

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 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)

GOODWIN: IN A MOMENT WE'LL DROP OVER TO THE BUMSTEAD'S HOUSE FOR A
VISIT. BUT FIRST -- (CONFIDENTALLY) THE LATEST GOSSIP
ABOUT MR. DITHERS. HE'S DAGWOOD'S BOSS, YOU KNOW. THE
OTHER DAY, MR. DITHERS PUT THE OFFICE IN AN UPROAR. HE CAME
BUSTING OUT OF A CONFERENCE -- (FADE)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...FAST AND LOUD

DITHER: (TYPICAL DITHERS' WRATH) OF ALL THE STUPID, SCATTER-BRAIN
THINGS TO DO! BUMSTEAD, WHERE'S THAT HALF-WIT SECRETARY
OF MINE! WHERE IS SHE?

DAGWOOD: (TREMBLING VOICE) I...I'LL GET HER, MR. DITHERS.

DITHERS: WELL, DON'T TAKE ALL DAY!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOH!

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GOODWIN: YES, MR. DITHERS' SECRETARY REALLY GOT HERSELF IN SOME HOT WATER. IT WASN'T WHAT SHE DID -- IT WAS WHAT SHE DIDN'T DO. SHE FORGOT TO FILL THE HUMIDOR ON DITHERS' DESK WITH CAMEL CIGARETTES. AND RIGHT BESIDE THAT DESK SAT AN IMPORTANT PROSPECT JUST LONGING TO LIGHT UP A FULL-FLAVORED CAMEL. YOU CAN HARDLY BLAME HIM, EITHER. EVERY TIME HE LIGHTS UP A CAMEL, HE KNOWS HE'LL GET EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURE. YOU SEE, CAMELS ARE THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS...AND THEY ARE SLOWER-BURNING. YOU GET EXTRA MILDNESS...EXTRA COOLNESS... EXTRA FLAVOR IN EVERY PUFF. WHAT'S MORE, CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING BRINGS YOU EXTRA VALUE, TOO...EXTRA SMOKING PER CIGARETTE PER PACK. SO REMEMBER, FRIENDS! NEXT TIME YOU ASK FOR CIGARETTES, ASK FOR SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. YOU, TOO, WILL APPRECIATE THE SMOKING "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS.

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT'S LATE AFTERNOON -- AND BLONDIE -- IN HER KITCHEN -- HEARS A THUMPING AT THE BACK DOOR... (THUMP OF DAGWOOD'S FOOT AGAINST DOOR)...

BLONDIE: YES?

DAGWOOD: IT'S ME! LEMME IN -- MY ARMS ARE FULL!

BLONDIE: OH! DAGWOOD! (GOING) MY YOU'RE EARLY TODAY! (DOOR OPENS) WELL FOR MERCY'S SAKE! WHERE DID YOU GET ALL THE BOOKS?

DAGWOOD: AT THE READEM AND SLEEP BOOK SHOPPE. THEY WERE A BARGAIN!

BLONDIE: LET ME HELP YOU WITH THEM!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO HONEY...I'VE GOT 'EM ALL RIGHT...OOPS! (BOOK FALLS)..

BLONDIE: I'LL PICK IT UP...PUT THE REST OF THEM DOWN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! ER...WHERE?

BLONDIE: ON THE IRONING BOARD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH! OKAY... (A THUMP...AND THREE MORE FALL TO THE FLOOR)
AW!

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND DEAR...REST A MINUTE AND THEN...WHY DAGWOOD!
THIS IS A SET OF BOOKS!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...FULL CLOTH BINDING AND STAMPED IN GOLD! TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES FOR TEN NINETY FIVE.

BLONDIE: BUT -- THEY'RE ALL ABOUT ADVERTISING!

DAGWOOD: AND PUBLICITY! WHEN I GET THROUGH THOSE TWENTY-TWO BOOKS I BET MR. DITHERS WILL CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT -- CERTAIN THINGS.

BLONDIE: DOES HE EXPECT YOU TO BE A PUBLICITY MAN FOR HIM TOO?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! HE SAYS I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS!

BLONDIE: WHAT SEARCHLIGHTS?

DAGWOOD: THE ONES BENSON IS USING AT THE CORNERSTONE.

BLONDIE: CORNERSTONE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH --- SEE -- MR. BENSON WAS OUT IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THEY OPEN HOT-DOG STANDS WITH A LOT OF SEARCHLIGHTS AND A BAND AND ALL...AND SO TOMORROW NIGHT THEY'RE LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE NEW BENSON BUILDING -- WITH SEARCHLIGHTS!

BLONDIE: TOMORROW NIGHT! WHY THAT'S WHEN MR. DITHERS IS HAVING THE OPENING OF HIS NEW BUILDING ISN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: SURE...THAT'S WHAT BURNS HIM UP. HE SAYS THE CROWD WILL BE OVER AT BENSON'S LOOKING AT SEARCHLIGHTS...AND HE WANTS ME TO THINK UP SOMETHING THAT WILL BRING THE CROWD TO OUR SHOW. SO I BOUGHT THE BOOKS. I'LL GET A COUPLE OF UP-TO-THE-MINUTE IDEAS AND...

BLONDIE: UP TO THE MINUTE? OUT OF THESE BOOKS?

DAGWOOD: SURE...WHY NOT? I OUGHT TO GET SOME GOOD IDEAS OUT OF TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES!

BLONDIE: BUT, I'M AFRAID THESE BOOKS AREN'T VERY UP-TO-DATE DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: HUH? WHY NOT?

BLONDIE: WELL, LISTEN TO THIS...VOLUME NINE -- CHAPTER TWO STARTS OFF...(READS) "WE HOLD THAT ADVERTISING TO BE EFFECTIVE NEED NOT BE FREAKISH! WE ARE OPPOSED TO THE MODERN TREND OF SPREADING AN ADVERTISER'S NAME BEFORE THE GAZE OF THE PUBLIC IN SUCH COMMON VEHICLES AS THE HORSE CARS!"

DAGWOOD: HORSE CARS? TOOH!

BLONDIE: THESE BOOKS WERE PRINTED A LONG WHILE AGO DEAR.

DAGWOOD: OH GOLLY...(FUDDLE'S KNOCK HEARD) HEY! THERE'S FUDDLE! DON'T LET HIM SEE THOSE BOOKS! HE'LL GIVE ME THE HORSE CARS...I MEAN HORSE LAUGH!

