

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. WE
FIND BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD IN THE LIVING ROOM...READING...
ALTHOUGH THE NIGHT IS FAR FROM YOUNG...

BLONDIE: (STIFLES A YAWN) EEEE-YAH. GOODNESS! EXCUSE ME. (PAUSE)
I SAY EXCUSE ME, DAGWOOD...

DAGWOOD: (MUTTERS) UHUNH.

BLONDIE: IT MUST BE DREADFULLY LATE. WHAT TIME IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (DEEP IN HIS STORY) "THE CLOCK IN THE TOWER
HAS JUST STRUCK THREE...AND OUT OF THE MISTY SHADOWS IN
THE DIM STREET BELOW...A WRAITH-LIKE FIGURE CREEPS..."

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: EH? YEAH...WHAT?

BLONDIE: NEVER MIND WHAT TIME IT IS IN YOUR STORY...WHAT TIME IS IT
REALLY?

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. LISTEN TO THIS, BLONDIE...(READS AGAIN) "MORE
LIKE A SLINKING BEAST THAN A MAN IT COMES...SLITHERING OVER
THE PAVEMENT SLIMY WITH SLEET"...PHEW -- BOY! HOW'S THAT?

BLONDIE: TERRIBLE! YOU'D BETTER NOT READ ANYMORE TONIGHT. IT'S
PAST YOUR BEDTIME.

DAGWOOD: OH NO, HONEY! IT'S EARLY!

BLONDIE: IT MUST BE MIDNIGHT!

DAGWOOD: OH NO. IT'S...LESSEE...IT'S JUST ELEVEN -- ER --
FIFTY NINE...AND ONE HALF.

BLONDIE: I SUPPOSE THAT EXTRA HALF MINUTE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE!
(SUGGESTED BREAK FOR COMMERCIAL)
(SUGGESTED TOPIC: CAMELS EXTRAS DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE)

"BLONDIE"
9/23/40

2-A

GOODWIN: SPEAKING FOR DAGWOOD...ANY EXTRA MAKES A DIFFERENCE. YOU KNOW YOURSELF THAT IF YOU SHOP AROUND, YOU FIND EXTRA GOOD PRICES, GET EXTRA GOOD VALUES. TAKE SMOKING, FOR INSTANCE...YOU GET THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT THE "EXTRAS" TO GIVE. CAMELS ARE SLOWER-BURNING...AND IT'S CAMEL'S SLOW...SLOW...WAY OF BURNING THAT BRINGS RIGHT STRAIGHT THROUGH TO YOU MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF, MORE PUFFS PER PACK.

MAN: (FILTER) 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. THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK,

GOODWIN: AND SAY...THAT EXTRA SMOKING MEANS A LOT WHEN IT COMES IN A CIGARETTE AS GOOD AS CAMEL! EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...ALL IN ONE SWELL CIGARETTE -- CAMELS! GET THE SMOKING "EXTRAS" YOURSELF -- TURN TO SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW -- WE RETURN TO THE BUMSTEADS, AND THEIR BOOKS...

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: "THE KITCHEN CRIME...OR WHO KILLED COOK ROBINS." IT'S SWELL! LISTEN! THIS MAN IS STANDING THERE, SEE? DICK DARING, THE GREAT DETECTIVE. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN... HERE COMES THIS FIGURE CREEPING OUT OF THE SHADOWS, SEE...

BLONDIE: HOW AWFUL! YOU'D BETTER PUT THAT BOOK AWAY AND COME TO BED NOW.

DAGWOOD: BED!? LISTEN...I CAN'T LEAVE THAT CREEPING FIGURE STOOPED OVER LIKE THAT ALL NIGHT!

BLONDIE: THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO LEAVE IT! WHY, IN MY BOOK -- I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE GIRL GETTING CHASED BY AN ACROBAT WITH A KNIFE!

DAGWOOD: OH -- ARE YOU READING A MYSTERY, TOO?

BLONDIE: WHY NO, DAGWOOD! MY BOOK IS A BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY. SEE, THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE LOVES THIS GIRL TERRIBLY.

DAGWOOD: HE TAKES A FUNNY WAY OF SHOWING IT!

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'S JEALOUS OF HER, OF COURSE. SHE RAN AWAY WITH HIS PARTNER IN THE ACT!

DAGWOOD: WHAT ACT?

BLONDIE: WHY THE NAME OF THE ACT WAS "THE THREE MAGNOLIC" AND THIS MAN WITH THE KNIFE IS A CONTORTIONIST JUST LIKE THE MAN THAT'S ALL STOOPED OVER IN YOUR BOOK...

DAGWOOD: NO -- NO! THIS FELLER IN MY BOOK IN NO CONTORTIONIST! NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IT IS UNTIL THE END, I GUESS! IT'S... A NAMELESS THING...THAT CREEPS AROUND ALL THE TIME... LISTEN -- YOU OUGHT TO READ IT. IT'D GIVE YOU THE WHIM-WHAMS.

BLONDIE: ONE CASE OF THE WHIM-WHAMS IS ENOUGH IN THE FAMILY.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- JUST THE SAME (YAWNS)...I WANT TO FINISH THIS TONIGHT...

BLONDIE: FINISH IT! WHY YOU CAN HARDLY KEEP YOUR EYE'S OPEN NOW!

DAGWOOD: I CAN TOO! (YAWNS) I WAS (YAWN) NEVER WIDER AWAKE IN MY LIFE.

BLONDIE: (YAWNS THE WORDS) OH, DAGWOOD...STOP IT!

DAGWOOD: HA! WHO'S SLEEPY NOW?

BLONDIE: I AM. BUT I ADMIT IT. WELL, YOU CAN SIT UP AND SCARE YOURSELF PINK IF YOU WANT TO. I'M GOING TO BED...

