either.
FRANK: Oh sure Joe...you weren't there. I sorts got to thinkin' to myself...y'know how a fella does.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: Get a problem and y'kinds think your old buddy knows all about it.
JOE: Yeah.
FRANK: Gotta fill you in. Tell you about it;
JOE: Right
FRANK: Okay...Y'see after dinner last night...Had those Swedish meat balls Fay makes so good...after dinner, we went into the living room and sat down to watch the television.
JOE: Uh huh.
FRANK: I switched on the set and settled down. Couple of minutes later Fay comes in with a box...y'know the kind dresses come in?
JOE: Yeah...I know what you mean.
FRANK: She's bought a new dress. That's why she fixed the meat balls.
JOE: I don't know how this is gonna end.....but up to here, I'm on Fays side...
FRANK: Y'see?
JOE: About understanding you.
FRANK: (SMILES) Oh...well, I'll straighten that out. Y'see... whenever she wants me to go along with something she's already done.....she always cooks swedish meat balls.
JOE: What was in the box?
A dress, Joe. She bought a dress.

Oh yeah.

She opened up the box and showed it to me. Told me how
she bought it on sale. You ever noticed how everytime a
woman buys a dress, it's always on sale?

No...I can't say that I ever did.

Always is.

Frank I don't want you to go through the day with this on
your back, but if you don't get to the point, it'll be
time to sign out.

Yeah. Well, I didn't mean anything by it...Nothing. She
held the dress up for me to see, and I asked her what size
it was. Y'know how y'do?

Uh huh.

She told me it was a 12. A twelve, Joe.

A twelve.

Yeah. So I just kinda casually mentioned that when we

got married she wore a 9. That's all I said. Just that.

That she used to wear a 9.

Yeah. When we were married, a nine. She got real mad.

Walked out of the room. Real mad.

Yeah.

Guess she thought I meant she was gettin' fat.

Yeah.

Real mad.
JOE: (AFTER BEAT) Yeah.

BEAT

SOUND: HOT SHOT PHONE RINGS.

JOE: Hot shot...I'll get it.

SOUND: JOE MOVES TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP, BEAT THEN PHONE HANG UP.

JOE: Let's go. Corner of Grand View and Union.

FRANK: Yeah.

JOE: Hold-up.

(END SCENE 1)

JOE: By the time we got to the super-market, a broadcast carrying the description of the suspect had been gotten out to all cars in the city. A small crowd of people had gathered in front of the store and officers from the radio unit were attempting to keep them back from the entrance. An ambulance had been called and when we got there, the attendants were giving emergency treatment to the day manager of the store. He's been struck on the left side of the head just above the ear by the suspect when he'd made his get-a-way. The attendant told us the man was suffering from a mild concussion. Frank and I entered the store and talked to one of the policemen who was there. He led us back to a small office in the rear of the place where we met the other two victims. One was the cashier of the store, Irma Watson. The other was the man who had the meat concession in the market, Tom Spence. We asked them to tell us what'd happened.
First thing I saw of him was when I parked my car out in the lot. Guy was standing right by the side door.

That's right. Just standing there...calm as could be. I saw him when I opened up the place.

Uh huh. You want to go ahead?

Well, I unlocked the door and we all came in. Man did too. Just walked right in.

We don't normal let people come in before 8. Hardly ever.

But since Gerald was there...we figured that he could take care of the man.

Gerald's the man in the ambulance?


I'll tell you something about that too.

What's that Miss Watson?

I don't really think Gerald's hit that hard. I think he's just puttin' on to get sympathy.

Now Irma, that ain't right. Not good to say a thing like that.

Maybe not, but I tell you...you remember the time he cut his finger when he was movin' the cases of empty soda pop bottles?

Yeah.

Well there you are. Had to rush him to the hospital. Have his hand sewed up. Lotta foolishness. Piece of adhesive woulda taken care of it. Sympathy, that's what he wants.
FRANK: What happened after you came into the store?

IRMA: I went up stairs. Turned on the lights.

TOM: Have to turn 'em on from there. Office up there.

IRMA: That's where I work.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

IRMA: Turned on the lights. Then come down to open the safe.

FRANK: Is that your job...to open the safe in the morning?

IRMA: Yeah.

TOM: She's the cashier.

JOE: Yes sir. What happened then?

TOM: Well, Gerald was goin' out back to open the delivery door. I was over in the meat section...kinda straightenin' up.

