

10/31/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1940

4:30 - 5:00 P.M.
7:30 - 8:00 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 7118

"BLONDIE"
10/21/40

-2-

GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD ARE GOING TO A MASQUERADE PARTY TONIGHT -- DAGWOOD AS A GANGSTER AND BLONDIE AS HIS MOLL. JUST NOW DAGWOOD, LOOKING LIKE A REASONABLY EXACT FACSIMILE OF PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE, IS POUNDING ON THE BEDROOM DOOR...

SOUND: COME UP ON POUNDING ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE..,BLONDIE -- OPEN THE DOOR!

BLONDIE: (INSIDE) WHAT IS IT, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I WANT TO SEE HOW I LOOK IN THE MIRROR.

BLONDIE: YOU LOOK FINE, DEAR.

DAGWOOD: NOW DON'T SAY THAT, BLONDIE -- YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ME DRESSED THIS WAY. STOP TRYING TO FLATTER ME..

BLONDIE: WHY CAN'T YOU USE THE MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IT'S ALL STEAMED UP.

SOUND: POUNDS ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: COME ON, BLONDIE -- LET ME IN.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T YOU WIPE THE MIRROR OFF WITH A TOWEL? (PAUSE)
DID YOU HEAR ME, DAGWOOD? I SAID, WHY DON'T YOU
WIPE --

DAGWOOD: I HEARD YOU, ALL RIGHT -- I'M JUST TRYING TO THINK UP A GOOD ANSWER.

~~(COMMERCIAL)~~

~~BLONDIE: WELL, DAGWOOD -- HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF AN ANSWER?~~

DAGWOOD: ^{OH YEAH!} I WANT TO SEE MYSELF IN THE FULL LENGTH MIRROR. } ^{WHY?} MAYBE I

BLONDIE: ~~BLONDIE:~~
DAGWOOD: DON'T LOOK LIKE A GANGSTER ALL OVER.

BLONDIE: WELL, I'M BUSY FINISHING MY HAIR. IF I'M GOING TO LOOK LIKE A GANGSTER'S MOLL, I'VE GOT TO DO IT UP DIFFERENTLY.

DAGWOOD: WAIT'LL YOU SEE HOW I LOOK!

SOUND: POUNDING ON DOOR

DAGWOOD: COME ON, BLONDIE -- OPEN UP. WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LOCKING THE DOOR, ANYWAY?

BLONDIE: BECAUSE WHENEVER YOU HELP ME IT ALWAYS TAKES TWICE AS LONG, BESIDES, I WANT TO SURPRISE YOU.

DAGWOOD: IT'S GETTING LATE, BLONDIE -- THE PARTY STARTS PRETTY SOON.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, DAGWOOD...JUST A SECOND AND I'LL OPEN THE DOOR.

SOUND: RATTLE OF KEY IN DOOR...LOCK TURNS...DOOR OPENS

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS)

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

DAGWOOD: MY GOODNESS...!

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM INSIDE) DAGWOOD! HELP! DAGWOOOOD!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- IS THAT YOU IN THERE?

BLONDIE: YES, BUT THERE'S A STRANGE MAN OUTSIDE THE DOOR. DON'T LET HIM GET IN HERE!

DAGWOOD: I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE.

BLONDIE: HE'S WEARING A TURTLE NECK SWEATER.

DAGWOOD: WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, I DIDN'T -- HEY, BLONDIE, THAT'S ME!
BLONDIE: IT COULDN'T BE.

DAGWOOD: (PAUSE) HONEST IT IS, BLONDIE. OPEN THE DOOR AGAIN.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS SLOWLY

DAGWOOD: SEE?

BLONDIE: (FAINT START) OH!

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT!

BLONDIE: (RELIEVED) DAGWOOD -- IT IS YOU...OH, YOU LOOK A FRIGHT!

DAGWOOD: GEE, THANKS, HONEY...YOU LOOK PRETTY TERRIBLE YOURSELF.

BLONDIE: YOU SCARED ME.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) I GUESS I LOOK OKAY, THEN. I'M GOING TO BORROW YOUR EYEBROW PENCIL AND DRAW A MOUSTACHE ON MY LIP, TOO.

BLONDIE: NO, YOU LOOK FINE NOW...HOW ABOUT ME -- DO I LOOK LIKE A MOLL?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, YOU DO, HONEY. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU WITH SO MUCH PAINT AND POWDER ON. YOU LOOK SORT OF -- SORT OF --

BLONDIE: THAT'S THE WAY I'M SUPPOSED TO LOOK.

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SO...SEE WHAT I'M GOING TO TAKE ALONG WITH US, BLONDIE. IT'S FOR PROTECTION.

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- A GUN!

DAGWOOD: IT'S ONLY A WATER PISTOL.

BLONDIE: IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ONE TO ME.

DAGWOOD: IT'S BABY DUMPLING'S SQUIRT GUN.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- MUST YOU TAKE THAT GUN ALONG?

DAGWOOD: SURE. I'LL PULL IT OUT AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT AND MAKE THE JUDGES GIVE US THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST COSTUMES ...COME ON, BLONDIE, LET'S GO!

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE AN AWFUL FEELING ABOUT TONIGHT.

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON CAR...FADE TO BACKGROUND

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I THINK WE'D BETTER STOP AT THE NEXT GAS STATION AND GET SOME GAS. THE TANK SAYS EMPTY.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I'LL STOP AT THE NEXT PLACE...BUT WHEN THE NEEDLE HERE SAYS EMPTY, YOU'VE STILL GOT A GALLON LEFT.

BLONDIE: BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THAT'S GONE?

DAGWOOD: THERE STILL SHOULD BE ANOTHER QUART, BUT THAT'S WHERE THEY FOOL YOU. YOU'RE OUT OF GAS.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE GASOLINE GAUGES FIX THEM SO WHEN THEY SAY EMPTY THE TANK IS EMPTY?

DAGWOOD: THAT'S SILLY, BLONDIE -- THEN EVERYONE WOULD RUN OUT OF GAS.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE WHY. NOT IF THE GAUGE WAS RIGHT.

DAGWOOD: BUT EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE'S ALWAYS A GALLON OF GAS LEFT WHEN THE NEEDLE SAYS EMPTY.

BLONDIE: BUT WHAT IF THE CAR PEOPLE TOLD THEM THE NEEDLE WAS RIGHT?

DAGWOOD: THEY KNOW BETTER THAN TO BELIEVE ANY FOOLISHNESS LIKE THAT.

BLONDIE: BUT IT ISN'T FOOLISHNESS IF IT'S THE TRUTH.