DAGWOOD: NO, NO HONEY...I...I KIND OF LIKE TO HAVE SOMEBODY ELSE UP IN THE HOUSE WHEN I'M READING THIS...LOOK! I TELL YOU -- YOU READ IT TO ME...HUH?

BLONDIE: OH NO!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...GO AHEAD...AND I TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL PROMISE TO GO TO BED...RIGHT AFTER THE NEXT MURDER!

BLONDIE: WELL...ALL RIGHT. I'LL READ A LITTLE WHILE. WHERE WERE YOU IN THE BOOK?

DAGWOOD: RIGHT HERE. WHERE I'M POINTING! SEE? "A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND..." RIGHT THERE!

BLONDIE: OH -- YES...ER..."A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND SWEEPED THE ICY STREET...ITS COLD BREATH STIRRING A CLOUD OF MIST THAT SWIRLED AND EDDIED LIKE A DEAD MAN'S FINGERS -- CLUTCHING AT DICK DARING'S THROAT! AND AS...THE GREAT DETECTIVE WATCHED...THE MIST SEEMED TO TAKE FORM AND BECOME A CREEPING THING...MORE LIKE A BEAST THAN A MAN!"

DAGWOOD: (YAWNS)

BLONDIE: I'M NOT BORING YOU, AM I?

DAGWOOD: NONO...GO ON, HONEY! WHAT DOES DICK DARING DO?

BLONDIE: HE STEPS BACK INTO A DOORWAY...(READS) "DICK DARING STEPPED BACK INTO A DOORWAY WHERE HE HOPED TO SEE WITHOUT BEING SEEN. BUT THE BLOODSHOT EYES OF THE THING SEEMED TO PIERCE THE SHADOWS -- FOR IT HALTED AND THEN...CAME TOWARD HIM! SLOWLY, BUT WITH RELENTLESS HATE IN EVERY MOVE! ON IT CAME...CLOSER...CLOSER...CLOSER!"

DAGWOOD: (DROWSY) OH BOY...DARING BETTER GET OUT OF THAT DOORWAY AND LAM FOR HOME...

BLONDIE: (INTERESTED NOW) SSSSH, DAGWOOD. LISTEN! (READS) "CLOSER IT CAME -- UNTIL THE DAUNTLESS DETECTIVE COULD SEE ITS BLOODSHOT STARING EYES...AND THE FANG-LIKE TEETH IN HORRID JAWS THAT GAPED WIDER AND EVER WIDER!" (GASP) GOODNESS! (READS) "BUT IT WAS NOT THIS THAT CAUSED DARING'S SPINE TO CRAWL. IT WAS THE THING HE HEARD! FOR THE SOUND THAT CAME FROM THE BEAST'S LIPS...THE SOUND THAT PROZE HIS BLOOD...THE SOUND THAT BEAT INTO HIS HALF-NUMBED BRAIN WITH A MADDENING SHUDDER...WAS THE SOUND OF..."

DAGWOOD: (A LONG, HEARTY SNORE)

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD! ARE YOU ASLEEP!? (ANOTHER SNORE) OH DEAR! HE IS! AND NOW I'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS ALL BY MYSELF! (READS) "THE SOUND OF HUMAN SPEECH FROM THE LIPS OF A LIVING NIGHTMARE...(MUSIC IN SOFT)...(DAGWOOD SNORES) ...SSSH, DAGWOOD!..."A HUMAN VOICE THAT WHISPERED THESE SINISTER WORDS: "IT'S A NICE NIGHT FOR A...MURDER, MR. DARING!"

MUSIC: (UP AND INTO DREAM...THEN UNDER AND OUT)

MAGNOLIO: (HOARSE WHISPER) "IT'S A NICE NIGHT FOR MURDER"...ISN'T IT, MR. DARING?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...YEAH, IT CERTAINLY...(TAKE)...FOR WHAT!?

MAGNOLIO: (SINISTER CHUCKLE) DID I -- STARTLE YOU, MR. DARING?

DAGWOOD: LISTEN...HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

MAGNOLIO: OH...EVERYONE KNOWS DAGWOOD DARING -- "THE DILLETANTE DETECTIVE."

DAGWOOD: STICKS AND STONES MAY BREAK MY BONES, BUT NAMES WILL NEVER HURT ME.

MAGNOLIO: DON'T BLAME ME FOR WHAT I SAY! IT'S THE AUTHOR MAKES ME SAY WORDS LIKE THAT! HE'S TRYING TO WRITE FOR THE SLICK MAGAZINES...

DAGWOOD: WAIT A MINUTE...YOU MEAN YOU'RE JUST A CHARACTER IN A BOOK?

MAGNOLIO: NATURALLY, MR. DARING! YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT TO MEET ANYTHING LIKE ME OUTSIDE A BOOK, WOULD YOU?

DAGWOOD: WELL...I TELL YOU...I'M A STRANGER IN TOWN MYSELF AND...

MAGNOLIO: WELL, I CAN SHOW YOU ALL THE HOT SPOTS! WANT TO DO A LITTLE CREEPING AROUND WITH ME?

DAGWOOD: NO THANKS...LISTEN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CREEPING ALL THE TIME? CAN'T YOU WALK?

MAGNOLIO: OH, I WALK BETWEEN STORIES...BUT IT'S PRETTY TAME! I'M HERE TO CREEP AND YOU'RE THE DETECTIVE...SO GET BUSY AND DETECT!

DAGWOOD: OH...WELL...ER, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE DETECTED?

MAGNOLIO: YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO START RIGHT IN WITHOUT ANY CHIT-CHAT AND TELL ME A LOT OF THINGS ABOUT MYSELF...AND THEN I SAY -- "MARVELOUS"...

DAGWOOD: OH! WELL...HOW'S THIS? YOU -- ER...YOU'RE A CONTORTIONIST WITH HAY-FEVER...AND YOU'RE MAD AT SOMEBODY NAMED MABEL...

MAGNOLIO: MARVELOUS, MR. DARING.

