

"BLONDIE"

(REVISED)

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1939

3:30 - 4:00 P.M.
~~6:30 - 7:00 P.M.~~

GOODWIN: SURE! YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT STATION...THIS IS THE
"BLONDIE" PROGRAM.

ORCHESTRA: (IN STRONG WITH THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE EAVESDROP ON THE BUMSTEADS -- BLONDIE, DAGWOOD
AND BABY DUMPLING -- A WORD OF SOUND ADVICE FROM THE
MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES WHO BRING YOU THIS PROGRAM
EACH MONDAY. PENNY FOR PENNY, YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY
IS CAMEL...THE CIGARETTE OF LONG-BURNING, COSTLIER
TOBACCOS.

RECENT IMPARTIAL LABORATORY TESTS SHOW THAT BY BURNING
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE
FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED --
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM--- CAMEL CIGARETTES GIVE A
SMOKING PLUS EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKE PER PACK.

YOU BET THAT'S A SAVING! BUT IT'S MORE THAN EXTRA
SMOKING PER PACK THAT MAKES CAMEL AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE
CIGARETTE. IT'S THE DIFFERENCE THAT CAMEL'S
LONG-BURNING, COSTLIER TOBACCOS ALSO MAKE IN THE ACTUAL
ENJOYMENT YOU GET OUT OF EVERY CAMEL CIGARETTE. THE
GRATIFYING COOLNESS...THE MILDNESS THAT IS OH-SO-WELCOME
TO SENSITIVE THROATS. AND ABOVE ALL, IT'S THE MARVELOUS
AROMA AND FINE DELICATE FLAVOR...SO UNMISTAKABLY CAMEL'S
OWN MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS.
GET SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST,..ECONOMY, TOO. TURN TO
CAMELS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE
BUY.

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE HURRY OVER TO THAT NEAT LITTLE HOME WHERE
BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD LIVE. TONIGHT WE FIND
THEM IN THE KITCHEN WHERE DAGWOOD IS READING A NEWS ITEM
AND BLONDIE IS CHECKING A LAUNDRY LIST.

BLONDIE: SOCKS -- LARGE -- SIX PAIRS...

DAG: "CRIME WAVE ROLLS ON"!

BLONDIE: SOCKS -- SMALL -- FOUR PAIRS...

DAG: LAUNDRY LIFTER STRIKES AGAIN!!!

BLONDIE: PYJAMAS -- WHITE WITH BLUE DOTS...

DAG: POLICE BAFFLED!

BLONDIE: THEY WERE MY FAVORITE ONES TOO...

DAG: CITIZENS AROUSED! DEMAND ACTION! LISTEN TO THIS BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: (ABSENTLY) YES DEAR...NOW LET'S SEE (COUNTS BACK UNDER
HIS VOICE)

DAG: WHEN INTERVIEWED BY A REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS PAPER LAST
NIGHT, CITIZENS OF OUR FAIR CITY, UNITED THEIR VOICES IN
STRONG PROTEST. EVERYWHERE WAS HEARD THE SAME CRY...AND
THAT CRY WAS...GIVE US...

BLONDIE: RED PYJAMAS WITH WHITE STRIPES...

DAG: RED PYJAMAS WITH... NO NO BLONDIE...THERE'S NOTHING IN
THIS ARTICLE ABOUT RED PYJAMAS.

BLONDIE: WELL THERE OUGHT TO BE...THEY WERE STOLEN WITH THE OTHER
THINGS.

DAG: WELL -- THEY WERE GETTING PRETTY OLD ANYWAY. NOW LISTEN
TO WHAT IT SAYS NEXT IN THE PAPER HERE,

BLONDIE: LOOK DAGWOOD. YOU'VE READ ME THAT STORY TWICE -- AND I
READ IT ALL THROUGH MYSELF ONCE...

DAG: WELL -- WE'VE SKIMMED OVER IT -- BUT A WELL WRITTEN REPORT LIKE THIS DESERVES ATTENTION.

BLONDIE: WHAT WAS SO WELL WRITTEN ABOUT IT DAGWOOD?

DAG: WELL -- THEY GOT MY NAME SPELLED RIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT'S VERY NICE, -- BUT I'D RATHER HAVE OUR LAUNDRY BACK.

DAG: WELL, GOSH BLONDIE. THE PAPER IS DOING ALL IT CAN TO GET IT BACK. LOOK AT THIS...A WHOLE DOUBLE COLUMN ABOUT US. WHY WHEN DITHERS HAD A STEAM SHOVEL STOLEN OFF THE JOB THAT TIME, -- HE ONLY GOT A SMALL SPACE ON PAGE THREE!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. YOU READ ME THE STORY ONCE MORE -- THEN HELP ME CHECK THIS LIST OF WHAT WAS STOLEN. I WANT IT TO BE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT WHEN I GIVE IT TO THE DETECTIVE.

DAG: DETECTIVE?

BLONDIE: DIDN'T I TELL YOU? A MAN IS COMING FROM THE POLICE TO CHECK THE THINGS WE LOST.

DAG: HE'LL PROBABLY WANT TO HAVE A TALK WITH ME WHEN HE GETS HERE TOO.

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD?

DAG: WELL -- IF HE'S READ THIS ARTICLE -- HE'LL WANT MY ADVICE.

BLONDIE: HMMM. MAYBE I DIDN'T READ THAT STORY CAREFULLY ENOUGH.

DAG: WANT TO HEAR IT AGAIN?

BLONDIE: GO AHEAD.

DAG: WELL -- HERE IT IS: "IN SPITE OF THE ALLEGED EFFORTS OF OUR POLICE DEPARTMENT -- CRIME MARCHES ON IN OUR SUBURBS, LAST NIGHT THE LAUNDRY LIFTER STRUCK AGAIN. THIS TIME THE MYSTERIOUS MARAUDER VISITED THE HOME OF DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...ER DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- 686 SHADY LANE AVENUE DEPARTING UNSEEN AND UNHEARD WITH A LARGE BASKET OF UNIRONED LAUNDRY FROM THE BACK PORCH.

BLONDIE: WE KNEW ALL THAT BEFORE THE NEWSPAPER DID.

DAG: SURE...BUT THAT'S JUST THE BEGINNING...THEY GO ON TO SAY.. "CHIEF JEFFRY HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THEY ARE CHECKING ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF AN OUT OF TOWN YEGG, KNOWN AS "WET WASH WILLIE" -- AND AN ARREST IS EXPECTED SHORTLY. THE CITY COUNCIL -- LED BY COUNCILMAN HAWHEM HAS DEMANDED ACTION OR A SHAKEUP IN POLICE CIRCLES". THERE'S A LOT MORE STUFF -- THEN IT SAYS "BUMSTEAD -- AN EXECUTIVE OF THE J.C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY"...GET THAT BLONDIE -- EXECUTIVE OF...

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR...GO ON.

