

11/4/40

Master

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28, 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:)

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GOODWIN: AND NOW FOR OUR WEEKLY VISIT WITH THE BUMSTEADS. IT IS HALLOWEEN -- THE WITCHES ARE POLISHING THEIR BROOMSTICKS AND THE HOBGOBLINS ARE PREPARING TO SPEND THE NIGHT HOBBLING AND GOBBLING. BLONDIE AND BABY DUMPLING HAVE TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE AND ARE WAITING IN AMBUSH FOR DAGWOOD TO RETURN FROM THE OFFICE...

BABY: I DON'T SEE DADDY COMING UP THE STREET YET, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: WELL, HE'LL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW.

BABY: I GUESS HE'LL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE DOESN'T SEE ANY LIGHTS IN THE HOUSE, WON'T HE?

BLONDIE: I THINK SO, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: WILL DADDY BE SCARED WHEN WE YELL AT HIM?

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, DEAR, BUT I IMAGINE HE WILL BE.

~~BABY: MAYBE HE'LL THINK I'M A JACK-O-LANTERN.~~

BLONDIE: I HOPE NOT, BABY. THERE'S NOT VERY MUCH RESEMBLANCE.

BABY: MOMMY.

BLONDIE: WHAT IS IT?

BABY: DO ALL THE WITCHES IN THE WORLD RIDE THROUGH THE AIR ON BROOMSTICKS ON HALLOWEEN?

BLONDIE: (SMILES) WELL, SOME PEOPLE SAY THEY DO.

BABY: THE SKY IS JUST FULL OF THEM, HUNH?

BLONDIE: THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.

BABY: I WONDER WHO DIRECTS ALL THE TRAFFIC?

BLONDIE: PROBABLY THE MAN IN THE MOON.

BABY: GEE, MOMMY, YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS, DON'T YOU?

~~BLONDIE: SOME OF THEM, DEAR -- BUT NOT ALL.~~
Well after he gets over it will be

BABY: ~~WILL DADDY~~ TAKE US OUT HALLOWEENING TONIGHT?

BLONDIE: YES, I THINK SO -- FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

BABY: BUT WHAT IF WHEN HE COMES IN, WE SCARE HIM AWAY AND HE NEVER COMES BACK AGAIN? MAYBE, HUH?

BLONDIE: THAT'S NOT VERY LIKELY. HE'D COME BACK.

BABY: I GUESS HE'D GET HUNGRY, WOULDN'T HE?

BLONDIE: YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER PRETTY WELL, DEAR...OH, LOOK -- HE'S COMING UP THE STREET NOW.

BABY: (LAUGHS) GEE, WILL WE SCARE HIM! GET BY THE DOOR, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, BABY DUMPLING...^{Do you think we ought}~~WHEN ARE WE GOING TO YELL~~ AT HIM?

BABY: JUST AS SOON AS HE CALLS FOR YOU.

BLONDIE: HERE HE COMES UP THE STEPS...GET READY.

BABY: DON'T FORGET, MOMMY -- GIVE A GOOD HOLLER.

BLONDIE: SH-H-H-H!
(PAUSE)

SOUND: THEN DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: OH, BLOOOOO -- (STOPS) THAT'S FUNNY -- THE HOUSE IS DARK. I WONDER WHERE EVERYBODY IS...(CALLS) OH, BLOOOOOOOOONDIE.

BLONDIE AND
BABY: (ON CUE...THEY YELL)

DAGWOOD: T'OOOOOOOOOOH!

SOUND: THEN DOOR SLAMS

BABY: (LAUGHING) HE RAN AWAY, MOMMY!

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) BABY DUMPLING, I THINK YOU GAVE HIM A GOOD PREVIEW OF HALLOWEEN.

BABY: WILL HE COME BACK, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: WHY OF COURSE. LET'S TURN ON THE LIGHTS NOW AND GIVE HIM A GOOD WELCOME.

SOUND: DOOR CREAKS OPEN SLOWLY

DAGWOOD: (FRIGHTENED WHISPER) BLONDIE!

~~GOODWIN: IT IS A FEW MINUTES LATER NOW, AND DAGWOOD HAS JUST COME
BACK INTO THE HOUSE RATHER NERVOUSLY...~~

BLONDIE: (LAUGHING) HELLO, DAGWOOD.

BABY: (LAUGHING) HELLO, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: (IRKED) STOP LAUGHING AT ME LIKE THAT.

BABY: (CHANTS) I SCARED DADDY, I SCARED DADDY, I SCARED DADDY!

DAGWOOD: YOU DID NOT!

BABY: I DID SO!

DAGWOOD: YOU DID NOT!

BABY: I DID SO!

DAGWOOD: NOW STOP PLAYING GAMES WITH ME. I REALLY WASN'T SCARED.

BLONDIE: THEN WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, I -- ER -- WELL, YOU SEE -- AW, BLONDIE, STOP
CROSS-EXAMINING ME. I WAS JUST STARTLED, THAT'S ALL!

BABY: I SCARED DADDY.

DAGWOOD: ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA? IT'S A FINE
WAY TO GREET A MAN COMING HOME FROM A HARD DAY AT THE
OFFICE. / *Well sort of hard* HIS WIFE AND CHILD STAND INSIDE THE DOOR AND
YELL AT HIM. YOU'D THINK I WASN'T WANTED AROUND HERE!

BLONDIE: NOW, DARLING -- YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.

BABY: SURE. WE LOVE YOU, DADDY.

BLONDIE: IT'S JUST HALLOWEEN, THAT'S ALL.

DAGWOOD: HALLOWEEN?...OH, YEAH --- I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. SO THAT'S
WHY YOU WERE TRYING TO SCARE ME.

BABY: SURE, DADDY. AND WILL YOU AND MOMMY TAKE ME OUT
HALLOWEENING TONIGHT?

BLONDIE: I TOLD BABY WE'D TAKE HIM OUT FOR A WHILE, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: GEE, BLONDIE, I DON'T THINK WE CAN. WE'VE GOT TO --
WELL, SORT OF ENTERTAIN A MR. MILLER.

BLONDIE: MR. MILLER? WHO'S HE?

