

v/13/90

MASTER

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 P.M.

GOODWIN: I KNOW IT'S BEEN A TOUGH DAY, MOM -- BUT RELAX, IT'S TIME FOR BLONDIE!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...EIGHT BARS...THEN UNDER FOR:)

GOODWIN: BEFORE WE DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD HOUSE TO VISIT CHIC YOUNG'S FAMOUS CHARACTERS, "BLONDIE" AND "DAGWOOD," A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, YOU SMOKERS YOURSELVES ARE THE FINAL JUDGES OF CIGARETTE QUALITY. YOU'RE THE ONES WHO SAY: "THIS IS THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME WHAT I WANT!" YOU PROBABLY KNOW FROM YOUR OWN OBSERVATION THAT MORE SMOKERS PREFER CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE. A LOT OF THESE FOLKS SMOKE JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO. THEY WANT THE SAME THINGS YOU WANT FOR STEADY SMOKING. THEY WANT MILDNESS AND COOLNESS. THEY'RE GETTING EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS IN CAMELS. FOR CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING...A FACT CONFIRMED BY INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS. A SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE IS GOING TO SMOKE COOLER, NATURALLY -- AND MILDER, BECAUSE IT'S FREE FROM THE IRRITATING QUALITIES OF EXCESS HEAT. THESE CAMEL SMOKERS WANT FLAVOR IN THEIR SMOKE, TOO...NOT A FLAT, TASTELESS SMOKE THAT WEARS OUT ITS WELCOME IN A FEW PUFFS. AND, IN CAMELS, THEY'RE GETTING EXTRA FLAVOR -- FOR SLOW BURNING PRESERVES NATURAL FLAVOR AND LETS

(CONTINUED)

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GOODWIN:
(Cont'd.)

IT COME THROUGH IN THE SMOKING. SO, EVEN IF YOU THINK
YOU'RE GETTING AS MUCH AS YOU CAN EXPECT FROM A
CIGARETTE -- EVEN IF IT'S ONLY OUT OF CURIOSITY --
NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, GET CAMELS...THE
SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE EXTRAS IN
SMOKING PLEASURE.

ORCHESTRA: (TAG)

GOODWIN: AND -- NOW -- OUR WEEKLY VISIT TO THE BUMSTEAD'S TAKES US TO THE FAMILIAR LIVING ROOM OF THEIR HOME. THE LAMPS ARE LIT -- AND IN THE GLOW OF ONE OF THEM, BLONDIE SITS -- PRETENDING TO READ...WHILE BABY DUMPLING PLAYS ON THE FLOOR AT HER FEET -- AND DAGWOOD, DRESSED IN TOP COAT AND HAT...LINGERS AT THE OPEN FRONT DOOR...

DAGWOOD: ER -- BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T FEEL LIKE TAKING A WALK TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DAGWOOD. YOU'LL -- YOU'LL SLEEP MUCH BETTER AFTER A NICE WALK.

DAGWOOD: I WAS SLEEPING ALL RIGHT JUST NOW -- WHEN YOU WOKE ME UP AND SAID GO TAKE A WALK!

BLONDIE: SLEEPING ON THAT COUCH RIGHT AFTER DINNER DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD. ~~YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS EVERY TIME YOU WAKE UP AND EAT ONE OF THOSE SANDWICHES OF YOURS AND THEN~~ WHEN YOU FINALLY GET TO BED, YOU TOSS AND MUTTER HALF THE NIGHT...

DAGWOOD: MUTTER?

BLONDIE: YES...MUTTER. I NEVER CAN MAKE OUT WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. NOW, FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T STAND THERE ANY LONGER WITH THAT DOOR OPEN. GO TAKE A NICE FAST WALK.

DAGWOOD: FAST?

BLONDIE: YES, FAST...AND DON'T JUST SNEAK AROUND THE BLOCK AND BACK EITHER. TAKE A LONG WALK.

DAGWOOD: OH, GOLLY. WELL...ER...G'BYE.

BLONDIE: GOODBYE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: ER...G'BYE, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: (CASUAL) G'BYE, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: LOOK -- I DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO GO OUT AND LEAVE YOU TWO ALL ALONE. I WAS READING IN THE PAPER TONIGHT THAT THERE'S BEEN BURGLARS WORKING RIGHT HERE IN TOWN...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...I NEVER HEARD SO MANY LAME EXCUSES FOR GETTING OUT OF A LITTLE WALK. THAT BURGLAR WOULDN'T ~~WALK RIGHT IN HERE WHEN WE WERE AWAKE!~~ HE WOULDN'T BOTHER US ~~ANYWAY~~...THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO MAKE IT WORTH HIS WHILE.

DAGWOOD: THERE'S THE SOLID SILVER CARD TRAY AUNT BESSIE GAVE US.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD...STOP ARGUING AND GO!

DAGWOOD: YOU SEEM PRETTY ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF ME...

BLONDIE: WELL, MY GOODNESS...YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SIBERIA OR ANYTHING! YOU'LL BE BACK THE SAME NIGHT! IF YOU EVER GET STARTED!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, WELL...ER (SIGHS) G'BYE.


BLONDIE: GOODBYE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: G'BYE, BABY.

BABY: G'BYE, AGAIN, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...ER...(TAKE) HEY?...OH! WELL...(TERRIFIC SIGH) G'BYE. (DOOR SHUTS)

BABY: I GUESS DADDY DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE A WALK MUCH.

BLONDIE: I KNOW HE DIDN'T, BUT IT'S FOR HIS OWN GOOD. I 
~~I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED ABOUT DADDY, BABY.~~

BABY: ~~WHY, MOMMIE -- IS HE SICK?~~

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'D CALL IT BEING SICK OR NOT...BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT -- TONIGHT.

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO CALL THE DOCTOR, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: WELL, ~~NOT OUR REGULAR DOCTOR, LISTEN, BABY -- I'D
BETTER EXPLAIN THE WHOLE THING TO YOU -- IF I CAN.~~

*London
Baby* →

YOU KNOW OUR NEW NEIGHBOR? THE MAN WHO JUST MOVED IN
-- ACROSS THE STREET? *Well*

BABY: THE ONE WITH THE FUNNY MUSTACHE?

BLONDIE: WHY, HE DOES WAX HIS MUSTACHE, BABY. ~~BUT YOU MUSTN'T
MENTION THAT WHEN HE COMES HERE TONIGHT.~~

BABY: WHAT'S HE COMING HERE FOR?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE HE'S KIND OF A DOCTOR...AND I WANT HIM TO
TALK TO DADDY.

