

W. Woodard

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 28, 1941

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

SCENES

CAST

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. HOTEL ROOM IN A TOWN NEAR BY | BLONDIE...PENNY SINGLETON |
| 2. ON THE STREET | DAGWOOD...ARTHUR LAKE |
| 3. THE SAME | DITHERS...HANLEY STAFFORD |
| 3A. COMMERCIAL | PUNCHY...ELLIOT LEWIS |
| 4. IN THE HOTEL | SHARP.....JERRY HAUSNER |
| 5. POLICE STATION | COP.....GRIF BARNETT |
| 6. THE SAME | BLUNT.....KEN CHRISTY |
| 7. ON THE STREET | |
| 8. POLICE STATION | COMMERCIAL CAST |
| 8A. COMMERCIAL | FRED SHIELDS |
| 9. ON THE STREET | PATRICK MCGHEE |
| 10. POLICE STATION | FREDERICK MACKAYE |
| 11. IN CAR ON HIGHWAY | RICHARD JOY |

SOUND EFFECTS

FOOTSTEPS PACING...TRAFFIC...SOCK OF FIST...CAR DOOR...CAR ROARS
AWAY...DOOR...COLLISION OF BODIES...POLICE WHISTLE...FALLS ON FLOOR...
RUNNING CAR

51455 8354

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, JULY 28, 1941

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GOODWIN: Ah -- Ah -- Ah -- Don't touch that dial -- Listen to
"Blondie"...presented by Camel..the cigarette of
costlier tobaccos.

MUSIC: (THEME)

GOODWIN: And now for our weekly visit with the Bumsteads. Well, today the J.C. Dithers Company hopes to get the contract for building a new factory, and Dagwood and Mr. Dithers are in a nearby town to meet with Roger Blunt, president of the company awarding the contract. Blondie has gone along with them, and right now they're in a hotel room. Blondie is watching while Dagwood prepares some final figures, and Mr. Dithers paces up and down the floor...

(SOUND OF DITHERS PACING UP AND DOWN NERVOUSLY)

DAGWOOD: (MUMBLING TO HIMSELF) Let me see -- estimate calls for three thousand, four hundred and sixty-seven dollars for reinforced...

DITHERS: ~~...HMMMMMM~~
DAGWOOD: ~~...HMMMMMM~~
BLONDIE: ~~...HMMMMMM~~ Mr. Dithers, aren't you wearing yourself out, pacing up and down that way?

DITHERS: Yes, I'm exhausting myself.

BLONDIE: Why don't you sit down then?

DITHERS: Because I'm nervous.

DAGWOOD: Couldn't you sit down for a moment, Mr. Dithers. ~~I would~~ ~~IF YOU KEEP THAT UP -~~ ~~help seeing you out of the corner of my eye and I'm getting~~ ~~tired myself... just watching you.~~ I'll never get these figures straight.

DITHERS: I told you I'm nervous. I've got to do something.

DAGWOOD: I don't suppose you could stand still and just twiddle your thumbs for a while?

DITHERS: Oh, twiddle-diddle -- I mean, fiddle-diddle! I don't know what I mean!..I can't help it -- I'm jittery. I feel like I'd traded all my red blood corpuscles for Mexican jumping beans.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, maybe a little walk would help you. You don't want to be like this while you and Dagwood are talking to this Roger Blunt.

DITHERS: Maybe you're right, Blondie...What time is it now?

BLONDIE: Twelve minutes to two, and your meeting is at three thirty. That gives you plenty of time,

DAGWOOD: Sure, J.C. You and Blondie go out and ~~take a little walk~~, I'll have these figures done for you when you come back.

DITHERS: All right -- we'll go out for a while then. The thing that's worrying me is Goliath Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: Yeah -- it's between us and the Goliath people, all right.

DITHERS: Exactly, and Harry Sharp is representing them at this meeting. I guess you know what Harry Sharp is like.

BLONDIE: Yes, we've had several unpleasant experiences with him.

DITHERS: Well, this is one of the biggest, juiciest contracts we've had a chance at in years. The Goliath Construction Company would do anything to get it away from us.

DAGWOOD: They'd like nothing better than to see us walk into an open manhole...By the way, Blondie -- when you and Mr. Dithers are out, keep an eye out for open manholes. Harry Sharp wouldn't be above trying a trick like that.

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) All right, Dagwood -- ~~fill me out~~.

DITHERS: You can laugh, Blondie, but what Dagwood said isn't far from the truth. Harry Sharp is unscrupulous. He's sure to try some stunt to keep me away from that meeting. ~~He'll give anything to know what he has up his sleeves...~~

BLONDIE: Well, come on, Mr. Dithers. The fresh air will do you good.

MUSIC:

PUNCHY: Okay, Mr. Sharp -- what do I do to get that twenty bucks?

SHARP: It's very ^{VERY} simple, Punchy.