DAGWOOD: LOOK, BLONDIE -- THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THIS GASOLINE GAUGE WOULDN'T DARE FIX IT SO THE NEEDLE WAS RIGHT. WHY IT WOULD DESTROY EVERYONE'S FAITH IN THEM...NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

BLONDIE: I GUESS IT'S A MAN'S WORLD.

DAGWOOD: HMMMM...YOU ALWAYS SET THE KITCHEN CLOCK TEN MINUTES AHEAD, DON'T YOU?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I REFUSE TO ARGUE WITH YOU.

"BLONDIE" 5-A
10/20/40 (REVISED)

DAGWOOD: IT MAY BE A MAN'S WORLD, BUT WOMEN RUN IT.

GOODWIN: WELL, DAGWOOD THINKS WOMEN RUN THE WORLD...BLONDIE THINKS THEY DON'T RUN IT ENOUGH...THERE'S NO ANSWER TO THAT ARGUMENT...BUT THIS IS TRUE: MOST WOMEN ARE PRETTY SUCCESSFUL RUNNING THEIR OWN HOUSEHOLDS...YET THE FUNNY THING IS WOMEN THINK THEY LEAD HUMDRUM LIVES...JUST BECAUSE THEY STAY AT HOME AND DO HOUSEWORK. BUT LISTEN...DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK ABOUT THIS: YOU'RE THE BACKBONE OF THE NATION...YOU'RE THE WOMAN WHO GIVES THE "EXTRAS" TO HOME LIFE! AND SINCE YOU GIVE THE "EXTRAS," YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE TO GET THEM. FOR INSTANCE, IF YOU LIKE TO SMOKE, HELP YOURSELF TO THE SMOKING "EXTRAS" OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS, BOTH MEN AND WOMEN LIKE CAMELS -- BECAUSE THEY'RE MILD TO SMOKE -- AS MILD AS CAN BE -- BUT...UMMMM...FULL OF FLAVOR. YES, THERE'S EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...WAITING FOR YOU IN EVERY PUFF OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. PERHAPS THE BEST WAY I CAN SAY IT IS THIS: CAMELS TASTE LIKE THE CIGARETTE THEY ARE -- THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS. GO AHEAD -- TRY A CAMEL -- NOW!

ORCHESTRA: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: AH, AH...HERE'S BLONDIE BACK AGAIN...STILL LOOKING FOR GAS....

~~DAGWOOD: IT MAY BE A MAN'S TURN, BUT THE WOMEN ARE UP.~~

BLONDIE: THERE'S A GAS STATION UP AHEAD OF US, DAGWOOD. LET'S STOP THERE.

DAGWOOD: OKAY...I THINK I'LL TRY OUT THIS GANGSTER GET-UP ON THE GAS STATION ATTENDANT. WHEN HE WALKS UP I'LL PUT A STEELY GLITTER IN MY EYES AND A CRUEL SNEER ON MY LIPS AND JUST STARE AT HIM.

SOUND: CAR IS SLOWING DOWN

BLONDIE: WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF HE JUST STARES RIGHT BACK AT YOU?

DAGWOOD: HUNH?...OH -- THEN WE'LL GO TO ANOTHER GAS STATION... NOW WATCH AND SEE.

SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP

BLONDIE: HERE HE COMES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH.

MAN: (COMING UP) HELLO, FRIENDS, LOVELY EVENING TONIGHT, ISN'T IT? THE WEATHER'S GETTING NICE AND BRISK -- MAKES YOU GLAD TO BE ALIVE AND...(PETERS OUT UNDER DAGWOOD'S STARE) ALIVE AND...AND...YOU DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING, DID YOU, MISTER?

BLONDIE: WE'D LIKE FIVE GALLONS OF GAS, PLEASE.

MAN: SURE -- RIGHT AWAY -- SURE. GLAD TO DO IT. SURE THING ...RIGHT AWAY...(FADING)

BLONDIE: WELL, HE CERTAINLY ACTED FUNNY, DIDN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I SCARED HIM WITH MY STEELY GLITTER OR WHETHER HE JUST RAN OUT OF CONVERSATION.

BLONDIE: I DO THINK OUR COSTUMES ARE GOOD, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: SAY, THERE'S A BUCKET OF WATER RIGHT BESIDE THE GAS PUMP. I THINK I'LL FILL THIS WATER PISTOL.

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD -- PUT THAT AWAY!

DAGWOOD: AW, IT'LL BE A LOT OF FUN AT THE PARTY...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

SOUND: DOOR OF CAR OPENS

BLONDIE: (CALLS AFTER HIM) DAGWOOD, I DON'T WANT YOU TO SHOOT ANYONE WITH THAT. IT ISN'T POLITE.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BLONDIE -- I WON'T SHOOT ANY OF THE LADIES...SAY, MISTER, DO YOU MIND IF --

MAN: (FRIGHTENED) LOOK, FRIEND -- I NEVER DONE NOTHING TO YOU, GIVE ME A BREAK.

DAGWOOD: WELL, ALL I WANT IS JUST --

MAN: YOU CAN HAVE EVERYTHING I GOT. TAKE ALL THE GAS YOU WANT, TAKE MY MONEY -- BUT FRIEND, I'VE GOT A WIFE AND FOUR KIDS AT HOME AND --

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF A BIT) DAGWOOD, YOU'RE JUST GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE WITH THAT GUN.

DAGWOOD: (CALLS BACK) NO ONE'LL KNOW I DID IT, BLONDIE.

MAN: AW HAVE A HEART, FRIEND. THINK OF MY WIFE AND KIDS. HAVEN'T YOU GOT A YOUNGSTER OF YOUR OWN SOMEWHERE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, I HAVE. THIS IS HIS GUN.

MAN: (WEAK LAUGH) STARTING THE LITTLE RASCAL TO LEARN THE GAME PRETTY EARLY, AREN'T YOU?

BLONDIE: (CALLS FROM OFF A BIT) HURRY UP, DAGWOOD. GET IT OVER WITH AND GET BACK INTO THE CAR.

MAN: OH-H-H-H!

SOUND: SUDDEN RUNNING FEET ON GRAVEL...FADING...

DAGWOOD: HEY! COME BACK HERE!...HEY, YOU DIDN'T GIVE US ANY
GAS! HEY, MISTER!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW. THE FILLING STATION ATTENDANT JUST RAN
AWAY.

BLONDIE: HE DID?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. MAYBE HE'S JUST NEUROTIC.

BLONDIE: WELL, LET'S GO TO THE NEXT STATION.

DAGWOOD: HE CERTAINLY ACTED FUNNY AS SOON AS I GOT OUT OF THE CAR.
WELL, WE'VE STILL GOT A GALLON LEFT.