BLONDIE: I'LL STAND IN FRONT OF THE BOOKS...AND SPREAD MY SKIRT...
(DOOR OPENS) OH, HELLO MR. FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: HI BLONDIE! HELLO DAGWOOD! I BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE
PRESENT!

DAGWOOD: HEY! APPLE JELLY?

FUDDLE: RIGHT MY BOY! MADE BY MY HAZEL'S OWN LILY-WHITE HANDS!

BLONDIE: OH HOW NICE! ARE YOU SURE SHE CAN SPARE IT?

FUDDLE: OH WE'VE GOT A LOT OF IT! HAZEL'S A GREAT ONE TO PUT UP
FRUIT. LIKE I SAYS TO HER JUST NOW..."HAZEL," I SAYS...
"FOR MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE -- WE'RE CERTAINLY WELL PRESERVED!
(LAUGHS) GET IT? JAM...PRESERVE!

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) YEAH...BUT DON'T MENTION JAM. I...I'M IN A JAM
MYSELF. (VERY SAD LAUGH) GET IT?

FUDDLE: IN A JAM AGAIN EH? WELL, BUCK UP MY BOY. PAPA FUDDLE IS
HERE!

BLONDIE: YES -- BUT WHAT DAGWOOD NEEDS IS AN IDEA.

FUDDLE: RIGHT UP MY ALLEY BOYS AND GIRLS. IDEAS FLOW FROM ME
LIKE WATER FROM A LEAKY HOSE...AND SPEAKING OF THAT...I
WONDER IF I COULD BORROW YOUR GARDEN HOSE?

BLONDIE: WE'LL SWAP IT FOR OUR LAWN MOWER, MR. FUDDLE...

DAGWOOD: NOW, BLONDIE...FARQUHAR'S ONLY HAD THE MOWER THREE WEEKS!

BLONDIE: HE'S ONLY BEEN HOME THREE WEEKS! WELL! SHOW HIM WHERE THE
HOSE IS DAGWOOD! I'VE GOT TO START GETTING SUPPER.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. COME ON FUDDLE!

FUDDLE: I'D HAVE BROUGHT THAT MOWER BACK IN TWO WEEKS -- BUT I
WAS TOO WEAK (LAUGHS) GET IT? I HAD TO KEEP THE MOWER
ONE WEEK MOWER! (SCREAMS WITH LAUGHTER AS HE GOES)...

MUSIC: (IN FOR BRIEF INTERLUDE)

FUDDLE: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE LADDER, BUMSTEAD? YOU DON'T KEEP THAT HOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE GARAGE DO YOU?

DAGWOOD: NO...BUT I THOUGHT I'D FIX THAT LOOSE SHINGLE WHILE YOU WERE AROUND TO HOLD THE LADDER. GOT A GOOD GRIP ON IT?

FUDDLE: SURE -- SURE...(SIGHS) AH THIS TAKES ME BACK BUMSTEAD! BACK TO MY DAYS WITH THE CIRCUS...WHEN LITTLE SUZY SCRAMBILINI TRUSTED HER LIFE TO MY STRONG HANDS. SHE DID A LADDER ACT TOO.

DAGWOOD: UHUH! ER -- HOLD IT WITH BOTH HANDS WILL YOU?

FUDDLE: FEAR NOT MY BOY! FUDDLE THE FAITHFUL HAS A GRIP OF STEEL...

DAGWOOD: HERE I GO...(CLIMBS) I...GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SHINNY FROM THE TOP...OF THE...LADDER TO THE ROOF...(SLIPS...SLAPS RUNGS ON WAY DOWN) TOOOOOOOOOH.

FUDDLE: (GRUNTS) UH! CAREFUL BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: I MISSED A RUNG!...HOLD ON! I'M GOING UP AGAIN! (CLIMBS) NOW IF I CAN GET A GRIP ON THIS GUTTER! UH! AND...SWING MYSELF UP! HA! (SOUND OF SCRAMBLING ABOVE AS HE GETS LEG UP ON ROOF) NOW...OOOPS. I MADE IT!

FUDDLE: NICE CLIMBING, BUMSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: OH, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PRETTY GOOD CLIMBER -- EXCEPT I GET DIZZY IF I LOOK DOWN.

FUDDLE: THE SECRET OF SUCCESS MY BOY IS ALWAYS TO LOOK UP! THAT'S WHAT CARRIED ME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER ON THAT CIRCUS ...TO THE PINNACLE OF PROSPERITY AS SUZY SCRAMBILINI'S PERSONAL PRESS AGENT!

DAGWOOD: WELL...I...(TAKE) PRESS AGENT? WERE YOU A PRESS AGENT?

FUDDLE: MY DEAR BOY! I WAS THE LEADING PRESS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LAND. "FLASH FUDDLE" THEY CALLED ME! AND NOT WITHOUT REASON...

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- BUT LISTEN! I NEED PUBLICITY -- RIGHT NOW! I MEAN MR. DITHERS DOES...FOR HIS NEW BUILDING...

FUDDLE: SAY NO MORE, BUMSTEAD! FLASH FUDDLE'S FANCY IS ALREADY AT WORK! A NEW BUILDING EH? WAIT! JUST CROUCH ON THE EDGE OF THAT ROOF A MOMENT!

DAGWOOD: HUH? LIKE THIS YOU MEAN?

FUDDLE: JUST LIKE THAT! NOW...SORT OF...LEER DOWN AT ME, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: UHUH...HOW'S THIS?

FUDDLE: THAT'S IT! TO MY LIVELY IMAGINATION -- I SEE YOU AS A GARGOYLE!

DAGWOOD: LIKE THE ONES ON THE NEW DITHERS BUILDING?

FUDDLE: EXACTLY! AND NOW MY STORY BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE. I READ IN THE PAPERS THAT ONE BENSON IS LAYING A CORNERSTONE ON HIS BUILDING. RIGHT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S JUST IT...YOU SEE...

FUDDLE: QUIET BUMSTEAD! WE'LL GO HIM ONE BETTER...WE WILL CROWN A GARGOYLE!

DAGWOOD: DO WHAT?

(CUT ON SECOND SHOW)

FUDDLE: CORNERSTONE LAYING IS PASSE! BUT PICTURE THE RAPTURE OF THE CROWD WHEN THEY SEE US LAY A WREATH OF LAUREL ON THE BROW OF A GARGOYLE...TEN STORIES ABOVE THEIR HEADS!