PUNCHY: That's for me -- I'm a little simple myself. (DOPEY LAUGH)

SHARP: ^{YOU'RE TALKING ME} Yes...Well, now here it is. Do you see that man and woman in the next block -- walking this way?

PUNCHY: Let me look first.

SHARP: Yes, by all means look -- it's the best way to see them... They're just crossing the street now.

PUNCHY: Er -- I guess I see them. My eyes aren't so good, you know I've been fighting professionally for twenty years and it's very hard on the eyes. ^{AS A MATTER OF FACT-} ~~My~~ in my last fight --

SHARP: Never mind that now. That man is Mr. Dithers.

PUNCHY: Dithers, huh? ^{I NEVER HEARD OF MR DITHERS}

SHARP: Yes. ^{DITHERS} When he gets here, you bump into him.

PUNCHY: I bump into him. Then I slug him.

SHARP: No, Punchy, you don't slug him. You insult him until he slugs you.

PUNCHY: I insult him until he slugs me. Then I slug him?

SHARP: No.

PUNCHY: Aw, gee.

SHARP: You call a policeman and have Dithers arrested for assault and battery. That'll keep him occupied while I attend to a little business.

PUNCHY: I never slug him at all?

SHARP: ^{NO} You just soak up a little punishment for evidence and call the police. It's very important that you don't hit him. Very important. Then when Dithers is at the police station, I'll see you get the twenty dollars. Twenty nice new crisp ^{DOLLAR} bills.

PUNCHY: Oh, boy.

SHARP: All right now, Punchy -- I'm going now. But don't mess this up. I'll be watching in the next block,

MUSIC: (QUICK BRIDGE)

BLONDIE: You feeling better, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Oh, yes -- yes, a little, Blondie.

BLONDIE: That's good. I'm sure you and Dagwood are going to impress Mr. Blunt that the Dithers Company will -- will -- for heaven's sakes.

DITHERS: What's ~~that~~? *THE MATTER?*

BLONDIE: I just thought I saw Harry Sharp from the Goliath Company go into a doorway ~~a block ahead of me~~.

DITHERS: I've been seeing him behind every tree we've passed. I've had nightmares about that slick operator ever since this deal came up. Why, I've -- (GRUNTS) Oooops!

PUNCHY: Hey -- what's the idea of bumping into me, hunh? What's the idea, hunh?

DITHERS: I didn't bump into you -- you bumped into me.

PUNCHY: Don't get technical...Wise guy, aren't you?

BLONDIE: Come on, Mr. Dithers.

PUNCHY: Answer my question! Wise guy, aren't you? Bumping into total strangers.

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle! Get out of the way or I'll -- I'll --

PUNCHY: Oh, you will, hunh? You will? I dare you to take off your false-face and say that!

DITHERS: What false face?

PUNCHY: Don't tell me that's your real face! (LAUGHS IRRITATINGLY)

DITHERS: Now listen, you -- get out of my way and let me go on. I'm sorry I bumped into you -- I apologize.

PUNCHY: I don't accept apologies from dopes.

DITHERS: Get out -- of -- my -- way you low-grade moron!

PUNCHY: Nyaaaaaah!

DITHERS: Okay -- you asked for it!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers! Don't!

(SOCK OF FIST)

DITHERS: I'll teach you a few manners, you big oaf!

(COUPLE OF MORE SOCKS)

DITHERS: Well, why don't you fight back! ~~Get up and fight back!~~

PUNCHY: I guess I've ^{TOOK} ~~been~~ enough. (CALLS) Help! Police! Assault and battery! Police!

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers -- quick! Let's get out of here! I saw Harry Sharp again -- ~~up in the window~~.

DITHERS: Holy smoke! What if he's behind this?

PUNCHY: (YELLS) Help! It's assault and battery! Police!

BLONDIE: He'll have you in a police station -- you'll never get to that meeting! You'll lose the contract and everything!

DITHERS: Blondie -- you're right!..Here's a cab!

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: I'm in!

DITHERS: Get going, driver. Anywhere! But get us away from here!
(CAR DOOR CLOSSES...CAR ROARS AWAY)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well! Well! It looks as though Mr. Dithers has stepped into the trap that Harry Sharp of the rival Goliath Construction Company had set for him. Will Blondie and Dagwood be able to save the day? That may call for all of Dagwood's immense reserves of hidden talents. Oh -- you didn't know he had any? Well, this happened only day before yesterday --

DAGWOOD: Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling! OH, MY DARLING!
OH, MY DARLING!

BLONDIE: (COMING IN) Dagwood? Dagwood, who are you talking to?

DAGWOOD: Huh? W-well, you see, honey...I...er...

BLONDIE: (HUFFY) Dagwood...who did you just call darling?

DAGWOOD: Well, gee...let me explain. You see, I'm rehearsing for that play the Club's putting on.

BLONDIE: (RELIEVED) Oh, that!

DAGWOOD: Yeah...just listen to this! (VERY CORNEY) Oh, my darling...come ride away with me into the night!