BLONDIE: I DON'T SEE WHY. THE TANK SAYS EMPTY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE WHEN IT SAYS EMPTY IT'S NOT EMPTY. IT'S --
BLONDIE: WHAT, DEAR?
DAGWOOD: I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU LATER. WE'D BETTER GET GOING.

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSES...CAR STARTS

BLONDIE: IT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT GAS STATION MAN.

DAGWOOD: I WONDER WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH HIM. WHERE DO YOU
SUPPOSE HE WAS RUNNING TO?

MUSIC: (FADES AND CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING)

VOICE: (OVER FILTER) CALLING ALL CARS...CALLING ALL CARS. BE
ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A GAS STATION BANDIT AND HIS FEMALE
COMPANION. THEY ARE DRIVING A LIGHT GRAY SEDAN WITH A
FOXTAIL ON THE RADIATOR CAP AND A SIGN ON THE REAR
BUMPER THAT SAYS, "IF YOU CAN READ THIS YOU'RE TOO DARN
CLOSE." THE MAN IS MEDIUM HEIGHT, WEARING A DARK SUIT,
GRAY HAT, AND A TURTLE NECK SWEATER. **WOMAN'S NAME IS**
(CONTINUED)

VOICE:
(Cont'd)

BLONDIE. SHE IS WEARING AN OLD SWEATER, AN OLD CAP, AND AN OLD COAT -- BUT SHE'S CUTE! BOTH LOOK LIKE DESPERATE CHARACTERS. TAKE NO CHANCES WHEN APPROACHING THIS COUPLE. THEY ARE ARMED. THEY ARE ARMED!

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

SOUND: COME UP ON CAR

DAGWOOD: YOU KNOW, BLONDIE -- I'M KIND OF WORRIED ABOUT THAT GUY IN THE GAS STATION.

BLONDIE: WHY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE RAN AWAY FROM THE PLACE, AND ANY CROOK COULD DRIVE IN AND STEAL ALL THE MONEY. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO TELL THE POLICE ABOUT IT.

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, DAGWOOD. LOOK, THERE'S A POLICE CAR RIGHT UP AHEAD OF US. YOU STOP BY IT AND I'LL TELL THEM.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY.

SOUND: SUDDEN SOUND OF SIREN...FADES QUICKLY

DAGWOOD: THERE IT GOES, BLONDIE. WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.

BLONDIE: THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.

DAGWOOD: WHENEVER YOU WANT THE POLICE, THEY'RE NEVER AROUND. ~~I~~

BLONDIE: I KNOW -- LIKE LAST WEEK.

DAGWOOD: I WONDER IF THEY'RE AFTER MORELLI.

BLONDIE: IS HE THE GANGSTER THEY'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT IN THE PAPER?

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S HIM. I GUESS MORELLI'S A PRETTY TOUGH CHARACTER. HE'S KILLED A LOT OF MEN.

BLONDIE: I HOPE THE POLICE GET HIM.

SOUND: SOUND OF SIREN OFF

DAGWOOD: IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S ANOTHER POLICE CAR SOMEWHERE
BEHIND US. TAKE A LOOK, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: YES -- THERE IS. IT'S ABOUT A BLOCK BACK, BUT THERE ARE
A COUPLE OF OTHER CARS BETWEEN US.

SOUND: SOUND OF SHOTS FROM OFF...

BLONDIE: (SCREAMS A LITTLE)

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WHAT WAS THAT?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- THEY'RE SHOOTING! AND RIGHT IN OUR DIRECTION!

DAGWOOD: ARE YOU SURE?

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASS FOLLOWS NEXT SHOT...

DAGWOOD: GEE, I'LL SAY THEY ARE! THERE GOES OUR LEFT WINDSHIELD
WING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE'RE KILLED!

BLONDIE: THEY MUST BE SHOOTING AT THE PEOPLE IN THE CAR RIGHT
BEHIND US.

DAGWOOD: YEAH...HANG ON, BLONDIE! WE'RE GOING TO GET AS FAR
AHEAD OF THEM AS WE CAN. .

SOUND: CAR PICKS UP...SIREN IS GETTING CLOSER...

BLONDIE: THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER! THEY'RE ALMOST UP TO THE CAR
BEHIND US.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN MISS IT THEN!

SOUND: MORE SHOTS...TINKLE OF GLASS...

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD -- THERE GOES THE OTHER WINDSHIELD WING!
THEY SHOT IT OFF TOO!

DAGWOOD: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU'D THINK THEY WERE SHOOTING AT
US!

BLONDIE: HURRY, DAGWOOD -- CAN'T WE GO ANY FASTER?

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING AS FAST AS WE CAN...SHALL WE STOP FOR THIS RED
LIGHT?

BLONDIE: WELL, I DON'T KNOW, DAGWOOD, WE SHOULDN'T --

DAGWOOD: TOO LATE -- WE JUST WENT THROUGH IT!

SOUND: POLICE WHISTLES

BLONDIE: NOW THE POLICE ARE AFTER US! THE ONE STANDING ON THE CORNER JUST BLEW HIS WHISTLE AT US.

DAGWOOD: WE CAN'T STOP NOW, BLONDIE. YOU KNOW HOW THESE GUN BATTLES ARE IN THE NEWSPAPERS. THE GANGSTERS ARE ALWAYS KILLED, BUT SO ARE TWO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS. WE DON'T WANT TO BE THE ~~TWO~~ INNOCENT BYSTANDERS!

BLONDIE: THINK OF POOR BABY DUMPLING WITHOUT ANY PARENTS. THE FUDDLES MIGHT ADOPT HIM.

DAGWOOD: OH, NO -- NOT THAT!...ARE WE LEAVING THEM BEHIND?
BLONDIE: WHO, THE FUDDLES?
DAGWOOD: NO, THE POLICE!

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD --

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS IT? TELL ME QUICK!

BLONDIE: WE'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. THE POLICE CAR IS PULLING AROUND THE CAR THAT WAS BETWEEN US.

DAGWOOD: GOOD! THEY'RE GOING TO RUN THE OTHER CAR INTO THE CURB. WE'RE SAVED!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THEY'RE PASSING THE OTHER CAR!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S GREAT! THEN THEY'LL BE -- THEY'RE PASSING IT??!

BLONDIE: YES, AND THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!

DAGWOOD: TOOOH! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?

SOUND: SOUND OF SHOTS

BLONDIE: THEY ARE AFTER US, DAGWOOD!

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING TO TURN INTO THE FIRST SIDE STREET I CAN!

BLONDIE: THEY'RE SLOWING UP NOW, DAGWOOD! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THEIR CAR.

DAGWOOD: I HOPE IT'S SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG.