DAGWOOD: IT'S REALLY NOTHING. I KNEW YOU WERE A CONTORTIONIST BECAUSE YOU KEEP ABSENT-MINDEDLY PUTTING YOUR RIGHT LEG UP AROUND YOUR NECK.

MAGNOLIO: AMAZING! (SNEEZES)

DAGWOOD: GOD BLESS YOU! AND I KNEW YOU WERE MAD AT MABEL BECAUSE I NOTICE A LARGE HEART WITH "MABEL" IN IT TATTOOED ON YOUR CHEST -- ONLY LATELY YOU TRIED TO CROSS OUT THE NAME! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

MAGNOLIO: OH, SURE. (SNEEZES)

DAGWOOD: HERE -- TAKE MY HANDKERCHIEF. SO YOU THINK IT'S SIMPLE, HEY?

MAGNOLIO: CERTAINLY. DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN DOING THAT ROUTINE FOR YEARS. THE ONLY THING THAT PUZZLES ME...(SNEEZES)...IS HOW YOU KNEW THAT I HAD (SNEEZES) HAY FEVER!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I NOTICED YOUR EYES WERE BLOODSHOT...

MAGNOLIO: YEAH...BUT I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WAS PINK EYE. (SNEEZES)

DAGWOOD: NONO! HAY FEVER! WELL -- I'LL BE TODDLING OFF HOME NOW.

MAGNOLIO: WAIT! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD MY STORY! NO DOUBT YOU'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHAT BECAME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS ACT KNOWN AS "THE THREE MAGNOLIO."

DAGWOOD: WHO? THE ONE'S IN BLONDIE'S BOOK?

MAGNOLIO: I THOUGHT THE NAME WOULD OPEN YOUR EYES! THE THREE ~~MAGNOLIOS~~ ^{MAGNOLIO!} FEATS OF LEGERDEMAIN, AND LIGHT COMEDY. PRESTIDIGITATION AND PERSIFLAGE! SONGS, DANCES, AND WITTY SAYINGS! BUT -- ALAS...!

DAGWOOD: ER...ALAS WHAT?

MAGNOLIO: ALAS -- THE ACT IS SEEN NO MORE. I -- THE ORIGINAL
MAGNOLIO -- AM THE SOLLE SURVIVOR!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S TOO BAD! BUT I TELL YOU...I'M KIND OF SLEEPY, AND...

MAGNOLIO: WAIT! AT FIRST THERE WAS ME, MABEL, AND ELMER...AND TWO
TRUNKS! FIRST WE LOST THE TRUNKS -- AND THEN WE LOST
ELMER!

DAGWOOD: HMMMM! PRETTY CARELESS!

MAGNOLIO: ELMER WAS A CONTORTIONIST, TOO...UNTIL HE TIED HIMSELF IN
A KNOT HE COULDN'T REACH WITH HIS TEETH! THEN THERE WAS
ONLY ME AND MABEL...

DAGWOOD: WELL...THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES. ER -- WHEN YOU GET HOME
REMEMBER ME TO MABEL.

MAGNOLIO: MABEL ISN'T AT HOME ANYMORE!

DAGWOOD: NO?

MAGNOLIO: NO! SHE'S GONE! AND WITH HER WENT THE OLD ACT...(SIGHS)

DAGWOOD: WELL. DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD! YOU HAVE YOUR MEMORIES...

MAGNOLIO: YEAH. I HAVE MY SCRAPBOOK, TOO. WANT TO SEE MY PRESS
CLIPPINGS?

DAGWOOD: SOME OTHER TIME. I'VE GOT TO BE ANKLING ALONG...

MAGNOLIO: OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE A GREAT DETECTIVE, AREN'T YOU?

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE, SURE...I'M PRETTY GOOD IN THE BOOKS THEY WRITE
ABOUT ME -- BUT --

MAGNOLIO: THEN YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME FIND HER!

DAGWOOD: NOW LISTEN...IT'S PRETTY LATE AND...

MAGNOLIO: (WITH MENACE) "AND A NICE NIGHT FOR A MURDER -- EH?!"
(SINISTER LAUGH)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOH! DON'T DO THAT!

MAGNOLIO: BUTTON UP NICE AND WARM, DAGWOOD DARING...IT'LL BE A
COLD RIDE TO MY HOUSE...

DAGWOOD: EH?

MAGNOLIO: YOU HEARD ME! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! I'M A DESPERATE
MAN!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

MAGNOLIO: ON THE OTHER SIDE...DO YOU KNOW WHERE "MOULDY MANSIONS"
ARE?

DAGWOOD: "MOULDY MANSIONS"? LISTEN...THAT'S IN THE SLUMS!

MAGNOLIO: THE SUB-SLUMS! READY TO GO?

DAGWOOD: HOW ABOUT THIS TIME NEXT WEEK -- ON A SUNNY DAY?

MAGNOLIO: NO...NOW! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

DAGWOOD: WELL -- IF WE CAN FIND A CAB...

MAGNOLIO: WE WON'T NEED A CAB...I'M A MAGICIAN, TOO! WE'LL FLY
THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...RIDING THE
BREEZES FROM ONE OF MY SNEEZES!

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT!

MAGNOLIO: HOLD TIGHT! NOW! ABRACADABRA...A...A...A...AT-CHOO!
(SNEEZES) (WIND WHISTLE AND FAST FLYING MUSIC) AH!
HERE WE ARE!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HERE WE ARE...BUT WHERE ARE WE?

MAGNOLIO: "MOULDY MANSIONS"! THE STREET OF NAMELESS CRIMES.

DAGWOOD: I CAN NAME ONE. IT'S A CRIME NOT TO HAVE ANY STREETLIGHTS
DOWN THIS WAY!

