

9/9/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1940

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

GOODWIN: AH -- AH -- AH -- DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL -- LISTEN TO
"BLONDIE" BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MAKERS OF CAMEL
CIGARETTES.

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA FLAVOR -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS -- GET CAMELS!

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: FOR EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, GET CAMELS -- THE CIGARETTE
THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

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

51455 6918

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: (CALLS) DAGWOOOOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: (AWAY) HI HONEY! HERE I COME!

BLONDIE: IS THAT ICE CREAM YOU'RE CARRYING?

DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) YEAH! PEACH ICE CREAM! YMMM. HMMM. OH! BOY!

BLONDIE: OH DEAR...I THOUGHT I SAW IT DRIPPING! CAREFUL OF THE FLOOR! OH, DAGWOOD! IT'S ALL MELTED!

DAGWOOD: IT IS? GOLLY...IT WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN I BOUGHT IT!

BLONDIE: HOW LONG AGO DID YOU BUY IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OH -- ON MY WAY HOME!

BLONDIE: DID YOU STOP ANYWHERE ON YOUR WAY?

DAGWOOD: NO...I HURRIED LIKE ANYTHING! I RAN FROM THE DRUG STORE TILL I GOT TO OUR BACK ALLEY...AND UP THE ALLEY TO FUDDLE'S ...AND CUT ACROSS THEIR YARD...AND...(TAKE) OH YEAH!

BLONDIE: YOU STOPPED AT FUDDLE'S?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YEAH...JUST FOR A MINUTE.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, YOU'RE SLOW!

DAGWOOD: SLOW? IS THAT BAD?

GOODWIN: 'TAIN'T GOOD WHEN YOU HAVE A PACKAGE OF ICE CREAM IN YOUR HANDS -- BUT WHEN YOU HAVE A PACKAGE OF CIGARETTES IN YOUR HANDS -- IT'S WONDERFUL. YES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IF YOU WANT THE "EXTRAS" OF BOTH LUXURY AND THRIFT IN YOUR SMOKING, PICK YOUR CIGARETTE FOR SLOWER BURNING -- PICK CAMELS. SLOW-BURNING CAMELS GIVE A COOLER, Milder SMOKE, FREE FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECTS OF TOO-FAST BURNING. AND BECAUSE SLOW-BURNING LETS THE FLAVOR COME THROUGH, CAMELS GIVE YOU MORE FLAVOR -- THE MATCHLESS FLAVOR OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. AND THERE'S ALSO AN ECONOMY SIDE TO CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING.

MAN: IN RECENT IMPARTIAL 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.

GOODWIN: AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO, NEXT TIME, BUY CAMELS, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHY PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

MUSIC: (UP AND OUT)

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS, FOLKS. DAGWOOD SEEMS TO BE IN A LITTLE TROUBLE OVER THAT ICE CREAM EPISODE. BUT WAIT! MAYBE HE'LL COOK UP A GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE TO GET HIM OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH BLONDIE AFTER ALL. LISTEN!

DAGWOOD: SEE -- FUDDLE WAS TRYING TO CUT HIS GRASS WITH OUR LAWN MOWER...AND SO I SHOWED HIM HOW TO WORK IT! YOU KNOW I HAVE A KNACK WITH MACHINERY...AND POOR OLD FUDDLE HASN'T. HE SAID IT WAS WONDERFUL HOW I MADE THAT MOWER NOW!

BLONDIE: WAS THAT YOU PUSHING THAT LAWN MOWER SO FAST FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HE COULDN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT MOW IN A STRAIGHT LINE EVEN...EVERY TIME HE TRIED HE HAD TO ADMIT I WAS BETTER.

BLONDIE: AND DID YOU GET ALL HIS GRASS CUT FINALLY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BEFORE I KNEW IT IT WAS FINISHED.

BLONDIE: NOW, LISTEN, DAGWOOD!...NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR KNACK WITH A LAWN MOWER...HAVE THE DEMONSTRATION ON OUR OWN LAWN! OUR GRASS GROWS TOO YOU KNOW!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT I WASN'T CUTTING GRASS ALL THE TIME OVER THERE,
BLONDIE. ER -- FARQUHAR AND I HAD A BUSINESS CONFERENCE!

BLONDIE: (SUSPICIOUSLY) UM HMM! JUST WHAT DOES HE WANT YOU TO DO
FOR HIM NOW?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW THE DETAILS YET...BUT IT'S A
REAL ESTATE DEAL FUDDLE SAYS.

BLONDIE: DOES MR. FUDDLE KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT REAL ESTATE?

DAGWOOD: OH, HE SAYS ABOUT ALL YOU HAVE TO KNOW IS WHERE THERE'S A
HOUSE OR SOMETHING FOR SALE AND THEN FIND SOMEONE WHO
WANTS TO BUY IT!

BLONDIE: UHUH.

DAGWOOD: AND HE KNOWS BOTH THOSE THINGS!

BLONDIE: AND YET HE WANTS YOU TO HELP HIM SELL THIS HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...THAT'S ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: BUT WHY, DAGWOOD? WHY SHOULD HE SPLIT WITH YOU THEN?

DAGWOOD: EH? WELL -- ER -- THAT'S WHAT I DON'T KNOW...BUT HE'LL
EXPLAIN IT TO ME WHEN HE COMES OVER HERE.

BLONDIE: WHEN'S HE COMING OVER?

DAGWOOD: AS SOON AS HE PUTS OUR LAWN MOWER BACK IN HIS GARAGE...AND
~~FIXES~~ A BLISTER ON HIS HAND.