FRANK: Where was the hold-up man during this time?

IRMA: Just kinda strollin' around. Lookin' at the different displays. Up and down the aisles. Just lookin'.

TOM: Gerald opened up the back door and came back. Asked the fella if there was somethin' special he was lookin' for.

JOE: Yeah.

TOM: Guy wanted to know where the fillet (FIL-LET) of anchovies was. Gerald told him. Fella went back to get some.

IRMA: That's what Gerald thought. We know different now.

TOM: A lot different.

JOE: You want to go ahead please?
Well, I was upstairs, countin' the receipts from yesterday. Gettin' the bank statement ready.

Irma's the cashier.

Yeah.

Would you go on?

Well, first thing I know, the man's standing right behind me. Holdin' this gun. Pointed right at me. You can just bet he like to scared me outta my wits.

First thing I know, the man's standing right behind me. Holdin' this gun. Pointed right at me. You can just bet he like to scared me outta my wits.

It was. I just turned around and there he was. With this gun. Just about scared me to death.

That's when he asked you for the money.

Didn't ask. Just told me to put it in a wooden box he had. Just put it in the box.

What's he say? His exact words?

Just kinda walked over and said.... "Put the money in the box and don't cause no trouble. This is a stickup." Like that he said.

Irma did what he said.

Yes sir. I gave him the money. Dumped it all in the box. Just like he said. Then he told me to lay down on the floor. Told me to just lay down and not to make any noise or he'd come back and kill me. I think he'd a done it too.

I think he would've, Irma.
IRMA: That's why I did what he said. Flat on the floor.

JOE: Did he have the box when he came in?

IRMA: Yeah, had it under his arm.

TOM: I was down behind the meat counter, and all of a sudden, I hear this scream.

IRMA: That was me.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

IRMA: I let out a yell and Tom, here, heard it.

TOM: So'd Gerald. We kinda looked at each other and then, I grabbed a meat cleaver and started up the stairs. I didn't know what was wrong but I did know Irma was in trouble.

IRMA: I appreciate that, Tom.

TOM: I knew you were in trouble and I came runnin'. Got to the stairs going up to the office and I saw him. He was just comin' down.

JOE: He still had the gun?

TOM: Yeah... had the gun and the box. I didn't know what was in it at the time, but I had an idea. I just hefted the cleaver and started up the stairs. He stopped when he saw me. Stopped right in his tracks.

IRMA: Tom's awful brave.

JOE: Yes ma'am.

TOM: So he told me to get outta his way or else he'd kill me. Way he was pointin' that gun around, kinda believed him. So I backed down the stairs and him right behind me. All the time he had that gun pointed at me.

FRANK: Where was the manager during this time?
IRMA: Y' mean Gerald?

FRANK: Yes, ma'am.

IRMA: I don't know... I was upstairs.

TOM: I saw him. He was down by the cash register in front.

He saw this guy comin' down the stairs and he ran for the phone to call the police. Fella saw him and he took off after Gerald. I thought he was gonna shoot him, but he didn't. Just hit him. Give him a concussion of the head.

IRMA: He's after sympathy... that's all.

TOM: No, Irma... you're wrong. I seen it. He give Gerald an awful hit. Right along here... (INDICATES) Real hard.

FRANK: Which way did the man go when he left the store?

TOM: Ran down that way... (INDICATES)... down Union.

FRANK: Uh huh. Would you describe the man for us?

(IRMA AND TOM BOTH AT THE SAME TIME)

TOM: Well, he was about 5 feet six.....

IRMA: He was about the funniest lookin' fella I ever saw.

JOE: (INTERRUPTING) Be better if you told us one at a time.

TOM: Guess you'd never get it that way.

JOE: Be a little difficult.

TOM: You go ahead, Irma.

IRMA: Well, I told the other policemen. He was about the funniest lookin' little man I ever saw. Real little.

TOM: Not really. I think he was just kinda hunched over.

IRMA: Well, he looked little.

FRANK: About how tall was he?

TOM: About 5 foot 8... maybe nine.
IRMA: I guess that's about right. Tell 'em about the way he was dressed.

TOM: Oh, yeah. Had on this black overcoat, and the hat. All pulled down over his eyes. The hat, I mean.

JOE: Uh huh. What color was his hair?

TOM: What I could see of it was kinda blonde. Light colored.

IRMA: Yeah...that's right. And he had this mustache.