BLONDIE: IT'S A FLAT TIRE.

DAGWOOD: IT'S A LUCKY THING WE DIDN'T GET ONE...HOLD ON, BLONDIE
-- WE'RE GOING TO TURN INTO THIS SIDE STREET.

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES...SCREAM OF TIRES...CAR HAS SLOWED
DOWN SOME

BLONDIE: OH, I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

DAGWOOD: WHAT A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE. YOU'D THINK WE WERE A
COUPLE OF GANGSTERS.

BLONDIE: YES, AND WE'RE IN THE TOUGH SECTION OF TOWN, TOO...OH,
THAT'S IT!

DAGWOOD: HUNH?

BLONDIE: WE ARE A COUPLE OF GANGSTERS.

DAGWOOD: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, BLONDIE. JUST BECAUSE WE WENT
THROUGH SOME RED LIGHTS DOESN'T MAKE US --

BLONDIE: NO -- I MEAN THE WAY WE'RE DRESSED.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S RIGHT.

BLONDIE: THAT MAN IN THE FILLING STATION MUST HAVE THOUGHT YOU
WERE GOING TO SHOOT HIM WHEN YOU GOT OUT OF THE CAR TO
FILL THAT WATER PISTOL. THAT'S PROBABLY WHY HE RAN
AWAY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: AND ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN THINKING IT WAS THE STEELY
GLITTER IN MY EYES.

BLONDIE: YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME THAT GUN.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE -- HERE...I'M GOING TO STOP THE CAR. I
FEEL A LITTLE WEAK.

BLONDIE: BUT LET'S NOT STOP HERE. THIS LOOKS LIKE A BAD
NEIGHBORHOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH, THAT'S IT -- WE WON'T BE NOTICED. BESIDES, I'M SHAKING ALL OVER. MY HANDS FEEL LIKE I'M PLAYING A BANJO.

SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT. I FEEL PRETTY SCARED MYSELF.

DAGWOOD: LET'S GO INTO THIS RESTAURANT WE'RE IN FRONT OF AND GET SOME COFFEE AND FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO.

~~BLONDIE: WE OUGHT TO GO TO THE PARTY, BUT IF WE START OUT, THE POLICE WILL BE AFTER US.~~

~~DAGWOOD: MAYBE WE OUGHT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP. RIGHT NOW WE'RE FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE.~~

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...SOUNDS OF RESTAURANT

BLONDIE: I GUESS WE CAN GET A CUP OF COFFEE HERE.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- AND I'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THE NEAREST GAS STATION. BUT THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER QUART OF GAS IN THE TANK.

MUG: (OFF A BIT) HEY, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE...
DAGWOOD: WHO, ME?

MUG: Yes, you! NEVER MIND, CHARLIE -- THIS IS THE GUY I'VE BEEN EXPECTING.

BLONDIE: (SOTTO) WHO'S HE, DAGWOOD?
DAGWOOD: ISN'T HE A FRIEND OF YOURS?

BLONDIE: NO!
DAGWOOD: (SOTTO) I DON'T KNOW -- I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.

MUG: (COMING UP) WELL, LEFTY, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP. MORELLI'S WAITING IN THE BACK ROOM.

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY TO KEEP HIM -- WHO?

MUG: YOU HEARD ME -- MORELLI.

BLONDIE: MORELLI, THE GANGSTER?

MUG: SURE -- THERE'S ONLY ONE MORELLI AROUND HERE.

DAGWOOD: THERE OUGHT TO BE LESS.

MUG: NOW LISTEN, LEFTY --

DAGWOOD: HEY, WAIT A MINUTE -- THE NAME'S BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: YES, DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

MUG: OH, SURE -- SURE. I FORGOT I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO MENTION YOUR REAL NAME, BUT WHY DID YOU HAVE TO PICK SUCH A FUNNY ^{NAME} ~~ONE~~ FOR AN ^{A PHONEY} ~~ALIAS~~? DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD -- ~~THAT'S A~~ ^{SOUNDS LIKE A} ~~DOG FOOD.~~
~~LAUGH!~~ (LAUGHS)

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS WEAKLY) YEAH.

BLONDIE: I THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I DON'T WANT ANY COFFEE AFTER ALL.
MUG: JUST A MINUTE, JUST A MINUTE.

BLONDIE: I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE SOME MISTAKE. YOU MUST BE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

MUG: I GUESS I RECOGNIZE LEFTY THE LAM WHEN I SEE HIM. TURTLE NECK SWEATER AND EVERYTHING.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT HIM NOW.

DAGWOOD: NO. I'M JUST DRESSED DIFFERENTLY, THAT'S ALL. I'M JUST SORT OF A SHEEP IN LEFTY THE LAM'S CLOTHING.

MUG: VERY FUNNY, VERY FUNNY. ~~WELL, I'VE SEEN YOUR PICTURES IN ALL THE POSTOFFICES AND I RECOGNIZE YOU.~~

BLONDIE: ~~NOT DAGWOOD'S PICTURE.~~

MUG: ~~OH, YES -- AND NEVER WITH LESS THAN A THREE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD.~~
~~THANKS!~~

DAGWOOD: → LOOK, WILL YOU EXPLAIN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

MUG: THAT'S MORE LIKE IT, LEFTY. BUT I THOUGHT THE BIG BOSS EXPLAINED IT ALL TO YOU WHEN HE MET YOU IN DE-TROIT.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- WAIT A MINUTE -- !

MUG: WAIT'LL I'M THROUGH, WILL YOU?...NOW MORELLI'S WAITING IN THE BACK ROOM. YOU GO IN THERE AND TALK TO HIM. TELL HIM IT'D BE HEALTHIER IF HE JOINED UP WITH OUR MOB --- GET HIM IN LINE -- THROW A LITTLE SCARE INTO HIM --- TELL HIM HE'D BETTER PLAY BALL.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHAT I WISH I WERE DOING RIGHT NOW.

BLONDIE: COME ON, DAGWOOD -- LET'S GO.

MUG: HOLD IT, SISTER! YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF HERE.

DAGWOOD: OH, YES WE ARE!

MUG: OH, NO YOU'RE NOT...YOU SEE WHAT THIS IS IN MY COAT POCKET?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD -- HE'S GOT A GUN!

MUG: IT AIN'T NO WATER PISTOL.

DAGWOOD: SAY, WHY DON'T YOU GO IN AND INTIMIDATE MORELLI? ~~YOU'VE~~
MUG: NOT ME, BROTHER.
DAGWOOD: YOU'VE GOT ME SCARED ALREADY.