MAGNOLIO: WE'RE DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT! LISTEN! YOU CAN HEAR THE
WATER...LAPPING THE ROTTING PILES OF AN ABANDONED WHARF!
(PAUSE)...I SAY YOU CAN HEAR THE WATER...LAPPING AROUND
AN OLD WHARF. (HOKE WATER EFFECT...BLUB BLUB, ETC.)
THAT'S BETTER!

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DAGWOOD: GOSH! THIS WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE FOR A MURDER!

MAGNOLIO: IT'S MY FAVORITE PLACE! (CHUCKLE)

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOOOOOOH! I THINK I NEED MY ASSISTANT "BLONDIE BRIGHTYES"...TO...ER....TAKE NOTES! OH BLOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: AT YOUR ELBOW, CHIEF!

MAGNOLIO: MARVELOUS! HOW DID SHE GET HERE?

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU KNOW LOTS OF DETECTIVES HAVE DISGUISES HIDDEN ALL OVER TOWN! WHEN THEY WANT A DISGUISE THEY JUST REACH INTO THE NEAREST ASHCAN AND GET IT! DAGWOOD DARING KEEPS ME HANDY INSTEAD...

DAGWOOD: SURE...I KEEP MY ASSISTANT, "BLONDIE BRIGHTYES," INFORMED OF MY WHEREABOUTS AT ALL TIMES, AND...ER... WHERE ARE MY WHEREABOUTS, BLONDIE?"

BLONDIE: THEY'RE IN THE LAUNDRY, CHIEF!

MAGNOLIO: MARVELOUS!

DAGWOOD: SEE? SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING! SOME DETECTIVES HAVE A MAN ASSISTANT...BUT NOT ME! WITH A GIRL ASSISTANT -- THE PUBLIC GETS LOVE INTEREST, TOO! DON'T THEY, BLONDY-WONDY?

BLONDIE: I'LL SAY THEY DO, CHIEFY-WIEFY!

MAGNOLIO: LET'S HAVE LESS LOVE INTEREST AND MORE PLOT!

DAGWOOD: OKAY! WE'RE ENGAGED IN THE "CASE OF THE MISSING MABEL," BLONDIE BRIGHTYES. THIS BLOKE IS MAGNOLIO, THE MAD MAGICIAN.

BLONDIE: RIGHT-HO. NOW YOU REST YOUR BRAIN, CHIEF...AND I'LL ASK QUESTIONS...

DAGWOOD: JUST ROUTINE.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE...JUST ROUTINE! BUT I WARN YOU, MAGNOLIO THE MAD MAGICIAN...THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU.

MAGNOLIO: I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY...WITH GESTURES!

BLONDIE: NO...JUST ANSWER YES OR NO! DO YOU STILL BEAT MABEL?

MAGNOLIO: IT'S A LIE! I ONLY BEAT HER ONCE! AND THAT WAS WHEN SHE BIT ME!

BLONDIE: AH! MABEL HAD A TEMPER!

MAGNOLIO: BUT SHE LOVED ME! UNTIL ELMER -- WITH HIS SNEAKING WAYS -- \ CAME BETWEEN US.

DAGWOOD: AH-HA!

BLONDIE: VERY WELL PUT, CHIEF! WHAT DID ELMER DO TO WIN HER LOVE?

MAGNOLIO: WELL...HE COULD WIGGLE HIS EARS...AND I CAN'T!

DAGWOOD: (DRAWLS) JUST ANOTHER SORDID TRIANGLE. MY DEAR MAGNOLIO... YOU'RE WASTIN' OUR TIME. IF YOU WANT TO LEARN TO WIGGLE YOUR EARS YOU SHOULD STAY AT HOME NIGHTS AND STUDY! INSTEAD OF CREEPIN' ALL OVER TOWN IN THIS GHASTLY FASHION! COME, BLONDIE BRIGHTEYES, LET'S TODDLE OFF HOME.

MAGNOLIO: WAIT...

BLONDIE: NO, CHIEF! LET'S HELP THE BLOKE OUT! WHERE IS YOUR HOUSE, MR. MAGNOLIO?

MAGNOLIO: JUST DOWN THE STREET -- AT THE OTHER END OF "MOULDY . MANSIONS."

DAGWOOD: I SAY! WHILE YOU WERE WHISKING US THROUGH THE AIR...WHY DIDN'T YOU LAND US IN FRONT OF YOUR BEASTLY DIGGIN'S?

MAGNOLIO: WELL, I'M A LITTLE OUT OF PRACTICE! JUST CREEP THIS WAY...

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DAG: I DON'T THINK I CAN BUT I'LL TRY.

BLONDIE: YOU CREEP -- WE'LL WALK! COME ON, CHIEF...WALK!

DAGWOOD: (BORED) I'M WALKIN'...I'M WALKIN'...

BLONDIE: THEN THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, CHIEF! I CAN'T HEAR ANY FOOTSTEPS:

DAGWOOD: RIGHT, BLONDIE BRIGHTEYES! IN A MYSTERY STORY LIKE THIS...

BLONDIE: ...OUR FOOTSTEPS SHOULD "ECHO WEIRDLY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREET"

DAGWOOD: FOOTSTEPS PLEASE!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS IN...ECHO WEIRDLY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREET

DAGWOOD: (ON CUE) THAT'S ENOUGH OF THAT EFFECT! (FRET OUT)

MAGNOLIO: THIS IS MY FRONT DOOR! I'LL JUST THROW THE LATCH...

(SOUND OF SEVERAL HEAVY BOLTS...BARS...LOCKS)...GO RIGHT IN! (DOOR CREAKS)

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! YOU LOCK UP TIGHT!

MAGNOLIO: OH YES! THEN NOTHING OUTSIDE CAN GET IN...AND (DOOR SLAM) NOTHING INSIDE CAN GET OUT! (LAUGHS WITH MENACE) (INVERT...LOCKS...BARS...BOLTS)

DAGWOOD: HEY! THAT MEANS US TOO!