BLONDIE: HOW DID HE GET A BLISTER WHEN YOU DID THE WORK?

DAGWOOD: HE WAS APPLAUDING ME!

BLONDIE: WHO OWNS THE HOUSE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. THE PEOPLE WHO OWN THE HOUSE ARE ALL DEAD.

BLONDIE: WHAT? YOU MEAN IT DOESN'T BELONG TO ANYBODY?

DAGWOOD: HUH? WELL -- I SUPPOSE IT DOES BELONG TO SOMEBODY -- BUT IF EVERYBODY IN THE FAMILY IS DEAD NOW -- WHY NOBODY KNOWS WHO IT BELONGS TO -- AND THAT'S WHY THIS LAWYER IS WILLING TO SELL. ER -- DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?

BLONDIE: NO! DOES THIS LAWYER HAVE THE RIGHT TO SELL THE HOUSE IF HE DOESN'T OWN IT?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE. HE TOLD FUDDLE TO GO RIGHT AND SELL IT -- IF HE COULD.

BLONDIE: IF HE COULD? I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE HAD A CUSTOMER.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE HAS -- BUT THERE'S JUST A LITTLE HITCH TO IT.

BLONDIE: I THOUGHT THERE WOULD BE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IT SEEMS THAT DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO BUY THIS HOUSE BEFORE...BUT FOR SOME REASON THEY ALL BACKED OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE.

BLONDIE: WHAT HOUSE IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S THE OLD GREY HOUSE OUT ON SHADOW ROAD...THE ONE WITH THE CUPOLA AND THE MANSARD ROOF.

BLONDIE: THAT OLD PLACE? SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HOUSE!...WASN'T THERE SOME SCANDAL ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO OWNED IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO, HONEY. ANYHOW THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW...(RUMBLE OF THUNDER...VERY FAINT) HEY...WHAT'S THAT? THUNDER? GOLLY I DON'T WANT TO BE MONKEYING AROUND THAT OLD HOUSE ON A RAINY NIGHT.

BLONDIE: YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT THERE TONIGHT, ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I PROMISED FUDDLE I WOULD. IT SEEMS THIS MAN IS GOING OUT OF TOWN AGAIN TOMORROW AND FUDDLE WANTS THE DEAL CLOSED BEFORE HE GETS AWAY.

BLONDIE: ARE THERE ANY LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: SURE -- THEY USED OIL LAMPS...AND THERE'S STILL SOME OF
THEM! IT'S ALL FURNISHED JUST THE WAY IT WAS WHEN THE LAST
OWNER DIED!

SOUND: THUNDER AGAIN

BLONDIE: WELL -- IF YOU MUST GO OUT THERE TONIGHT, DAGWOOD...I'LL
GO WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: YOU WANT TO GO? WHY?

BLONDIE: WELL -- I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE I'M JUST CURIOUS TO SEE INSIDE
THE OLD HOUSE. ANYWAY IF YOU GO...I'M GOING, TOO! (DOOR
BELL...FUDDLE RING) OH, THERE'S MR. FUDDLE NOW!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...(GOING) I'LL GO BRING HIM IN. (FUDDLE KNOCKS...SAME
RHYTHM...THEN RINGS LONG RING...IT BUILDS AS DAGWOOD
APPROACHES) YEAH...YEAH...I'M COMING! (OPENS DOOR) HELLO,
FUDDLE! HOW ARE YOU?

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) FIT AS A FUDDLE, MY BOY! (LAUGHS) YES, SIR!..
AND WHY NOT WITH THAT HOUSE AS GOOD AS SOLD?

DAGWOOD: OH! IS IT?

FUDDLE: WELL, A FEW DETAILS TO SETTLE, OF COURSE! GOT TO EXPECT A
LITTLE SALES RESISTANCE IN THIS GAME!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! WELL -- JUST WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO FOR YOU ON
THIS DEAL?

FUDDLE: PRACTICALLY NOTHING! JUST CONVINCE MY PROSPECT THAT THE
HOUSE IS A STEAL AT THE PRICE. YOU'RE A CONSTRUCTION MAN!
YOU TELL HIM THE PLACE CAN BE FIXED FOR A SONG!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT LOOK NOW...I'M NOT GOING TO TELL ANY FIBS ABOUT
THAT HOUSE.

FUDDLE: NO, NO, MY BOY! FAR FROM IT! BUT JUST REMEMBER YOU GET A SPLIT
IF WE SELL THE HOUSE! WELL -- GRAB YOUR HAT AND LET'S GO!

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN -- NOW?

FUDDLE: CERTAINLY! NOW -- WHILE THE DAYLIGHT LASTS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD MY SUPPER! I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE
UNTIL I'VE HAD MY SUPPER!

FUDDLE: BUT IT WILL BE DARK WHEN WE GET THERE!

DAGWOOD: WHAT OF IT? WHY?

FUDDLE: I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT...WELL...YOU KNOW HOW IT IS!
A HOUSE ALWAYS GETS A BAD NAME...AFTER A MURDER!

DAGWOOD: EH? DID YOU SAY -- ER -- MURDER?

FUDDLE: YEAH. IT'S CAUSED TALK, YOU KNOW! BOUND TO CAUSE TALK!
BUT IT ALL HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS AGO, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...IS THAT WHY NOBODY WILL LIVE IN THAT HOUSE?

FUDDLE: I SUPPOSE THAT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT. THAT AND THE
RUMORS ABOUT THE TRAMP.

DAGWOOD: W-WHAT TRAMP?