BLONDIE: No...no, Dagwood. You mustn't work so hard. Be more natural.

DAGWOOD: (FLAT, MATTER OF FACT) Oh, my darling...come ride away with me into the night.

BLONDIE: I'm afraid not, dear. You've got to get a little feeling into it.

DAGWOOD: Well, how about like this? (SLOWLY WITH FALSETTO) Oh, my darling...come ride away with me into the night!

BLONDIE: You still haven't got it right, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Gee, Blondie, you're too particular. After all, the words are the important thing.

BLONDIE: But you've got to say those words properly or they just don't mean anything.

GOODWIN: Right you are, Blondie. And that angle applies to lots of things. It's not only what you do, it's also how you do it. Take...well, take cigarettes for example. Costly tobaccos are important in a cigarette, of course. But how those choice tobaccos are blended is just as important. Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. And those costlier tobaccos are blended with a subtle, ~~delicate artistry that makes Camel America's favorite~~ cigarette. Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos burns slower. And you get more mildness -- with less nicotine in the smoke.

MAN: (ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight percent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested -- less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN: And in a cigarette, the smoke's the thing! Friends, for smoking pleasure at its best, smoke slow...slow-burning Camels.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's about ten minutes later. Blondie and Mr. Dithers have returned to the hotel by a roundabout way. They're walking slowly down the hall towards the room where Dagwood is working...

BLONDIE: And another thing, Mr. Dithers -- that man didn't even hit you back. ^{NOW} That looked strange to me.

DITHERS: That's right -- he never touched me.

BLONDIE: I'll bet he could if he had wanted to. He looked like a prizefighter to me -- he had cauliflower ears. He didn't get them from sleeping on a hard pillow.

DITHERS: It all adds up to one thing -- Harry Sharp has framed me.

BLONDIE: There'll probably be a policeman up here for you any minute. You'll be charged with assault and battery, and by the time you explain things at the police station, ~~the meeting with Reg~~ Harry Sharp will have the contract for Goliath.

DITHERS: I could send Dagwood, of course, but he's not as familiar with this job as I am. ~~I've handled most of it myself, and Blunt will be expecting me to show up in person. . .~~ ~~He'll smoke -- what can I do?~~

BLONDIE: Well, ^{MR DITHERS} there's just one thing. ^{TO DO} I hate to suggest it, but it's the only way out.

DITHERS: Well, quick, Blondie -- what is it? ~~There may not be much time. Come on -- what's the idea?~~

BLONDIE: Will you promise Dagwood an extra week of vacation if it works out?

DITHERS: Yes, yes -- of course. I'll give you a bonus, too. What is it now?

BLONDIE: Gee -- it seems like an awful thing. I don't know.

DITHERS: Oh, Blondie -- stop stalling ~~around~~ -- time is valuable
~~right now!~~

BLONDIE: Well, Mr. Dithers -- we could frame Dagwood for this...
Isn't ^{THAT} ~~it~~ terrible of me to think of that?

DITHERS: Why didn't that occur to me?

BLONDIE: I thought it would be the first thing you'd think of...
We could explain it to Dagwood. I'm sure he wouldn't ~~get~~
mind -- not if we got that extra week of vacation.

DITHERS: Well, come on -- let's tell him. Here's the room.

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: (OFF A BIT) Oh, hello, Blondie...^{J.C.}I'm almost through with
these figures, ~~J.C.~~ Just a second. (MUMBLING WITH FIGURES)

DITHERS: Okay, Dagwood.

BLONDIE: Poor Dagwood.

DITHERS: We've got to do it.

DAGWOOD: ^{FOUR AND THREE ARE TWELVE}
There you are, J.C.! All finished.

DITHERS: That's fine...Now, Dagwood -- there's something we've got
to explain to you. Here -- put this wallet of mine in
your pocket, ~~first~~, and give me yours.

DAGWOOD: What for?

DITHERS: ~~Never mind, thanks.~~ YOU'LL FIND OUT
DAGWOOD! O.K. HERE DITHERS! THANK YOU

DAGWOOD: Don't lose Blondie's picture in it.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, there may be a policeman here any minute, and if
there is we want you to make him think that --

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

DITHERS: Holy smoke!..Yes?

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: I'm looking for J.C. Dithers. Assault and battery.

DITHERS: Well, Dithers, I guess you'd better go along with him.

DAGWOOD: Yes, I guess you'd better go along, Di -- hunh?

COP: So you're Dithers, eh?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) Did you hear that?

DITHERS: I guess he's got you, Dithers.

COP: Who're you?

DITHERS: ^{MA?} Dagwood Bumstead.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- what is this?

COP: Now don't get excited, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Dithers? Hey -- wait a minute!

COP: I just want you to come along with me to the station to answer an assault and battery charge...Ready to go, Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: But I'm not Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: (CHUCKLES) It's no use trying to fool the law, J.C.

DAGWOOD: J.C.? Are you calling me J.C., J.C.?...Blondie -- tell the policeman who I am!