MAGNOLIO: MARVELOUS, MR. ^{DAGWOOD} ~~SEEK~~ DARING. YOU CAN'T GET OUT UNTIL YOU'VE FOUND MABEL.

BLONDIE: WE'RE TRAPPED, CHIEF!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE!

MAGNOLIO: I DON'T LIKE IT MYSELF! TOMORROW I LEAVE IT FOREVER.

BLONDIE: NEVER PUT OFF TILL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TONIGHT! LET'S GO!

MAGNOLIO: OH NO...I'M NOT EXPECTED UNTIL TOMORROW! (CHUCKLES) YOU SEE...I'M GOING TO VISIT MY BROTHER, HECTOR. HE'S IN THE ASYLUM! (CHUCKLES)

DAGWOOD: YOU MEAN...HE'S...ER...?

MAGNOLIO: OH YES. HE WENT MAD WORRYING ABOUT FATHER.

BLONDIE: WHAT WAS WRONG WITH -- ER -- FATHER?

MAGNOLIO: POOR FATHER! HE WENT LOOPY WORRYING ABOUT GRANDPA!

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SUPPOSE GRANDPA WAS ONE OF OUR GREAT MINDS EITHER.

MAGNOLIO: GRANDPA THOUGHT HE WAS A POACHED EGG! USED TO COMPLAIN THAT HE NEEDED A BIT OF TOAST TO LIE ON! YOU SEE HE WENT CRAZY WORRYING ABOUT ME!

BLONDIE: WHAT DID YOU DO TO WORRY HIM?

MAGNOLIO: OH, HE THOUGHT I WAS THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY! (CHUCKLES)

DAGWOOD: LET'S NOT DO ANYTHING TO -- ER -- WORRY MR. MAGNOLIO.
BLONDIE BRIGHTEYES!

BLONDIE: NO, CHIEF...WE'LL BE CAREFUL!

MAGNOLIO: JUST SOLVE THE CASE OF THE MISSING MABEL...AND I'LL LET YOU GO!

DAGWOOD: I'LL DO MY BEST! NOW WHERE DID YOU LAST SEE MABEL?

MAGNOLIO: HER ROOM WAS UP IN THE ATTIC...

BLONDIE: THE ATTIC?

MAGNOLIO: OH YES...RIGHT UP THESE STAIRS...

DAGWOOD: LET'S GO. TAKE ME UP TO MABEL'S ROOM.

MAGNOLIO: WATCH YOUR STEP IN THE DARK. TWO STEPS ARE BROKEN! BUT I NEVER CAN REMEMBER WHICH ONES...

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL, DAGWOOD DARING!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...(A CREAK)

MAGNOLIO: I THINK IT'S TWO AND FOUR THAT ARE MISSING! ER...TRUE
OR FALSE? (TWO SMALL CRASHES)

DAGWOOD: (FALLING) TOOOOH!

BLONDIE: FALSE! IT WAS THREE AND FIVE! ARE YOU HURT, DAGWOOD DARING?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- NO! BUT I'M GLAD IT WASN'T AN ELEVATOR SHAFT!

MAGNOLIO: I WISH I COULD REMEMBER TO FIX THOSE STEPS. IT -- IT WORRIES ME.

BLONDIE: NOW DON'T YOU START WORRYING, MR. MAGNOLIO! REMEMBER GRANDPA, AND YOUR FATHER, AND HECTOR...

DAGWOOD: YEAH...DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! WE'LL GET UP TO THE ATTIC ALL RIGHT.

MAGNOLIO: LET'S FLY UP THERE!

DAGWOOD: EH?

MAGNOLIO: LIKE THIS...SEE...(MUSIC SOFTLY... "HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE")

BLONDIE: OH, THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN! COME ON, DAGWOOD DARING...FLY WITH ME!

DAGWOOD: HERE WE GO!...(MUSIC QUICKENS INTO UPWARD ARPEGGIO)

MAGNOLIO: HERE WE ARE! THIS WAS THE DOOR TO MABEL'S ROOM...
(SOUND OF HEAVY LOCK...CLANG OF BOLT...IRON DOOR SWINGS OPEN) WALK RIGHT IN.

BLONDIE: GOODNESS! DON'T TELL ME MABEL LIVED IN THIS ROOM!

DAGWOOD: WHY -- THERE ISN'T ANY FURNITURE IN IT!

MAGNOLIO: THERE WAS -- UNTIL SHE LOST HER TEMPER ONE DAY AND BROKE IT UP.

BLONDIE: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!

MAGNOLIO: SO THEN I MADE HER SLEEP ON THAT PILE OF HAY.

DAGWOOD: BUT -- WHAT ABOUT THOSE BARS ON THE WINDOWS. AND THIS -- THIS BIG CHAIN BOLTED TO THE FLOOR?

MAGNOLIO: MABEL WAS TOO FOND OF CHASING AROUND NIGHTS. SO I WORKED OUT THIS LITTLE SCHEME TO KEEP HER AT HOME! (CHUCKLES)

DAGWOOD: HMMMM. I SEE TEETH MARKS ON THE CHAIN -- WHERE SHE TRIED TO BITE THROUGH IT. BLONDIE BRIGHTEYES! I FEEL A DEDUCTION COMING ON! I DEDUCE THAT MABEL WASN'T HAPPY HERE. SHE WANTED TO GET AWAY!

BLONDIE: MARVELOUS, CHIEF!

MAGNOLIO: SHE DID GET AWAY, TOO!

DAGWOOD: HMMMM! NOW WHERE WAS ELMER'S ROOM?

MAGNOLIO: OH, WE KEPT ELMER DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

DAGWOOD: THEN TAKE ME TO THE CELLAR!

BLONDIE: WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO DOWN IN THAT OLD CELLAR, CHIEF?

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING DOWN IN THE CELLAR TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS CASE!

MAGNOLIO: MARVELOUS! RIGHT THIS WAY! WE'LL GO DOWN THE BACK STAIRS...

DAGWOOD: RIGHT-HO! ER...ANY STAIRS MISSING IN THE BACK STAIRS?

MAGNOLIO: HERE THEY ARE! SEE FOR YOURSELF! JUST STEP RIGHT AHEAD.

DAGWOOD: WELL...ALL RIGHT...BUT (FALLING THROUGH SPACE) (MUSIC... FALLING ARPEGGIO CHORD)

MAGNOLIO: THEY'RE ALL MISSING...(LAUGHS MADLY) (LAUGH FADES SLOWLY) (MUSIC ECHOS LAUGH...CHORD)

BLONDIE: (CALLS) DAGWOOD! DAGWOOD DARING!

DAGWOOD: (VERY FAINT AND FAR AWAY) BLOOOOONDIE! HEEEEEELP!

MUSIC: (UP AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR:)
(CENTRAL)

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GOODWIN: POOR DAGWOOD! FOR A MAN WHO NEVER GETS OFF THE GROUND, HE CERTAINLY FLIES INTO A LOT OF STORMY WEATHER.

FIRST MAN: SAY, MAYBE DAGWOOD'S RELATED TO BILL MILLER.

GOODWIN: BILL MILLER? OH, YOU MEAN THE FLIGHT SUPERINTENDENT OF AMERICAN AIRLINES.

FIRST MAN: SURE, THAT'S THE MAN. HIS HEADQUARTERS ARE AT NEW YORK'S LAGUARDIA FIELD. HE SITS IN AN ARMCHAIR IN A RADIO CONTROL ROOM...AND WITHOUT EVEN GETTING OFF THE GROUND, HE DIRECTS AS MANY AS A HUNDRED PLANES A DAY.

GOODWIN: RIGHT! FLIER, NAVIGATOR, ENGINEER AND TRAFFIC EXECUTIVE ALL IN ONE...THAT'S BILL MILLER. HE SURE HAS PLENTY OF "EXTRAS" ON THE BALL. AND WHEN IT COMES TO SMOKING, HE KNOWS HOW TO GET THE "EXTRAS," TOO. HE SMOKES SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS...THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES YOU EXTRA PLEASURE AND EXTRA VALUE. JUST LISTEN TO WHAT BILL MILLER SAYS ABOUT CAMELS:

SECOND MAN: (~~THUNDER~~) YOU CAN QUOTE ME ON THIS...I SMOKE A LOT AND CAMELS GET MY VOTE FOR REAL SMOKING MILDNESS...EXTRA MILDNESS. THEY HAVE A SWELL FLAVOR WITHOUT THAT IRRITATING HARSHNESS OR DRYNESS. YES, IT'S CAMELS FOR ME!

GOODWIN: FRIENDS, GIVE YOURSELF CAMEL'S SMOKING "EXTRAS," TOO. FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND EXTRA VALUE...REMEMBER -- GET SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AND NOW LET'S HURRY BACK TO DAGWOOD'S BAD DREAM...WHERE WE FIND DAG DARING, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, WANDERING AROUND THE CELLAR OF THE OLD HOUSE....

DAGWOOD: (FAINT VOICE) BLOOOONDIE. WHERE ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: (WHISPER...CLOSE) PSSST. CHIEF! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

DAGWOOD: TOOH! YEAH...BUT I CAN'T SEE YOU! LISTEN, HOW DID YOU GET DOWN CELLAR? THERE AREN'T ANY STAIRS IN THE STAIRS!

BLONDIE: I SLID DOWN THE BANNISTERS. MORE FUN! (GIGGLES)

DAGWOOD: SSSSSH! THIS IS A BAD SPOT WE'RE IN! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO WROTE THIS BOOK!

BLONDIE: OH, DO YOU THINK WE'RE IN A BOOK, TOO?

DAGWOOD: SURE WE ARE! AND I'M NOT SURE THIS ISN'T A DREAM, TOO! LISTEN...PINCH ME AND SEE IF I'M DREAMING!

BLONDIE: OKAY, CHIEF! WAIT'LL I FIND YOU IN THE DARK! OH! HERE YOU ARE! READY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH! PINCH ME!

BLONDIE: THERE! FEEL THAT?

DAGWOOD: NOPE! I DIDN'T FEEL A THING!

BLONDIE: I'LL PINCH A LITTLE HARDER! THERE! FEEL THAT!?

DAGWOOD: NOPE! TOOOOH! THIS IS AWFUL!

BLONDIE: THAT'S FUNNY! MAYBE IF I STUCK A PIN IN YOU -- YOU'D FEEL THAT!

DAGWOOD: GO AHEAD!

BLONDIE: WELL...GET READY! ONE...TWO...THREE!

ELMER: OUCH!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH! WHO SAID "OUCH"?

BLONDIE: WASN'T THAT YOU?

DAGWOOD: NO.....

ELMER: IT WAS ME! ELMER!

BLONDIE: }
DAGWOOD: } ELMER?

ELMER: SURE...IT WAS ME YOU WERE PINCHING, TOO!

BLONDIE: OH! I BEG YOUR PARDON!

ELMER: GRANTED.

DAGWOOD: LISTEN, ELMER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN IN THIS CELLAR?

ELMER: I'M HIDIN'...FROM HIM!

BLONDIE: FROM MAGNOLIO?

ELMER: YEAH! FROM MAGNOLIO THE MAD MAGICIAN! HE'LL KILL ME IF HE CATCHES ME. FER RUNNIN' AWAY WITH MABEL.

DAGWOOD: OH, SO THAT'S WHERE MABEL WENT? I MEAN...I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!

ELMER: KIN I HELP IT IF SHE LOVES ME BETTER THAN HIM? WHY, HE CAN'T EVEN WIGGLE HIS EARS....

BLONDIE: WHERE'S MABEL NOW?

ELMER: SHE'S GONE TO GIT ME SOME SUPPER.

DAGWOOD: SHE HAS? LISTEN, BLONDIE BRIGHTYES! IF MABEL CAN GET IN AND OUT OF THIS PLACE...SO CAN WE!

BLONDIE: MARVELOUS, CHIEF!

DAGWOOD: I'LL GO FIND THE WAY OUT, AND THEN HOLLER FOR YOU.

BLONDIE: I'LL GO WITH YOU.

ELMER: DON'T RUSH AWAY, FOLKS...WE'RE HAVIN' BANANAS FOR SUPPER.

DAGWOOD: BANANAS!

ELMER: YEAH...I GET MIGHTY SICK OF BANANAS SOMETIMES...BUT MABEL CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF 'EM.

DAGWOOD: WELL...I TELL YOU...I CAN TAKE BANANAS OR LEAVE 'EM ALONE.

BLONDIE: THIS TIME WE'LL LEAVE THEM. COME ON, DAGWOOD DARING...
LET'S GO!

ELMER: YE'LL HAVE TO WAIT FER LOW TIDE.

DAGWOOD: LOW TIDE?!

ELMER: YEAH...SEE...NOW THAT THE STAIRS IS GONE THE ONLY WAY IN
ER OUT IS THROUGH THIS DRAIN PIPE BEHINT ME. BUT THE
OTHER END'S UNDER WATER AT HIGH TIDE....

BLONDIE: MAYBE WE COULD CLIMB THE BANNISTERS I SLID DOWN....

DAGWOOD: MAYBE YOU CAN...BUT I CAN'T! I'M GOING TO CRAWL INTO THIS
PIPE...AND SEE HOW HIGH THE TIDE IS...

BLONDIE: BE CAREFUL, CHIEF....

DAGWOOD: (MUFFLED) YEAH...LISTEN...HOW LONG IS THIS PIPE?

ELMER: GOES ABOUT TEN FEET...AND THEN SLOPES DOWN TOWARDS THE
WATER...LOOK OUT FER THAT BEND...SHE'S SLIPPERY...

DAGWOOD: (HOLLOW) I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY! I...(SLIDING OFF)
TOOOOOOH!

ELMER: I GUESS HE CAME ONTO THE BEND TOO SOON!

BLONDIE: (CALLS INTO PIPE) DAGWOOD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

DAGWOOD: (OFF AND HOLLOW) HEEEEEELP! (SOUND OF STRUGGLE IN PIPE)
LEGGO! LEGGO MY LEG...NO HELP!

ELMER: GUESS HE MET MABEL IN THE PIPE.

BLONDIE: WELL YOU TELL MABEL TO LET GO OF HIM!

ELMER: ONST SHE GETS A GRIP ONTO A MAN, SHE HATES TO LET GO.

BLONDIE: THEN SHE'S NO LADY!

ELMER: SHE NEVER WAS A LADY, MABEL WASN'T! MABEL IS A GORILLA!

BLONDIE: WHAT?

ELMER: SURE...SHE WAS PART OF OUR ACT...UNTIL SHE GOT TOO
MEAN-TEMPERED TO WORK...(SOUND OF CLAMBERING UP PIPE)...
GUESS HE GOT AWAY...

DAGWOOD: (POPPING OUT OF PIPE) HELP! IT...IT'S AFTER ME! RUN,
BLONDIE! THE THING IS AFTER ME! (ROAR FROM PIPE...FEMALE
GORILLA) HEAR THAT?

ELMER: MABEL'S MAD AT YOU, I GUESS...

DAGWOOD: MABEL, MY EYE! THIS IS SOMETHING COVERED WITH HAIR AND
LONG TEETH...AND...AND IT TRIED TO KISS ME...

BLONDIE: OH! WHAT DID YOU DO?

DAGWOOD: I PUNCHED IT IN THE NOSE! ONLY IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY NOSE!

ELMER: MABEL WON'T LIKE THAT...YOU'D BETTER GIT OUT!

DAGWOOD: I WANT TO GET OUT...BUT IF THAT WAS MABEL...I WANT A WORD
WITH HER FIRST....

BLONDIE: YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH MABEL, DAG DARING! MABEL'S A GORILLA!

DAGWOOD: AND NOT ONLY THAT BUT...(TAKE)...A WHAT?! TOOOOH!
(ROAR AGAIN...NEARER)

BLONDIE: RUN, DAG DARING! RUN!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...YEAH...UP THOSE BANNISTERS!

BLONDIE: YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T CLIMB THEM!

DAGWOOD: I CAN NOW...COME ON. (ROAR CLOSE) TOOOOOOOOH! BLONDIE...
WHERE ARE YOU?

BLONDIE: (OFF) HALFWAY UP THE BANNISTERS! COME ON!

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HERE I COME...(STRUGGLE WITH WORDS AS THOUGH
CLIMBING) THEY'RE...KIND OF SLIPPERY...BUT...I'LL...
I'LL MAKE IT YET....OOOOOOPS...I NEARLY...TOOOH! I'M
SLIPPING! I'M...(MUSIC SLIDING RUN DOWNWARD AS HE SLIPS
DOWN BANNISTERS...CHORD) HELP! IT'S GOT ME! TAKE IT OFF!
IT...IT'S KISSING ME AGAIN....

BLONDIE: (WAY OFF) DAGWOOOOOOD! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DAGWOOD: (WAY OFF) IT'S KISSING ME, I TELL YOU! TAKE...TAKE IT OFF ME! CUT IT OUT...!(BRIEF MUSIC OUT OF DREAM) TAKE IT OFF...(DAISY WHINES)

BLONDIE: DAISY! STOP KISSING HIM! HE'S WAKING UP NOW! (DAISY BARKS) SSSSSSH!

DAGWOOD: (ASLEEP) DAISY! HELP ME! SIC HER, DAISY! CHASE... GORILLA...AWAY...

BLONDIE: GORILLA! GOODNESS...THIS MUST HAVE BEEN SOME DREAM.

DAGWOOD: (WAKING) HI! HEY! (PANTING)...CLIMB THE BANNISTERS!

BLONDIE: BANNISTERS? DAGWOOD...WHAT ON EARTH...

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE! WHERE...WHERE AM I?

BLONDIE: YOU'RE ON THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR, DAGWOOD...AS USUAL.

DAGWOOD: TOOOOH!

BLONDIE: YOU FELL OFF THE COUCH AGAIN...THAT MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A DREAM...FOR SUCH A SHORT NAP!

DAGWOOD: SHORT? OH NO! GOLLY...I WENT ALL OVER TOWN.....AND DOWN ON THE WATERFRONT IN MOULDY MANSIONS...AND...

BLONDIE: LOOK AT THE TIME! JUST MIDNIGHT! YOU FELL ASLEEP AT ELEVEN FIFTY-NINE AND A HALF....

DAGWOOD: WELL, BUT...(DAISY WHINES) TOOOOOH! WHAT'S THAT!

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST DAISY, DAGWOOD! (TAPPING SOUND)

DAGWOOD: NO...NO! I -- I MEAN THAT OTHER NOISE! LISTEN... (TAPS CHANGE TO KNOCKS)...(WHISPERS)...WHAT'S THAT?

BLONDIE: IT'S YOUR KNEES KNOCKING TOGETHER!

DAGWOOD: AW...THAT'S SILLY! I WASN'T SCARED IN THE DREAM! MUCH...

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER GET UP AND GO TO BED NOW, DEAR....

DAGWOOD: I DUNNO. I'M NOT SURE I COULD SLEEP NOW...

BLONDIE: WANT SOME HOT COCOA? THAT WOULD KIND OF QUIET YOUR NERVES..

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I WOULD LIKE SOME. I'LL MAKE IT.

BLONDIE: IT'S ALL MADE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO NEED IT! HERE!
(CLANK OF CUP AND SAUCER) DON'T SPILL IT NOW.

DAGWOOD: SAY! THANKS...(SIPS SOME) OH BOY! HEY! HOW FAR DID YOU GET IN THAT MYSTERY STORY?

BLONDIE: NOT VERY FAR. IT WAS MORE EXCITING JUST TO LISTEN TO YOU DREAM. WANT ME TO READ YOU SOME MORE IN THAT BOOK?

DAGWOOD: NOT TONIGHT! I NEED SOMETHING SOOTHING.

BLONDIE: WELL...LET'S SEE...THERE'S A STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE...IT'S CALLED "MABEL'S MISTAKE."

DAGWOOD: NO! NOTHING WITH ANYBODY NAMED MABEL IN IT. THAT GORILLA'S NAME WAS MABEL!

BLONDIE: OH...I SEE! WELL...HERE'S ONE OF BABY DUMPLING'S BOOKS.

DAGWOOD: THAT MIGHT DO. WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT?

BLONDIE: "NED NIPUP ON MARS...OR THE RICKETY ROCKET SHIP."

DAGWOOD: NOTHING ABOUT FLYING, BLONDIE. I FLEW IN THAT DREAM! I NEED SOMETHING THAT I DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT!

BLONDIE: OH, I KNOW. HERE'S JUST THE BOOK! NOW LEAN BACK AND RELAX, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YOU'RE SURE THIS WON'T MAKE ME DREAM?

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK IT WILL! NOW! ALL COMFY?

DAGWOOD: UHUH...GO AHEAD...

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT...HERE WE GO! (READS) "A.A. AARONSON ART
ATELIER...A.A.A. BUG EXTERMINATING COMPANY...A.B.C. SCOOTER
SERVICE...ABBEY -- ALICE B....ABBEY -- ARTHUR D....ABBOTT --
CORNELIUS G."

"BLONDIE"
9/23/40

-22-

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS THAT -- THE TELEPHONE BOOK?!

BLONDIE: UHUH.

DAGWOOD: MIGHTY, MIGHTY SOOTHING! GO ON, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: "ACE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY...ACE FLY-SWATTER WORKS...ACME
CLEANERS...ACME PIE EMPORIUM...ACME VAN AND STORAGE
COMPANY...ADAMS -- BERT...ADAMS -- ZACHARIAH...ADAM AND
EVA LUNCH AND FILLING STATION...ADVANCE LAUNDRY...AETNA
SPRING WATER BOTTLING WORKS...ACKERMAN -- EPHEGENIA J....
ALIED UPSTARTS OF THE WORLD...(MUSIC SOFTLY)...BABBITT --
BENNY...BACON -- BARNEY...BECK -- MARY...BEETS...BELL...
BELL...BELL...BENDER...BERG...BLACK...BLACK...BLUE...BLUE...
BROWN...BROWN...BROWN...BRUIN -- WALTER J....BRYCE -- N.P..
BUCK -- ROBERT...BUMSTEAD -- DAGWOOD..." OH! "BUMSTEAD --
DAGWOOD"...(PAUSE) (TO HIM) BUMSTEAD DAGWOOD? (PAUSE)
DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: (SNORES)

BLONDIE: I GUESS HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW. (GENTLY) GOODNIGHT...
BUMSTEAD -- DAGWOOD!

(MUSIC UP AND SEGUE TO THEME FOR...CLOSING)

"BLONDIE" -23-
9/23/40

GOODWIN: IN JUST A MOMENT WE WILL TRY AND 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: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: Visit the Bumsteads next Monday Night when Blondie's Uncle pays a visit.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: BEGINNING NEXT MONDAY SEPTEMBER THIRTIETH, "BLONDIE" WILL BE HEARD ONE HOUR LATER ON ALL STATIONS THAT DO NOT OBSERVE DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR EXACT TIME IN YOUR COMMUNITY.

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

"BLONDIE" IS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ASHMEAD SCOTT.

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.