DAGWOOD: ONE OF MR. DITHERS' BEST PROSPECTS, HE'S GOING TO BUILD A BUNCH OF LITTLE HOUSES JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

~~BLONDIE: WHY DOESN'T MR. DITHERS ENTERTAIN HIM THEN?~~

BABY: THAT'S WHAT I SAY, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE'S GOT HIM OUT TO DINNER NOW, BUT MR. DITHERS HAS TO GO TO A MEETING TONIGHT, AND HE ASKED ME TO ENTERTAIN MR. MILLER.

BLONDIE: AND WHAT DID YOU SAY?

DAGWOOD: THE SAME THING I ALWAYS SAY -- I'D BE GLAD TO.

BABY: AREN'T WE GOING HALLOWEENING?

BLONDIE: IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT, BABY DUMPLING... DAGWOOD, WHAT KIND OF A MAN IS MR. MILLER?

DAGWOOD: ~~WELL, NOT SO GOOD.~~ HE'S GOT A LOT OF MONEY, AND HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE ANYBODY OR ANYTHING -- BUT OUTSIDE OF THAT, I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT.

BABY: HE SOUNDS AWFUL, DADDY.

BLONDIE: HOW CAN WE ENTERTAIN A MAN LIKE THAT? HE'S USED TO HAVING PEOPLE SPEND A LOT OF MONEY ON HIM.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, BLONDIE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM IN A PLEASANT FRAME OF MIND TONIGHT, SO MR. DITHERS CAN CLOSE THE DEAL WITH HIM TOMORROW.

BLONDIE: WHEN IS HE COMING HERE, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: IN ABOUT AN HOUR, BLONDIE. IS THAT TOO SOON?

BLONDIE: WELL, I GUESS IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO OUR BEST TO ^{give him a good time} ~~entertain him~~ WHEN HE GETS HERE.

MUSIC:

~~SOUND: GONG UP ON DOORBELL RINGING WITHOUT STOPPING~~

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GOODWIN: DAGWOOD WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT BLONDIE TO KEEP TAB ON HIM. HE OUGHT TO BE MIGHTY GRATEFUL. IN FACT, WE ALL OUGHT TO BE GRATEFUL TO OUR WIVES...AND DO THE LITTLE THINGS THAT SHOW WHAT WE FEEL. HOW ABOUT IT? HOW ABOUT TELLING YOUR WIFE WHAT A GOOD COOK SHE IS...HOW PRETTY SHE LOOKS. AND IF SHE SMOKES, MAKE IT A POINT TO OFFER HER A CAMEL EVERY TIME YOU LIGHT UP YOUR OWN. WOMEN CERTAINLY DO APPRECIATE THE "EXTRAS" OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS. TAKE PEGGY MC MANUS, FOR INSTANCE...A YOUNG WOMAN OF CALIFORNIA. SHE SPEAKS FOR MANY WOMEN SMOKERS WHEN SHE SAYS:

WOMAN'S VOICE: IT'S THE "EXTRAS" IN CAMELS THAT I LIKE -- THE EXTRA MILDNESS, ^{extra} COOLNESS AND ^{extra} FLAVOR IN EVERY CAMEL CIGARETTE I SMOKE.

GOODWIN: YES...PUFF BY PUFF...SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS MEET YOUR TASTE WITH MORE FLAVOR, MORE COOLNESS, MORE MILDNESS. SMOKE CAMELS -- ENJOY YOUR SMOKING MORE!

Orchestra: Curtain

Goodwin: And now back to the Bumsteads, where Blondie and Dagwood are waiting for Mr. Duthers' important customer, Mr. Miller.

Sound: Door bell

DAGWOOD: THAT SOUNDS LIKE MR. MILLER NOW.

BLONDIE: I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE RINGS OUR DOORBELL.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE'S THE PERSISTENT TYPE.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: HELLO, MR. --- HEY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE!

BLONDIE: WELL, SOMEBODY MUST HAVE -- OH, I SEE WHAT IT IS, DAGWOOD.
ONE OF THE CHILDREN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD STUCK A PIN IN
THE DOORBELL...LOOK.

SOUND: RINGING STOPS

DAGWOOD: HMMMM -- A HALLOWEEN TRICK, EH? I WISH MR. MILLER
WEREN'T COMING TONIGHT -- I'D SHOW THESE KIDS A FEW
TRICKS MYSELF.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, HAVEN'T YOU ANY IDEA WHAT WE COULD DO TO
^{amuse}
~~ENTERTAIN~~ MR. MILLER?

DAGWOOD: WELL, MAYBE HE'D LIKE TO GO TO A MOVIE.

BLONDIE: WHY DON'T YOU CALL UP AND SEE WHAT'S SHOWING AT THE JEWEL,

DAGWOOD: I MET THE MANAGER WHILE I WAS WALKING HOME. THEY HAVE A
DONALD DUCK, A NEWSREEL, TWO SHORTS, BANK NIGHT, AND A
SILLY SYMPHONY. *and giving away dishes.*

BLONDIE: ~~SUPPOSEDLY YOU ASK HIM WHO~~ THE FEATURE PICTURE? ~~WHO?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~HE WOULDNT TELL ME.~~
~~YEAH, HE SAID HIM ALL RIGHT, BUT HE REFUSED TO TELL ME.~~

BLONDIE: THAT SOUNDS BAD.

DAGWOOD: I ASKED HIM WHETHER IT WAS AN A OR A B PICTURE, AND HE
SAID, "THINK OF THE FIRST LETTER OF ZEBRA."

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS...KEEPS RINGING

DAGWOOD: AHA! THERE'S THAT KID AGAIN! I'LL GET HIM!

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD! THAT MAY BE MR. MILLER!

DAGWOOD: OH, NO IT ISN'T!

BLONDIE: GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR AND LET ME ANSWER IT.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS... DOORBELL STOPS RINGING

Blondie
MILLER: *Oh hello,*
ARE YOU MRS. BUMSTEAD?

BLONDIE: YES, I AM.

MILLER: I'M MR. MILLER. MR. DITHERS INSISTED I COME OVER HERE.

BLONDIE: COME RIGHT IN.

DAGWOOD: YES, COME RIGHT IN, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: THANK YOU, I -- OUCH!

SOUND: RATTLE OF CORN ON PORCH

MILLER: WHO THREW THAT AT ME? WHAT WAS THAT?

BLONDIE: IT LOOKS LIKE CORN. I GUESS IT WAS SOME OF THE CHILDREN
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, MR. MILLER. THEY'RE HALLOWEENING
TONIGHT.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

MILLER: THE YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPERS! WHY DON'T THEIR FAMILIES
KEEP THEM AT HOME WHERE THEY BELONG?