DAGWOOD: IT'S ONLY AN EIGHT STORY BUILDING.

FUDDLE: IT'LL BE TEN IN THE NEWSPAPERS! AND YOU BUMSTEAD! YOU... MY FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR! YOU'LL BE THE HERO OF THE HOUR!
(GOING) GOODBYE, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: HEY! DON'T LEAVE ME STUCK UP HERE.

FUDDLE: (CALLS) BLONDIE CAN HELP YOU DOWN! I'VE GOT TO SEE A
FRIEND OF MINE! (FADES) NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST CATCH
THE MORNING PAPERS!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! BLOOOOOOONDIE!
(BRIEF INTERLUDE)

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY YOU COULDN'T EAT ANYMORE DINNER, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I'D HAVE MADE THAT THIRD POTATO -- IF I HADN'T BITTEN MY
TONGUE.

BLONDIE: WELL -- TRY TO RELAX NOW DEAR...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT I KEEP TELLING YOU BLONDIE...FUDDLE IS UP TO
SOMETHING! GOLLY...GARGOYLES...AND WREATHS...AND ME!
THAT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE NERVOUS! MAYBE I COULD
PHONE HIM AGAIN...

BLONDIE: NO! YOU LEFT A MESSAGE -- AND WHEN HE COMES HOME...
(DOORBELL) MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW...

DAGWOOD: NO. (GOING) HE ALWAYS GIVES THAT SPECIAL RING OF HIS...
(DOOR OPENS) OH...ER...HELLO!

SCOOP: GOOD EVENING...HOLD THAT POSE JUST A MINUTE, MR. BUMSTEAD!
(A CLICK) I GOT IT!

DAGWOOD: HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? TAKING MY PICTURE LIKE THAT?

SCOOP: THAT'S THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS! SHOOT 'EM WHEN THEY LEAST
EXPECT IT! RESULT? NATURAL PICTURES...UNPOSED! ER...
COULD YOU CLIMB SOMETHING FOR ME?

DAGWOOD: CLIMB?

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! WHO IS THAT, DAGWOOD?

SCOOP: ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF MRS. BUMSTEAD. SCOOP BYLINE
DAILY MORNING STAR! ER...HOLD IT! (A CLICK) THANK YOU,
MRS. BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...ER...MR. SCOOPLINE...WE DON'T NEED ANY PICTURES...
AND...

BLONDIE: WAIT, DAGWOOD! MR. SCOOP ISN'T SELLING PICTURES...HE'S ON
A NEWSPAPER! THE MORNING STAR...

SCOOP: RIGHT! YOUR FRIEND FUDDLE TIPPED ME ON THE STORY AND...

DAGWOOD: FUDDLE! OH! IS THIS -- ER -- PUBLICITY?

SCOOP: YOU BET IT'S PUBLICITY, MR. BUMSTEAD! YOU'VE BEEN HIDING
YOUR TALENT FROM US LONG ENOUGH! THE STORY WILL BREAK IN
TOMORROW'S FIRST EDITION!

DAGWOOD: IT WILL? WHAT STORY IS THAT?

SCOOP: THE ONE I'M GOING TO WRITE! COMPLETE WITH PICTURES! NOW
GIVE ME A BREAK MR. BUMSTEAD...GO ON AND CLIMB SOMETHING...

DAGWOOD: WELL...THERE'S NOTHING BUT FURNITURE...

BLONDIE: WELL -- CLIMB THAT DAGWOOD! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS
ABOUT -- BUT IF MR. BYSCOOP WILL TIE IT UP WITH THE DITHERS
BUILDING...

SCOOP: OH DEFINITELY!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- GOLLY...MR. DITHERS DOES WANT PUBLICITY...BUT I
DON'T SEE WHAT MY CLIMBING A CHAIR IS ALL ABOUT...

SCOOP: I'LL HAVE AN ARTIST WASH OUT THE CHAIR AND PAINT IN A
MOUNTAIN OR SOMETHING.

BLONDIE: COULD YOU GET THE DITHERS BUILDING IN THE PICTURE?

SCOOP: THAT'S AN IDEA. IT'S A DEAL...

DAGWOOD: WELL...LOOK! HERE I AM ON THE CHAIR...

SCOOP: YEAH, BUT BE LOOKIN' UP...THAT'S IT! HOLD IT! (A CLICK)
NOW MR. BUMSTEAD! A FEW QUESTIONS! WHEN DID YOU FIRST TAKE
UP CLIMBING?

DAGWOOD: ME? ER --- CLIMBING WHAT?

SCOOP: CLIMBING ANYTHING! I SUPPOSE YOU STARTED WITH TREES OR BARNES BEFORE YOU WENT ON TO YOUR TRIUMPHS HERE AND ABROAD?

DAGWOOD: WELL...OH YEAH! WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID I CLIMBED UP ON A ROOF AFTER A CAT...

SCOOP: SWELL! HUMAN INTEREST! NOW, DON'T LET ME HURRY YOU BUT I'VE GOT A DEADLINE TO MEET! HOW ABOUT THE WIFE? SHE APPROVE OF YOUR HAZARDOUS WORK?

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY DO NOT WANT DAGWOOD DOING ANY HARD CLIMBING...

SCOOP: SWELL! WIFE BRAVE -- BUT ANXIOUS! WAITS AT HOME WHILE HERO DARES THE HEIGHTS! NOW...DOES THIS OVERWHELMING URGE TO SCALE THE PINNACLES RUN IN THE BLOOD?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

SCOOP: ANY CLIMBERS IN THE FAMILY BEFORE YOU?

BLONDIE: DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ONCE THAT YOUR UNCLE OSCAR CLIMBED SOMETHING, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WHO?

BLONDIE: UNCLE OSCAR...THE ONE WHO MARRIED THE INDIAN GIRL...

DAGWOOD: OH...YEAH...HE CLIMBED PART WAY UP PIKE'S PEAK...

SCOOP: SWELL!

DAGWOOD: BUT THAT WAS ONLY TO GET AWAY FROM THE INDIAN GIRL'S FATHER!

SCOOP: I GET IT! WELL...I'VE GOT TO BE RUNNING ALONG!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A STORY...ER...HAVE YOU?

SCOOP: I'LL SAY I HAVE! IF YOU DOUBT IT...JUST TAKE A GANDER AT THE PAPER TOMORROW MORNING!

