

"BLONDIE"

MASTER 7/1/24

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1940

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

GOODWIN:

Oh, ah, ah, Don't Touch  
That deal - it's turned  
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.

FRIENDS, HERE'S AN ITEM ABOUT THE SMOKERS WHO ARE CHANGING TO CAMEL CIGARETTES. MANY OF THESE SMOKERS MADE THE CHANGE TO GET THE EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR OF CAMEL'S SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS. AND AFTER MAKING THE CHANGE, THEY DISCOVERED ANOTHER EXTRA IN CAMELS -- EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. HERE'S THE EXPLANATION OF THAT EXTRA SMOKING -- 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. AND THAT SLOWER-BURNING MEANS THAT CAMELS NOT ONLY SMOKE Milder AND COOLER -- BUT MEANS, TOO, THAT CAMELS GIVE A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. CAMELS ARE THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

51455 6260

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. BLONDIE IS SITTING ~~ALL ALONE ON THE COUCH~~ IN THE LIVING ROOM....  
(~~RUSTLE OF PAPER~~)...~~TURNING OVER THE PAGES OF NEWSPAPER~~  
~~IN THE WAY PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMETHING~~  
~~TO HAPPEN.~~ <sup>as</sup> DAG <sup>wood</sup> COMES DOWN THE STAIRS...ALL DRESSED UP AND WHISTLING, SLIGHTLY OFF KEY.....(DAGWOOD HEARD COMING IN WITH FLAT WHISTLE) (BREAKS OFF)

DAGWOOD: ER -- BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: YES, MISTER BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: I WAS WONDERING IF...(TAKE) HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT, MISTER BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: AW, LOOK, BLONDIE -- ARE YOU MAD AT ME?

BLONDIE: OH NO, MISTER BUMSTEAD. IF YOU PREFER RUNNING AROUND WITH MR. DITHERS EVERY NIGHT TO STAYING AT HOME WITH YOUR WIFE AND CHILD....

DAGWOOD: NOT EVERY NIGHT, BLONDIE. THIS IS THE LAST TIME, HONEST!

BLONDIE: YOU SAID IT WAS THE LAST TIME -- LAST TIME.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE -- ER -- DID I?

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW VERY WELL YOU DID -- AND STOP BITING YOUR NAILS.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'VE GOT TO BITE SOMETHING -- I MEAN I'M NOT BITING MY NAILS. ANYWAY -- YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS.

BLONDIE: I MAKE YOU NERVOUS? OH. WELL, I'M VERY SORRY, MISTER BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU DON'T MAKE ME NERVOUS EXACTLY -- BUT WHAT YOU DO DOES.

BLONDIE: WHY? WHAT HAVE I DONE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU GAVE ME A FUNNY LOOK.

BLONDIE: OH, IS THAT MY FUNNY LOOK YOU HAVE ON?  
DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.  
BLONDIE: MAYBE I WAS JUST -- DAZZLED.  
DAGWOOD: EH?  
BLONDIE: PROBABLY WHAT YOU NOTICED WAS ADMIRATION. MY! YOUR BEST SUIT -- AND AN EXTRA SHAVE -- MAND, ISN'T THAT THE TIE I GAVE YOU FOR EASTER?  
DAGWOOD: YEAH. DITHERS LIKES ME TO LOOK NEAT WHEN WE -- ER -- HAVE TO GO OUT ON BUSINESS.  
BLONDIE: WELL I LIKE YOU TO LOOK NEAT, TOO. YOU MUST DRESS UP LIKE THAT SOME NIGHT WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HOME!  
DAGWOOD: OH SURE, HONEY. ~~FROM NOW ON~~ I'LL BE AT HOME A LOT. *after tonight*  
~~LOOK -- I WISH I COULD TELL YOU WHY I'M GOING OUT WITH DITHERS -- AND AFTER TONIGHT I THINK I CAN TELL YOU~~ YOU  
-- YOU TRUST ME, DON'T YOU.  
BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD. BUT I'M NOT SURE I TRUST DITHERS! HE'S HAD A FUNNY LOOK IN HIS EYE LATELY.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH? WHICH EYE, HONEY? I MEAN...WHAT KIND OF A LOOK?  
BLONDIE: AS IF HE THOUGHT HE WAS QUITE A LADIES' MAN. HE'S BEEN AWFULLY POLITE TO ME, TOO. IT'S NOT NATURAL.  
DAGWOOD: HAVE -- ER -- HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT I WAS ANY POLITER?  
BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU ALWAYS LET ME GET UP FIRST -- IN THE MORNING. BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW.  
DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE POLITER TO LADIES THAN I WAS! I WILL BE TOO AS SOON AS I GET MORE PRACTICE.  
BLONDIE: UHUH...AND IS THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING THESE NIGHTS? WHERE YOU CAN PRACTICE?

DAGWOOD: LOOK, HONEY. IF I TOLD YOU WHERE WE WENT, IT WOULD GIVE THE WHOLE THING AWAY -- AND I'VE PROMISED DITHERS I WON'T TELL -- YET.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD. <sup>but</sup> ~~I WON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD ABOUT IT.~~

~~DAGWOOD: THANKS.~~

~~BLONDIE: EXCEPT...~~

~~DAGWOOD: EH?~~

BLONDIE: ~~EXCEPT THIS~~....EVERY TIME YOU HAVE A SECRET FROM ME -- YOU GET INTO TROUBLE.

DAGWOOD: I KNOW. I'M KIND OF IN TROUBLE NOW.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OH -- NOTHING SERIOUS, MIND YOU. ~~JUST~~ I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS, ER -- MEETING TONIGHT.

BLONDIE: WELL, THEN WHY DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW...(WITH GREAT SOLEMNITY) I'M IN ON SOME PRETTY BIG SECRETS, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. ER -- WOULD YOU TIE MY TIE FOR ME?

BLONDIE: YES, DEAR. AND I WON'T BOTHER YOU WITH QUESTIONS. LET'S SEE THAT TIE...(SNIFFS) DAGWOOD! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT YOU SEE -- AND MY BEST UNDERWEAR.