DAGWOOD: LET ME TAKE YOUR COAT, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: NO, THANKS -- I'LL KEEP IT ON. I DON'T EXPECT TO STAY
THAT LONG.

BLONDIE: WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO A MOVIE, MR. MILLER?

MILLER: NO. I DON'T LIKE MOVIES.

BLONDIE: I SEE...WELL, WON'T YOU SIT DOWN HERE, PLEASE?

MILLER: VERY WELL.

SOUND: DOOR BELL STARTS TO RING AGAIN

MILLER: WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN IS THAT?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS IT'S THE KIDS HALLOWEENING AGAIN, MR. MILLER...

Miller:
THEY'RE STICKING PINS IN DOOR BELLS. *Childish isn't it?*

SOUND: DOOR OPENS... RINGING STOPS... DOOR CLOSES

BLONDIE: WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THIS EVENING, MR. MILLER?

MILLER: I DON'T KNOW, BUT I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO BE TORMENTED BY YOUNG DEVILS ALL NIGHT. THIS HALLOWEEN NONSENSE IS RIDICULOUS.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN

MILLER: WHAT -- AGAIN?

DAGWOOD: I'LL SEE WHO'S DOING THAT! JUST A MINUTE, MR. MILLER!

BLONDIE: NOW, DAGWOOD -- DON'T YOU CHASE ANY OF THOSE CHILDREN! THEY'RE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...BELL STOPS

BABY: HELLO, DADDY.

DAGWOOD: OH, IT'S YOU, BABY DUMPLING.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

BLONDIE: MR. MILLER, THIS IS OUR SON, BABY DUMPLING.

MILLER: HMMMMM.

BABY: THE SAME TO YOU.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A GUEST, BABY DUMPLING. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO MR. MILLER?

BABY: GOODBYE.

Dagwood: No!
MILLER: THE CHILD OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T LIKE ME.

BLONDIE: WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING OUTSIDE, DEAR?

BABY: OH, HAVING FUN, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: WHY DID YOU COME IN THEN?

BABY: I RAN OUT OF PINS.

DAGWOOD: HAVE YOU BEEN STICKING PINS IN OUR DOORBELL?

BABY: I CANNOT TELL A LIE, DADDY. YES, I HAVE.

DAGWOOD: WELL -- TELLING THE TRUTH IS A VERY FINE VIRTUE -- BUT
DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU STICKING PINS IN OUR DOORBELL AGAIN!

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY.

BLONDIE: THAT'S BETTER.

BABY: BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT IF I KEEP ON THROWING CORN, ISN'T IT?

MILLER: THROWING CORN? DID YOU HIT ME WITH THAT CORN?

BABY: IN THE NECK?

MILLER: YES, IN THE NECK.

BABY: THAT WAS ME!

MILLER: AGH! THE IDEA! THAT CERTAINLY DOESN'T SHOW MUCH TRAINING!

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU SEE, MR. MILLER --

BLONDIE: JUST A MINUTE, DAGWOOD...MR. MILLER, YOU HAVEN'T ANY RIGHT
TO TALK THAT WAY ABOUT BABY DUMPLING.

MILLER: DO YOU THINK WHAT HE DID WAS ALL RIGHT.

BLONDIE: I CERTAINLY DO!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE -- REMEMBER WHAT MR. DITHERS SAID.

BLONDIE: I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAID. TONIGHT IS HALLOWEEN AND IF
BABY DUMPLING WANTS TO GO OUT AND HAVE A LITTLE INNOCENT
FUN, I DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULDN'T.

BABY: YOU TELL HIM, MOMMY!

BLONDIE: HE DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID HE, MR. MILLER?

MILLER: WELL, NO, BUT --

BLONDIE: THEN YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO GET ANGRY ABOUT IT. DIDN'T
YOU EVER GO HALLOWEENING WHEN YOU WERE A BOY?

MILLER: WELL -- WELL, YES, I SUPPOSE I DID.

BLONDIE: AND DIDN'T YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME?

MILLER: IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME AGO, AND I DON'T REMEMBER IT VERY
WELL.

DAGWOOD: *Don't you remember the good old days, Mr. Miller. Didn't*
~~DIDN'T YOU EVER GO OUT IN THE COUNTRY AND PUSH OVER ANY~~
you ever go out and steal garbage cans?
~~OF THOSE --~~

MILLER: *Well, maybe*
~~WELL, I GUESS I DID.~~

BLONDIE: MR. MILLER, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO TO
ENTERTAIN YOU. WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU OUT HALLOWEENING
WITH US.

MILLER: WHAT? WHY -- WHY THAT'S SILLY!

BLONDIE: YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHOICE, MR. MILLER. WE CAN STAY HERE AND
HAVE THE DOORBELL RINGING ALL EVENING OR WE CAN GO OUT AND
STICK PINS IN SOME OF THOSE DOORBELLS OURSELVES. NOW WHICH
WOULD YOU RATHER DO?

MILLER: IT'S NOT MUCH OF A CHOICE. *Sound: Door Bell* I'LL GO WITH YOU. BUT I DON'T
THINK I'LL ENJOY IT!

~~BLONDIE: THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU!~~

~~DAGWOOD: COME ON, MR. MILLER I'LL SHOW YOU THE KIND OF A
HALLOWEEN I USED TO HAVE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS!~~

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON FEET WALKING ALONG PAVEMENT...THEY STOP

MILLER: WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO HERE?

BABY: THIS IS MR. BROWN'S HOUSE, ISN'T IT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- WE'LL START WORKING ON HIM FIRST.

BLONDIE: I DON'T KNOW, DAGWOOD. MR. BROWN'S VERY CLEVER WITH TOOLS
AND HE'S PROBABLY ALL READY AND WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO
COME ALONG.

DAGWOOD: WELL, HE'S NOT TOO CLEVER FOR ME.

BABY: DADDY, LET ME GO. I'LL THROW SOME CORN AT HIS WINDOWS.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S CHILD'S PLAY!

BABY: WELL, I'M A CHILD.

DAGWOOD: HUNH? OH, THAT'S RIGHT, YOU ARE.

MILLER: WELL, DO WE JUST STAND HERE, BUMSTEAD? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

DAGWOOD: I'M GOING TO SNEAK UP ON HIS PORCH AND TIP OVER THAT PORCH SWING...DON'T YOU THINK THAT'LL BE A LAUGH?