BABY: THEN WHY DID YOU MAKE DADDY TAKE A LONG WALK?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE, BABY -- I WANT TO TALK TO DOCTOR MORTON ALONE
FIRST. YOU SEE -- IF DADDY KNOWS HE'S A DOCTOR --
DADDY MIGHT GET ALL EXCITED AND GIVE DOCTOR MORTON
THE WRONG IDEA.

BABY: DADDY DOESN'T GET EXCITED AT DOCTORS. WHEN DOCTOR BROWN
WAS POKING HIM ALL OVER TO SEE IF HE COULD GET HIS LIFE
INSURANCE, DADDY DIDN'T GET EXCITED. DADDY WENT TO
SLEEP.

BLONDIE: I KNOW, BUT DR. BROWN WASN'T A PSYCHIATRIST AND
DR. MORTON IS.

BABY: WHAT'S A -- WHAT YOU SAID?

BLONDIE: A PSYCHIATRIST? OH, THAT'S A DOCTOR WHO ~~FIXES~~ *Fixes* OUT
~~WHAT'S UNDER YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS~~ *it* -- AND FIXES IT.

BABY: WHAT'S YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! SO MANY QUESTIONS! I WISH I HADN'T STARTED
THIS.

BABY:

WHAT IS IT, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE:

OH -- WELL -- THE SUBCONSCIOUS IS -- WELL, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL MYSELF -- BUT WHEN A PERSON AWAKE, WHY ~~WHEN HE WAKES~~ ^{parts} ~~WHAT HIS BRAIN TELLS HIM TO DO...~~ ~~AND WHEN HE'S ASLEEP~~ ^{through} THEN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS SORT OF TAKES OVER AND TELLS HIM WHAT TO DO.

BABY:

UHUH. DADDY'S SUBCONSCIOUS MAKES HIM SNORE!

BLONDIE:

(SERIOUSLY) NO, BABY -- THAT JUST COMES NATURALLY TO DADDY. BUT I THINK IT'S HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MAKES HIM ~~DREAM~~ TALK IN HIS SLEEP. ~~IT'S BEEN GETTING WORSE~~ ~~LATELY, TOO.~~ ~~THAT'S WHY I'M SO WORRIED.~~

BABY:

~~AW, DON'T WORRY, MOMMIE.~~

BLONDIE:

and the
WELL, ~~IF IT WAS ONLY TALKING IN HIS SLEEP,~~ ~~NOT THE~~ OTHER NIGHT, HE GOT UP IN THE PITCH DARK AND STARTED TO PUT ON HIS SHOES! AND WHEN I SWITCHED ON THE LIGHT ~~...HE WAS~~ (DOOR BELL) OH, MAYBE THAT'S DR. MORTON NOW...

BABY:

I'LL LET HIM IN...

BLONDIE:

ALL RIGHT, DEAR...AND THEN GO STRAIGHT TO BED.

BABY:

AW -- WHY, MOMMIE? I WANT TO HEAR WHAT GOES ON.

BLONDIE:

NO, BABY. IT'S GOING TO BE HARD ENOUGH TO HANDLE YOUR FATHER AND DR. MORTON...OPEN THE DOOR AND THEN SAY GOOD NIGHT. (DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:

(OFF) AH...GOOD EVENING.

BABY:

GOOD NIGHT.

DOCTOR:

I BEG YOUR PARDON?

BLONDIE:

COME RIGHT IN, DOCTOR...LET ME TAKE YOUR HAT AND COAT..

DOCTOR:

AH. THANK YOU.

BABY: I'LL HANG THEM IN THE CLOSET, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: YOU JUST OPEN THE DOOR, BABY. I'LL HANG THEM UP...

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE. (DOOR OPENS) HEY, WHAT'S THAT FOR?

DOCTOR: EH? MY STICK, YOU MEAN?

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST A CANE, DEAR...NOW REMEMBER WHAT MOMMIE SAID..

BABY: WHAT'S A CANE GOOD FOR?

DOCTOR: WHY -- ER -- ONE CARRIES A STICK IN WALKING YOU KNOW.

BABY: DADDY DOESN'T.

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND, BABY!

BABY: CAN I PLAY WITH YOUR CANE AWHILE?

DOCTOR: ER -- I -- I'D RATHER NOT GIVE IT UP, THANK YOU.

(LAUGHS) I -- ALWAYS KEEP IT IN MY HAND, YOU KNOW.

JUST A -- A FOIBLE OF MINE...

BABY: WHAT'S A FOIBLE?

DOCTOR: OH, JUST A WHIM...

BABY: ~~WHAT'S A WHY...?~~

BLONDIE: BABY! GO TO BED ~~THIS INSTANT!~~ COME RIGHT IN THE LIVING ROOM, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: AH...THANKS. WHAT A COZY ROOM...AND CHARMING. LIKE THE LADY WHO BRIGHTENS IT WITH HER BEAUTY!

BABY: (OFF) I'LL SHUT THE CLOSET DOOR, MOMMIE.

BLONDIE: THANK YOU, DEAR...AND THEN GO TO BED...

BABY: (FADING) OKAY, MOMMIE...

DOCTOR: AND NOW, MY DEAR MRS. BUMSTEAD. ~~HOW CAN I SERVE YOU?~~

BLONDIE: WELL, DOCTOR...IT'S A LITTLE EMBARRASSING...

DOCTOR: ~~TUT TUT TUT. TO A PSYCHIATRIST...NOTHING IS~~
~~EMBARRASSING!~~ WE HEAR ALL -- AND ~~TELL NOTHING~~. YOU KNOW
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, ~~MOMMIE~~...IS HE VIOLENT?

BLONDIE: OH, MY NO. HE'S VERY NICE...WHEN HE'S AWAKE, BUT HE TALKS IN HIS SLEEP.

DOCTOR: (SADLY) TCK TCK ~~TCK. NON-COMPOS MENTIS BY-NIGHT.~~
Ah, NOCTURNAL SHIZOPHRANIO NO DOUBT! A SAD CASE!
(SKEES-O-FREE-NIA)

BLONDIE: THAT ISN'T THE WORST OF IT. HE...I THINK HE WALKS IN HIS SLEEP.

DOCTOR: SOMNAMBULISM! OH, DEAR ME! ~~IT'S A FORTUNATE THING THAT YOU ~~BALANCED~~ ME WHEN YOU DID.~~

BLONDIE: ~~WELL,~~ NOW -- I'M NOT SURE, MIND YOU! BUT LAST NIGHT I CAUGHT HIM PUTTING HIS SHOES ON WHILE HE WAS SOUND ASLEEP. AND TWO NIGHTS AGO...I...I THINK HE ACTUALLY WENT OUT OF THE HOUSE AT NIGHT WITHOUT MY KNOWING IT. IT RAINED THAT NIGHT...AND NEXT MORNING HIS SHOES WERE WET!

