

117 As Broadcast

"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1941

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

SCENES:

- 1. ON THE STREET
- 2. BUMSTEAD HOME
- 3. BUMSTEAD HOME FOR COMMERCIAL
- 4. DITHER'S OFFICE
- 5. THE SAME
- 6. ON THE STREET
- 7. ON THE HIGHWAY AND AIRPORT
- 8. HARBOR FOR COMMERCIAL
- 9. AIRPORT
- 10. MALONEY'S OFFICE AND STREET

CAST:

- BLONDIE.....PENNY SINGLETON
- DAGWOOD.....ARTHUR LAKE
- DITHERS.....HANLEY STAFFORD
- MONKEY.....CHARLES LUNG
- MALONEY.....CHARLES LUNG
- BOB.....ELLIOT LEWIS

COMMERCIAL CAST:

- ANNOUNCER:.....BILL GOODWIN
- ECHO VOICE.....FRED SHIELDS
- CHASE VOICE.....FRED SHIELDS
- SAILOR.....IRVIN LEE
- HITCH HIKER ANV. BOB GARRED
- VOICE.....BOB MOON

SOUND EFFECTS:

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...CRASH OF CHANDELIER TO FLOOR...STEPS...VACUUM
 CLEANER...RATTLE OF PAPER...CRASH OF STUFF ON DESK...WATER COOLER
 CRASHES...WINDOW OPENS...TRAFFIC...CAR DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS...CAR
 STARTS AWAY...CAR RUNNING...SCREECH OF TIRES...CAR STOPS...CAR ROAR
 AWAY...PLANE WARMING UP...PLANE TAKES OFF...SPEED BOAT AND SPRAY...
 SNARL OF BOAT TURNING...PIANE LANDS...BODY FALL...

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"BLONDIE"

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1941

4:30 - 5:00 P.M. PST
6:30 - 7:00 P.M. PST

ANNCR: Ah -- 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, Dagwood has just finished a days work at the office of the J. C. Dithers Company, and is on his way home, when, from across the street, a man with a monkey sitting on his shoulder, calls to him...

BOB: (OFF) Hey, Dagwood! Dagwood! Wait a second!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

BOB: (OFF A BIT) Wait a minute, Dagwood, You're just the man I've been looking for.

DAGWOOD: Oh, hello, Bob.

BOB: (COMING UP) What a break to meet you like this. I was just beginning to get desperate.

DAGWOOD: Well, Bob -- I'm a little short of cash myself right now and -- ~~howl~~ ~~THEY WASN'T THAT AT ALL DAGWOOD~~

~~BOB!~~
~~DAGWOOD!~~
BOB: What's the matter?

DAGWOOD: Is there something wrong with my eyes or do I see someone sitting on your shoulder?

BOB: (LAUGHS) Oh...this is Jocko, Dagwood -- he's a pet monkey. Shake hands with the gentleman, Jocko.

DAGWOOD: Well -- er -- hello, Jocko.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

BOB: See the way he shook hands with you? He's a regular little gentleman -- most of the time.

DAGWOOD: Gee, he certainly is cute...Hey -- did you see that? He tipped his hat to me when I said that.

BOB: Well, well -- this does my heart good. You two are going to get along together just fine!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I guess we -- hunh?

BOB: Dagwood, it's swell of you to keep Jocko for me tonight. I wouldn't trust him with anyone else.

DAGWOOD: Oh, no, Bob -- I couldn't take him. He's very nice and all that, but what would Blondie say?

BOB: Why she'd be crazy about the lovable little imp.

DAGWOOD: You think so, hunh?

BOB: Why of course. She likes you, doesn't she?

DAGWOOD: I don't think Blondie'd ~~like him at all~~. -- Er -- hunh!

BOB: Aw, Dagwood, I thought you had a kind heart.

DAGWOOD: I have.

BOB: Then how could you turn down a poor little fellow like Jocko for just a night and a day? I've got to go out of town tonight and I can't take Jocko with me.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

BOB: Look at his 'soft brown eyes pleading with you to take him in. Why it looks as though he's ^{GOING TO CRY} ~~crying~~. He's trying to say to you, "Dagwood, please -- don't turn me down." *SEE WHAT I MEAN*

(IT SOUNDS AS THOUGH THE MONKEY WERE SWEARING AT DAGWOOD...)

DAGWOOD: Is that what he said? It didn't sound like it to me... Well, I better be going, Bob.

BOB: Wait...just do me this favor, Dagwood. He'd be happy with you -- you're just his type.

DAGWOOD: Well, that's awfully nice of you to say that, but --

BOB: Please, Dagwood -- he'll be a wonderful companion.

DAGWOOD: Look, Bob, I've got a wife, two children, and five puppies. Isn't that enough companions?

BOB: But Jocko's just like a human being.

DAGWOOD: Then tell him to go over and register at a hotel.

BOB: (LAUGHS) Now, Dagwood...Here, Jocko -- jump up on Dagwood.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DAGWOOD: Hey! Hey, Jocko! ...Gosh, he's a cute little guy, all right.