MILLER: NO. ^{Don't you?} WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT IT?

^{Dagwood:} BABY: GEE, MR. MILLER, --- DON'T BE SUCH A SOURPUSS.

^{Blondie:} ^{Dagwood:} MILLER: WELL, I STILL DON'T -- (CHOKES) THE IDEA! SOURPUSS, INDEED!

BLONDIE: WELL, HURRY UP, DAGWOOD -- AND BE CAREFUL.

DAGWOOD: OKAY -- JUST KEEP AN EYE ON ME...(FADING)

MILLER: THIS IS THE MOST RIDICULOUS THING I'VE HEARD OF.

BABY: I WANT TO GO ALONG WITH DADDY.

BLONDIE: YOU STAY RIGHT HERE, DEAR. YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.

BABY: IS SOMETHING ^{awful} GOING TO HAPPEN, MOMMY?

BLONDIE: WELL, BABY, ^{where your father's concerned,} SOMETHING USUALLY DOES."

MILLER: WELL, HE'S UP ON THE PORCH NOW.

BABY: HE'S WAVING AT US. (CALLS) HURRY UP, DADDY!

BLONDIE: I GUESS HE'S GOING TO TIP OVER THAT PORCH SWING NOW.

MILLER: ^{This was supposed} I ~~THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING~~ TO BE FUNNY. I DON'T SEE ANYTHING HALF WAY AMUSING ABOUT IT AT ALL. THE WHOLE THING IS SILLY -- IT'S A WASTE OF TIME.

DAGWOOD: (FROM OFF...A TERRIFIC YELL)

BLONDIE: OH, MY GOODNESS!

BABY: MOMMY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO DADDY?

DAGWOOD: (OFF) HELP! LEGGO OF ME! HELP! BLOOOOOOONDIE!

SOUND: CRASH OFF AS PORCH SWING FALLS OVER

MILLER: LOOK! LOOK! THERE WENT THE PORCH SWING!

BABY: HE'S COMING DOWN THE PORCH, MOMMY.

BLONDIE: I'M NOT SURE THE PORCH ISN'T COMING DOWN ON HIM.

SOUND: CLATTER AND BANG OF TIN CANS.

MILLER: (LAUGHING) LOOK! HE TRIPPED ON SOMETHING!

DAGWOOD: (CLOSER) HELP! BLONDIE!

BABY: HERE HE COMES, MOMMY.

MILLER: (IS ROARING WITH LAUGHTER) THAT'S A SCREAM! LOOK AT HIM!

DAGWOOD: (COMING UP) IT'S AN OUTRAGE!

BLONDIE: WHAT HAPPENED, DAGWOOD?

DAGWOOD: WELL, EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT UNTIL I TOUCHED THE PORCH SWING. THEN I GOT AN ELECTRIC SHOCK, AND THE WHOLE THING COLLAPSED ON MY TOES! AND WHEN I RAN DOWN THE STEPS I TRIPPED OVER A WIRE THAT HAD TIN CANS TIED TO IT! WHAT A DIRTY TRICK! A FINE SENSE OF HUMOR BROWN HAS! IT'S NOT FAIR!

BABY: *Just like the*
~~IS THIS THE KIND OF FUN YOU HAD IN THE~~ GOOD OLD DAYS,
DADDY?

DAGWOOD: STOP MAKING FUN OF ME!

MILLER: (IS LAUGHING) IT'S THE FUNNIEST THING I EVER SAW! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HOW YOU ~~HEAVED~~ ^{jumped} WHEN YOU GOT THAT SHOCK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING THROUGH THE PORCH ROOF!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT? IT WASN'T FUNNY TO ME!

MILLER: SO BROWN WASN'T TOO CLEVER FOR YOU, EH? (LAUGHING)

DAGWOOD: IT'S A DIRTY TRICK! THAT'S A FINE WAY FOR HIM TO SPEND HALLOWEEN -- TAKING ADVANTAGE OF OTHER PEOPLE -- DARN NEAR ELECTROCUTING THEM! THAT MAN'S A MENACE! I OUGHT TO CALL THE POLICE!

BLONDIE: DON'T FORGET, DAGWOOD -- YOU WERE WARNED BEFORE YOU
STARTED UP ON THAT PORCH.

DAGWOOD: IT'S DISGRACEFUL...WELL, MR. MILLER -- ^{what else would you like} ~~ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE~~
TO DO NOW?

MILLER: I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU GO UP THERE AND DO THAT OVER AGAIN!
(HE LAUGHS)

BLONDIE: (SMILES) I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T GOING TO ENJOY THIS.

MILLER: I'VE CHANGED MY MIND -- I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE!

DAGWOOD: THAT'S FINE, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN STAND THIS
KIND OF TREATMENT.

MUSIC:

MILLER: SAY, THIS IS A LIKELY LOOKING HOUSE, BUMSTEAD...WHO
LIVES HERE?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW.

BLONDIE: I DID KNOW WHOSE HOUSE THIS WAS, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER JUST
NOW.

BABY: I KNOW ABOUT HIM, MOMMY. ALL SUMMER WHEN WE KIDS ARE
PLAYING BALL IN THAT VACANT LOT OVER THERE, HE TAKES ALL
THE BALLS THAT GO ON HIS GRASS.

MILLER: WHAT DOES HE DO WITH THEM?

BABY: I HEARD HE BURNS THEM IN THE WINTER INSTEAD OF COAL.

MILLER: HMMM, THAT KIND OF MAN. THIS IS JUST THE PLACE FOR US TO
START WORK, EH, BUMSTEAD?

DAGWOOD: WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: OH, JUST CALL ME A.G.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT, A.G.

BLONDIE: WELL, WHAT ARE YOU THREE CHILDREN GOING TO DO?

MILLER: WELL, WHY DON'T WE -- (STOPS) CHILDREN, EH? (CHUCKLES)
WELL, MRS. BUMSTEAD, TONIGHT I WON'T ARGUE THE POINT.

BABY: ~~DADDY?~~

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS IT, BABY DUMPLING?

BABY: ~~WITCHES RIDE AROUND ON BROOMSTICKS, DON'T THEY?~~

DAGWOOD: OH -- YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, THEY DO.

BABY: WHAT DO MIDGET WITCHES RIDE ON?

DAGWOOD: ~~MIDGET WITCHES? WELL, IT GUESS THEY RIDE AROUND ON
TOOTHBRUSHES. (LAUGHS) YOU ALMOST GOT ME THAT TIME.~~

MILLER: (SUDDENLY) I'VE GOT IT, BUMSTEAD!

DAGWOOD: WHAT'S THAT -- ER -- A. G.?

MILLER: (CHUCKLES) SEE THAT LATTICE WORK THAT GOES UP THE SIDE
OF THAT PORCH TO THE PORCH ROOF?

BLONDIE: NOW BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SUGGEST, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: OH, THIS'LL BE GREAT... THAT PORCH ROOF IS NICE AND FLAT --
WE COULD CLIMB UP THERE EASILY. THEN WE COULD LEAN OVER
AND THROW SOME OF THIS CORN YOUR SON HAS AGAINST THE FRONT
DOOR.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) OH, I GET IT, A.G. AND WHEN THE MAN COMES TO THE
DOOR, WE LET HIM HAVE IT!

MILLER: (LAUGHING) OF COURSE! AND HE'LL NEVER GUESS WE'RE
PEPPERING HIM FROM HIS OWN ROOF.

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I DON'T THINK YOU AND MR. MILLER OUGHT TO TRY THAT.
IT SOUNDS DANGEROUS TO ME.

MILLER: WHY, THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO IT!

DAGWOOD: SURE, BLONDIE.

BABY: I WANT TO GO ALONG, TOO.

BLONDIE: OH NO YOU DON'T, YOUNG MAN. YOU'D BETTER STAY RIGHT HERE
WITH ME. WE'LL WATCH FROM BEHIND A TREE.

BABY: BUT I'M NOT HAVING ANY FUN! DADDY AND MR. MILLER ARE DOING EVERYTHING!

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE.

BABY: THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

DAGWOOD: HUNH??

MILLER: (CHUCKLES) HE CERTAINLY PICKS THINGS UP FROM YOU, DOESN'T HE?

DAGWOOD: YEAH...WELL, BABY --- YOU CAN COME WITH US AS FAR AS THE LATTICE BY THE PORCH.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY, BUT SOMETIMES I THINK BEING A LITTLE BOY IS A HARD LIFE.

MILLER: LET'S GO, BUMSTEAD.

BLONDIE: YOU BE CAREFUL, YOU TWO. DON'T GET INTO ANYTHING YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF.

DAGWOOD: WE WON'T.

BLONDIE: (FADING) I'LL WATCH YOU FROM HERE....

DAGWOOD: COME ON, BABY DUMPLING --- AND KEEP DOWN LOW SO WE WON'T BE SEEN WHEN WE SNEAK UP TO THE PORCH.

BABY: OKAY, DADDY.

(FOLLOWING SCENE PLAYED SOTTO)

MILLER: THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT, BUMSTEAD...LOOK OUT FOR THESE BUSHES HERE.

SOUND: RUSTLE OF BUSHES

DAGWOOD: I GUESS HE DIDN'T SEE US...IS THAT LATTICE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD US, A. G.?

MILLER: SURE. WATCH ME -- I CAN CLIMB UP IT JUST LIKE A LADDER.

SOUND: HIS FEET ON LATTICE

BABY: GEE, DADDY, YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN. WHY CAN'T I CLIMB UP TOO.

DAGWOOD: YOU COULDN'T DO IT, BABY.

BABY: OH, YES I COULD.

DAGWOOD: WELL, YOU WATCH ME. I'M GOING UP ON THE ROOF NOW. LET ME
HAVE THAT BAG OF CORN.

BABY: ALL RIGHT, DADDY -- HERE IT IS.

MILLER: (OFF A BIT) COME ON UP, BUMSTEAD.

DAGWOOD: I'M COMING UP NOW.

SOUND: HIS FEET ON LATTICE

MILLER: (CHUCKLES) HERE -- GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

DAGWOOD: JUST TAKE THE CORN.

MILLER: I'VE GOT IT...COME ON.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING ON SHINGLE ROOF

DAGWOOD: (GRUNTING) THANKS...I'M UP NOW.

MILLER: FINE. LET'S SLIDE OVER TO THE FRONT EDGE OF THE ROOF AND
THROW THIS CORN AT HIS DOOR.

DAGWOOD: I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, A. G.

MILLER: BUMSTEAD, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THIS
EVENING. I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S GOOD, A.G.,...WELL, YOU ALL READY?

MILLER: (CHUCKLES) YOU BET! HERE GOES!

SOUND: RATTLE OF CORN ON WINDOW AND PORCH AS IT HITS

DAGWOOD: GOOD SHOT! THAT'LL BRING HIM OUT.

MILLER: YOU KNOW, I USED TO PITCH ON THE -- HEY, THERE GOES THE
PORCH LIGHT ON! GRAB A HANDFUL OF THIS CORN AND WHEN HE
COMES OUT, WE'LL LET HIM HAVE IT!

SOUND: RATTLE OF PAPER BAG...DOOR OPENS OFF

DAGWOOD: THERE HE IS...ONE...TWO...THREE!

SOUND: RATTLE OF CORN ON PORCH

MAN: OUCH! WHO THREW THAT? (PAUSE) I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!
COME OUT FROM THOSE BUSHES!

MILLER: (CHUCKLING) HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE...LET'S GIVE
HIM THE OTHER BARREL.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, A. G.

SOUND: RATTLE OF MORE CORN ON PORCH

MAN: OUCH!!!...COME OUT FROM THOSE BUSHES! I SAW YOU, YOU
YOUNG SCAMPS!

DAGWOOD: SAY, MAYBE HE'LL CATCH BABY DUMPLING. HE'S HIDING IN THE
BUSHES RIGHT BY THE PORCH.

BABY: (ALoud) NO, I'M NOT, DADDY. I'M RIGHT UP HERE WITH YOU.

DAGWOOD: OH, THAT'S GOOD. I WAS AFRAID -- HUNH? HOW DID YOU GET
UP HERE?

BABY: IT WASN'T HARD -- I JUST WATCHED YOU, LIKE YOU TOLD ME.

MILLER: OH MY GOSH! SH-H-H!

MAN: (OFF) AHA! I HEARD YOU! SO YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE UP ON THE
PORCH ROOF, EH?

DAGWOOD: NO WE'RE NOT -- WE'RE STILL IN THE BUSHES.