DOCTOR: MY DEAR MADAM. THIS ^{is} SERIOUS, ~~WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC ACTION...AND AT ONCE.~~ WHERE IS THIS UNFORTUNATE MAN?

BLONDIE: HE'S OUT WALKING NOW. I ~~--- WANTED TO BE ALONE WITH~~ YOU.

DOCTOR: AH. ~~I AM FLATTERED,~~ MADAM.
In the sleep.

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Oh, no! I want him out, because

BLONDIE: I ~~MEAN~~, I WANTED TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING BEFORE YOU MET HIM.

HE'S ~~NEVER SEEN YOU AND HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE A DOCTOR.~~

YOU SEE, IF HE KNOWS YOU'RE ^{a doctor} STUDYING HIS CASE ~~HE~~ -- HE MAY BE STUBBORN.

DOCTOR: HE'LL NEVER SUSPECT DEAR LADY... ~~I AM DELIGHTED AT~~

~~CONCEALING MY REAL BUSINESS.~~ (BROGS)

BLONDIE: ~~WELL~~, PRETEND YOU'RE JUST MAKING A NEIGHBORLY CALL.

DOCTOR: EXACTLY. LEAVE IT ALL TO ME, MADAM. (DOOR OPENS) AH! HERE'S MR. BUMSTEAD NOW...

BLONDIE: OH, HELLO, DAGWOOD...THIS IS -- ER -- MR. MORTON, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: OH, HELLO.

BLONDIE: OUR NEW NEIGHBOR...ER...MAKING A CALL ON US.

DOCTOR: I'M DELIGHTED, SIR. DELIGHTED.

DAGWOOD: YOU ARE? WHAT ABOUT?

DOCTOR: I AM HAPPY TO MEET YOU, SIR. YOUR WIFE HAS BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT YOU. YOU HOLD AN IMPORTANT POSITION I BELIEVE, MR. BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WHO ME? WELL -- I TELL YOU...

DOCTOR: UNDER A STRAIN WHEN YOU WORK, AREN'T YOU? YET WORK GRIPS YOU. DRIVES YOU! FASTER AND FASTER A ~~PERSON~~ YOU CAN'T STOP!

DAGWOOD: WHO CAN'T?

DOCTOR: OH, I KNOW YOU BUSY MEN! YES! WORK ALL DAY -- AND WHEN NIGHT COMES...WHAT HAPPENS? PROBABLY YOU HAVE TO BE FORCED TO CLOSE YOUR DESK AND LEAVE THE OFFICE.

DAGWOOD: ME? OH, SURE! YOU KNOW WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO TO GET ME OUT AT CLOSING TIME?

DOCTOR: TELL ME, MR. BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: SOMEBODY HAS TO DROP A HAT!

DOCTOR: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

BLONDIE: OH, HE'S JUST MAKING FUN, MR. MORTON. I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, DAGWOOD.

DOCTOR: OH! A JOKE, EH? GOOD! EXCELLENT! YOU LIKE GAMES, MR. BUMSTEAD? I KNOW A WONDERFUL GAME. LISTEN...

DAGWOOD: WELL, I TELL YOU -- I'M KIND OF TIRED TONIGHT...

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: HUH? OH! WELL, I'LL PLAY YOU ONE GAME. HOW DOES IT GO?

DOCTOR: EVER HEAR OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS, MR. BUMSTEAD? I MEAN...I NAME A WORD AND YOU ANSWER RIGHT AWAY WITH ANOTHER WORD THAT MY WORD MAKES YOU THINK OF!

DAGWOOD: THE FIRST THING THAT COMES INTO MY HEAD?

DOCTOR: THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT A QUICK MIND!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. BUT ALMOST EVERYTHING MAKES ME THINK OF SOMETHING TO EAT.

DOCTOR: EVERYTHING MAKES YOU THINK OF...IMPOSSIBLE!

BLONDIE: IT MIGHT NOT BE IMPOSSIBLE WITH DAGWOOD.

DOCTOR: REMARKABLE! LET'S TEST IT OUT,

BLONDIE: BUT IS THIS GOING TO -- TO PROVE ANYTHING?

DOCTOR: OH, YES, DEAR LADY. MOST IMPORTANT THINGS ARE BROUGHT OUT BY THIS METHOD. NOW, MR. BUMSTEAD -- READY?

DAGWOOD: SURE. GO AHEAD.

(NOTE: LIST OF WORDS FOLLOW. AS FAST AS DOCTOR SAYS
ONE -- DAGWOOD REPLIES WITH THE WORD IN THE
OPPOSITE COLUMN)

<u>DOCTOR</u>	<u>DAGWOOD</u>
AUTOMOBILE	ROLLS
GOAT	BUTTER
BASEBALL	BATTER
TELEPHONE	PEAS
BUY	GROCERIES
SELL	HOTCAKES
CLOTH	GRAVY
DOG	MUSTARD
MATCH	MATCH POTATOES

DOCTOR: BUT -- THIS IS TERRIBLE. A POSITIVE FIXATION.

BLONDIE: IS IT -- IS IT A HOPELESS CASE?

DOCTOR: NO, NO! BUT I AM -- TEMPORARILY BAFFLED, MADAM! SEE
HERE, BUMSTEAD -- DON'T YOU EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BUT
-- FOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. WHEN I'M FULL OF FOOD -- THEN I THINK ABOUT
SLEEPING. AND WHEN I THINK OF SLEEPING I THINK ABOUT
GOING TO BED. THAT'S WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT RIGHT NOW.
GOING TO BED.

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD. THAT'S NOT VERY POLITE.

DOCTOR: OH, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, MRS. BUMSTEAD. I MUST BE
RUNNING ALONG MYSELF. WE -- ER -- CAN HAVE A LITTLE TALK
ANOTHER TIME.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SURE. ANYTIME. BRING SOME MORE GAMES. (YAWNS)
WELL, G'NIGHT! (HE GOES UPSTAIRS)

DOCTOR: ER -- GOOD NIGHT, TO YOU, MR. BUMSTEAD...AND TO YOU, MADAM.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID ~~WE'RE GOING TO GO OUT TONIGHT.~~

DOCTOR: ~~ON THE CONTRARY, MRS. BUMSTEAD. I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT~~
~~YOUR HUSBAND HAS A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!~~

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD?

DOCTOR: ~~OH, YES.~~ HE MUST BE WATCHED! MARK MY WORDS...THERE'S A
"SKELETON IN THE CLOSET!"

BLONDIE: OH, DEAR.

DOCTOR: AND NOW -- IF I MAY HAVE MY HAT AND COAT.

BLONDIE: OH. YES. ER -- THEY'RE IN THE CLOSET, TOO...RIGHT HERE.
(DOOR OPENS) BABY!

BABY: HELLO, MOMMIE.

DOCTOR: ~~WHERE~~ WHERE HAS HE BEEN ALL THIS TIME?

BABY: OH -- I WAS IN THE CLOSET, TOO!

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD ~~BUMSTEAD, PUT DOWN THAT BOOK AND~~ TURN OUT
YOUR LIGHT AND GO TO SLEEP.

DAGWOOD: ~~HUH? WHAT, HONEY?~~

BLONDIE: YOU HEARD ME. YOU COULDN'T WAIT UNTIL THE COMPANY WENT
HOME TO GET TO BED...AND NOW YOU WANT TO READ HALF THE
NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. JUST A MINUTE, HONEY.

BLONDIE: WHAT IS THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING?

DAGWOOD: OH -- THIS BOOK ^{is} A SWELL STORY...VERY EXCITING!

BLONDIE: YOU SHOULDN'T READ ANYTHING EXCITING IF YOU EXPECT TO SLEEP

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO LE OHAT AFTER HE
GETS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

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BLONDIE: ~~WHO? WHAT WINDOW?~~ *It's about named Le Chat*

DAGWOOD: LISTEN. ~~LE CHAT~~ IS A GENTLEMAN BURGLAR, SEE? LE CHAT
MEANS "THE CAT" IN FRENCH.

BLONDIE: I KNOW, BUT...

DAGWOOD: HE'S IN PARIS, SEE...AND THERE'S THIS DUCHESS WHO IS A
CROOK, TOO! LE CHAT ONLY STEALS FROM OTHER CROOKS...

BLONDIE: NICE PEOPLE!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. BUT THE WORST IS LE GARGOYLE.

BLONDIE: WHO?

DAGWOOD: LE GARGOYLE. THAT MEANS THE GARGOYLE IN FRENCH. A
~~GARGOYLE IS SOMETHING PRETTY UGLY I GUESS FROM THE WAY~~
~~THEY DESCRIBE THIS ONE.~~ BOY, IS HE TOUGH! HE JUST THREW
A BOTTLE OF LIQUID FIRE AT LE CHAT.

BLONDIE: DID LE CHAT GET SINGED?

DAGWOOD: NO...HE WAS TOO QUICK FOR LE GARGOYLE. IT SAYS HERE,
"WITH A MOCKING LAUGH...LE CHAT STEPPED ASIDE...AVOIDING
THE FIERY MISSILE BY A HAIR! LE DUCHESS' EYES GLITTERED
EVILLY! HER WHITE HANDS COVERED WITH RINGS MOVED TOWARD
THE BATTLE AXE ON THE WALL! BUT ALREADY LE CHAT STOOD
POISED ON THE WINDOW SILL....IT WAS A LONG DROP TO THE
MOAT BENEATH THE WINDOW! BUT WITHIN THE ROOM WAS EVEN
MORE CERTAIN AND HORRIBLE DEATH! LE CHAT LAUGHED AGAIN
...AND STEPPED INTO SPACE!" BOY!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...I DON'T WONDER YOU HAVE DREAMS! PUT THAT
BOOK DOWN THIS MINUTE! GIVE IT TO ME! THERE!

DAGWOOD: HEY! I CAN'T LEAVE LE CHAT FALLING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE
THAT.

BLONDIE: WHY, IT'S ONLY A STORY, DAGWOOD. IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYONE REALLY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I DON'T KNOW. THAT BURGLAR THAT'S BEEN WORKING AROUND HERE IS PRETTY CUTE, TOO. HE ALWAYS GETS AWAY...
~~AND NEVER LEAVES EVEN A FINGERPRINT. I WONDER WHAT HE WEARS ON HIS HANDS.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I DON'T KNOW AND I DON'T CARE! WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PEOPLE LIKE THAT, DAGWOOD?~~

DAGWOOD: OH, I BET HE'S AN INTERESTING FELLER, YOU KNOW WHAT? EVERY HOUSE HE GETS INTO -- HE EATS!

BLONDIE: (PAUSE) WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DAGWOOD: I SAY THIS BURGLAR THAT'S AROUND ALWAYS GOES TO THE ICE-BOX AND PICKS UP A LITTLE SNACK BEFORE HE LEAVES.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: EH? (YAWNS) WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY?

BLONDIE: OH -- NOTHING -- ONLY, PLEASE GO TO SLEEP NOW, WON'T YOU? AND SLEEP ALL NIGHT!

DAGWOOD: SURE. ONCE I GET TO SLEEP I NEVER MOVE A MUSCLE. (YAWNS) PUT OUT MY LIGHT, WILL YOU?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. (CLICK) THERE...NOW I'LL PUT OUT MY LIGHT. (CLICK) THERE.

DAGWOOD: (YAWNS) G'NIGHT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: GOOD NIGHT, DAGWOOD. (PAUSE) (VERY SOFTLY) DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (VERY LIGHT SNORE)

BLONDIE: MY GOODNESS, I BELIEVE HE'S ASLEEP ALREADY.

BABY: (OFF AND QUIETLY) MOMMIE?

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BLONDIE: SSSSSSSH! DADDY'S ASLEEP.

BABY: ARE YOU GOING TO SLEEP, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: NO, BABY. I'M GOING TO SIT UP AWHILE -- AND WATCH DADDY.

BABY: THEN CAN I GET IN YOUR BED, MOMMIE? I -- I HEARD DADDY
TELLING ABOUT LE GARGOYLE...AND I'M KIND OF NERVOUS.

BLONDIE: SO AM I! I'M JUST PLAIN SCARED -- FOR DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) BES! LIL BURGLAR -- EVER CRACKED A CRIB.

BABY: LISTEN. HE'S TALKING IN HIS SLEEP.

BLONDIE: I HEAR. SSSSSH,

DAGWOOD: LE CHAT...THAT'S ME! (BED CREAKS)

BLONDIE: OH! HE'S GETTING UP!

BABY: HE IS UP! WALKING!

BLONDIE: WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

BABY: TURN ON THE LIGHT!

BLONDIE: NO...WE MUSTN'T STARTLE HIM. *Why?* ~~IT'S~~ -- IT'S FATAL TO WAKE
A SLEEP WALKER -- YOU HAVE TO HUMOUR THEM,...

BABY: WHAT'LL WE DO, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: FOLLOW HIM! SEE WHERE HE GOES! SEE -- SEE WHAT HE
DOES!

MUSIC: (IN AND THEN POSSIBLY SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

~~(SOUND EFFECTS)~~

BABY: LOOK, MOMMIE...HE'S OUT IN THE KITCHEN.

BLONDIE: WELL THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME A BIT...

BABY: ARE YOU SURE HE'S ASLEEP, MOMMIE?

BLONDIE: YES. WALKING IN HIS SLEEP...NOW REMEMBER, BABY...NO
MATTER WHAT HE SAYS OR DOES -- WE'VE GOT TO HUMOR HIM...
AGREE WITH HIM...AND DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO WAKE
HIM UP SUDDENLY! COME ON...

BABY: OKAY, MOMMIE...(CLINK OF DISHES FADES IN) LOOKIT! HE'S
GETTING THINGS OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

BLONDIE: HE'S GETTING EVERYTHING OUT -- I GUESS HE'S GOING TO MAKE
A SANDWICH. LISTEN!

DAGWOOD: (FADING IN...QUEER VOICE) NOW, SMYTHE, MY GOOD FELLOW...
DON'T FORGET WHEN THE DUCHESS ASKS FOR TERRAPIN. SEE THAT
SHE DOESN'T POISON IT!

BABY: MOMMIE...WHAT'S TERRAPIN?

BLONDIE: SSSSH.

DAGWOOD: ~~IF SHE MUST POISON SOMETHING~~ -- PASS HER THE SPINACH! I
WANT MY GUESTS TO BE HAPPY -- ~~BE DUCHESS~~.

BLONDIE: LOOK, HE'S SITTING DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

DAGWOOD: SIT DOWN...SIT DOWN, ~~PRINCESS~~! YOU TOO, PRINCE
PIGSFOOT!

BLONDIE: MAY -- MAY WE SIT DOWN TOO?

DAGWOOD: EH? OH -- GOOD EVENING, DUCHESS...WON'T YOU JOIN US...

BABY: HE THINKS YOU'RE THE DUCHESS, MOMMIE...

DAGWOOD: TELL THE GARGOYLE TO DRAG UP A CHAIR ALSO.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE THE GARGOYLE, BABY.

BABY: OKAY -- I'LL BE TOUGH.

DAGWOOD: KINDLY PASS THE MASHED POTATOES, DUCHESS...OH, OH...A
LITTLE ON THE LUMPY SIDE, AREN'T THEY? I'LL HAVE SHAPIRO,
MY CHEF BOILED IN A BOILED DINNER FOR THIS! EH, DUCHESS?

BLONDIE: ~~Yes, Mr. Bumpstead~~

DAGWOOD: SSSSSH. DON'T USE THAT NAME! TO ALL PARIS I'M KNOWN AS
DAGWOOD LE CHAT.

BLONDIE: OH -- I FORGOT.

DAGWOOD: TELL LE GARGOYLE TO HELP HIMSELF TO THE LIMBURGER, DUCHESS.

BABY: (TOUGH) OKAY, MUGG...HOW'S FOR LAMMING OUTTA HERE,
DUCHESS?

BLONDIE: MAYBE AFTER DINNER MR. LE CHAT WILL TAKE A WALK WITH US --
ER -- UP TO THE CUPOLA OF THE CASTLE...

DAGWOOD: CERTAINLY -- CERTAINLY -- WOULD YOU CARE FOR A MUSTARD
PICKLE?

BLONDIE: ~~ER -- NO, THANKS...I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~THESE ARE VERY NICE MUSTARD PICKLES.~~

BLONDIE: ~~THERE'S A MARVELOUS VIEW FROM THE CUPOLA.~~

DAGWOOD: ~~YOU TAKE A LITTLE OF THIS MUSTARD PICKLE WITH SALAMI --
CHEESE -- AND A TOUCH OF SMOKED HERRING AND YOU'VE GOT A
SANDWICH THAT'S HARD TO BEAT, DUCHESS.~~

BABY: LISTEN, MUGG -- DE DUCHESS DON'T WANT NO PICKLES...SHE
WANTS TER GO UP TER THE ~~CUPOLA~~^{THOUGH}...HOW'S ABOUT IT?

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL~~, WELL...WOULD YOU MIND IF I BROUGHT ^{along} SOME LIVERWURST
AND CRACKERS?

BLONDIE: NO, NO...NOT AT ALL...

DAGWOOD: OH, WELL THEN...LET'S GO...

BLONDIE: BABY...MAYBE WE CAN GET HIM UP TO BED AGAIN...

BABY: SURE, MOMMIE. HEY, LE CHAT...YOU LIKE TO EAT CRACKERS IN
BED?

DAGWOOD: I'M CRAZY ABOUT IT.

BABY: ME TOO...LET'S GO TO BED AND EAT CRACKERS.

DAGWOOD: OKAY.

BLONDIE: HE'S REALLY GOING.

DAGWOOD: BUT, FIRST...

BLONDIE: WHAT DEAR?...I -- MEAN, WHAT IS IT, LE CHAT?

DAGWOOD: NO ONE EVER MEETS LE CHAT AND LEAVES WITHOUT PAYING OFF,
SEE? HAND OVER YOUR JEWELS, DUCHESS...

BLONDIE: OH -- WELL, I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T BRING MY JEWELS TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: DON'T GIVE ME THAT LINE, DUCHESS.

BLONDIE: OH, BABY, WHAT WILL WE DO? IF HE GETS MAD...?

BABY: I'VE GOT DE JEWELS, PAL...HERE...TAKE THIS...

BLONDIE: BABY! WHERE DID YOU GET...

DAGWOOD: AH! A DIAMOND RING! OKAY...I'M GOING UP TO BED...(FADES)
CARE TO JOIN ME FOR CRACKERS IN BED?

BABY: THERE HE GOES, MOMMIE. IT'S ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: BUT, BABY. THAT WAS A REAL DIAMOND RING YOU GAVE HIM.
A BIG ONE -- WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

BABY: ~~OH~~, WELL, WHEN I WAS HIDING IN THE CLOSET TONIGHT...I
FOUND IT IN DADDY'S COAT POCKET.

BLONDIE: BABY! WE NEVER OWNED A RING LIKE THAT...HE MUST HAVE GOT
IT SOMEWHERE WHILE HE WAS OUT -- AT NIGHT -- WALKING IN
HIS SLEEP!

BABY: HOW COULD HE, MOMMIE? UNLESS HE REALLY WAS A BURGLAR?

BLONDIE: OH, BABY, THIS IS WORSE THAN EVER! YOU -- YOU FOLLOW
DADDY UPSTAIRS...MAKE HIM STAY IN BED! I -- I'M GOING TO
CALL DR. MORTON...AND ASK HIM WHAT TO DO!

(MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

(POSSIBLY SEGUE TO THEME HERE FOR CENTRAL)

17-A

"BLONDIE"
2/5/40

(MIDDLE COMMERCIAL)

GOODWIN:

SPEED IS FINE, IN ITS PLACE -- BUT FOR THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE, STAY ON THE SLOW SIDE...THE SLOW-BURNING SIDE. THAT MEANS CAMELS -- FOR SMOKERS EVERYWHERE KNOW CAMELS AS THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR -- YES, AND EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE...PER PACK. IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS, CAMELS BURNED TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE FIFTEEN OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED -- SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM. THAT MEANS ANOTHER IMPORTANT "EXTRA" FOR YOU -- A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE CIGARETTE TAXES ARE IN EFFECT, YOU CAN SAVE THE COST OF THE TAX THROUGH SMOKING CAMELS. IF THERE ARE NO ADDED TAXES WHERE YOU LIVE, THE SAVINGS ARE ALL YOURS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Smitten later - we find

GOODWIN: AND NOW WE RETURN TO BLONDIE -- ~~THIRD PART WRITTEN~~
~~SMITTEN~~ THE TELEPHONE... (PHONE BELL)

BLONDIE: (PHONE UP) HELLO?

DOCTOR: (FILTER) MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: OH, DOCTOR MORTON?

DOCTOR: I HAVE BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU MY DEAR LADY.

*ye Doctor - she
done*

BLONDIE: OH, YOU'RE VERY KIND. BUT I'M ALL RIGHT. I DID EVERYTHING
YOU ADVISED. I PUT SOME OF MY JEWELRY ON THE KITCHEN. ON
THE TABLE. AND I PUT THE -- THE DIAMOND RING IN WITH IT.

DOCTOR: GOOD...AND...

BLONDIE: WELL, NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET. DAGWOOD'S STILL ASLEEP
UPSTAIRS...AND I'M WATCHING TO SEE IF HE...WAKES UP AND...
AND COMES DOWN TO TAKE THE THINGS.

DOCTOR: I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD WEAR YOURSELF OUT, MRS. BUMSTEAD.
MY ADVICE NOW IS TO GO TO BED...SLEEP! EVEN IF YOUR HUSBAND
DOES WALK TONIGHT...WE CAN CHECK UP ON HIM IN THE MORNING.

BLONDIE: WELL -- I AM PRETTY TIRED...

DOCTOR: OF COURSE. GO TO BED NOW. GET SOME REST...

BLONDIE: WELL -- ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR...IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL TURN IN
RIGHT AWAY...AND THANK YOU FOR CALLING SO LATE.

DOCTOR: NOT AT ALL, DEAR LADY...GOOD NIGHT!

BLONDIE: GOOD NIGHT. (HANGS UP)

(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BABY: MOMMIE! MOMMIE, WAKE UP!

BLONDIE: WHAT...WHO? OH, BABY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BABY: I HEARD A NOISE DOWNSTAIRS.

BLONDIE: WHERE'S DADDY? LIGHT THE LAMP! (A CLICK) HE'S GONE!
BABY: HIS BED IS EMPTY.
BLONDIE: IT'S THREE O'CLOCK! HE MAY HAVE BEEN GONE HOURS! ~~YES!~~
~~THE BEDCLOTHES ARE GONE.~~
BABY: LISTEN, MOMMIE...THERE'S THE NOISE DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN.
(FAINT DISTANT SQUEAK)
BLONDIE: SOMEBODY OPENING A WINDOW! MAYBE DAGWOOD GETTING OUT.
BABY: OR ELSE COMING HOME...
(A CRY AND A CRASH DOWNSTAIRS)
BLONDIE: LISTEN! HE'S HURT HIMSELF!
BABY: COME ON, MOMMIE...
(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)
BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!..WHAT'S HAPPENED?
BABY: HE FELL IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.
DAGWOOD: OOOOOOOOH. WHERE...WHERE AM I?
BLONDIE: YOU'RE HOME NOW, BUT WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
DAGWOOD: I CAN'T REMEMBER...OOOOOOH.
BABY: ~~HE'S GOT SOCKS ON HIS HANDS. LOOK IT!~~
BLONDIE: ~~LIKE...LIKE A BURGLAR!~~
BABY: LOOK, MOMMIE...WHAT'S DADDY GOT IN HIS HAND? BEADS?
DAGWOOD: HEY, WHERE DID I GET THAT?
BLONDIE: PEARLS...A BROKEN STRING OF PEARLS!
BABY: HERE'S SOME MORE ~~BEADS~~, MOMMIE. THEY'RE ALL OVER THE
FLOOR!
COP: HEY. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
BLONDIE: OH. WHO'S THAT?
COP: I'M THE COP ON THE BEAT AND...OHO! GOT HIM, DID YOU? NICE
WORK, LADY. DON'T MOVE FELLER! I'M COMIN' IN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, YEAH...COME IN...MAKE YOURSELF 'T HOME.

COP: (LANDS WITH GRUNT) GOT HIM RED-HANDED...GETTIN' AWAY WITH YOUR PEARLS. GET YOUR HANDS UP, FELLER!

BLONDIE: OH, OFFICER -- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...THIS MAN IS...

COP: THE PHANTOM BURGLAR...I KNOW. WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR WEEKS...

BABY: HE IS NOT. HE'S MY DADDY!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. SEE -- I -- I LIVE HERE!

COP: IS THAT RIGHT, LADY?

BLONDIE: OH, YES. HE'S MY HUSBAND.

COP: OHO! JUST COMING HOME FROM A NIGHT'S WORK, EH?

BLONDIE: OH, NO -- PLEASE!. HE IS NOT A BURGLAR AT ALL!

COP: NO? THEN WHAT IS ALL THIS...A CHARADE? OPEN WINDOW... PEARLS ON THE FLOOR...ARE THESE YOUR PEARLS, LADY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- NO -- BUT...

COP: THEN WHERE DID HE GET THEM?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I TELL YOU...I...I DON'T REMEMBER.

COP: OH, YOU DON'T REMEMBER! WELL, WE'LL JOG YER MEMORY DOWN AT THE STATION.

BLONDIE: NO, WAIT. HE -- HE WAS WALKING IN HIS SLEEP.

COP: OH -- WALKS IN HIS SLEEP!

DAGWOOD: I DO NOT!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- YOU DO!

OP: AW, CUT IT OUT, LADY. HEY...HERE'S MORE JEWELRY...

BLONDIE: THOSE ARE MINE. I PUT THEM THERE TO...TO...

COP: TO WHAT?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND. I WANT A LAWYER.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...SO DO I!

COP: THAT SOUNDS MORE NATURAL. I'LL JUST TAKE ALL THIS STUFF FOR EVIDENCE -- NOW BEFORE I DO...IS IT ALL HERE?

BLONDIE: WHY -- YES...OF COURSE...OH!

COP: WHAT'S THE MATTER?

BABY: THE DIAMOND RING IS GONE, MOMMIE.

COP: WHAT DIAMOND RING?

DAGWOOD: WHY, BLONDIE...YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE DIAMOND RING...THAT'S ON YOUR HAND.

BLONDIE: LISTEN...YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME...BUT THERE WAS ONE RING THERE...THAT ISN'T THERE NOW...

COP: STAND UP, FELLER...I'LL SEE IF YOU GOT IT...(BELL) WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THE FRONT DOOR BELL. I'LL GO...(FADES) OH, DEAR...

COP: YEAH. SEE WHO IT IS WHILE I FRISK THIS GUY...

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING...AND I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...I HOPE...

COP: STAND STILL WHILE I RUN THROUGH YER POCKETS...(SLAP SLAP OF SEARCH)

DAGWOOD: HEY...DON'T TICKLE!

COP: QUIET!

BLONDIE: (FADING IN) RIGHT THIS WAY, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: (FADING IN) I SAW A LIGHT HERE...AND I WONDERED IF ALL WAS WELL.

DAGWOOD: THE ANSWER IS -- NO.

BLONDIE: THIS IS DOCTOR MORTON, OFFICER.

DOCTOR: ~~AH -- THE POLICE, EN?~~

COP: ~~YEAH~~...WHO CALLED A DOCTOR? WHO'S SICK?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I FEEL A HEADACHE COMING ON...

DOCTOR: I AM NOT A FAMILY PHYSICIAN, OFFICER. I'M A PSYCHIATRIST.
COP: OKAY. OKAY. YOU GO TO YOUR CHURCH AND I'LL GO TO MINE.
BLONDIE: THE DOCTOR HANDLES...WELL MENTAL CASES...
COP: OHO! IS THIS GUY NUTS?
DAGWOOD: NO!
DOCTOR: YES. IN A WAY.
BABY: HE IS NOT.
DAGWOOD: ...T-OOOOH. LET ME SIT DOWN!
DOCTOR: I CAN EXPLAIN ALL THIS, OFFICER.
COP: OH, YOU CAN? WELL GO AHEAD.
DOCTOR: THIS UNFORTUNATE MAN ~~IS A VICTIM OF SOMEONE'S TRICKS~~ WALKS
IN HIS SLEEP. ~~I WAS IN ON THE CASE EARLIER AND SAW ENOUGH~~
~~FOR THAT~~. THESE JEWELS ON THE TABLE WERE OUT THERE AT MY
SUGGESTION. TO ALLOW HIS WIFE TO SEE IF HE WAS ALSO AN
UNCONSCIOUS THIEF. IS ANYTHING MISSING FROM AMONG THE
JEWELRY?
COP: YEAH -- A DIAMOND RING.
DOCTOR: ~~TCK, TCK, TCK~~. TOO BAD. THEN I'M AFRAID, MRS. BUMSTEAD...
COP: BUT HE HASN'T GOT IT ON HIM.
DOCTOR: NO? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT, BUMSTEAD?
DAGWOOD: (SNORES)
BLONDIE: HE'S ASLEEP AGAIN!
COP: LET HIM SLEEP -- HE'S GOT PLENTY OF GRIEF AHEAD OF HIM.
BABY: MAYBE HE JUST -- JUST SWAPPED THE RING...FOR THE PEARLS.
DOCTOR: PEARLS? WHAT PEARLS?
COP: WHEN I COME IN HERE...I FOUND SOME PEARLS. I'VE GOT 'EM IN
MY POCKET.

DOCTOR: MAY I SEE THEM?

COP: WHAT FOR?

DOCTOR: I MAY BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY THEM...MY FRIEND, MRS. UPHAM WAS ROBBED TONIGHT -- THEY PHONED ME TO COME AND CALM HER. SHE WAS HYSTERICAL. IF THE PEARLS ARE HERS...THEN WE MUST ADMIT THAT BUMSTEAD HERE IS A THIEF!

BLONDIE: HE ISN'T. HE CAN'T BE! DAGWOOD, TELL THEM YOU'RE NOT!

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

DOCTOR: I'M SORRY, MRS. BUMSTEAD... *But* ~~I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL... WE MUST BE HONEST.~~ WHAT ARE WE TO THINK? YOU COME DOWN AND FIND YOUR HUSBAND ON THE FLOOR...JUST AFTER FALLING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW. ~~HIS HANDS ARE COVERED WITH BLOOD...~~ VALUABLE PEARLS ARE SCATTERED ON THE FLOOR. A DIAMOND RING IS MISSING...

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY...ABOUT THE PEARLS?

COP: HE SAID THEY WERE SCATTERED ON THE FLOOR...AND SO THEY WERE.

BLONDIE: YES. BUT -- HOW DID HE KNOW THAT?

DOCTOR: WHAT?

BLONDIE: HOW DID YOU KNOW THE PEARLS WERE BROKEN? THEY'RE ALL PICKED UP NOW...AND YOU WEREN'T HERE BEFORE...OR WERE YOU?

BABY: HEY, MOMMIE...YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK?

DOCTOR: QUIET, YOU...THIS IS NONSENSE.

COP: WAIT A MINUTE...THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE RIGHT. THAT RING THAT'S MISSING WAS PUT OUT IN PLAIN SIGHT AT THE DOCTOR'S SUGGESTION! ONLY HE KNEW IT WAS THERE. WHERE IS IT NOW?

DOCTOR: YOU CAN'T MEAN YOU THINK I HAVE IT?

BLONDIE: YES...I THINK YOU HAVE IT BACK.

COP: BACK.

BLONDIE: YES. BABY TOLD ME HE FOUND THAT RING IN DAGWOOD'S COAT POCKET IN THE CLOSET TONIGHT. BUT DAGWOOD'S COAT WASN'T IN THE CLOSET. HE HAD IT ON -- WHEN HE WENT FOR HIS WALK.

BABY: I DID GET IT OUT OF A COAT POCKET, MOMMIE...IN THE DARK.

BLONDIE: YES...AND IT WAS THE DOCTOR'S COAT THAT HUNG IN THAT CLOSET!

COP: OHO.

DOCTOR: STAND WHERE YOU ARE, EVERYBODY. DON'T MOVE.

COP: PUT UP THAT GUN!

DOCTOR: OH, NO. I'M GOING TO ~~BACK~~ ^{OUT} TO THAT WINDOW...AND ~~LEAVE~~ YOU...AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME...GET'S A SLUG THROUGH THE HEAD. I MEAN WHAT I SAY! NOW DON'T MOVE!

COP: I...

BLONDIE: PLEASE, OFFICER...DON'T MOVE. I DON'T WANT MURDER IN MY KITCHEN.

DOCTOR: AH, THAT'S BETTER...NOW YOU'LL ALL EXCUSE ME?