MUSIC: (BRIEFLY)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES...ASLEEP) LOOK OUT BELOW!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- DAGWOOD! WAKE UP -- IT'S MORNING!

DAGWOOD: HEY...WHAT? WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE ON THE LIVING ROOM COUCH DEAR...JUST WHERE I LEFT YOU LAST NIGHT.

DAGWOOD: HEY? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

BLONDIE: WELL -- YOU INSISTED ON WAITING UP ALL NIGHT FOR THE MORNING PAPER. TO SEE YOUR PICTURES!

DAGWOOD: TOOHOH! DIDN'T I DREAM THAT?

BLONDIE: NO...YOUR PICTURE REALLY IS GOING TO BE IN THE PAPER... ACCORDING TO MR. SCOOP...AND A STORY ABOUT YOU TOO.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- FUDDLE CERTAINLY CAME THROUGH FOR ONCE! HE PROMISED ME PUBLICITY AND -- WHAM! I LAND IN THE PAPERS THE NEXT DAY!

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO BE HAPPIER ABOUT IT. BUT SOMEHOW I CAN'T FORGET THAT EVERYTHING MR. FUDDLE HAS HAD A HAND IN UP 'TIL NOW HAS BEEN A -- A -- BOOMERANG.

DAGWOOD: (SADLY) I KNOW. BUT MAYBE THIS TIME...

BLONDIE: DID YOU CATCH MR. FUDDLE WHEN HE FINALLY CAME HOME LAST NIGHT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- AND I ASKED HIM WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT. HE JUST LAUGHED AND TOLD ME TO READ THE MORNING PAPER. (TAKE) HEY! THAT PAPER BOY IS LATE ISN'T HE?

BLONDIE: NO DEAR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT AND BUY A PAPER?

DAGWOOD: NO...I...I WANT TO SEE IT...BUT THEN AGAIN I'M AFRAID OF WHAT I'LL SEE!

BLONDIE: WELL -- HE PROMISED THAT THE DITHERS BUILDING WOULD BE MENTIONED...AND THAT OUGHT TO PLEASE MR. DITHERS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT THEN AGAIN...(PHONE RINGS) I'LL GET THAT PHONE! MAYBE...MAYBE THE PAPER DIDN'T GET PRINTED LAST NIGHT...OR...(PHONE UP) HELLO?

DITHERS: BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: TOOHH! HEY, BLONDIE! (SOTTO) THIS IS MR. DITHERS NOW.
BLONDIE: WELL -- SPEAK TO HIM, DAGWOOD!
DAGWOOD: HUH? YEAH! H-HELLO, MR, DITHERS! H-HAVE YOU SEEN THE MORNING PAPERS?
DITHERS: I'LL SAY I HAVE! IT'S TERRIFIC!
DAGWOOD: YEAH! ER -- YOU MEAN TERRIFIC GOOD --- OR TERRIFIC -- ER BAD?
DITHERS: HAVEN'T YOU SEEN IT?
DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- NO!
DITHERS: AMAZING MY BOY! A PAGE ONE STORY...AND PICTURES!
BLONDIE: ASK HIM HOW THE PICTURES CAME OUT?
DAGWOOD: YEAH! ER --- HOW WERE THE PICTURES?
DITHERS: WELL -- OF COURSE YOU LOOK SILLY STANDING ON THAT FAKE MOUNTAIN.
DAGWOOD: OH!!
DITHERS: BUT THE ONE OF THE DITHERS BUILDING IS FINE!
DAGWOOD: UHUH. HE SAYS THE BUILDING CAME OUT ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE.
BLONDIE: THAT'S GOOD. I'M GOING OUT AND WAIT FOR THAT PAPER BOY,
DAGWOOD. (DOOR OPENS)
DITHERS: NOW -- LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, BUMSTEAD. (DOOR SHUTS)
DAGWOOD: UHUH. SURE...
DITHERS: NOW, I STAND READY TO REWARD YOU FOR THIS -- ER -- EXTRA EFFORT...MY BOY...
~~DAGWOOD: WELL, THANKS...BUT IT WAS MOSTLY MR. PUDDLES WORK.~~
~~DITHERS: I KNOW. I'VE TALKED TO PUDDLE...LAST NIGHT!~~
~~DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S WHERE HE WAS!~~
~~DITHERS: EH?~~
~~DAGWOOD: I SAY DID YOU SEE PUDDLE LAST NIGHT?~~

DITHERS: ~~CERTAINLY! WE SETTLED EVERYTHING!~~ I FURNISH THE GARGOYLE
...THAT'S ALREADY IN PLACE -- WAITING! I ALSO FURNISH
THE BAND AND THE FIREWORKS AND THE WREATH TO PUT ON THE
GARGOYLE! NOW ALL I WANT FROM YOU IS THE RELEASE...

DAGWOOD: WHAT RELEASE MR. DITHERS?

DITHERS: WHY -- YOU KNOW. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU -- I
DON'T WANT TO BE BLAMED.

DAGWOOD: OH! ER -- IS ANYTHING GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME?

DITHERS: I HOPE NOT, BUMSTAD. WE NEED MEN LIKE YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER THANKS...BUT...

DITHERS: BUT -- JUST IN CASE YOU KNOW...EH?
YOU SIGN A RELEASE SAYING THAT THIS WAS ALL YOUR OWN IDEA.

DAGWOOD: WHAT WAS?

DITHERS: EH? WHY THIS PUBLICITY STUNT YOU'RE GOING TO DO FOR ME
TONIGHT!

DAGWOOD: OH...ER...THAT?

DITHERS: SURE! IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE THIS TOWN DITHERS CONSCIOUS --
NOTHING EVER WILL!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN MR. DITHERS. WHAT DOES THAT PAPER SAY I'M GOING TO
DO TONIGHT?

DITHERS: I HAVEN'T TIME TO READ YOU THE WHOLE ARTICLE NOW BUMSTAD!
(CUT ON SECOND SHOW)

**BENSON HAS SNAPPED UP BOTH BANDS HERE IN TOWN! I'VE GOT
TO GO OUT AND SCOUT UP ANOTHER! READ THE PAPER YOURSELF
WHEN YOUR COPY COMES...**

DAGWOOD: WELL -- OKAY...BUT...

DITHERS: I WON'T BE AT THE OFFICE ALL DAY. YOU GO DOWN THERE -- SIGN
THE RELEASE...AND THEN REST UP THE BALANCE OF THE DAY. I
WANT YOU TO BE IN GOOD SHAPE TONIGHT. YOU'LL NEED YOUR
STRENGTH. G'BYE. (HANGS UP -- WIRE HUM)

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT WHY WILL I? TOOHO! HE HUNG UP! (DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) DAGWOOD! THE PAPER'S COME!

DAGWOOD: WHAT DOES IT SAY I'M GOING TO DO TONIGHT?

BLONDIE: IT SAYS, "DARING YOUTH TO CROWN GARGOYLE."

DAGWOOD: TOOHO! DOES IT SAY HOW I'M GOING TO GET AT THE GARGOYLE? GOSH IT'S UP EIGHT STORIES AND...

BLONDIE: LOOK AT THE PICTURES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH! GOLLY IS THAT ME?

BLONDIE: IT SAYS IT'S YOU UNDERNEATH! AND HERE'S THE STORY! "BY SCOOP BYLINE! EXCLUSIVE TO THE MORNING STAR!"

DAGWOOD: YEAH! READ IT!

BLONDIE: IT SAYS "BORN ON THE TOP OF PIKES PEAK...WHERE HIS PARENTS HAD GONE TO RESCUE A CAT...~~RAISED BY THE FEARLESS INDIANS WHO LIVE ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE...~~OUR DISTINGUISHED FELLOW CITIZEN DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- IS AT HOME ONLY AT ~~THOSE~~ GREAT HEIGHTS WHICH ~~WOULD STRIKE FEAR TO THE HEART OF AN~~ ORDINARY MAN."

DAGWOOD: WHO...ME? HERE -- LEMME READ THAT THING!

BLONDIE: READ FROM HERE WHERE I LEFT OFF...

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH...IT SAYS "IN AN INTERVIEW LAST NIGHT MR. BUMSTEAD'S TOLD THIS REPORTER THAT LIFE ON LEVEL GROUND STUNNED HIM! HIS EYES FLASH LIKE THOSE OF AN EAGLE AS HE DESCRIBED HIS PLANS FOR TONIGHT'S HAZARDOUS FEAT! HEAT WHICH HE INSISTS ON ATTEMPTING DESPITE THE FILLS OF HIS FRIENDS AND THE URGINGS OF HIS EMPLOYER MR. J. G. BIPHER."~~ TOOHO!

BLONDIE: LET ME READ THE REST OF IT! LET'S SEE...OH! "AFTER ALL"
MR. BUMSTEAD DECLARED ~~"TO ONE WHO HAS STOOD AT THE TOP MOST
PEAK OF MT. WHITNEY -- HIGHEST POINT IN THE U.S.A...TO A
MAN WHO HAS SCALED THE NORTH WALL OF THE MATTERHORN...THE
J.C. DITHERS BUILDING...~~IT'S ONE THING IN WHICH STRUCTURE THOUGH
IT MATTER~~"~~...IS NO HIGHER THAN AN ANT HILL" -- WHY YOU NEVER
SAID ANY SUCH THING DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: NEVER MIND WHAT I DIDN'T SAY...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO
-- TONIGHT?

BLONDIE: WELL, IT SAYS HERE "TONIGHT" BUMSTEAD CONTINUED, "TONIGHT
I WILL POSITIVELY..." TURN TO PAGE TWO COLUMN THREE!

DAGWOOD: I'LL DO WHAT?

BLONDIE: THE REST IS ON PAGE TWO...

DAGWOOD: LEMME...LEMME SEE (NERVOUS RATTLING OF PAPER) HERE IT IS!
HERE IT IS! "TONIGHT I WILL POSITIVELY...~~DROP THE
IRKSOME ROLE OF BUSINESS MAN AND RETURN TO THE HABITS OF
MY YOUTH WHEN I WAS KNOWN AS SCREAM LONELY THE HUMAN FLY!~~
TONIGHT I WILL CLIMB THE OUTSIDE OF THE "HEY! I WILL
CLIMB THE OUTSIDE OF THE DITHERS BUILDING FROM SIDEWALK
TO GARGOYLE AND PLACE A WREATH OF LAUREL ON THE GRINNING
MONSTER'S BROW." (FAINTLY) TOOOOOOOOH! (A FALL)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! DAGWOOD! OH MY GOODNESS! HE'S FAINTED!

MUSIC: (IN AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR...)

(CENTRAL)

GOODWIN: (CHUCKLE) GOOD OLD DAGWOOD. I WONDER IF HE CAN UNSCRAMBLE THE MESS HE'S IN THIS TIME. BUT BEFORE WE SEE, JUST LISTEN TO THIS --

(SOUND OF RECORD BEING PLAYED TOO FAST) THAT, FRIENDS, IS A RECORDING OF AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION. BUT IT'S BEING PLAYED TOO FAST. LET'S SLOW IT DOWN AND SEE HOW IT UNSCRAMBLES.

BROWN: (THROUGH FILTER) YES, GRACE, I'VE BEEN SMOKING CAMELS FOR YEARS. THEY'RE MILDER AND SO EASY ON MY THROAT.

FITTS: (THROUGH FILTER) BESIDES, CAMELS SMOKE WITH LOTS MORE FLAVOR...EXTRA FLAVOR THAT PUTS MORE FUN INTO SMOKING. AND YOU KNOW, MARTHA, I'VE FOUND THAT, PENNY FOR PENNY, CAMELS ARE MY BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

GOODWIN: SAY, THOSE LADIES REALLY KNOW THEIR CIGARETTES! THEY REALIZE THAT SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS TAKE THE PLEASURE PRIZE -- AND RING UP A SAVING, TOO. YOU SEE, FRIENDS, 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. AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK! SO PUT THIS IN YOUR MEMORY BOOK -- GET THE SMOKING "EXTRAS," GET SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

GOODWIN: AND NOW...BACK TO THE BUMSTEADS LIVING ROOM. IT'S EARLY EVENING. THE NIGHT WHEN DAGWOOD IS SCHEDULED TO CLIMB... THE DITHERS BUILDING! WE FIND OUR HUMAN FLY ENGAGED IN A LITTLE PRELIMINARY WORKOUT AS BLONDIE ENTERS...

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: TOOHH! DON'T YELL AT ME HONEY!

BLONDIE: WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT TABLE AND FOOTSTOOL?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- SEE -- I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET OVER BEING DIZZY WHEN I LOOK DOWN! I'M USED TO THE FOOTSTOOL NOW...AND IF I CAN GET USED TO BEING UP ON THE TABLE...I'LL...I'LL TRY THE TOP OF THE BOOKCASE!