BOB: Gee, he really loves you.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- he just wrapped his tail around my neck.

BOB: Oh, boy, he only does this to special people he likes.

DAGWOOD: You're just making that up...Hey! (LAUGHS) Cut it out, Jocko! Hey, you're tickling! (LAUGHS) Aw, stop it. ~~Jocko!~~ (LAUGHS) I'm getting weak. I can't get him loose!

BOB: Isn't he a scream?

DAGWOOD: (LAUGHING) Hey, Bob -- he's killing me! ~~Isn't it~~ ~~stand-it!~~ He's driving me crazy!

BOB: Isn't he cute?

DAGWOOD: (BREATHLESS) Yeah. But --

BOB: Ah, that's swell, Dagwood -- I knew you wouldn't let me down! You'll have a great time with Jocko. He's a million laughs. He's the life of the party. Well -- so long --

DAGWOOD: But wait a second, Bob, I JUST CANT TAKE THIS MONKEY HOME

BOB: DAGWOOD REMEMBER THAT NIGHT IN THE POOL ROOM WHEN YOU DIDN'T GO HOME FOR DINNER - I WONDER WHAT BLONDIE WOULD SAY IF SHE KNEW -

DAGWOOD: OH YEAH OH -

BOB: Don't worry about a thing. I'll drop by your house tomorrow night and pick Jocko up again...You stay with Dagwood, Jocko -- he'll be a wonderful friend.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

~~DAGWOOD: Copy Bob's name to the file.~~

BOB: (OFF A BIT) Take good care of him, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hey, wait a minute! Oh, my gosh -- he's gone...Geo, I wonder what Blondie's going to say!

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DAGWOOD: Yeah, I think that's just about what she will say!

MUSIC:

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: Bloooooooooooooondie! Oh, Bloooooooooooooondie!

BLONDIE: (OFF A BIT) I'm in here, dear.

DAGWOOD: Oh I'll be in as soon as I hang up my topcoat.
...I've got a ^{LITTLE} surprise for you, honey.

BLONDIE: Don't tell me you've brought someone home to dinner without calling me.

DAGWOOD: Well, yeah -- in a way, honey.

BLONDIE: Oh, dear -- I don't know how many times I've told you it only takes a minute to pick up a phone and let me know ahead of time.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

BLONDIE: Gracious! Is that the dinner guest?

DAGWOOD: Er -- yeah ... Here he is, honey.

BLONDIE: Oh!...Oh, Dagwood! A monkey!

DAGWOOD: Yeah, Blondie -- we're going to keep him tonight and tomorrow ~~from Bob Roberts~~.

BLONDIE:
DAGWOOD:

Why?
ITS FOR BOB ROBERTS BLONDIE: IS HE ANOTHER
Er, ~~why?~~ Well, ~~how do I~~, anyway. Don't you think ~~ONE~~
he's cute, ~~Blondie?~~ HONEY. ~~OF YOUR CLASS-MATES FROM THE FOURTH GRADE~~

BLONDIE: No.

DAGWOOD: Oh.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, you'll just have to take him right back to Bob Roberts.

DAGWOOD: But I can't. He had to go out of town. Jocko won't be much trouble, Blondie...Whooo! There he goes!

(MONKEY NOISES...)

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness! He jumped right onto the chandelier!

DAYWOOD: Oh, boy -- look at the way he's swinging, Blondie. Hey, Jocko -- be careful!

BLONDIE: Oh -- I'm afraid it's going to fall!

(CRASH OF CHANDELIER ON FLOOR...)

DAGWOOD: It did.

BLONDIE: Dagwood, look what he's done to our chandelier!

(SYMPATHETIC MONKEY NOISES...)

DAGWOOD: ^{I KNOW BUT} Aw, look at him, Blondie. I think he's sorry for what he's done.

BLONDIE: I can't help it, Dagwood. You can't turn our house into a Frank Buck jungle. ^{EITHER GOES OR I DO} The monkey ~~will have to go~~. ^{THAT DOESN'T LEAVE ME MUCH CHOICE}
DAGWOOD: But we've at least got to keep him overnight, honey.

BLONDIE: Well, the first thing in the morning -- out he goes!

DAGWOOD: Okay, honey...I knew you'd be sensible about this...

Hey, wait a minute, I've got to go to the office tomorrow morning.

WELL
BLONDIE: ~~Yes, Dagwood, I know~~ and Jocko will have to go
with you.

DAGWOOD: Toooooh!

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: Well, well -- I wonder what'll happen if Dagwood does
take Jocko to the office tomorrow. Just off-hand,
I wouldn't think that Dagwood's boss, Mr. Dithers,
would appreciate having a monkey skylarking around the
office. Might be almost as bad as Dagwood imagined
things were the day before, when he came rushing up
upstairs like a wildman...

(COMMERCIAL)

DAGWOOD: (CALLING) Blondie! ~~Blondie!~~

BLONDIE: (OFF) Yes, Dagwood.