FUDDLE: THE ONE WHO TRIES TO SLEEP IN THE HOUSE...

DAGWOOD: T-TRIED TO?

FUDDLE: YEAH. SEEMS THIS TRAMP GOT IN THERE ON A RAINY NIGHT
(RUMBLE OF THUNDER DISTANT)...TO TAKE SHELTER FROM THE
STORM. THIS WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO...

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND THE DATE! WHAT HAPPENED?

FUDDLE: HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE OVER NIGHT! THAT KIND OF HELPED TO
GIVE THE PLACE A BAD NAME, TOO.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH.

FUDDLE: YEAH. AND, WHEN THE TRAMP ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM --
ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO...IT STIRRED UP THE OLD YARNS AGAIN.
TODAY SOMEBODY TOLD MY MR. BIGGS ABOUT IT...AND IT SORT
OF MADE HIM UNEASY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. IT MAKES ME UNEASY, TOO.

FUDDLE: NOW, ,LISTEN, BUMSTEAD! YOU'RE NOT BACKING OUT ON ME,
ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: ME? OH, NO! NOOOOOOO! BUT...IT IS GETTING DARK...AND
(THUNDER) AND IT'S GOING TO RAIN AGAIN TONIGHT...

FUDDLE: YOU'VE BEEN LISTENING TO STORIES, TOO!! JUST BECAUSE THAT
MURDER WAS DONE ON A RAINY NIGHT...

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! IT WAS?

FUDDLE: SO THEY SAY. BUT THAT'S NO SIGN IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN! I'M NOT A BIT NERVOUS FOR MYSELF! BUT BLONDIE
WANTED TO GO TOO, AND...

FUDDLE: WELL, THAT'S FINE! THE MORE THE MERRIER! NOT, I'LL MEET
YOU OUT THERE...

DAGWOOD: MEET ME? CAN'T WE GO TOGETHER?

FUDDLE: I'VE GOT TO PICK UP MR. BIGGS AT HIS HOTEL. I'LL MEET
YOU AT THE HOUSE! IT'S NUMBER THIRTEEN-THIRTEEN SHADOW
ROAD..."

DAGWOOD: THIRTEEN?

FUDDLE: DOUBLE THIRTEEN! MEET YOU IN THE DRIVEWAY! AT NINE
O'CLOCK!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. N...N...NINE O'CLOCK!

(MUSIC IN FOR INTERLUDE)

(UNDER THIS A DEEP BELL TOLLS NINE -- FAINTLY HEARD AT
FIRST -- BUT BUILDING TO A FULL TONE AT END...A LONG
ROLLING PEAL OF THUNDER -- DROWNS THE MUSIC ON THE LAST
STROKE OF NINE)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) DAGWOOD? CAN YOU FIND OUT WHY THE CAR STOPPED?
DAGWOOD: YEAH. NO GAS!
BLONDIE: OH -- DAGWOOD! DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
DAGWOOD: NO! I CAN'T SEE A THING! BUT HERE'S A GATE POST. I'LL
LIGHT A MATCH AND... (MATCH SCRATCHES) TOOHH! NUMBER
THIRTEEN THIRTEEN!
BLONDIE: OH, ISN'T THAT LUCKY?
DAGWOOD: HUH?
BLONDIE: THIS IS THE HOUSE WE WANT!
DAGWOOD: I DON'T WANT IT! ER -- LISTEN -- FUDDLE ISN'T HERE AND
I -- I THINK WE'D BETTER GO HOME.
BLONDIE: WE CAN'T GO HOME...UNLESS HE DRIVES US! (CAR DOOR OPENS)
LET'S WALK UP THIS PATH, DAGWOOD! (DOOR SHUTS)
DAGWOOD: WELL -- WE'LL WALK A LITTLE WAY...BUT I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF THAT HOUSE!
BLONDIE: WE CAN'T SEE THE HOUSE!
DAGWOOD: WE CAN'T SEE ANYTHING -- THAT'S WHAT I DON'T LIKE!
(THUNDER LOUD) TOOHH.
BLONDIE: I SAW SOMETHING! STANDING IN THE DRIVEWAY!
DAGWOOD: YOU DID? DID IT LOOK LIKE -- A -- A -- A MAN?
BLONDIE: NO! IT LOOKED LIKE MR. FUDDLE'S CAR. THE LIGHTNING
FLASHED...AND... (THUNDER AGAIN)...THERE! SEE IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! (YELLS) HEY, FUDDLE! (TO BLONDIE) COME ON,
LET'S RUN! (FEEET RUN ON GRAVEL...WIND SOUNDS IN TREES)
HERE WE ARE! LISTEN FUDDLE!...TOOOOH!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S WRONG?

DAGWOOD: HIS CAR IS EMPTY!

BLONDIE: MAYBE HE'S GONE INSIDE THE HOUSE! MAYBE WE'RE AWFULLY
LATE! WHAT TIME IS IT?

DAGWOOD: WAIT...I'LL TURN ON FUDDLE'S CAR RADIO...WE CAN GET THE
TIME FROM THAT...(CLICK)

BLONDIE: MAYBE WE'D JUST BETTER GO ON INSIDE THE HOUSE...

DAGWOOD: NO...NO, HONEY. NOT ON A RAINY NIGHT! NOT INSIDE THAT
HOUSE! SEE -- IT WAS A RAINY NIGHT WHEN...

VOICE: (CRAZY CHUCKLE) "HE DIED! AS THE OTHERS ALL DIED..."

DAGWOOD: TOOH!

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT?