TOM: Real big. Looked like the old-fashioned kind. Like people wore when I was a kid. Handlebar. Black.

IRMA: Real black.

JOE: When he left the store, did you notice if he got into a car?

TOM: Yeah...he did. I saw him run down the street and jump in one. Dark color. I'm not too sure what kind it was. Think it might have been a Hudson. Late model.

IRMA: I saw that. I was lookin' out the side window upstairs, and I saw the same thing.

JOE: Did you tell the other officers about it?

IRMA: I didn't.

TOM: Neither did I.

FRANK: Better get a broadcast out on it.

JOE: Yeah. Did you happen to get the license number of the car?

TOM: That's where I went to work. I got it written down right here. On my apron. See? (SHOWS JOE THE APRON) Numbers ain't too plain, but you can make 'em out.
JOE: Uh huh. (LOOKING)

IRMA: I got it, too. (RATTLE OF PAPER) Right here. I saw him
get in the car, and I wrote it down.

FRANK: (TAKING THE PAPER) Thank you.

TOM: Havin' the number of the car's gonna make it easier to
catch the fella, isn't it?

IRMA: Should make it a snap. Just find out who owns the car,
and that's the man.

JOE: Not gonna be that easy.

TOM: What?

JOE: Both numbers are different.

(END SCENE 2)

JOE: A supplemental broadcast was gotten out carrying both the
license numbers that the victims had gotten. Frank put
in a call to D.M.V. asking them to forward all information
on the numbers. The Crime Lab crew came out and went
over the place for fingerprints, but were not able to turn
up anything that we could use. We continued to question
the butcher and the cashier. We got a complete
description of the thief. The one outstanding thing that
both of them agreed on was the mustache. Both said that
it was a direct contrast to the color of the man's hair,
and said that it might have been darkened with shoe polish
or some kind of grease. People in the vicinity were
questioned, but none of them were able to supply us with
new information.

(MORE)
The injured manager was removed to Georgia Street Receiving Hospital for emergency treatment and then restored to his own doctor. Frank and I talked to him, but he only verified the story we'd gotten from the other two people in the store. 12:45 P.M. We returned to the office and asked the Staats Office to start a run on the M.O. for us. The victims were asked to go through the mugg books, but were not able to identify any of the photographs. Frank and I spent the rest of the day talking to the other store keepers in the vicinity of the robbery. We asked each of them of they'd seen anybody loitering in the area. Anyone who looked suspicious. From each of them, we got the same answer. None of them could help us in establishing the identity of the suspect. The kickback on the license number came in from Sacramento but when we checked out the information, we were no closer to apprehending the thief. The next morning, Thursday, August 14th, Frank and I met in the Squadroom.

SOUND: SQUADROOM B.G., DOOR OPENS AND FRANK WALKS IN

FRANK: Hi, Joe.

JOE: Mornin', Frank.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS OVER TO JOE

FRANK: How's my old buddy this morning?

JOE: You sound happy. The problem with Fay straightened out?
FRANK: Yeah. Got home last night and everything was fine.
JOE: Yeah?
FRANK: Started last night.
JOE: What's that?
FRANK: Fay and me are goin' on a diet. Both gonna lose a little weight.
JOE: Good.
FRANK: Anything new on the market holdup?
JOE: No... Staats Office should finish the run for us this morning. We can start checkin' out the possibles.
FRANK: (GRUNTS) Good thing I wore my walkin' shoes.
JOE: I'll get it.
FRANK: Anything new on the market holdup?
JOE: No... Staats Office should finish the run for us this morning. We can start checkin' out the possibles.
FRANK: (GRUNTS) Good thing I wore my walkin' shoes.
FRANK: Yeah.
JOE: The cashier out at the market.... Irma Watson.
FRANK: Yeah?
JOE: Might have something for us.
FRANK: What's that?
JOE: Says she thinks she knows who the suspect is.

(END SCENE 3)

JOE: Frank and I left the office and drove out to the market. We went upstairs to the office in the rear of the store and met Irma Watson. She was seated at a desk with a large ledger book opened in front of her.

IRMA: I got to thinkin' it over last night after I got home. About the hold-up man.

JOE: Yes, ma'am?

IRMA: Something about him...the way he acted and talked, made me think I knew who he was...that I'd seen him someplace before.

FRANK: Uh huh.

IRMA: Laid awake most of the night just thinkin' about it. Then all of a sudden, it came to me. Right out of the air...It came to me.

JOE: Yes, ma'am...go ahead.

IRMA: I knew where it was I thought I knew him from.

FRANK: Where?

JOE: You mean he's a customer?

IRMA: No. He works for us. Right here in the store. That's where I've seen him. That mustache kinda fooled me for a minute, but not for long. I remembered.

JOE: What's the man's name?

IRMA: I didn't remember that.
Oh?

Not last night. But I came down here this morning and started through the books. Came up on it. Got it right here. Take a look for yourself.

JOE MOVES TO THE DESK

See... right there.

(READING) Jed Ellsworth?

That's him. I'm sure of it.

This Ellsworth work here now?

Well, yes and no.

He does and he doesn't. He's still got the job, but he ain't workin' right now. Got a leave of absence. He's got ulcers. Said he wanted to get 'em taken care of.

Said he had to go out of town and see a specialist. Get his ulcers fixed.

When'd he leave?

Last week. See, I got it right here. Last day he worked, was Wednesday, August 6th. That was the last day.

You have his home address?

You just bet. Got it right here. Wrote all the information out for you.

SHE HANDS JOE A PIECE OF PAPER

Thank you.

It's him... I'm sure of it.

All right, Miss Watson. We'll check into it.
1 IRMA: Only thing I can't figure out is that mustache.
2 JOE: What?
3 IRMA: The mustache. I can't figure out how he coulda grown it so fast. Takes longer than a week to get a mustache like that doesn't it?
4 JOE: That depends.
5 IRMA: On what?
6 JOE: Where you buy it.
7 (END SCENE 4)
8 JOE: Frank and I returned to the office to run the name, Jed Ellsworth through the record bureau. While Frank went through the packages, checking the description we'd gotten of the suspect I went down to the staats office and picked up the list of possibles they had for us. 10:26 A.M. I met Frank back at the R. and I. counter.

SOUND: CORRidor B.G. PHONES IN THE BACK GROUND. COUPLE OF STEPS

FOR JOE:
18 JOE: How's it goin'?
19 FRANK: Looks like we got a live one.
20 JOE: Huh?
21 FRANK: Got a Jed Ellsworth here...pretty close to the description.
22 JOE: Yeah.
23 FRANK: Record in the east. St. Louis. Done big time back there.
24 JOE: Nothin' locally.
25 FRANK: What'd he fall for?
FRANK: Armed Robbery.

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

(COMMERCIAL INSERT)
SECOND COMMERCIAL: 15-15-

1 PENN: Meet the Tom Harmons. You know Tom as Michigan's all American football star... Now, a top sports announcer. Mrs. Harmon is the motion picture and television star - Elyse Knox. They're typical of people everywhere who are saying......

6 "Chesterfields for me."

7 ELYSE: (TAPE) I like regular size Chesterfields.....have for years. They're best for me - at least, I think so because of that Chesterfield quality.


13 PENN: So, whether you smoke regular size - like Elyse Knox - or king-size like Tom Harmon.....enjoy America's most popular two-way cigarette. "Chesterfields for me."

16 You hear it everywhere. The Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made - for the taste you want - the mildness you want....join the thousands now changing to Chesterfield.
JOE: We sent an immediate request to the authorities in St. Louis asking that they forward all available information of their Jed Ellsworth. 1:15 P.M. Frank and I drove out to the address we'd been given by the cashier at the super-market. It was a one story redwood house in the Beverly Glenn area. We rang the front door bell.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G. BEAT THEN DOOR OPEN

HAZEL: Yes?

JOE: We'd like to see Jed Ellsworth.

HAZEL: He's not here.

JOE: You know where we can reach him?

HAZEL: What's this about. He in trouble again.

JOE: Ma'am?

HAZEL: Jed in trouble again?

FRANK: We'd like to talk to him.

HAZEL: You cops?

FRANK: We're police officers.

HAZEL: Uh huh. Figures. What's he done this time?

JOE: Routine. We just want to ask him a couple of questions.

HAZEL: Where is he?

JOE: He lives here doesn't he?

HAZEL: Yeah. But I don't know where he is. Haven't seen him since day before yesterday. Just packed up and left.

JOE: Didn't he give you any idea where he was going?
HAZEL: None. He went through my purse...took what money I had, and shoved off. Don't much matter to me if I never see him again. I'd probably be better off.

JOE: Wonder if we could see his things.