SOUND: STEPS...DOOR OPENS

DAGWOOD: Blondie, where are my pliers, and my screw-driver, and my -- ooooooh! What are you doing, Blondie?

BLONDIE: (MATTER OF FACT) Oh, nothing. You men have such a sense of superiority about tools -- so I just decided I'd fix the vacuum cleaner myself.

DAGWOOD: (GROANS) Oooooh!

BLONDIE: I just took those little wheels and things out and straightened one of them around and put them back. I got them all in, too, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: And now you think it'll work?

BLONDIE: Well, why shouldn't it, if I got the pieces all back in:

DAGWOOD: (BEING PATIENT) Blondie...let me explain...quietly. It isn't just what you put in -- it's also how you do it!

GOODWIN: My point exactly about Camels, Dagwood. It isn't just what you put in, it's --

BLONDIE: Now, wait a minute, you two! Let's plug this vacuum cleaner in, first! There!

SOUND: PURR -- IT WORKS

BLONDIE: See -- it works!
DAGWOOD: OH MY!

GOODWIN: The point's still good for Camels, Blondie. You put in the right things and you put them in the right way too. Everywhere you go smokers know that Camels are made of costlier tobaccos -- but it takes more than

(CONTINUED)

GOODWIN:
(Cont'd)

that to make Camels America's favorite cigarette...
it's that priceless "know-how" -- the delicate art
of blending that gives Camels their superb flavor
and extra mildness. Camels are slower-burning, too,
with extra smoking per cigarette per pack. And
remember -- there's 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! Next time get slow...
slow-burning Camels. You'll taste the difference that
a better blend of costlier tobaccos can make.

MUSIC:

(FIRST CURTAIN FANFARE)

DAGWOOD: ~~(COMING UP FAST) Tim says I have to go, but I must
take him to the office. Goodbye, dear, see you
tonight. I've got to run! Goodbye!~~

~~(WHEZZ!...)~~

BLONDIE: ~~(CALLS) Goodbye, dear!~~

~~(WHEZZ!...)~~

BLONDIE: ~~Goodness -- there goes Jocko, right after Dagwood, and
I think he's gaining on him! My -- what a time
they'll have in the office today!~~

GOODWILL:

WELL ITS THE NEXT MORNING
AND DAGWOOD IS IN HIS OFFICE
AT THE J.C. DITHERS COMPANY WITH
JOCKO ON HIS LAP WHEN MR.
DITHERS CALLS HIM

MUSIC:

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead -- come into my office! Bumstead --
where are you!

DAGWOOD: (YELLS BACK) Coming J.C.! (ON) Now Jocko, you
stay right here. Right here, understand. I'll be
skinned alive if Mr. Dithers finds you in the office.

DITHERS: (OFF) Bumstead!

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir!

(FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL...)

(DOOR CLOSES...)

DAGWOOD: Here I am, Mr. Dithers. Did you want something?

DITHERS: No, I was just yelling for the fun of it.

DAGWOOD: Oh...well, have a good time, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~, and if you
really want me for anything --

DITHERS: Bumstead, come back here!

DAGWOOD: Oh, sorry, ^{J.C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. I thought you said --

DITHERS: Oh, fiddle-diddle--- never mind what I said...Now look,
Bumstead...

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: Have you seen this contract before?

(RATTLE OF PAPER)

DAGWOOD: Oh, yeah, J. C. -- this is the one ^{THAT} H.B. Maloney signed with us six months ago.

DITHERS: Exactly. Well, you know the trouble we're having with him now. We've got to produce this contract at his office at one-thirty this afternoon.

DAGWOOD: Well, I guess there's nothing to worry about, is there?

DITHERS: No, it's only a matter of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars. Here's the thing, ~~Dagwood~~ -- if for some strange reason or another ^{WELL} I mean, if I should get appendicitis, or be ducking a process server, or one of my wife's relatives -- I want you to be sure this contract gets over there.

DAGWOOD: Okay, ~~Mr. Dithers~~. J. C.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES...)

DITHERS: Who was that opened and closed that door?

DAGWOOD: Er -- nobody, I'm afraid.

DITHERS: Well, probably someone just looked in and saw ~~that~~ I was busy.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...let's pretend.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DITHERS: Dunstead -- what's wrong with you? That sounds awful? Aren't you well?

DAGWOOD: Er -- I am a little -- er -- indisposed.

DITHERS: It sounded worse than that... Well, remember, ~~Dagwood~~
-- this contract must get over to Maloney's lawyer's
office at exactly -- Dumstead!

DAGWOOD: Hunh?

DITHERS: Are you scratching my back?
I DON'T BELIEVE SO -

DAGWOOD: ~~No -- I'm standing right here in front of your desk.~~

DITHERS: ~~Get in front of me where I can~~
~~see you~~

DAGWOOD: ~~Yes sir~~

DITHERS: Well, someone's scratching my back! (STARTS TO
LAUGH) Hey -- cut it out! Who's tickling me? Stop
it! Help! (OUT OF CONTROL) Someone's tickling me!
He's driving me crazy! Don't! Stop it! I can't
stand it anymore! Oh... oh... my gosh. It's stopped
now... Oh -- what happened?