BLONDIE: I'm afraid he already knows, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!

COP: Come on now -- let's get this over with.

DAGWOOD: But I'm not J.C. Dithers. Mr. Dithers is Mr. Dithers!... I mean, he's Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: This fooling around with the police won't help any, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Stop! This can't go on any longer! Blondie -- tell him I'm really Mr. Dithers! I mean, ^{I'M} Mr. Bumstead.

COP: I'll settle this right now. Hand me your wallet.

DAGWOOD: Okay...Here you are. ^{THAT'S A GOOD IDEA}

COP: Hmmn...I thought so -- you're Mr. Dithers, all right.

DITHERS: And just to make sure, Officer -- you can take a look at mine. See -- Dagwood Bumstead.

COP: Thanks. I knew he was Dithers, anyway. He looks guilty.

DAGWOOD: I can't help that -- ~~that's just the way my face is built.~~ ^{WAIT A MINUTE}

COP: Okay -- come along with me, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Blondie, what's happened? What's this all about? You know who I am -- why don't you tell him...Blondie, say something to me!

BLONDIE: Goodbye, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Tooooooh!

COP: Okay -- let's go, Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Bloooooondie!

(DOOR CLOSING NOW THIS)

~~BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers, I'm afraid Dagwood will never forgive me.~~

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: (COME UP) This is an outrage! I won't stand for it! I'll have you know I'm a taxpayer and I resent paying you to drag me off to this police station! I demand a little justice around here! ^{EVERY DAY I GOT TO GO THROUGH SOMETHING} I demand my rights!

COP: Now quiet down, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Don't call me Mr. Dithers!!

COP: (SHOUTS) Quiet!

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, sorry.~~ QUIET! I BEG YOUR PARDON

COP: You're the man we want, all right -- you've got an ungovernable temper. Flying off the handle that way... Look what you did to this man.

PUNCHY: Yeah -- look what you did to me. Two black eyes.

DAGWOOD: I never saw this man before in my life. I'm glad of it, too.

COP: This is the man who hit you, isn't it, Mr. -- Mr. --

PUNCHY: Malone. Just call me Punchy.

COP: Well, he's the man who hit you, isn't he?

PUNCHY: He's J.C. Dithers, isn't he?

DAGWOOD: ~~NO-~~
COP: That's right.

PUNCHY: Then he's the guy who slugged me. I'd recognize him anywhere.

DAGWOOD: I'm being framed.

PUNCHY: On you, it's ~~becoming~~. LOOKS GOOD

COP: All right, all right -- cut it out, both of you... Now,

Mr. Malone, you want to prefer charges, don't you?

PUNCHY: Oh, sure -- I much prefer charges.

DAGWOOD: ~~This is a lie!~~ Let me at him! If I'm going to be
arrested for hitting this guy ~~I'm going to hit~~
HIM GOOD ~~of anything more a little...~~ Come on, put 'em up!

PUNCHY: You see the kind of a guy this Dithers is, Officer? Why

I've been fighting professionally for twenty years --

DAGWOOD: I'll tear him apart, I'll rip him to shreds, I'll -- you're
a professional boxer?

PUNCHY: Yeah.

DAGWOOD: Then I'll just accept an apology... ~~Hey who's that who~~
OK MR SHARP I'LL BE RIGHT OUT

PUNCHY: ~~just poked his head in?~~ That's Harry Sharp from the

DAGWOOD: ~~Harry Sharp?~~ What's he got to do with
this?

GOP: ~~Quiet, Mr. Dithers. All right, Mr. Malone we'll hold
Mr. Dithers here. This case will probably come up before
Judge Rinkie in an hour or so. You better be back here
by then.~~

~~PUNCHY: Okay, Officer... I guess this'll teach you a lesson,
Mr. Dithers.~~

DAGWOOD: I demand justice! This is an outrage! I'm being framed!
I'm innocent, I tell you! I'm innocent! I'm innocent!
(IN THIS LAST HE SOUNDS LIKE ORSON WELLES AS THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO ON HIS WAY TO THE CHATEAU D'IF)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES... SHUTTING DAGWOOD OFF)

SHARP: Well, Punchy, you certainly fixed things up fine!

PUNCHY: Yeah -- I sure did. Where's the twenty bucks?

SHARP: Listen, that guy isn't Dithers. That's Dagwood Bumstead,

PUNCHY: Hunh?

SHARP: I wanted you to get Dithers in the police station, but you
got the wrong guy.

PUNCHY: Gee, I did?

SHARP: Yes, you did.

PUNCHY: Sometimes I think I'm sort of dumb.

SHARP: Frankly, I agree with you. I'm even inclined to think
you're a little stupid.

PUNCHY: Oh, I'm not stooped -- I can stand up perfectly straight.

SHARP: Believe me, you're stupid.

PUNCHY: Well, okay, if you say so.

SHARP: Now listen, Punchy -- you've got to finish this job.
You've got to bump into the real J.C. Dithers this time.