HAZEL: Y'mean what he left?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

HAZEL: Sure. C'mon in. They're in his room. I'm about to throw 'em out. I don't want 'em and I don't think he'll be back for 'em this time.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK ENTER THE HOUSE. DOOR CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

R.G. CUT.

HAZEL: Down the hall...this way.

JOE: Thank you.

SOUND: STEPS UNDER

HAZEL: What're you after him for?

JOE: Be better if we talked to him.

HAZEL: Sure. Don't matter to me. I'm through with him. Nothin' but trouble with cops since we been married. I didn't know he had a record when I met him. Wasn't until after we got married that I found out he was a jail bird. Right after we got married, the cops started comin' around, askin' questions.

JOE: How long have you been married?

HAZEL: Eighteen months. Met him back in St. Louis. Must have been right after he got out of jail. I didn't know it then. Wished I did. Wouldn't have nothin' to do with him. Given me nothin' but trouble.
FRANK: He have any people in California?
HAZEL: Not that I ever saw. He never talked about 'em.
JOE: Drive a car?
HAZEL: Jed?
JOE: Yes ma'am.
HAZEL: No. He didn't own one. Whenever he needed one, he go
to one of these rental agencies. Rent one.

SOUND: STEPS STOP
HAZEL: This is his room. Stuff's there on the bed.
FRANK: I'll check it.

SOUND: FRANK WALKS OVER AND STARTS TO GO THROUGH THE THINGS ON
THE BED. OLD CLOTHES...SOME PAPERS ETC.
HAZEL: I'm gonna throw it all out. Anything there you want...
just take it with you.
JOE: I don't think that'll be necessary.
HAZEL: Well, the offers still good. What you don't take, I'll
throw out.
JOE: Your husband got any close friends in town?
HAZEL: Yeah. Couple of other bums.
JOE: You give us their names?
HAZEL: Only one name I know. Larry Jessup. Him and Jed used to
pal around all the time. I think his job at the store
took up too much pal time...that's the reason Jed quit.
JOE: Understand your husband had trouble with his stomach.
HAZEL: Yeah. Ulcer.
JOE: Was he under the care of a doctor?
HAZEL: Uh huh. All the time takin' pills and eatin' special things. Got to the point where nothin' I cooked was right for the ulcer. We did nothin' but fight all the time. Miserable 18 months. I'm glad he's gone. Never see him again, and it'll be a week too soon.

JOE: Can you give us the doctor's name?

HAZEL: Yeah. It's on one of the bills there. Got it in with all the rest of 'em. Reminds me...can you answer me somethin'?

JOE: What's that?

HAZEL: Am I responsible for his bills. The ones he ran up himself, without my help? I got to pay them?

JOE: That's not a police problem. You better check with a lawyer on that.

HAZEL: A lawyer?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

HAZEL: More expense. Seems like all I do is put out money for him. Boy...I'm glad he's gone.

JOE: You have a picture of him?

HAZEL: Y' mean like a snapshot?

JOE: Yes ma'am.

HAZEL: No. Jed wouldn't let nobody take pictures of him. Said it was bad luck.

JOE: Uh huh. He have a moustache?

HAZEL: Not since I knew him.

FRANK: (LITTLE OFF) Mrs. Ellsworth?
HAZEL: Turning. Yeah.

FRANK: You know what's on these dictagraph records?

HAZEL: Oh those are mine. I'm a stenographer. Sometimes I do work at home. Those are mine.

FRANK: Oh.

HAZEL: Just letters. That's the one thing he ever did for me.

JOE: What's that?

HAZEL: Made that box for records. Real big thing. Took him all day to make it. Just a plain simple wooden box.

JOE: You'd a thought it was the Taj Mahal. Only thing he ever did for me.

HAZEL: Uh huh. Your husband get many phone calls here?

HAZEL: No...not so's you'd notice. Larry'd call once in a while. I told you...they was real pally.

JOE: Uh huh. You ever hear any of the conversations?

HAZEL: Just on this end.

JOE: You know what they were talking about?

HAZEL: Not too good. They used to get real secret. Y'know... low voices. They were plannin something though. I don't know what it was but they were plannin' something.

FRANK: This fella Jessup. He drive a car?

HAZEL: Yeah.

FRANK: You know what kind?

HAZEL: Yeah....a new Hudson.

(END SCENE 6)
1 JOE: We got the address of the suspect's friend and drove back to the city hall. We made arrangements for a stake out to be placed on the house in addition to asking Mrs. Ellsworth to call us in the event she heard from her husband. We ran the name Lawrence Jessup through R. and I. and came up with a criminal record for him. It listed several arrests for burglary and auto theft. According to his package, he'd never been convicted in California. We sent a teletype to George Brereton, C.I.I. in Sacramento asking for further information on the man. 4:50 P.M. Frank and I left the office and drove out to the address given us by the suspect's wife. It was a large boarding house in the Hollywood Hill area. We talked to the landlady. She told us Jessup wasn't in but that she expected him by 6 P.M. We asked if she'd ever seen a man answering Jed Ellsworth's description. She said that such a man was a frequent visitor in Jessup's room. 5:00 P.M. Frank and I, in the company of the landlady, checked the room. We found nothing to tie Jessup in with the robbery. We waited for him. At 5:58 P.M. he came up the stairs and opened the door.

23 LARRY: What're you guys doin' here?

24 JOE: Police officers. This is Frank Smith, my name's Friday.
LARRY: I still wanna know what're you doin' here.
FRANK: Couple of questions we wanna ask, Jessup.
LARRY: Go ahead. I got nothin' to hide. Ask.
JOE: Where's Jed Elsworth?
LARRY: I dunno. Haven't seen him in a couple of days. Why?
JOE: Understand you two are pretty good friends.
LARRY: Were friends. That guy's off his rocker.
JOE: What d'ya mean?
LARRY: What I said. He only got out of the can a couple of years ago. Right away he's doin' his best to get back in.
FRANK: That right?
LARRY: Sure. Couple of days ago he called. Said he had to see me right away. Had a big idea for both of us to make a lot of money.
JOE: Yeah.
LARRY: Well, I don't want to have to work all my life so I told him I'd listen. He laid out this big deal where he could knock off a super market. Told me he had it all planned.
JOE: How it'd all work out good. Couldn't miss.
LARRY: I told him I wanted no part of it. I could sure use the dough, yeah, but not to take a chance goin' to jail for it. I already got a record. I had enough to do with cops to last me the rest of my life. I been lucky the last couple of times. I didn't fall but I don't want to press. I'm punchin' a clock now and that's the way it's gonna be. I told him that.
JOE: He say he was goin' ahead with the job?

LARRY: No. Just said I was crazy not to pick up some easy money.

FRANK: You heard from him at all since then?

LARRY: Yeah, I saw him yesterday. Came over in the morning. Told me to forget all about the market job. Said he realized it was wrong. Asked me to drive him out to Pomona.

JOE: What for?

LARRY: He said he'd walked out on Hazel. That's his wife.

JOE: Yeah....we know.

LARRY: Said he left her and was goin' to Pomona. Had a job out there.

FRANK: You drive him?

LARRY: Yeah. To a motel there. I can show it to you if you want.

JOE: He still there?

LARRY: I dunno, Far as I know, he is. That's where I left him.

Sittin' out there countin' the money.

JOE: What money?

LARRY: He told me he drew all the dough out of his and Hazel's account. Said she wasn't gonna get any of it. Must have had about 4 thousand bucks.

JOE: You know what bank he had the money in?

LARRY: No. He didn't say. I didn't know him and Hazel had that much. Course, she works pretty hard. Thrifty y'know. Jed always said she was stingy. Lotta money.

JOE: Yeah.

LARRY: Had it in this wooden box. All stacked in there. Real neat. Hard to believe.
JCE: What's that?

LARRY: About the box. Jed's about the laziest guy I ever knew. Last one to work with his hands. Sure proud of it though.

JOE: Yeah.

LARRY: Said he made the box himself.

(END SCENE 7)

JCE: Larry Jessup, Frank and I drove out to the motel in Pomona. We checked with the manager but found that the suspect had checked out that morning. Fortunately, the room had not been cleaned yet and we went over it. On a shelf in a closet, we found the wooden box, Jessup had spoken of. It almost exactly matched the one we'd seen at the suspect's home. We told the manager we were taking it with us and asked her to notify us in the event Ellsworth returned. We asked if he'd had a car when he left. The manager told us he didn't but that he had asked for the name of some automobile rental agencies in Pomona. Jessup and I went back to the car and waited for Frank to come back from the suspect's room.

SOUND: OUTDOOR B.G.

LARRY: Sure looks like he pulled the robbery huh?

JOE: Fits him real good.

SOUND: FRANK'S STEPS FADING BACK IN

FRANK: Joe?
JOE: Yeah.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPEN

FRANK: Look here. Found it under the bed.

LARRY: Phoney black mustache.

(END SCENE 8)

JOE: We checked with the automobile rental agencies in the area. None of them had seen a man answering the suspects description. We asked them to call us if such a man did come in. We drove by Ellsworth's house and picked up the wooden box he'd made for his wife's dictaphone records. Both of the containers were taken to the crime lab for comparison. We drove to the market that'd been held up. All three of the victims were shown the false mustache we'd found in the motel. All three said it was identical with the one the hold-up man had worn. After his investigation, Lee Jones said that the two wooden boxes were cut from the same piece of three-ply wood. Paint particles on the wood matched. The nails used were made by the same machine. The box we'd found at the motel was shown to both the butcher and the cashier. They said it was the same one the thief had carried. A local and an A.P.B. were put out on the suspect asking that he be picked up for suspicion of robbery.

(MORE)
OE: For the next three days, the surveillance on the
suspects house was kept. All of Mrs. Ellsworths
activities were observed. Sunday, August 17th. We got
a call that the suspects wife had left the house
carrying a suitcase. The officers on stakeout followed
her to the Subway Terminal in downtown Los Angeles. We
met them there. Mrs. Ellsworth walked down to the
landing and sat down on a bench. Frank and I took over
the surveillance. We waited. 9:30 P.M......10.
10:15......10:18 P.M.

SOUND: SUBWAY TERMINAL AT TRAIN LANDING.

FRANK: Joe?

JOE: Yeah.....I see him.

FRANK: Matches the description.

JOE: Uh huh. Goin' toward his wife.

HEAT

JOE: Let's go.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK MOVE ON CONCRETE, ECHO ON ALL EFFECTS
AND LOUD VOICES.

FRANK: He sees us.

SOUND: STEPS HURRY

HAZEL: (OFF MINE AND UP) Jed....Jed....it's the cops. Get
outta here Jed.

JOE: C'mon Frank.

SOUND: STEPS RUNNING. ECHO.

JOE: (UP AS HE RUNS) Ellsworth. Give it up. Police
officers. Step-of-I'll shoot.

SOUND: ELLSWORTH SHOOTS BACK. WE HEAR THE BULLET HIT THE WALLS
OF THE TUNNEL AND RICOCHET.
UP) Drop the gun Ellsworth. You're not gonna get out of here.

SOUND: ELLSWORTH SHOOTS AGAIN

JOE: Give it to him.

SOUND: JOE AND FRANK SHOOT

HEAT

JOE: He's down.....

SOUND: RUNNING STEPS... SLOW TO STOP

HEAT

FRANK: He's hurt.

SOUND: APPROACH THEN STOP

FRANK: I'll get an ambulance.

SOUND: FRANK FADES OUT AS HAZEL COMES IN

HAZEL: (Crying) He dead? Did you kill him?

JOE: No. We've sent for an ambulance.

HAZEL: I didn't want him to get hurt. I didn't want him to get hurt.

JOE: Why didn't you call us when you heard from him?

HAZEL: I don't know. I don't know. He said if I met him, he'd give me some money. So I could pay the bills we owed. He was gonna give me some money. I was gonna call you after I got the money. I was gonna call.

JOE: Yeah sure.
HAZEL: It was a chance to get out from under. Get even. He didn't care when we were together. I was the one who worried about it. He never cared. He never paid a bill.

JCE: He's gonna pay this one.

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

GIBNEY: On January 17th, 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.

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

WEBB: COMMERCIAL INSERT
1 FENNEHAN: Now here is our star, Jack Webb.
2 WEBB: Thank you, George Fenneman. The Chesterfield you
3 smoke today is the best cigarette ever made and best
4 for you. That's a fact. And, to my way of thinking,
5 it's the very best reason for you to change to
6 Chesterfield. Buy them either way ... regular or
7 king-size ... If you try them, I think you'll say with
8 all of us -- Chesterfields for me.
Jed Warren Ellsworth was tried and convicted of robbery in the first degree and received sentence as prescribed by law. Robbery in the first degree is punishable by imprisonment in the State penitentiary for a period of from five years to life.


Fenn: 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. (Fatima Hitch Hike)
DRAGNET RADIO
MARCH 23, 1954

L & M HITCH-HIKE

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