DAGWOOD: Gee, Mr. Dithers -- you just started laughing.

DITHERS: Don't tell ^{me} I imagined all that.

DAGWOOD: Well, I didn't do it.

DITHERS: Well, I certainly wasn't tickling myself in the ribs,
but there's no one else in ~~my~~ ^{THE} office! Oh, my gosh,
Dumstead -- maybe I did imagine the whole thing.

DAGWOOD: I guess that's possible.

DITHERS: Maybe my mind is cracking under the strain. No -- no,
that can't be true. I'm perfectly sane! There's
nothing wrong with me -- is there, Dagwood?

DAGWOOD: ^{well} I guess not, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Aren't you sure? Don't tell me you think I'm going off ~~my track~~. ^{THE BEAM} (STOP -- THIN) Oh, this is all perfectly ridiculous. I'm going to ignore it.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, that's it, Mr. Dithers. Just ignore it. Just pretend that you're perfectly okay.

DITHERS: Of course, I'll just pretend I'm perfectly o -- Bumstead, what do you mean, pretend I'm okay? (STARTS TO LAUGH) Cut it out! Stop tickling! Bumstead -- do something! It's back again! I can't stop laughing!. My ribs! Whoooooooooooo! Yahooooooooo! ...Oh, it's stopped ~~now~~. Oh...I guess I'm a goner. I'll have to run the J. C. Dithers Company from a padded cell.

DAGWOOD: Oh, ^{NO} it's not as bad as all that, ~~Mr. Dithers~~, J.C.

DITHERS: No, I guess not. I've got to be calm about this. I mustn't lose control of myself. After all, this office is practically a mad-house the way it is now. I'll be right at home...Hey!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter now, ~~Mr. Dithers?~~ J.C.

DITHERS: Someone -- is taking off my shoe! Help -- I'm being attacked! There goes my shoe! Bumstead -- someone's under my desk! Help!

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DITHERS: What's going on under there!...Great suffering humanity! There's a monkey under my ~~sock~~! *FLET*

DAGWOOD: Well, well -- Imagine that. (LAUGHS HOLLOWLY)

DITHERS: Give me back my shoe you long tailed tramp!
DAGWOOD! *WHO?*
And stop sticking your tongue out at me.

(MONKEY NOISES)

DAGWOOD: Come here, Jocko. Give Mr. Dithers his shoe back.
That's it. That's a good ^{LITTLE} boy, Jocko.

DITHERS: Bumstead! Are you acquainted with this monkey?

DAGWOOD: Well, ^{IN A WAY J.C.} ~~yes, Mr. Dithers.~~

DITHERS: You make a fine couple! You knew he was in this room all the time, but you didn't tell me!

DAGWOOD: But Mr. Dithers, I didn't think you'd believe me if I told you a monkey was tickling you. It's too ridiculous.

DITHERS: I see. You thought it was better for me to think I was losing my mind...And another thing -- what's the idea of bringing this ape into the offices of the J.C. Dithers Company?

DAGWOOD: Well, you see, J.C. --

DITHERS: And don't call me J.C.!!

DAGWOOD: Yes, J.C. - *OH - NO -*

DITHERS: Did you think you could get him a job?

DAGWOOD: No, it wasn't that, but --

DITHERS: Come to think about it, maybe I could let you go and hire the monkey!

DAGWOOD: Now, Mr. Dithers, just be calm. I had to keep Jocko for a friend of mine, and he followed me to the office. I couldn't get rid of him.

DITHERS: Well, Bumstead -- if you want to keep your job you'd better call Blondie up and have her come here and take this hairy acrobat home.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir.

DITHERS: And if I ever see him again around here --

DAGWOOD: Never mind telling me what you'll do, Mr. Dithers --
I'll call Blondie right away! Just keep him ^{HERE FOR} ~~in the~~
A LITTLE WHILE AND I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK.

DITHERS: Dumstead -- come back here -- take this thing with you.

(DOOR SLAMS)

MUSIC:

DAGWOOD: And that's what happened, Blondie.

BLONDIE: Oh, goodness. Well, it's a good thing Jocko didn't
get into more trouble...is Mr. Dithers pretty mad?

DAGWOOD: Well, he wasn't frothing at the mouth, but he didn't
seem very pleased, either.

BLONDIE: All right, Dagwood -- I'll take Jocko home. Where is
he?

DAGWOOD: I left him in Mr. Dither's office...~~Right down here,~~
honey...Gosh, I'm sorry I had to ask you to come down
here to take Jocko back.

(DOOR OPENS...)

BLONDIE: Hello, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Hello, Blondie.