BLONDIE: WHAT? WHY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- ER -- SUPPOSE I HAD TO -- ER -- CHANGE MY CLOTHES.

BLONDIE: WHAT KIND OF A MEETING WOULD IT BE WHERE YOU HAD TO CHANGE CLOTHES, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

*Blondie: No Dagwood, I mean what is that perfume you have on?*

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- SUPPOSE THERE WAS A -- KIND OF AN ACCIDENT  
-- AND THE DOCTOR FOUND ME....

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! YOU CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME THAT WAY...

DAGWOOD: GOSH, HONEY, I WASN'T TRYING TO...

BLONDIE: WHAT I MEANT WHEN I ASKED YOU WHAT YOU HAD ON WAS -- THAT  
PERFUME.

DAGWOOD: EH? I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING. OH, YOU MEAN THE SHAVING  
LOTION? IT'S THE STUFF BABY GOT ME FOR CHRISTMAS --  
THREE YEARS AGO.

BLONDIE: ~~YES~~, AND YOU'VE NEVER USED IT SINCE -- UNTIL TONIGHT.

DAGWOOD: NO. I -- I GOT TO THINKING IT WAS TIME I SHOWED BABY  
DUMPLING I APPRECIATED IT, THOUGH.

BLONDIE: WELL! ALL I CAN SAY, DAGWOOD, IS THAT IT'S A GOOD THING  
I'M NOT A SUSPICIOUS TYPE -- BECAUSE -- (DOOR BELL)

DAGWOOD: HEY -- THAT'S DITHERS, I GUESS.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO.

DAGWOOD: NO, NO, DEAR. I'LL GO. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GET ALL WORN  
OUT ANSWERING DOOR BELLS. SIT DOWN, HONEY...(GOING)  
SIT DOWN AND REST...I'LL GO TO THE DOOR.

BLONDIE: (TO HERSELF) WELL! NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT FOR...

DAGWOOD: (OPENS DOOR) HI, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: OH NO. I MEAN...(SOLEMNLY, SOTTO) "WHAT KNIGHT IS THIS?"

DITHERS: (ALSO SOLEMN) "WHEN I CLASP YOUR HAND YOU WILL KNOW  
IT'S THE RIGHT KNIGHT."

DAGWOOD: OKAY. COME ON IN A MINUTE.

DITHERS: (NORMAL) WELL -- MAKE IT SNAPPY, BUMSTEAD. YOU -- ER  
KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR US -- EH? (LAUGHS MEANINGLY)

DAGWOOD: SSSH! BLONDIE'S IN HERE.

DITHERS: WELL --- WELL -- WELL. GOOD EVENING, BLONDIE...

BLONDIE: HOW ARE YOU, MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: FIT AS A FIDDLE AND READY TO PLAY. (LAUGHS) EH -- BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THAT'S A GOOD ONE...(UNEASY) SEE, BLONDIE? -- FIDDLE -- PLAY -- SEE?

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD.

DITHERS: AND YOU, BLONDIE! YOU GROW MORE LOVELY EVERY DAY! ER... (CLEARS THROAT) AS I ALWAYS SAY "ALL LADIES ARE BEAUTIFUL -- BUT SOME ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN OTHERS."

BLONDIE: OH MY. WHAT A PRETTY SPEECH! ER -- YOU MUSTN'T KEEP MR. DITHERS, DAGWOOD, GET YOUR HAT, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT -- ER -- MAYBE I'D BETTER STICK AROUND AWHILE.

DITHERS: ( HIS OLD SELF AGAIN) NONSENSE, BUMSTEAD. TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: OH, WELL -- OKAY.

BLONDIE: DO YOU WANT ME TO FIND YOUR HAT FOR YOU, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH -- MAYBE IT WOULD BE SAFER. I MEAN QUICKER!

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD! REMEMBER..."THE RIGHT KNIGHT MAKES EVERY NIGHT LADIES' NIGHT."

DAGWOOD: OH, YEAH. DON'T BOTHER ABOUT MY HAT, BLONDIE. I -- I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GET ALL WORN OUT GETTING MY HAT.

BLONDIE: WELL. FOR GOODNESS SAKE.

DAGWOOD: (GOING) I WON'T BE LONG. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, ~~DITHERS~~. *J.C.*

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER DAGWOOD LATELY. I'M NOT SURE I LIKE HIM TO BE SO POLITE -- WHEN I DON'T KNOW WHY.

DITHERS: WELL NOW -- (ARCHLY) MUSTN'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT THE MEN FOLKS. LET THEM WORRY ABOUT YOU. EH?

BLONDIE: WELL -- IF YOU WANT TO SAVE ME WORRY, MR. DITHERS, JUST BE CAREFUL THAT DAGWOOD DOESN'T COME HOME LIMPING -- THE WAY HE DID LAST TIME HE WENT OUT WITH YOU.

DITHERS: EH? OH -- ER -- LIMPING. YES -- WELL, THAT WAS JUST ANOTHER CASE WHERE DAGWOOD "PUT HIS FOOT IN IT." HAH! HA!

BLONDIE: OF COURSE, MR. DITHERS -- IF I REALLY WANTED TO BE A SNOOP, I COULD FIND OUT ALL ABOUT WHAT YOU AND DAGWOOD ARE UP TO,

DITHERS: HAH? HOW COULD YOU?

BLONDIE: JUST BY LYING AWAKE AND LISTENING TO DAGWOOD TALK IN HIS SLEEP.

DITHERS: NOW LOOK HERE, BLONDIE!

BLONDIE: SSSSH. HERE'S DAGWOOD COMING BACK.

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HEY, I CAN'T FIND THAT HAT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO FIND IT FOR YOU, DAGWOOD. *Dear*

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...JUST TELL ME WHERE IT IS, I DON'T WANT YOU ALL WORN OUT LOOKING FOR...

DITHERS: NONSENSE. LET HER GO FIND IT!

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT "WITH THE RIGHT KNIGHT -- ER -- LADIES' NIGHT" ...YOU KNOW.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND. I WANT A WORD WITH YOU ALONE!

DAGWOOD: WELL THEN, BLONDIE -- DO YOU MIND...OH! SHE'S GONE.

DITHERS: I HOPE, BUMSTEAD, THAT I HAVEN'T MADE A MISTAKE IN YOU.

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN ABOUT TAKING ME INTO THE LODGE? OH, NO...I -- I'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: THAT'S NOT WHAT'S WORRYING ME. BUT ARE OUR SECRETS  
SAFE WITH YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE! GOSH -- I PROMISED NOT TO TELL, DIDN'T I?

DITHERS: HOW ABOUT TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP?

DAGWOOD: T-OOOOH. I FORGOT ABOUT THAT.

DITHERS: YOU'D BETTER WEAR A MUZZLE TO BED, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: NO. LOOKIT, MR. DITHERS. EVEN IF BLONDIE HEARD ME  
TALKING, I COULDN'T TELL HER ANY SECRETS. I -- I CAN'T  
REMEMBER THEM MYSELF VERY WELL.

DITHERS: A FINE KNIGHT.

DAGWOOD: LOOKS LIKE RAIN, THOUGH...OH! YOU MEAN ME! I GET NIGHT  
AND K-NIGHT MIXED UP.

DITHERS: YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! NOW AFTER TONIGHT (WITH AN N)  
YOU'LL BE A VERY GOOD KNIGHT (WITH A K).

DAGWOOD: I HOPE I GET BY THE THIRD DEGREE. HEY, LOOK -- DOES THAT  
GOAT I HAVE TO RIDE HAVE A SADDLE?

DITHERS: I CAN'T REVEAL THE SECRETS OF YOUR ORDEAL, BUMSTEAD.  
BUT -- JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES...

DAGWOOD: (EAGER) YEAH...

DITHERS: AS A FRIEND OF YOURS, YOU KNOW....

DAGWOOD: (EAGER) UHUH...

DITHERS: YOU'D BETTER SLIP A SOFT CUSHION INTO THE BOSOM OF YOUR  
BRITCHES!

DAGWOOD: GOSH, I CAN'T. BLONDIE WOULD ASK ALL KINDS OF QUESTIONS.  
WHY EVEN MY PUTTING ON MY SILK UNDERWEAR HAD HER WONDERING

DITHERS: OH -- SILK UNDERWEAR, EH? YOU SHOULD HAVE WORN...  
ASBESTOS! HEH. HEH.

DAGWOOD: SHHH. HERE'S BLONDIE....

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) HERE'S YOUR HAT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?



BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU LEFT IT ON THE BACK PORCH...AND DAISY'S BEEN USING IT.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. HAS SHE BEEN EATING OUT OF IT?

BLONDIE: NO -- SHE JUST USED IT TO HIDE BONES IN.

DAGWOOD: A FINE THING! MY BEST HAD A BONE-SAFE FOR A DOG.

DITHERS: NEVER MIND. IT ISN'T THE FIRST BONE THAT'S BEEN IN THAT HAT. HEH, HEH.

BLONDIE: I COULD CLEAN IT FOR YOU, DAGWOOD.

DITHERS: NO, NO. NO TIME!

DAGWOOD: NO -- ER -- NO TIME! (SIGHS) WELL, GOODBYE, BLONDIE. D-DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME -- I'LL BE ALL RIGHT -- I HOPE!

DITHERS: PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YES, SIR. I AM.

DITHERS: GOOD NIGHT, BLONDIE....DON'T WORRY.

DAGWOOD: N-NO. DON'T WORRY A BIT, DEAR. (WORRIED) ONLY IF -- IF I DON'T GET BACK WHEN YOU THINK I SHOULD -- WHY -- TRY TO BE BRAVE AND REMEMBER -- IT'S HAPPENED TO LOTS OF MEN BEFORE NOW...

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOCH. YES, SIR. I -- I'M COMING...  
(MUSIC BRIDGE) (KNOCK...DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: OH -- IT'S YOU, CAP'N SCUPPER.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. IT'S ME -- SEED YER RIDIN' LIGHTS ANI HOVE TO TER GIVE YE A HAIL.

BLONDIE: WON'T YOU COME IN? DAGWOOD'S -- OR -- OUT FOR THE EVENING.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. PASSED CROST MY BOWS, HE DID. JEST DIPPED HIS COLORS AND BORE OFF TER STARBOARD. YOU GIVE HIM HIS CLEARANCE PAPERS?

BLONDIE: WELL IF YOU MEAN I LET HIM GO OUT. YES I DID. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT.

CAPTAIN: THAT FELLER WITH HIM LOOKED TER ME LIKE A LUBBER WHO'D ROB HIS OWN LOBSTER POT. SAY D' I EVER TELL YOU 'BOUT THE TIME I HAULED UP A LOBSTER POT AND COTCHED A MERMAID INTO IT?

BLONDIE: NO, CAP'N. WAS IT A LIVE MERMAID?

CAPTAIN: SARTIN 'T WAS. TOO BAD I COULDN'T A KEEP' IT.

BLONDIE: WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP IT CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: OH, 'T WAS SMALLER THAN THE LEGAL LIMIT SO I HAD TER THROW IT BACK IN. YOU USIN' THAT CHEER?

BLONDIE: NO -- SIT DOWN CAP'N.

CAPTAIN: THANKEE. I HATE TER MENTION THIS -- BUT DAGWOOD PASSED TER WINDWARD A ME TER NIGHT -- AND I'D A SWORE HE HAD PERFUME ONTO HIM.

BLONDIE: JUST SHAVING LOTION.

CAPTAIN: OH, SHAVED TOO, DID HE? IT'S WUSS'N I THOUGHT 'T WAS.

BLONDIE: NOW, CAP'N! THE MAN HE WAS WITH IS MR. DITHERS -- DAGWOOD'S BOSS AND THEY HAD TO GO OUT ON BUSINESS.