MUG: NAW, YOU'LL DO A BETTER JOB. BESIDES, I'M FRIENDS WITH THE BIG BOSS AND HE DON'T WANT NOTHING TO HAPPEN TO ME.

BLONDIE: YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE'RE JUST GOING TO A MASQUERADE PARTY.

MUG: YEAH, AND I'M WAITING FOR A STREET CAR.
DAGWOOD: WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
MUG: WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, KID ME? COME ON!
BLONDIE: WOULD YOU MIND IF WE TALKED THIS OVER FIRST?

DAGWOOD: OUTSIDE?

MUG: TALK IT OVER IN HERE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY. MORELLI'S WAITING...(FADES A BIT)

MUSIC: CURTAIN
~~DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, THIS IS AWFUL. THESE PEOPLE ARE GANGSTERS~~

~~BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD --~~

~~DAGWOOD: WHY DIDN'T WE GO TO THE PARTY AS CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS?~~

"BLONDIE" 15-A
10/21/40 (REVISED)

ORCHESTRA: (CUE)

GOODWIN: WE'LL RETURN TO DAGWOOD AND BLONDIE IN JUST A MOMENT.
AND INCIDENTALLY DAGWOOD'S FUTURE LOOKS MIGHTY DARK
RIGHT NOW. IT'S CERTAINLY IN CONTRAST WITH THE
BRIGHT FUTURE OF THE SMOKER WHO LIGHTS UP A
SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL. EVERY CAMEL SMOKER KNOWS HE'S
IN FOR EXTRA PLEASURE IN EVERY PUFF. EXTRA MILDNESS
BECAUSE CAMELS ARE FREE FROM THE HARSHNESS OF TOO-FAST
BURNING...EXTRA COOLNESS BECAUSE THERE'S LESS HEAT...
EXTRA FLAVOR BECAUSE SLOWER-BURNING LETS THE FLAVOR
AND FRAGRANCE OF CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS COME THROUGH
IN THE SMOKING. LIGHT UP A CAMEL. SEE FOR YOURSELF
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SMOKE THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE.
AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GET EXTRA SMOKING.

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: THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO
FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. ENJOY THE "EXTRAS"...GET
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

"BLONDIE" 15-B
10/21/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: AND NOW LET'S RETURN TO BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD...LOOKING
LIKE MR. AND MRS. PUBLIC ENEMY...THEY'RE HOLDING A
WHISPERED CONFERENCE...WHILE MORELLI WAITS,...AND
WAITS...

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, THIS IS AWFUL. THESE PEOPLE ARE GANGSTERS --

BLONDIE: OH, DAGWOOD --

DAGWOOD: WHY DIDN'T WE GO TO THE PARTY AS CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH
AND POCAHONTUS?

BLONDIE: YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER HEARD OF ANY BLONDE INDIANS.

DAGWOOD: I'M SORRY I SAID IT NOW. WHY WOULD HE HAVE TO MISTAKE ME FOR SOMEONE CALLED LEFTY THE LAM?

MUG: (OFF) WELL -- MADE UP YOUR MIND?

DAGWOOD: NOT YET.

MUG: WELL MAKE IT SNAPPY. YOU'D BETTER GO IN THERE SOON, OR ELSE --

DAGWOOD: OR ELSE WHAT?

MUG: YOU KNOW.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, MAYBE I'D BETTER GO IN AND TRY TO SCARE THIS MORELLI, BUT I DON'T KNOW -- I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST MY STEELY GLITTER.

BLONDIE: WELL, IF YOU GO IN, I'M COMING ALONG WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER NOT, BLONDIE.

BLONDIE: WELL, I AM JUST THE SAME. MAYBE I CAN HELP.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD JUST OPEN THE DOOR AND SAY "BOO!"

BLONDIE: I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD DO --

MUG: (COMING UP) WELL, ARE YOU ALL READY? HAVE YOU GOT A GUN?

DAGWOOD: I HAVEN'T, BUT BLONDIE'S GOT ONE. THE TROUBLE IS, IT'S ONLY A --

MUG: THAT'S FINE -- THERE'S THE DOOR RIGHT THERE.

BLONDIE: I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: I WISH I WERE THERE, WITH YOU...WELL, HERE GOES.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

MORELLI: (OFF A BIT) WHO IS IT?

DAGWOOD: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) ER -- IT'S DAGWOOD AND BLON -- ER -- THAT IS, IT'S LEFTY THE LAM AND BLONDIE THE BOMBSHELL.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

"BLONDIE"
10/21/40

-17-

MORELLI: I NEVER HEARD OF YOU.

DAGWOOD: WELL, I'M -- I'M FROM DETROIT.

MORELLI: NEVER HEARD OF THE PLACE.

BLONDIE: HE' MEANS DE-TROIT.

MORELLI: OH...WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE?

DAGWOOD: I DID.

MORELLI: OH, YEAH?

DAGWOOD: ER -- YEAH.

MORELLI: WELL, SIT DOWN -- WHAT YOU GOT ON YOUR MIND?

BLONDIE: WE JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU YOU'D BETTER PLAY BALL
WITH THE BIG BOSS. LEFTY AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE
ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU.

MORELLI: WHY NOT?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- ER -- WE LIKE YOUR FACE.

MORELLI: ARE YOU THREATENING ME? I'VE GOT A LOT OF CONNECTIONS IN THIS TOWN. THE COP'S HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET ME YET, AND THE BIG BOSS ISN'T GOING TO PUSH ME AROUND, EITHER. I'M RUNNING THINGS MY OWN WAY, SEE?

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU BETTER GET IN LINE.

MORELLI: WHO SAYS SO?

DAGWOOD: WHY -- ER -- THE LITTLE MAN OUTSIDE WHO SENT ME IN.

MORELLI: THAT PUNK, EH...YOU KNOW, LEFTY, YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME. WHAT'VE YOU EVER DONE?

DAGWOOD: WELL -- I --

BLONDIE: TELL HIM ABOUT LAST NIGHT, DAGW -- LEFTY.

DAGWOOD: LAST NIGHT?...OH, YEAH -- LAST NIGHT. THERE WERE THREE OF THE TOUGHEST MUGS IN TOWN TRAILING ME. THEY ALL HAD TOMMY GUNS, BUT I HAD LEFT MY -- ER -- ROD HOME. I GOT TIRED OF HAVING THEM FOLLOWING ME -- YOU KNOW, IT WAS JUST LIKE HAVING SOMEONE LOOKING OVER MY SHOULDER WHEN I'M READING THE PAPER -- SO I TURNED AROUND AND LET THEM HAVE IT.