DAGWOOD: Blondie'll take Jocko home, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Don't let me detain you.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DAGWOOD: Well, come on, Jocko -- get down from that hat rack..
Gee, he doesn't mind very well.

DITHERS: I'll catch him.

BLONDIE: Well, be careful. You don't want to ^{FRIGHTEN} ~~scare~~-him.

DITHERS: Who doesn't!! Come here, you!

(MONKEY YIPS...)

DITHERS: Hey! He jumped right onto my desk! Get off there!
(CRASH OF STUFF FALLING OFF DITHERS' DESK...)

DITHERS: Taaaaa!

DAGWOOD: I'll get him!

BLONDIE: Look out for that water cooler!

(CRASH...THAT GOES OVER...)

DITHERS: Stop him! He's wrecking my office!

DAGWOOD: Jocko! Cut it out!

BLONDIE: Wait a minute -- he's back on your desk, Mr. Dithers.
KEEP CALM EVERY BODY
Maybe we can surround him.

DITHERS: Great scott! Look what he's got!

BLONDIE: What's that piece of paper!?

DAGWOOD: My gosh, it's the contract with H.B. Maloney!

DITHERS: Be careful -- it's worth a small fortune. Don't
antagonize him. Nice Jocko -- pretty Jocko (THEN
GETS MAD) Give me that contract, you ^{17P6}!!

BLONDIE: Jocko, hand me the contract -- please.

(MONKEY NOISES...)

DITHERS: I'll sneak up on him, then grab it...Nice Jocko,
Yes, sir -- you're a great little fellow. I'm not
going to hurt you. I just want to pet you a little.

(THE MONKEY SOUNDS VERY SUSPICIOUS...)

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, I don't think he believes a word of
what you're saying.

DITHERS: Certainly he believes me. You trust me, don't you,
Jocko? I'm your friend. We ought to get along fine
together.

DAGWOOD: Sure, Jocko -- you two have a lot in common.

DITHERS: Bumstead -- what do you mean by that?

DAGWOOD: I'm on your side, Mr, Dithers. I was only trying to help,

DITHERS: Well, you're no help, so get off my side...(SOTTO)
I'm going to grab the contract now, One...two...
three!

(MONKEY SCREECHES...)

DITHERS: Taaaa! Let go of my hair! Help! Get him off me!

BLONDIE: Jocko! Stop that!

DAGWOOD: Holy smoke! There he goes -- out on the window ledge!
And he's still got the contract!

DITHERS: Good heavens! We've got to get that back! I'll go
out on that ledge and -- say, it's not very wide,
is it? And that's quite a drop down to the street.

DAGWOOD: Yeah, it is. J.C.

DITHERS: Well, Dagwood, old boy --

DAGWOOD: Yes, ~~sir~~? J.C.

DITHERS: Go out there on that ledge and get that contract.

DAGWOOD: Yes, sir...Hey, wait a minute.

BLONDIE: Now see here, Mr. Dithers -- that's dangerous out
there on that little ledge. Dagwood's not going
out there.

DITHERS: Well, no monkey's going to get the best of me!
Besides, Dagwood had no business bringing him into
this office in the first place.

BLONDIE: Well, you had no business leaving a valuable paper
like that lying around loose,

DAGWOOD: Sounds logical,

BLONDIE: I'm surprised at you, Mr. Dithers -- I thought you
were always so businesslike.

DITHERS: It was perfectly safe in my office,

BLONDIE: Why a little wind might have blown it right out the window. It's all your fault, Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: I should have known I couldn't win...All right, Dagwood, I don't order you to get the contract, then.

DAGWOOD: Thanks, ^{J. C.} ~~Mr. Dithers~~. Of course, I'm always willing to help.

DITHERS: I hope so, because now I'm going to ask for a volunteer.

DAGWOOD: I might as well go -- You'd get me one way or the other.

DITHERS: That's the spirit I like to see...I'll open the window a little wider.

(WINDOW OPENS)

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, you ^{HAVE} ~~ought~~ to hold onto Dagwood while he's out there.

DITHERS: All right, Blondie -- all right. I'll hold onto your belt, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: ^{THANKS} Okay...Here I go.

(MONKEY NOISES)

DAGWOOD: Come here, Jocko...Hey, Jocko! Please come here.

DITHERS: That's the stuff, Dagwood.-- he's coming closer to you.

BLONDIE: Be careful, Dagwood. Don't let go of the window for a moment.

DITHERS: Here he comes, ~~Dagwood~~.

DAGWOOD: Hey! He's climbing up my back!

(MONKEY NOISES)

DITHERS: Grab the contract!

DAGWOOD: My gosh -- somebody do something! He's sitting on top of my head. Whoooo! He's throwing me off my balance!

DITHERS: Never mind that -- grab the contract! Take it away from him!

DAGWOOD: I can't!

DITHERS: Go ahead -- get the contract!

DAGWOOD: I can't let go to get it or I'll fall!

DITHERS: ~~Bumstead~~ -- You're always thinking about yourself!

(MONKEY NOISES...)