PUNCHY: Now do I get to slug him?

SHARP: No. We're going over to the Roger Blunt Company offices and wait for Dithers to come along. He'll show up, and you can bump into him.

PUNCHY: Okay -- let's go.

SHARP: This time there won't be any mistakes!

MUSIC:

COP: Yes, lady, you can go in to see Mr. Dithers. He's in this next room.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

(DOOR OPENS)

DAGWOOD: Bloooondie!

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

COP: You can talk to him for about three minutes, lady.

BLONDIE: Thank you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

DAGWOOD: Blondie -- ^{PLEASE} what is this? Why are you and Mr. Dithers calling me Mr. Dithers? Why am I here in this police station? Blondie, I've been betrayed!

BLONDIE: I know, Dagwood, and I'm awfully sorry.

DAGWOOD: That's a fine ~~thing!~~ You're sorry, and I'm practically in jail.

BLONDIE: Yes, but there's a reward for you.

DAGWOOD: A reward? You mean they've got my picture and fingerprints in the postoffice already?

BLONDIE: No, dear. ^{JUST} ~~I mean that~~ because you're here, Mr. Dithers is going to give you an extra week of vacation.

DAGWOOD: Oh, boy -- that's ~~great!~~ ^{FINA}

BLONDIE: Isn't it wonderful?

DAGWOOD: Do you suppose I'll be out of jail in time to join you on the vacation?

BLONDIE: Oh, yes, of course. You see, Dagwood -- Harry Sharp of the Goliath Company got Mr. Dithers into a fight so he could get him arrested and keep him ~~away~~ from ~~the~~ meeting with Roger Blunt.

DAGWOOD: Oh, why didn't you tell me that?

BLONDIE: We didn't have time ^{DARR} -- the policeman came right in.

DAGWOOD: I see -- and if Mr. Dithers wasn't at the meeting, we might never get that big contract.

BLONDIE: Yes, Dagwood, that's why you had to go in his place... Do you forgive me, dear? Please?

DAGWOOD: Well...I don't know.

BLONDIE: Oh, Dagwood -- ~~please~~. We had to do it. I didn't mean to hurt you. ~~Really!~~..Please forgive me.

DAGWOOD: Well, okay, honey, I forgive you.)

~~Blondie: I forgive you, too.~~

DAGWOOD: I just didn't want to give in too easily. I don't want to encourage this sort of thing.

BLONDIE: I was worried about you.

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~I felt pretty awful for a while. Hmm -- I think this explains why I saw Harry Sharp peeing his face in the door of the police station a little while ago.~~

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT MYSELF

DAGWOOD: Gee, Harry Sharp will stoop to anything.

BLONDIE: Well, I think maybe I can do something.

DAGWOOD: You'll have do something to keep Mr. Dithers from getting in another jam. ^{JAM} Blondie, I'm hungry -- IF THEY'RE GOING TO KEEP ME IN JAIL MAYBE YOU ~~speaking of food could you send me a sandwich with~~ COULD BRING ME A LITTLE SANDWICH -- ~~beefsteak and~~ SARDINES, CHEESE AND MAYBE A LITTLE HACK ^{SAW IN IT}

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) All right, dear...Oh, by the way -- don't be surprised if you get a cell-mate.

MUSIC:

BLONDIE: What did you find out, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: Well, you were right. I sneaked into Roger Blunt's office by the back way, talked to his secretary, and found out he hasn't come in yet.

BLONDIE: Oh, that's fine.

DITHERS: Harry Sharp's there, waiting, but he didn't see me.
I noticed a policeman around too.

BLONDIE: You see, Mr. Dithers -- it's just what I told you. If you show up at the meeting, the policeman will grab you for the assault and batter charge, even though they do have Dagwood. Harry Sharp has fixed that.

DITHERS: I guess I'm stuck. I hate to give myself up, but --

~~BLONDIE: Oh -- is that Mr. Blunt, coming across the street?~~

~~DITHERS: What? Oh, is that's not he.~~

BLONDIE: ~~I just wanted to be sure.~~ Now by snooping around a little I've found Punchy. He's just around the corner, waiting for you to step into another trap. ~~That'll make it doubly sure you don't get to the meeting.~~

DITHERS: That ex-prizefighter, eh? I'd like to give him a swift kick in --

BLONDIE: Now, Mr. Dithers, control yourself.

DITHERS: Oh, all right. What's this idea you have, Blondie?

BLONDIE: I'd rather not tell you, ^{now} Mr. Dithers. I don't think you'd approve of it.

DITHERS: Now Blondie -- don't do anything desperate.

BLONDIE: Well, don't you worry about -- Is that Mr. Blunt over there on the corner, waiting for the lights to change?

DITHERS: Yes -- yes, that's Blunt, all right.

BLONDIE: Good...You just stay out of sight, and I'm going around the corner to talk to Punchy.