VOICE: (FILTER) "AND THAT IS WHERE WE MUST LEAVE THE THIRTEENTH
EPISODE OF THE THRILLING CHILLING MYSTERY SERIAL
"GORY-JAWS -- THE VAMPIRE -- BITES AGAIN."

DAGWOOD: THE...THE RADIO! A FINE THING!

VOICE: "GORY-JAWS -- THE VAMPIRE -- BITES AGAIN" IS BROUGHT TO
YOU EACH EVENING AT THIS SAME TIME BY THE "E-Z-CHEW"
DENTAL PLATE COMPANY...(CLICK)

DAGWOOD: NOT TO ME BROTHER...

BLONDIE: WHY DAGWOOD! YOU ACT KIND OF NERVOUS! OH! LOOK!

DAGWOOD: TEEEEEEH! DON'T DO THAT! WHATTSA MATTER?

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) A LIGHT! IN THE HOUSE! SEE IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...IN...THAT WINDOW! IT...IT'S GREEN!

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE WINDOW SHADE... (THUNDER...RAIN FALLS) THERE!
NOW IT IS RAINING! (GOING) I'M GOING UP ON THAT PORCH
AT LEAST!

DAGWOOD: WAIT! WAIT FOR ME! NOW STAY CLOSE TO ME, BLONDIE...
I...I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

BLONDIE: (WHISPERING) HERE'S THE FRONT DOOR! (PAUSE...THREE LOUD
KNOCKS)

DAGWOOD: TOOH! WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: I JUST KNOCKED ON THE DOOR....(GASPS) DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: DON'T DO THAT? WHATTSA MATTER?

BLONDIE: THAT FRONT DOOR IS OPENING!...OPENING BY ITSELF! (DOOR
CREAKS)

DAGWOOD: N...N...NOW DON'T BE NERVOUS, HONEY! IT'S AN OLD DOOR AND
... (WIND WHISTLES FAINTLY) HEY...DID YOU FEEL THAT?

BLONDIE: YES. A COLD WIND! AND IT CAME OUT OF THE HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...I THINK BABY DUMPLING IS LONESOME BACK HOME...AND
DAISY TOO! LOOK! IT ISN'T RIGHT FOR US TO BE OUT EN --
ENJOYING OURSELVES WHEN 'OUR FAMILY IS HOME ALL ALONE AND...

BLONDIE: NO DAGWOOD! WE ARE NOT GOING HOME! WHY, MR. FUDDLE WOULD
THINK WE WERE FRAIDY-CATS! LET'S...LET'S GO ON IN AND
PROVE THAT WE'RE NOT!

DAGWOOD: WAIT! I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, BLONDIE...I KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS HOUSE THAT YOU DON'T! SOMETHING THAT
HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS AGO...

VOICE: (GROANS)

BLONDIE: LISTEN -- DID YOU HEAR THAT?

DAGWOOD: I CERTAINLY DID!

BLONDIE: IT MUST BE MR. FUDDLE! (GOES) (CALLS) MR. FUDDLE! ARE
YOU THERE? (GOING) WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE -- DON'T GO IN THERE! COME BACK! (GOING)
BLONDIE...LISTEN! WAIT! (DOOR SLAMS) TOOOOOH! WHAT'S
WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND US! JUST THE WIND -- I...I
GUESS...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...JUST THE WIND...I HOPE!

BLONDIE: LISTEN! (FOOTSTEPS HEARD) I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

BLONDIE: COME INTO THIS ROOM, DAGWOOD. (GOING) AT LEAST THERE'S
A LIGHT IN HERE! (COMING IN) LOOK DAGWOOD! AN OLD OIL
LAMP! IT'S BURNING KIND OF LOW!

DAGWOOD: (COMING IN) GOLLY...LOOK AT THE FURNITURE!

BLONDIE: ALL COVERED WITH DUST! AND YET IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEBODY
HAD A FIGHT IN HERE YEARS AGO!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! I...I GET IT! THIS IS THE ROOM WHERE THE...THE...
MURDER HAPPENED.

BLONDIE: MURDER? YES! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REMEMBER
ABOUT THE HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FORGET!

BLONDIE: THIS IS THE DOBSON HOUSE! LOOK!

DAGWOOD: TA...WHAT?

BLONDIE: HERE'S A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING...IT...IT'S ABOUT THE MURDER...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S A NICE THING TO LEAVE AROUND THE HOUSE!

BLONDIE: I WISH THIS LIGHT WAS BETTER. I CAN HARDLY READ IT! THE HEADLINE SAYS..."DOES LONG DEAD EDWARD DOBSON STILL WALK THE HALLS OF HIS ANCESTRAL HOME?"

DAGWOOD: W...W...WELL DOES HE?

BLONDIE: I CAN'T SEE! THIS LAMP IS 'SO DIM...

DAGWOOD: IT...IT'S GETTING DIMMER, TOO! I...I...THINK IT'S GOING OUT! LOOK! NO OIL!

BLONDIE: YES! IT'S GETTING LOWER...AND LOWER...

DAGWOOD: BUT...WE'LL BE IN THE DARK! (LOUD RUMBLE AND PEAL OF THUNDER) TOOOH! (WIND WHISTLES...)

BLONDIE: THAT COLD WIND AGAIN! IT...IT BLEW OUT THE LIGHT!

DAGWOOD: LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

BLONDIE: WHICH WAY IS OUT? (PAUSE) LISTEN! (THREE SLOW KNOCKS)

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR! (CALLS LOW) WHO... WHO'S THERE?

BLONDIE: (LOW) DAGWOOD! (A LONG LOW CREAK) THE DOOR'S OPENING!