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- come back in here, and maybe Jocko will come along with you.

~~DAGWOOD: Oh...~~

DITHERS: Careful now, Dagwood.

DAGWOOD: Hey -- he's climbing down off my head...Hey, Jocko -- let go of my ears! Ouch!

DITHERS: ~~The little devil!~~ -- I can't quite reach him.

BLONDIE: Oh-oh!...There he goes. He's climbing down the side of the building to the street.

DITHERS: Come on -- we've got to go down and head him off! Hurry!

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON TRAFFIC...)

BLONDIE: There he is -- right on the street corner.

DAGWOOD: Hey, Jocko! Come here! Jocko!

DITHERS: He's still got the contract!...We've got to get it away from him. It's after twelve now. I've got to produce the contract at one-thirty sharp.

BLONDIE: Oh, look!

DAGWOOD: Hey!

BLONDIE: He's hopping a ride on that truck! There he goes!

DITHERS: Holy Pete! Quick! Here's my car! We've got
to follow him. Get in!

(CAR DOOR OPEN AND SLAM)

BLONDIE: I've got my eye on the truck.

DAGWOOD: I've got the license number.

DITHERS: I haven't got my car keys!...no, wait a minute -- YES
here they are!

BLONDIE: Hurry up, Mr. Dithers. The truck's out of sight now
and Jocko might jump off anywhere.

(CAR STARTS UP)

DITHERS: Here we go!

(CAR ROARS AWAY)

MUSIC...

(COME UP ON CAR)

BLONDIE: There he is, Mr. Dithers! He's still on the back
of that truck!

DITHERS: We'll catch up with him.

DAGWOOD: I think that other car ~~behind the truck~~ is going to
pass ^{THE TRUCK} ~~it~~. Then we can get right up to him.

BLONDIE: Dagwood -- look! That car is passing! Look at
Jocko!

DITHERS: Oh, my gosh -- the monkey jumped over to the other car.

DAGWOOD: It's turning off at the cross-roads.

DITHERS: We're right after them. Hang on!

(SCREECH OF TIRES)

BLONDIE: Oh!

DAGWOOD: What's the matter, Blondie?

BLONDIE: We're going to the airport. Do you suppose he'll try to hitch-hike a ride there?

DAGWOOD: Toooh! I hope not.

BLONDIE: Mr. Dithers, you've got to get that contract to Mr. Maloney at one-thirty, haven't you?

DITHERS: Yes -- and it doesn't look as though I'll be able to do it.

BLONDIE: Well, there's no use of all three of us chasing that monkey. Why don't you go back to the office and get a contract and take it to Mr. Maloney's office?

DITHERS: Blondie, you can't just take any contract. It's got to be the right one.

BLONDIE: Well, you could stall Mr. Maloney off with a blank contract, couldn't you?

DITHERS: Certainly not!...Or could I? Yes -- of course I could!

BLONDIE: And we'll get the real contract to you just as fast as we can...Let's see if this car turns in at the airport.

DAGWOOD: Yep -- there it goes, and there's Jocko, still sitting on the rear bumper.

DITHERS: Maybe we can get him as soon as they stop.

(CAR SLOWS UP)

DITHERS: Why is it, I wonder, that a thing like this only happens to me? Why doesn't it happen to the Goliath Company? Why is it I'm always behind the eight-ball.

DAGWOOD: He's hopping off, Mr. Dithers. Let us out, quick!

(CAR COMES TO A STOP)

DITHERS: I'll be at Maloney's office stalling them off with a blank contract. Get the real one over as fast as you can.

(CAR DOOR JOFFEN AND SLAM)

DAGWOOD: Okay, Mr. Dithers.

(CAR ROAR AWAY)

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- there he goes over the fence and onto the flying field. *DAGWOOD! WHO? MR. DITHERS? NO THE MONKEY.*

BLONDIE:
DAGWOOD: I've never had such a time in my life.

BLONDIE: Well, now I know what people mean by monkey business.

COME ON

(COME UP ON PLANE WARMING UP OFF)

DAGWOOD: Gee, it's fortunate there's only one monkey. What would we do if there were a barrel of them?

BLONDIE: Dagwood, he's heading right for that plane.

DAGWOOD: What if he hops into the back seat? Right behind the pilot. My gosh, Blondie -- that's what he's going to do!...*(YELLS)* Hey! Wait a minute!

Hey, you!

JOCKO
BLONDIE: Wait! Stop! Stop!

(PLANE STARTS UP)

DAGWOOD: Hey! You've got a monkey with you! Hey!

BLONDIE: It's too late! There goes the plane.

(PLANE TAKES OFF)

DAGWOOD: Oh, Blondie -- that's the last we'll ever see of Jocko and that contract.

BLONDIE: Yes, and it may be the last we'll ever see of that pilot, too.

DAGWOOD: Doooooh!

MUSIC...

GOODWIN: Well, well -- what are the Bumsteads going to do now?
How will they get that important contract back? And
if they do, will they be in time? Well, we'll see
what happens in ^{JUST} a moment. ~~Right now, if you don't~~
~~mind, we'll wait for the airplane to~~
~~well, just listen,, BUT FIRST LETS GO~~
TO THE BALL GAME

SOUND: BASEBALL CROWD

GOODWIN: (SPORTS ANNOUNCER STYLE) Runners on first and second...
the count is two and two...he winds up, here comes the
pitch -- and --

SOUND: CRACK OF BAT...CROWD ROARS...HOLD UNDER:

GOODWIN: Yes, bats are swinging, crowds are roaring, and the
populations of Booklyn and St. Louis are going wild as
one of the hardest-fought pennant battles in all
national league history goes into its final week. Who's
going to win. St. Louis, last six games, and Brooklyn's
last four will tell the story. Whatever happens,
plenty is going to rest on the shoulders of two young
pitchers -- from Brooklyn -- Kirby Higbe --

VOICE: Pitches one of the fastest balls in either league...
struck out more men than any pitcher in national league
last year...on Saturday won his twenty-first game...Has
lost only nine.

GOODWIN: And from St. Louis -- Howard Pollet --

VOICE: Only twenty years old...came from Houston. In Texas
League...less than two months with the Cardinals...has
amazing assortment of pitches -- fast ball, curve ball,
and screw ball...yesterday won his fifth game out of six.

GOODWIN: Yes, two fine young pitchers, in one of baseball's
toughest battles, they've got mighty different ideas
about this year's national league pennant title. But
here's one point on which they'll both agree -- their
preference for Camels. Pollet of the Cardinals says --

POLLET: (HE'S FROM NEW ORLEANS) I like flavor in my cigarette -- and that's why I smoke Camels. They've got extra flavor and extra mildness, too.

GOODWIN: And Kirby Higbe of the Dodgers says --

HIGBE: (HE'S FROM SOUTH CAROLINA) Mister, I come from tobacco country, and I've been smokin' Camels for years. I like a cooler, slower-burnin' cigarette, and that's Camels every time.

GOODWIN: Right. Camel's slower burning gives you extra smoking per cigarette per pack. More for your money. And remember, there's less nicotine in the smoke. 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, and the smoke's the thing. Get a pack of Camels tonight, and enjoy a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. You'll want to buy a carton tomorrow.

MUSIC:

GOODWIN: It's five nerve-wracking minutes later. The plane Jocko jumped into has been zooming and diving all over the sky. Now it looks as though it's coming down for a landing...Blondie and Dagwood are watching it terrified...

(PLANE COMING IN FOR LANDING...HAVING AN AWFUL TIME)

BLONDIE: Oh-h-h-h!

DAGWOOD: Ohhhhhhh!

BLONDIE: He's going to make it.

DAGWOOD: Maybe he isn't

BLONDIE: Oh, be careful! Be careful!

DAGWOOD: Here he comes!

BLONDIE: He's going to crash!

DAGWOOD: No -- he got out of it. He's landing! Yippee!
He made it!

BLONDIE: Oh, dear...For a moment, I was afraid he wouldn't,

~~and it would be a disaster.~~

~~Dagwood:~~

DAGWOOD: Gosh, it's almost half-past one.

(PLANE TAXIING UP)

BLONDIE: Here comes Jocko! He just jumped out of the plane and he's running over this way.

DAGWOOD: (YELLS) Hey, Jocko! Jocko! Hey! We're over here!

BLONDIE: Goodness -- look at him come! I guess he didn't like the plane trip any more than the pilot.

(MONKEY NOISES COMING UP)

DAGWOOD: Come here, you little scamp!

BLONDIE: Here, Jocko...All right, Dagwood -- I've got the contract.

DAGWOOD: And I've got Jocko. No -- I was wrong -- he's got me. Hey -- let go you --

BLONDIE: Quick! Here's a taxi --

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

BLONDIE: Let's get right back to town as fast as we can.

(DOOR SLAMS)

DAGWOOD: Hey, driver -- take us in to town -- fast as you can go!

(CAR STARTS UP AND ROARS AWAY)

MUSIC...

BLONDIE: Well, Dagwood -- Here's Maloney's office.

DAGWOOD: Yeah...Shall we take Jocko in with us?

BLONDIE: You can't very well leave him outside. ~~Something awful will happen.~~

DAGWOOD: I'll just hold him under my topcoat. Maybe Mr. Maloney won't notice it.

BLONDIE: Maybe.

DAGWOOD: Well, here goes.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

MALONEY: (INSIDE) Come in, come in!

(DOOR OPENS...AND CLOSES)

DITHERS: ~~Dagwood~~ -- Blondie -- did you bring it with you?

BLONDIE: Yes, we got it, all right, Mr. Dithers.

DAGWOOD: Yep -- here it is.

DITHERS: Thanks...Here's the contract, Maloney...Oh, by the way -- may I present Mr. and Mrs. Dagwood Bumstead -- Mr. Bumstead was formerly in my employ --

DAGWOOD: Formerly?
MALONEY: Well, Mr. Bumstead -- what's that you've got under your coat?
DAGWOOD: Hunh? Oh -- nothing.
MALONEY: Don't tell me that furry tail is your own.
DAGWOOD: Oh...(LAUGHS) No, that's just a monkey...Come on out, Jocko.

(MONKEY NOISES)

MALONEY: Hmmm -- very interesting. Sounds a lot like you, Mr. Dithers. Any relation?
DITHERS: Heh-heh...Well, Maloney -- what about the contract? It's all in order, and you'll find it binds you to our agreement.
MALONEY: Oh, yes, I know that.
DITHERS: I thought you said you weren't very clear on it.
MALONEY: (LAUGHS) Yes, I did say that, didn't I? As a matter of fact, Dithers, I'm going to destroy this contract.
DITHERS: What?
BLONDIE: Destroy it? Why, you can't do that. We had an awful time getting it here.
DAGWOOD: We certainly did..., I guess you're just joking aren't you, Mr. Maloney.
MALONEY: You'll see about that. I'm going to tear it up right now.
DITHERS: Wait a second, Maloney.-- !
MALONEY: Don't get near me, Dithers. I'm a pretty good scrapper.
BLONDIE: Here, Jocko! ^{QUICK} Get Mr. Maloney! Jump up on him!
Come on!

(MONKEY NOISES)

MALONEY: Hey! Get that animal off me! Hey! Cut it out!
(STARTS LAUGHING) Hey -- he's tickling me! Stop it!
Hey -- Dithers -- somebody -- help me. I -- can't
-- stop -- laughing! (LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY)
I'm getting weak. I can't stand up. He's killing me!
My ribs!

(HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR)

BLONDIE: I'll just take this contract now...Here you are,
Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Thanks, Blondie...that was fast thinking.

DAGWOOD: Gee, he was really going to tear this up, J.C.

DITHERS: Yeah -- what a break for me Jocko was here. Maloney's
big enough to handle both of us.

MALONEY: (IS STILL LAUGHING) Oh -- no -- cut it out. Lay
off me.

~~DAGWOOD: WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?~~

~~DAGWOOD: Look at him. He's practically hysterical.~~

~~BLONDIE: My, my, I wonder what he's laughing at.~~

~~DAGWOOD: Look at him.~~

DITHERS: Well, let's get out of here while he's still helpless.

DAGWOOD: Come on, Jocko. He's had enough!

(MONKEY NOISES)

DITHERS: So long, Maloney. The next time you want to look
at this contract, you can examine it in court.

(DOOR CLOSES)

BLONDIE: Well, I hope we haven't inconvenienced you too much,
Mr. Dithers.

DITHERS: Inconvenienced me? Why you've saved me a great deal of money. I was a little suspicious of Maloney, but I never thought he'd try a stunt like tearing up that contract...I'd like you all to be my dinner guests tonight. And I'll give you the day off tomorrow.

DAGWOOD: But I thought I was fired.

DITHERS: Oh -- forget about that --

DAGWOOD: Thanks, J.C., we'll come to dinner.

BLONDIE: And I'll bet I know who the guest of honor will be... Jocko.

DITHERS: He certainly will be...You're all right, Jocko. You've been very helpful.

(MONKEY NOISES)

DITHERS: Hey! Get him off me!...Hey -- there he goes again. We've got to catch him.

~~BLONDIE:~~
~~DAGWOOD:~~ What's wrong, Mr. Dithers?

DITHERS: What's wrong? The little son of a stole my watch!

ALL: ^{BUMSTEAD} YOU GET IT BACK OR ELSE!
(START YELLING FOR JOCKO)

^{BABOOM}
DAGWOOD: OR ELSE WHAT?

DITHERS: OR ELSE I'LL

GIVE YOU THE
WORKS!

MUSIC UP....

"BLONDIE" 24-A
9/22/41 (REVISED)

GOODWIN: Well, Jocko, the monkey, lead Blondie and Dagwood a merry chase and Mr. Dithers was pretty mad. But now, thanks to Jocko, the Bumsteads are back in Mr. Dithers' good graces again. Be sure to listen next week when Dagwood turns prospector and "Blondie Discovers Gold." AND DON'T FORGET...Beginning next Monday, September twenty-ninth -- Blondie will be heard one hour later on all stations that do not observe Daylight Saving Time. Consult your local newspaper for the exact time in your community.

ORCHESTRA: (MUSIC UP)

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 saying good night for the makers of Camel Cigarettes.

ANNCR:

Here's one for you, pipe-smokers! What tobacco comes in a big blue package that weighs a full two and a quarter ounces -- is mild, mellow, and tasty -- costs only ten cents? You guessed it -- George Washington Smoking Tobacco -- the country's biggest dime's worth of real smoking pleasure! Load up with George Washington tonight -- you'll enjoy it clear down to the bottom of the bowl!

This is the COLUMBIA...BROADCASTING SYSTEM