BLONDIE: YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! AND YOU'RE NOT CLIMBING ANY BUILDING TONIGHT! EITHER!

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT TO HONEY. I'VE GOT TO TRY ANYHOW!

BLONDIE: DID YOU PHONE MR. DITHERS LIKE I TOLD YOU TO?

DAGWOOD: HE'S BEEN OUT ALL DAY ^(CUT SECOND SHOW) -- HIRING A BAND. I...I WONDER IF THEY CAN PLAY THE FUNERAL MARCH?

BLONDIE: NOT FOR YOU THEY CAN'T! WHERE'S FARQUHAR FUDDLE ALL THIS TIME?

DAGWOOD: I CAN'T GET HOLD OF HIM EITHER! HERE! HOLD MY HAND HONEY! I'M COMING DOWN!

BLONDIE: CAREFUL NOW...DON'T JUMP OFF THAT TABLE!

DAGWOOD: NO, NO! I'LL JUST STEP ON THE FOOTSTOOL...LIKE THIS... AND (FOOTSTOOL SLIPS) TOOHH! (A FALL)

BLONDIE: OH DAGWOOD! ARE YOU HURT?

DAGWOOD: NO, NO...I...OOOOOOHH!

BLONDIE: YOU ARE TOO! **IS IT YOUR ANKLE?**

DAGWOOD: WELL -- YEAH...I DID KIND OF TURN MY ANKLE...

BLONDIE: NOW SEE WHAT I TOLD YOU? YOU CAN'T EVEN GET DOWN OFF A TABLE WITHOUT HURTING YOURSELF!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! I KNOW. A FINE HUMAN FLY!

BLONDIE: I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE DEAR...BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THIS CRAZY SCHEME! LOOK! THAT ANKLE'S BEGINNING TO SWELL!

DAGWOOD: OH GOLLY...LISTEN! HELP ME UP. MAYBE IF I WALK ON IT A WHILE...

BLONDIE: NO DAGWOOD! YOU CAN'T WALK ON IT -- MUCH LESS CLIMB ANY BUILDINGS WITH IT...AND I'M GOING DOWN AND FIND MR. DITHERS AND TELL HIM SO!

DAGWOOD: BUT LISTEN BLONDIE...IT SAID IN THE PAPER...

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, DAGWOOD! (GOING) I'LL SEND A DOCTOR IN TO LOOK AT THAT ANKLE WHILE I'M GONE...

MUSIC: (BRIEF INTERLUDE)

DITHERS: WHAT? SPRAINED AN ANKLE? BUMSTEAD CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

BLONDIE: HE DIDN'T DO IT TO YOU! HE DID IT TO HIMSELF!

DITHERS: OOOOHH! NO HUMAN FLY! WHAT AM I GOING TO TELL THAT CROWD OUT THERE?

BLONDIE: WHY NOT TELL THEM HE SPRAINED AN ANKLE?

DITHERS: THEY'LL GIVE ME THE HOOT AND GO OVER TO THE BENSON BUILDING! BENSON'S CORNER-STONE HASN'T SPRAINED ANY ANKLE...(GOING)...THAT CROWD WILL NEVER BELIEVE THIS YARN ...(DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: CALL UP THE DOCTOR. HE'LL TELL THEM IT'S TRUE!

DITHERS: THEY DIDN'T COME TO HEAR ANY DOCTOR TALK...THEY CAME TO SEE A MAN CLIMB UP A BUILDING...

MICKY: (OFF) HELLO BOSS! REMEMBER ME? MICKEY CALAHAN.

DITHERS: GET OUT OF MY WAY CALAHAN! (DOOR SLAMS)

MICKEY: GEE! WHAT'S THE BOSS SO SORE ABOUT?

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID HE'S ANGRY AT MY HUSBAND...MR. BUMSTEAD...

MICKEY: SAY! ARE YOU MRS. BUMSTEAD? WELL SAY...I'M HAPPY TO MEET YOU! SEE -- I WORK WIT YER HUSBAND DOWN TO DITHERS. ONEY A COURSE -- HE'S OFFICE AND I'M STEEL!

BLONDIE: OH YOU'RE A STEEL-WORKER, MR. CALAHAN?

MICKEY: YEAH...ONEY I WOULDN'T BE IF IT WASN'T YER HUSBAND GOT ME THE JOB. HE'S A SWELL GUY!

BLONDIE: THANK YOU.

MICKEY: YEAH -- I CERT'N'Y CONGRATULATE YER ON YER HUSBAND! I GUESS YOU'LL BE EXTRY PROUD A HIM TONIGHT HUH? CLIMBIN' THE BUILDIN' AN ALL...

BLONDIE: I'M ALWAYS PROUD OF DAGWOOD...BUT...HE CAN'T CLIMB THE BUILDING TONIGHT MR. CALAHAN! HE...SPRAINED HIS ANKLE. AND I MEAN HE REALLY DID SPRAIN IT!

MICKEY: IF YOU SAY HE DID...HE DID! WHO SAYS HE DIDN'T?

BLONDIE: WELL, MR. DITHERS WAS AFRAID THE CROWD WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!

MICKEY: I'D LIKE TER SEE THE GUY WHO'D SAY HE DIDN'T! WHY HE AIN'T GOT A YELLOW BONE IN HIS BODY...AND I BET HE'S PRETTY DISAPPOINTED TER MISS A CHANCE LIKE THIS...

BLONDIE: WELL...I...

MICKEY: I KNOW I WOULD BE!

BLONDIE: YOU?

MICKEY: SURE -- ME. I AIN'T KICKIN AT WHAT WORK I GOT NOW -- UNDERSTAND? BUT IT AIN'T LIKE THE OLD DAYS! PUSHIN' THRU THE CROWD AN THEM ALL GOOPIN' AT YER...GETTIN A TOEHOLD ON A WINDER LEDGE...THEN CLIMBIN UP...WHILST THE RUBES STRETCH THEIR NECKS DOWN BELOW...

BLONDIE: WAIT! ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME MR. CALAHAN...THAT YOU...
THAT YOU USED TO BE A HUMAN FLY?

MICKY: WANTA SEE MY SCRAPBOOK? I...I HAPPEN TO BRING IT ALONG
FER SHOW DAG! LOOK...(RUSTLE OF PAPER) WOOLWORTH BLDG,
BUILDIN'...1920...EIFELL TOWER...PARIS...1932...(VOICE
FADES) A COURSE I'M A LITTLE RUSTY NOW...BUT...IF IT WAS
FER MY PAL DAG...(BRIEF INTERLUDE)

SOUND: DOORBELL...FUDDLE ~~RING~~: KNOCK

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) COME IN FUDDLE. THE DOCTOR SAYS I CAN'T GET UP.
(DOOR OPENS)

FUDDLE: (COMING IN) THIS IS TOUGH BUMSTEAD! HAZEL TOLD ME WHEN
I CAME HOME TO DRESS FOR THE -- ER EVENT! THIS IS A
TERRIBLE THING BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I DUNNO. IT DOESN'T PAIN SO MUCH NOW.

FUDDLE: IT PAINS ME, BUMSTEAD. ESPECIALLY WHEN I THINK OF THE
FEE THAT DITHERS WILL PROBABLY REFUSE TO PAY ME! NOW THAT
YOU'VE FALLEN DOWN ON US...

DAGWOOD: LISTEN FUDDLE! I DIDN'T FALL DOWN ON YOU...AND ANYWAY...
THIS IS BETTER THAN FALLING EIGHT STORIES! THAT WAS A
NICE JAM YOU ALMOST GOT ME INTO TONIGHT.

FUDDLE: WELL, WELL MY BOY! LET BYGONES BE BYGONES. IF IT WASN'T
TO BE -- IT WASN'T...OR IT WOULD OF BEEN...AND SO IT
WASN'T.

DAGWOOD: YEAH. THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE TIME I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
STARTING TO CLIMB THE BUILDING! IT WAS GOING TO BE ON
THE RADIO TOO...(TAKE) HEY! LET'S TUNE IN THE RADIO AND
SEE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MY NOT SHOWING UP!

FUDDLE: THAT'S AN IDEA! LET'S SEE! STATION W-A-K-Y...HERE WE
ARE. (HUM IN) (BAND FADES IN FAINTLY "HOT TIME IN OLD
TOWN TONIGHT")

ANNOUNCER: (FILTER) I WISH YOU COULD BE HERE FOLKS TO SEE THIS CROWD...THEY'RE JAMMING THE STREETS FROM CURB TO CURB... WATCHING FOR THAT HUMAN FLY TO MAKE HIS APPEARANCE! HEAR THE BAND? (BAND UP)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! THEY -- THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME YET! LISTEN FUDDLE...WOULD YOU MIND GETTING ME A DRINK OF WATER? I'M GOING TO NEED SOMETHING -- WHEN I HEAR HIM TELL THEM I'M NOT GOING TO BE THERE!

FUDDLE^h CERTAINLY MY BOY! (GOING) BE RIGHT BACK! (BAND FADES AGAIN)

ANNOUNCER: NOT MUCH LONGER NOW FOLKS...THERE'S J. C. DITHERS! WAVING FROM THE DOORWAY AND...YES...HERE HE COMES! DRESSED IN FULL ALPINE CLIMBING COSTUME...(CHEERING) HERE HE COMES FOLKS! THE HUMAN FLY...DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: YEAH! WAIT! WHAT?...WHO?

ANNOUNCER: MR. BUMSTEAD IS HERE FOLKS...READY FOR HIS DEATH-DEFYING CLIMB! (BAND UP)

DAGWOOD: NO, I'M NOT! LISTEN...I...HEY FUDDLE...FUDDLE! HELP!

FUDDLE: (RUSHING IN) WHAT'S UP BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: (SHOUTS OVER BAND) THE RADIO! LISTEN TO WHAT THEY SAY ON THE RADIO!

FUDDLE: (ALSO SHOUTS OVER) I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU SAY FOR THIS RADIO! (CLICK -- RADIO SOUND OUT) THERE! IT'S OFF!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) NOW WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT MY BOY?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN FUDDLE...AM I IDERE OR AM I NOT?

FUDDLE: HOW'S THAT?

DAGWOOD: AM I HERE -- OR DOWN AT THE DITHERS BUILDING IN...IN FULL ALPINE COSTUME?

FUDDLE: MY POOR BOY! LET ME FEEL YOUR HEAD...

DAGWOOD: NO...I'M NOT CRAZY! I TELL YOU...

FUDDLE: HMM. THAT'S BAD! THE FIRST THING A CRAZY MAN SAYS IS THAT HE'S ALL RIGHT! ER...ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T YOUR HEAD YOU FELL ON BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: LOOK FUDDLE! I CAN'T BE IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE CAN I?

FUDDLE: (SOOTHINGLY) CERTAINLY MY BOY! IF YOU WANT TO BE TWO PLACES -- OLD FARQUHAR FUDDLE WILL FIX IT FOR YOU. ER... WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?

DAGWOOD: NOWHERE! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY THE RADIO SAYS I'M DOWN AT THE DITHERS BUILDING!

FUDDLE: OH -- THE RADIO SAID THAT? WELL...I DON'T WANT TO DOUBT YOU BUMSTEAD BUT...

DAGWOOD: TURN IT ON! TURN IT ON AND SEE!

FUDDLE: HMMMM. HAVE TO HUMOUR HIM I GUESS...(CLICK) THERE! NOW LISTEN MY BOY AND YOU'LL SEE THAT YOU'VE MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE...

ANNOUNCER: (FADE UP ON FILTER) THERE HE GOES FOLKS! HE'S HALFWAY UP -- AND STILL GOING STRONG! THE CROWD IS SILENT -- SILENT WITH AWE! LOOK OUT! HE'S SLIPPING...

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! LOOK OUT BELOW! (A CLICK)

FUDDLE: LISTEN BUMSTEAD! WE CAN'T HAVE THIS! I GRANT YOU THAT SOMEBODY SEEMS TO BE CLIMBING SOMETHING ON THAT RADIO... BUT NOT YOU!

DAGWOOD: NO...I KNOW! I'M HERE OKAY...RIGHT HERE AT HOME WITH YOU ...BUT...TURN ON THE RADIO AGAIN. I...I WANT TO SEE IF I FELL THAT TIME!

FUDDLE: I'LL TURN IT ON...BUT IF IT MAKES YOU VIOLENT...I'LL HAVE TO COME OVER THERE AND SIT ON YOU! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, YEAH...IF I'M CRAZY YOU CAN SIT ON ME! BUT TURN THAT THING ON 'TIL I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED!

FUDDLE: ALL RIGHT! I'LL TURN IT ON ONCE MORE. (A CLICK) I'M WARNING YOU TO LIE THERE QUIETLY! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BE FORCED TO SIT ON YOU!

DAGWOOD: LISTEN!

ANNOUNCER: (FADE IN ON FILTER) ONLY A FOOT OR TWO MORE FOLKS...HE'S REACHING FOR THAT GARGOYLE NOW. YES! THERE GOES THE WREATH AROUND THE GARGOYLE'S NECK (A CHEER FAINTLY HEARD) THE CROWD IS GOING WILD! NOW HE'S PULLING HIMSELF UP TO THE ROOF! HE SWINGS A LEG OVER AND...HE'S SAFE! SCORE ANOTHER VICTORY OVER DEATH FOR THE HERO OF THE EVENING -- MR. DAG "HUMAN FLY" BUMSTEAD (BAND IN FAINT)

DAGWOOD: THERE! DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHO'S CRAZY NOW?

FUDDLE: MOVE OVER BUMSTEAD...WE'LL SIT ON EACH OTHER!

MUSIC: (BAND UP BRIEFLY...THEN SEGUE TO QUIET THEME)

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: OKAY FUDDLE, IT'S MY TURN TO SIT ON YOU!

BLONDIE: WHAT ON EARTH IS HE TALKING ABOUT? DAGWOOD! WAKE UP!

DAGWOOD: HEY! LOOKOUT....

BLONDIE: IT'S BLONDIE, DAGWOOD...I'M HOME FROM THE OPENING OF THE NEW DITHERS BUILDING!

DAGWOOD: TOOHO! IS...IS THAT YOU BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WHY YES, DEAR!

DAGWOOD: WERE YOU AT THE OPENING OF THE...

BLONDIE: I JUST TOLD YOU I WAS.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...WELL LISTEN HONEY! WAS...WAS I THERE?

BLONDIE: (GIGGLIES) WELL DAGWOOD...IN A WAY YOU WERE!

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) OH! YOU SAW ME TOO! NOW I KNOW I'M CRAZY!

BLONDIE: IT WAS WONDERFUL DAGWOOD...MR. DITHERS WAS SO PLEASED!

DAGWOOD: UHUH. DITHERS WAS PLEASED EH? WELL...NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANYMORE.

BLONDIE: WELL I WAS CERTAINLY SURPRISED AT LITTLE MICKEY CALAHAN.

DAGWOOD: YEAH (TAKE) MICKEY CALAHAN? WHAT DID HE DO?

BLONDIE: WHY, HE CLIMBED THE BUILDING.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH! WAIT -- HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

BLONDIE: HE DID IT FOR YOU, DAGWOOD. BECAUSE YOU HAD BEEN SO KIND TO HIM...HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT -- HOW YOU GOT HIM HIS JOB...AND SHARED YOUR LUNCHEES WITH HIM...UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF DEBT...

DAGWOOD: GOLLY! AND ALL THE TIME I WAS FEEDING A HUMAN FLY!

BLONDIE: YES. HE WAS A REAL HUMAN FLY IN THE OLD DAYS...AND HE STILL HAS THE KNACK ALL RIGHT...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...BUT LISTEN! THEY SAID ON THE RADIO THAT I CLIMBED THE BUILDING.

BLONDIE: WELL, THAT WAS A MISTAKE...

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I KNOW! IT WAS TERRIBLE. HERE I WAS -- LYING HERE WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE LISTENING TO MYSELF CLIMBING BUILDINGS.

BLONDIE: WE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO TELL THE RADIO ANNOUNCER ABOUT THE CHANGE...BUT THE PAPERS WILL CARRY THE STORY TOMORROW MORNING.

DAGWOOD: THEY WILL? HEY -- I'M GLAD MICKEY WILL GET THE CREDIT! I WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE CREDIT FOR SOMETHING HE DID.

BLONDIE: OH, BUT YOU'LL GET CREDIT TOO.

DAGWOOD: ME? WHAT FOR?

BLONDIE: FOR WANTING TO TAKE THE CHANCE -- EVEN WHEN YOU KNEW IT WAS SO DANGEROUS! OH I TOLD THEM HOW YOU WERE READY -- UP TO THE LAST MINUTE -- WHEN YOU COULDN'T ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR ANKLE.

DAGWOOD: I WAS PRETTY SCARED, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: THAT MAKES IT ALL THE MORE BRAVE! AND MICKEY KEPT TELLING THEM WHAT A "SWELL FELLER" YOU WERE AND HOW HE DID IT FOR YOU.

DAGWOOD: GOLLY -- ANOTHER STORY FOR MR. DITHERS TOMORROW.

BLONDIE: I KNOW. HE'S TICKLED SILLY! HE SAYS NOT TO COME TO WORK 'TIL YOU FEEL YOU CAN.

DAGWOOD: MR. DITHERS SAID THAT? GOSH! HE MUST BE HAPPY.

BLONDIE: SO EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT...

DAGWOOD: YEAH! SIT DOWN HERE BY ME A MINUTE HONEY! THERE!
NOW EVERYTHING'S EVEN BETTER!

BLONDIE: DOES THE ANKLE PAIN MUCH DEAR?

DAGWOOD: NAW. IT NEVER DID PAIN SO VERY MUCH...

BLONDIE: FIBBER! JUST THE SAME -- SEEING THAT IT PROBABLY SAVED YOUR LIFE -- THAT FALL THAT SPRAINED YOUR ANKLE WAS ABOUT THE ~~luckiest~~ ^{happiest} FALL YOU EVER HAD...

DAGWOOD: OH NO HONEY -- LISTEN...THE ~~luckiest~~ ^{happiest} FALL I EVER HAD...
WAS THE DAY I FELL FOR YOU!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: GET IT...THE DAY I FELL FOR YOU (LAUGHS)

MUSIC: (IN...AND SEQUE TO THEME FOR:)

(CLOSING)

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT WE'LL TRY TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT
NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, 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: (THEME UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: BE WITH US AGAIN NEXT MONDAY. WE'RE SURE IT WILL
BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY WHEN "BLONDIE CLEANS UP."

"BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS
ARTHUR LAKE. THE ORCHESTRA WAS CONDUCTED BY BILLY ARTZ
WHO ALSO CREATED THE SPECIAL MUSICAL EFFECTS.

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.