DAG: "BUMSTEAD, AN EXECUTIVE OF THE J.C. DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...LET IT BE KNOWN LAST NIGHT THAT HE IS ALSO AN AMATEUR CRIMINOLOGIST OF LONG STANDING, AND THAT HE IS HOLDING HIMSELF READY TO COOPERATE WITH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER -- IF CALLED UPON." HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: BUT DAGWOOD...HOW DID THE PAPER GET THAT IDEA?

DAG: WELL -- SEE -- YOU KNOW HOW THOSE REPORTERS ARE -- THEY JUST DRAGGED IT OUT OF ME.

BLONDIE: YOU MEAN TO SAY, YOU TOLD THE REPORTERS THAT YOU WERE A DETECTIVE?

DAG: NOT EXACTLY. I JUST SAID I WAS INTERESTED IN CRIME.

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU READ DETECTIVE STORIES ALL THE TIME BUT...

DAG: I USED TO STUDY DETECTING TOO.

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- YOU SPENT TEN MINUTES LOOKING FOR YOUR HAT THIS MORNING, AFTER YOU HAD IT ON YOUR HEAD.

DAG: THAT'S DIFFERENT. I BET I WOULD HAVE MADE A GOOD DETECTIVE...BUT IT'S TOO DANGEROUS A LIFE FOR A MARRIED MAN WITH A FAMILY.

BLONDIE: WHERE DID YOU STUDY DETECTING DAGWOOD?

DAG: WELL -- I BOUGHT SOME BOOKS FROM A FELLOW WHO LOST INTEREST IN 'EM. THEY WERE ALMOST A COMPLETE SET. AND THERE WAS A FINGER PRINT PAD -- AND A DISGUISE.

BLONDIE: ARE THOSE THE BOOKS YOU'VE BEEN READING LATELY...UP IN THE ATTIC?

DAG: YEA -- AND I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU BLONDIE THAT I'VE GOT A THEORY ABOUT HOW THAT LAUNDRY LIFTER WORKS. ~~IF THE POLICE DO ASK ME TO HELP THEM...I'M READY -- ER -- ALMOST.~~

BLONDIE: SO THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO? ~~I WONDERED WHY YOU'VE BEEN SO ABSENT MINDED LATELY. WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT MY IMPORTED LINEN DRESS WITH THE EMBROIDERY WAS GONE, YOU DIDN'T HARDLY HEAR ME...AND WHEN I SAID BABY DUMPLING DIDN'T HAVE A PLAY SUIT TO WEAR TOMORROW, IT WAS THE SAME WAY...~~

DAG: WELL -- SEE I JUST FIGURE IF THEY'RE GONE THEY'RE GONE. NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK. INSTEAD OF THAT I JUST SIT DOWN CALMLY AND PLAN HOW TO CATCH THE CRIMINAL.

BLONDIE: I WAS SO MAD, I WANTED TO RUN OUT AND CATCH THAT MAN MYSELF. I'D LIKE TO TELL HIM A THING OR TWO...

DAG: ~~THAT WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD.~~ YOU'VE GOT TO BE SCIENTIFIC.
A GOOD DETECTIVE ALWAYS KEEPS COOL.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M GLAD YOU CAN BE COOL DAGWOOD. ESPECIALLY WITH
ALL YOUR SHIRTS GONE TOO.

DAG: WELL -- JUST LIKE I SAY (TAKE) WHAT? MY SHIRTS? ALL OF
THEM?

BLONDIE: ALL BUT THAT ONE YOU'VE GOT ON!

DAG: ALL MY SHIRTS WERE IN THAT LAUNDRY?

BLONDIE: ~~OH, THERE'S A COUPLE THAT ARE TOO BARE NOW. AND THAT ONE~~
~~THAT'S TORN, -- BUT I HAD AN EXTRA BIG WASH LAST WEEK --~~
~~AND ALL THE REST WERE IN IT!~~

DAG: BUT -- WHAT AM I GOING TO WEAR TOMORROW?

BLONDIE: I'LL HAVE TO WASH THAT ONE OUT TONIGHT -- AND IRON IT FOR
YOU...TAKE IT OFF.

DAG: THIS IS THE LAST STRAW. NOW I'M GETTING MAD! I'LL SHOW
THAT FELLOW HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MY SHIRTS...I'LL GO
OUT AND GET HIM MYSELF!

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER STAY SCIENTIFIC, DAGWOOD.

DAG: YEA, BUT OUR LAUNDRY IS AT STAKE.

BLONDIE: KEEP COOL, DAGWOOD.

DAG: I AM COOL! I'M GOING AT THIS WITH COLD...DELIBERATE
CALM -- JUST LIKE IT SAYS IN THE BOOKS -- BUT I'LL GET
HIM. (VOICE MUFFLED) HEY -- PULL THIS SHIRT OFF OVER
MY HEAD BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: YOU SHOULD HAVE UNBUTTONED IT. THERE. NOW DAGWOOD...
DON'T START YOUR MAN HUNT WITHOUT ANY SHIRT ON. PEOPLE
WILL TALK!

DAG: I'LL PUT ON MY OLD FISHING SWEATER.

BLONDIE: FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T LET ANYONE SEE YOU IN THAT.

DAG: NOBODY WILL SEE ME AT ALL FOR A WHILE. I'M GOING TO
FINISH MY THEORY ON HOW THAT LAUNDRY LIFTER WORKS. WHEN
I GET MY MAP DONE...

BLONDIE: WHAT'S A MAP GOT TO DO WITH IT, DAGWOOD?

DAG: IT'S SCIENTIFIC, BLONDIE. MARK MY WORDS, IT'LL NAB HIM
REDHANDED TOO. WHEN I GET THE DETAILS ALL IRONED OUT ---
I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'LL DO UP THIS SHIRT FOR YOU, AND WHEN
THAT'S IRONED OUT I'LL LET YOU IN ON THAT!

ORCHESTRA: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

BABY: MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YES, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: WHAT YOU DOIN' THE WASHING AT NIGHT FOR?

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST THIS ONE SHIRT DEAR -- FOR DADDY TO WEAR
TOMORROW. ~~THAT LAUNDRY LIFTER GOT ALL HIS OTHERS.~~

BABY: ~~WHY DIDN'T HE GET THAT ONE MOMMIE?~~

BLONDIE: ~~IT WASN'T IN THE WASH? THANK GOODNESS.~~

BABY: MOMMIE... WAS MY WHITE SUNDAY SUIT IN THE WASH? *that was*

BLONDIE: YES --- IT WAS --- BUT DON'T YOU CARE. MOMMIE'LL BUY YOU
ANOTHER.

BABY: LET'S SKIP IT MOMMIE. THAT WAS A SISSY SUIT ANYHOW.

BLONDIE: WHY BABY DUMPLING --- THAT WAS A VERY STYLISH SUIT. WHAT
WILL YOU WEAR NOW WHEN YOU WANT TO LOOK NICE?