MORELLI: ~~YOU MEAN YOU WENT AFTER THOSE TORPEDOES WITHOUT A GUN?~~ *GO ON!*

DAGWOOD: ~~SURE I DID.~~ THEY SHOT AT ME, BUT THEY MISSED, AND I WADED INTO THEM, SLUGGING FOR ALL I WAS WORTH. WHEN I WAS THROUGH, THEY WERE ALL OUT COLD ON THE SIDEWALK, AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A SCRATCH.

MORELLI: IT'S FUNNY I DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT IT.

DAGWOOD: HOW COULD YOU? IT WAS MY DREAM....I MEAN --

MORELLI: AHA! I THOUGHT SO!

DAGWOOD: WELL, I GUESS WE'D BETTER BE GOING ALONG. JUST KEEP WHAT I SAID IN MIND AND -- WELL, SO LONG.

MORELLI: OH, NO YOU DON'T. ^{DON'T WE?} I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING PHONEY
DAGWOOD: ABOUT YOU. SO THE BIG BOSS SENDS A YOUNG PUNK OVER TO THROW A SCARE INTO MORELLI, EH?

DAGWOOD: NOW JUST A MINUTE, MR. MORELLI -- I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. DON'T DO ANYTHING HASTY.

MORELLI: NO? WELL, I'M GOING TO SEND YOU BACK TO THE BIG BOSS AS A WARNING FROM ME, ^{IN SLICES.} ~~TERRY -- I'M GOING TO~~ --

BLONDIE: DON'T MOVE, MR. MORELLI! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

MORELLI: WHY YOU -- ! GET THAT GUN OUT OF MY BACK.

BLONDIE: PUT YOUR HANDS UP...TAKE HIS GUN AWAY FROM HIM, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: BE CAREFUL, BLONDIE.

MORELLI: SO THAT'S IT -- THE DAME'S THE TRIGGER-MAN OF THIS OUTFIT.

BLONDIE: DON'T MOVE -- I'M JUST AS NERVOUS AS YOU ARE, MR. MORELLI.

DAGWOOD: I'VE GOT HIS GUN, BLONDIE -- AND IT'S A REAL ONE...BUT NOW WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: TAKE HIM OUT AND FIND THE POLICE.

DAGWOOD: OUCH!

BLONDIE: WHAT'S THE MATTER, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: I JUST PINCHED MYSELF, AND WHAT DO YOU THINK, BLONDIE?

BLONDIE: WHAT?

DAGWOOD: THIS ISN'T A DREAM -- IT'S ACTUALLY HAPPENING!

BLONDIE: TOOH!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON CAR...FADE TO BACKGROUND

DAGWOOD: I DON'T SEE ANY POLICE CARS YET, BLONDIE. KEEP HIM COVERED.

BLONDIE: I'VE GOT HIS OWN GUN POINTED AT HIM, DAGWOOD...YOU STAY RIGHT IN THAT BACK SEAT, MR. MORELLI.

MORELLI: BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN -- IT'S LOADED.

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, I'LL PUT OUR GUN RIGHT DOWN HERE BETWEEN US ON THE SEAT.

BLONDIE: I GUESS WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE MASQUERADE PARTY, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: WHY DO THINGS LIKE THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO US? IT'S NOT FAIR!

SOUND: SOUND OF SIREN OFF...COMING UP

BLONDIE: IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S A POLICE CAR COMING NOW, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GOOD.

MORELLI: LISTEN, WHY DON'T YOU TWO BE REASONABLE. I'LL ADMIT YOU'VE GOT ME, BUT LET ME OUT OF THIS AND I'LL PAY YOU PLENTY.

BLONDIE: WE COULDN'T DO THAT.

MORELLI: NOW LOOK, LADY --

BLONDIE: DON'T YOU COME ANY CLOSER OR I'LL PULL THE TRIGGER. I DON'T TRUST YOU.

MORELLI: WELL, I DON'T TRUST YOU NEITHER.

BLONDIE: HERE COMES THE POLICE CAR, DAGWOOD. WAVE AT THEM.

DAGWOOD: HEY! HEY, OFFICER! HEY! STOP!

SOUND: CAR GOES PAST THEM AND FADES UP THE STREET

DAGWOOD: HEY -- COME BACK HERE! HEY!

BLONDIE: THEY WENT RIGHT PAST US!

MORELLI: YEAH, AND NOW WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

DAGWOOD: WE'LL FIND ANOTHER POLICE CAR.

MORELLI: WHY DON'T YOU BE SMART ABOUT THIS? I'LL GIVE A HUNDRED BUCKS IF YOU'LL LET ME GET OUT OF THIS CAR NOW.

BLONDIE: THAT WOULD BE VERY NICE FOR OUR CHRISTMAS FUND, BUT WE'RE GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE COPS.

DAGWOOD: ~~YEAH. THAT CHRISTMAS FUND KEEPS GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER, BUT IT CAN DO WITHOUT THE HUNDRED DOLLARS.~~

MORELLI: YOU CAN'T TURN ME OVER TO THE COPS. THEY'LL PULL YOU IN, TOO.

BLONDIE: THAT'S RIGHT, BUT THEY WON'T KEEP US. WE CAN GET OUT OF IT.

DAGWOOD: SURE -- WE'LL JUST EXPLAIN THAT WE WERE GOING TO A MASQUERADE PARTY DRESSED AS GANGSTERS.

MORELLI: ^{MASQUERADE PARTY - SAY} THAT'S A GOOD ALIBI...NOW LOOK, LADY -- WHY DON'T WE BE SENSIBLE ABOUT --

BLONDIE: YOU STAY RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU ARE.

MORELLI: OKAY --- OKAY.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, THERE'S ANOTHER POLICE CAR COMING UP BEHIND US. IF YOU STEP ON THE GAS, MAYBE THEY'LL STOP US.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, BLONDIE.

SOUND: CAR UP

BLONDIE: BUT DON'T GO TOO FAST, DAGWOOD. WE DON'T WANT TO GET AWAY LIKE WE DID THE LAST TIME.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT.

SOUND: CAR DOWN A LITTLE

BLONDIE: HERE THEY COME.

SOUND: SIREN STARTS UP, CLOSE

COP: (YELLS FROM OFF) HEY -- PULL OVER TO THE CURB, YOU! PULL OVER AND STOP YOUR CAR!

SOUND: SCREECH OF BRAKES...CAR COMES TO A STOP

DAGWOOD: GEE, FOR A WHILE I WAS AFRAID THEY'D GO RIGHT PAST US.

SOUND: SLAM OF CAR DOOR, OFF

COP: (COMING UP) ALL RIGHT, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BREAKING THE SPEED -- HEY, LADY! PUT DOWN THAT GUN! GIMME THAT!