MAN: YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! WELL, I'VE CAUGHT YOU THIS TIME, AND
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY. I'LL FIX THIS LATTICE SO
YOU CAN'T CLIMB DOWN AGAIN!

SOUND: HIS FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH

MILLER: WE'RE CAUGHT! WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW.

BABY: GEE, DADDY -- WE SURE ARE HAVING A SWELL TIME!

SOUND: TEARING THE LATTICE DOWN

MILLER: HEY! HE'S TEARING THE LATTICE DOWN. WE'RE STUCK UP HERE!

MAN: (OFF) HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, YOU YOUNG RASCALS? NOW WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO DO? (LAUGHS) I'VE GOT YOU, HAVEN'T I?

BABY: NOT YET, YOU HAVEN'T!

MAN: WELL, I WILL HAVE IN A MINUTE! I'M COMING UP THERE TO SETTLE WITH ALL OF YOU RIGHT AWAY! *Don't go away now.*

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

MILLER: HOLY SMOKE! HE'S COMING UP INSIDE THE HOUSE AND HE'LL PROBABLY COME OUT AFTER US FROM ONE OF THESE SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS!

BABY: THIS IS JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, ISN'T IT, DADDY?

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING -- WHAT DID YOU COME UP HERE FOR?

BABY: I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN, AND IT IS, TOO!

DAGWOOD: TOOOOOH!

MILLER: BUMSTEAD -- HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET DOWN FROM HERE?

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW, A. G.

MILLER: THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT'S EVERYONE GOING TO THINK IF THEY HEAR OF THIS -- A MAN OF MY POSITION AND RESPONSIBILITIES CAUGHT IN A RIDICULOUS POSITION LIKE THIS?

DAGWOOD: BUT IT WAS YOUR IDEA, A. G.

MILLER: YES, BUT YOU LURED ME ON!...AND DON'T CALL ME A.G.!

DAGWOOD: TOOH! (CALLS) BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

BLONDIE: (OFF) YES, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: BABY DUMPLING'S UP HERE!

BABY: HELLO, MOMMY -- LOOK AT ME! I CLIMBED UP ALL BY MYSELF.

BLONDIE: OH, GOOD HEAVENS! YOU COME RIGHT DOWN HERE THIS MINUTE!

DAGWOOD: HE CAN'T -- THE MAN TOOK THE LATTICE DOWN.

BABY: I WON'T LET HIM GET ME, MOMMY. DON'T WORRY ABOUT DADDY, EITHER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

BLONDIE: YOU BE CAREFUL!

DAGWOOD: BLONDIE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

BLONDIE: DAGWOOD, I HAVEN'T ANY IDEA...OH -- I JUST REMEMBERED WHOSE HOUSE THIS IS. IT'S JUDGE CROCHET'S.

MILLER: GREAT SCOTT! YOU MEAN THIS IS A JUDGE'S HOUSE?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS SO, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: THAT'S JUST DANDY! THIS IS A FINE WAY TO ENTERTAIN A CLIENT -- A FORMER CLIENT OF THE DITHERS COMPANY! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS MESS -- NOW HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET ME OUT?

DAGWOOD: I SUPPOSE IT WOULD BE SILLY TO SUGGEST A PARACHUTE.

MILLER: IT CERTAINLY WOULD!

DAGWOOD: I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. MAYBE IF WE CLIMBED UP TO THE TOP ROOF JUDGE CROCHET WOULD THINK WE GOT DOWN SOMEHOW. THE ROOF IS SORT OF SLOPING BUT IT LOOKS DANGEROUS.

BABY: (OFF A BIT) IT'S NOT DANGEROUS, DADDY.

MILLER: BUMSTEAD -- LOOK! THAT CHILD OF YOURS IS SITTING ASTRADDLE THE TOP OF THE HOUSE!

DAGWOOD: TOOCH!!

MILLER: HOW DID HE GET UP THERE? THERE MUST BE ACROBATS DANGLING FROM YOUR FAMILY TREE.

DAGWOOD: I DON'T KNOW -- I HAD A GREAT AUNT WHO RAN AWAY WITH A CIRCUS.

BABY: COME UP HERE, DADDY. YOU CAN SEE ALL OVER TOWN.

DAGWOOD: ALL RIGHT, BABY. I'M COMING UP AFTER YOU.

MILLER: WELL I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE ALONE AND FACE THAT JUDGE WHAT'S--HIS--NAME. I'M COMING ALONG TOO!

DAGWOOD: YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: NOTHING DOING. AND REMEMBER, BUMSTEAD -- IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, AN INNOCENT MAN'S BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

SOUND: SCRAPING ON SHINGLE ROOF

BABY: (OFF A BIT) GEE, DADDY, THIS IS THE BEST HALLOWEEN I'VE
EVER HAD.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING ON ROOF

MILLER: LOOK OUT, BUMSTEAD -- TAKE IT EASY!

DAGWOOD: DON'T PUSH ME!

MILLER: WELL BE CAREFUL.

DAGWOOD: I'M ALL RIGHT. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

MILLER: WHAT MADE YOU THINK I WAS.

BABY: COME ON, DADDY -- IT'S NOT MUCH FURTHER. I GOT UP WITHOUT
TOUCHING MY HANDS.

BLONDIE: (WAY OFF) DAGWOOD! WHERE ARE YOU?

DAGWOOD: WE'RE WAY UP ON TOP OF THE ROOF!

BLONDIE: YOU GET BABY DUMPLING AND BRING HIM RIGHT DOWN.

DAGWOOD: I'M TRYING TO, HONEY.

BABY: HELLO, MR. MILLER -- ARE YOU HAVING A GOOD TIME?

MILLER: IF I'M ABLE TO SPEAK WHEN I GET DOWN, I'LL TELL YOU.

BABY: WHENEVER DADDY TAKES ME ANYWHERE, I ALWAYS HAVE A LOT OF FUN.

MILLER: HMMMM. YOU'LL PROBABLY GROW UP TO BE A STEEPLE-JACK.

BABY: LOOK, DADDY -- YOU CAN SEE THE LIGHTS ALL OVER. ISN'T IT
SWELL UP HERE?

DAGWOOD: STOP ADMIRING THE VIEW! THIS IS NO JOKING MATTER.

MILLER: BUMSTEAD -- WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US?

DAGWOOD: WELL, WE'RE ON TOP OF THE HOUSE -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE
CAN GO FROM HERE.

MILLER: I DO, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT.

BABY: DADDY?