DAGWOOD: (LOUD) WHO'S AT THE DOOR? ...AND IF IT'S EDWARD DOBSON... DON'T ANSWER!

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS)
(MUSIC IN...THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR...)

GOODWIN: (VERY HOKEY) WELL, FOLKS...DOES EDWARD DOBSON'S GHOST GET BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD? JUST BE PATIENT. WE'LL RETURN YOU TO THE ADVENTURES OF THE BUMSTEADS IN JUST A MOMENT. BUT FIRST A WORD FROM THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -- HERE ARE SOME SCENES THAT HAVE BEEN ENACTED OVER A MILLION TIMES TODAY. AND FOR THAT MATTER, EVERY DAY.

MAN: (HURRIEDLY) A PACK OF CAMEL CIGARETTES PLEASE -- (PAUSE) THANK YOU.

WOMAN: (PONDERINGLY) NOW LET ME SEE -- OH YES, I MUSTN'T FORGET TO PUT CAMELS DOWN ON MY SHOPPING LIST.

MAN: OH WAITER -- I'LL TAKE THE APPLE PIE -- AND WILL YOU BRING A PACKAGE OF CAMELS ALONG, TOO.

GOODWIN: YES, ALL OVER AMERICA TODAY, MILLIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN, WHEN THEY ASK FOR CIGARETTES, ASK FOR CAMEL CIGARETTES. THE ANSWER IS SIMPLY THIS: WE ALL JUST NATURALLY ENJOY PLEASURE "EXTRAS," AND IN CIGARETTES, THE "EXTRAS" IN SMOKING PLEASURE AND VALUE GO WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. CAMEL'S MATCHLESS BLEND OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS -- THEIR SLOWER WAY OF BURNING, GIVES YOU EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, AND EXTRA FLAVOR. THREE BIG PLEASURE "EXTRAS." AND CAMELS' SLOWER WAY OF BURNING MEANS A VALUE "EXTRA," TOO. EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. SO NEXT TIME YOU BUY CIGARETTES, GET THE "EXTRAS" -- GET CAMELS THE SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY. AND NOW WE'LL RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS. LET'S GO BACK TO THE OLD DOBSON HOUSE WHERE WE LEFT A TERRIFIED BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. WHERE THE RAIN IS POURING OFF THE ROOF IN TORRENTS AND THE WIND IS MOANING THROUGH THE DARKNESS. (WIND WHISTLES)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! WHERE ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: OVER HERE!

FUDDLE: (MOANS IT) BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOH! I'M BEING PAGED!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THAT NOISE CAME FROM BEHIND THIS DOOR. (RATTLES KNOB) IT'S LOCKED!

DAGWOOD: LEAVE IT LOCKED! (A GROAN) LISTEN! IS...IS THAT YOU E-EDWARD?

FUDDLE: (MUFFLED) NO...IT'S ME!

BLONDIE: WHY IT'S...

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: (MUFFLED) OPEN THE DOOR! I'M STUCK IN THIS CLOSET!

BLONDIE: HE'S STUCK IN A CLOSET!

DAGWOOD: (RATTLING LOCK) THIS DOOR IS STUCK TOO!

BLONDIE: I'LL HOLD BACK THIS LATCH AND YOU PULL DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! READY? (LATCH CLICKS -- DAGWOOD GRUNTS...DOOR SQUEAKS ...OPEN FAST)

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THIS TIME, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: ME? I WAS HERE!

BLONDIE: HOW DID YOU GET STUCK IN THAT CLOSET, MR. FUDDLE?

FUDDLE: I WAS -- ER -- INVESTIGATING. THE WIND BLEW THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND ME.

BLONDIE: BUT -- WHERE'S YOUR PROSPECT?

FUDDLE: MR. BIGGS COULDN'T COME OUT TONIGHT. LUMBAGO.

BLONDIE: I WISH YOU'D LET US KNOW. DAGWOOD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT CLOSET?

DAGWOOD: (IN CLOSET) I'M INVESTIGATING TOO. (LAUGHS) LISTEN! I KNOW HOW TO GET OUT OF THIS CLOSET WITHOUT OPENING THE DOOR AT ALL!

BLONDIE: HOW DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: CLOSE THE DOOR AND I'LL SHOW YOU.

BLONDIE: NOW BE CAREFUL DAGWOOD!

FUDDLE: IT'S ALL RIGHT BLONDIE...IF HE THINKS HE'S A SECOND HOUDINI
...LET HIM SHOW US! I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR. (DOOR SHUTS)

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED) COUNT THREE AND THEN OPEN THE DOOR!

FUDDLE: ONE...TWO...THREE...TAAAH! THIS DOOR IS STUCK AGAIN!
(RATTLES IT)

BLONDIE: I'LL HOLD DOWN THE LATCH THE WAY I DID BEFORE AND YOU PULL
MR. FUDDLE! READY? (LATCH CLICKS...FUDDLE GRUNTS) PULL
...PULL.

FUDDLE: IT'S NO USE! IT WON'T BUDGE!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE? (PAUSE THEN A FAINT
GROAN) LISTEN! HE'S GROANING!

FUDDLE: NO! THAT SOUND CAME FROM UPSTAIRS!

BLONDIE: BUT HOW WOULD HE GET UP THERE? AND WHY DID HE GROAN?
DAGWOOD! (THREE THUMPS ON FLOOR) LISTEN!

FUDDLE: THOSE KNOCKS CAME FROM THE CELLAR!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD CAN'T BE UPSTAIRS AND IN THE CELLAR BOTH! (CALLS
AGAIN) DAGWOOD! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

FUDDLE: (GOING) HERE'S A DOOR OVER HERE THAT OPENS ON THE CELLAR
STAIRS...

BLONDIE: OH HURRY. HE MAY BE HURT! (DOOR OPENS) CAN YOU SEE
ANYTHING DOWN THERE? (CALLS) DAGWOOD!

FUDDLE: (WHISPERS) SSSSH! THERE...THERE'S SOMETHING MOVING DOWN
THERE! SOMETHING WHITE!
(FEET HEARD ON STAIRS -- MOUNTING SLOWLY UNDER FOLLOWING
LINES)

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) YES. I SEE IT! IT...IT'S COMING UP THE STAIRS.

FUDDLE: LOOK OUT! SHUT THE DOOR. (DOOR SHUTS) NOW -- LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE! (GUST OF WIND...DOOR SLAMS) WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: THE OTHER DOOR BLEW SHUT!

FUDDLE: WE'RE TRAPPED.

BLONDIE: AND THAT...THAT THING IS STILL COMING UP THE STAIRS!

FUDDLE: LOOK!

BLONDIE: THE CELLAR DOOR IS -- OPENING! (DOOR CREAKS) (BLONDIE
GASPS) THERE'S THE -- THE THING IN WHITE!

FUDDLE: W -- WHO -- WHO'S THERE?

DAGWOOD: T -- TAKE THIS SHEET OFF ME!

BLONDIE: IT'S DAGWOOD! IN A SHEET!

FUDDLE: BUMSTEAD! (LAUGHS UNCERTAINLY) I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SHEET?

DAGWOOD: DOWN THE CELLAR. I...FELL RIGHT INTO IT!

BLONDIE: FELL INTO IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH. I WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THAT CLOSET THROUGH ANOTHER
LITTLE DOOR AT THE BACK. BUT WHEN I STEPPED THROUGH IT...
I FELL DOWN THE LAUNDRY CHUTE!

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! ARE YOU HURT?

DAGWOOD: NO...THERE WAS A BIG BASKET OF LAUNDRY AT THE BOTTOM. ALL
MOLDY.

BLONDIE: LAUNDRY?

FUDDLE: SURE! EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE WAS LEFT JUST THE WAY IT WAS
THE NIGHT EDWARD DOBSON DIED...

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH. DON'T!

BLONDIE: I DO WISH WE HAD A LIGHT!

FUDDLE: WELL, HERE'S THE END OF A CANDLE! GOT A MATCH?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HERE. BOY IT WILL BE NICE TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN!
(MATCH)

FUDDLE: YEAH. LONG TIME NO SEE! (LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: PLEASE MR. FUDDLE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH. DON'T DO THAT! THIS HOUSE IS NO PLACE FOR COMEDY.

BLONDIE: OH! NOW I CAN READ THIS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING I FOUND! I WAS JUST GOING TO READ IT WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT...AND THEN THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN...

DAGWOOD: DO WE HAVE TO READ IT NOW?

FUDDLE: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: THINGS MIGHT START HAPPENING AGAIN!

FUDDLE: NONSENSE! GO ON BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL...IT BEGINS "DOES LONG DEAD EDWARD DOBSON STILL WALK THE HALLS OF HIS ANCESTRAL HOME -- SEEKING THE BODY OF THE BROTHER WHOM HE KILLED?" (WIND WHISTLES) LOOK OUT -- THE LIGHT'S GOING AGAIN.

FUDDLE: HERE! YOU HOLD THE CANDLE! I'LL READ THE CLIPPING! HMMM. IT SAYS "YEARS AGO -- EDWARD DOBSON CONFESSED THAT HE HAD STRUCK AND KILLED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER JOHN IN A QUARREL OVER A WOMAN. DESPITE HIS CONFESSION EDWARD COULD NOT BE CONVICTED! FOR...WHEN HE LED THE POLICE TO THE HOUSE ON SHADOW ROAD -- SCENE OF THE ALLEGED CRIME...THEY FOUND DISORDER...AND BLOOD..."

DAGWOOD: TOOH.

BLONDIE: SSSH, DAGWOOD...

FUDDLE: "THEY FOUND DISORDER AND BLOOD...BUT THE BODY OF JOHN WAS GONE...NOR HAS IT EVER BEEN FOUND."

BLONDIE: WHY THEN... MAYBE IT WASN'T A MURDER!

FUDDLE: "EDWARD DOBSON DIED IN GRIEF AT HIS ACT...AND TO THIS DAY -- SO IT IS SAID...HIS RESTLESS SPIRIT ROAMS THE OLD HOUSE... A LIGHTED CANDLE IN ITS HAND...SEEKING THE BODY OF HIS BROTHER!"

DAGWOOD: LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BLONDIE: WELL, OF COURSE, I DON'T REALLY BELIEVE IN GHOSTS...

DAGWOOD: NEITHER DO I...BUT...BUT I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN THAT'LL CHANGE MY MIND!

FUDDLE: I NEVER HEARD A GHOST STORY YET THAT I COULDN'T EXPLAIN! WHY TAKE TONIGHT! WE HEARD GROANS AND RAPS...AND SAW A FIGURE IN WHITE...AND IT TURNS OUT TO BE DAGWOOD! (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND BEFORE THAT...IT TURNED OUT TO BE YOU! (BUM LAUGH)

BLONDIE: WHAT ABOUT THE NOISE UPSTAIRS?

FUDDLE: EH?

DAGWOOD: WHAT?

BLONDIE: WHEN DAGWOOD WAS IN THE CELLAR...AND WE WERE HERE...WE
HEARD A NOISE UPSTAIRS! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! "DOES LONG DEAD EDWARD DOBSON...STILL ROAM."

BLONDIE: (WHISPERS) LISTEN...I HEAR SOMETHING NOW...

DAGWOOD: (LOW) IT'S AT THE DOOR!

FUDDLE: MAYBE IT'S THE WIND...

BLONDIE: SSH! DO YOU THINK IT'S THE WIND THAT'S TURNING THAT DOOR
HANDLE?

DAGWOOD: THE...THE DOOR'S OPENING!

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS

FUDDLE: (GOING) LET'S GET BACK IN THE CLOSET. WHERE...WE CAN...
WATCH!

BLONDIE: (GOING) YES...QUICKLY...I...I THINK A MYSTERY IS GOING TO
BE SOLVED...

DAGWOOD: (WHISPERS) LOOK -- A CANDLE...OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN

BLONDIE: (GASPS) I CAN SEE HIM NOW...IT'S....

DAGWOOD: (LOW) IT'S HIM! IT'S EDWARD DOBSON...LOOKING FOR...

BLONDIE: (LOW) BUT...BUT EDWARD IS DEAD!

FUDDLE: (LOW) HIS CLOTHES ARE ALL WET!

DAGWOOD: DROWNED AT SEA!

BLONDIE: NO! THE PAPER SAID HE DIED HERE AT HOME...

DAGWOOD: I WISH I WAS HOME NOW...

BLONDIE: IT CAN'T BE A GHOST...IT JUST CAN'T BE...I...I'M GOING TO
SPEAK TO HIM....

DAGWOOD: NO...WAIT!

BLONDIE: HE CAN'T HURT ME...(LOUD) GOOD EVENING!

MAN: (LOW...PUZZLED) WHY...WHY GOOD EVENING, MADAME! I...I
HOPE I DO NOT INTRUDE HERE?

BLONDIE: PERHAPS WE'RE THE INTRUDERS! WILL...WILL YOU TELL ME YOUR
NAME, PLEASE?

MAN: (BEWILDERED) MY NAME? I'VE FORGOTTEN IT!..LONG AGO...
SO LONG AGO!

FUDDLE: IT'S JUST SOME TRAMP...

DAGWOOD: LIKE THE ONE WHO WENT CRAZY...IN THIS HOUSE...

MAN: I'M NOT CRAZY! I'M NOT! (CHILDISHLY) IF I COULD REMEMBER
MY NAME YOU'D UNDERSTAND...I...I HAD TO COME HERE....

BLONDIE: DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS ROOM?

MAN: I...I THOUGHT I DID...AND THEN...THE MEMORY FADED AGAIN...
BUT...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD! I THINK I KNOW WHO HE IS! LISTEN...JOHN
DOBSON WAS STRUCK DOWN BY HIS BROTHER EDWARD.

MAN: EDWARD? I KNOW THAT NAME!...IT WAS LONG AGO...BUT...

FUDDLE: WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T THINK THIS IS JOHN DOBSON,
DO YOU?

BLONDIE: WHY NOT? HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND...A BLOW ON THE HEAD
MIGHT HAVE MADE HIM LOSE HIS MEMORY...

FUDDLE: YEAH...BUT THAT WOULD QUEER MY SALE ON THIS HOUSE!...

DAGWOOD: QUIET, FUDDLE! GO ON, BLONDIE! ASK HIM!

BLONDIE: I'M GOING TO! LISTEN! LOOK AT THIS ROOM! IT'S JUST THE
WAY IT WAS -- TWENTY YEARS AGO...WHEN TWO BROTHERS HAD A
QUARREL! REMEMBER?

MAN: YES...THERE WAS A QUARREL...I REMEMBER THAT...

BLONDIE: SEE THIS BROKEN CHAIR? JOHN DOBSON SAT IN THIS CHAIR...

MAN: JOHN? YES...YES. I WAS SITTING IN THE CHAIR...AND HE
CAME.

DAGWOOD: EDWARD?

MAN: EDWARD!..YES!...EDWARD CAME IN...AND HE WAS ANGRY! HE
THREATENED ME!..HE...NO!..NO!...EDDY DON'T...DON'T!

(A GROAN AND A CRASH)

DAGWOOD: TOO OH! NOW HE IS DEAD!

BLONDIE: NO! BUT THE SHOCK WAS TOO GREAT FOR HIM! HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS...

DAGWOOD: HERE...HELP ME LIFT HIM, FUDDLE!

BLONDIE: I'LL HELP! YOU RUN FOR A DOCTOR, MR. FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: YEAH...

BLONDIE: AND TELL HIM TO HURRY...

FUDDLE: HE'LL BE HERE AS SOON AS HE'S PRESCRIBED FOR ME!

MUSIC: (BRIEFLY)

DAGWOOD: (LOW) THAT DOCTOR'S BEEN IN THERE A LONG TIME...

BLONDIE: OH -- I HOPE POOR JOHN DOBSON'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW..

DAGWOOD: HOW DID YOU DOPE IT OUT THAT IT WAS JOHN...AND NOT EDWARD'S
GHOST?

BLONDIE: WELL, -- DON'T YOU SEE, DAGWOOD? EDWARD THOUGHT THAT HE
HAD KILLED HIS YOUNGER BROTHER...BUT THE BODY WAS NEVER
FOUND! NOW DEAD PEOPLE DON'T GET UP AND DISAPPEAR! IT
DIDN'T MAKE SENSE! SO I GOT TO THINKING THAT JOHN WAS
ALIVE! SOMEWHERE!