BLONDIE: HERE YOU ARE, OFFICER...WE'VE CAPTURED MR. MORELLI, THE GANGSTER. THIS IS HIS GUN, AND THAT'S HIM IN THE BACK SEAT.

DAGWOOD: ~~BOY, WHAT A RELIEF!~~ TAKE HIM AWAY, OFFICER. WE NEVER WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN.

MORELLI: IT'S ALL A MISTAKE, OFFICER. THESE PEOPLE ARE CROOKS.

COP: SAY-Y-Y, JUST A MINUTE. HEY, YOU.

DAGWOOD: ER -- ME?

COP: YEAH, YOU. AIN'T YOU THE GUY WHO TRIED TO STICK UP A FILLING STATION ABOUT AN HOUR AGO?

~~DAGWOOD: WE WERE IN A FILLING STATION, BUT WE DIDN'T TRY TO STICK UP UP. WE'RE MR. AND MRS. DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.~~

~~COP: YEAH -- WELL, THIS IS THE CAR, ALL RIGHT. A POLICE CALL WENT OUT FOR A LIGHT GRAY SEDAN WITH A FOXTAIL ON THE RADIATOR CAP, AND THERE'S THE FOXTAIL. THE GUY DRIVING IT WAS WEARING A TURTLE NECKED SWEATER AND SO ARE YOU.~~

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- EXPLAIN IT TO HIM. I'M AFRAID TO SAY ANYTHING.

BLONDIE: YOU SEE, OFFICER --

COP: "BLONDIE," EH? THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GIRL WHO WAS WITH THE ^{GUY.} FILLING STATION ~~STICK-UP~~ ARTIST. YOU'RE THE PEOPLE WE WANT. GET OUT OF THIS CAR!

BLONDIE: OFFICER, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO US. THIS MAN IN THE BACK SEAT, IS MORELLI. HE'S THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. WE'RE NOT CRIMINALS!

~~COP: HMM... "BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."~~

~~DAGWOOD: YEAH, BUT THIS IS A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR.~~

MORELLI: OFFICER, THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE. I WAS GOING TO A MASQUERADE PARTY DRESSED AS MORELLI, THE GANGSTER.

DAGWOOD: HEY! HE IS MORELLI!

BLONDIE: WE'RE THE ONES WHO WERE GOING TO THE MASQUERADE PARTY!

COP: QUIET! ~~LET HIM FINISH HIS STORY~~...WE'VE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE GOING TO THAT MASQUERADE PARTY. WE'VE STOPPED ONE MILES STANDISH, TWO MARIE ANTIONETTES -- ONE WITH AND THE OTHER WITHOUT A HEAD --- TWO ^{NAPOLEONS} ~~HINDERS~~ AND ONE ^{CLEOPATRA.} ~~MUSCOWIT.~~

MORELLI: ~~WELL, THESE PEOPLE SAW ME ON THE STREET AND FORCED ME INTO THEIR CAR. I GUESS THEY THOUGHT I WAS THE REAL MORELLI AND THOUGHT THEY COULD HOLD ME FOR RANSOM. SO WOULD YOU MIND IF I GET OUT AND CALL A TAXI AND GET TO THE PARTY? I'M LATE ALREADY.~~

BLONDIE: DON'T LET HIM GO, OFFICER. HE'S MORELLI HIMSELF.

MORELLI: ~~OFFICER, YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO FALL FOR A STORY LIKE THAT. THE REAL MORELLI WOULD NEVER LET A COUPLE OF SMALL-TIME CROOKS GET THE DROP ON HIM AND TAKE HIS GUN AWAY.~~

COP: ~~THAT'S RIGHT. MORELLI'S A PRETTY TOUGH CHARACTER. WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM FOR MONTHS.~~

DAGWOOD: (WAILS) WELL, THIS IS MORELLI RIGHT HERE!

MORELLI: ~~YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE ARE CROOKS. YOU GOT A CALL THAT THEY TRIED TO STICK UP THAT GAS STATION.~~

COP: I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU ALL IN.

MORELLI: GIVE ME A BREAK, OFFICER. I'M LATE FOR THAT
MASQUERADE PARTY NOW.

COP: WELL, JUST A SECOND AND I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH MY
PARTNER IN THE CAR...DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY...(FADING)

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: I GUESS WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO STICK UP THAT
GAS STATION.

DAGWOOD: NO, IT'S AGAINST THE LAW AND -- HUNH?

BLONDIE: I NEVER THOUGHT THE COPS WOULD TAKE US IN.

MORELLI: I TOLD YOU THEY WOULD. NOW WE'RE ALL IN A JAM.

BLONDIE: WE WERE JUST TRYING TO THROW A LITTLE SCARE INTO YOU.

MORELLI: YOU KNOW, FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU REALLY WERE GOING
GO A MASQUERADE PARTY -- YOU AND LEFTY.

DAGWOOD: HEY, BLONDIE -- WHAT IS THIS?

BLONDIE: MORELLI, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET AWAY.

MORELLI: YEAH -- HOW?

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- ARE YOU CRAZY?

BLONDIE: SH-H-H -- BE QUIET, LEFTY!

DAGWOOD: LEFTY??!

MORELLI: SHUT UP AND LET HER TALK.

BLONDIE: I'VE STILL GOT THE GUN I STUCK YOU UP WITH IN THE BACK
ROOM OF THAT RESTAURANT. IT'S RIGHT ON THE SEAT
BETWEEN -- UH -- LEFTY AND ME. THE COP DIDN'T SEE IT.

MORELLI: GIVE IT TO ME, QUICK. I'LL STICK UP THE COPS AND WE CAN TAKE THE POLICE CAR AND MAKE A GETAWAY IN IT.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, BUT ONLY IF HE COMES BACK WITHOUT HIS GUN. I'LL SHOVE THIS OVER THE TOP OF THE SEAT.

MORELLI: GREAT!...JUST HAND ME THAT GUN AND WHEN THAT COP GETS GAY I'LL GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF SQUIRTS OF LEAD.

DAGWOOD: ANYWAY, YOU'LL GIVE HIM A COUPLE OF SQUIRTS.

MORELLI: YEAH...HERE HE COMES.

BLONDIE: I'M SLIPPING THE GUN UP TO THE TOP OF THE SEAT NOW. BE READY TO GRAB IT.

MORELLI: (LOW) OKAY.

COP: (COMING UP) ALL RIGHT. I'VE TALKED TO MY PARTNER AND WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU ALL IN.

MORELLI: REACH FOR THE SKY, COPPER!

COP: A GUN! WHY YOU --!