DAGWOOD: WHAT IS IT, BABY?

BABY: ~~DO YOU SUPPOSE WITCHES EVER PICK UP HITCH-HICKERS?~~

Dagwood: What is it Baby Dumpling?

Baby: I'm thirsty

Dagwood: Took!

DAGWOOD: ~~NO.~~

BABY: ~~I GUESS I CAN TAKE MY THUMB DOWN THEN.~~

SOUND: WINDOW GOES UP OFF

MILLER: HERE COMES THAT JUDGE. I HEARD A WINDOW OPEN.

MAN: (CALLS) WHERE ARE YOU? I KNOW YOU COULDN'T GET DOWN!

SOUND: HIS FEET OFF ON ROOF

BABY: I'LL BET YOU CAN'T GET US.

MAN: (OFF) AH! SO THERE YOU ARE! UP ON THE RIDGEPOLE, EH?

BABY: SURE. WE JUST CLIMBED RIGHT UP HERE.

MAN: SO I SEE...HMM -- TWO OF YOU LOOK LIKE PRETTY BIG CHILDREN.

DAGWOOD: WE'RE VERY TALL FOR OUR AGE.

MAN: WELL, WHAT'S THIS YOU LEFT ON MY PORCH ROOF? HMM -- IT'S
A SACK OF CORN. WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!

MILLER: NOW WAIT A MINUTE, YOUR HONOR...

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH.

MAN: WELL, YOU CERTAINLY ENJOYED YOURSELF THROWING CORN AT ME.
I WONDER HOW YOU'D LIKE IT.

DAGWOOD: HEY -- YOUR HONOR!

SOUND: RATTLE OF CORN

MILLER: OUCH!

DAGWOOD: TAKE IT EASY, YOUR HONOR!

BABY: HA-HA! YOU MISSED ME!

MAN: ARE YOU GOING TO COME DOWN FROM THERE -- ALL OF YOU?

BABY: NO!. WE WON'T SURRENDER!

MILLER: LET'S BE REASONABLE ABOUT THIS, YOUR HONOR. YOU'VE GOT
US AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"BLONDIE"
10/28/40

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MAN: WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO COME DOWN OR SHALL I GO BACK IN
THE HOUSE AND LOCK THE WINDOWS AND LEAVE YOU UP THERE
LIKE THREE WEATHERVANES?

DAGWOOD: I GUESS WE'LL COME DOWN. IT'S GETTING COLD.

BABY: I'M NOT COLD, DADDY.

MILLER: WE'LL COME DOWN, YOUR HONOR.

MAN: THAT'S BETTER. AND I THINK I'LL JUST HOLD COURT IN MY
LIVING ROOM AND TRY YOU RIGHT IN THIS HOUSE! ;

DAGWOOD: (CALLS) BLOOOOOOOOONDIE! OH, BLOOOOOOOOONDIE!

MUSIC:

~~GOODWIN: WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE BUMSTADS IN JUST A
MINUTE, BUT FIRST...~~

*In just a minute will see what happens to
Dagwood and he is in
a predicament.*

"BLONDIE"
10/28/40

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GOODWIN: ~~NOW THERE'S A PREDICAMENT FOR YOU!~~ IN FACT, I'D SAY THAT
DAGWOOD'S PLIGHT IS EVEN WORSE THAN THAT OF THE MAN WHO
FORGOT TO TAKE HIS CAMELS WITH HIM. AND THAT'S GOING SOME.
FOR WHEN YOU GET SET TO SMOKE A CAMEL...IT'S A CAMEL THAT
YOU WANT. WHY, EVEN THE MENTION OF A CAMEL CIGARETTE BRINGS
TO MIND GOOD-TASTING FLAVOR...REAL SMOKING MILDNESS. FOR
CAMELS ARE SLOW...SLOW...BURNING. AND THAT MEANS PLENTY.
YOU SEE, TOO-FAST BURNING IN A CIGARETTE CREATES A HOT, FLAT
TASTE. SLOWER BURNING, ON THE OTHER HAND, LETS THE FINE
QUALITIES OF CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS COME THROUGH TO YOU
IN EVERY PUFF! WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS, YOU GET EXTRA
MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR...AND EXTRA SMOKING,
TOO!

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. AND THAT MEANS A SMOKING PLUS
EQUAL, ON THE AVERAGE, TO FIVE EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK.

GOODWIN: START ENJOYING THE SMOKING "EXTRAS" RIGHT NOW. LIGHT UP A
SLOWER-BURNING CAMEL...AND THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON RAPPING OF GAVEL

MAN: THIS SPECIAL SESSION OF MY COURT WILL NOW COME TO ORDER.
WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES, PLEASE?

MILLER: YOUR HONOR, I'M A. G. MILLER, BUT I'D LIKE TO TALK THIS --

SOUND: GAVEL

MAN: ORDER, PLEASE!...AND YOUR NAME?

DAGWOOD: ER -- ME? OH -- AH -- IT'S DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD.

BABY: I'M BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MAN: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) IT'S -- UM -- JUDGE CROTCHET...NOW,
YOUNG LADY, YOU WILL HAVE TO ACT A LAWYER FOR THESE --
THESE THREE BOYS.

BLONDIE: ALL RIGHT, YOUR HONOR -- I'M MRS. BUMSTEAD.

MAN: MRS.? HMM -- THAT BRINGS UP A LEGAL DIFFICULTY BUT WE'LL
DISPENSE WITH IT...NOW THESE THREE CHILDREN ARE CHARGED
WITH TRESPASSING ON MY PROPERTY -- PARTICULARLY THESE TWO
IN LONG TROUSERS. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN THEIR
DEFENSE?

BLONDIE: YES, I HAVE, YOUR HONOR.

BABY: YOU TELL HIM, MOMMY.

SOUND: LIGHT GAVEL

MAN: SILENCE IN THE COURT. *Proceed Mrs. Bumstead*

BLONDIE: WELL, YOUR HONOR, I THINK YOU'LL AGREE WITH ME THAT
HALLOWEEN IS ALMOST AS IMPORTANT A NIGHT TO CHILDREN AS
CHRISTMAS EVE.

MAN: ADMITTED.

BLONDIE: OF COURSE THEY DID OVERSTEP A BIT IN CLIMBING UP ON YOUR
ROOF, BUT I THINK THEIR ENTHUSIASM CAN BE EXCUSED. YOU
PROBABLY DID SOME STRANGE THINGS ON HALLOWEEN YOURSELF WHEN
YOU WERE A BOY.