BABY: LOOK OUT, DADDY...GET OUT OF HIS WAY.

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

DOCTOR: GET UP, BUMSTEAD. GET OUT OF MY WAY...

BLONDIE: HE CAN'T HEAR YOU -- HE'S ASLEEP!

DOCTOR: I'LL WAKE HIM!

BLONDIE: NO, PLEASE! IT'S FATAL TO WAKE A SLEEP WALKER, YOU'RE A DOCTOR, YOU KNOW THAT.

DOCTOR: I'M NO DOCTOR! THAT'S JUST A NICE BLIND TO GET ME INTO THE RIGHT HOUSES AND SEE WHAT'S LYING AROUND. GET UP, BUMSTEAD! OR I'LL DRILL YOU!

DAGWOOD: (PLEASANTLY SLEEPY) AH...MORE COMPANY? WHY IT'S MY OLD FRIEND THE DUCHESS...SO NICE TO SEE YOU, DUCHESS...

DOCTOR: DON'T COME ANY NEARER OR...

BLONDIE: PLEASE DON'T SHOOT. HE'S WALKING IN HIS SLEEP.

DOCTOR: STOP WHERE YOU ARE, BUMSTEAD,

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH, DUCHESS...TELL ME -- DO YOU LIKE BANANAS? -- WELL HERE'S FIVE! (A SUDDEN SMACK AS DAGWOOD HITS THE DOCTOR) (GUN FIRES)

DAGWOOD: HA! MISSED ME.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, ARE YOU HURT?

DAGWOOD: NAW, BUT HE IS! LOOK IN HIS POCKET AND GET THAT RING!

COP: I'VE GOT IT...AND I'VE GOT HIM! (CLICK OF HANDCUFFS)
WHEN HE WAKES UP HE'LL FIND THE NIPPERS ON HIM.

DAGWOOD: KIPPERS? DID YOU SAY KIPPERS? I HAVE SOME LOVELY KIPPERS IN THE REFRIGERATOR.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD...

BABY: HEY, DADDY...WERE YOU ASLEEP WHEN YOU HIT HIM?

DAGWOOD: NO...I WAS JUST PLAYING POSSUM.

BABY: WHAT'S PLAYING POSSUM?

BLONDIE: NOT NOW, BABY. WAIT 'TIL THIS MAN IS OUT OF THE HOUSE.

COP: I'LL JUST WAIT 'TIL HE COMES TO. AND WHILE WE WAIT...
MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T MIND TELLING ME WHY THIS CROOK CAME BACK AGAIN TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: TO GET THE PEARLS HE HAD STOLEN FROM MRS. UPHAM
TONIGHT. DON'T YOU SEE? LOOK ~~--- BABY FOUND A RING IN~~
~~THE "DOCTOR'S OFFICE" LAST NIGHT -- WE THOUGHT IT~~
~~WAS DAGWOOD'S COUP AND~~ IT WORRIED THE
DOCTOR TOO WHEN I FOOLISHLY TOLD HIM ABOUT IT -- BECAUSE
HE HAD STOLEN THAT RING AND HE WAS AFRAID IT COULD BE
TRACED TO HIM. SO HE ADVISED ME TO PUT IT OUT ON THE
KITCHEN TABLE AS A TEST FOR DAGWOOD. HE SENT ME OFF TO
BED AND THEN HE CAME IN THE WINDOW AND GOT THE RING
HIMSELF. BUT DAGWOOD WAS WALKING IN HIS SLEEP AND RAN
INTO THE THIEF. IN THE STRUGGLE DAGWOOD MUST HAVE GOT
HOLD OF THE PEARLS. THE THIEF KNOCKED HIM DOWN AND
GOT AWAY...HE HAD THE RING BUT HE COULDN'T STOP TO
PICK UP THE BROKEN PEARLS! SO HE CAME BACK A THIRD
TIME!...WALKED IN BOLDLY!...PLANNING TO GET THOSE
PEARLS! I MUST SAY HE HAS A TERRIFIC NERVE!

COP:: YEAH. HE HAS A LOVELY SHINER TOO. YOU'LL GET A REWARD
FOR THIS, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: OH, BLONDIE OUGHT TO GET THAT -- SHE DOPED IT ALL OUT!
ISN'T SHE SMART?

BLONDIE: AND ISN'T DAGWOOD BRAVE?...WALKING UP TO A GUN...

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I'LL NEVER WALK IN MY SLEEP AGAIN. IT MADE ME
FEEL ALL HOLLOW INSIDE. HEY. HOLLOW...I AM HOLLOW.
HOW'S FOR A LITTLE SNACK, BLONDIE?

DOCTOR: (GROANS)

COP: HE'S COMING TO. I'LL BE TAKING HIM DOWN AND BOOKING HIM.

DAGWOOD: WELL...WHEN HE'S PUT AWAY...DUCK BACK HERE, SEE? WE'LL
HAVE A LITTLE QUICK PLATE OF SCRAMBLED EGGS...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD!

BABY: WITH BACON, DADDY?

"BLONDIE"
2/5/40

-27-

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. BACON FOR YOU, BABY...BUT FOR THE OFFICER
HERE, I'M GOING TO FIX SOMETHING SPECIAL...YOU SCRAMBLE
THE EGGS WITH TOMATO PASTE -- SEE -- THEN YOU SPRINKLE
'EM WITH A LITTLE GRATED CHEESE...AND THEN...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD...

BABY: DADDY!

DAGWOOD: AND THEN...YOU TAKE A LITTLE ANCHOVIE PASTE AND MIX IT
WITH CHOPPED ONIONS...(FADING) THAT'S YOUR FOUNDATION!
AFTER THAT YOU WANT TO MAKE A LITTLE SAUCE TO GO ON IT.
NOW I MAKE THE SAUCE LIKE THIS...

(MUSIC IN AND UP TO COVER THEN INTO THEME FOR CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -28-
2/5/40 (REVISED)

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. IF YOU'VE ENJOYED THE SLIGHTLY WICKY GOINGS-ON YOU'LL WANT TO LISTEN NEXT WEEK, WHEN THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS BLONDIE, AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. ON SATURDAY NIGHTS, CAMELS HAVE STILL ANOTHER SHOW THAT YOU'LL LIKE. OVER A DIFFERENT NETWORK, AT TEN P.M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME, WE BRING YOU BOB CROSBY, AND THE BEST DIXIELAND BAND IN THE LAND, WITH MILDRED BAILEY! THAT'S A TIP FOR YOUR RADIO PLEASURE, AND FOR YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE, TRY CAMELS...YOU'LL FIND MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

ORCHESTRA: (THEME...UP AND FADE FOR:)

GOODWIN: OUR "BLONDIE" ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY BILLY ARTZ, 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.