MORELLI: OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

SOUND: SQUISH OF WATER IF POSSIBLE

MORELLI: (YELLS) HEY! I'VE BEEN DOUBLED CROSSED! THIS IS A SQUIRT GUN!

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS QUICKLY

COP: SQUIRT ME IN THE EYE, WILL YOU! I'LL FIX YOU! GET OUT OF THERE!

MORELLI: OKAY, YOU --

DAGWOOD: LET ME HIT HIM -- (PAUSE) WHAT HAPPENED?

SOUND: SOUND OF SMACK OF FIST...

BLONDIE: YOU MISSED HIM,

MORELLI: (GROANS) I'LL KILL YOU, COPPER,

SOUND: SORR

COP: I GUESS THAT'LL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR A WHILE...NOW WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF HANDING HIM THAT WATER PISTOL?

BLONDIE: I'M SORRY OFFICER, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY WE COULD PROVE HE WAS MORELLI. HE THOUGHT IT WAS A REAL GUN, AND HE WOULD HAVE SHOT YOU WITH IT.

COP: YEAH, I GUESS HE WOULD.

DAGWOOD: WE'VE BEEN TRYING FOR THE LAST HOUR AND A HALF TO GET TO THAT MASQUERADE PARTY, OFFICER. FIRST THE MAN IN THE FILLING STATION SAW MY WATER PISTOL AND THOUGHT I WAS HOLDING HIM UP. THAT STARTED ALL THE TROUBLE.

COP: WELL, GO ALONG TO IT THEN, AND HAVE A GOOD TIME. AND THANKS FOR FINDING MORELLI FOR US...(FADING)

BLONDIE: YOU'RE WELCOME...^{MY BUT HE'S A NICE MAN}DAGWOOD, HAVE WE ENOUGH GAS? THE TANK SAYS --

DAGWOOD: SURE WE HAVE. LET'S GO.

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON CAR...FADE TO BACKGROUND...

BLONDIE: (YAWNS) WELL, DAGWOOD -- IT WAS A GOOD PARTY, WASN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...AND WE FINALLY WON THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST DRESSED COUPLE. I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE THAT WE WENT AS A GANGSTER AND HIS MOLL AND WE GOT THE PRIZE FOR BEING DRESSED LIKE A FOOTBALL COACH AND HIS WIFE.

BLONDIE: NO, I DON'T THINK SO. AFTER ALL, THE POLICE AND THE GANGSTERS THOUGHT WE LOOKED ALL RIGHT,..DAGWOOD, DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO GET SOME GAS NOW?

DAGWOOD: I'LL PULL INTO THIS STATION UP AHEAD OF US.

SOUND: CAR SLOWS DOWN

BLONDIE: WEY, DAGWOOD -- ISN'T THIS THE SAME STATION WE STOPPED AT FIRST?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- I GUESS IT IS, AT THAT. I FORGOT WHERE WE WERE.

SOUND: CAR COMES TO A STOP...

"BLONDIE"
10/21/40

-27-

MAN: (COMING UP) HELLO, FRIENDS, LOVELY EVENING TONIGHT,
ISN'T IT? NICE BRISK WEATHER LIKE THIS ALWAYS --
HOLY SMOKE, IT'S YOU AGAIN! (FADING) HELP! POLICE!
HELP! HELP!

DAGWOOD: COME ON, BLONDIE -- WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE
THIS WHOLE THING STARTS ALL OVER AGAIN!

SOUND: CAR STARTS UP FAST

BLONDIE: BUT WILL WE HAVE ENOUGH GAS TO GET HOME? THE TANK SAYS
IT'S LESS THAN EMPTY.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S WHY THEY MAKE THE GAS GAUGES THE WAY THEY DO.
THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO REMEMBER ABOUT THIS NEEDLE.
NO MATTER WHAT IT SAYS THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER QUART IN
THE TANK!

SOUND: CAR SPUTTERS TO A STOP

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT ARE WE STOPPING FOR?

DAGWOOD: I -- I GUESS WE'RE OUT OF GAS.

MUSIC:

"BLONDIE"
10/21/40

GOODWIN: YES, DAGWOOD'S FUTURE LOOKS MIGHTY DARK RIGHT NOW. IT'S CERTAINLY IN CONTRAST WITH THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF THE SMOKER WHO LIGHTS UP A SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL. EVERY CAMEL SMOKER KNOWS HE'S IN FOR EXTRA PLEASURE IN EVERY PUFF. YES, EXTRA MILDNESS BECAUSE CAMELS ARE FREE FROM THE HARSHNESS OF TOO-FAST BURNING...EXTRA COOLNESS BECAUSE THERE'S LESS HEAT....EXTRA FLAVOR BECAUSE SLOWER BURNING LETS THE FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE OF CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS COME THROUGH IN THE SMOKING. JUST LIGHT UP A CAMEL. SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SMOKE THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE. AND BESIDES...SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO GET EXTRA SMOKING.

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, FRIENDS, MEANS A SMOKING PLUS EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK. SO, PUFF AFTER PUFF, MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR SMOKING. ENJOY THE "EXTRAS"...GET SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS!

MUSIC: (CURTAIN)

GOODWIN: WELL THERE WE LEAVE THE BUMSTEADS WITH A DRY GAS TANK, TEN MILES FROM HOME. IN JUST A MOMENT WE WILL GIVE YOU A BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF NEXT WEEK'S EPISODE, 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: OUT OF ONE JAM AND INTO ANOTHER. THAT'S BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD. RIGHT NOW THEY THINK THEY'RE A FORTUNATE YOUNG COUPLE, EVEN IF THEY ARE STRANDED MILES FROM HOME. BUT DAGWOOD WOULD BE A MIGHTY WORRIED LAD IF HE KNEW WHAT PRANKS THE WITCHES AND GOBLINS HAD IN STORE FOR THE BUMSTEAD FAMILY AT THIS TIME NEXT WEEK WHEN BLONDIE GOES HALLOWEENING.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

"BLONDIE" -29-
10/21/40 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: "BLONDIE" IS PLAYED BY PENNY SINGLETON AND DAGWOOD IS
ARTHUR LAKE. OUR BLONDIE ORCHESTRA IS DIRECTED BY
BILLY ARTZ.
THIS IS BILL GOODWIN SAYING GOOD NIGHT FOR THE MAKERS OF
CAMEL CIGARETTES.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
AMERICA IS AS STRONG AS HER PEOPLE. GENEROUS SUPPORT OF
YOUR COMMUNITY'S SOCIAL AGENCIES, THROUGH YOUR COMMUNITY
CHEST, WILL STRENGTHEN THE WEAK AND BIND US TOGETHER
AS GOOD NEIGHBORS, THE AMERICAN WAY.
THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.