BABY: ~~THEY DID AWFUL THINGS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.~~

MAN: HMMM -- I SEEM TO REMEMBER TYING A COW TO THE SCHOOL
BELL ROPE. BUT LET'S GET ON WITH THE CASE.

BLONDIE: WELL, YOUR HONOR, I WOULD LIKE TO CHARGE THESE TWO GROWN BOYS
WITH TAKING MOST OF THE HALLOWEEN FUN FOR THEMSELVES WHEN IT
RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO THE THIRD DEFENDANT,
BABY DUMPLING BUMSTEAD.

BABY: THAT'S ME.

BLONDIE: EVER SINCE WE STARTED OUT, THEY'VE BEEN MAINLY INTERESTED
IN AMUSING THEMSELVES, YOUR HONOR.

DAGWOOD: I OBJECT!

MAN: OVERRULED!...HMM -- THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE.

BLONDIE: I THINK YOU SHOULD IMPOSE THE MAXIMUM SENTENCE THE LAW
ALLOWS.

DAGWOOD: I STILL OBJECT!

MAN: YOU'RE STILL OVERRULED.

DAGWOOD: YOU TRY IT, MR. MILLER:

MILLER: NO, THANKS. THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A GOOD COURT FOR
OBJECTIONS.

BLONDIE: THERE'S ONE THING MORE, YOUR HONOR. PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T
BRING THIS UP, BUT I'VE HEARD RUMORS ABOUT YOU AND WHAT
HAPPENS TO THE BASEBALLS THAT GO INTO ^{your back} ~~YOUR~~ YARD.

DAGWOOD: THAT'S RIGHT, BLONDIE. THE JUDGE TAKES ALL THE TEXAS
LEAGUERS.

MILLER: YES -- WHAT HAS HE GOT TO SAY ABOUT THAT?

MAN: WELL, THERE IS AN EXPLANATION. THAT VACANT LOT IS LITTERED WITH BROKEN GLASS AND I'VE BEEN AFRAID SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN TO SOME OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD BOYS. SO I'VE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE BALL PLAYING THERE. I GUESS IT'S GIVEN ME A RATHER DISAGREEABLE REPUTATION.

Baby: You can't do it.
Dagwood: You can't do it.
BLONDIE: WELL, I THINK THAT CAN BE FIXED, YOUR HONOR. MR. BUMSTEAD WORKS FOR THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY AND I'M QUITE SURE THEY'D BE GLAD TO HELP CLEAN OUT THE GLASS FROM THE EMPTY LOT.

DAGWOOD: OH, SURE, BLONDIE. I'LL WRITE A MEMO TO MR. DITHERS IN THE MORNING. *Maybe he'll read it.*

MILLER: (CLEARS HIS THROAT) SPEAKING AS A CLIENT OF THE J. C. DITHERS COMPANY I'LL BE WILLING TO PAY HALF THE COSTS OF FIXING THE LOT UP.

BABY: GEE, THANKS, MR. MILLER.

MILLER: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BABY DUMPLING.

BABY: JUST CALL ME B. D., ~~MR. MILLER~~

MILLER: AND YOU CAN CALL ME A. G.

MAN: WELL, THERE IS STILL THAT MATTER OF THE SENTENCE. I'LL FINE EACH OF YOU TEN DOLLARS AND COSTS --

DAGWOOD: TEN DOLLARS! TOO OH!

MAN: -- BUT I'LL SUSPEND SENTENCE. NOW LET'S ADJOURN TO THE KITCHEN FOR SOME CIDER AND DOUGHNUTS. WE'LL HAVE A REAL HALLOWEEN.

BABY: CIDER AND DOUGHNUTS! COME ON, YOUR HONOR -- LET'S GO!

MUSIC:

SOUND: COME UP ON DOOR CLOSING

DAGWOOD: WELL, HOME AGAIN, BLONDIE.

BABY: IT WAS A SWELL HALLOWEEN, DADDY. I HAD LOTS OF FUN.

BLONDIE: YOU HAD LOTS OF CIDER AND DOUGHNUTS, TOO, AND YOU'D BETTER
RUN RIGHT UPSTAIRS AND GET TO BED.

BABY: OKAY, MOMMY.

SOUND: HE RUNS UPSTAIRS

BLONDIE: IT CERTAINLY WAS NICE OF JUDGE CROCHET TO GIVE US THE CIDER
AND DOUGHNUTS, WASN'T IT?

DAGWOOD: YEAH -- HE'S ALL RIGHT. I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF NEXT
SUMMER HE'S PLAYING THIRD BASE ON ONE OF THE KIDS' BALL
TEAMS.

BLONDIE: I GUESS MR. MILLER HAD A GOOD TIME, TOO. HE SEEMED TO BE
VERY AMUSED ABOUT SOMETHING WHEN HE LEFT US AT THE CORNER.

SOUND: DOORBELL RINGS WITHOUT STOPPING

BLONDIE: OH, THERE'S THAT DOORBELL. I GUESS SOME OF THE HALLOWEENERS
ARE STILL OUT. I'LL GET IT, DAGWOOD.

DAGWOOD: OKAY, HONEY.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...AND THE RINGING STOPS

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS A LITTLE)

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

DAGWOOD: A PIN IN THE DOORBELL, HUNH? DID YOU SEE WHO PUT IT THERE?

BLONDIE: (SMILING) WELL, I SAW SOMEONE RUNNING AWAY. I COULDN'T BE
SURE, DAGWOOD, BUT IT LOOKED VERY MUCH LIKE MR. MILLER.

MUSIC: (UP TO FINISH)

GOODWIN: WELL, FOLKS, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BUMSTEADS HAVE TAUGHT THE SOURPUSSED MR. MILLER HOW TO GET A LAUGH OUT OF LIFE, AFTER ALL. AND 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: FOLKS, COLLECTING A BILL IS LIKE SKINNING A CAT -- THERE ARE A LOT OF WAYS TO DO IT -- BUT IF YOU'LL TUNE IN ON BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD AT THIS SAME TIME NEXT WEEK, YOU'LL GET A HEARTY LAUGH OUT OF THE BUMSTEAD METHOD OF CASHING IN ON A BAD DEBT, WHEN "BLONDIE COLLECTS A BILL."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

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

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

THIS IS THE COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.