CAPTAIN: 'PEARRED TER ME AS IF DAGWOOD WAS GIFTIN' SHANGHAIED -- OTHER FELLER WAS CROWDIN' ON SAIL BUT DAG -- HE WAS YEE-HAW-HAWIN' ALL OVER THE BAY.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. HE WASN'T VERY ANXIOUS TO GO.

CAPTAIN: IF YOU WAS TER ASK ME, I'D PUT THAT DITHERS DOWN FER A ROO.

BLONDIE: A WHAT?

CAPTAIN: A ROO! THAT'S FRENCH FER A FELLER THAT CHASES THE WIMMIN.

BLONDIE: OH, NO. WHY, MR. DITHERS HAS BEEN HAPPILY MARRIED FOR YEARS.

CAPTAIN: I KNEW A FELLER THAT SAILED BY THE COMPASS FER YEARS. NEVER DID GET OFF HIS COURSE TILL AFTER HIS GOLDON WEDDIN'. AFTER THAT YE C'D NO MORE CATCH UP WITH HIM THAN YE C'D BOARD THE FLYIN' DUTCHMAN! AN HIM A OCTOGERANIUM!

BLONDIA: A WHAT?

CAPTAIN: OCTOGERANIUM. THAT'S A FLLER WHAT BLOOMS AFTER HE'S A HUNDRED YEAR OLD.

BLONDIE: DO YOU REALLY THINK MR. DITHERS MIGHT GET DAGWOOD INTO TROUBLE?

CAPTAIN: HE'S ALREADY GOT HIM USIN' PERFUMERY AIN'T HE? I AIN'T SAYIN' A WORD AGIN DAG...BUT IF 'T WAS ME I'D CHEESY LA FEM.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

CAPTAIN: CHEESY LA FEM. MEANS THEY'S A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE TROUBLE.

BLONDIE: OH, CHERCHEZ LA FEMME. THAT'S FRENCH!

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. I LARNED THAT FROM MIMI. YOU REMEMBER MIMI?

BLONDIE: I'LL NEVER FORGET HER AFTER THAT WONDERFUL HAT SHE MADE ME. HOW IS SHE CAP'N?

CAPTAIN: SHE'S OUT IN HOLLYWOOD -- MAKIN' HATS FER THEM ACTFESSES. I'M GOIN' TER GET A LETTER FROM HER TERNORRER.

BLONDIE: ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW?

CAPTAIN: MABEL TOLD ME.

BLONDIE: MABEL?

CAPTAIN: AY-AH. MABEL KIN TELL YER PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BLONDIE: OH! MABEL IS A FORTUNE TELLER.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. TOLD ME ALL ABOUT MIMI, SHE DID.  
THEN SHE UPS AND SAYS "THEX BLOOD ON THE MOON" SHE SAYS.

BLONDIE: WHAT?

CAPTAIN: AY-YAH. MEANS ROUGH WEATHER THAT DOES. SHE ASKS ME IF I  
KNOWED ANYBODY BEGINNIN' WITH D.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! D-DAGWOOD BEGINS WITH D.

CAPTAIN: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. SO DOES DITHERS.

BLONDIE: I -- I DON'T BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLERS.

CAPTAIN: AY-AH. NO MORE DO I -- BUT THIS MABEL KIND A TOOK THE  
WIND OUTA MY SAILS.

BLONDIE: WHAT DID SHE SAY ABOUT SOMEBODY BEGINNING WITH D?

CAPTAIN: SAID SHE COULD SAVE 'EM FROM SOMETHIN. IF THEY'D TAKE  
HER ADVICE. THEN SHE SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD DID HINT HE MIGHT HAVE AN ACCIDENT. I -- I'D  
JUST LIKE TO HEAR WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY. NOT THAT SHE  
COULD SCARE ME ABOUT -- DAGWOOD.

CAPTAIN: STILL AN'ALL -- HE IS GOIN' OUT NIGHT REEKIN' O' PERFUMERY  
AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE...AND THEY'S BLOOD ON THE MOON  
AN ALL. IF I RING THIS MABEL UP WOULD YE GO AN HEAR HER  
YARN?

BLONDIE: WELL, I -- I HAVEN'T ANY THING ELSE TO DO. YES. JUST  
TO PROVE THAT DAGWOOD IS ALL RIGHT! YES, CAP'N -- I'LL GO.  
(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE.

OMNES: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE!

MAN: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE. THE GRAND ORACLE SPEAKS!

DITHERS: PREPARE THE CANDIDATE! (WHISPERS) NOW LISTEN FELLERS,  
THIS MAN BUMSTEAD IS A FRIEND OF MINE, UNDERSTAND?  
A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE. SO -- GIVE HIM THE WORKS! THINK  
HE'LL KNOW ME IN THE GRAND ORACLE'S RED BEARD?

MAN: (WHISPERS) NOT A CHANCE.

DITHERS: OKAY.

DAGWOOD: (POUNING ON DOOR...OFF) HEY, FELLERS, LET ME OUT OF  
HERE! I'M CATCHING COLD IN THIS NIGHTGOWN.

DITHERS: SILENCE. BRING FORTH THE CANDIDATE! (DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)  
WHO COMES HERE?

DAGWOOD: IT'S ME! DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

MAN: SSSH. I ANSWER FIRST.

DITHERS: WHO COMES HERE?

MAN: A TRAVELER WHO CLAIMS TO BE A KNIGHT.

DITHERS: IS HE A PLAIN KNIGHT -- A GOOD KNIGHT -- OR A VERY GOOD  
KNIGHT.

MAN: HE IS A KNIGHT OF SECOND DEGREE WHO WANTS TO WIN THE  
SPURS OF A VERY GOOD KNIGHT.

DITHERS: HE SHALL BE PUT TO THE TEST.

OMNES: AND HOW!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH.

DITHERS: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE! WHAT IS THE GOOD KNIGHT'S NAME?

MAN: HE IS YCLEPT BUMSTEAD.

DITHERS: AYE I HAVE HEARD OF SUCH A ONE. HE IS SAID TO BE STRONG  
AND BRAVE -- ARE THE IRONS HEATED WHITE HOT?

MAN: YEAH, GRAND ORACLE.

DITHERS: ARE THE TWENTY SWORDS SHARPENED?

MAN: YEAH, GRAND ORACLE!

DITHERS: IS THE BOILING OIL -- ER -- BOILING?

MAN: YEAH, MAN!

DITHERS: THEN TAKE OFF THE CANDIDATES SHOES!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH.

DITHERS: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE. (PAUSE...SOUND OF FAST KNOCKING)  
I SAID QUIET! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

MAN: IT'S GOOD KNIGHT BUMSTEAD'S KNEES!

DITHERS: GOOD KNIGHT BUMSTEAD! (SOUND OUT)

DAGWOOD: G-GOOD NIGHT, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: NO -- NO! GOOD KNIGHT WITH A K BUMSTEAD. THAT'S YOU!

DAGWOOD: OH.

DITHERS: GOOD KNIGHT BUMSTEAD. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- IN THE LODGE HALL.

DITHERS: WHAT LODGE HALL?

DAGWOOD: THE ONE OVER LASTFOGEL'S GROCERY STORE.

DITHERS: NO. YOU ARE IN THE CASTLE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARE TABLE.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. ER -- CAN I HAVE MY SHOES BACK NOW?

DITHERS: NO! NOW DO YOU KNOW THE MOTTO OF THE KNIGHTS?

DAGWOOD: UHUH. IT'S -- ER -- OH YEAH. "BE KIND TO THE LADIES."

DITHERS: WELL -- THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA. HAVE YOU MEMORIZED THE RULES OF THE SECOND DEGREE?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- I TELL YOU...

DITHERS: YES OR NO?

DAGWOOD: WELL --- I COULDN'T GET THE WORDS JUST RIGHT -- SO I MADE UP A POEM ABOUT IT. WILL THAT DO.

DITHERS: I'LL TELL YOU AFTER I HEAR IT. PROCEED.

DAGWOOD: OKAY --- ER...

THE KNIGHTS WHO SIT AROUND THE SQUARE TABLE  
ARE NICE TO THEIR GIRL FRIENDS WHENEVER THEY'RE ABLE.  
WE TAKE 'EM TO DINNER AND PAY FOR THE EATS  
AND IN STREET CARS OR BUSES WE GIVE 'EM OUR SEAT.

DITHERS: THAT SHOULD BE PLURAL.

DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?

DITHERS: THE LAST WORD SHOULD BE PLURAL.

DAGWOOD: OH. WELL IF YOU SAY SO. "IN STREET CARS OR BUSES WE  
GIVE 'EM OUR PLURAL."

DITHERS: NO! BUT NEVER MIND. YOU SEEM TO HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA.

DAGWOOD: THANKS. NOW CAN I HAVE MY SHOES?

DITHERS: ABSOLUTELY -- NOT! YOU WILL NOW PROVE YOUR BRAVERY IN  
THE FACE OF DANGER. BLINDFOLD THE CANDIDATE.

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, FELLERS...

MAN: QUIET!

DITHERS: OPEN THE DOOR OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER! (DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN, MR. DITHERS...

DITHERS: SILENCE IN THE CASTLE! IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK.  
BEYOND YON DOOR IS A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- WHAT'S HER TROUBLE?

DITHERS: SHE IS HELD PRISONER BY A WICKED KING.

DAGWOOD: UHUH. WELL WHAT DO I DO ABOUT THAT?

DITHERS: TO WIN THE TITLE OF VERY GOOD KNIGHT -- YOU MUST ENTER  
THAT DOOR.

DAGWOOD: UHUH.

DITHERS: THEN YOU CROSS A LAKE OF BOILING OIL ON A BRIDGE OF  
SHARP SWORDS -- OPEN A GATE OF WHITE HOT IRON...

DAGWOOD: OKAY. THEN WHAT?

DITHERS: THEN YOU RESCUE THE DAMSEL. CARRY HER BACK TO SAFETY.

DAGWOOD: IN MY BARE FEET?

DITHERS: CERTAINLY.

DAGWOOD: I PICK UP A PERFECTLY STRANGE GIRL -- THAT I DON'T KNOW --  
IN MY BARE FEET?

DITHERS: OF COURSE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YOU BETTER GET ANOTHER BOY.

DITHERS: NO YOU ARE THE CANDIDATE.

DAGWOOD: NOT ANY MORE. GIVE ME BACK MY SHOES. I'M GOING.

DITHERS: HOLD HIM!

MAN: I'VE GOT HIM!

DAGWOOD: LEGGO OF ME, NOW! (SOUND OF STRUGGLE)

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD...THINK!

DAGWOOD: LEGGO I TELL YOU...I'M NOT GOING NEAR ANY STRANGE WOMEN  
IN MY BARE FEET AND A NIGHTGOWN...LEGGO! (FURNITURE OVER)

DITHERS: STOP...THAT'S MY BEARD YOU'RE HOLDING...

DAGWOOD: LEGGO OF ME!

DITHERS: HOLD HIM -- HE'S RUINING THE CASTLE! (SMASH OF WOOD)  
LOOK OUT FOR THAT WINDOW! (CRASH OF GLASS)

DAGWOOD: (FALLING) TOOOOOH!  
(MUSIC IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR)  
(CENTRAL COMMERCIAL)