DITHERS: Blondie -- be careful what you do now... (FADING)

PUNCHY: (FADING IN HUMMING)

BLONDIE: Oh, pardon me.

PUNCHY: Yeah, lady?

BLONDIE: Could you tell me where I can find the -- oh, there's Mr. Dithers across the street.

PUNCHY: Who? Did you say Mr. Dithers?

BLONDIE: Yes. Mr. J.C. Dithers.

PUNCHY: That's him waiting for the light to change, hunh?

BLONDIE: ^{THAT'S HIM}
I know him very well.

PUNCHY: Well, excuse me -- I've got to scrape up an acquaintance with him. ~~Ask somebody else what you were going to ask me.~~ Oh, boy at last I'm going to get that twenty bucks... Gee, here he comes. I'll bump into him hard and get him mad.

(COLLISION OF BODIES)

BLUNT: (GRUNTS) Oooooof! Great Scott -- why don't you watch where you're going?

PUNCHY: What's the idea of bumping into me, you big bum? What's the idea, hunh?

BLUNT: I didn't bump into you, you idiot.

PUNCHY: Oh, yes, you did, you dope!

BLUNT: Don't you call me a dope!

PUNCHY: Okay, you're a slob.

BLUNT: Now listen, ~~you~~ -- get out of my way, and stop edging up and breathing on my shirt front.

PUNCHY: You bumped into me deliberately.

BLUNT: Get out of my way and let me pass!

PUNCHY: You make me!

BLUNT: Very well -- I'll make you!

(SOUND OF FIST)

PUNCHY: Ha-ha -- I didn't even feel it!

BLUNT: I'll show you!

(SOUND OF A COUPLE MORE SOCKS)

PUNCHY: (YELLS) Help! Police! Help! Help!

(POLICE WHISTLE OFF)

BLUNT: What is this?

PUNCHY: This'll teach you to hit an innocent, defenseless man.
You're going to be arrested for assault and battery!
Help! Help!..(FADING)

DITHERS: (FADING IN) Blondie -- what have you done? Did you get
that man to bump into Blunt and start a fight with him?

BLONDIE: (LAUGHS) I certainly did, Mr. Dithers, and I think it'll
turn the tables on Harry Harp and the Goliath Company.

DITHERS: But they'll throw Blunt in jail for ~~this!~~ THAT

BLONDIE: I know it!

DITHERS: Great Scott! ~~What's about that?~~ Now how am I
going to see Blunt? ~~You've ruined the whole thing!~~ I'll
never have my meeting with him!

BLONDIE: Oh, yes -- you'll meet him all right.

DITHERS: How?

BLONDIE: It's very simple. They've got a charge against you already
You just go down to the ^{POLICE} station and give yourself up, and
you and Mr. Blunt and Dagwood can have a nice quiet
business chat.

MUSIC:

COP: Okay, Mr. Dithers -- you can wait for the judge in the next room. Your brother's in there now.

BLUNT: But I tell you my name is not Mr. Dithers! ~~There's been some kind of mistake!~~

~~COP: We'll straighten that out later.~~

BLUNT: ✓ This is outrageous! I demand you let me call my lawyer.

COP: A little later. *MR DITHERS.*

(DOOR OPENS)

COP: Right in here. This whole thing is too much for me... Say, you -- the first Mr. Dithers?

DAGWOOD: Who, me?

COP: Here's another Mr. J.C. Dithers. You two ought to have a ~~lot in common.~~

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLUNT: This whole thing is ridiculous.

DAGWOOD: It certainly is... By the way, my name is Dagwood Bumstead.

BLUNT: Bumstead? Of the Dithers Company?

DAGWOOD: Yes, that's right.

BLUNT: I'm Roger Blunt -- I was expecting to meet you and Mr. Dithers today, along with Harry Sharp of the Goliath Company. Now they think I'm Mr. Dithers!

DAGWOOD: Well, Harry Sharp has fixed that.

BLUNT: What do you mean by that?

DAGWOOD: I guess he had it fixed up with a man to bump into Mr. Dithers, get Mr. Dithers to hit him, and then have him arrested for assault and battery. That would keep him from meeting you today.

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BLUNT: ~~That can't be possible!~~ I can't believe that of the Goliath Company... ~~What are you doing here?~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Oh, I'm just a fall guy. I took the rap for Mr. Dithers.~~

~~BLUNT: This whole thing is silly.~~

DAGWOOD: Well, ~~not so silly if you stop to think that the Goliath Company wants that contract from you pretty badly.~~

After all, if Mr. Dithers hadn't shown up, the Dithers Company wouldn't have had a chance to get the contract, would they?

~~BLUNT: Well, I'll admit I'd be prejudiced in favor of the Goliath Company under these circumstances, yes.~~

~~DAGWOOD: That explains everything then.~~

BLUNT: ~~Not to me.~~ I refuse to believe the Goliath Company would try a trick like this.

(DOOR BANGS OPEN)

COP: (SORE) Well, here comes the third Mr. Dithers!