DAGWOOD: THE DOCTOR SAID HE HAD MAGNESIA!

BLONDIE: AMNESIA! LOSS OF MEMORY! DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT THE TWO BROTHERS FOUGHT OVER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: THAT CLIPPING SAID IT WAS OVER A WOMAN.

BLONDIE: YES...AND I KNOW WHO SHE WAS! I REMEMBER NOW -- BECAUSE I'VE HEARD HER STORY, TOO! DAGWOOD, DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN BABY HAD MEASLES?

DAGWOOD: MEASLES? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH --

BLONDIE: THE NURSE WE HAD THAT TIME TOLD ME THE STORY ABOUT "THE WOMAN IN THE CASE." (DOOR OPENS) OH, HERE'S THE DOCTOR...

DOCTOR: (COMING IN) WELL, MRS. BUMSTEAD! YOUR EXPERIMENT WAS RISKY BUT SUCCESSFUL -- JOHN DOBSON IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: I'M SO GLAD!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I GUESS WE CAN GO HOME NOW...

DOCTOR: WOULD YOU MIND WAITING A LITTLE LONGER? UNTIL I CAN SEND A NURSE?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE WE WILL...ER -- DID YOU HAVE ANY PARTICULAR NURSE IN MIND?

DOCTOR: NO...BUT...

BLONDIE: I KNOW A FINE NURSE. A MISS BROWN...

DOCTOR: MARY BROWN? OH, YES. EXCELLENT. NOT OUR YOUNGEST R.N. BUT...A FINE WOMAN...

BLONDIE: I THINK SHE WOULD BE ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR THIS PATIENT! WILL YOU TAKE HER THIS NOTE, PLEASE?

DOCTOR: WITH PLEASURE! (OPENS DOOR) (CALLS) MR. DOBSON? HERE'S THE LADY WHO HELPED YOU TO REMEMBER. SHE'S GOING TO SIT WITH YOU A LITTLE WHILE...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BLONDIE: FEELING BETTER NOW, MR. DOBSON?

MAN: (FAINTLY) YOU HAVE BEEN VERY KIND!

DAGWOOD: DON'T MENTION IT.

BLONDIE: IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE NOW? COULD I READ TO YOU?

MAN: (LIKE A CHILD) WHEN I WAS VERY SMALL -- I LIKED STORIES!
COULD YOU TELL ME A STORY?

BLONDIE: I KNOW A LOVELY STORY!. A TRUE ONE...

MAN: I'D LIKE THAT...

BLONDIE: WELL, THEN...ONCE UPON A TIME...THERE WAS A BOY NAMED
JOHN.

MAN: THAT'S MY NAME..

BLONDIE: YES -- IT'S YOUR STORY....

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, BLONDIE -- ER -- DO YOU THINK...

BLONDIE: DON'T WORRY, DEAR. THIS STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING! YOU
SEE THIS BOY NAMED JOHN...LOVED A GIRL NAMED...MARY.

MAN: MARY! YOU -- YOU KNEW?

BLONDIE: OH, YES --- I KNOW HER STORY, TOO! AND WHEN JOHN WENT
AWAY -- MARY NEVER FORGOT HIM.

MAN: (SOFTLY) "NEVER FORGOT HIM."

BLONDIE: SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE HE WAS DEAD...AND SO SHE WAITED --
OH, SO PATIENTLY -- YEAR AFTER YEAR. UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
ONE DARK RAINY NIGHT...JOHN CAME STUMBLING UP TO THE DOOR
OF AN OLD HOUSE...AND HE WENT INSIDE AND THEN....

MAN: HE BEGAN TO REMEMBER.

BLONDIE: YES. HE KNEW WHO HE WAS ONCE MORE. THE PAST ALL CAME
BACK TO HIM. AND -- BEST OF ALL...MARY CAME BACK TO HIM,
TOO!

MAN: MARY? MARY IS COMING BACK?

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! ARE YOU SURE THAT...

BLONDIE: OH, YES, DEAR! WHEN THE DOCTOR COMES BACK...HE WILL BRING
HER WITH HIM. BECAUSE YOU SEE -- SHE IS THE NURSE I SENT
FOR...

MAN: MARY! I'LL SEE HER AGAIN!

DAGWOOD: OH...THAT'S WHAT YOU WROTE IN THAT NOTE?

BLONDIE: OF COURSE DEAR. IT WASN'T A LONG NOTE -- BUT IT WILL MAKE
HER HAPPIER THAN ANYTHING SHE EVER READ BECAUSE -- THE
NOTE SAYS: "DEAR MARY -- THE LONG YEARS OF WAITING ARE
OVER. JOHN HAS COME HOME!"

MUSIC: (IN THEN SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)

Goodwin: In just a moment we'll try to give you a brief synopsis of next week's program, but first-

NEWSBOY: (TYPICAL NEWSBOY VOICE IN BACKGROUND) EXTRA!...EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA FLAVOR.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA COOLNESS.

NEWSBOY: EXTRA!

GOODWIN: CAMELS GIVE YOU EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK. TRY CAMELS --

THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU THE "EXTRAS."

ORCHESTRA: (UP THEN FADE)

GOODWIN: DON'T MISS THE BIG SCOOP NEXT WEEK AT THIS SAME TIME WHEN

"BLONDIE" HITS THE FRONT PAGE."

"BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS ARTHUR LAKE.

THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES.

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.