"BLONDIE" -8-
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BABY: I'LL JUST WEAR MY COWBOY SUIT EVERYDAY, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: OH NO DEAR...~~PEOPLE DON'T DRESS UP IN COSTUMES LIKE THAT~~
~~EVERYDAY...IT WOULD LOOK WEIRDLY.~~ (RAPPING ON DOOR) OH, DEAR
-- I'M ALL SOAP SUDS. SEE WHO THAT IS BABY...WAIT PEEK
OUT THE WINDOW FIRST.

BABY: OKAY MOMMIE (FADES) IT'S PRETTY DARK OUTSIDE THOUGH...

BLONDIE: CAN'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS?

BABY: (OFF) IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MAN WITH WHISKERS...

BLONDIE: FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAG: (DISGUISED VOICE) (AWAY) GOOD EVENING MY LITTLE MAN!

BABY: (OFF) HELLO. MAMA SAYS WHAT DO YOU WANT?

DAG: (VERY CRACKED VOICE) ASK YOUR MAMMA IF SHE HAS ANY
WORK FOR A POOR OLD MAN...

BABY: (FADES IN) I'LL ASK HER...

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT BABY?

BABY: (IN) IT'S JUST DADDY IN FUNNY CLOTHES AND WHISKERS...
HE SAYS...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...COME IN THE HOUSE THIS MINUTE
BEFORE THE FUDDLES SEE YOU.

DAG: (COMING IN) DO YOU KNOW ME? GOSH THAT BOOK SAID THAT
WAS A PERFECT DISGUISE...

BLONDIE: ABOUT AS PERFECT AS HAVING YOUR HAT ON BACKWARDS.

DAG: MY HAT IS ON BACKWARDS. I THOUGHT OF THAT MYSELF...

BLONDIE: BABY KNEW YOU RIGHT AWAY.

DAG: WELL -- OF COURSE MY OWN FAMILY MIGHT CATCH ON -- BUT
I BET A STRANGER WOULDN'T KNOW ME WITH THIS ON.

BLONDIE: A STRANGER WOULDN'T KNOW YOU WITHOUT IT ON EITHER. NOW
DAGWOOD, IS THIS ANY TIME TO BE PLAYING GAMES?

BABY: I GUESS DADDY THINKS IT'S HALLOWEEN.

DAG: I DO NOT!

BABY: WELL, THAN -- ~~PEOPLE DUNNIT DRESS UP LIKE THAT EVERY DAY~~
...ITS SILLY.

DAG: ~~IT IS NOT SILLY, BABY DUMPLING.~~ THIS IS SERIOUS. DADDY
IS AFTER THE MAN WHO STOLE OUR LAUNDRY. YOU WANT YOUR
CLOTHES BACK, DON'T YOU?...YOUR NICE SUNDAY SUIT, AND ALL?

BABY: DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT SUIT, DADDY.

BLONDIE: YOU MIGHT WEAR THAT BEARD TO WORK, DAGWOOD. THEN YOU
WOULDN'T NEED A CLEAN SHIRT.

DAG: ALL RIGHT..ALL RIGHT..YOU CAN KID ME IF YOU WANT TO --
BUT I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT NOW. I KNOW THE CROOKS
SYSTEM.

BLONDIE: THATS FINE...JUST TELL THE POLICE, DAGWOOD, AND...

DAG: AND LET THEM TAKE ALL THE CREDIT? NO SIR. MY BUMSTEAD BLOOD IS UP NOW AND I'M GOING THROUGH WITH THIS ALONE. I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO TELL THE COPS ANYTHING UNTIL I'M READY.

BLONDIE: IT WOULD BE BETTER TO LET THE REGULAR DETECTIVES WORK ON IT, DAGWOOD. THAT MAN IS COMING TO CHECK MY LAUNDRY LIST AND...

DAG: WHY THOSE FELLOWS WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW I WORK, EVEN IF I SHOWED THEM. LOOK BLONDIE -- HERES MY MAP.

BLONDIE: UMHUMM. VERY PRETTY DEAR...!

DAG: PRETTY? ITS SCIENTIFIC. LISTEN --- SEE THIS LINE HERE..

BLONDIE: PLEASE DAGWOOD -- I HAVEN'T TIME NOW DEAR. YOU WANT THIS SHIRT READY FOR TOMORROW AND ITS GETTING LATE AND...

DAG: DO YOU WANT TO SEE THIS, BABY DUMPLING? WANT DADDY TO SHOW YOU HOW HE DETECTS?

BABY: WILL IT TAKE LONG, DADDY?

DAG: NO -- ITS VERY SIMPLE AFTER YOU KNOW HOW. COME ON BABY -- WE'LL GO IN THE LIVING ROOM AND I'LL EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING. (DOOR OPENS) COME ON!

BLONDIE: THATS FINE -- GO WITH DADDY, BABY (FADES) IT'LL KEEP YOU BOTH BUSY WHILE I FINISH MY WORK... (DOOR CLOSES)

DAG: NOW HERE, BABY. WE'LL SPREAD THIS MAP ON THE FLOOR. NOW HERES WHERE YOU LEARN TO BE A DETECTIVE.

BABY: CAN I WEAR THOSE WHISKERS TOMORROW...TO SCARE ALVIN RUDDLE?

DAG: SURE -- SURE. NO...BABY! NEVER MIND THE WHISKERS. LOOK AT THE MAP DADDY DREW. SEE? THIS MARK HERE IS THE PLACE WHERE THE FIRST LAUNDRY WAS STOLEN. AND
(CONTINUED)

DAG:
(Cont'd)

I'VE PUT THE DATE DOWN ALONG SIDE OF IT -- SEE? NOW
LOOK. I DRAW THIS PENCIL LINE OVER TO HERE --- IT GOES
FOUR BLOCKS AND STOPS AT THE CORNER OF SPRUCE AND
COURTNEY STREETS. THATS WHERE THE SECOND ROBBERY WAS,
JUST TWO NIGHTS LATER. NOW LOOK BABY. HERE GOES
DADDY'S PENCIL AGAIN OVER HERE...AND STOPS HERE --
ANOTHER FOUR BLOCKS AWAY -- THE CORNER OF SYCAMORE AND
PLUM...NOW WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

BABY: YOUR PENCIL BROKE.

DAG: YEA...NO BABY. THATS WHERE THE THIRD LOT OF LAUNDRY
WAS STOLEN...AND LISTEN...IT WAS JUST TWO DAYS LATER,
AGAIN. SEE WHAT I'M GETTING AT NOW BABY? THAT
LAUNDRY LIFTER WORKS ON A REGULAR PLAN...HE GOES
FOUR BLOCKS AWAY FROM HIS LAST JOB TO PULL THE NEXT ONE
...EVERYTIME. AND HE ALWAYS STEALS ON EVERY SECOND
NIGHT. LOOKIT...TIME AFTER TIME.