GOODWIN: SMOKE A MILDER, COOLER, SLOW-BURNING CAMEL. MAYBE YOU'RE WAY AHEAD OF ME. MAYBE YOU'RE ALREADY ENJOYING SOME OF THOSE GRAND EXTRA PUFFS IN A CAMEL. IF YOU'RE NOT, BELIEVE ME SMOKERS, YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING! THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN SMOKING PLEASURE THAT YOU'LL NOTICE THE MINUTE YOU LIGHT UP A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL. SCIENCE EXPLAINS THE DIFFERENCE THIS WAY. NOTHING INTERFERES WITH CIGARETTE MILDNESS AND FLAVOR LIKE THE EXCESS HEAT OF TOO-FAST BURNING. A SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE SMOKES MILDER AND COOLER, OF COURSE, BECAUSE THERE'S LESS HEAT. AND OF THE SIXTEEN OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS COMPARED IN RECENT LABORATORY TESTS, CAMEL CIGARETTES BURNED SLOWEST OF ALL. THAT MEANS EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR. AND THE TESTS PROVED THAT CAMELS GAVE EXTRA SMOKING EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. THAT MUCH EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK CAN MAKE A REAL DIFFERENCE IN THE COST OF YOUR SMOKING. IF YOU LIVE IN A COMMUNITY WHERE CERTAIN STATE 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. SO IF YOU SINCERELY DESIRE TO GET SMOKING ECONOMY, AND MORE PLEASURE, TOO, THEN TURN TO SLOW-BURNING CAMELS. CAMELS ARE THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- LEAVING DAGWOOD AND DITHERS IN THE RUINS OF  
THE CASTLE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARE TABLE -- WE  
FOLLOW BLONDIE TO THE PARLOR OF MABEL THE MYSTIC, WHO IS  
GAZING IN HER CRYSTAL BALL...

MABEL: I SEE A GAY PARTY -- WINE WIMMEN AN' A FIVE PIECE BAND!  
THEY'S AN OLD MAN AND A YOUNG MAN -- AND ARE THEY PAINTIN'  
THE JOINT RED!

CAP: HAS THE YOUNG FELLER GOT PERFUMERY ONTO HIM?

BLONDIE: SSSH, CAP'N.

MABEL: YEAH -- KINDLY LEAVE ME CONCENTRATE!

BLONDIE: I -- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S MY HUSBAND YOU SEE. I...

CAP: IT AIN'T HIS DOIN'S, MIS' BUMSTEAD. SURE'S YER BORN, IT'S  
THAT DITHERS DRUG HIM INTER IT. THAT DITHERS IS A ROO  
IF EVER I SEEN ONE.

MABEL: YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUTER MY MOUTH. A ROO. AN'  
THEY'S NO ROO LIKE A OLD ROO.

BLONDIE: IS -- IS DAGWOOD IN ANY DANGER?

MABEL: I SEE BLOOD ON THE MOON, DEARIE.

CAP: KIN YER SEE WHERE THE PLACE IS THEY'RE HAVIN' THE PARTY?

MABEL: A LUXURIOUS DEN IF EVEN I SEEN ONE. LOOKS LIKE DINTY'S  
PLACE TER ME.

BLONDIE: IS THAT A DANGEROUS PLACE?

MABEL: DEARIE -- I WOULDN'T FOOL YOU. IT'S AN ~~ABATOIR~~.  
*a regular Seraglio.*

BLONDIE: THEN LET'S GO DOWN THERE -- NOW!

CAP: HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: IF DAGWOOD ISN'T THERE -- I WANT TO KNOW IT...AND IF HE IS  
I WANT TO MAKE HIM COME HOME...BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO  
HIM.

MABEL: I'LL GO WITH YOU, DEARIE.

CAP: I'LL COME, TOO.

BLONDIE: NO, CAP'N. I WANT YOU TO GO HOME TO OUR HOUSE AND WAIT.  
I LEFT A NOTE FOR DAGWOOD SAYING I WAS OVER HERE AT  
MABEL'S.

CAP: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW.

BLONDIE: SO YOU GO TO OUR HOUSE AND IF DAGWOOD GETS THERE BEFORE  
WE FIND HIM -- TELL HIM I'VE GONE TO -- WHAT'S THE PLACE?

MABEL: DINTY'S MONTMART CAFE.

BLONDIE: YES.

CAP: WELL, IF YOU SAY SO -- BUT IF I DON'T HEAR FROM YOU -- BY  
THE TIME I THINK I OUGHT TER...

BLONDIE: OH, THAT'S JUST WHAT DAGWOOD SAID...AND I HAVEN'T HEARD  
FROM HIM. YOU GO WATCH AT THE HOUSE FOR HIM, CAP'N...COME  
ON, MABEL...

MABEL: AT YER ELBOW, DEARIE.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE IT -- IT MAY BE JUST A WILD GOOSE CHASE...

MABEL: YEAH, BUT DON'T FORGET, DEARIE -- IT WAS THE WILD GOOSE  
THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG. COME ON!  
(MUSIC IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DAGWOOD: CAN I HAVE MY SHOES NOW?

DITHERS: WAKE UP, BUMSTEAD! YOU'VE GOT YOUR SHOES ON.

DAGWOOD: WHERE -- WHERE AM I?

DITHERS: HOME. I BROUGHT YOU HOME. HOW IS YOUR NOSE?

DAGWOOD: MY NOSE? TOOOOOH. BLOOD!

DITHERS: YEAH. YOU HAD A NOSE BLEED! LET ME HAVE THAT  
HANDKERCHIEF.

DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL BLOOD.

DITHERS: I SEE IT IS. NOW PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, BUMSTEAD. YOU'D  
BETTER BRUSH SOME OF THOSE RED HAIRS OFF YOUR COAT, TOO.

DAGWOOD: RED HAIRS...WHERE DID I GET THOSE?  
DITHERS: THEY CAME OUT OF MY BEARD. I MEAN THE ORACLES' BEARD.  
NOW GET CLEANED UP BEFORE BLONDIE COMES HOME.  
DAGWOOD: YEAH (TAKE) COMES HOME? WHERE IS SHE?  
DITHERS: THIS NOTE WAS BY THE TELEPHONE. IT SAYS SHE'S OVER AT  
MABEL'S.  
DAGWOOD: MABEL'S? WHERE'S THAT?  
DITHERS: THE NOTE SAYS IT'S AT THIRTEEN THIRTEEN AND A HALF  
MAIN STREET -- WALK UP ONE FLIGHT.  
DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH. SHE'S LEFT ME.  
DITHERS: NONSENSE. IF SHE'D LEFT YOU SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE  
DIRECTIONS TO FIND HER.  
DAGWOOD: FIND HER! YEAH-- I'VE GOT TO FIND HER. COME ON! (GOING)  
MABEL'S... NUMBER MAIN -- ONE STREET -- UP THIRTEEN AND A  
HALF FLIGHTSS..

(MUSIC IN FAST BRIEF)

~~(BLONDIE'S PIANO MAIN TUNE)~~

BLONDIE: HELLO. HELLO. THIS IS BLONDIE.  
CAP: (FILTER) THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. SAY, YOU BETTER COME HOME.  
BLONDIE: IS DAGWOOD THERE?  
CAP? NO, HE AIN'T...BUT...  
BLONDIE: OH DEAR...I'M AT DINTY'S AND HE ISN'T HERE EITHER.  
CAP: I'M AFERD HE'S BEEN HERE THOUGH.  
BLONDIE: WHY?  
CAP: WELL, THE'S SIGNS ER FOUL PLAY. BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE.  
DON'T WORRY, THOUGH. WE'LL GET THE FIEND THAT DONE IT.  
BLONDIE: WHAT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?  
CAP: I GOT A CLUE TER THE KILLER. RED HAIRS!  
BLONDIE: I -- I'LL COME RIGHT AWAY.

(MUSIC)

DITHERS: THIS IS THE PLACE. HERE'S A SIGN ON THE DOOR. MABEL THE MYSTIC. WALK IN. (DOOR OPENS)

MABEL: GOOD EVENING, GENTS. YOU WISHED TER CONSULT...WHY IT'S THE ROO.

DITHERS: HAH?

MABEL: I CAN TELL WITHOUT LOOKIN' IN MY CRYSTAL THAT YOU MEN ARE IN A JAM.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IS MY WIFE HERE?

MABEL: SHE WAS HERE -- FACT IS I JUST LEFT HER. ANY MORE INFORMATION WILL HAVE TER BE AT MY REGLAR RATES.

DITHERS: NOW LISTEN, MABEL...

MABEL: YOU LISTEN, BIG BOY; YOU BEEN ON THE LOOSE...AND RIGHT NOW YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO GIVE ME NO LIP. LEADIN' THIS YOUNG FELLER ASTRAY!

DAGWOOD: HE DID NOT.

MABEL: OH NO. WELL, WHAT I SEE IN MY CRYSTAL IS BLOOD...BLOOD AND A COUPLA RED HAIRS. MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU GENTS?

DAGWOOD: HEY! HOW WOULD SHE KNOW ABOUT THAT, DITHERS?

MABEL: I KNOW PLENTY. BUT I AIN'T A SQUEALER. FOR JUST A LITTLE JACK MY LIPS IS SEALED.

DITHERS: BLACKMAIL!

MABEL: STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES SO DON'T CALL THE KETTLE SOOTY. SSSH.

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

MABEL: SOMEONE -- COMING UP THE STAIRS. YOU BOYS HIDE -- AND THINK IT OVER.

DITHERS: I -- I DON'T WANT TO BE FOUND IN THIS DUMP. (GOING) IN HERE, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: (GOING) YEAH...YEAH...TOOOOOH.  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)  
(MUSIC IN FAST AND BRIEF)

COP: NOW JUST TAKE IT EASY, MRS. BUMSTEAD. NATURALLY YOU COME  
*1 to your home here*  
~~HOME~~ AND FIND US COPS AND RIGHT AWAY YOU START DEFENDIN'  
YOUR HUSBAND...BUT...*listen here how I recommend*  
*the crime.*

BLONDIE: HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING. WHAT IF THERE IS BLOOD ON HIS  
HANDKERCHIEF. MAYBE HE HAD A NOSEBLEED.

COP: YEAH? HOW ABOUT THE RED HAIR ALL OVER THE PLACE. EXPLAIN  
THAT?

BLONDIE: YES, I CAN. I CALLED UP CORY.....THAT'S MRS. DITHERS ---  
AND SHE SAYS MR. DITHERS OFTEN COMES HOME WITH RED HAIRS  
ON HIM.

COP: A RED HAired WOMAN!

BLONDIE: NO. A RED BEARD --- THAT SHEDS. OH, DON'T LET'S WASTE ANY  
MORE TIME. MY HUSBAND WILL BE WORRIED ABOUT ME.

COP: KNOW WHERE HE IS?

BLONDIE: I CAN GUESS. IF HE FOUND MY NOTE --- HE'S PROBABLY OVER AT  
MABEL'S.

COP: OKAY...TAKE ME TO MABEL'S TOO.

(MUSIC)

(KNOCK ON DOOR...SAME AS LAST)

MABEL: COME IN...(DOOR OPENS) ~~YOU WISHED FOR CONSULT~~...OH, IT'S  
CAP'N SCUPPER.

CAP: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW. SAY LISTEN, MABEL. YOU WAS RIGHT  
ABOUT BLOOD ON THE MOON. THEY -- THEY'S BEEN FOUL PLAY!

MABEL: I KNOW. I SEE BLOOD...AND THE VICTIM'S RED HAIR.

CAP: VICTIM NOTHIN'. IT WAS THE KILLER WAS RED HEADED. THE  
VICTIM'S IS...

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) HI CAP'N. LISTEN...

CAP: AVAST THAR! IT'S ONE ER THE BODIES! WALKIN'!

DITHERS: NOW, WHAT'S GOING ON?

CAP: BLOW ME DOWN. IT'S TOTHER BODY!

DAGWOOD: NO LISTEN, CAP'N. WE AREN'T DEAD -- OR ANYTHING.

CAP: THEN WHO IS?

DITHERS: NOBODY. YET...BUT IF THIS GOES ON MUCH LONGER SOMEONE  
MAY BE!  
(SIREN DISTANT)

MABEL: LISTEN! COPS!

DITHERS: NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO  
BLACKMAILERS.

MABEL: LISTEN! I DIDN'T PUT THE ARM ON YOU...MUCH! LISTEN --  
HELP ME OUT, WILL YER? THEY'S A LAW AGIN FORTUN TELLIN' --  
AND...

DAGWOOD: LET'S HELP HER OUT, MR. DITHERS. GOSH...

DITHERS: HELP HER -- WHY?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SHE'S A WOMAN AND EVERYTHING AND...AND WITH THE  
RIGHT KNIGHT...EVERY NIGHT IS LADIES NIGHT -- ER -- ISN'T  
IT?

DITHERS: WELL, BUT THIS WOMAN DOESN'T DESERVE HELP.

CAP: JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JEDGED.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- AND GOSH. YOU'RE GRAND ORACLE AND EVERYTHING...

DITHERS: ALL RIGHT -- ALL RIGHT. GET HER OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE OR  
SOMETHING...I'LL HOLD OFF THE COPS IN HERE.

MABEL: SAY -- THANKS, MISTER...

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND -- COME ON (GOING) COME ON, CAP'N. I'VE GOT A  
SCHEME...

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: COME IN! (DOOR OPENS) WELL -- WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

COP: ARE YOU MABEL THE MYSTIC?

DITHERS: YEAH -- ER NO! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BY THAT NAME.

COP: OH NO? LISTEN...I'M THE LAW.

DITHERS: AND I'M J.C. DITHERS...OF THE DITHERS CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.  
DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) OKAY, MR. DITHERS. SHE'S OKAY NOW.  
COP: WHO IS?  
DAGWOOD: MY...MY AUNT BESSIE. SHE'S AN OLD LADY AND...ER...  
COP: BRING HER OUT HERE.  
DAGWOOD: SURE. C -- COME OUT, AUNT BESSIE.  
CAP: (COMING IN) (HIGH VOICE) OKAY, MATEY...I MEAN NEPHY.  
DITHERS: GOOD HEAVENS...WHO'S THAT?  
COP: I'LL TELL YOU!...IT'S A MAN IN A WOMAN'S COAT AND HAT AND VEIL.  
CAP: GUESS THE JIG'S UP, MATES. NEVER WAS NO PLAY ACTOR.  
COP: OBSTRUCTIN' THE LAW, EH?...HIDIN' FORTUNE TELLERS! NOW BY THE BEARD OF THE ORACLE...  
DITHERS: HAH?  
DAGWOOD: HOW'S THAT?  
DITHERS: LISTEN..."WHAT KNIGHT IS THIS?"  
COP: "WHEN I GRASP YOUR HAND YOU'LL KNOW IT'S THE RIGHT KNIGHT!"  
DAGWOOD: HE'S ONE, TOO!  
DITHERS: OKAY, BROTHER...JUST STEP OUTSIDE WITH ME A MINUTE. I'M GRAND ORACLE OF DITHERS CASTLE...  
COP: YOU DON'T SAY. (GOING) WELL, THIS IS AN HONOR...  
CAP: HEY -- LE'EM COME TOO. (GOING) I BELONG TER BARNACLE CASTLE...JINED UP IN SINGAPORE BACK IN NINETY-EIGHT...  
BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD!  
DAGWOOD: BLONDIE...BLONDIE! GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.  
BLONDIE: I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED. HOW DID YOU GET A NOSE BLEED? WAS IT THAT LODGE DID IT?  
DAGWOOD: NO, NO, HONEY. THOSE BOYS DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. THEY'RE GENTLE AS LAMBS (TAKE) HEY! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LODGE?



BLONDIE: OH -- MAYBE I LOOKED IN MABEL'S CRYSTAL BALL. WHERE IS MABEL?

DAGWOOD: I HELPED HER OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE. THAT'S WHAT A VERY GOOD KNIGHT WOULD DO. (SIGHS) BUT I GUESS I'LL NEVER BE A VERY GOOD KNIGHT. I -- I DIDN'T GET PAST THE THIRD DEGREE TONIGHT.

DITHERS: (COMING IN) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOO OH. YES SIR.

DITHERS: I'VE JUST BEEN TALKING TO TWO BROTHER KNIGHTS. WE MADE A DECISION ABOUT YOU. NOW AS GRAND ORACLE I DELEGATE THE OLDEST KNIGHT -- GRAND EXALTED EXTRA GOOD KNIGHT SCUPPER TO DELIVER OUR DECREE.

CAP: WAL -- SEEMS LIKE A FELLER THET COME THRU FER A LADY IN A PINCH LIKE YOU DONE FER MABEL DON'T NEED NO EXTRY HAZIN' TER PROVE HIS RIGHT TER BE A THIRD DEGREE KNIGHT. SO...ER -- GO AHEAD GRAN' ORACLE DITHERS.

DITHERS: KNEEL, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: UHUH...I AM...BUT...

DITHERS: I HEREBY DUB THEE VERY GOOD KNIGHT. RISE, SIR BUMSTEAD!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. I'LL NEVER SAY A WORD ABOUT YOUR GOING OUT TO A NICE LODGE LIKE THE KNIGHTS.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY. THANKS, HONEY.

BLONDIE: AND I DON'T MIND YOUR HAVING SECRETS, DAGWOOD...SO LONG AS I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE!

(MUSIC IN SEGUE TO THEME)

(CLOSING)

GOODWIN: SO WE SAY GOOD NIGHT TO BLONDIE AND THE GOOD KNIGHT,  
DAGWOOD. LISTEN IN AGAIN NEXT WEEK WHEN THE MAKERS OF  
CAMEL CIGARETTES AGAIN BRING YOU PENNY SINGLETON AS  
BLONDIE AND ARTHUR LAKE AS DAGWOOD. LET ME ALSO SUGGEST  
THAT YOU LISTEN TO CAMELS' OTHER STAND OUT SHOWS. ON  
SATURDAY THERE'S "LUNCHEON AT THE WALDORF" WITH ILKA CHASE.  
YOU'LL FIND IT A NEW HIGH IN DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT --  
ON SATURDAY NIGHT TUNE IN AND HEAR BOB CROSBY AND  
MILDRED BAILEY FEATURING MUSIC WITH A "HEARTBEAT."  
WELL, 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: "BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT.  
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN, SPEAKING FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL  
CIGARETTES...GOOD NIGHT.  
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.