DITHERS: Let go of me, Officer! Hey -- wait a minute! Let me walk in -- don't throw me!

COP: I've stood for two Mr. J. C. Dithers, but three is too much!

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

(FALLS ON FLOOR)

~~COP: If there's one more Mr. Dithers, I'm going to rough him through the door!~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

DITHERS: Ohhhh...Well, hello, Mr. Blunt. I hope Mr. Bumstead has explained to you who's behind all this.

BLUNT: He has, but I can't bring myself to believe it at all. It's not like the Goliath Construction Company.

DAGWOOD: But it's the truth -- we're practically sure of it.

BLUNT: Practically! You should be positive before you ever uttered ^{SUCH} a statement ~~such as you have that incriminates a reputable~~

~~company. What you've said almost amounts to libel.~~
DITHERS: ~~Now, Mr. Blunt, please -- how do you explain your presence~~
BUMSTEAD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?
~~here, aside from our solution?~~

BLUNT: ~~I don't know, but there's one thing I'd like to say. Right~~
~~as my regard is for the Goliath Construction Company, I consider~~
your remarks about the Goliath Construction Company very unethical.

DITHERS: But Mr. Blunt! -- !

BLUNT: I certainly would not want to have a company building our factory who was even slightly unethical.

DAGWOOD: Well, that cuts the Goliath people off the list.

BLUNT: Not at all. And unless you can prove to me there's some truth in what you've said, I can promise you that I, personally, will cut the Dithers Company off the list!

DITHERS: Taaaaah!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, in spite of all that Blondie's done to clear up the situation things look just as bad as they did before, and perhaps even a little worse. I wonder how this can turn out now? Well, we'll see in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: You know, there's a man on the radio every week who can tell you just where you hail from by the way you talk. He doesn't tell you what section you're from, or what state. He names the actual locality. Well...what a great exercise for his talents he'd have in an Army camp today...

VOICE: (VERY EASTERN) You're right, sir, I'm from Boston --

SECOND VOICE: (MOUNTAIN TWANG) Yep...Hennessee hill country...
that's me --

THIRD VOICE: (GREENPERNT) Certainly, I'm from Brooklyn.

FIRST VOICE: (TEXAS) Sure enough, mister...Houston's my home town,-

SECOND VOICE: (FLAT MID-WESTERN) That's it, all right. I'm from
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

GOODWIN: Yes, from up and down the land they come...from penthouses and one-room cabins from offices and farms... from the North...from the South...from everywhere... America's youth fills the ranks of the world's most democratic army. And it's here, with this typical cross-section of American youth, that Camel rates at the top of the list. Actual sales records show that with men in the Army, in the Navy, in the Coast Guard and in the Marine Corps, Camel is the favorite. You see, friends Camel is the cigarette of costlier tobaccos. But it isn't only what Camels are made of that keeps them in first place with young America. It's how those choice tobaccos are blended. They're blended with the artistry...the "know-how"...that make Camel's better tobaccos into a better cigarette...the
(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

slower-burning cigarette. Slow...slow-burning Camels bring you extra coolness...extra flavor...more mildness with less nicotine in the smoke.

VOICE:

(ECHO CHAMBER) Twenty-eight per cent less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested...less than any of them, according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

GOODWIN:

And the smoke's the thing. But light up a Camel and smoke out the facts for yourself...Smoke out the economy, too. Camel's slow...slow way of burning means extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And...oh yes... the thrifty and convenient way to get Camels is by the carton. Remember! Next time you're shopping...a carton of Camels!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's a moment later, several blocks away from the police station. Harry Sharp, the representative of the Goliath Construction Company, and Punchy Malone, who has been on the receiving end of the assault and battery cases, are talking together.

PUNCHY: How about my twenty bucks, hunh? How about it, hunh?

SHARP: You know, Punchy, you must have an I.Q. so low you'd have to dig for it.

PUNCHY: Aw, stop flattering me, and give me the twenty bucks.

SHARP: Apparently you don't realize that you've gummed the whole thing up again. You let the wrong man hit you again.

PUNCHY: Yeah, but what's that got to do with my twenty bucks, hunh?

SHARP: You're not going to get it.

PUNCHY: You're only kidding, aren't you?

SHARP: No, gruesome, I'm not.

PUNCHY: Oh, you're not kidding.

~~SHARP: As a matter of fact, I may even try to find some way of suing you for loss of business.~~

PUNCHY: ~~I don't get the twenty bucks, hunh?~~ I've let all those guys slug me for nothing?

SHARP: Yes. I've just counted you out, financially.

PUNCHY: Okay -- I guess I'll just have to slug you a little.

SHARP: Now wait a minute, Punchy.

PUNCHY: My knuckles have been itching all day. Do you have any teeth that you don't particularly want?

SHARP: Now, Punchy -- don't get excited. Don't do anything that you'd regret later.

PUNCHY: Oh, I'll never regret this. It's going to be fun. Put 'em up and fight like a man.