BABY: LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE NOW HUH, DADDY?

DAG: NO -- WAIT BABY. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A DETECTIVE IF YOU
GIVE UP THAT EASY.

BABY: I'D RATHER BE A COWBOY ANYHOW.

DAG: NO, NO BABY -- A COWBOY COULDN'T GET OUR LAUNDRY BACK,
BUT A DETECTIVE CAN!

BABY: HOW DADDY?

DAG: WELL -- SEE -- IF THE LAUNDRY LIFTER WORKS ON A PLAN LIKE
THIS, WE CAN NOT ONLY TELL WHERE HE HAS BEEN STEALING,
BUT WHERE HE IS GOING TO STEAL NEXT. SEE -- OUR HOUSE
WAS HIS LAST JOB...NOW WE GO FOUR BLOCKS IN THE SAME
DIRECTION HE'S BEEN GOING...AND WE SKIP ONE NIGHT LIKE
HE ALWAYS DOES, AND THAT BRINGS US TO THE CORNER OF
(CONTINUED)

DAG: SPRING AND HILL STREETS. ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER
(Cont'd) ELEVENTH...(TAKE) HEY. THAT'S TONIGHT. HE'LL BE
STEALING AT SPRING AND HILL TONIGHT!

BABY: HEY DADDY -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DAG: WHY I'M GOING -- ER -- OUT BABY. NEVER MIND WHERE. BUT
I'LL BET YOU'LL BE PROUD OF YOUR DADDY TOMORROW.

BABY: MOMMIE SAID NOT TO LET ANYONE SEE YOU IN THESE CLOTHES.

DAG: WE WON'T TELL MOMMIE I'M GOING -- OR WHERE I WENT --
UNTIL ITS OVER. (TAKE) ALL OVER? GOSH I WONDER IF
HE'D CARRY A GUN?

BABY: WHO DADDY?

DAG: NEVER MIND (DRAMATIZES IT) ALL GOOD DETECTIVES PLAY A
LONE HAND. JUST REMEMBER THIS BABY, IF I'M NOT BACK
BY -- WELL -- TEN-THIRTY -- LET THE DEPARTMENT CARRY
ON THE WORK I'VE STARTED (NOBLY SAD) KISS DADDY
GOODBYE, BABY.

BABY: OKAY DADDY. (PAUSE) (GIGGLE) GOSH DADDY -- THOSE
WHISKERS TICKLE!

ORCHESTRA: (IN...UP FOR INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: WHAT DID HE SAY BABY...BEFORE HE WENT OUT.

BABY: HE SAID NOT TO TELL -- UNTIL IT WAS ALL OVER.

BLONDIE: ALL OVER? OH MY GOODNESS.

BABY: HE ACTED NERVOUS TOO WHEN HE SAID THAT...AND THEN HE SAID
SOMETHING ABOUT A GUN.

BLONDIE: A GUN? OH BABY -- I GUESS ITS SILLY TO WORRY, BUT I JUST
CAN'T HELP IT. WHY DAGWOOD'S NEVER BEEN OUT THIS LATE --
WITHOUT TELLING ME WHY (DOOR BELL) LISTEN!

BABY: MAYBE THAT'S DADDY NOW.

BLONDIE: MAYBE HE LOST HIS KEY.

BABY: I'LL GO TO THE DOOR, MOMMIE (DOOR OPENS)

RILEY: THIS THE BUMSTEAD'S PLACE?

BABY: ITS NOT DADDY MOMMIE...ITS A COP.

RILEY: HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT, YOUNG FELLER?

BABY: I SAW YOUR SHOES.

RILEY: PRETTY SMART EH?

BLONDIE: ARE YOU A POLICEMAN?

RILEY: DETECTIVE RILEY --- FROM HEADQUARTERS.

BLONDIE: OH -- HAS -- HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO DAGWOOD?

RILEY: NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW. WAS YOU EXPECTIN' SOMETHING TO HAPPEN? WHO'S DAGWOOD?

BLONDIE: HE'S -- MY HUSBAND --- AND HE'S OUT SO LATE AND..

RILEY: DIDN'T TELL YOU WHERE HE WAS GOING?

BLONDIE: NO.

RILEY: WELL. WELL. WELL. I JUST DROPPED IN TO CHECK THAT STUFF YOU SAY WAS STOLEN.

BLONDIE: OH YES. OF COURSE. I WAS SCARED FOR A MINUTE.

RILEY: WHY SHOULD A COP SCARE YOU?

BLONDIE: WELL -- ON ACCOUNT OF MY HUSBAND.

RILEY: IS HE AFRAID OF COPS?

BLONDIE: WHY --- WHY NO. BUT I THOUGHT YOU HAD -- BAD NEWS.

RILEY: UHUH. NOW WAS YOUR HUSBAND KIND OF DOWN HEARTED WHEN HE LEFT?

BLONDIE: WHY NO -- HE WAS MAKING -- PLANS...

RILEY: WHAT KIND?

BABY: DON'T TELL HIM, MOMMIE!

RILEY: HMM. DID HE LEAVE A FAREWELL NOTE?

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS! NO!

RILEY: SOMETIMES THEY DO!...DID HE SAY ANYTHING -- FUNNY?

BLONDIE: FUNNY?

BABY: MOMMIE! DADDY SAID NOT TO TELL THE COPS ANYTHING.

RILEY: OH, HE DID, EH?

BLONDIE: OH, THAT WAS JUST ABOUT THE MAP...

RILEY: WHAT MAP? LET'S SEE IT!

BABY: YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS EVEN IF YOU SAW IT! DADDY SAID SO.

RILEY: WELL, THEN THERE'S NO HARM MY TAKING A PEEK. IS THIS IT ON THE FLOOR?

BLONDIE: WHY -- YES, IT IS -- BUT...

RILEY: TAKE IT EASY NOW, LADY...WHILST I HAVE A LOOK. HMM... WHAT'S ALL THIS? (READS) FIRST ROBBERY -- ONE BASKET WET WASH! UHUH! SECOND ROBBERY -- CORNER OF COURTNEY STREET...AND THE DATE! THIRD JOB...CORNER OF SYCAMORE AND PLUM!...FOURTH JOB! FIFTH JOB!...WHY...WHY...LISTEN, LADY,...YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?

BLONDIE: NO. I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LISTEN TO HIS PLANS.

RILEY: TOO BAD! WELL, I KNOW...SAY, THIS IS A PIECE OF LUCK! (ALL COP) NOW, MRS. BUMSTEAD, ~~WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND LOOK LIKE?~~

BLONDIE: ~~YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO FIND HIM?~~

RILEY: ~~I'LL SAY I AM! -- AND THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT WILL HELP ME!~~ COME ON! HOW TALL -- HOW OLD -- AND ALL THAT?

BLONDIE: WHY...HE'S FIVE FEET -- SOMETHING! MEDIUM HEIGHT, I GUESS...

RILEY: GO ON...

BLONDIE: WEIGHS ONE HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE...ABOUT! GREY EYES... BROWN HAIR...AND HE...HE WAS DRESSED IN FUNNY OLD CLOTHES WHEN HE LEFT TONIGHT...AND...HE MIGHT BE WEARING A BEARD.

RILEY: DON'T YOU KNOW WHETHER HE HAS A BEARD OR NOT?

BLONDIE? WELL, NOT ALWAYS -- BUT TONIGHT HE -- DID -- FOR AWHILE.

RILEY: A FALSE BEARD, TOO! THAT SETTLES IT! WHERE'S YOUR PHONE?

BLONDIE: WHY -- RIGHT THERE!...

RILEY: THANKS. (PHONE UP) POLICE CALL! OFFICIAL! GIME
CHIEF JEFFRY AT HEADQUARTERS!

BLONDIE: OH, YOU'RE GOING TO TELL THE CHIEF ABOUT DAGWOOD'S BEING
OUT TONIGHT?

RILEY: I SURE AM! THE CHIEF WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO
SAY. HELLO? CHIEF? THIS IS RILEY! LISTEN! ~~WHAT DID I~~
THINK I GOT HOLD OF? A MAP THAT SHOWS ALL THE JOBS THE
LAUNDRY LIFTER HAS PULLED! YEAH... I KNOW WHO DREW IT...
SO DO YOU! ~~ONLY I KNOW THE GUY'S NAME NOW THAT'S RIGHT.~~
AND LISTEN -- I KNOW WHERE HE IS TONIGHT! YEAH! WAIT
A MINUTE. (TO BLONDIE) NOW EXCUSE ME, LADY, BUT I CAN'T
TELL THE POLICE PLANS IN FRONT OF YOU! THAT'S WHY I'M
GOING TO USE CODE. (TO PHONE) HELLO, CHIEF? LISTEN.
(HOG LATIN) ENDSAY ETHAY AUDSQWAY ARCAY OTAY ETHAY
ORNERCAY...

BABY: THAT'S HOG LATIN! I KNOW THAT.

RILEY: QUIET YOU. LISTEN, CHIEF? I SAY -- ENDSAY ETHAY AUDSQWAY
ARCAY...WHAT? WHO ME? NO! NOT A DROP! OKAY THEN -- IN PLAIN
ENGLISH -- IF YOU WANT TO NAB THAT LAUNDRY LIFTER TONIGHT'
-- SEND A SQUAD CAR TO MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF SPRING AND
HILL...BUT QUICK!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

SOUND: SIREN COMING IN BIG...THEN SCREAM OF BRAKES...THEN CAR
DOOR SLAMS LOUDLY

RILEY: SSSSSSSH! (SOTTO) QUIET, BOYS! HERE I AM! DETECTIVE
RILEY. LISTEN! I'VE GOT OUR MAN SPOTTED. SEE HIM?
STANDING IN THAT DOORWAY DOWN THERE -- THE GUY WITH THE
WHISKERS!

VOICE: (SOTTO) SO THAT'S THE LAUNDRY LIFTER, EH? LET'S GO GET HIM!

RILEY: (SOTTO) NO. THIS IS MY PINCH! YOU BOYS KEEP ME COVERED WITH THE RIOT GUNS WHILST I WALK UP AND TAKE HIM...READY?

VOICE: READY!

RILEY: HERE GOES THEN...(FEET ON SIDEWALK STROLLING FEW STEPS)
(SUDDENLY) OKAY, YOU! I GOT YOU COVERED!

DAG: WHAT? WHO --- WHO'S THAT?

RILEY: THIS IS THE LAW!

DAG: (RELIEVED) OH. GOSH! FOR A MINUTE I --- THOUGHT IT WAS --- SOMEBODY ELSE!

RILEY: TAKE IT EASY NOW, WILLIE! --- DON'T REACH FOR NO ROD OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

DAG: W --- WILLIE? OH --- THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

RILEY: YOU MADE THE MISTAKE IN THINKING YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS STUFF.

DAG: LISTEN --- WHO DO YOU THINK I AM?

RILEY: I KNOW WHO YOU ARE --- WET WASH WILLIE THE LAUNDRY LIFTER...

DAG: I AM NOT! MY NAME IS BUMSTEAD...AND...

RILEY: AN ALIAS, HUH?

DAG: NO --- THAT'S MY NAME! HONEST! I'M A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN AND...

RILEY: OH, YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THEM WHISKERS? I SUPPOSE THEY'RE RESPECTABLE, TOO? GIMME THAT HAIR, BUDDY.

DAG: OOOH! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

RILEY: THE IDEA IS YOU'RE UNDER ARREST --- COME ON! THE CHIEF IS DYING TO MEET YOU.

DAG: OH, IS THAT SO? WELL --- I WANT TO MEET HIM, TOO. I WANT TO ASK HIM WHAT KIND OF TREATMENT THIS IS FOR AN INNOCENT MAN?

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RILEY: INNOCENT, EH? THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, WILLIE. BUT WE
GOT YOUR RECORD --- AND YOUR MAP --- AND NOW WE GOT YOU!
COME ON NOW --- WALK DOWN AND GET IN THAT SQUAD CAR NICE
AND QUIET OR I'LL REALLY GET ROUGH!! (LOUDLY) OKAY, BOYS,
I GOT HIM! LET'S GO!

MUSIC: (IN...THEN SIREN...MUSIC UP FOR INTERLUDE)
(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)

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(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN: WHATEVER PRICE YOU PAY PER PACK FOR YOUR CIGARETTES, IT'S
IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER THIS FACT:

BY BURNING TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED --
SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM -- CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS
EQUAL TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

SMOKERS WHO LIVE IN COMMUNITIES WHERE CERTAIN STATE
CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE
TAX AND IN SOME INSTANCES, MORE -- THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS.
IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE THERE ARE NO ADDED
TAXES ON CIGARETTES, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. RIGHT
NOW IS THE TIME TO TURN TO CAMELS. GET EXTRA SMOKING
PER PACK -- TOPPED OFF WITH THE DELICATE TASTE AND
AROMA OF CAMEL'S FINER, MORE COSTLY TOBACCOS. PENNY
FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

BABY: I'M GETTING PRETTY SLEEPY, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: YOU POOR BABY! I DON'T WONDER! IT'S AWFULLY LATE. YOU GO TO BED, DEAR, AND I'LL WAIT FOR DAGWOOD -- A LITTLE LONGER --- THEN I'LL PHONE MR. RILEY AND ASK IF THERE'S ANY NEWS.

BABY: I -- I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BED -- I GOT TO TAKE CARE OF YOU.

BLONDIE: I -- I DO FEEL KIND OF NERVOUS ALL ALONE IN THE HOUSE LIKE THIS.

BABY: DON'T WORRY, MOMMIE. LOOKIT. I GOT MY WATER PISTOL HERE.

BLONDIE: BLESS YOUR HEART. I GUESS THAT WOULD SCARE ANYONE WHO CAME AROUND, WOULDN'T IT? IT LOOKS PRETTY REAL.

BABY: SURE IT DOES -- AND IF ANYONE COMES IN HERE I'D POINT IT AT 'EM AND...

BLONDIE: SSSSSH! BABY --- LISTEN! WHAT WAS THAT?

(CREAKING BOARD HEARD...AWAY)

BABY: (WHISPERS) IT'S ON THE BACK PORCH, MOMMIE...

BLONDIE: IT CAN'T BE DAGWOOD --- OR MR. RILEY OR...LOOK, BABY! GIVE ME THAT WATER PISTOL! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT IS!

BABY: I -- I GUESS I'M A LITTLE SCARED, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: SO AM I --- BUT IT'S WORSE -- NOT KNOWING! NOW --- WHEN I TURN ON THE PORCH LIGHT -- YOU OPEN THE DOOR. READY? NOW... (A CLICK -- AND DOOR OPENS FAST) WHO -- WHO ARE YOU?

PHIFF: I --- ER --- GOOD --- ER -- GOOD EVENING, MADAME! ER -- WHY --- ER, WHY THE -- ER -- GUN, IF I MAY ASK?

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WHEN YOU COME CREEPING UP ON
PEOPLES' PORCHES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? YOU TELL ME
QUICK WHO YOU ARE OR...

PHIFF: NO --- ER --- CAUSE FOR ALARM, MADAME --- ER --- NONE AT ALL.
I ASSURE YOU! ER --- COULD YOU POINT THAT --- ER --- GUN
ANOTHER WAY, MADAME? IT IS --- ER --- RATHER DANGEROUS TO
POINT A GUN LIKE THAT --- MIIIIIIIIIIIGHTY, MIGHTY ---
ER --- RISKY! YES! RISKY!

BLONDIE: ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME YOUR NAME AND YOUR BUSINESS OR
NOT?

PHIFF: CERTAINLY, MADAME...AT ONCE! MY --- ER --- NAME IS PHIFF.
ED PHIFF IN FACT.

BABY: I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

PHIFF: FEW DO. IT WAS WORSE WHEN MY NAME WAS PHINEAS PHIFF.
NOBODY BELIEVED THAT.

BLONDIE: WELL, MR...PHIFF -- ~~WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY BACK PORCH?~~

PHIFF: I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT, MADAME. MIGHTY...MIIIIIIIIIGHTY
~~GLAD IN FACT. BRINGS US RIGHT DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.~~
YESSIRREEEE. TACKS!)

BLONDIE: WELL?

PHIFF: WELL, MADAME --- THE LOST IS FOUND! I AM HERE TO RESTORE
SOMETHING YOU'VE BEEN MISSING.

BLONDIE: MY HUSBAND? WHERE IS HE?

PHIFF: I --- ER --- AM AFRAID, MADAME, THAT I --- ER --- CAN'T TELL
YOU THAT. BUT YOUR LAUNDRY IS BACK!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

PHIFF: RIGHT HERE, MADAME. (SOUNDS OPENING LAUNDRY BOX...STRING
SNAPS...ETC.) I WANT YOU TO CHECK IT, MADAME...

BLONDIE: SOCKS --- LARGE -- SIX PAIRS...PYJAMAS WHITE WITH BLUE SPOTS...WHY IT IS! IT'S ALL HERE!

PHIFF: NOW WILL YOU POINT THAT -- ER -- GUN SOMEWHERE ELSE?

BLONDIE: WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH OUR LAUNDRY THAT WAS STOLEN?

BABY: MAYBE HE'S A DETECTIVE, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: (RELIEVED LAUGH) OF COURSE! HOW STUPID OF ME! OH, I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR BEING SO SUSPICIOUS. BUT WITH MY HUSBAND MISSING...LOOK, MR. PHIFF... COULD YOU FIND HIM, TOO?

PHIFF: WELL...I...ER...MIGHT YOU KNOW. YES...I MIGHT. IS THIS HIS -- ER -- SHIRT YOU WERE IRONING?

BLONDIE: YES -- WHY?

PHIFF: TELL A LOT ABOUT A MAN FROM HIS SHIRT. OH, MY, YES! YES, INDEEDY! TELL HIS SIZE -- HOME ADDRESS -- WHAT HIS WORK IS...OH, YES!

BLONDIE: WELL -- BUT I KNOW ALL THOSE THINGS! IT'S MY OWN HUSBAND!

PHIFF: OH -- ER -- YES. HUSBAND. YES.

BLONDIE: I SHOULD THINK A DETECTIVE WOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT. (SUSPICIOUS AGAIN) AND ANOTHER THING -- IT'S MIGHTY FUNNY TO ME THAT A DETECTIVE WOULD COME IN THE BACK WAY LIKE YOU DID...AND IF IT WAS THE POLICE THAT BROUGHT MY LAUNDRY BACK -- WHY IS IT ALL WASHED AND IRONED?

PHIFF: I -- ER -- SEE YOUR POINT, MADAME. ER -- NICELY IRONED, TOO -- DON'T YOU THINK? NO RENTS, TEARS, BURNS, OR WRINKLES. FINE WORK. MIGHTY, MIIIIIGHTY FINE, YES.

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE A DETECTIVE AT ALL!

PHIFF: YOU -- ER -- DON'T?

BLONDIE: NO, I DON'T! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT LAUNDRY AND NOT ENOUGH ABOUT DETECTING.

BABY: MAYBE YOU BETTER SHOOT HIM AFTER ALL, MOMMIE.

PHIFF: OH, COME NOW. ER -- COME -- COME! I DID BRING THE LAUNDRY BACK, YOU KNOW. EH?

BABY: DID YOU BRING MY WHITE SUNDAY SUIT BACK, TOO?

PHIFF: YES, INDEED, MY LITTLE MAN -- IT'S THERE! MY...MY...YES!

BABY: GO AHEAD, MOMMIE -- SHOOT HIM!

BLONDIE: QUIET, BABY! I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT,..YET. BUT UNLESS MR. PHIFF STARTS TALKING...

PHIFF: ER -- TALKING?

BLONDIE: YES! I KNOW MY HUSBAND IS IN TROUBLE SOMEWHERE -- OR HE'D HAVE COME HOME LONG AGO...AND SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT THE MISSING LAUNDRY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT, WHEN I FIND OUT WHERE THE LAUNDRY WAS I MAY BE ABLE TO TELL WHERE DAGWOOD IS...AND YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THE LAUNDRY MR. PHIFF.

PHIFF: YES -- ER -- IN FACT -- YES!

BLONDIE: THEN TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW -- AND TELL ME QUICK!

MUSIC: (IN AND UP FOR INTERLUDE)

CHIEF: WELL, RILEY -- GOT A CONFESSION?

RILEY: WELL, NO, CHIEF...THIS BIRD BUMSTEAD JUST WON'T SING.

CHIEF: ~~WON'T SAY A WORD, EH?~~ EH?

RILEY: I'M AFRAID ~~IS THAT ALL, CHIEF?~~ CHIEF.

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CHIEF: YOU DON'T HANDLE 'EM RIGHT, RILEY. I'LL GET HIM TO TALK!

RILEY: HE AIN'T VERY STRONG, CHIEF.

CHIEF: WELL - A BIRD THAT CAN CARRY ALL THAT WET WASH IS NO
WEAKLING! NOW WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO GO ON?

RILEY: WELL, CHIEF -- YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO.

CHIEF: IF I DIDN'T KNOW MORE THAN YOU I WOULDN'T BE HERE.

RILEY: I MEAN --- ABOUT THIS CASE. FIRST --- THIS FELLER HAD THE
MAP IN HIS HOUSE AND IT HAD ALL THE JOBS MARKED ON IT.
NEXT WE PICKED HIM UP WEARING FALSE WHISKERS AND WITH AS
PHONEY A STORY AS I EVER HEARD. THEN --- WELL --- HERE'S
A LIST OF PEOPLE HE'S ASKED TO CALL ON THE PHONE.

CHIEF: LET'S SEE IT. HMMMMM. WHO'S THIS J. C. DITHERS?

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RILEY: BUMSTEAD CLAIMS HE WORKS FOR DITHERS.

CHIEF: OH, A HIGHER UP, EH? WELL, IF DITHERS IS THE BRAINS OF THE MOB WE'LL PICK HIM UP, TOO.

RILEY: I DUNNO, CHIEF...I CALLED THAT NUMBER AND THE GUY ON THE OTHER END BURNED THE EAR OFF ME. BETTER LET DITHERS ALONE TILL WE GOT MORE ON HIM.

CHIEF: ~~DID HE DENY KNOWING THIS BUMSTEAD?~~

RILEY: ~~OH, HE KNEW HIM OKAY. HE SAID BUMSTEAD WAS ALWAYS IN A~~
JAM.

CHIEF: ~~UH UH, BAD REPUTATION, EH?~~ NOW WHO'S THIS BLONDIE?

RILEY: THAT'S THE WIFE. ~~SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE MIGHT KID TO ME.~~

CHIEF: ~~I'LL BE THERE ANY DAY I WANT TO SEE HIM, TOO.~~

RILEY: I CAN'T CHIEF. WHEN I CALLED SHE WASN'T HOME NO MORE.

CHIEF: IF SHE'S SKIPPED TOWN, I'LL SEND YOU TO THE STICKS, RILEY. NOW WHAT'S THIS HERE? BABY FACE DUMPLING. ANOTHER MOBSTER?

RILEY: I'LL SEE IF WE GOT HIM MUGGED IN THE GALLERY, CHIEF.

CHIEF: LET IT GO FOR NOW. BRING BUMSTEAD -- ALIAS WET WASH WILLIE IN HERE.

RILEY: OKAY, CHIEF...(DOOR OPENS) IN HERE, WET WASH.

DAG: (ENTERING) I KEEP TELLING YOU I'M NOT WET WASH...MY NAME IS BUMSTEAD.

CHIEF: DON'T GET TOUGH NOW, YOUNG FELLER. I'VE BEEN TALKING TO RILEY AND WE GOT ENOUGH ON YOU TO SEND YOU UP FOR LIFE.

DAG: UP WHERE?

CHIEF: DON'T BE FUNNY, WET WASH. WHY MAKE IT HARD FOR YOURSELF? WHY NOT PLAY BALL WITH US.

DAG: I DON'T FEEL LIKE PLAYING TONIGHT, CHIEF.

CHIEF: ARE YOU GOING TO SING OR NOT?

DAG: LOOK, CHIEF...ANY OTHER TIME I'D BE GLAD TO SING FOR YOU...BUT I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD.

CHIEF: WELL, I TELL YOU, WET WASH...I'VE TRIED TO BE NICE... BUT NOW I GUESS A NIGHT OR TWO IN THE TANK WILL CHANGE YOUR MOOD FOR YOU.

DAG: WELL, ALL RIGHT -- BUT WHY WON'T YOU LET ME CALL MY WIFE SO SHE WON'T WORRY...

CHIEF: DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, WET WASH. YOUR WIFE AIN'T HOME. SHE'S WALKED OUT ON YOU.

DAG: NOT BLONDIE...SHE -- SHE'S PROBABLY OUT LOOKING FOR ME...

CHIEF: THEN SHE'LL HAVE QUITE A LOOK TILL SHE FINDS YOU.

DAG: SHE'LL FIND ME SOMEHOW -- AND WHEN SHE DOES, I BET I GET OUT OF HERE.

CHIEF: WELL -- DON'T BE IN A HURRY, WET WASH. OUR ROOMS ARE SMALL, BUT COZY -- AND WITH US, THE PRISONER IS ALWAYS RIGHT. PUT HIM AWAY, RILEY....(POUNDING OUTSIDE) NOW WHAT'S ALL THAT -- SOMEBODY TRYING TO BREAK IN TO JAIL...?

RILEY: I'LL GO SEE, CHIEF...(DOOR OPENS) HEY, WHAT'S ALL THIS?

BLONDIE: (OFF) WHERE'S MY HUSBAND?

DAG: BLONDIE! I TOLD YOU SHE'D FIND ME. HEY, BLOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) OH, DAGWOOD, WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU?

CHIEF: NOW LISTEN, LADY!

BLONDIE: IT WILL SAVE TIME IF YOU LISTEN TO ME. COME IN, MR. PHIFF.

CHIEF: PHIFF? WHO'S THIS? YOUR MOUTHPIECE?

DAG: I DON'T KNOW HIM.

BLONDIE: THIS IS MR. PHIFF -- THE REAL LAUNDRY LIFTER. HE'S CONFESSED.

CHIEF: WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: GO ON, MR. PHIFF. TELL THE CHIEF WHAT YOU TOLD ME.

PHIFF: WELL -- ER -- CHIEF -- DO YOU KNOW COUNCILMAN HAWHEM?

CHIEF: HE'S THE ONE THAT'S BEEN HOLLERING FOR MY BLOOD.

PHIFF: OH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE FRIENDS! HE SAID ~~IT WOULD BE~~ ALL RIGHT IF I TOOK THE LAUNDRY....

CHIEF: OH YOU DID TAKE IT, EH?

PHIFF: WELL -- ER -- ON THE WHOLE -- YES. BUT MY COUSIN COUNCILMAN HAWHEM....

CHIEF: YOUR COUSIN, EH? BIRDS OF A FEATHER! (IDEA) ~~OH,~~ DID HE PUT YOU UP TO STEALING THAT STUFF?

BLONDIE: HE DIDN'T REALLY STEAL IT.

CHIEF: WHAT DO YOU CALL IT THEN?

BLONDIE: WELL YOU SEE -- MR. PHIFF HAS BEEN OUT OF WORK A LONG TIME, AND THEN HE GOT THIS JOB AS SALESMAN FOR A LAUNDRY. WELL, HE COULDN'T SEEM TO MAKE ANYONE UNDERSTAND THAT HIS PLACE DID BETTER WORK AND SO HE -- WELL -- HE JUST GOT THE IDEA THAT IF HE COLLECTED SAMPLES AND DID THEM UP IN EXTRA FINE SHAPE AND THEN RETURNED THEM...

CHIEF: RETURNED THEM?

BLONDIE: OH, YES -- HE BROUGHT OURS BACK ALL NICELY DONE.

DAG: ARE ALL MY SHIRTS BACK?

BLONDIE: EVERY ONE. AND I CHECKED THE OTHERS' HOUSES WHERE LAUNDRY WAS MISSING, TOO. IT'S ALL BACK AND THEY ARE PLEASED WITH THE WORK.

CHIEF: WAIT. WHAT WAS ALL THIS LAUNDRY LIFTING -- JUST GOOD CLEAN FUN?

DAG: OH, YOU SOUND LIKE MR. FUDDLE -- THAT'S OUR NEIGHBOR! LAUNDRY!...CLEAN FUN! GET IT...(LAUGHS)

CHIEF: NEVER MIND, BUMSTEAD. NOW I'M NOT IN THE MOOD.

BLONDIE: MAYBE THIS WILL CHEER YOU UP, CHIEF. LOOK, THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN DEMANDING ACTION, HAVEN'T THEY? AND THIS COUNCILMAN HAWHEM, TOO? WELL -- WHEN I HEARD MR. PHIFF'S STORY -- I WENT TO THE COUNCILMAN'S HOUSE, TOO. I TOLD HIM IT WOULDN'T LOOK VERY WELL IF THIS ALL CAME OUT, *about the councilman,*

CHIEF: YOU DID? WHAT DID HE SAY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- HE'LL CALL IT QUILTS IF YOU WILL. HE SAYS HE'LL WRITE TO THE PAPERS TOMORROW AND COMPLIMENT YOU ON SOLVING THE MYSTERY.

CHIEF: HMM. YOU WORK FAST, YOUNG LADY.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE IT WAS REALLY MY HUSBAND WHO SOLVED IT, WITH HIS MAP AND ALL THAT! I COULD TELL THE PAPERS THAT....UNLESS....

CHIEF: OH, I GUESS YOUR HUSBAND ISN'T THE KIND TO WANT HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS! EH, BUMSTEAD?

DAG: WHAT? WELL -- ER --

CHIEF: LISTEN! HOW'S THIS. I'LL JUST KEEP PHIFF WITH ME OVER NIGHT TILL HIS COUSIN THE COUNCILMAN COMES THROUGH. THEN HE'S OUT -- AND SO AM I. INSTEAD OF A LOT OF -- ER CHEAP NOTORIETY -- I'LL MAKE MR. BUMSTEAD HERE, A REGULAR MEMBER OF THE SPECIAL POLICE...IN RECOGNITION OF HIS DETECTIVE ABILITY.

BLONDIE: WOULD HE HAVE A BADGE?
CHIEF: WHY I GOT ONE RIGHT HERE HE COULD HAVE. HOW'S THIS,
BUMSTEAD? READ IT!
DAG: "DEPUTY RIVER BED PATROL." GOSH! THAT SOUNDS PRETTY
GOOD!
CHIEF: PIN IT ON, BUMSTEAD -- IT'S YOURS.
BABY: HEY, MOMMIE! I'M SLEEPY AGAIN.
CHIEF: WHO'S THIS, BABY FACE DUMPLING? (LAUGHS) WELL SAY --
WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM HOME TO BED! IS EVERYTHING ALL
RIGHT, FOLKS?
DAG: SURE -- FINE!
BLONDIE: I THINK IT'S SO NICE TO ALL BE FRIENDS AGAIN!
CHIEF: RIGHT! RILEY?
RILEY: YES, SIR.
CHIEF: GET OUT MY CAR FOR THE NEW MEMBER OF THE DEPARTMENT,
MR. BUMSTEAD!
RILEY: HOW'S THAT?
CHIEF: AND SAY, RILEY...GIVE 'EM A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT. GO ON!
PUSH THE BUZZER.
RILEY: OKAY, CHIEF...(BUZZER SOUNDS)
DAG: GOSH! SAY, CHIEF -- COME OUT SOME SUNDAY AND WE WILL
PLAY BALL. HE'S A BALL PLAYER, BLONDIE!
BABY: WHAT'S HIS AVERAGE? (OR -- WHAT DOES HE PLAY?)
BLONDIE: COME ON, BABY...COME, DAGWOOD!...(SOUND OF SIRENS
OUTSIDE) LISTEN TO THAT, DAGWOOD!

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DAG: GOSH! A BADGE -- AND AN ESCORT AND...WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF MY DETECTING NOW, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU'RE JUST WONDERFUL, DAGWOOD! WAIT, BABY --
LET DADDY GO FIRST!

DAG: WELL -- SO LONG, CHIEF! GIVE ME A RING ANYTIME YOU
NEED HELP! NIGHT, PHIFF! -- NIGHT, RILEY! TELL THE
BOYS TO COME 'ROUND ANY NIGHT THEY'RE OFF -- AND --
AND WE'LL SING! (SOUND OF SIRENS UP...MUSIC IN AND UP
TO COVER)
(CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -29-
9/11/39 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: IF YOU ENJOYED "BLONDIE" LISTEN AGAIN NEXT MONDAY. SAME TIME...SAME STATION...AND WHILE YOU ARE AT IT MAKE A DATE WITH YOUR RADIO TO LISTEN TO THE OTHER PROGRAMS SPONSORED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES...TOMORROW NIGHT OVER THIS VERY SAME STATION YOU CAN HEAR THE BOB CROSBY AND HIS SENSATIONAL DIXIELAND BAND WITH JOHNNY MERCER AND HELEN WARD...ON SATURDAY NIGHT OVER ANOTHER NETWORK THERE'S THE MUSIC OF BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SWING MUSICIANS. TUNE IN THESE PROGRAMS...YOU'LL FIND PLEASURE IN LISTENING TO THEM...AND REMEMBER FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT IT'S BEST TRY CAMELS -- THE LONGER BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...PENNY FOR PENNY CAMELS ARE YOURS BEST CIGARETTE BUY.

ORCHESTRA: (UP FULL WITH THEME)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZT, WHO ALSO CREATES THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS. THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES -- GOOD NIGHT.
This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.