(SOCK OF FIST)

SHARP: (GRUNTS) Ouch! Punchy! Don't!

PUNCHY: I'm just getting the range now. Try to duck this one.

(SOCK OF FIST)

SHARP: My nose! Ooooh! Help! Police! Help! Help!

PUNCHY: Now you know how I felt.

(SOUND OF ANOTHER SOCK)

SHARP: Help! Help!

(HARD SOCK)

SHARP: (GROANS) Doooooh!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON DOOR BANGING OPEN)

COP: Well, here's another assault and battery case! I think you boys are all acquainted with each other.

PUNCHY: Hello, everybody.

BLUNT: Why he's the man I had the scrap with.

DITHERS: He's the man I had the scrap with, too.

DAGWOOD: He's the man I had the scrap with, too... ~~He's the man I had the scrap with, too...~~ ^{HO - HO}

COP: Luckily for my sanity, his name is not Mr. Dithers.

(DOOR BANGS SHUT)

PUNCHY: Well, hello, Mr. Dithers...Hello, Mr. Dithers...Hello, Mr. Dithers.

BLUNT: What're you doing in here?

PUNCHY: The man who hired me to get Mr. Dithers to hit me tried to chisel me out of my twenty bucks.

DAGWOOD: You see, Mr. Blunt -- it's just what we told you,

DITHERS: Yes -- who was the man -- er -- Punchy?

PUNCHY: His name is Harry Sharp.

DITHERS: Ah-h-h-h-h-h!!!

BLUNT: Why -- why this is amazing!

DITHERS: Are you convinced now?

BLUNT: Yes -- I guess I am. This is the man I hit all right.

PUNCHY: Yeah, ~~you hit me in the right to the jaw and a left heel to the eye?~~

BLUNT: ~~Yes, I believe it was...~~ But where's Harry Sharp?

PUNCHY: In the emergency ward.

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHS) You had a little argument with him, hunh? Gee, I certainly would have enjoyed seeing that.

DITHERS: He didn't pay you, eh?

PUNCHY: Well, yes -- ^{SORT OF -} ~~in a way~~. I had to roll him off his wallet, but he paid me.

BLUNT: Well, gentlemen, if you have the specifications and figures with you, I think we can hold our meeting right here in the police station. I want to check over a few things with you, but I can tell you in advance that our contract is going to the J.C. Dithers Company!

MUSIC:

(COME UP ON CAR...FADE DOWN FOR:)

DITHERS: Well, Blondie and Dagwood -- this has been a very successful business trip, thanks to you.

~~BLONDIE: For a while I was afraid it wasn't going to be a success.~~
~~well,~~

~~DAGWOOD: For a while I was afraid I was going to be a failed Public Enemy Number 9, 10, 11.~~

~~BLONDIE: The judge was very nice when we explained things to him. Wasn't he?~~

~~DITHERS: Yes -- Roger Blank helped us out there. You know, I think he's going to be quite a good friend of ours.~~

~~DAGWOOD: There's no place like home, is there?~~

BLONDIE: Oh, Mr. Dithers -- you haven't forgotten about that extra week of vacation for us, have you?

DITHERS: No, sir.

DAGWOOD: That's good. Will you send me a memo confirming it tomorrow?

DITHERS: Certainly -- remind me about it, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Oh, I will, Mr. Dithers -- ^{I WILL} ~~send you a memo.~~

DITHERS: What's more, I'm going to give you two hundred dollar bonus for this. You'll need it on that extra vacation week.

BLONDIE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Dithers. ^{ILL SEND YOU A MEMO ON THAT -}

~~DAGWOOD: Gee, this is great, sir. You know, this is the first time I've really enjoyed being a sell-guy. I never knowed it paid so well!~~

~~(Sings "I'll Send You a Memo")~~

MUSIC:

51455 8383

GOODWIN: Well folks, Blondie certainly rescued that contract for Mr. Dithers, even though she had to frame Dagwood to do it. Now Dagwood is planning to take Dagwood and the whole family to a fancy resort hotel with the bonus they received from Mr. Dithers. So be sure to be listening next Monday at this same time when, "Blondie Starts Her Vacation."

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP BRIEFLY)

GOODWIN: "Blondie" is played by Penny Singleton and Dagwood is Arthur Lake.

Our "Blondie" orchestra is directed by Bill Artzt who also creates the special musical effects.

This is Bill Goodwin speaking for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ANNOUNCER: Well, pipe-smokers, you know the old legend about George Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Potomac River, though some folks say it was the Rappahannock. But about this there is no doubt -- George Washington Smoking Tobacco today can make only a dime go a long, long way, too. A big, blue two and one-quarter ounce package of George Washington Tobacco costs just ten cents. But you get the biggest dime's worth of smoking pleasure you ever puffed out of a pipe.. rich, mellow taste...and plenty of friendly mildness, too. Start saving on your smokes now. Load up with George Washington Smoking Tobacco!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM.